

CURIOUS ARTICLES

FROM THE

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III,

A
SELECTION
OF
CURIOUS ARTICLES
FROM THE
Gentleman's Magazine.

BY
JOHN WALKER, LL. B.
FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

- I. LETTERS TO AND FROM EMINENT PERSONS.
II. MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES, INCLUDING ANECDOTES
OF EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS, USEFUL PRO-
JECTS AND INVENTIONS, &c. &c.
-

THIRD EDITION.

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OF THE

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

EMINENT PERSONS.

- I. From Algernon Sidney, in answer to one persuading his return to England soon after the Restoration.

SIR,

I AM sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advice of my friends. If theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would willingly submit my interest to theirs; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is past, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine: I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood. But when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish, oppressed; all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness, set up in its height, instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army corrupted; the people enslaved; all things vendible; and no man safe but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no: better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will

endeavour to preserve my liberty; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies; but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is past, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shews me, the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shews me, that I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man and a few of his followers. Let them rejoice in their subtilty, who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, and not only preserved but advanced themselves in these dangerous changes. Nevertheless, perhaps, they may find the king's glory is their shame; his plenty, the people's misery; and that the gaining an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which, if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world: and others may find, they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery; a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it. The honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it to satisfy the lust of one man. Miserable nation! that from so great a height of glory is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it! Cheated and sold by them they trusted! Infamous traffick, equal almost in guilt to that of *Judas*! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty; the sure defenders of the oppressed. They who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us. They are led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices for themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes! worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means. When the innocence of my actions will

not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be overpast. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Hasleriggē cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations of favours and employments. Who can think, that they who imprison them, would employ me; or suffer me to live, when they are put to death! If I might live and be employed, can it be expected, that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no: I have not learned to make my own peace by persecuting and betraying my brethren more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all. After such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern, I should have renounced any place of favour, into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be destroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased them. The imprisoning those three men and turning out all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions not to return.

To conclude, the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God in his time will have mercy on his people. He will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish, upon the heads of those who in their pride think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice, in so blessed a work; if I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, *Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c.*

Farewell; my thoughts as to king and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy if he does the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you,

. A most affectionate Servant,

1756, Sept.

A. SIDNEY.

II. Oliver Cromwell to his Son-in-law, Gen. Fleetwood.

DEAR CHARLES,

Aug. 22, 1653.

ALTHOUGH I doe not soe often as is desired (by mee) acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers on my behalfe, that in all things I may walk as becometh the gospel. Truly I never more needed all helps from my christian friendes than now; fain would I have my service accepted of the saints (if the Lord will) but it is not soe, beinge of different judgments, and of each sort some seekinge to propagate their owne, that spirit of kindnesse that is to them all, is hardly accepted of any. I hope I can say it, my life has been a willing sacrifice, and my hope is for them all, yet it much falls out as when the two *Hebrews* were rebuked, you knowe upon whome they turned their displeasure: but the Lord is wise, and will, I trust, make manifest that I am no enimie.

O howe easie is mercie to be abused! Persuade friendes with you to be very sober; if the day of the Lord be so neare (as some say) howe should our moderation appear! If every one, instead of contendinge, would justifie his forme by love and meeknesse, wisdom would be justified of her children; but, alas! I am in my temptation ready to say, O would I had winges like a dove, then would I flie away and be at rest! But this I feare is my haste.

I blesse the Lord, I have somewhat keepees me alive, some sparkes of the light of his countenance, and some synceritye above man's judgment. Excuse mee thus unbowelling myselfe to you, and pray for mee, and desire my friendes to doe soe also. My love to thy dear wife, whome I indeed entyrelly love both naturally, and upon the best account; and my blessinge, if it be worth any thinge, upon thy little babe.

Sir George Ascough having occasions with you, desired my letters to you on his behalfe; if hee come or send, I pray you show him what favoure you can; indeed his services have been considerable for the state, and I doubt he has not beene answered with suitable respect; therefore againe I desire you and the commissioners to take him into a very peculiar care, and help him soe farr as justice and reason will any waies afford. Remember my hearty affections to all the officers; the Lord blesse you all, soe prayeth,

Your truly loving father,

1761, *May*.

O. CROMWELL.

III. Oliver Cromwell to the Speaker of the House of Commons, on founding a College at Durham.

SIR,

HAVING received information from the mayor and citizens of Durham, and some gentlemen of the northerne countys, that upon their petition to the parliament, that the houses of the late Deane and Chapter in the citie of Durham might be converted into a colledge or schoole of literature, the parliament was pleased in May last, to refer the same to the committee for removing obstructions in the sale of Dean and Chapters lands, to consider thereof, and to report their opinion therein to the house, which said committee (as I am also informed) have so far approved thereof as that they are of opinion that the said houses will be a fit place to erect a colledge or schoole for all the sciences and literature, and that it will be a pious and laudable worke, and of great use to the northerne parts, and have ordered Sir Arthur Hesilrige to make report thereof to the house accordingly. And the said citizens and gentlemen having made some addresse to me to contribute my assistance to them therein, to which, in so good and pious a worke, I could not but willingly and hartily concurr; and not knowing wherein I might better serve them, or answer their desires, than by recommending the same to the parliament by, Sir, yourself, their speaker, I do therefore make it my humble and earnest request, that the house may be moved as speedily as conveniently may be, to hear the report of the said business from Sir Arthur Hesilrige, that soe the house, taking the same into consideration, may doe therein what shall seem meete for the good of those poore countries. Truly it seems to me a matter of great concernment and importancce, as that which (by the blessing of God) may much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in those poore, rude, and ignorant parts, there being also many concurring advantages to this place, as pleasantness and aptness of scituation, healthful aire, and plenty of provisions, which seem to favour and plead for their desire therein. And besides the good (so obvious to us) those northerne counties may reape thereby, who knowes, but the setting on foote of this worke at this time may suit with God's present dispensations, and may, if due care and circumspection be used in the right constituting and carrying on the same, tend to (and by the blessing of God) produce

From Sir Robert Strange.

such happy and glorious fruites as are scarce thought on, or foreseene. Not doubting of your readiness and zeal to promote so good and public a work, I crave pardon for this boldness, and rest,

Sir, your most humble servant,

Indorsed,

O. CROMWELL.

To the Right Hon. William
Lenthall, Esq. Speaker of the
Parliament of the Common-
wealth of England,

These.

1762, *June.*

IV. From Sir Robert Strange, containing an account of some Pictures at Rome.

Sir,

Rome, July 28, 1761.

I WAS much flattered with the trouble you were pleased to take in communicating your sentiments with regard to my present undertaking. I once indeed entertained very serious thoughts of engraving the Parnassus of Raphael; and it was with this intention that leave was solicited, and after much difficulty granted, that I should erect a scaffold in the Vatican, which, for several years past has been absolutely prohibited.

I began, in that place, with two figures; the one representing Justice, and the other Meekness, by Raphael; they are in the Hall of Constantine, and were the two last things he painted before his death. These figures contain all that is excellent in painting, whether we consider them in the beauty of the compositions, the noble gracefulness of the characters, the uncommon greatness in the style of the draperies, or the wonderful force of colouring, light, and shade. I had frequent opportunities, during this time, of examining the Parnassus, and examining it near, by the assistance of a ladder. I own many discouraging circumstances occurred to me, which made me entirely drop the undertaking, though even with regret. The principal figure of this picture, I believe, the world will agree, is amongst the most indifferent, and has the least grace of any figure that great master ever painted. Many of the principal female characters are so much repaired, that they hardly retain any thing of the original. The shape of the whole is

From Sir Robert Strange.

most disagreeable, and out of all form; and lastly, the situation of this picture is such, that I could only work a few hours in the morning, and that by the assistance of the reflection of the sun. This last circumstance is so discouraging that I am persuaded I should consume almost a year before I could make a complete drawing of this picture, which contains no less than twenty-eight figures. With regard to the other pictures you mention, I have nothing to object against them.

The School of Athens is indeed a most glorious performance, and worthy the hand of a divinity. Had I made this journey at a period of life when a few years, more or less, would have made no material difference with me, I should indeed have been proud of transmitting my name, with Raphael's, in this wonderful performance: but at present the case is different; I have no idea of coming abroad to Italy, but for a very few years, and throwing that time away upon a work which ought to be carried on at the public expense, or by the patronage of a prince.

I must leave, my dear Sir, those laborious undertakings to some future genius: at present it is my scheme to vary my subjects and authors as much as possible, and that even those be of the most agreeable kind; such as will please the public, and best suit the genius of a free people. I think, so far as this I may venture to raise your expectation; I have already enriched my collection with the names of Raphael, Titian, Guido, Dominichino, Guercino, &c. &c. Of the first of those masters, I think I may venture to assure you of at least six different subjects, and all the most agreeable of their kind. I have, perhaps, the finest Titian you could desire to see; and, of Guercino, I have no less than his famous picture of the Death of Dido, a composition of twelve or fifteen figures. I propose, this ensuing autumn, making an excursion to Naples, where, I am told, there is a sweet Parmigiano. At Florence I have already several pictures, and at Bologna some inimitable things. At Parma, I hope for the St. Jerome; and at Venice, I may probably light on another Titian, or some agreeable Paul Veronese. With regard to statues, busts, &c. I have nothing to say; I must be satisfied with admiring them; and, if possible, endeavour to retain a part of their inimitable beauties.

I long much to be with you, but dare not as yet even think on the time, nor can I in the least ascertain it.

I remain, dear Sir, yours, &c.

1761, Aug.

ROBERT STRANGE.

Mr. Addison to a Lady.

V. Mr. Addison to a Lady.

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, opposite soever as an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression, Madam, I am highly sensible may appear a little too coarse in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope is no disgrace to the behaviour of a sincere one. When we are to talk upon matters of importance, delicacy must give way to truth, and ceremony be sacrificed to candour: an honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to a willingness to flatter. Give me leave, Madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, Madam, that were I capable of such an action at the time that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I must be hated as a man.

Highly sensible, Madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my reputation may be for ever lost. You have passions you say, Madam; but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding also; you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to wake it, above an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me intreat you for your own sake, that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour, and repugnant to your virtue.

I, Madam, am far from being insensible; I too have passions, and could my situation a few years ago have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness which you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour, Madam, of supping at Mr. D.'s, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging, but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and though I

burned with a flame as strong as ever filled the human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

Time and absence at length abated an unhoping passion, and your marriage with my patron and my friend effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, Madam, relight that fire which I must never think to fan; do not now, I beseech you, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honour, which has been hitherto spotless and unsullied. My best esteem is ever yours; but should I promise more, consider, I conjure you, the fatal necessity I am under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous; and in any other commands dispose of your most humble and devoted

1762, *April.*

J. A.

VI. *From Dean Swift, on the Fishery.*

*A genuine Copy of a Letter from the late Dean Swift, to
———, Esq. a Scotch Gentleman.*

SIR,

Dublin, March 23, 1734.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse, upon the fishery. You discover in both a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this vicious kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The late Lord Weemys told me he was governor of a castle in Scotland, near which the Dutch used to fish. He sent to them in a civil manner to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused. Whereupon he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle (for their boats were in reach of the shot) and immediately they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are a kind of sharpeners amongst a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they

have to their country, which however is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time I did often press the lord treasurer Oxford and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "we must not offend the Dutch," who at that very time were opposing us in all our steps towards peace. I laughed to see the zeal the ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland (I think) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened, indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here; my mother being left here in returning to her house at Leicester; and I was a year old before I was sent to England. And thus I am a Teague or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me for 300*l.* which my old friend was obliged to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was, that of writing against one Wood, an ironmonger, who had a patent to coin 180,000 pounds in half-pence, not exceeding one-sixth part of the money; which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it, and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services for this kingdom, but I can do no more; I have too many years upon me, and too much sickness: I am out of favour at court, where I was well received during two summers, six or seven years ago: the governing people do not love me, for as corrupt as England is, it is an habitation of saints, in comparison of Ireland. We are all slaves, and knaves, and fools; and all, but the bishops, and people in employment, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000*l.* The few honest men among us are dead-hearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this House of Commons now sitting here, mentioned your scheme, shewed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland: they agreed with me, but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we: for oppression supported

by power will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that even in England your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind.—If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a job; your sanguine temper will cool; rogues will be the only gainers; parties and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the design.—Standing armies in time of peace, projects of excise, and bribing elections, are all you are likely to be employed in, not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old whig principles, which have always been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern parts. They advanced only 200l. by way of trial; they got men from Orkney to cure their fishes, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join with them; and so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves, and I believe there are hardly any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealings. They lost 300,000l. a year for ever, in the time of the plague at Marselles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; but the merchants and weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, and sold for a fourth part of its value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but none can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, Sir, with true esteem for your good intentions,

Your most obedient humble servant,

P.S. I would have subscribed my name, if I had not a very bad one; so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad if you will employ me.

1762, *March.*

VII. Two Letters from the late Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, on the death of her only son, George, Lord Viscount Beauchamp, who died of the Small Pox, at Bologna, in 1744.

To the Rev. Dr. B——.

SIR,

I AM very sensibly obliged by the very kind compassion you express for me under my heavy affliction. The meditations you have favoured me with, afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost, was the pride and joy of my heart, but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person, but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shewn the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents, and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think of the agonies that must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator on the evening of the birth-day which completed his nineteenth year. You will not be surprised, sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow: yet at the same time it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is far happier than our fondest wishes could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow him in that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am,

Sir, yours, &c.

F. HERTFORD.

2d. Written ten years after.

I AM sorry, good Mrs. — to find that your illness seems rather to increase than diminish: yet the disposition of mind with which you receive this painful dispensation, seems to convert your sufferings into a blessing. While you resign to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burthen of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave me a son, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the English Angel than by that of his family. I know this account may look like a mother's fondness; perhaps it was too much so once: but alas! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependance. This justly beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness. That fatal disease, the small pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent cheerfulness inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor,* to acquaint his unhappy father that he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the stroke like a wise man and a Christian; but never forgot, nor ceased to sigh for it. A long series of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground upon him, showed me the sword, which appeared suspended over my head by an almost cobweb thread, long before it dropped.† As to my bodily pains, I bless God, they are by no means insupportable at present. I rather suffer a languid state of weakness, which wastes my flesh and consumes my spirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful suffering; and am spending that remains of nature,

* Mr. Dalton.

† Algernon, Duke of Somerset, died Feb. 7, 1749-50.

which was almost exhausted in continued care and anxiety for the sufferings of a person dearer to me than one's self. My daughter,* who is very good to me, has sent me her youngest son,† just turned of four years old, to amuse me in my solitude, because he is a great favourite of mine, and shews a great deal of his uncle's disposition, and some faint likeness of his person. 'Tis high time to release you from so long a letter, but there are some subjects, on which my tears and pen know not how to stop, when they begin to flow.

I am, dear Madam,
Your sincerely affectionate Friend,
F. SOMERSET.

1762, July.

VIII. The Duke of Ormond to his Son.

SON GOWRAN,

July 10, 1675.

BY the last account I received of your condition, I must, with the trouble and grief of a father, conclude you are in danger of death, and that, in all human probability, the days you are to live in the world are not many.

I fear, neither you nor I have so served God, that we can reasonably expect he should afford you a miraculous deliverance from that distemper and weak estate to which your own negligence and intemperance, and my ill example and want of seasonable and proper admonition, may have too much contributed.

I hope your own piety, and consideration of a happy or miserable eternity, have suggested to you thoughts of this nature; and whether it shall please God to restore you to your health, or put a period to your life, this merciful affliction of his, which allows you time for repentance and addresses for mercy, will be of advantage to you. Yet I have thought it my duty to furnish you with all the helps in my power towards your making a happy end (if it be God's will) or a profitable use of these approaches of death, if, in undeserved indulgence towards us, he shall vouchsafe to

* Lady Eliz. Smithson, afterwards Countess of Northumberland.

† Her Grace died a few months after.

give you a longer life. I have therefore sent my chaplain, Dr. Ashton, to administer those assistances and comforts to you which are proper for his function, and necessary for you; not knowing whether any of our clergy may be had, or if there may, whether so able or so affectionate.

I hope it is below your spirit, and that you have too much reason and christianity to think you are the nearer death because you prepare yourself for eternal life. You know I have lately given you proof of my kindness to you, yet I would have you value this care of your well-dying before and beyond it, since, as it may be the last, so it is the greatest demonstration I can give of being,

Your affectionate Father,

1762, August.

ORMOND.

IX. To Sir Richard Steele, on his Play of the Conscious Lovers.

SIR,

NO one, I believe, has a higher opinion of the *Conscious Lovers*, in general, than myself, or more admires the character of *Indiana*, in particular, which is, I think, drawn with exquisite skill. She appears to be amiable in the highest degree, as her story is very judiciously told, and in the most affecting manner; but it grieves me to say, what, however, I apprehend to be too just, that the character of *Bevil*, is strained beyond all reason. You have, I fear, instead of making his character proper to be imitated, rendered it such as no wise man ought to imitate; since it is possible, on his principles, for two persons of the strictest virtue, perfectly suited for each other, and in the highest degree sensible of it, with a competency in their own hands to answer all consequences, and with which they themselves are contented, to be made as miserable as total separation can be supposed to make them, merely because a person, who happens to be a parent of one of them, takes it into his head, that he has an absolute power of commanding (by virtue of that relation) one, who is as much a man, and as capable of reasoning as himself, and a thousand times more intimately concerned in the affair about which he pretends to have so unlimited an authority. Now, to make this necessary, in order to preserve and support the character of a virtuous man, and a good

son, is highly injurious to virtue and filial duty, if these do not require it.

It is surprising to hear people insist, as they do, on such absolute obedience to parents, especially Whigs, who in political affairs, profess to act upon principles so much more reasonable. How can they who say (and I think rightly) that the good of the governed is the end of government, and therefore wisely protest against non-resistance, and passive obedience, be so inconsistent with themselves, as to introduce those principles into families, which they disavow in the state? Am I any more obliged to obey a tyrant father, than a tyrant king? If not, why is my obedience to the former made absolute, and to the latter conditional?

No doubt there are ages of life in which children ought to be subject to the absolute commands of their parents, and that for this plain reason, because at such ages those children are not arrived to the proper use of their own understanding; but when they are, they ought to be treated accordingly, and no more commanded and corrected (both which should cease together) but reasoned with; and if that will not do, what then? How should one reasonable creature treat another who does not see the force of his arguments! Ought he to break his head, or should he (as Mr. Locke proposes in his Treatise on Education) pray for him? "which is all (he says) a parent can or ought to do in such a case." It will be no objection to the justness of this assertion, that the exact time when each child is fit to be treated in this way, cannot be determined, any more than it is true that black and white are the same, because the edges of each may be so blended, that it will be impossible to say where the one begins and the other ends, though at a greater distance from those edges the difference is sufficiently distinguishable; as are virtue and vice in the extremes, how difficult soever it may be to determine the bounds of each precisely.

I should not have given you or myself, sir, any trouble on this subject, but that I fear this play is capable of doing a great deal of mischief, on the account of which I have objected to it: for it is with great reluctance that I oppose Sir Richard Steele, because I sincerely believe, that he designs to promote the cause of virtue, not only in this performance, but likewise in all his writings I have ever seen. I believe too, that he has, in many respects, done it effectually, as I doubt not he has in every one aimed at it uprightly: and, I likewise believe, no man could be more concerned to find his design frustrated herein than himself; and that if he thought an alteration of any part of his performances would

be more subservient to such his laudable design, than the vindication of it, he would readily and cheerfully make it, as I, for my part, am not only willing, but desirous to be better informed, if I am mistaken.

Yours, &c.

1762, *Sept.*

X. Y.

X. Two Letters from Mr. Gilbert Walmesley, to the late Professor Colson, of Cambridge, when Master of an Academy at Rochester, relative to Garrick and Johnson.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, *Lichfield, Feb. 5, 1736.*

HAVING not been in town since the year thirty-one, you will the less wonder at seeing a letter from me. But I have the pleasure of hearing of you sometimes in the prints, and am glad to see you are daily throwing in your valuable contributions to the republic of letters.

But the present occasion of my writing is a favour I have to ask of you. My neighbour Captain Garrick, (who is an honest valuable man,) has a son, who is a very sensible young fellow, and a good scholar, and whom the Captain hopes in some two or three years he shall be able to send to the Temple, and breed to the bar: but at present his pocket will not hold out for sending him to the University. I have proposed your taking him, if you think well of it, and your boarding him, and instructing him in mathematics, and philosophy, and humane learning: he is now nineteen, of sober and good dispositions; and is as ingenious and promising a young man, as ever I knew in my life. Few instructions on your side will do, and in the intervals of study, he will be an agreeable companion for you. His father will be glad to pay you whatever you shall require within his reach; and I shall think myself very much obliged to you into the bargain.

G. WALMESLEY.

DEAR SIR,

Lichfield, March 2.

I HAD the favour of yours, and am extremely obliged to you; but cannot say I have a greater affection for you upon it than I had before, being long since so much endeared to you, as well by an early friendship, as by your many excellent and valuable qualifications. And had I a son of my own, it would be my ambition, instead of sending him to the University, to dispose of him as this young gentleman is.

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He and another neighbour of mine, one Mr. S. Johnson, set out this morning for London together: Davy Garrick to be with you early the next week, and Mr. Johnson to try his fate with a tragedy, and to see to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French. Johnson is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer. If it should any ways lay in your way, I doubt not but you would be ready to recommend and assist your countryman.

1765, Oct.

G. WALMESLEY.

XI. Two Letters from Mr. Everard relative to Count Alberti, condemned to the Mines in Idra.

LETTER I.

THE pleasure I always take in writing to you wherever I am, and whatever doing, in some measure dispels my present uneasiness; an uneasiness caused at once by the disagreeable aspect of every thing round me, and the more disagreeable circumstances of the Count Alberti, with whom you were once acquainted. You remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex. I often heard you repeat his name with esteem, as one of the few that did honour to the present age, as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree; as one who made no other use of fortune but to alleviate the distresses of mankind. Of that gentleman, Sir, I wish I could say, he is now no more; yet, too unhappily for him, he exists, but in a situation more terrible than the most gloomy imagination can conceive.

After passing through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idra, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the cheerful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious taskmasters. Imagine to yourself a hole in the side of a mountain, of about five yards over; down this you are let, in a kind of a bucket, more than an hundred fathom. At

length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time, you reach the bottom, and tread on the ground, which, by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there disposed, so as that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarcely discern the person who came with me to shew me these scenes of horror.

From this description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable idea of the place; yet let me assure you, that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches my eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover a horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they, in general, consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense; but they seldom consume much provision, as they lose their appetites in a short time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by name and inquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a most piteous accent demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me!" Good God! what was my surprize, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend Alberti. I flew to him with affection, and after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry, against the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive upon the wheel. However, upon arriving at the capital, he was quickly known, and several of the associates of his accusation and

danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idra; a sentence in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who at once I saw to be born for better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was in fact daughter to one of the first families in Germany, and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions from whence few of the living return; and with him she is contented to live; forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, despising the splendors of opulence; and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

LETTER II.

MY last to you was expressive, and perhaps too much so, of the gloomy situation of my mind. I own, the deplorable situation of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double severity to the hideous mansion. At present, however, I have the happiness of informing you, that I was spectator of the most affecting scene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my last, a person came post from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and he by a third. Their first inquiry was after the unfortunate Count, and I happening to over-hear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend, and fellow-soldier of the Count: they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom. Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former

wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working-clothes, to a third his little household utensils, such as were necessary for him in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine, where he once again revisited the light of the sun, that he had totally despaired of ever seeing. A post-chaise and four were ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, where I am since informed by a letter from himself, they are returned. The empress has again taken him into favour, his fortune and rank are restored, and he and his fair partner now have the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable.

1767, *May.*

XII. Justinian Pagitt, to Dr. Twysden, Chancellor of the Diocese of Litchfield and Coventry, on some remarkable Trials in the Star Chamber.

WORTHY SIR,

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 1618.

I HAVING been present at the proceedings in three very remarkable causes this term, and conceiving that a relation thereof may be welcome to you, do here present them, with myself, to your kind acceptaunce, as surc and legal testimonies of the continuance of my due respects unto you. The first of these was in the King's Bench; the other two in the Star Chamber.

1. In the King's Bench, one Arthur Chwhoggen was attainted of high treason; viz. for saying in Spain, "I would kill the King of England, if I could come at him;" which was testified by the oaths of two gentlemen, besides others that justified it, from the several relations of other men. For farther probability of his malicious intent, the officers, that apprehended him at his lodgings in Drury-lane, London, did depose upon oath, that then, when they told him he was the king's prisoner, &c. he bit his thumb, saying, "*I care not thus much for your king.*" Where Mr. Attorney-general observed, that in Spain the biting of the thumb is a token of scorn and disdain in the highest degree, and will bear an action of disgrace in Spain, as spitting in one's face will in England. And I hear, that after he was condemned, the judges sent the sheriff to him, to know of him, whether he could allege any other colourable intent of his coming

over; but he gave no satisfaction in that point. He was hanged, drawn and quartered, the 27th of November last, and it is said, he then wished, that he might never enter into the kingdom of heaven, if he ever said those words, for which he was condemned.

2. In the Star Chamber, one Lodowick Bowyer was censured, for divers scandalous speeches, concerning the now Archbishop of Canterbury; which speeches were testified in court, by several men, *viva voce*, viz. that he said to them at Reading, that the Archbishop was imprisoned, &c.

3. In the other Star Chamber case, Mr. Attorney-general was retained for one Philip Bushin, relator, against five several defendants, whereof two were acquitted, and no prosecution against them.

The others were Dominick Sarsfield, Viscount Rosberry, alias Kilmallack, chief justice of the common pleas of Ireland, Sir Henry Bealing, Knt. and Philip Pilsworth.

The charge in general was, for conspiracy, to accuse, indict, and execute, one Philip Bushin, the relator's father, for murdering his wife, and for several undue proceedings in his arraignment and conviction, with other offences.

In particular, Philip Pilsworth was censured, for that he being a juror, did say, that rather than he would be fined and imprisoned, he would find the prisoner guilty, though he were his brother. And that afterwards he wished he had given a good sum of money, so that he had not been of the jury. This was censured by my lord chief justice Richardson, and divers other lords, for ambodextry. But none did fine him, but my lord privy seal, which was 100l. My lord keeper and some other lords, did not censure him, because they found not any such particulars directly charged in the bill.

Sir Henry Bealing was censured as a malicious prosecutor, which malice did appear, in that, when Bushin was to have been acquitted by proclamation before a former judge, Sir Henry Bealing being sheriff, said, "let him not be so acquitted, I will find witnesses against him;" and after this, he said, he would follow him to hell gates.

My lord Sarsfield was censured, for wilful misdemeanors to the grand jury, to the petit jury, to the prisoner, and his witnesses.

1st. For that he called the grand jury into a private chamber, that there, when they desired better evidence, he told them, they must find the bill upon probabilities, and that they could not have more clear evidence in this case, unless they expected a miracle from Heaven, such as hap-

pened once in the King of France's court, &c. whereupon he told them, that the King of France once walking in his armory, spied a bird pecking a hole in the window, at which he presently opened the casement, and saw a fellow underneath trembling, who confessed a murder which he had committed.

2dly. For that when two of the petit jury would not agree, he threatened, fined, and imprisoned them, and added two more in their room to the rest, that were agreed, without empannelling a new jury, and for that when an officer brought word the jury would not agree, he bid the officer go tell them, that at another place in his circuit when one of the jury could not agree, the rest pulled him by the nose, and pinched him till he agreed.

3dly. For that when the prisoner intreated, that by reason of the tempestuous weather, the noise of the people, and his deafness, he might be admitted within the bar, to hear what was alleged against him, and how they proceeded concerning his life, the Lord Sarsfield denied it him. And moreover, that when the prisoner intreated, that his servants and other witnesses might be heard, the lord Sarsfield denied that request likewise, saying, *I will hear no evidence against the king.*

For these misdemeanors, my lord privy seal, the two chief justices, and my lord of Dorset did neither acquit him, nor condemn him. 1st. For that they could not reconcile the depositions. 2nd. My lord privy seal and two chief justices said, that for him to do such things as are alleged, it is indiscretion, but no crime: that for them he was answerable to his master, that gave him the place, but not in that court; and withal, they considered the inconveniences that might arise, if a judge shall be called in question for the life of a man after verdict found, the party condemned and executed.

But my lord keeper, the two archbishops, earl of Arundell, lord Wimbleton, bishop of London, lord Nubeighe, Sir Thomas Edmunds, Sir Henry Vane, secretary Cook, and secretary Windebanke, did all censure him; and I conceive, by comparing their censures together, that my lord Kilmallack's fine is 2000l. to give damages 200l. to be deposed from being a judge, and imprisonment according to the course of the court. And moreover, the archbishop of Canterbury censured him guilty of wilful murder. They grounded this their censure upon all the facts alleged, to be fully proved.

24 Lord Cornbury to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford.

Thus whilst I relate other men's censures and errors, I hazard my own. But I know my judge, and so my censure to be rather *ex ore amoris*, than *amore erroris*. Dear uncle, I will spare apologies, and fly to your wonted affability. My paper affords me no more room for words, but I will presently so study actions, which may be more certain testimonies that I am, and will ever continue,

Your obliged Nephew,

in all respectful observances

to be commanded,

JUST. PAGITT.

1767, Dec.

XIII. Lord Cornbury to the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford.

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,

IN the course of several years, in which I have had the honour to be chosen without solicitation, one of the representatives of the University in parliament, I have never imputed that choice to any merit of my own, but have always understood that mark of the favour of the University to me, to have been the effect of services, which the ability and good fortune of my ancestors enabled them to perform to a society deserving of the best services, and which a society less deserving would long since have forgotten.

Intent to acquit myself of this great trust to the utmost extent of my ability, I have considered it, neither as the means of cabal, nor of advancement, but as a civil trust, in the execution of which, it has always been a circumstance particularly agreeable to me, to find myself the representative of a free and independent society; and though I have not been able to serve that society in other respects as I have wished to do, I have served the University, free however and independent; independent not only of ambition and of interest, but of party too, without which there is no independence; dependent only upon the great maxims of justice, and upon the spirit and forms of the constitution of our country.

It has been in that view particularly, that I have found satisfaction in every confirmation of the choice of me by

the University, as a demonstration to myself, and to the world, of their approbation of the impartiality of my conduct, and which, in that light, has reflected perhaps no dishonour upon themselves.

But as I believe from the first, and have long experienced, that a trust of such a nature, and so understood, is no light undertaking, I have for some time perceived my health particularly unequal to that service. Unable to perform the duty of attendance in the House of Commons, unsatisfied to let any personal considerations of my own (even that of health itself) interfere, however necessarily, with the services which I owed to the University and to my Country; convinced too beyond a doubt, from some experience, that my continuance in the House of Commons would produce no advantage to either, I please myself in thinking, that I do the best service I can now do to the University, in giving them an opportunity to make a better choice; and I have therefore accepted the honour (which his majesty's goodness would perhaps have conferred on me some years ago) of being called up to the barony of my father, in the House of Lords. An honour which I have received now with the greater willingness, because I had full confidence, that I should occasion thereby neither prejudice nor inconvenience of any kind to the University, whose interests and honour I must ever have at heart, and whose quiet and unanimity (if possible) I must therefore particularly wish preserved upon all occasions, and especially in the exercise of this great privilege, in which they have so singularly maintained an independence and dignity, so glorious to themselves, so exemplary to the rest of the nation, so truly preserving the spirit, as well as the forms of the constitution of England.

In being thus removed from their immediate service, the University, I hope, will do me the justice to believe, I can never withdraw myself from my attachments to that society. For besides personal obligations to myself, which I must always acknowledge, I know of what consequence the University is, and ought to be, to the good order and to the constitution of my country, as well as to the enlightening and adorning it. It must therefore ever be my ardent wish to see that source of national welfare, unencumbered with whatever may interrupt the constant course of real knowledge and virtue, which attentive and sensible discipline will ever produce, and which are so essential to the honour and interest of the University, and to the service, the happiness, and the glory of the kingdom, necessarily to be derived from thence.

In any situation, I shall never lose sight of these great interests, and it will always be the highest satisfaction to me, to see the real interests of the University pursued by themselves, and advanced by others, as it would be the greatest happiness to me to approve myself upon all occasions, their grateful servant, and their faithful friend.

With these sentiments of my heart I take my leave of the University, resigning the trust which they reposed in me, and I persuade myself that they will do me the justice to believe me, with the greatest gratitude and regard,

Their long obliged and
ever faithful servant,

1768, *Sept.*

CORNBURY*.

XIV. *Miss Talbot to a new-born child, daughter of Mr. John Talbot, a son of the Lord Chancellor.*

YOU are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world: long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give; and bestow enough on all your friends, to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment, that your good friend the Bishop of Derry† can already imagine in you; and in the mean time, may you have a nurse with a tunable voice, that may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophical disposition: the gaieties and follies of life have no attraction for you; its sorrows you kindly commiserate; but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers; and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet* contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendour. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of Bristol's‡ first rule of conversation, silence, though tempted to transgress it, by the novelty and strangeness of all the objects round you. As you advance farther

* Upon Lord Cornbury's resignation, Sir Roger Newdigate was elected January 31, 1750.

† Dr. Rundle.

‡ Dr. Secker.

in life, this philosophical temper will by degrees wear off. The first object of your admiration will probably be a candle; and thence, (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration as leads people, many a time, to burn^r their fingers. You will then begin to shew great partiality for some very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities: only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, do not learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex. Ah! my poor cousin, to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you, with a pious care, to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother come to put your nose out of joint. There will be nothing to be done then, I believe, but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute, (though it has occasioned abundance) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised. Let the men unenvied shine in public, it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and, if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you, my dear, to answer this letter yet awhile, but as, I dare say, you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him, that we may know by a line, (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well. In the mean time I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely; and that I am,

My very young correspondent,
most affectionately yours,

C. T.

*** The pious and ingenious author of the above letter, who died Jan. 9, 1770, aged 48, was the only daughter of Mr. Edward Talbot, Archdeacon of Berks, and younger son of Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Durham. There having been the most intimate friendship between him and the late Archbishop Secker, his widow and daughter lived as inmates in his grace's family till his death, when he left the interest of

13,000*l.* to them and the survivor of them, and afterwards the whole sum to charitable uses.

1770, *Feb.*

XV. Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, Son of James I.

London, August 12, 1611.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

THE following lines are addressed to your Highness, from a man who values his liberty, and a very small fortune in a remote part of this island, under the present constitution, above all the riches and honours that he could any where enjoy under any other establishment.

You see, Sir, the doctrines that are lately come into the world, and how far the phrase has obtained, of calling your royal father, God's vicegerent; which ill men have turned both to the dishonour of God, and the impeachment of his majesty's goodness. They adjoin vicegerency to the idea of being all-powerful, and not to that of being all-good. His majesty's wisdom, it is to be hoped, will save him from the snare that may lie under gross adulations; but your youth, and the thirst of praise, which I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to those charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny. Be careful, O my prince! hear them not, fly from their deceits; you are in the succession to a throne, from whence no evil can be imputed to you, but all good must be conveyed from you.

Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven; while he is good, he is the vicegerent of heaven. Shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil? No, my prince: let mean and degenerate spirits, which want benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill, be an incapacity in a prince, with reverence be it spoken, it is an incapacity he hath in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all pleas, which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people, will appear as absurd to your great understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature.

Exert yourself, O generous prince, against such sycophants in the glorious cause of liberty; and assume such an ambition-worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of

brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents; and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, my prince, there is no other right can flow from God. While your highness is forming yourself for a throne, consider the laws as so many common-places in your study of the science of government; when you mean nothing but justice, they are an ease and help to you. This way of thinking is what gave men the glorious appellation of deliverers and fathers of their country; this made the sight of them rouse their beholders into acclamations, and mankind incapable of bearing their very appearance, without applauding it as a benefit. Consider the inexpressible advantages which will ever attend your highness, while you make the power of rendering men happy the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended.

The glance of your eye will give gladness, and your very sentence have a force of bounty. Whatever some men would insinuate, you have lost your subjects when you have lost their inclinations. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men; the soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true man against his inclination. Choose therefore to be the king or the conqueror of your people; it may be submission, but it cannot be obedience that is passive.

I am, Sir,

Your Highness's

most faithful Servant,

1770, Aug.

WALTER RALEIGH.

XVI. *From Sir John Harrington, concerning his Dog.*

MR. URBAN,

THE inclosed curious and authentic remain of the famous Sir John Harrington, not having been discovered at the time of the publication of his elegant fugitive pieces in the little volume of *Nugæ Antiquæ*, printed at London in 1669, I must beg a place for it in your valuable Repository, where it will be preserved, and will, I doubt not, be truly acceptable to many of your readers.

Your occasional correspondent,

ANTIQUARIUS.

*Copy of a Letter from Sir John Harrington to Prince Henry, son to King James I. concerning his Dogge.**Kelstone, June 14, 1608.*

MAY it please your Highness to accept in as good sorte what I now offer as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie *I pede fausto*; but having good reason to thinke your highnesse had goodde will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historic of his goodde deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselfe, but in goodde soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage, for if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewith he did sojourn from my howse at the Bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returns from such nobilitie as were pleased to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our ladie queene that this messenger did ever blab out concerninge his high truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente with two charges of sacke wine from the Bathe to my howse, by my man Combe: and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forth and returnede with the other parte of his burden to dinner; hereat yr highnesse may perchance marvele and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the feldes and espide his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge, and give stowage to the wine themselves, but they did refrain and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie how muche I dide once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journie towardes Londone, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spauish ambassador's, where

in a happie houre after six weeke I did heare of him ; but suche was the cowrite he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there than at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogges own proofs, and made him performe such feates before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out the dish, which created much mirthe, but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accept it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem* ; I will now saie in what manner he died. As we traveled towardes the Bathe, he leaped on my horses necke, and was more carneste in sawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him ; but alas he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deeds as maie suggest much more to yr highnesses thought of this dogge. But having saide so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of his historie. Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my Bungey, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds ; to saie no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwicke more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your highnesse would love my dogge if not myself, I have been thus tedious in his storie, and againe saie that of all the dogges near your father's court, not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of ; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavisibly find out a bone of contention.

I now reeste your highnesses friend in all service that maye suite him.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

P. S. The verses aboye spoken of are in my booke of epi-

grams in praise of my dogge Bungey to Momus.* And I have an excellente picture curiously limned to remain in my posterity.

1774, Feb. .

XVII. Letters from Queen Henrietta Maria to Charles I.

MY DEAR HEART,

THE bearer, Skipwith, being come from London with a passport, I have been glad to make use of him, to carry you this letter, the subject of which is, that the Lords Say, Salisbury, Manchester, Pym, and Hampden, have sent this messenger to know of me, if I will hearken to a peace, and induce you to resume the treaty, and grant the terms proposed by them at Oxford: and that he could shew so many reasons for it, that I would agree to it; and if you would hearken to the overture, they would send Manchester, with some other lords, and Hampden and Stapleton, to satisfy me; and have promised this bearer, that till his return, Essex's army should not advance; which I have thought for your service. Send me an answer to this letter speedily, what you would have me do, with punctual directions; and let nobody know any thing of it but Culpepper, † for secrecy is recommended, and on my part, I shall keep it inviolably.

Fork, this 5th of May, 1643.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR HEART, *Burlington, 25th Feb. 1643.*

As soon as I landed, I dispatched Progers to you; but having learnt to day that he was taken by the enemy, I send this bearer to give you an account of my arrival, which has been very successful, thank God; for as rough as the sea was when I first crossed it, it was now as calm, till I came within a few leagues of Newcastle; and on the coast the

* Book iii. Epigram 21.

† Culpepper was a better courtier than Hyde or Falkland, and therefore more a favourite. He was a man of a most acute penetration.

wind changed to N.W. and obliged us to make for Burlington bay, where, after two days lying in the road, our cavalry arrived. I immediately landed, and the next morning the rest of the troops came in. God who protected me at sea, has also done it at land; for this night four of the parliament ships came in without our knowledge, and at 4 o'clock in the morning, we had the alarm, and sent to the harbour to secure our boats of ammunition; but about an hour after, these four ships began so furious a cannonading, that they made us get out of our beds, and quit the village to them; at least us women, for the soldiers behaved very resolutely in protecting the ammunition. I must now play the Captain Bessus, and speak a little of myself. One of these ships did me the favour to flank my house, which fronted the pier, and before I was out of bed the balls whistled over me, and you may imagine I did not like the music. Every body forced me out, the balls beating down our houses; so, dressed as I could, I went on foot some distance from the village, and got shelter in a ditch, like those we have seen about Newmarket; but before I could reach it, the balls sung merrily over our heads, and a serjeant was killed 20 paces from me. Under this shelter we remained two hours, the bullets flying over us, and sometimes covering us with earth. At last the Dutch Admiral sent to tell them, that, if they did not give over, he would treat them as enemies. This was rather of the latest, but he excused himself on account of a fog. Upon this the parliament ships went off; and besides, the tide ebbed, and they would have been in shoal water. As soon as they were withdrawn, I returned to my house, not being willing that they should boast of having driven me away. About noon I set out for the town of Burlington, and all this day we have been landing our ammunition. It is said, one of the parliament captains went before, to reconnoitre my lodging; and I assure you he had marked it exactly, for he always fired at it. I can say, with truth, that by land and sea, I have been in some danger, but God has preserved me; and I confide in his goodness, that he will not desert me in other things. I protest to you, in this confidence I would face cannon, but I know we must not tempt God. I must now go and eat a morsel; for I have taken nothing to day but three eggs, and slept very little."

The same to the same.

As I was closing my letter, Sir L. Dives arrived, who has told me all that passed at Hull: do not lose courage,

and pursue the business with resolution, for you must now shew that you will make good what you have undertaken; if the man who is in the place will not submit, you have already declared him a traitor. You must have him alive or dead; for there is no joke in all this. You must declare yourself; you have shewn gentleness enough, you must now shew your firmness. You see what has happened from not having followed your first resolution, when you declared the five members traitors; let that serve you for an example; dally no longer with consultations, but proceed to action. I heartily wished myself in the place of my son James, in Hull; I would have thrown the scoundrel Hotham over the walls, or he should have thrown me. I am in such haste to dispatch this bearer, that I can write to nobody else. Go holdly to work, as I see there is no hope of accommodation,* &c.

The same to the same.

MY DEAR HEART,

I thought to have sent you this other letter before, but the person I meant to send it by, being so useful here for your service, I could not spare him sooner. It is chiefly to remind you of your promise to me at Dover, and since, by letter, that you would never consent to an accommodation, without my knowledge and interposition. As to myself, it is of no great consequence, perhaps; but if you do not take care of those who suffer for you, it will be your ruin; and believe not any who shall tell you, that with time you may bring them back again. If you do not include them in a general indemnity, they are undone: I do not say *all*, for assuredly some will save themselves; what I speak to you about is, for those whom the parliament would ruin, because they are too much for you; as Digby, Jermyu, Percy, and Oneal.† How absurd would it be to pardon those who are in open opposition to you, and to forget those who have been for you. I know this can never proceed from yourself; but they will persuade you, that you

* This is part of a letter, and has no date. The king made his attempt on Hull in April, 1642. The accounts of it in Clarendon, and Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, are well worth reading.

† These persons were particularly obnoxious to the parliament; the first, for the active part he took in defence of Lord Strafford, against the bill of attainder; the others, for the share they had, at the queen's instigation, in the intrigue for getting the army then on foot, and in the north, to declare for the king.

should not be obstinate on this head; that individuals should not stand in the way of accommodation. That is true, in some sense; but it is of the highest consequence to your own honour, not to abandon your friends. You will see that the parliament will never give up their creatures; and do you think, that if you shew firmness on your side, they will break off treating on that account? Not in the least; they find too much advantage by keeping up a negotiation, to break it off for the sake of three or four persons. It is true, that if you act as you have done, notwithstanding all the promises you have made me, you will be the sufferer. I beg of you to observe, if the parliament recede from any thing they have once undertaken: if you take the course you did last summer in Scotland, adieu to royalty. For my part, I can endure any thing, and live as a vagabond,* and let you follow the councils of those who think themselves wiser than me. If I see any prospect of accommodation, you will allow me to send you the terms you should stand upon; if you approve of them, keep them by you; if not, burn them, and say nothing; and let nobody know I have sent any such hints; not even those who used to see my letters.

Adieu, dear heart.

N.B. The volume containing these letters is marked 7379, in the Harleian catalogue.

1774, Aug.

XVIII. Letters between the Duchess of Kingston and Mr. Foote.

THE following letters will afford amusement. It has been usual with Mr. Foote, during the suspension of the Theatres Royal, to entertain the lovers of the drama with some new pieces (chiefly of humour) at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. But unluckily, this year's performance, called *A Trip to Calais*, met with a check from the lord chamberlain, who refused to licence it. In hopes, however, of softening the rigour of his lordship's sentence, Mr. Foote wrote to him as follows:

* *Demoiselle des champs* is the phrase.

“MY LORD, I did intend troubling your lordship with an earlier address, but the day after I received your prohibitory mandate, I had the honour of a visit from Lord Mountstuart, to whose interposition I find I am indebted for your first commands, relative to *The Trip to Calais*, by Mr. Chetwynd, and your final rejection of it by Col. Keen.

Lord Mountstuart has, I presume, told your lordship, that he read with me those scenes to which your lordship objected; that he found them collected from general nature, and applicable to none but those who, through consciousness, were compelled to a self application: to such minds, my lord, the *Whole Duty of Man*, next to the sacred writings, is the severest satire that ever was wrote, and to the same mark, if comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be mended. Lord Mountstuart desired that I would suffer him to take the play with him, and let him leave it with the Duchess of Kingston: he had my consent, my lord, and at the same time an assurance, that I was willing to make any alteration that her grace would suggest. Her grace saw the play, and, in consequence, I saw her grace; with the result of that interview, I shall not, at this time, trouble your lordship. It may, perhaps, be necessary to observe, that her grace could not discern, which your lordship, I dare say, will readily believe, a single trait in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, that resembled herself.

After this representation, your lordship will, I doubt not, permit me to enjoy the fruits of my labour; nor will you think it reasonable, because a capricious individual has taken it into her head, that I have pinned her ruffles awry, that I should be punished by a poniard stuck deep in my heart: your lordship has too much candour and justice to be the instrument of so violent and ill-directed a blow.

Your lordship's determination is not only of the greatest importance to me now, but must inevitably decide my fate for the future; as, after this defeat, it will be impossible for me to muster up courage enough to face folly again. Between the muse and the magistrate there is a natural enmity; what the last cannot punish, the first often corrects: but when she finds herself not only deserted by her ancient ally, but sees him armed in the defence of her foe, she has nothing left but a speedy retreat. Adieu, then, my lord, to the stage. *Valeat res ludicra*; to which I hope I may with justice add, *Plaudite*, as, during my continuance in the service of the public, I never profited by flattering their passions, or falling in with their humours; as,

upon all occasions, I have exerted my little powers (as, indeed, I thought it my duty) in exposing follies, how much soever the favourites of the day; and pernicious prejudices; however protected and popular. This, my lord, has been done, if those may be believed who have the best right to know, sometimes with success; let me add too, that, in doing this, I never lost my credit with the public, because they knew I proceeded upon principle, that I disdained being either the echo or the instrument of any man, however exalted his station, and that I never received reward nor protection from any other hands than their own.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SAMUEL FOOTE."

About the same time, Aug. 13, Mr. Foote wrote as follows, to the Duchess of Kingston.

"MADAM, a member of the privy council, and a friend of your grace's (he has begged me not to mention his name, but I suppose your grace will easily guess him), has just left me. He has explained to me, what I did not conceive, that the publication of the scenes in *The Trip to Calais*, at this juncture, with the dedication and preface, might be of infinite ill consequence to your affairs.

I really, Madam, wish you no ill, and should be sorry to do you an injury.

I therefore give up to that consideration what neither your grace's offers, nor the threats of your agents, could obtain; the scenes shall not be published, nor shall any thing appear at my theatre, or from me, that can hurt you; provided the attacks made on me in the newspapers do not make it necessary for me to act in defence of myself.

Your grace will therefore see the necessity of giving proper directions.

I have the honour to be, &c.

North-end, Aug. 13.

SAM. FOOTE."

This letter produced the following spirited answer, by a servant.

To MR. FOOTE.

"SIR,—I was at dinner when I received your ill-judged letter. As there is little consideration required, I shall sacrifice a moment to answer it.

A member of your privy council can never hope to be of a lady's cabinet.

38 *Letters between the Duchess of Kingston and Mr. Foote.*

I know too well what is due to my own dignity, to enter into a compromise with an extortionable assassin of private reputation. If I before abhorred you for your slander, I now despise you for your concessions; it is a proof of the illiberality of your satire, when you can publish or suppress it as best suits the needy conveyance of your purse. You first had the cowardly baseness to draw the sword, and, if I sheath it until I make you crouch like the subservient vassal as you are, then is there not spirit in an injured woman nor meanness in a slanderous buffoon.

To a man my sex alone would have screened me from attack—but I am writing to the descendant of a merry-andrew, and prostitute the term of manhood by applying it to Mr. Foote.

Clothed in my innocence as in a coat of mail, I am proof against an host of foes, and, conscious of never having intentionally offended a single individual, I doubt not but a brave and generous public will protect me from the malevolence of a theatrical assassin. You shall have cause to remember, that, though I would have given liberally for the relief of your necessities, I scorn to be bullied into a purchase of your silence.

There is something, however, in your pity at which my nature revolts. To make me an offer of pity at once betrays your insolence and your vanity. I will keep the pity you send until the morning before you are turned off, when I will return it by a cupid with a box of lip-salve, and a choir of choristers shall chaunt a stave to your requiem.

Kingston-house, Aug. 13.

E. KINGSTON.

P.S. You would have received this sooner, but the servant has been a long time writing it."

• To this letter Mr. Foote replied.

“TO THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

MADAM, though I have neither time nor inclination to answer the illiberal attacks of your agents, yet a public correspondence with your grace is too great an honour for me to decline. I cannot help thinking but it would have been prudent in your grace to have answered my letter before dinner, or at least postponed it to the cool hour of the morning; you would then have found, that I have voluntarily granted that request which you had endeavoured, by so many different ways, to obtain.

Lord Mountstuart, for whose amiable qualities I have the

highest respect, and whose name your agents first very unnecessarily produced to the public, must recollect, when I had the honour to meet him at Kingston-house, by your Grace's appointment, that, instead of begging relief from your charity, I rejected your splendid offers to suppress the *Trip to Calais** with the contempt they deserved. Indeed, Madam, the humanity of my royal and benevolent master, and the public protection, have placed me much above the reach of your bounty.

But why, Madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself, you must observe, that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life. I am happy, Madam, however, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair: I was afraid it might have been a little the worse for the wearing: may it hold out, to keep you warm the next winter!

The progenitors your Grace has done me the honour to give me, are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the authors of my muse, and not of my manhood: a merry-andrew and a prostitute are no bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays; the first to give the humour and mirth, the last to furnish the graces and powers of attraction.

If you mean that I really owe my birth to that pleasant connection, your Grace is grossly deceived. My father was, in truth, a very useful magistrate, and respectable country gentleman, as the whole county of Cornwall will tell you; my mother, the daughter of Sir Edward Goodere, Bart. who represented the county of Hereford; her fortune was large, and her morals irreproachable, till your Grace condescended to stain them; she was upwards of fourscore years old when she died, and, what will surprise your Grace, was never married but once in her life. I am obliged to your Grace for your intended present on the day, as you politely express it, when I am to be turned off.—But where will your Grace get the cupid to bring the lip-salve?—that family, I am afraid, has long quitted your service.

Pray Madam, is not J——n the name of your female

* To invalidate this fact the Rev. John Forster has made an affidavit before Sir John Fielding, importing, that, after some conversation with Mr. Foote on the impropriety of publishing the piece in question, Mr. Foote said, that, unless the Duchess of Kingston would give him 2000l. he would publish the *Trip to Calais*, with a preface and dedication to her Grace.

40 Letter containing Strictures on Gray's Posthumous Works.

confidential secretary? and is she not generally clothed in black petticoats made out of your weeds?

I fancy your Grace took the hint when you last resided at Rome; you heard there, I suppose, of a certain Joan, who was once elected a pope, and in humble imitation, have converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The scheme is new in this country, and has, doubtless, its particular pleasures. That you may never want the *benefit of the clergy*, in every emergence, is the sincere wish of your Grace's most devoted humble servant,

1775, Aug.

SAMUEL FOOTE.³¹

XIX. Letter containing Strictures on Gray's Posthumous Works.

MR. URBAN,

OBSERVING that you sometimes admit Latin letters into your excellent Miscellany, I send you one in that language, (lately written to a friend,) containing free strictures on some of *Mr. Gray's posthumous pieces*. If you think it likely to afford any entertainment to your classical readers, you will, perhaps, allow it a place in your next Magazine; if not, you will oblige the writer by suppressing it.

Caerhaes, Cornwall, Sept. 21.

Q.

I—B—F—S. D.

EGO vero, Vir Amicissime, vehementer gaudeo nudius quartus cognovisse ex literis tuis, gregem modo Te tuum ~~invisum~~ *ποιμνα λαων*; plus adeo gavisurus, si bonum hoc consilium, ut primum potueris, effectum dederis. * * * De *posthumis Graii scriptis* rectius Te multo atque *κρητικωτερος* statuisse puto, quam quidem ex iis cursim raptimque quodammodo legendis ipse statueram. Concinnavi porro comparationem quandam, parum felicem eam et male sanam, Odes hujusce *Graii*,

Bardaras ædes aditure necum, &c.

cum *Horatii* Ode, mellita quidem illa,

Ulla si juris tibi pejerati, &c.

totam utique Venerem spirante, quicum altera ea nil nisi metrum habet commune; istius interim immemor, ut jure

quis suspicari posset, quam *Septimio** suo Romanus dicavit poeta, quamque Anglus ille noster ex professo imitabatur, Insignem plane præproperi, et corrente calamo, haud satis ad amussim exacti iudicii errorem!

De *Agrippina* vero idem tecum sentio. Nihil hic simplex nudumque; nullus adeo verus naturæ color, nulla vox; sed compta, sed fucata, sed arcessita omnia. In scenam prodit princeps fœmina, mea quidem sententia fœminarum haud ita absimilis nostratum,† “fictis, compositis, crispisque cincinnis”—purpurata probe ac purpurissata probe—† “cum matile et plumatile,” ambitiosa nimium ornata, secum velut in pompam trahens; perinde quasi prima fuerit et præcipua imperatricis Romanæ laus, (ut alia translatione utar) declamatorio quodam tonare eloquio, atque ore rotundo loqui. Hanc quidem pol *Agrippinam*, sicut mihi videtur, “*in spongiam*‡” potius “*incubuisse*” oportuit, quemadmodum fere de *Ajace suo* dixit quondam per jocum *Dugustus*, quam in publicum proini.

Neque aliter forsitan de *Literis* plerisque *Gravi*, prosa oratione conscriptis, æquus rerum æstimator iudicavit. Iudicet certe leves admodum esse eas fatilesque, nec simplici demum lectione, nedum *Gravio* scriptore dignas. Non possum tamen quin ex hac qualicumque censura paucas quasdam e Gallia Italiaque missas lubens excipiam. Rectæ enim sunt, pulchræ et jucundæ; non in ostentationem illæ nescio quarum facetiarum illiberalium, sed ad animi liberam quandam oblectationem compositæ, omni que gratiæ ac venustatis laude cumulata. Quin et res, loca, personas, varios hominum mores, variaque eorum studia, instituta, vitæ delinimenta; ad hoc, speciosa quotquot fere sint his in terris naturæ miracula, et quidquid denique oculorum uspiam auriumve iudicio subjiciatur, tam plane ac dilucide, tamque vivis egregisque coloribus his in literis expressi cernimus et depingi, ut, inter legendas eas, magis clare prope singula mente liceat cogitationeque percipere, quam si mediis ipsi in rebus versaremur.

Haud scio an longiori Te fuerim epistola moraturus, dicturusque quam mihi videatur *Gravius* in Latine sciendo atque scribendo deus, ni laudem istiusmodi et parvi Te facere viderem, mihi que deessent omnia fallacis memoriæ subsidia. Nam nec Littletonus hic, nec Ainsworthius amicam præbet

* *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, &c.*

† Voces Plautinæ, quibus muliebrem in ornatu luxum lepide pingit Poeta, [*Truculent. Act II. Sc. 2. Epidic. A. II. S. 2.*]

‡ Suetonius in *Octavio*.

opem, imo vĕro ne Colesius quidem. Ne mireris igitur, Vir humanissime, si pure minus, aut minus polite, loquar, qui vix* Latine loqui sciam. Vale. IX Kal. Septembris.

1775, Oct.

XX. Mr. George Vertue to Mr. Charles Christian, concerning Milton's Portrait.

MR. CHRISTIAN,

PRAY inform my Lord Harley that I have (on Thursday last) seen the daughter of Milton the poet. I carried with me two or three different prints of Milton's picture, which she immediately knew to be like her father; and told me her mother-in-law (if living in Cheshire) had two pictures of him, one when he was a school-boy, and the other when he was about twenty. She knows of no other picture of him, because she was several years in Ireland, both before and after his death. She was the youngest of Milton's daughters by his first wife, and was taught to read to her father several languages.

Mr. Addison was desirous to see her once, and desired she would bring with her testimonials of being Milton's daughter, but as soon as she came into the room he told her she needed none, her face having much of the likeness of the pictures he had seen of him.

For my part, I find the features of her face very much like the prints. I shewed her the painting I have to engrave, which she believes not to be her father's picture, it being of a brown complexion, and a black hair, and curled locks, ~~On the contrary~~, he was of a fair complexion, a little red in his cheeks, and light brown lank hair.

1776, May.

GEORGE VERTUE.

* Itaque hercle vereor, ne talem tamque gravem egomet quoque videar in me jure derivasse censuram, qualem jam olim commeruisse dicitur A. Albinus, qui "Res Romanas" Romanus "oratione Græca scriptavit." Vide sis hanc fabellam apud A. Gellijum *Noct. Attic.* lib. XI. cap. 8, perquam eleganter, more suo, narratam.

XXI. The Rev. Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, to Mr. Bowyer,

GOOD MR. BOYER, *Lewisham, Jan. 31, 1712,*

IT is with very great concern, that I heard of the sad disaster befallen you.* You and your family have been in great part the subject not only of my waking, but even of my sleeping, thoughts, from the moment the ill news reached me. You are a person of understanding and religion enough, I persuade myself, thoroughly to believe, that second causes have a wise director, and that none of our calamities are the effect of chance. This thought, I doubt not, you pursue through all its just consequences, such as may work in you a true Christian resignation to God's afflicting providence, and render you contented under your loss, nay even thankful for it, not only on account of the lives which have been saved, but also of the excellent fruits this affliction may, and, I hope, will, produce, by your improvement of it. For surely humbling one's self under the Almighty's hand; such a dread of his power and justice as may increase the fear of offending him; less affection for, and no manner of trust in, the enjoyments of this world; and a more eager desire and endeavour after those in a better state, of which we may rest secure that they cannot be taken from us; are very natural and becoming consequences of so sad and sudden a calamity. You, God be praised, have the comfort of being far from the condition of those wretches, whom the world hath reason to think marked out for vengeance. But each of us, who looks into himself, will find more than enough there, to justify the severest dispensations toward him. Or, if it were not, which yet always will be, so; the best are not above the improvement of their virtues, of which great adversities are an eminent exercise and proof.

The post waits, and I must hasten. My heart bleeds for your poor wife. God sanctify this trouble to you both; and give you the piety and the reward of those saints, who "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves, that they have a better and more enduring substance in heaven."

I am,

Your sincere friend and servant,

1777, Dec.

GEO. STANHOPE.

* The total destruction of his printing-office, and all his property, by a calamitous fire, Jan. 30, 1712-13. E.

XXII. Letters of Mr. Turner and Mr. Hughes.

MR. URBAN,

YOU receive herewith six original letters, containing some particulars which I cannot but think curious. If they appear to you in the same light, you will print them in your next.

Yours, &c.

EUGENIO.

LETTER I.

Rev. Mr. Turner to the Rev. Mr. Bonwicke.

St. John's College, Cambridge, Dec. 31, 1706.

SIR,

MY absence from college has been very prejudicial to my interest; and to regain it, it is absolutely necessary to stay till the election is over, which will be about the latter end of March: if you can supply my place* till that time, I will return; if not, I can send another, (though not upon the same terms that I had.) You are sensible, sir, I believe, that I had never stayed so long with you, or at least had never promised to return, had I not a great respect to your person, as well as your cause:† but if my absence till Lady-day be extremely prejudicial to your interest, I will sacrifice my own to serve yours, and I desire you to believe that there is none in the world that more heartily studies and wishes your good, than your servant,

R. TURNER.

The death of some of our fellows has been strangely foretold by an apparition of one of our fellows that died four or five years ago, and is attended by such notable circumstances as put it past all doubt: but I am in haste, and cannot give you a particular account of it. You will have it, I believe from Mr. Hughes,‡ very shortly; if not, I will give you an account of it in my next.

* Of usher to the school which Mr. B. then kept at Headley, in Surrey.

† Alluding to his sufferings as a non-juror.

‡ Fellow of Jesus college. See Lett. II.

LETTER II.

Rev. Mr. Hughes to the Rev. Mr. Bonwicke.

Jesus College, Jan. 9, 1706-7.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but return you many thanks for your very kind letter, and assure you that I shall think myself as happy in your keeping up this correspondence, if you think it worth your while, as you can possibly do. I promised Mr. Turner that I would write to you long before this; but this Christmas time has so diverted me, that I was forced to defer it till after the holidays. We have no manner of news stirring at Cambridge that is worth sending you. Dr. Turner, of Greenwich,* has lately put in an answer to the Pretended Rights of the Church.† I have not read it myself but I heard from a very good judge, that it was no contemptible piece; and that, if it had been in better times, the doctor would have wrote an excellent book. I hear, likewise, that Dr. Potter, author of the Greek Antiquities, and now chaplain to his Grace of Canterbury, [Tenison,] is just publishing an answer to it.‡ I wish to God it was substantially answered (though I must ingenuously confess I do not much expect it at present;) for the Whig party triumphs upon it at a strange rate, and some do not stick to say that it is unanswerable. Mr. Professor Whiston is chosen to preach Boyle's lectures for this next year. His subject is upon the completion of the prophecies of the Old Testament;§ a very nice subject, and worthy of a great master; and, indeed, I believe Mr. W. is equal to it in all the parts. I expect great things from him. These are all the scraps that I could pick up to entertain you withal; and, indeed, I should have been obliged to have ended with half a letter, had not an unusual story come seasonably into my relief.

One Mr. Shaw, formerly fellow of St. John's college, and late minister of a college living,|| within twelve miles of

* Vicar of that parish, residentiary of Lincoln, and prebendary of Canterbury. He died 1720.

† This remarkable tract, (which occasioned a long controversy, greatly alarmed the clergy, and was ordered by the House of Commons, in 1710, to be burnt in the same flames with Dr. Sacheverell's sermon) was written by Dr. Matthew Tindal. See a note on Letter V.

‡ "A Discourse of Church Government, Oxf. 1707."

§ They were afterwards printed under the title of, *The Accomplishment of Scripture Prophecies.*

|| Soulders,

Oxford, as he was sitting one night by himself, smoking a pipe, and reading, observed somebody to open the door: he turned back, and saw one Mr. Nailor, a fellow-collegian, an intimate friend, and who had been dead five years, come into the room. The gentleman came in exactly in the same dress and manner that he used at college. Mr. Shaw was something surprised at first: but in a little time recollecting himself, he desired him to sit down: upon which Mr. N. drew a chair, and sat by him; they had a conference of about an hour and a half. The chief of the particulars were these; he told him, "that he was sent to give him warning of his death, which would be in a very short time;" and, if I mistake not, he added, that his death would be sudden. He mentioned, likewise, several others of St. John's, particularly the famous Auchard, who is since dead. Mr. S. asked if he could not give him another visit: he answered no, alleging, "that his time allotted was but three days, and that he had others to see who were at a great distance." Mr. Shaw had a great desire to inquire about his present condition, but was afraid to mention it, not knowing how it would be taken. At last he expressed himself in this manner: "Mr. N. how is it with you in the other world?" he answered with a brisk and cheerful countenance, "very well." Mr. Shaw proceeded and asked, "are there any of our old friends with you?" he replied, "not one." After their discourse was over, he took his leave and went out. Mr. Shaw offered to go with him out of the room; but he beckoned with his hand that he should stay where he was. Mr. Nailor seemed to turn into the next room, and so went off. This Mr. Shaw the next day made his will, the conference had so far affected him; and not long after, being taken with an apoplectic fit while he was reading the divine service, he fell out of the desk, and died immediately after. He was ever looked upon to be a pious man, and a good scholar; only some object, that he was inclinable to melancholy. He told this story himself to Mr. Groves, fellow of St. John's, and a particular friend of his, and who lay at his house last summer.

Mr. G. upon his return to Cambridge, met with one of his college, who told him that Mr. Auchard was dead, who was particularly mentioned by Mr. Shaw. He kept the business secret, till, hearing of Mr. Shaw's own death, he told the whole story. He is a person far enough from inventing such a story; and he tells it in all companies without any manner of variation. We are mightily divided about it at Cambridge, some heartily embracing it, and others rejecting it as a

ridiculous story, and the effect of spleen and melancholy. For my own part, I must acknowledge myself one of those who believe it, having not met with any thing yet sufficient to invalidate it. As to the little sceptical objections that are generally used upon this occasion, they seem to be very weak in themselves, and will prove of dangerous consequences, if applied to matters of a more important nature.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, most sincerely,

J. HUGHES.

Mr. Turner is very well, and I hope in a fair prospect of a fellowship.

LETTER III.

Mr. Turner to Mr. Bonwicke.

Cambridge, Jan. 21, 1706-7.

SIR,

THERE is a circumstance relating to the story of the apparition, which adds a great confirmation to it; which I suppose Mr. Hughes did not tell you. There is one Mr. Cartwright,* a Member of Parliament, † a man of good credit and integrity, an intimate friend of Mr. Shaw's, who told the same story with Dr. Groves (which he had from Mr. Shaw) at the Abp. of Canterbury's table: but he says further, that Mr. Shaw told him of some great revolutions in state, which he will not discover, being either obliged to silence by Mr. Shaw, or concealing them upon some prudent and politic reasons.

Mr. Bennett is publishing a book in vindication of set forms of prayer, ‡ where he proves that the primitive Christians never had any but precomposed set forms: and he advances one paradox, that those very arguments which the Dissenters use for a separation are great reasons why they should conform.

* Of Aynho.

† For Northamptonshire.

‡ This was printed at Cambridge, in 8vo. 1707, and entitled "A brief History of the joint use of precomposed set Forms of Prayer," &c. Mr. Bennett published many other theological tracts. He was then rector of St. James's, in Colchester, and had been Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. His son Thomas, LL.B. died some years ago one of the Esquire Bachelors of that University; and his grandson, John Bennett, Esq. (now living,) is of Rothamstead, in Hertfordshire.

Mr. Whiston preaches Boyle's lectures; he has lately put out a comment upon the Revelations,* from whence he proves that the Turks shall never make war with the emperor, or any other Christian prince, or at least, if they do, they must meet with a terrible defeat; and that the pope (the whore of B.) must tumble down in a few years. I wish, Sir, you would write a letter to Mr. Brown, to make him warm and vigorous in my interest. I do not in the least question his friendship, but I believe a letter from you would be of great force with him; or if you would procure a letter from Mr. Nelson † to Mr. Roper ‡, it would be a great kindness; but whether I succeed or no, you may certainly expect me (setting aside accidents, which I cannot arm against) immediately after the election.

Your humble servant,

R. TURNER.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Turner to Mr. Bonwicke.

Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1706-7.

SIR,

Mr. SMITH, one of our fellows, a camp chaplain, lately sent to our master § an account of a letter from the master of Malta to the French King, which is as follows: "We, the great master of St John's of Jerusalem, and great Duke of Anciterre, have received information from our ambassadors at Babylon, that in that kingdom, at a village called Fusboyn, there was brought-to-bed a woman of extraordinary beauty (the father not known) of a son more inclined to black than white, his neck short, his head sharp, long teeth, his nose flat, he spoke distinctly, and walked when he was but eight days old: he said he was the Messias, the son of God, in whom alone we must believe; our ambassadors have both heard and seen him with a great deal of wonder: at the day of his birth were seen most amazing signs in the skies, a vast eclipse of the sun at noon, a dragon carrying in his mouth a lance of fire, two griffins tearing to pieces an old man, an eagle carrying a child upon his wings, and a great

* Essay on the Revelation of St. John.

† The celebrated Robert Nelson, Esq.

‡ Fellow of St. John's.

§ Dr. Jenkin.

many other frightful sights; the rivers overflowing, the house where he was born seemed all on fire, and then disappeared: and this child, being asked the reason of these prodigies by our ambassadors, answered "it was to warn the world of the traverses and eternal torments that would fall upon all that would not believe in him." On the day he was born, was found an earthen statue, with this inscription, "You may here see the day of his birth." This child has raised the dead in the presence of our ambassadors, has given sight to the blind, made the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk, and cures all sorts of diseases. The people of that country adore him, the wise men believe in him, all that refuse are massacred without mercy; there was heard, 300 leagues round, the voice of angels, who sung these words "prepare to receive that son who was promised you." All doctors and reasonable people in this country certainly believe him to be the real Antichrist, and prove it to be so by the New Testament; he understands all sorts of languages, and disappears very often, and raises himself in the air quite out of sight. Before we would believe the strange news, we had a convocation of our clan, and by their advice we wrote to our ambassadors at Babylon, who confirmed all that was writ to be true, and added several things not here inserted."

This story meets with very little credit among us; and some are of opinion that it is forged by Jesuits, on purpose to remove Antichrist from Rome to Babylon.

The Oxonians have received a letter from the Geneva divines, in which they complain of a great many unchristian calumnies and black aspersions thrown upon their church by the English: they little expected (they say) such severe usage from our church, of which their two great founders, Calvin and Beza, had so venerable an esteem, and whose constitution they think is pure, primitive, and apostolical: it is not their choice, but their misfortune, that their ecclesiastical constitution is not the same with ours; but, if ever their circumstances will permit a reformation, it shall be after the model of the English church: they lament that they have no bishops in their church, and despair of ever having any, because a monarchy in church would naturally introduce one in state, which will never agree with the republic of Geneva: they are ashamed that our dissenters should take shelter under them, and draw an argument from the example of the church of Geneva to vindicate their separation from the church of England; they account our dissenters black schismatics; and for that reason, when any

from Geneva come to England, they always communicate with our established church, and never with the separate congregations.

This letter we expect will be printed very shortly, with an answer to it.

There has been a quarrel at Caius college, between the master, Sir John Ellis, and the fellows, about the power of the master in elections: he challenged a negative voice from a dubious clause in one of their statutes, which is this. "The seniors shall elect a fellow with the consent of the master:" but at last he confirmed the election the seniors had made, and so the breach was made up.

We hear Sir W. Dawes is to be Bishop of Chester. I have but little hopes of a fellowship, for there are so many candidates my seniors, that nothing will do but a singular interest and very meritorious qualifications.

I am, your very humble servant,

R. TURNER.

Mr. Nailor had the character of a downright, honest, good-natured man, and a good scholar. He drank a glass of claret pretty frequently, yet I believe very rarely to excess.

LETTER V.

Mr. Hughes to Mr. Bonwicke.

Jesus College, Aug. 14, 1707.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been a long while in your debt; so long, that I am afraid by this time you imagine I have quite forgot you. Indeed you had heard from me sooner, but that I have all along entertained thoughts of making a step to London; and then I fully intended to wait upon my good friends at Headly. But since I find that my affairs will not permit me to come to London this summer, I immediately thought of writing to you. Mr. Bennet was in Cambridge last week, and I had the happiness to enjoy a large share of his conversation. His book about set forms of prayer will come out about Michaelmas. He there asserts, that not only the primitive church constantly used set precomposed forms of prayers, but that even our Blessed Saviour and his apostles never joined in any public prayers but such as were precomposed. This is more than any patron of set forms has ever ventured to assert, and which many worthy persons and

great friends to a liturgy are amazed at. You very well know that it has been ever granted by the greatest of our disputants, that in the primitive church there were *Χαρισματα προσευχης* (gifts of prayer,) which are now no more to be expected than the power of working miracles. It is very remarkable that St. Chrysostom is the first author that mentions this *χαρισμα προσευχης*, and which later writers have blindly borrowed from him without examining into the reasons of the thing. I have frequently talked with Mr. B. upon this subject, and have seen some of the sheets; and I am verily persuaded that he will be able to establish his point against all opposition “of the priesthood.”—I have been at last prevailed upon to undertake an edition of St. Chrysostom *περι ιερωσυνης*; * and I would beg the favour of you to send me your octavo edit. I want a small volume to lay by me, and the Latin version may be of some service to me, if I correct the interpretation of Fronto Ducaeus. I will take particular care of your book, and return it with interest.—Bishop Wake is in a very ill state of health, and is come to Cambridge to his sister’s for the better convenience of having the doctors about him†. I saw Mr. Archbold about a fortnight ago, who was then very well.

This is all the little news that Cambridge affords at present, and therefore I am obliged to be shorter than otherwise I would, for want of materials. I question not but this letter, as short as it is, will find a kind reception, when you consider that it comes from one, who is, with the utmost sincerity,

Dear Sir,
your very much obliged,
and humble Servant,
J. HUGHES.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Bonwicke to his Wife.

MY DEAREST,
YOU were thinking, quickly after dear Ambrose’s death, that an account of his life might be of some benefit to the

* A second edition of this was published at Cambridge, in Greek and Latin, with notes, and a preliminary dissertation against the Pretended Rights of the Church, &c. in 1712. A good English translation of St. Chrysostom, On the Priesthood, was published by the Rev. John Bunce, M. A. in 1760.

† He lived, however, to be Archbishop of Canterbury, and till the year 1737.

world. I have here drawn it up as well as I could: if any thing material be admitted, dear Jemmy,* by your direction, will be able to supply it. He, therefore, must be let into the secret; and I depend upon you two, that it shall for ever be a secret to all the world beside, who was the author. He must therefore take the trouble of transcribing it as soon as he comes hither after my death, for which I bequeath him the two inclosed guineas: and if my dear friend Mr. Roper be living, I would have that copy shewn him by Jemmy as of his own motion, and wholly submitted to his judgment, to be altered as he shall think fit. I would have my good friend Mr. Browne's consent likewise procured (if it may be) for the publishing his letter in this account. And if Mr. Jackson† and Mr. Newton‡ are willing to make any alterations in their verses, pray let it be done before they are published.

I hope, my dearest, you will be at the charge of printing it handsomely; and if your bookseller be faithful, it is possible that charge may be made up to you again in a little time. You will, I know, think it proper that the master of the college, Mr. Roper, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Verdon, dear Ambrose's special benefactors, should be presented with these better bound than ordinary; and that Jemmy should give his tutor one handsomely bound, and distribute about a score among the lads where he thinks they may do most good. I am sorry I must bequeath you both this trouble; but if by this means one soul be gained, your reward will be great. However, I hope our good God will graciously accept the honest intention of us all, through the merits of our blessed Saviour Jesus, Amen.

1778, *Dec. and Suppl.*

XXIII. Letters from Lord Carteret to the Earl of Oxford.

MR. URBAN,

THE names subscribed to the four letters I now transcribe for you, exclusive of the anecdotes they contain, are a sufficient apology for the trouble now given you by

EUGENIO.

* Another of his sons.

† Laurence Jackson, A. B. These were printed.

‡ Mr. Newton's verses are still in MS.

LETTER I.

To Mr. Harley, at Ch. Ch. in Oxford.

SIR,

Long Leat, Aug. 16, 1732.

I NOW write at a venture, for I am not sure that this will find you. I can never think that you are got quietly again to Ch. Ch. whilst the affairs of state are in such agitation: and if you are not, I will not advise you to go. I rather could wish that, as you imitate Apollo in some things, you would also imitate his tree—

———— Parnassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbra.

I need put no comment to decypher my meaning. You will pardon my making use of so rural an image. Sometimes ~~we~~ may compare great things to little without diminution.

When I know where you are, I will write again.

Yours,

CARTERET.

LETTER II.

To the Earl of Oxford.

MY LORD,

Aug. 1, 1732.

HAVING heard that your lordship has several curious manuscripts of Homer, I take the liberty to acquaint you that Dr. Bentley has lately revised the whole works of Homer, which are now ready for the press with his notes, some of which I have seen, and are very curious; and he desires leave to collate your manuscripts upon some suspected verses in our present editions. If your lordship will be pleased to let the doctor have the manuscripts for a short time for that purpose, I shall be obliged to you. I have set the doctor at work; and we would be glad to procure such assistance as he desires, that he may have no excuse not to proceed. If your lordship has no objection to this request, you will let him have the manuscripts to be perused at Cambridge, upon his application to you. I desire the honour of an answer, that I may acquaint the doctor with it. As you are a known encourager of learning, and leaped yourself, I hope this request will not be disagreeable to you. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

From Bishop Atterbury.

LETTER III.

To the same.

MY LORD,

March 8, 1732-3.

I THANK your lordship for your great goodness in sending me the eleven MSS. of Homer, and relating to him, and for your permitting me to send them to Dr. Bentley. I shall take his receipt for you; and I am persuaded he will take great care of them: they shall be returned to your lordship with thanks, and honourable mention of you. I shall have them packt very carefully. I am, my lord, with the greatest truth and respect, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

"All these MSS. were returned to me, by the hands of Mr. Casley, Aug. 19, 1737. OXFORD."

LETTER IV.

To Lord Dupplin.

MY LORD,

Paris, March 10, 1731.

I HAVE received and perused the book your lordship was so good as to send me. I am extremely acknowledging for this favour, and satisfied with the reading of it. I wish it were in my power to find occasions of being any way useful to you in this country; at least it is a satisfaction to me, of having had the honour and pleasure of your acquaintance. Honour me with your commands; and believe me, with all esteem and sincerity imaginable, my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obedient servant,

1779, *June.*

BERWICK.

XXIV. Letters from Bishop Atterbury to Mr. Prior, and from Mr. Prior to Mr. Wanley.

MR. URBAN,

I SHALL make no apology for sending you two letters, of Bishop Atterbury and Mr. Prior, transcribed from their originals, in that excellent repository, the British Museum.

Yours, &c.

M. GREEN,

To Mr. Prior.

Deanery, New-year's day, 1717-8.

I MAKE you a better present than any man in England receives this day: two poems * composed by a friend of mine, with that extraordinary genius and spirit which attend him equally in whatever he says, does, or writes. I do not ask your approbation of them, deny it if you can, or if you dare. The whole world will be against you; and, should you, therefore be so unfortunate in your judgment, you will, I dare say, be so wise and modest to conceal it. For though it be a very good character, and what belongs to the first pen in the world, to write like nobody; yet, to judge like nobody, has never yet been esteemed a perfection.

When you have read them, let me see you at my house; or else you are in danger, lame as I am, of seeing me at yours. And the difference in that case is, that, whenever you have me there, in my present condition, you cannot easily get rid of me; whereas, if you come hither, you may leave me as soon as you please, and I have no way to help myself, being confined to my chair just as I was when you saw me last. If this advantage will not tempt you rather to make than receive the visit, nothing else will.

Whether I see you or not, let me at least see something under your hand, that may tell me how you do, and whether your deafness continues. And if you will flatter me agreeably, let something be said, at the end of your letter, which may make me for two minutes believe that you are half as much mine, as I am,

Your faithful humble servant,

FR. ROFFEN.

To Mr. Wanley.†

DEAR MR. WANLEY,

April 5, 1718.

I TORTURE you before my appointed time, finding this sheet at home; and as soon as you have looked it over, it may be carried immediately to the printer. I will trouble

* "Solomon," and "Alma."

† This letter and another which is printed in the "Additions to Pope," are expressly referred to by the excellent Editor of "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," vol. II. p. 27. The poem they allude to is "The Nut-Browne Maid," the ground-work of Prior's "Henry and Emma." In fixing the age of this poem Dr. Percy judiciously observes, "Mr. Prior was probably guided by the learned Wanley, whose judgment in matters of this nature was most consummate."

you to-morrow morning for the sheet which you have. It is *compliment* in the most refined French Dictionaries. But I submit it to you, as I ought with great reason to do every thing concerning literature.

Yours ever,

1780, *March.*

M. PRIOR.

XXV. Letters to and from Mr. Garrick.

SOON after Mr. Garrick had purchased a moiety of Drury-lane Theatre, he discovered the company wanted a considerable recruit of low actors: in the choice of those he generally paid an attention to person and look, more than to genius, for as they seldom had any thing to say, the eye was principally consulted. There was at that time about the Theatre a very whimsical fellow, whose name was Stone; he had much humour, but never could be prevailed upon to tread the stage. Mr. Garrick, however, found him something to do, and he was employed in recruiting about the town for the drama; whenever he brought a person who was permitted to make an essay, whether successful or otherwise, he had a certain sum given him for his trouble; and for three or four years, this man (who had acquired the appellation of the Theatrical Crimp,) made in this kind of service a tolerable subsistence. A variety of letters passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone during the course of their negotiations. Four of them we have been lately favoured with by a gentleman, who informs us, that the following were written in the year 1748.

“ SIR,

Thursday noon.

“ MR. LACY turned me out of the lobby yesterday, and behaved very ill to me—I only ax’d for my two guineas for the last Bishop,* and he swore I should not have a farthing.

* The person here called the bishop was procured by Stone, and had often rehearsed the part of the Bishop of Winchester, in the play of Henry the Eighth with such singular eclat, that Mr. Garrick frequently addressed him at the rehearsal as Cousin of Winchester. The fellow, however, never played the part, although the night of his coming out was announced in the public papers. The reader will soon guess the reason, from the two following letters that passed between Mr. Garrick and Stone, on the very evening he was to make his appearance.

“ SIR, The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the *Bear*—and swears, Damn his eyes if he will play to night. I am yours, W. STONE.”

Answer. “ STONE, The Bishop may go to the Devil—I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself. D. G.”

I cannot live upon air—I have a few Cupids, you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker, who I drink with now and then.

I am, your humble servant,

W. STONE.”

ANSWER,

“ STONE,

Friday morn. .

“ YOU are the best fellow in the world—bring the Cupids to the Theatre to-morrow. If they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea a-piece for them. Mr. Lacy will pay you himself for the Bishop—he is very penitent for what he has done. If you can get me two good murderers, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple-stand on Tower-hill, the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an Alderman or two, for Richard, if you can, and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely Mayor. The Barber will not do for Brutus, although I think he will succeed in Mat.

1780, Dec.

D. G.”

XXVI. Montague Bacon, Esq.* to the Rev. Mr. Williams †.

SIR,

Monday morning.

AS it is your post in the University to honour me with a few words to-morrow, I beg, and most heartily intreat you, that they may be as few as you conveniently can. I am descended, on one side, from the Lord Keeper Bacon, who had so considerable a hand in the first establishment of the church of England; and on the other side from the Earl of Sandwich, who, next to Monk, had, I believe, the chief hand in the restoration, for King Charles, on his first landing, gave him an earldom, a garter, and 4000l. a year in land, besides places to the value of about 10,000l. a year more. Now, as the restoration of the royal family was likewise the restoring of the church, I beg you would chiefly insist on the

* A younger son of Nicholas Bacon, Esq. of Shrubland, in Suffolk, admitted a fellow-commoner of Trinity college, Cambridge, in 1704-5. Three of his letters to George Jeffreys, Esq. of the same college, are in the Letters of Eminent Persons, vol. II. by which it appears that he had much critical acumen. He died in 1740, aged 51.

† Fellow of St. John's college, and public orator; afterwards D.D. and Rector of Barrow, in Suffolk.

From Mr. Harris.

services of my family to the church as our greatest honour; and, if you must say one word more of me, let it be, I intreat you, barely this, that I have always been a lover of learning and learned men.

I am, Sir, with great esteem,
Your most humble servant,

1781, *Jan.*

MONTAGUE BACON.

XXVII. Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, to Fielding's Parson Adams.

MR. URBAN,

Aug. 10.

THIS letter having accidentally fallen into my hands, I send it to you, with such elucidations as I could procure. The gentleman to whom it is addressed I take to have been the original Parson Adams of Fielding's Joseph Andrews, and to have died in August, 1757. The writer is certainly the late celebrated Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, whose decease you noticed in your Magazine for December last.

ONE OF YOUR CONSTANT READERS.

DEAR SIR,

HAVE you a corner left in your mind for the men of peace? or is it wholly occupied by battles and marshals? Do you still remember there is such a place as England, a passable island, near as big as some of those in your Rhine; or is it totally forgot? and have we nothing to do but shake our heads, and cry, "poor friend Young, Hunc circumtonuit gaudens Bellona cruentis?"

Wherever you are, whether mindful of us or forgetful, of this be assured, that we have not forgot you*. We have drank your health, inquired after you, and though we could not exactly learn what share you had in the late victory†, it was some comfort to us, to hear at least, that you were not expended‡ in the purchase of it. This was not, indeed, the first report: fame, with that false nether trumpet of

* Mr. Young went to Germany in 1743, about the time his majesty went abroad that year.

† At Dettingen.

‡ Alluding to a message from the officer commanding an attack at Carthage to the commander-in-chief,

hers, had at first blown abroad that you were slain.—Alas! cries one, what Bentley and Young both departed!—to be sure, cries another, he is gone to Priscian's bosom.—I will warrant says a third, grin Aristarchus smil'd to see him.—Doubtless, Sir, replied another; but what a merry Greek that day was his old friend Aristophanes! As merry, said I, as we are sad. These, Sir, you will readily grant, were no more than natural reflections, upon a supposition that the cruel sisters had cut your fatal worsted*. But how great, think you, was our joy when we found that you were still alive; that you had not only escaped the dangers of the battle, but had even entered and returned again from the French camp† with as much safety as old Priam visited the camp of his cruel adversaries the Grecians? We soon became convinced that you Viri Mercuriales might go where you would, and Hermes would never forsake you. May he prove as propitious to the young heroes of your army, who it is likely may want his aid as much as you, though upon occasions as different and heterogeneous as possible! But now perhaps you may expect I should tell you some news, and inform you of your friends, Dr. Collier‡, Messrs. Fielding§ Upton||, Sydenham¶, and my brother**. I have seen them all lately, and they are all well. Dr. Taylor I have heard of, who is well likewise. He has lately published a piece called "Marmor Sandvicense," a dissertation on an antique inscription, brought by Lord Sandwich from Athens. The doctor has excellently explained it, and given many curious remarks on the orthography, method of accounting, as well as marks and numerals of the Greeks, with a variety of other matter respecting the customs of those times. The whole is now rendered plain and easy; but had it not been for the doctor it would certainly have proved (as Mr. Bays says) "a crust for the critics." Another friend of yours †† has printed off his

* This seems to me a designed play on the words *cruel* and *worsted*.

† See Mr. Murphy's Essay, prefixed to the first volume of Fielding's Works. This instance of Mr. Y.'s absence is said to have been communicated to that author by an officer of the regiment Mr. Y. was chaplain to. But Mr. Y. about that time was chaplain general to the hospitals abroad, and not to any regiment till some years after.

‡ Dr. Arthur Collier of the Commons.

§ Henry Fielding, Esq.

|| Canon Upton, editor of Spenser's Faery Queen, &c.

¶ Floyer Sydenham, Esq. the translator of Plato's Dialogues:

** John Harris, Esq. of Salisbury.

†† If this means Mr. Harris himself, what Dialogues are meant? Is it vol. I. of *Hermes*, which was not published till the year 1745?

Dialogues, and is immediately setting about notes, which he intends to subjoin to them. He bids the pastry-cooks defiance for this Christmas, as he purposes not to publish till some time in January. It is to be hoped, by that time you will be returned, and indeed long before*. For let me give you conquerors on the other side of the water one piece of advice; if you do not come home, and wear your laurels while fresh, they will wither by keeping as much as cabbage or ground-ivy †.

However, be your return distant or near, I insist on your writing to me, and that more than once. Incur not by your neglect that mortal sin *Accidia* ‡, whose name I should never have known but by your kind instruction. I, you see, have escaped its imputation by this tedious epistle. You, I know, can escape it with a far better grace, and this I daily pray you may have grace to do. In the mean time believe me to be, with all truth, dear Mr. Young, your most affectionate humble servant,

Sarum, Oct. 1, 1743.

JAMES HARRIS.

(Directed thus)

To Mr. Wm. Young, in Germany.

1781, *Aug.*

XXVIII. Dr. Stuart, to James Cummyng, Esq. Secretary of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh, concerning Mary Queen of Scots.

I BEG to have the honour of transmitting to you, for the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, a copy of my History of Scotland, from the establishment of the Reformation, till the death of Queen Mary. While I am ambitious of depositing my work in so conspicuous a Repository, I am sensible that I may thus call it to the particular examination of many ingenious and learned men. It becomes me, therefore, to observe that I would have abstained industriously from this measure, if I were not conscious of having

* Mr. Y. did return the same year before Christmas, and was some time with Mr. H.

† This prediction may be seen verified in the parliamentary debates, pamphlets, &c. of those times.

‡ *Acedia*.

directed my narration by the purest views of public utility. I am consequently in a disposition to attend with candour to whatever can be objected to my book. The historian who can persist in his mistakes, departs from his duty, and violates the character he has assumed. And, if there is a situation where mistakes ought invariably and scrupulously to be corrected, and where a violation of the historical rules is altogether inexcusable, it is in the case of a queen who has suffered in her honour by misrepresentations, and who, with strong and real claims to integrity, has been held out to reproach and infamy. It will not, I believe, be objected to me, that I have fallen into this situation; but whatever my errors are, I shall give way to a commendable pride, and my eagerness to renounce them shall be in proportion to their importance, and to the danger of their tendency. And I desire it to be remembered, that I make this declaration with the greater propriety and justice, as I differ most essentially in my sentiments from a living historian,* who has treated the subject which has attracted my attention, and who enjoys the distinction of being a member of our Society. If it shall be found that I have lost my way, and wandered in the mazy labyrinth of hostile factions, I will, notwithstanding, be ready to catch the clue that ought to have guided my steps. If it shall be demonstrated that Mary was not so perfect and so innocent as I have represented her, I will yield to the controlling power of evidence and argument. Though I shall weep over the misfortunes, the frailties, and the crimes of this beautiful princess, I will yet pay my devotions to truth, and submit to the law of the victor. While you communicate to our Society these expressions of my sincerity, you will readily perceive that they are due from me to a body of men, who, from their birth, their situation, and their studies, are the most able to judge of the intricate and problematical parts of the subject I have undertaken. It is with extreme satisfaction, at the same time, that I embrace the opportunity which is now offered to me of applauding the public and generous ~~works~~ ^{works} that have brought them together.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,
Sir, your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

London, April 10, 1782.

G. STUART.

1782, April.

* William Robertson, Doctor of Divinity, and Historiographer for Scotland.

XXIX. Letters relative to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

MR. URBAN,

THE following letters were written by Edward Wake, of Charlton, in the county of Dorset, gent. (uncle to Archbishop Wake) to his wife, while he was in London promoting the establishment of the corporation of the sons of the clergy, of which he formed the first design. They are now first printed, both as they contain an early account of one of our most extensive and meritorious public charities, and as they may tend to perpetuate the praises due to the benevolent exertions of its first projector. The originals are in the possession of the writer's great-grandson, the Rev. Mr. Conant,* of Sandwich, in Kent.

MY DEAREST,

London, June 27, 1678.

YOURS of the 24th I received, and at the same time a letter from Mr. Hearne. Yesterday I was to waite on Madam Whitaker, where I found a second advice of two little roguish children made tawney moores. I have bought a good stronge playne horse, which goes all paces excellently well; and as soon as our charter for the charity for poor clergymen's widows and children is past the broad seale, I purpose to waite on you, for I find, unless I stir in it, it will hardly goe on; and if I meet not with bad luck, I hope to finish it next wecke; but the design promises well, and if men that have opened their mouths, will not shut their purses, we shall grow rich, and have a house speedily for 80 boys, and their master lodged. I pray present my duty to my mother, my service to my brother, and the rest of my friends. We are all doubtful whether we shall have peace or war; but the Earle of Sunderland is going, if not gone, to the French king for the delivery of the towns to the Spaniard and Dutch mentioned in the treaty, or else to declare warre. Five regiments of foote are appointed to go to Flanders. My dear, your very heartily affectionate friend,

E. WAKE.

* This gentleman's family were also benefactors to the sons of the clergy in the person of the Rev. John Withers (to whom he was next of kin,) who, among other charitable bequests, to the amount of 10,000l. left 5000l. to the uses of this charity.

MY DEAREST,

London, July 4, 1678.

I RECEIVED yours of the 1st, and am glad to hear of all your welfares, which I pray God continue. The chief news that I can with any contentment write you is, that the bishops and inferior clergy highly approve of my darling project of the corporation of clergymen's sons, which there is possibility will arrive to as great charity as any thing that now is; and, I thank God, that I have this satisfaction, that as I was the first starter of it, so my own diligence has chiefly brought it where it is; and herein you see that I have no great contentment that I make not you a sharer with me. Yesterday our governors met at my summons, and we had two great men that promised 100l. a piece, and Wednesday next is appointed for the next meeting, which, I hope, will not impede my setting out to you the day following, for I very much now long for Blandford, and, above all things, for your sake.

My dear, yours,

E. WAKE.

1782, *Aug.*

XXX. Sir Isaac Newton to Dr. Maddock.

MR. URBAN,

Gloucester Street, Aug. 4.

FINDING this letter of Sir Isaac Newton's tacked as an appendix to an obscure funeral sermon,* I supposed it would be agreeable to some of your philosophical readers to see it rescued from oblivion in your fund of literary curiosities.

S. A.

“For his honoured friend Joshua Maddock, Doctor of Physic, at his house in Whitchurch, in Shropshire.

Vir Dignissime,

Specimina illa optica, quæ pro humanitate tua ad me nuper misisti, tantam in his rebus peritiam ostendunt, ut non possum quin doleam incertitudinem principiorum quibus omnia innituntur. Etenim quæri potest, an sint in rerum

* By E. Latham, M.D. on the death of the Rev. Mr. Daniel Maddock, 8vo. Lond. 1754.

natura radii tenebrosi, et, si sint, an radii illi, secundum aliam legem refringi debeant, quam radii lucis. Defectu experientiae, nescio prorsus quid de his principiis sentiendum sit. Neque huic difficultati tollendae, quam et tute ipse indigitasti facile adfuerit Tyberius. At positus ejusmodi radiis, unanimum lege refractionis quam tu assumis, caetera recte se habent; neque propositiones tantum utiles sunt ac demonstrationes artificiosae, sed, et quod majus est, omnia nova proponis, quae opticam, altera sui parte, auctura sunt, si modo defectus experientiae in stabiliendis principiis tuis aliquo demum modo suppleri possit. Interim, quod me meditationum tuarum perquam subtilium participem fieri dignatus sis, gratias ago. Vale! Tui studiosissimus,

Trin. Coll. Cant. Feb. 7, 1678-9.

I. NEWTON."

1782, Aug.

XXXI. Mr. Gray to Mr. T. Warton, on the History of English Poetry.

SIR,

OUR friend Dr. Hurd having long ago desired me in your name to communicate any fragments, or sketches, of a design I once had, to give a history of English Poetry, you may well think me rude or negligent, when you see me hesitating for so many months, before I comply with your request. And yet, believe me, few of your friends have been better pleased than I, to find this subject, surely neither unentertaining nor unuseful, had fallen into hands so likely to do it justice; few have felt a higher esteem for your talents, your taste, and industry. In truth, the only cause of my delay has been a sort of diffidence, that would not let me send you any thing so short, so slight, and so imperfect as the few materials I had begun to collect, or the observations I had made on them. A sketch of the division or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan. For I am told your first volume is in the press.

INTRODUCTION.

On the poetry of the Gaelic, or Celtic, nations, as far

back as can be traced.—On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration.—On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

PART I.

On the school of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poesy, or romances in *verse*, allegories, *fabliaux*, *syrvientes*, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnets, ballades, madrigals, sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French: and of the first Italian school, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.—State of poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather, from Henry the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the Third, 1327.

PART II.

On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country: his character and merits at large, the different kinds in which he excelled—Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

PART III.

Second Italian school, of Ariosto, Tasso, &c. an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The lyric poetry of this and the former age introduced from Italy by Lord Surry, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan, Lord Vaux, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

PART IV.

Spenser, his character: subject of his poem, allegoric, and romantic, of Provençal invention; but his manner of tracing it, borrowed from the second Italian school.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. this school ends in Milton.—A third Italian school full of conceit, begun in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleiveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

PART V.

School of France, introduced after the Restoration—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope; which has continued to our own times.

You will observe, that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope, of which, I believe, you have a copy. You will also see, that I had excluded dramatic poetry entirely, which if you have taken in, it will at least double the bulk and labour of your book.

I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

Pembroke-Hall, April 15, 1770.

T. GRAY.

1783, Feb.

XXXII. *Mr. Williams to Mrs. West.*

MR. URBAN,

IN your account of a valuable publication* by Mr. Gutch, in your last volume, is the following paragraph: “Among the MSS. communicated to the editor is a sensible (anonymous) letter to Mrs. West, &c. on the education of her son. Qu. whether this was Gilbert West?”

Having it in my power to satisfy this inquiry, I am now to inform you, that the writer of this truly sensible letter was John Williams, Esq. who had been secretary to Lord Chancellor West, of Ireland, and who was at this time upon his travels. It was addressed to the chancellor’s widow, then at Epsom with her daughter, whom he afterwards married, Mrs. West was a daughter of Bishop Burnet, and mother also of Richard West, then a student in the Temple, the celebrated friend of Gray, and represented in Dr. Johnson’s preface to Gray as a “friend who deserved his esteem by the powers which he shews in his letters, and in the Ode to May, which Mr. Mason has preserved.” In the second volume of Dodsley’s collection of Poems is “A Monody on the death of Queen Caroline, by Richard West, Esq. son to the Chancellor of Ireland, and grandson to Bishop Bur-

* *Collectanea Curicsa.*

net." He is the subject of the following admirable letter, which deserves to be published entire, especially as the mutilated copy, communicated to Mr. Gutch, is rendered unintelligible by the several strange mistakes that appear upon consulting the original, with which it has been collated, and from which a correct transcript is now conveyed to you by

INDAGATOR.

Grande Bretagne.

*To Mrs. West, to the care of the Post-House at Epsom,
Surry.
By London.*

Lions, 12 Jan. 1739, N. S.

THIS will come to your hands sooner than the last I wrote; that went by a private hand, inclosed to Dick; probably the bearer may stay by the way: it contained an old story, to divert you and Molly; which, when read, pray burn. I received yesterday your long one, with two blank pages: I agree your paper is better than ours, but yet not so much as to make it worth the postage: you see how insatiable I am; I wish you had filled up those blank pages. I often think about my friend Dick, and last night dreamed of him. This letter is written on purpose for him, to whom therefore pray communicate it. You have said not one word of him to me a great while, from whence I conclude two things, that he is pretty well, but does not study the law: if he did, your satisfaction, and his too, would make me hear it soon enough. Young people do not see far; and, what is worse, they care not to be advised by those who do. They will not be the better for our experience. I say to myself frequently, what would I give to be twenty again, with the knowledge of the world which I have now? He is at that age, and my knowledge is at his service: why cannot we together produce what I figure to myself possible, if I was at that age? I have often considered his aversion to the law, and grieve at it, because it is a natural, almost sure, way of advancing himself: his father's name so much esteemed, his friends and mine, and his own parts, altogether could not have failed. He has no fortune; I mean, scarce sufficient to keep him clean, unless in retirement, which, I know (though perhaps he does not) he will never choose; for his own sake and his family's I hope he will not. What then can he do? my case and his were much the same. I had but small expectations of fortune, and perhaps pretty good parts: these soon recommended me to the best company,

that is, in plain English, they were pleased, and I was flattered. What then? Why then, says my poor father (who was an excellent mathematician, but who knew no more of the world than his son), my boy shall qualify himself for the *grand monde*, and he shall get into great places, and so forth. I was therefore put to Italian, French, and every thing that is called modern polite literature; and with the improvements of dancing, fencing, riding, drawing, fortification, heraldry, music, and what not, I was to be made as fine a gentleman as any body living. Poor mistaken man! Instead of giving me a profession, any knowledge that was useful, and absolutely necessary to mankind, I was to be furnished only with the superfluities of life; and, without a fortune, was to be taught to live as if I had one, and create a relish, a habit of living, which, if I did not succeed, must make me miserable. Well, but with these accomplishments for foreign employs, I could not fail—few people of small fortunes were so fit for them; this all agreed to. But, as something more than Greek, Latin, French, Italian, &c. was necessary to qualify a man for these employments, I was shut up for two years, and, by the direction of a very great and wise man, was recommended to the reading of English History, then the History of Europe in general, then Domat's Civil Law, then Grotius, Puffendorf, and many more very dry, but necessary authors; and, last of all, to study four folio volumes of treatises. All this, I was convinced, was necessary, absolutely so, to a man who is to treat (or to serve those who are to treat) with foreign courts. This labour gone through with pretty good success, the next thing was to find a patron. This was not easily done. My great friends were not used to hear me speak of wanting employment; they liked my wit and my odes. However, they kept smiling on for some time, till my father's pockets grew low, and dress and chair-hire became too expensive. Euckily a patron was found; one who understood what wit and parts were, and excelled himself in that way; but who well knew that was not enough: I was therefore to convince him that I had more material furniture in my head. I succeeded in this too, from the pains I had taken in those two years. We went abroad together; his own weight in the world, his prodigious virtue and goodness, and his near relation to the first minister, gave me reason to expect all the advantages that could attend so flattering a beginning in public business. What hindered? why, the commonest thing upon earth; my patron was turned out, and consequently Mr. Secretary was to seek for another. With better

luck than ordinary, in two years more another was found, envoy at the same court. Two or three great men's warm recommendations procured me his excellency's favour; and my little boat was set afloat again: the gale was prosperous, the weather fine for a whole twelvemonth (an age, I can assure you, in human affairs.) What's the matter? why, a mighty ordinary matter; the envoy died. These changes astonished me. I was a young man, and did not think that people were to die, or be turned out; but my father was older, and might have heard that such strange things did sometimes happen. What was to be done now; no money, my former patron in disgrace! friends, that were in favour, not able to serve me, or not willing; that is, cold, timid, careful of themselves, and indifferent to a man whose disappointments made him less agreeable. (For want of success, you must know, is always a fault in the eye of most men, though it be owing to accidents ever so foreign to your merit.) In this condition, that is, in want of every thing but a fine coat and laced shirt (the remains of former luxury), I languished on for three long melancholy years; sometimes a little elated; a smile, a kind hint, a downright promise, dealt out to me from those in whom I had placed some silly hopes, now and then brought a little refreshment; but that never lasted, and to say nothing of the agony of being reduced to talk of one's misfortunes and one's wants, and that basest, lowest of all conditions, the slavery of borrowing, to support an idle, useless being, my time for those three years was unhappy beyond description. What would I have given then for a profession! How often did I accuse my father's ignorance of the world! My Greek and my wit, my Italian and my dancing, even my laborious disagreeable study of Grotius and the treatises, were now of no use to me. In this wretched situation, retired eighteen miles from London into an obscure village, in debt to tailors, butchers, drapers, and chandlers' shops, one fine morning I received a letter from a school-fellow, whom I loved from my soul, acquainting me that he had the day before kissed the king's hand for a very great employment, and desiring me to come to town, and to consider which of the considerable places he now had to bestow would be most agreeable to me, that he might put me into possession of it immediately. Guess at my joy and gratitude; I can express neither, any more than my grief, except by the tears which are now in my eyes, because that friend is no more. His love and my good fortune were so great, that he overlooked my unfitness for any place under him (from my ignorance of the

law,) and obliged me to take the best he had to give, which was full 1000*l.* a year. Once again I forgot that men were mortal. His youth and my own, I imagined, promised us riches and pleasures for many years to come: it was permitted that he should die too. I end my history of myself here. You and Dick both know but too well the sequel of it. What I mean by telling it him is plain. It is, to make him sensible that without the knowledge of something that mankind cannot be without, no wit, no parts, no friends, no patrons, can secure him from want, and the terrible consequence of it, contempt. He cannot easily set out in life with more hopes of success than I did. He may be more fortunate, but it is ten thousand to one he is not. And what led me into this particular way of thinking at present is, that supposing the law would not please him, I was imagining, if Sir R. lived, he might possibly get to be secretary to some minister at a foreign court. But even this cannot be obtained without that necessary knowledge I have been speaking of; as troublesome, as disagreeable to the full, as the law of England; and as remote and different from wit and poetry, and those pursuits with which he hath too long amused, or rather abused, his good parts. And my intent was to shew him, that supposing he had obtained this previous acquaintance with the civil law and the law of nations, and had got to be king's secretary to the first embassy in Europe, he would not be in half so comfortable, so easy a condition to a man of sense, who knows what this world is, as if he was in a three pair of stairs chamber at the Temple, in a way only of getting 200*l.* a year. If he thinks my case particular, he does not know (as how should he?) what passes about the court, where, besides the changeableness of things, there is not one place of any kind for which there are not five hundred competitors; many of whom are as well and better qualified than he can be these two years, let him study ever so hard. In short, all places are, from the accidents I have related, so extremely precarious; the attendance about them is so mean and unmanly; refusals and delays are so insupportable; and the loss of them, when obtained, so dreadful to one who has not a good foundation in his own fortune, that he must be weak who should propose that pursuit to a friend. It is for this reason I have troubled you and him with this account of my own mistakes, that I may deter him from falling into them; and that I may use this one effort more to convince him, that any useful profession is infinitely better than a thousand patrons. God knows how zealous I am for his success in the world, and

how grieved I am when I recollect, that he is now near twenty-two, and has not yet read one book (since at Eton) for which he, or his family, will ever be the better, as long as he lives. I love him, dearly love him, and therefore these pains, and this plainness. Why does not his uncle* second my intreaties, and engage him to fix? He cannot take Dick's honest regard for me ill, surely; besides, he said he did not. If he did, I should be sorry indeed, since his adherence to me cannot be agreeable to me any longer than it is useful to himself: and I am of no use to him, if I cannot influence his conduct in a matter so plain, so true, and so important, as this. For God's sake do what you can (but with that tenderness which is so natural to you towards your children) to engage him to hearken to me, before it is too late. Help me to do him good: desire him to add my years, my experience, to his own parts, and I will, with my life, answer for his success. But tell him, that his parts will be his ruin, if he will not submit them to the conduct of those who have gone through a good part of the road of life to him utterly unknown, and therefore dangerous.

See how far my love has carried me! I will not be so full of words again soon. God knows they come from a heart most sincerely, most gratefully disposed to do all sorts of good in my poor power to you and your children.

I rejoice at what you say in your letter of some comforts and conveniences you meet with at present at Epsom. May they and greater ever accompany you! My sincere love to Molly and Dick. You need not burn this letter. I will answer your long agreeable letter another time.

1783, *March*.

XXXIII. The Rev. G. Costard, of Twickenham, to his Sister, containing Reflections on the Language of Tragedy, &c:

DEAR SISTER,

Wad. Coll. Dec. 21, 1732.

OXFORD not affording any thing worth your knowledge, and having observed in you a particular taste for tragedy; because I would not have you, like the generality of mankind, approve without reason, and dislike they know not why, I thought I could not employ this opportunity better than in sending you some scattered thoughts upon that subject, which may be of use towards the conducting your

* Mr. Mitchell, who married Mrs. West's sister.

judgment, and directing your choice. The first thing then you are to observe is the language, where the sound should not exceed the sense, which is called bombast; nor yet run into the opposite extreme, and talk in a low vulgar phrase. When the sentence is burdened with particles, such as *of, for, and, so, &c.* it tires the ear, and grows nauseous, and therefore wherever you see these sown with too liberal a hand, you may safely condemn the performance in this particular. Tragedy is a serious thing, and intended to reform men's manners, and spur them to virtue, and therefore whatever borders upon smut, ribaldry, or double entendre, is not to be endured. The ancients are particularly modest in that respect; but the moderns have taken greater licence, and in their love interviews intermixed what they call the luscious; but this is scarcely excusable. To this head belong comparisons; the intention of which is to relieve the mind when it has been long engaged in attending the progress of a narration, or else to paint something in more lively colours to the imagination than could be done by plain description only. The first of these is mostly in use in heroic poetry, such as Dryden's Virgil, and Pope's translation of Homer; but the latter belongs likewise to that kind of poetry I am now speaking of. Beautiful examples of this you will find in Addison's Cato,

“ So the pure limpid stream,” &c.

And in Rowe's Tamerlane,

“ So cheers some pious saint a dying sinner,” &c.

I instance in these because they first occur to my memory. You will find others scattered throughout both those pieces, equally admirable in their kind.

I cannot dismiss this part of my subject without observing to you, that when these similes are too frequent in any composition, they unbend the mind too much, and draw it off too far from the main subject. And yet this is a fault that some of our English writers have fallen into. A person in grief, or in anger, should never make any comparison, for that coolness of thought which is requisite for this is entirely inconsistent with the hurry and agitation of the blood upon such occasions. A person that is sent upon any important design, or has determined with himself upon the execution of it, should never stay to make harangues, much less to make similes, which are the business of leisure and the sports of the imagination.

And now I am engaged in treating of the language of

tragedy, I must add, that rhyme is very improper. Dryden did this in his *Indian Emperor*, but if I mistake not he has somewhere else in his works condemned it. It is a thing so contrary to reason and sense, that nothing but a condescension to please the rabble could have induced him to it; but the absurdity of it will appear from any one's using it in ordinary life, and if there is a person of your and my acquaintance that is guilty of this practice in common conversation, when you see him next, think of this and own the justness of the remark. How or when rhyme came first into English poetry is difficult to say; the oldest that I have seen in our language is Chaucer, in 1358; but I am sure he was not the author. It is generally ascribed to the monks; but I am apt to think they were only borrowers of the art. I have by me several Arabic pieces written in the same manner; which makes me inclined to think that the Moors brought it with them into Spain, whence they propagated it over these Western parts. But I am vastly deceived if it is not more ancient still, and have some reason to think that a few of the Psalms at least are written in this manner. But of this perhaps more than enough.

The next thing you will observe is the characters and sentiments. I join them together, because we can scarcely speak of one without considering the other too. When a king makes his appearance, he must discover himself in every word and every sentence. Guards and attendants are but the trappings of royalty, the language and the thoughts must bespeak the monarch. The parlour must never be brought into the kitchen, and it never can be supposed that servants can have notions equally enlarged with their masters and mistresses. Tales of fairies and people led away by will-o'-whisp, or spirited through the air, may suit well enough with Doll, the dairy-maid, but can hardly be thought to be credited by Mrs. Abigail, my lady's woman. When a person famous for chastity and mildness of temper is made to talk loosely or in rants (the faults of Lee's Scipio in his *Sophonisba*;) it is an unpardonable crime. The formality of an old steward, and the simplicity of country servants, is well observed in the *Drummer*. I mention this play because I know you have read it, and because it fully expresses my meaning. Nor need its being a comedy be any objection, for in this both tragedy and comedy agree. Shakespeare has hit upon low humour in his *Hamlet*, under the persons of his grave-diggers. But in a tragedy such witticisms draw off the mind from that solemnity and composure which should be maintained throughout the whole

of such representations, and therefore should never be admitted. When a libertine is introduced (though I think it should be with great caution,) he may be allowed to speak a little injuriously of a Providence, as not being supposed to have considered its mysterious and intricate, yet regular, proceedings. And if he uses the fair sex in general with the same freedom, it is no more than what may be expected from his intercourse with none but the corrupt part of the sex; for that such there are I know you will readily grant me. But when such reflections are put in the mouth of a person of piety and virtue, it is an open insult upon good sense, and contrary to all the laws of religion and poetry. It is said of an ancient philosopher, that being in the theatre one day, and hearing in the drama a person of eminent probity and worth say something reflecting upon heaven, he immediately went out, lest by his stay he should seem in the least to countenance or approve his words. And this was the more remarkable because the poet was his intimate friend.

Again: a heathen can never with any propriety be made to talk like a christian, or a barbarian like a philosopher; and yet Dryden has been guilty of both these errors.

As tragedy is designed to raise the passions and affections, great care is to be used by the poet that they be placed upon proper objects; and where he has failed in this, his auditors ought to condemn him. Venice Preserved is an example of this kind, for there we are made to pity a pack of abandoned villains whose intention was the ruin and destruction of their country. And this is what is meant when it is said that a play is founded upon a wrong moral.

The mind of a rational being can never be satisfied with any thing void of probability, and therefore the representation must take in only a proper quantity of time, just so much as we can suppose such a number of facts, could be performed in, And the same may be said with regard to place. We can never possibly imagine, for instance, that within the space of two or three hours the transaction of a year, much less eight or nine, can be included. Nor can we allow so small a space of time for a journey from France to England, and back again from thence to France; and yet Shakespeare has offended in both these cases.

It is time now to consider the conduct of a play. Those of the Spaniards consist but of three acts, and that form has been introduced within this year or two upon the English stage; but, as the best in our language consist of five, my reflections shall regard these. How the number of five

came to be pitched upon I cannot tell, but it is certain that this was a rule 1700 years ago, as you will see in Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry. In the first act, the principal characters only just make their appearance upon the stage, and shew themselves to the audience. In the second, the design of the piece just unfolds itself; and in the third, it seems near a conclusion; but in the fourth, an unlucky train of accidents conspire to embroil the action and throw every thing into confusion. This is called the plot, and is the principal thing to be regarded in a play, and is the better the deeper it is laid. In the last act, the clouds are again dispelled, and the intricacies of the plot unfolded, and the whole brought to a conclusion, which is all that is meant by that hard word *catastrophe*. And now it might be expected that I should say something relating to that question, whether a tragedy should end happily or not? But I think it modester to suspend my judgment upon so nice a case. We have both sorts in our language, and both held in esteem. But, I must confess, I am rather inclined to think it should not. There is another thing which is much talked of, and that is poetical justice; they think the good man should always be rewarded at last, and the wicked profligate be disappointed and punished. But this the Ancients were utterly unacquainted with, who, I believe I may say, always leave him overborne by the waves of fortune. Could we frame to ourselves the notion of a perfectly good man, there might be some pretence for this; but since the best of us are but weak and frail beings, continually subject to transgress, there is nothing that we can suffer here but what our sins may justly deserve. But I must force myself to break off here, lest from writing of plays I should insensibly begin to preach; but this I must add, that I hope that whenever the comedy of courtship is over, you will observe this piece of poetical justice, and yield your hand to the most deserving it, under penalty of making your whole life after a continued tragedy.

What I have here sent you are only a few loose suggestions, just as they occurred to my mind, without consulting any one author upon the subject. You stand in so near a relation to me that I cannot but be affected with every wrong choice you make. It is a misfortune that we have not more of these things purposely adapted to women's use, but at present their education and instruction are monstrously neglected. And if they prefer to their beds fops, fools, and madmen, it is owing to mothers, nurses, and dancing-schools. Of this I am satisfied, that, were their younger

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years but more^e taken care of, we should not have so many complaints of their baseness, levity, and indiscretion. I believe I may by this time grow sufficiently tiresome, and shall only add, that however I may be in my remarks I am sure I am not mistaken when I say, I am, with the tenderest concern for your good, your most obliged, most affectionate brother,

1783, Oct.

G. C.

XXXIV. *Two Letters from the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Lancaster.*

MR. URBAN,

I SEND you abstracts of two letters written about thirty years since, by the late Doctor Nathaniel Lancaster, a clergyman and Justice of the Peace, who resided at Stamford Rivers, near Chipping Ongar, in Essex. He was author of several valuable Tracts, but I believe never put his name to any, except an "Essay on Delicacy*," which was much admired, and has been reprinted in Dodsley's "Fugitive Pieces."

These letters were addressed to Mr. Jacob Robinson, a bookseller in London; the publisher and sole editor of a periodical work, called "The Works of the Learned," which has since his death been continued under the title of "The Monthly Review."

Mr. Robinson, in consequence of editing the above work, was honoured with the correspondence of Pope, Warburton, Watts, Middleton, Lord Orrery, and several other eminent literary characters of that time.

G. KEARSLEY.

DEAR SIR,

June 11, 1753.

"YOU say that you will write often to your friend at Stamford Rivers. It is indeed a kind declaration: perform your promise, and you will give me genuine satisfaction. What an admirable invention was that of painting our thoughts upon paper! Tell me, if you can, to whom this honour is ascribed, that I may pay due reverence to the manes of him, who is the cause of that noble pleasure I

* And to a single sermon. See the Anecdotes of Bowyer, p. 335.

receive in corresponding, at a distance, with a man of sense and virtue.

Though you are not a *divine*, according to the established forms of ordination; yet I ask your permission to appoint you my casuist and confessor. In the execution of my judicial office, I must own, that I sometimes feel a struggle between two different principles even in cases where the law has given the magistrate no choice. The statute commands me to punish, and a kind of softness in my nature inclines me to pardon, the offender. An overseer this morning brought a woman before me, for a crime which I must allow to be very heinous—It is no less than that of having obeyed the call of nature, without having first obtained the sanction of the national law. The unrelenting officer demands the rigorous punishment of a statute of James the First,* which is 12 months imprisonment, hard labour, and constant correction. What say you to that, my good friend? How would you act in this situation? Let me have your opinion, which in all probability will determine my resolution.

I forgot to tell you, in my last, that, since I came hither, I have had a fit of the gout. It is true, I am a Stoic in profession. But, alas! my dear Jacob, what is profession? All my philosophy, this idle speculative philosophy, was not able to suppress a single groan or sigh. I roared out in the extremity of pain, and bore the torture with as little patience, as if I had never been initiated in the principles and doctrine of the Porch. What a poor creature is your friend! help him if you can, and help him by some prescription of your own, which I shall esteem more than any which are to be found in the schools of Zeno, Plato, or Aristotle.

As our intimacy rises higher and higher, I must now take a liberty of giving you a piece of advice. Why do you condescend to that custom of ending your letter to a friend with the declaration of being what you really are not? You are not, and you shall not hereafter profess yourself to be,

“ My most obedient humble servant,”

This custom was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, those truly polite people. They had too high a notion of liberty, to subscribe themselves slaves to any man; and they had better sentiments of friendship, than to imagine that union could be supported without a perfect equality. Be assured, this paltry submissive phrase is of Gothic original.

Your sincere friend,

NAT. LANCASTER.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

June 27, 1753.

THE continuance of your correspondence will always yield me fresh delight: nor can the communication of your sentiments ever bring satiety along with them. No apology can ever be needful to accompany your letters. Whenever therefore you are in the humour of writing, impart your thoughts without reserve: when you are not so disposed, I shall not blame your forbearance, but silently wish that the liberality of your genius may not be long dormant.

The poor whore's fate was undetermined when your letter arrived: and the softness of *your* nature has influenced that of your friend. By your favour, she walks at large, enjoying freedom and sunshine: the putative father is gone into exile, and the parish maintains the child.

You are really too modest in disclaiming the merits of an *Atticus*, at the time when you would make a Cicero of your friend. You have indeed neither the rank nor fortune of that Roman; but I will aver, that you have as clear an understanding as he could boast, and some better endowments than were attributed to him. Had you been in his circumstances and situation, you would have been a more useful man. A proper distribution of his immense wealth might have prevented the fall of Rome. I think that I am able to support this assertion.

Since I made the inquiry about the invention of writing, I was informed in a dream that Moses (whom the heathens called Cadmus) was the man, into whose head that glorious art was first inspired. I confess no arguments were suggested to confirm that declaration; but what need is there of reasoning, when the authority is divine? For dreams are undoubtedly from heaven. So said Homer:* and so say all the orthodox, sacred and profane.

The gout has left me, and I enjoy perfect health. The writers upon Natural Evil you have rallied with a spirit that is no less judicious than it is pleasant and facetious. I have never met with any of them that have contributed to remove my perplexities. But I remember a conversation with a certain acquaintance of mine upon Blackheath, that gave me more satisfaction than all the volumes I had perused. "Pain," said he, "is a natural consequence of imperfection,

* *Ovæg. 120. Δ105. 1571.*

and imperfection there must be, if there be a gradation of beings. But if there had not been such a scale of existences, there would have been a great void left, which would have been an argument of less benevolence in the deity, than to have created beings only in high perfection. This system then could not be without pain and distress: they are necessary defects in a constitution which is good upon the whole." I think, this is the substance of what you then said, and it operated with great force upon my mind.

Yours most affectionately,

1784, *May*.

NAT. LANCASTER.

XXXV. Mr. Rogers to Dean Milles, on Two Ancient Pictures.

MR. URBAN,

YOU receive herewith a letter from the late Charles Rogers, Esq. to the Rev. Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, and late President of the Society of Antiquaries; read at a meeting of that learned body, Feb. 18, 1779; but not inserted in any of their publications.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

SIR,

May 17, 1778.

I TAKE the liberty to lay before you two small pictures of an old Greek master, which I purchased in 1765, at the sale of some of the valuable effects of Ebenezer Mussel, Esq. a fellow of this Society, and which may merit some regard on account of their antiquity.

They were accompanied with a memorandum of their being supposed to have been painted about the tenth century, of having been brought from Smyrna, and been part of the collection of Edward Earl of Oxford, out of which Mr. Mussel acquired them in 1741-2.

Their outward appearance is of a book 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches high, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ wide, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ thick. The covers in which they are painted are of wood, with their edges and corners of brass; they are opened on hinges, fastened together with a clasp; and had two rings on the upper edges, by which they might be hung up. This shape gives us reason to conjecture, that they were intended for a portable or pocket altar-piece.

The subjects painted on the inside of the covers are the Trinity and the Annunciation.

That of the Trinity fronts the left-hand of the spectator, and is represented by God the Father, with Jesus Christ sitting at his right-hand, and the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove with extended wings, over them; and flying round them are the heads of Cherubims, whose ruddy countenances glow with divine ardour.

God the Father is figured as the Ancient of Days, the hair of whose head was like the pure wool,* and with a white beard falling on his breast. His right-hand reclines on a globe which is between him and Jesus, and with his left he is giving his benediction; not in the Roman manner, with his fore and middle fingers erect, and the thumb with the other fingers depressed, but in that practised by the Greek church, with the fore and middle fingers joined together, and extended strait, except a little bending of the middle finger, with the thumb touching the third finger and with the little finger bent also somewhat inwards.

The intention of this disposition of the fingers I shall beg leave to transcribe from "A Collection of Prints in Imitation of Drawings," &c. lately presented to your Society, tome I. p. 44.

"S. Gregorius Nissenus insinuates, that among the Greek priests the custom prevailed of giving their blessings with their fingers lifted up in such a manner that by them they might express the name of Jesus Christ: the demonstration of which is thus given from Bishop Nicolaus. The second finger of the right-hand," [but in the painting before us it is the left] "and the third joined to the second, are extended strait, although the third be a little bent in the middle; which disposition of the hand effectually denotes, and, as by an image, expresses the name of Jesus; for the second finger extended strait denotes the letter I, the third a little bent describes C; which letters joined together signify Jesus. Besides, the thumb joined to the fourth finger, and crossing it a little obliquely, forms the letter X, and the little finger bent inwards C [being the first and last letters of the words $\text{I}\text{H}\text{E}\text{O}\text{U}\text{S}\ \text{K}\text{R}\text{I}\text{S}\text{T}\text{O}\text{S}$]. Thus the name of Jesus Christ is described in the hand of the Bishop; and as Jesus conferred grace and benediction on the Apostles, so the Bishop,

* Daniel vii. 9.

strengthened with the name of Christ, diffuses his benediction.”*

The inscriptions on these pictures are partly in Greek, but chiefly in Russian characters; which Mr. Peters, a studious gentleman who resided some years at Petersburg, has very obligingly interpreted for me. Those on each side and over the head of this figure are,

Father
Lord of Sabaoth.

Jesus is represented with a beard and hair so dark as to be almost black; his right hand rests on a book (containing probably the prophecies of the coming of Christ), which is supported by his knee, and his left holds the Cross of Salvation over the Globe, an emblem of his being “*Salvator Mundi.*” Over and on each side his head are written,

Son
Jesus Christ.

Over the dove is inscribed,

Ghost Holy.

And in the upper margin of this tablet is written,

Holy Trinity have Mercy upon us.

The title inscribed over the other tablet is,

Visitation of the Holy Mother of God.

In this the Virgin Mary sits on a seat richly carved, with her head a little inclined, and her right hand on her bosom, receiving the joyful tidings with great humility. She is with her neck and breast covered, and expresses a modesty becoming the Queen of Heaven, in the manner Luigi Scaramuccia, a painter of Perugia, prescribes to modern artists; and in which, he observes, the old Greeks drew her (although in their plain style) as is even at this time seen in their representations of her in the houses of the devout.†

A book is open before her, lying on a table covered with a cloth of gold embroidery, in which is written,

“And thou, Virgin, shalt conceive a Son in thy womb; and his name shall be *Nare.*”

* Numismata Sum. Pontificum a P. Philippo Bonanni Societatis Jesu. Fol. 1699. Tom. I. p. 356.

† Le Finanze de' Pennelli Italiani, p. 210.

In reference to the Prophecy of Isaiah (vii. 14.) of "Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call his name Immanuel."

On her left breast is a star, perhaps denoting that which was to go before the wise-men from the east to Bethlehem, and stand over where Jesus was to be born.*

May not this lead us to conjecture, that the representation of the star of Bethlehem, is intended by those embroidered on the breasts of the knights of several orders?

Behind the Virgin are seen a canopy bed, with crimson curtains worked with gold, and other decorations, in an apartment so highly finished as to be more suitable to the Queen of Heaven than the spouse of an artisan; unless we may esteem such painters as this to be somewhat justified in their imagining the Virgin Mary to be rich, and representing her apartment sumptuously furnished at the time of the Annunciation, by being told, from St. Hierom, that Joachim and Anne, her father and mother, were enabled to divide their substance into three parts; one of which alone was sufficient for their own use.†

The dove is descending to her; and the Archangel Gabriel, that stood in the presence of God, has a white lily in his left hand, the hieroglyphic of Christ and Angels,‡ and holds up his right, as saluting the Virgin with "Ave gratia plena."§

The inscription over the dove is,

Ghost holy.

That over the Virgin,

Mother of God.

And over the angel,

Archangel Gabriel.

The painter has not ill expressed the instantaneous arrival of Gabriel, and his quick descent from heaven, by his yet standing on the clouds without his feet touching the floor, by one of his wings being yet extended upright in the air, and by the fluttering of his garments, which have not had as yet time to fall into their proper positions.

* Matth. ii. 9.

† Aurea Legenda per Jacobum de Voragine, folio 99. versè 6.

‡ Vide J. Pierii Valeriani Hieroglyphica. Lib. LV. cap. 10.

§ Luke, i. 19, 28.

The aureolum, or nimbus, appropriated to saints, is round the heads of all the figures here represented, as well as round the dove; but the head of God the Father, and the dove, are likewise painted in double quadrangles intersecting each other.

All the figures are rather encumbered with drapery than otherwise, with no other variety in their colours than that the upper garments of God the Father, and of the angel, are green heightened with gold, and their under red likewise heightened with gold; which colours are reversed in the draperies of the other figures.

Notwithstanding the dryness peculiar to the age in which these pictures were executed, we find in them a correctness of drawing, and a delicacy in the faces, particularly in that of the Virgin, superior to what we might expect.

After this long description it is time to observe, that the execution of these tablets is in a method of painting mentioned by Giorgio Vasari, in his very valuable work of the "*Vite de' piu eccellenti Pittori.*" &c. who informs us, that "earlier and since the time of Cimabue are seen works executed by the Greeks in distemper, both on wood and on walls. And these old masters, in preparing their grounds, fearing lest the joints should open, were accustomed to fasten with glue all over the wood a linen cloth, and then to spread upon it a coat of plaster made of chalk, in order to lay on it their colours, which were mixed with a yolk of an egg and distemper; and that even now things in distemper by our old masters are seen preserved for hundreds of years with great beauty and freshness."*

The coat of plaster is very discernible in the broken edges of these pictures; and the linen cloth above-mentioned seems to have been torn in that part which is behind the virgin's left shoulder.

The painter has given us his name at the bottom of the tablets in this manner:

"Drew Johannes Maximof."

"Maximof" sounds like a Russian name; but it is by no means improbable that an ingenious artist of Russia should be drawn to Constantinople, or even to Smyrna, where the art of painting was encouraged; the communication between Muscovy and Greece being not difficult by the Euxine or Black Sea.

If these tablets be not of an age so early as the eighth

* *Introduzione, cap. 20.*

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century (in which the second Council of Nice, held in 787, re-established images in churches, in opposition to the Iconoclastes, and to the great advancement of sculpture and painting), or even the tenth century, they may be allowed to be of one prior to that of Giovanni Cimabue, the great restorer of painting in Italy, who was born at Florence in 1240.

I have the honour, Sir, to be your most obedient and obliged servant,

1784, *April.*

C. R.

XXXVI. *Letters from Dr. Johnson, relative to the Lives of the Poets.*

MR. URBAN,

THE following little billets will tend to illustrate the history of that *Opus Magnum*, *Lives of the English Poets.*

Yours, &c.

J. NICHOLS.

1. In the Life of Waller, Mr. Nichols will find a reference to the *Parliamentary History*, from which a long quotation is to be inserted. If Mr. Nichols cannot easily find the book, Mr. Johnson will send it from Streatham.

Clarendon is here returned.

2. You have now all Cowley. I have been drawn to a great length; but Cowley or [and] Waller never had any critical examination before. I am very far advanced in Dryden, who will be long too. The next great life I purpose to be Milton's.

It will be kind if you will gather the Lives of Denham, Butler, and Waller, and bind them in half-binding in a small volume, and let me have it to shew my friends, as soon as may be. I sincerely hope the press shall stand no more.*

July 27, 1778.

SAM. JOHNSON.

3. You have now the Life of Dryden, and you see it is very long. It must, however, have an Appendix. 1. The

* The first life that was begun at the press was that of Cowley, in December 1777. The progress made in July, 1778, appears above. Butler was the life in which the doctor at that time more particularly prided himself. Milton was begun in January, 1779, and finished in six weeks.

invocation to the Georgics, from Milbourne. (This in the small print.) 2. Dryden's Remarks on Rymmer; which are ready transcribed. 3. Dryden's Letter, from Lambeth; which is promised me.

Aug. 1778.

4. MR. JOHNSON will hope for Mr. Nichols's company to tea, about six this afternoon, to talk of the Index, and settle the terms.—*Monday*.

5. I AM very well contented that the Index is settled; for though the price is low, it is not penurious. Mr. M. having been for some time out of business, is in some little perplexities, from which twelve guineas will set him free. This, we hope, you will advance; and, during the continuance of the work subject to your inspection, he desires a weekly payment of sixteen shillings, the rest to remain till it is completed.

Nov. 26, 1778.

SAM. JOHNSON.

6. MR. JOHNSON purposes to make his next attempt upon Prior, at least to consider him very soon; and desires that some volumes published of his papers, in two vols. 8vo. may be procured.

7. THE Turtle and Sparrow can be but a fable.* The Conversation I never read.

8. BY some accident, I laid your note upon Duke up so safely that I cannot find it. Your informations have been of great use to me. I must beg it again; with another list of *our authors*, for I have laid that with the other. I have sent Stepney's Epitaph. Let me have the revises as soon as can be.

Dec. 1778.

8. I HAVE sent Philips, with his Epitaphs to be inserted. The fragment of a Preface is hardly worth the impression. But that we may seem to do something, it may be added to the Life of Philips. The Latin page is to be added to the Life of Smith. I shall be at home, to revise the two sheets of Milton.

March 1, 1772.

SAM. JOHNSON.

* This refers to a hint given him in consequence of what he said in the Life of Prior, Vol. III, p. 29. that of his "Tales there are only four."

10. PLEASE to get me the last edition of Hughes's Letters; and try to get Dennis upon Blackmore, and upon Cato, and any thing of the same writer against Pope. Our materials are defective.

As Waller professed to have imitated Fairfax, do you think a few pages of Fairfax would enrich *our edition*?* Few readers have seen it, and it may please them.† But it is not necessary.

May 2, 1779.

SAM. JOHNSON.

11. IN examining this book, I find it necessary to add to the life the preface to the *British Enchanters*; and you may add, if you will, the notes on *Unnatural Flights*.

I am, Sir, &c.—*Friday*.

12. THERE is a copy of verses by Fenton, on the first Fit of the Gout, in Pope's *Miscellanies*, and, I think, in the last volume of Dryden. In Pope's I am sure.

13. *J. N. to Dr. J.* "The Verses on the Gout, are printed (from *Fenton's Collection*) in the *Select Collection*, 1780, Vol. III. p. 177;‡ but shall be copied if Dr. J. thinks proper. From the same publication of *Fenton*, J. N. has copied some other poems of Fenton, herewith sent; which Dr. J. may like to see. He may depend on the *Anecdotes* of Fenton."

14. *Answ.* "I should have given Fenton's birth to *Shelton* in Staffordshire,§ but that I am afraid there is no such place. The rest I have, except his secretaryship, of which I know not what to make. When Lord Orrery was in an office, Lewis was his secretary. Lewis lived in my time; I knew him. The Gout Verses were always given to Fenton, when I was young, and he was living. Lord Orrery told me that Fenton was his tutor; but never thought he was his father's secretary.¶ Pray let me see the Oxford and Cambridge [Verses,]

* This expression, and a similar one in No. 8. are thus marked, to prepare the reader for what is thrown out in No. 17. where *your edition* refers, as those do, to that published by the body of booksellers in 68 volumes from a list repeatedly corrected by himself.

† It is added.

‡ Where it is ascribed to Dr. Waldren.

§ It is now said to be "near Newcastle." Shelton (near Newcastle-under-Lime) is to be found in Staffordshire, in the *Index Villaris* of 1700. E.

¶ Dr. J. retracted this opinion, as F. in his life is styled "Secretary." Fenton was secretary to Lord Orrery, when he commanded a regiment in Flanders, and was dismissed in 1705, four years before Dr. Johnson was born. E.

&c. [1707] If you are sure it was published by Fenton, I shall take notice of it.*

15. MR. JOHNSON desires Mr. Nichols to send him Ruffhead's Life of Pope, Pope's Works, Swift's Works, with Dr. Hawkesworth's Life, Lyttelton's Works; and with these he hopes to have done. The first to be got is Lyttelton.

16. MR. JOHNSON, being now at home, desires the last leaves of the Criticism on Pope's Epitaphs, and he will correct them. Mr. N. is intreated to save the proof sheets of Pope, because they are promised to a Lady, † who desires to have them.

17. IN reading Rowe in your edition, which is very impudently called mine, † I observed a little piece unnaturally and odiously obscene. I was offended, but was still more offended when I could not find it in Rowe's genuine volumes. § To admit it, had been wrong; to interpolate it, is surely worse. If I had known of such a piece in the whole collection, I should have been angry. What can be done?

18. MR. JOHNSON is obliged to Mr. Nichols for his communication, || and must have Hammond again. Mr. Johnson would be glad of Blackmore's Essays for a few days.

May 24, 1780.

19. I HAVE been out of order, but by bleeding and physic think I am better, and can go again to work. Your note on Broome ¶ will do me much good. Can you give me a few dates for A. Philips? I wrote to Cambridge about them, but have had no answer.

June 16, 1780.

20. DR. WARTON tells me, that Collins's first piece** is in the Gent. Mag. for August, 1739. In August there is no

* See Lives of the Poets, Vol. III.

† Probably to Miss Burney.

‡ See the note on No. 10.

§ The Epigram on a lady who——at the tragedy of Cato, which has not only appeared in the works of Rowe, but has been transplanted by Pope, into the "Miscellanies" he published in his own name, and that of Dean Swift.

|| Lives of the Poets, Vol. III. p. 185.

¶ Select Collection, Vol. IV. p. 283.

** His verses to Miss Aurelia C——r, on her weeping at her Sister's Wedding, are in an earlier number, viz. that for January, 1739. R.

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such thing. *Amasius* was at that time the poetical name of Dr. Swan, who translated Sydenham. Where to find Collins, I know not. I think I must make some short addition to Thomson's sheet, but will send it to-day.

21. THIS Life of Dr. Young was written by a friend of his son [Mr. Croft.] What is crossed with black, is expunged by the author; what is crossed with red, is expunged by me. If you find any thing more that can be well emitted, I shall not be sorry to see it yet shorter.

22. I EXPECTED to have found a Life of Lord Lyttelton prefixed to his works. Is there not one before the quarto edition? I think there is; if not, I am, with respect to him, quite aground.

Aug. 16.

23. I THINK you never need send back the revises, unless something important occurs. Little things, if I omit them, you will do me the favour of setting right yourself. Our post is awkward, as you will find, and I fancy you will find it best to send two sheets at once.

Brightelmstone, Oct. 26, 1780.

24. MR. JOHNSON desires Mr. Nichols, to send him a set of the last Lives, and would be glad to know how the octavo edition goes forward.

April 16, 1781.

25. An
Account of the Lives and Works
of some of the most eminent
English Poets. By, &c.

26. The English Poets
Biographically and Critically considered.
By SAM. JOHNSON.

Let Mr. Nichols take his choice, or make another* to his mind.

May, 1781.

27. My desire being to complete the set of Lives which

* Another was made.

I have formerly presented to my friends, I have occasion for a few of the first volumes; of which, by some misapprehension, I have received a great number, which I desire to exchange for the latter volumes. I wish success to the new edition. Please to deliver to Mr. Steevens, a complete set of the Lives in 12mo.

June 10, 1781.

28. MR. JOHNSON, being much out of order, sent in search of the book, but it is not found. He will, if he is better, look himself diligently to-morrow. He thanks Mr. Nichols for all his favours.

Dec. 26, 1781.

29. DEAR SIR, You somehow forgot the advertisement for the new edition. It was not inclosed. Of Gay's Letters*, I see not that any use can be made, for they give no information of any thing. That he was a member of the Philosophical Society is something, but surely he could be but a corresponding member. However, not having his Life here, I know not how to put it in, and it is of little importance.

What will the booksellers give me for this new edition? I know not what to ask. I would have 24 sets bound in plain calf, and figured with the number of the volumes. For the rest, they may please themselves.

Oct. 28, 1782.

30. THIS is all that I can think on†, therefore send it to the press, and fare it well.

1785, Jan.

SAM. JOHNSON.

XXXVII. Sir William Herbert, of St. Julian's in Monmouthshire, (father-in-law to the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury,) to a gentleman of the name of Morgan, in the same County.

SIR,

PERUSE this letter in God's name. Be not disquieted. I reverence your hoary hairs. Although in your son I find too

* To the Spalding Society. See them in Bib. Top. Brit. N^o. XX.

† The advertisement prefixed to the second edition, in 8vo.

much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom. It hath pleased your son, late of Bristol, to deliver a challenge to a man of mine, on the behalf of a gentleman, he said, as good as myself. Who he was he named not, neither do I know. But if he be as good as myself, it must either be for virtue, for birth, for ability, or for calling and dignity: for virtue, I think he meant not; for it is a matter that exceeds his judgment. If for birth, he must be the heir male of an earl, the heir in blood of ten earls, (for in testimony thereof I bear their several coats) besides he must be of the blood royal: for by my grandmother Devereux, I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward IV. If for ability, he must have a thousand pound a year in possession, a thousand pound a year more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides; if for calling and dignity, he must be a knight, a lord of several seniories in several Kingdoms, a lieutenant of his county, and a counsellor of a province.

Now to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son, or to any man else, that if there be any one, who beareth the name of a gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his country, that doth say, or dare say, that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my credit and reputation, in this matter, or any matter else, wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him in any place or province, wheresoever he dare, and where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such as be within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will for their reformation, chastise them with justice, and for their malapert misdemeanour, bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son, and his like, against whom I will shortly issue my warrant, if this my warning doth not reform them. And so I thought fit to advertise you hereof, and leave you to God.

1785, Jan.

W. HERBERT.

XXXVIII. Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and a
Dedication to his late Majesty.

MR. URBAN,

AS every thing which has fallen from the pen of that great luminary of learning, Dr. Johnson, is sought with avidity,

and will be perused with satisfaction, I here present you with a letter which he wrote to the author of the Archæological Dictionary.

T. W.

To the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Clitheroe, Lancashire.

Bolt-court, Fleet-street, London, Dec, 31, 1782.

REVEREND SIR,

THAT I have so long omitted to return you thanks for the honour conferred upon me by your Dedication, I entreat you with great earnestness, not to consider as more faulty than it is. A very importunate and oppressive disorder has for some time debarred me from the pleasures, and obstructed me in the duties of life. The esteem and kindness of wise and good men is one of the last pleasures which I can be content to lose; and gratitude to those from whom this pleasure is received, is a duty of which I hope never to be reproached with their final neglect.

I therefore now return you thanks for the notice which I have received from you, and which I consider has given to my name not only more bulk, but more weight; not only as extending its superficies, but as increasing its value.

Your book was evidently wanted, and will, I hope, find its way into the schools; to which, however, I do not mean to confine it: for no man has so much skill in ancient rites and practices as not to want it.

As I suppose myself to owe part of your kindness to my excellent friend Dr. Patten, he has likewise a just claim to my acknowledgments, which I hope you, Sir, will transmit.

There will soon appear a new edition of my Poetical Biography. If you will accept of a copy to keep me in your mind, be pleased to let me know how it may be conveyed to you. The present is small, but it is given with good will, by Reverend Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

MR. URBAN,

You have invited the friends of your agreeable Miscellany to contribute the correspondence they may possess of the matchless Johnson. The following nervous address to his late Majesty, prefixed to Mr. Adams's "Treatise on the

Globes," is ascribed to him on the authority of his late friend and neighbour, Mr. Edmund Allen. It needs, however, no other testimonial than its internal merit.

M. G.

TO THE KING.

" SIR,

IT is the privilege of real greatness not to be afraid of diminution by condescending to the notice of little things; and I therefore can boldly solicit the patronage of your Majesty to the humble labours by which I have endeavoured to improve the instruments of science, and make the globes on which the earth and sky are delineated less defective in their construction, and less difficult in their use.

Geography is in a peculiar manner the science of Princes. When a private student revolves the terraqueous globe, he beholds a succession of countries in which he has no more interest than in the imaginary regions of Jupiter and Saturn. But your Majesty must contemplate the scientific picture with other sentiments, and consider, as oceans and continents are rolling before you, how large a part of mankind is now waiting on your determinations, and may receive benefits, or suffer evils, as your influence is extended or withdrawn.

The provinces which your Majesty's arms have added to your dominions, make no inconsiderable part of the orb allotted to human beings. Your power is acknowledged by nations, whose names we know not yet how to write, and whose boundaries we cannot yet describe. But your Majesty's lenity and beneficence give us reason to expect the time when science shall be advanced by the diffusion of happiness; when the deserts of America shall become pervious and safe, when those who are now restrained by fear shall be attracted by reverence, and multitudes who now range the woods for prey, and live at the mercy of winds and seasons, shall, by the paternal care of your Majesty, enjoy the plenty of cultivated lands, the pleasures of society, the security of law, and the light of Revelation.

I am, Sir, your Majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most dutiful subject and servant,

1785, *March*.

GEORGE ADAMS."

XXXIX. Letters relative to Handel,

MR. URBAN,

IN Dr. Burney's late Sketch of the Life of Handel, (enlarged from the Memoirs published by Mr. Maynwaring in 1760, which you abridged in the vol. for that year,) this ingenious biographer has omitted to mention, that when he first came to England in 1710, he wrote his name *Hendel*. This appears from the Spectator, No. V. and also by a letter in Mr. Hughes's Correspondence, vol. I. from Mr. Roner, a teacher of music, of which, as it relates to an early period of Handel's life, and is unnoticed by Dr. Burney, I have sent you a translation.

Mr. Roner to Mr. Hughes.

" Sir,

Tuesday, July 31, 1711.

HAVING received this morning a letter from Mr. Hendel,* I thought it my duty to send you, as soon as possible an extract of it, which relates to you, in answer to the compliment which you conveyed by me. I shall write to him next Friday, so you need only send me, if you please, what you intend for him; and I can assure you, Sir, that if the honour of your acquaintance is particularly pleasing to him, I am no less pleased with being the means of promoting your correspondence; and of giving you a proof of the extreme regard with which I have the honour to be,

Sir," &c.

Extract from Mr. Handel's Letter.

" PRESENT my best compliments to Mr. Hughes. I will take the liberty of writing to him the first opportunity. If in the mean time he will honour me with his commands, and add to them one of his charming English poems, he will lay me under the greatest obligations. Since I left you, I have made some progress in that language," &c.

* This great master (who was born at Hall, in Upper Saxony, Feb. 24, 1684,) arrived at London in the winter preceding the date of this letter. There cannot be a more eminent proof of Mr. Hughes's acknowledged skill in the two sister arts, than his being so soon noticed and distinguished by this modern Orpheus, who, probably in consequence of this introduction, composed Mr. Hughes's " Cantata of Venus and Adonis."

XL. Letter from Partridge, the Almanac-Maker.

MR. URBAN,

THE invitation given in your last Magazine, to furnish any particulars relating to Dr. Partridge, the famous almanac-maker, occasions my sending you the following copy of a letter written by him; the original now lies before me in his own hand-writing, and is as follows:

“ OLD FRIEND,

Lond. April 2, 1708.

I DON'T doubt but you are imposed on in Ireland also by a pack of rogues about my being dead; the principal author of it is one in Newgate, lately in the pillory for a libel against the State. There is no such man as Isaac Bickerstaff; it is a sham name, but his true name is Pettie; he is always either in a cellar, a garret, or a jail, and therefore you may by that judge what kind of reputation this fellow hath to be credited in the world. In a word, he is a poor, scandalous, necessitous creature, and would do as much by his own father, if living, to get a crown; but enough of such a rascal.

I thank God, I am very well in health; and at the time he had doomed me to death, I was not in the least out of order. The truth is, it was a high flight at a venture, hit or miss; he knows nothing of astrology, but hath a good stock of impudence and lying.—Pray, Sir, excuse this trouble, for no man can better tell you I am well than myself; and this is to undeceive your credulous friends that may yet believe the death of

Your real humble servant,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

“This to Isaac Manley, Esq. Post-Master of Ireland, at his house in Dublin, Ireland.”

The above original letter is now in the possession of the immediate descendant of Mr. Manley, and this copy is forwarded to you by him.

1785, *March.*

XLI. David Hume to Dr. Campbell.

MR. URBAN,

Montrose, March 4.

THE following letter, which lately came into my hands, deserves a place in your Miscellany, which is the Repository of every thing curious. I do not think it has been printed before, and I have reason to deem it authentic. Perhaps it has come abroad without the knowledge of the possessor; but I was laid under no restrictions by the gentleman from whom I received it.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T. C.

David Hume to Dr. Campbell.

“DEAR SIR,

Edinb. 7 Jan. 1762.

IT has so seldom happened that controversies in philosophy, much more in theology, have been carried on without producing a personal quarrel between the parties, that I must regard my present situation as somewhat extraordinary, who have reason to give you thanks, for the civil and obliging manner in which you have conducted the dispute against me, on so interesting a subject as that of miracles. Any little symptoms of vehemence, of which I formerly used the freedom to complain, when you favoured me with a sight of the Manuscript, are either removed or explained away, or atoned for by civilities which are far beyond what I have any title to pretend to. It will be natural for you to imagine that I will fall upon some shift to evade the force of your arguments, and to retain my former opinion in the point controverted between us; but it is impossible for me not to see the ingenuity of your performance, and the great learning which you have displayed against me.

I consider myself as very much honoured in being thought worthy of an answer by a person of so much merit; and as I find that the public does you justice with regard to the ingenuity and good composition of your piece, I hope you will have no reason to repent engaging with an antagonist, whom perhaps in strictness you might have ventured to neglect. I own to you that I never felt so violent an inclination to defend myself as at present, when I am thus fairly challenged by you, and I think I could find something specious at least to urge in my defence; but as I had fixed

a resolution, in the beginning of my life, always to leave the public to judge between my adversaries and me, without making any reply, I must adhere inviolably to this resolution, otherways my silence on any future occasion would be construed an inability to answer, and would be matter of triumph against me.

It may perhaps amuse you to learn the first hint which suggested to me that argument which you have so strenuously attacked. I was walking in the cloisters of the Jesuits' College of La Fleeke, a town in which I passed two years of my youth, and engaged in a conversation with a Jesuit of some parts and learning, who was relating to me, and urging, some nonsensical miracle performed in their convent, when I was tempted to dispute against him; and as my head was full of the topics of my Treatise of Human Nature, which I was at this time composing, this argument immediately occurred to me, and I thought it very much gravelled my companion; but at last he observed to me, that it was impossible for that argument to have any solidity, because it operated equally against the Gospel as the Catholic miracles, which observation I thought proper to admit as a sufficient answer. I believe you will allow that the freedom at least of this reasoning makes it somewhat extraordinary to have been the produce of a convent of Jesuits, though perhaps you may think the sophistry of it savours plainly of the place of its birth.

1785, *March*.

D. H.?"

XLII. Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Thomas Warton.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 1, 1755.

I WROTE to you some weeks ago, but I believe did not direct accurately, and therefore know not whether you had my letter. I would likewise write to your brother, but know not where to find him. I now begin to see land, after having wandered, according to Mr. Warburton's phrase, in this vast sea of words.* What reception I shall meet with upon the shore, I know not; whether the sound of bells, and acclamations of the people, which Ariosto talks of in his last Canto, or a general murmur of dislike, I know not: whether I shall find, upon the coast, a Calypso that will court, or a Polypheme that will resist. But if Polypheme comes

* This letter was written just before the publication of his Dictionary. *E.*

to me, have at his eyes.* I hope, however, the critics will let me be at peace: for though I do not much fear their skill or strength, I am a little afraid of myself; and would not willingly feel so much ill-will in my bosom as literary quarrels are apt to excite. I am in great want of Crescimbeni, which you may have again when you please. There is nothing considerable done or doing among us here: we are not perhaps as innocent as villagers, but most of us as idle. I hope, however, you are busy; and should be glad to know what you are doing.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

1785, *March.*

SAM. JOHNSON.

XLIII. From a Noble Lord to a Young Lady on the eve of Marriage.

MR. URBAN,

Hanover Square, April 20.

I SEND you a copy of a letter, written some years ago, by the late Lord ———, to the Hon. Miss ———, on the eve of her marriage. It was not intended for publication; but it may be of use: the pen it came from will be easily known.

“ MY DEAR MISS ———,

It is not in my power to add any thing to the good sense and solidity of the reflections contained in your letter to my wife. The rational plan you have there laid out, for your future conduct, will not fail to secure to you the esteem, love, and respect of a man, too well acquainted with the world, to undervalue so much prudence and discretion in a young wife. I believe, however, that most of your sex, on the eve of matrimonial engagements, mean and intend to act well; but, few having the advantage of your understanding, many are soon misled by misconception, levity, or, the worst of bad counsellors, those of your own sex. To resolve well; is nothing; the difficulty is to persevere; or, as Loe the poet much better expresses it, to be *obsti-*

* But *Polyphemus* surely was *monocularus*. And so, we are told, was the literary Ulysses. E.

nately good. The word *obstinately* contains alone more meaning, energy, and pith, than half the volumes which have been written on the subject. I repeat it, little can be added to what your own foresight has already suggested to you; but, as the engagement you are contracting is of the utmost importance to your future welfare, I will, since you do me the honour to ask my advice, subjoin a few remarks, the fruit of long experience and some observation.

Let respectability be your aim and object; be respectable in your connections, in your acquaintance, in the management of your family; but, above all, in the choice of your intimates. The world, in general, will be guided in their opinion of your character by the characters of those you select as objects of your friendship and confidence; your husband, moreover, will respect and consider you, in proportion as he perceives you considered and respected by others. Ais, haughtiness, and pride, are not unfrequently mistaken for dignity; as roughness, ill manners, and brutality, in our sex, often claim as frankness, courage, and manliness—you will not mistake them—you have a friend in the world, and a very sincere one, who possesses the happy gift of assimilating this respectability with the best nature and the most winning affability: I need not name her.

What I have been saying seems to me very important, and deserves your serious consideration; but what relates immediately to your husband is still more so.

Let me intreat you to consider the first year after your marriage as a year of probation, a time of trial, of novice-ship; every action, every step, nay, every word, will have its weight in the scale of your husband's future trust and confidence in you. Consider, in this interval he will nearly have settled his opinion of your prudence, your discretion, and your worth. I would by no means be understood to recommend cunning:—cunning stands in the same relation to prudence, as hypocrisy to religion. Cunning, like hypocrisy, implies a sordid meanness of soul; and I both hope and believe, that you have an elevation of mind which would spurn at duplicity, at every kind of trick.

From these great outlines in the picture of a valuable wife, let me now proceed to the nicer touches of it, to the lights and shades, to those minute strokes of the pencil, without which the picture remains unfinished, but which require all the patience, all the attention, all the perseverance of the artist. You are the artist; you are to draw this sublime picture—but you must do more—you must be a

heroine and a philosopher. Assure yourself, that your husband, being a man, has his foibles, his caprices, his humours: are you possessed of magnanimity sufficient to bear those, without repining, without peevishness, without retaliation?—have you philosophy enough to *scratch your ribbon*,* and smile good-humouredly, when your mighty lord struts in all his dignity across the room, and gobbles his importance like an angry turkey-cock?—have you temper enough to compel him, on his cooler recollection, to call himself a fool, and you the best of women?—have you considered the importance of avoiding silly disputes about silly trifles? it is well worth your consideration. I myself knew a man and wife, the two fondest and best-natured of creatures, who, after a long and wise investigation, whether we have ten fingers, or only eight fingers and two thumbs, complained bitterly of each other's monstrous ill usage, and concluded, by proposing a separation, the wife from the worst of husbands, the husband from the worst of wives. Luckily their heads were sound, as their hearts were good; both were struck with the dangerous tendency of such foolish altercations, and resolved in future to avoid them. Are you capable of checking a rising flush?—of swallowing a provoking word ready to burst from your lips? If you be equal to such fortitude, to such heroism, you are, in my estimation, a great philosopher;—in that of your turkey-cock, you will be an—angel.

More fortitude still may possibly require your exertions, if ever it should so happen (and this may happen to the most virtuous woman) that you perceive your mind too much employed in favour of another man; yourself too much disposed to dwell on his good qualities, on the gentleness, the amiableness of his manners, on his *disinterested* attentions to you; if you feel such a man insensibly creeping into your affections—no hesitation—fly, if possible, from him, as far as from pole to pole—no confidante; more particularly no female one—bury the secret in the remotest recess of your soul: and let your virtue and honour alone watch over it;—conceal your weakness, not only from the object of it, but from the whole world; nay, endeavour to conceal it from yourself—indulge not yourself, under pretence of fortifying your virtue, in gloomy thoughts about your supposed misery;

* Lady ———, the writer's wife, when she saw her husband angry, was used to scratch her hat with both hands, or the ribbon of her cap, crying out—
“Alord—I don't hear—I don't hear!”

that will not fail to increase the evil. On the contrary, amuse, dissipate yourself; laugh at your own folly; treat it cavalierly, and the illusion will soon cease—one serious resolve, however, must be firmly made, resolutely kept, and which no consideration must forego, the determined, fixed, unalterable resolution, of never, never, never trusting yourself alone with the man of whom you feel yourself afraid.

I perceive that this letter is spun out to a considerable length; the warmth of my wishes for your happiness would dictate a great deal more, but it is time to conclude it. One thing, however, I must mention; it is of a delicate nature from a man to a woman, but my age and my motives will be a sufficient apology for the liberty I take. This important advice shall be conveyed in as few words as possible. Be nicely and scrupulously clean; deficiency in this respect will unavoidably create disgust in a well-bred man. I fear, in our country especially, this is not always sufficiently attended to; and a fatal experience has often opened a woman's eyes when the evil was irreparable.

Thus, my dear Miss —, I have hastily thrown on paper such thoughts as have occurred to me; they have no pretension to novelty, elegance, or even order; they are written solely with a view of being of some little advantage to you. May you deserve, by your prudent conduct, to be happy: this is my ardent wish! I have the honour to be, with great respect, dear Madam," &c.

1783, May.

XLIV. To Springett Penn.

Springetto Pennio, Liberalium Artium studioso, Gulielmus Sevelius, S. T. P.*

TUAM, qua te in patria reducem factum significasti, juvenis ornatissime, accepi; et libens reditum tuum incolumem intellexi, non autem nuntium de matris tuæ ægritudine, cui meliorem valetudinem ex animo precor, et quam æstimo licet ignotam, satis superque persuasus, ex his quæ subinde audivi, singularis exempli eam esse matronam.

* This amiable young man was the eldest son of William Penn, proprietor and governor of Pennsylvania. He died about three years after the date of this letter, in the 21st year of his age.

At ecquis Italicæ, Belgicæque linguæ amor tibi etiamnum durat? ecquid in iis profecisti? an potius Latinæ eloquentiæ adhuc operam das? Si postremum præcipue tibi cordi sit, macte tua virtute; nam nihil tam alte natura constituit, teste Curtio, quod virtus non possit eniti.

Quæ cum ita sint, cur non gnaviter studiis incumberes ad assequendum intellectum eorum qui non solum nitide, sed et stylo paulo abstrusiore scripserunt. Cum enim prima fundamenta jam satis firmiter tibi jacta sunt, haud desperandum, sed strenue adnitendum, præsertim dum viret ætas, viget memoria, et vires florent, ut integram tandem solidamque linguæ Latinæ notitiam nanciscaris. At hoc sine frequenti, imo pene assidua præstantissimorum auctorum lectione haud comparatur, ideoque quandam quasi molestiam habere videtur. Verum quid refert! Juvenis es, firmus es, et

Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara.

Omnem ergo laborem sperne, et tunc invenies postrema prioribus multo jucundiora. Scilicet habent literarum studia, seu musæ (quas virgines esse aiunt) nescio quod incentivum, quo ad altiora non segniter, sed summa cum alacritate impellimur. Hic tamen spectandum, quod semper et ubique expedit, *ne quid nimis*; quippe, quod caret alterna requie durabile non est, et quæ nimium diligimus, ea tandem effictim deperimus, et pene insanientis instar extollimus. Sic igitur bonæ literæ amandæ, ut eas potius per vices pro oblectamento habeamus, quam totam ætatem in iis agendo eodem pervadere, ut aliorum quæ maximi momenti sunt, nobis sordeat cura et prorsus vilescat; quod vereor utique, ne multis in sortem ceciderit.

At quid ego hæc ad te, cui parens est pius sane et prudens, qui bona virtutum semina tibi ingerendo, eximio suo exemplo præire tibi non desinit. Perge igitur ut cœpisti, et Latinissimorum scriptorum lectioni te assuescas, ut studiorum tuorum messem reportare denique possis non contemnendam. Vale.

Amstelodami, vi kalend. Novemb. c1o1o cxciii.

1785, July.

XLV. From Bishop Atterbury.

MR. URBAN,

THE following letter fell accidentally into my hands. It is written in the autography of Dr. Atterbury, the famous

Bishop of Rochester; and, as it contains a curious specimen of his Latin prose, it will probably be acceptable to the readers of your entertaining Miscellany. Dr. Atterbury's skill in Latin verse is well known by his translation of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel. The person to whom the letter is addressed is most probably Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, with whom Atterbury lived on terms of intimacy during his residence in college.

“*Effluxit jam puto plus quam semestre spatium, ex quo a te, vir plurimum colende! tuis consiliis, monitis, et donis auctus cumulatusque discesserim: et tamen nihil a me interim datum est literarum, nihil tibi gratiarum quidem! Habes confitentem reum, ita tamen fatentem, ut delicti, si quod fuerit, imputationem non tam defugere studeat, quam amplecti. Sic enim egomet mihi persuasi nihil isto hominum genere turpius, nihil indignius, quam qui in patronorum laudibus multi sunt, in gratis referendis etiam nimii, non quod collocati muneris novo ipsi sub onere laborent, sed ut specie gratulationis majora eliciant, quam quæ pridem acceperint, ita per beneficia ad beneficium viam struunt; et aucupum more quicquid uspiam prædæ nacti sunt, id ipsum ita disponunt, ita exornant, ut in sui societatem aviculas etiam plures trahat. Et sane quod a literis scribendis tantisper me continui, neque ignavus uti spero, neque ingratus apud te audiam; quippe qui verebar ne festinata nimis gratiarum actione, non tam veteri beneficio satisfactum esse viderer, quam aucupari novum. En tandem literas! nulla tamen, quod solet, carminum sarcina onustas: ne forte musis æquo additior videar, adeoque non horas tantum subsecivas sed et dies integros in poematis scribendis collocasse. Et profecto id ipsum mihi jampridem obstitit, quo minus poeticanam quandam farraginem ante oculos tuos exponerem, quæ publici quidem juris facta cum sit, deberet recta ad te proficisci; nisi id vetuisset cum tua, vir plurimum reverende, auctoritas, tum nostra, quantulacunque sit, verecundia. Restat jam, ut abjectis nugis, sapere tandem incipiam, et derelictis amœnioribus musarum diverticulis, per omnifariæ doctrinæ campos longe lateque expatior. Et profecto, cum, ut rei literariæ sedulo operam navem, multa sint quæ exhortentur, multa etiam quæ accendant, nihil tamen mihi acriores stimulos injecit, quam ut exinde dignum aliquid moliar cui tuum, vir optime! inscribatur nomen; adeoque palam in omnibus et reipsa innotescat, quod nunc clanculum et verbo tenus profiteor*

Favoris scilicet tui perquam studiosum esse

1785, July.

FRANCISCUM ATTERBURY.

XLVI. Dr. Johnson to a Young Clergyman, a Fellow of a College in Cambridge.

DEAR SIR,

Bolt-court, Aug. 30, 1780.

NOT many days ago Dr. Lawrance shewed me a letter, in which you make mention of me; I hope, therefore, you will not be displeas'd that I endeavour to preserve your good-will by some observations which your letter suggested to me.

You are afraid of falling into some improprieties in the daily service, by reading to an audience that requires no exactness. Your fear, I hope, secures you from danger. They who contract absurd habits are such as have no fear. It is impossible to do the same thing very often without some peculiarity of manner; but that manner may be good or bad, and a little care will at least prevent it from being bad; to make it very good, there must, I think, be something of natural or casual felicity, which cannot be taught.

Your present method of making your sermons seems very judicious. Few frequent preachers can be supposed to have sermons more their own than yours will be. Take care to register somewhere or other the authors from whom your several discourses are borrowed, and do not imagine that you shall always remember even what perhaps you now think it impossible to forget.

My advice, however, is, that you attempt from time to time an original sermon, and in the labour of composition do not burden your mind with too much at once; do not exact from yourself, at one effort of excogitation, propriety of thought and elegance of expression. Invent first, and then embellish. The production of something, where nothing was before, is an act of greater energy than the expansion or decoration of the thing produced. Set down diligently your thoughts, as they rise, in the first words that occur, and when you have matter, you will easily give it form; nor perhaps will this method be always necessary; for by habit your thoughts and diction will flow together.

The composition of sermons is not very difficult: the divisions not only help the memory of the hearer, but direct the judgment of the writer; they supply sources of invention, and keep every part in its proper place.

What I like least in your letter is your account of the manners of your parish; from which I gather, that it has

been long neglected by the parson. The Dean of Carlisle,* who was then a little-rector in Northamptonshire, told me that it might be discerned whether or no there was a clergyman resident in the parish, by the civil or savage manners of the people. Such a congregation as yours stands in much need of reformation; and I would not have you think it impossible to reform them. A very savage parish was civilized by a decayed gentlewoman, who came among them to teach a petty school. My learned friend, Dr. Wheeler, of Oxford, when he was a young man, had the care of a neighbouring parish for fifteen pounds a year, which he was never paid; but he counted it a convenience that it compelled him to make a sermon weekly. One woman he could not bring to the communion; and, when he reproved or exhorted her, she only answered that she was no scholar. He was advised to set some good woman or man of the parish, a little wiser than herself, to talk to her in language level to her mind. Such honest, I may call them holy, artifices, must be practised by every clergyman, for all means must be tried by which souls may be saved. Talk to your people, however, as much as you can, and you will find, that the more frequently you converse with them upon religious subjects, the more willingly they will attend, and the more submissively they will learn. A clergyman's diligence always makes him venerable. I think I have now only to say, that in the momentous work you have undertaken, I pray God to bless you.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

1785, *May*.

SAM. JOHNSON.

XLVII. Dr. Johnson to Warren Hastings, Esq. Governor-General in Bengal.

SIR,

Jan. 9, 1781.

AMIDST the importance and multiplicity of affairs in which your great office engages you, I take the liberty of recalling your attention for a moment to literature, and will not prolong the interruption by an apology, which your character makes needless.

* Dr. Percy.

Mr. Hoole, a gentleman long known and long esteemed in the India-house, after having translated Tasso, has undertaken Ariosto. How well he is qualified for his undertaking he has already shewn. He is desirous, Sir, of your favour in promoting his proposals, and flatters me by supposing that my testimony may advance his interest.

It is a new thing for a clerk of the India-house to translate poets—it is new for a governor of Bengal to patronize learning. That he may find his ingenuity rewarded, and that learning may flourish under your protection, is the wish of,

Sir, your most humble servant,

1785, *June*.

SAM. JOHNSON.

XLVIII. Letters from Dr. Johnson and Dr. Adams.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. J. Elphinstone.

DEAR SIR,

Sept. 25, 1750.

YOU have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother, and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now 82 years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan*; and I think I do myself honour, when I tell you, that I read them with tears. But tears are neither to me, nor to you, of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another is, to guard, for so surely it must be, and incite, and elevate, his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent; and a death, resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her happiness, by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue, to which her instructions and example have contributed. Whether this be more than

* Sister to Mr. Elphinstone.

a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God; yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that that union has received the divine approbation, and shall continue to eternity. There is one expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence. If you write down minutely what you can remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come; for all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear Sir, yours, &c.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MR. URBAN,

Oxford, Oct. 22, 1785.

IN your last month's Review of Books you have asserted, "that the publication of Dr. Johnson's Prayers and Meditations appears to have been at the instance of Dr. Adams, Master of Pembroke College, in Oxford." This is more than I think you are warranted by the Editor's Preface* to say; and is so far from being true, that Dr. Adams never saw a line of these compositions before they appeared in print, nor ever heard from Dr. Johnson, or the Editor, that any such existed. Had he been consulted about the publication, he would certainly have given his voice against it: and he therefore hopes that you will clear him, in as public a manner as you can, from being any way accessory to it.

1785, *Oct.*

W. ADAMS.

* The words of the Preface, which led to the supposition, are, "Being last summer on a visit at Oxford, to the Rev. Mr. Adams, (Master of Pembroke College, at which Dr. Johnson received part of his education,) and that gentleman urging him repeatedly to engage in some work of this kind, he then first conceived a design to revise these pious effusions, and bequeath them, with enlargements, to the use and benefit of others." *E.*

XLIX. Letters to and from Dr. Johnson, on Suicide.

MR. URBAN,

AS a very dangerous misconstruction of a passage in a work of the late Dr. Johnson appears to have been made by some persons; and though the Doctor kindly condescended to correct the error, through the same channel that the remark was first intended to be conveyed to him; yet as the *misconstruction* arising from a book may long survive the *explanation* contained in a newspaper, I beg leave, through your *lasting Repository*, in justice to the character of a most worthy man, to perpetuate the Doctor's Vindication of himself, as well as to communicate to the world the steps which led to it.

Yours, &c.

A. B.

LETTER I.

SIR,

Bath, May 4, 1782.

CONSCIOUS of the motive from which I write, and trusting that it will readily and clearly appear; I shall leave it to plead my excuse for the trouble I may hereby give you. Without farther preface, therefore, I take the liberty to inform you, that, in the Morning Chronicle of Dec. 12 last, a person, in the character of a master of an academy, recommended the "Beauties of your Writings," a book published last year, to all persons who have the care of youth, as well calculated to convey at once both pleasure and instruction, particularly to young minds. However, he pointed out one passage in it, under the article Death, which, he said, is supposed by some readers to recommend suicide; but knowing your principles too well to join in this opinion, he hoped you would favor the public, through the channel of the same paper, with an explanation, which might effectually remove so erroneous an idea. The passage is as follows: "To die, is the fate of man; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly."

I confess, I have joined in the wish of the letter-writer, but have not had the pleasure of seeing it gratified. Possibly the letter has not come to your knowledge, and therefore I take this method of acquainting you with it; or probably the passage, when taken with the context, loses its exceptionable appearance. I own, I do not recollect my

having met with it in any of your works, though I cannot but suppose it is to be found there, and on that account you may have thought it unnecessary to give it any farther explanation. Whatever may be the cause of your not having taken any notice of the letter, I cannot be satisfied whilst any thing, which has the sanction of your name, even appears, uncontroverted, to recommend suicide; whilst the acknowledged friend of Religion and Virtue is supposed, uncontradicted, to have published any sentiment inconsistent with the Christian Religion. I shall still hope, therefore, that you will not think your time mispent by publicly removing this, possibly, "stone of stumbling," this, as it appears, "rock of offence;"—especially as your silence may tend to confirm the opinion of those who understand the passage in this very unfavorable sense; and if you shall think this deserving of your private notice, you will thereby confer an honour, as well as an obligation, on, Sir, your obedient humble servant, &c.

To Dr. Johnson, &c.

LETTER II.

SIR,

May 15, 1782.

BEING now in the country in a state of recovery, as I hope, from a very oppressive disorder, I cannot neglect the acknowledgement of your Christian letter. The book called "Beauties of J——n," is the production of I know not whom; I never saw it but by casual inspection, and considered myself as utterly disengaged from its consequences. Of the passage you mention I remember some notice in some paper; but knowing that it must be misrepresented, I thought of it no more, nor do I now know where to find it in my own books. I am accustomed to think little of newspapers; but an opinion so weighty and serious as yours, has determined me to do, what I should, without your seasonable admonition, have omitted; and I will direct my thought to be shewn in its true state. If I could find the passage, I would direct you to it. I suppose the tenor is this: "Acute diseases are the immediate and inevitable strokes of Heaven; but of them the pain is short, and the conclusion speedy: chronical disorders, by which we are suspended in tedious torture between life and death, are commonly the effect of our own misconduct and intemperance. To die." &c. This, Sir, you see is all true, and all blameless. I hope, some time in the next week, to have all

rectified. My health has been lately much shaken ; if you favour this with any answer, it will be a comfort to me to know that I have your prayers. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To the Rev. Mr. —, at Bath.

LETTER III.

SIR,

Bath, May 18, 1782.

I AM to acknowledge and thank you for your favour of the 15th ; and I am happy to find, that you think the business on which I wrote to you not undeserving your attention. The sentiment as you have prefaced and explained it, as I doubted not would be the case, is quite unexceptionable.

I am glad to find that you are better than you have been, and on the recovery. Indeed, I should be wanting in gratitude, as well as benevolence and charity, if you had not, in return for the great pleasure I have received from your writings, my best wishes and prayers ; and particularly, as my last and best, that when the period of the present state of your existence shall approach, you may have a short and easy passage from this life to that in which good men “ rest from their labours, and their works follow them.” I am, Sir, with great esteem, your obliged and obedient humble servant, &c.

To Dr. Johnson, &c.

*The following appeared in the Morning Chronicle of
May 29, 1782.*

A correspondent having mentioned, in the Morning Chronicle of Dec. 12, the last clause of the following paragraph, as seeming to favour suicide ; we are requested to print the whole passage, that its true meaning may appear, which is not to recommend suicide, but exercise.

“ Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed ; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronic from ourselves ; the dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct : to die is the fate of man ; but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.” Vide Rambler, vol. 11. No. 85.

1786, Feb.

L. Letters from Addison to Lord Wharton.

LETTER I.

Mr. Addison to Lord Wharton.

MY LORD,

London, Aug. 24, 1710.

THIS morning I had the honour of a visit from Mr. Bertie, who, upon my acquainting him with your Lordship's concern for his brother's election, declared himself very much obliged to your Lordship; but said, his brother was so tired with sitting in the House, that he would not be in it again upon any consideration. I hear from my Lord Dartmouth's* office, that all the particulars which I had in charge to his Lordship have been already complied with, except that about proroguing the parliament, which I have desired may be dispatched forthwith to your Excellency, in case it be judged necessary.

The privy council is to meet this night, in order (as it was said yesterday) to place my Lord Peterborough at the head of the Admiralty †, and to determine on the dissolution: but this morning I hear, from very good hands, that there is advice of the Prince of Wales being ready to embark with a body of troops at Dunkirk, and that the Admiralty is to attend the privy council upon this occasion.

It is said, the Duke of Queensborough has had intimations of such a designed invasion above a month ago from several parts of Scotland. This report, I believe, comes from Sir George Byng, and is of such a nature that I should be cautious of mentioning it to any body but your Excellency.

Among the prints which I send you by this post, the "Essay upon Credit" is said to be written by Mr. Harley; and that of "Bickerstaff detected ‡," by Mr. Congreve. Dr. Garth (under whose hands I am at present) will not excuse me if I do not present his most humble duty to your Lordship. The Doctor this morning shewed me a copy of verses which he has made in praise of the late lord treasurer. §

* Then Secretary of State. E.

† This did not take place. E.

‡ This pamphlet has been sometimes ascribed to Rowe, but more commonly to Yalden. E.

§ This 'Epistle to Lord Godolphin' is printed with Garth's Poems. E.

The Lord Islay is lately returned from Scotland; and, it is said, the Duke of Argyle is expected every day from Flanders. I am, with the greatest respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

Reports of the Town, transmitted to Lord Wharton, by Mr. Addison, with the above letter.

The reports of the town (as to public affairs) are very various: what I have the honour to write to your Lordship is the talk of the considerable people of the one side: but, as they are none of them in the secret, cannot be entirely depended upon.

The Duke of Queensborough, it is said, will be succeeded* by the Lord Marr, or as others are positive, by the Duke of Shrewsbury. If the first happen, he is to be lord high steward of the household; if the second, to be lord high chamberlain. The D. of Queensborough declares he has heard nothing of his removal. I was yesterday above an hour in private at his office with the Lord Marr.

Mr. Boyle is to make way for Mr. St. John †.

The D. of Somerset represents himself as actuated by personal piques in what he has done; and has resolved to adhere to the whiggish principles. It is generally said he is fallen off from the new ministers, and that he has recommended whigs to all his boroughs.

The Duke of Newcastle is very well with Mr. Harley, for whom, they say, he had formerly a great friendship and esteem.

My Lord Somers is thought to have great personal interest in her Majesty, but not sufficient to support his party: so that he seems to lye-by in expectation of proper opportunities.

Mr. Hampden refused to be a commissioner of the treasury, unless the parliament might be continued; it was certainly offered him; and as they say, by the Queen herself, who (upon his answer relating to the parliament) told him, "she had not sent for him for his advice on that particular."

Mr. Benson, a reputed whig, could not withstand the same temptation.

* As one of the three principal secretaries of state. This event did not take place. *F.*

† This conjecture was right. *E.*

Sir Simon Harcourt, it is said, desires to be Attorney-General*. Lord Guernsey, or Baron Price, or both, are talked of to succeed the lord chancellor†. The Earl Rivers, after having received his arrears for the Spanish service, and equipage-money for his embassy, fell ill; and, as some fancy, will not recover in haste.

It is pretended by the whigs, the Elector of Hanover has given assurances that he will not accept the offer of general; and that he is very much displeas'd with the fashionable doctrine of *hereditary right*.

The Lord Rochester is by no means pleas'd with the new ministry, and lifted up his hands with some astonishment upon hearing in what manner the late lord treasurer was dismissed. It is said, the letter for that purpose was delivered to his Lordship by a groom, and that he was directed by it to break his staff without giving himself the trouble of expostulations‡.

I heard this morning, from good hands, the Duke of Shrewsbury talks of laying down§. Sir Theodore Johnson [Janssen] has furnished the treasury with some money.

The Tories having threaten'd to buy up the stocks if they should fall upon the lord treasurer's dismissal, the Duke of Beaufort accordingly laid out about 5000*l.* and was followed by two or three others with smaller sums; which lifted them up for one day, after which they fell ag'in.

The Tories' address is said to be written by Mr. Hoadly; the whigs' by Mr. Atterbury ||; Petticum's letter by Mr. Walpole.

The clergy of the city of London are about presenting an address to her Majesty, which, they say, is finely penned by Dr. Atterbury; and some imagine it will immediately precede the dissolution. Collins, the messenger, is this evening arriv'd express from the Duke of Marlborough, with an account of the surrender of Bethune; and it is said that he brings further intelligence of the Duke's having received advices from Spain, just before he came away, of a second battle, wherein 12,000 men were killed, and King Charles obtained the victory.

* And was successful. *E.*

† Neither of them succeeded. The seals were put in commission, Sept. 29; and given to Sir Simon Harcourt, as lord-keeper, Oct. 9. *E.*

‡ This is fully confirm'd by Swift's Journal, Letters to Stella. *E.*

§ The Duke was then lord chamberlain of the household. *E.*

|| So the original; but by a slip of the pen, undoubtedly, as the reverse is well known to have been the fact. *E.*

LETTER II.

Mr. Addison to Lord Wharton.

MY LORD,

Lond. Oct. 17, 1710.

I RECEIVED the honour of your Lordship's of the 15th, and have sent the commissions mentioned in it according to your Lordship's commands, not hearing as yet of any thing that has passed which should hinder your Lordship from signing them. I must, however, acquaint your Lordship with a passage in one of Dawson's letters, dated the 3d instant, which did not come to my hands till last night, having been sent after me to Malmesbury by mistake.

I had mentioned to him, as your Lordship had told me you would have it believed, and as you had yourself written the post before to some of your friends in Ireland, that you had signified to her Majesty your unwillingness to continue in that government when all your friends were dismissed; or to that purpose: but at the same time told him, that I believed your Lordship would not be out of it till some months after. In answer to that letter, he writes to me in the following words:

“ You might be assured, that whatever you write to me was lodged in a safe hand; but what you desired should not be taken notice of came over hither by twenty letters in the same post; and the Whitehall letters from both secretaries' offices, which came hither by the same packet with yours, positively mention my Lord Lieutenant's resignation of his government to her Majesty on the 22d of the last month; so that it is here no secret, and every body looks upon it that his Excellency cannot act any more on his commission, but that the government is absolutely in the hands of the lords justices till a new governor is appointed.”

I will not take any notice of the receipt of this letter till I hear further from your Lordship; having by the last post, and all along, written in the character of secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. Your Lordship is doubtless the best judge of this matter, how far the resignation went, and how far it was accepted; or whether it could be accepted effectually but by superseding your Lordship's commission. I shall only take notice, that your Lordship's letters to the secretary of state, and to the Lords Justices in Ireland, the first relating to the horses that are wanting there, and the other to the draughting of 250 dragoons for the embarkation, both of them bear date Sept. 23. The Irish gentlemen are

positive that your Lordship will be succeeded by the Duke of Ormond; though there goes a whisper among some of your Lordship's friends, that my Lord Rivers is certainly designed for that government.

Nobody here knows what to think of the present state of affairs. Those who got the last parliament dissolved are as much astonished, and they say troubled, for the glut of Tories that will be in the next, as the Whigs themselves. I am, with great respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER III.

Mr. Addison to Major Dunbar,* on receiving a bank-bill of 300 guineas.

SIR,

June 26, 1715.

I FIND there is a very strong opposition formed against you; but I shall wait on my Lord-Lieutenant† this morning, and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other company. I am afraid what you say of his Grace does not portend you any good.

And now, Sir, believe me, when I assure you I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the world, were I capable of it, but I could not from myself; and I hope I shall always fear the reproaches of my own heart more than those of all mankind. In the mean time if I can serve a gentleman of merit, and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always a sufficient, and the only, reward to, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

1786, *Feb.*

J. ADDISON.

* We are aware that this letter has been elsewhere printed, but without acknowledgments (which we are not ashamed of making) to Curll, who originally produced it to public notice. The honour it reflects on Addison's integrity is a sufficient apology for reprinting it. *L.*

† The Earl of Sunderland. *L.*

- LI. The Rev. Mr. Hearne, Rector of the united Parishes of St. Alphage, and St. Mary North-gate, Canterbury, to the Rev. George Horne, Dean of Canterbury.

YOU desire, Sir, as minute an account as possible of my schools. After consulting a person who knew much of the poor here, I went round my united parishes to learn who were willing to send their children to be taught, and found my people very ready to accept my offer; at the same time I left a *Christian Monitor* at every house. About 120 children were collected. As both my parishes abound with poor, North-gate especially, which is poverty itself, I told my parishioners, when I declared my intention of erecting these schools, that I asked nothing from them on this occasion but their countenance and influence. I directly provided books, and three men and one woman to take care of and teach these children. The pay of these teachers, as also of the clerk, who has since been engaged, is 1s. each for the day. They receive other civilities. The principal silk manufacturer gave 2s. 6d. to each of these five persons. The children appeared at St. Alphage church, on Sunday, Jan. 23, 1785, very ragged and very disorderly. You will not be surprised at this when you are told, that some of them, perhaps, were never in a church since they were baptized; but usually spent their Sabbath in playing, cursing, and swearing, in pilfering, or in some other mischief. These schools were at first kept at three different places, and have all been visited by me on every Sunday (except one, when I was at Exeter,) from the beginning of them to this time. I have now all the children together in the chapel of St. John's hospital, under my own eye; for I find by experience, that unless one or more persons constantly superintend these schools, no good is to be expected from them. For some considerable time I have been at the chapel exactly at nine o'clock, the time when the school begins, and have continued there till eleven, the time when we go to church together. In the morning, while the teachers are instructing the little ones, I take 30 or 40 of the most forward into the chapel chancel, and hear them read the Psalms, Collects, the Epistle and Gospel, and second lesson for the day: and, if we have time, other chapters. Whatever occurs in our reading that is remarkable, or tends to their edification, is taken notice of, and explained to them. At half an hour after one we meet at school again, and continue there till half past two, the time for church. At this time

the little ones are taught and repeat their Catechism, or the questions in the end of their spelling-books, for the instruction of the children, &c. We read the New Testament, as before, till the clerk comes to sing a psalm or two with them. After church we all return to school. The little ones are employed, as in the morning, in spelling or reading, or repeating prayers or hymns. At this time I examine the most forward, and explain to them the Catechism, and the use of the Common Prayer Book. I exercise them in repeating after me the Lord's Prayer, and the Creeds, and all the responses. All this they do in a very decent and proper manner. We have gone through likewise *Fox on Public Worship*, and his *Introduction*, &c. and also *Crossman's Introduction*, &c. *The Church Catechism broken into short Questions*, and *Mann's Catechism*. The books in common use are *The Child's first Book*, 1st and 2d parts, *Fisher or Dixon's Spelling-book*, the Catechisms before mentioned, particularly *Mann's*, *Divine Songs* of the pious and excellent *Dr. Watts*; and every child is furnished with a *Common Prayer-Book* and *Testament* to carry to church, when they can use them. Fifty of *Unwin's Sin and Danger*, and 50 of *Stonehouse's Religious Instructions*, are given to 100 children, who, after a time, exchange with each other. Thus 50 tracts will serve 100 children. They have likewise *Stonehouse's Prayers*. I take children of all ages, from 5 or 6, to 16 or 17. It is best to begin with them early. Some time since two lads, the one my parishioner, the other of the next parish, were condemned to death for house-breaking. The melancholy event was taken notice of by me on the Sunday following, and the children sang *The Lamentation of a Sinner*. This performance of children, some of whom, if no care had been taken of them, might have been in the same dreadful situation, had a wonderful effect upon every one who heard them. This accident led me to think, that as much psalmody as was necessary for divine worship, would be useful and pleasing both to the children and the congregation; I therefore engaged the clerk, who is a sober serious man, to give these children a little instruction, which he does on one or two evenings in a week. *Mr. Flacton*, whose name is well known as a teacher and composer of music, is a benefactor to these children, and likewise condescends to give them some assistance; he has set to music some of *Dr. Watts's Songs*, *Addison on Providence*, &c. which they perform so well as to be heard with pleasure. About 100 of these children are sent to school every day for one or two hours, as they can be spared from spinning wool, or winding silk, at

one penny *per head per week*, the usual pay for such instruction. This is of great service to them. I have picked out four little girls to learn to work, and pay for them with money that has been entrusted with me for such purposes. I have gone through the book of Psalms with some of the elder girls, and am going through it a second time at my house, where they, for one hour every day, are instructed. Some few boys from other schools attend my Sunday school. Such are the advantages my children have enjoyed, and they have profited by them as much as could be expected. They are greatly civilized as to their behaviour, and gave satisfaction when they were examined in the church. The little ones repeated prayers, hymns, &c. the great ones gave proper answers to questions which contained the substance of the Church Catechism, but not just in the words of the Catechism. The little ones in general come on very well. One little fellow, who is only six years and four months old, read to me with justness and propriety, Fox's *Introduction*, a book he had never seen before. This child has had no instruction but from this school, and from his parents at home, who are poor people. Parents, if they have any goodness in them, will be induced to do all they can for their own children, when they find so much done for them by others. I think myself bound in duty to mention some circumstances, that shew the reputation of the school, and reflect great honour upon the persons I shall mention. A stranger, who was at this church, was so well pleased with the institution, that he gave a guinea for me to apply as I should think proper. A neighbour, who is a Quaker, offered to subscribe, if the schools had been supported by contribution. Another parishioner, who is a dissenting teacher, gave me money for the use of the children. A charitable lady, who lives a few miles from Canterbury, sent me a noble present of five guineas; and some other ladies and gentlemen, both in and out of the parish, have been very liberal to these children, and to their parents, who wanted relief. Many of these children, who were almost naked, have been clothed by some benevolent persons. My friend the Rev. Mr. Byrche, (who has done much on the occasion,) with two other worthy gentlemen, the principal supporters of the weekly school, have been of great service to me, not only by their money, but by their constant visits to the schools. One of these gentlemen, who was a surgeon and apothecary, is ready to assist any of them in the way of his profession, as well as by any other act of kindness. My third colleague, who is a captain of a man-of-war, has been

a great benefactor to these children, and to some of their families. One very great advantage of Sunday schools is, that they afford every minister an opportunity of giving to the children of the poor instructions in the plain and important principles of religion; of bringing them to church, where they are under his eye, and under the eyes of their benefactors, who may take proper notice of their good or bad behaviour. My children are very narrowly watched; and no instance of improper behaviour is passed over without a solemn and severe rebuke. If they are disorderly, they partake of no benefaction intended for good children; and if this treatment will not reclaim them, they are expelled. When I find any of them guilty of lying, the whole school is called together, and I read to them a little book, called *An Exercise against Lying*, concluding with the prayer at the end. Such are the regulations that have been observed in my schools; which gentlemen may adopt or vary, according to their particular local circumstances. It is very evident to multitudes by facts (which are better than a thousand arguments,) that this institution has been attended with many beneficial effects. I have heard of persons, no friends to religion, who have supported these schools, and they are, in my opinion, no bad politicians; for our lives and fortunes will not be less safe because our servants, and the lower people in general, have been instructed in a religion that commands them, under the severest penalty, to hurt nobody by word or deed. I suppose every magistrate, when a young offender is brought before him for theft, &c. gives him some good advice. Would not good advice given him by his minister, *before* he became hardened, be more likely to prove effectual? If ever a reformation be brought about in this kingdom, it will be by the labours and diligence of the parochial clergy, each in his parish. If our law-makers would endeavour, by these schools, and by setting a better example themselves, to reform men, they would shew more wisdom, than by any mode of punishment they can inflict on them for being wicked. I sincerely wish, that, by the blessing of God, this institution of Mr. Raikes (a name that every clergyman, especially those of his own city and neighbourhood, should highly reverence) may universally prevail, and produce the best effects.

LII. Dr. Timothy Neve to the Rev. Littleton Brown, at Bishop's Castle, Shropshire.

DEAR SIR,

Peterboro', July 23, 1741.

MR. PENNINGTON, the registrar of this diocese, called upon me the other day, and gave me the pleasure of hearing that you were well, and were so obliging as to inquire after my health, and to send me your compliments; for which, as a brother virtuoso and antiquary, I take the liberty of writing to you, and should be glad of the favour of your learned correspondence. Since I came to settle in this place, I have instituted a Society of gentlemen, most of University education, who meet every Wednesday evening, whereof the dean is president, and myself secretary. We are near 20 regular members, and about 100 honorary. Each member is obliged, upon his admission, to present us with some book to the value of a guinea, by which we have raised already a considerable library. Earl Fitzwilliam, one of our representatives in parliament, and lately elected a member, proposes to give us Rymer's *Fœdera*, which will greatly add to the number as well as value of our collection. We have also a pretty large specimen of curiosities, natural and artificial, such as shells, minerals, petrifications, prints, medals, &c. &c. &c. which now and then amuse us a little, and give us the appearance of meeting to do something else than to smoke a pipe and drink a bottle. What we stand most in need of, is a correspondence with gentlemen in distant parts of the kingdom, or the world; but as yet we are too inconsiderable to have an intercourse of that sort settled amongst us. Gentlemen that are able to undertake it, choose rather to throw in theirs to the great stock of the Royal Society, of which I perceive you are a member. But we should be glad only of a few of your gleanings, who have a fund sufficient to oblige us both. Dr. Mortimer, my brother secretary, now and then favours me with a letter; in return, I transmit to him an extract of our minutes, whenever any thing occurs to us worthy of his notice.

I will trouble you with a short specimen of our Transactions, from Jan. this present year.

Jan. 7, 1740-1. Communicated a letter from the Rev. Mr. Saul, rector of Harleston, in Lincolnshire, concerning the nature and production of fossils, with a specimen of 20

different sorts lately found in those parts. That the earth is prolific, and hath a vegetative principle continually working in it; and there is no *caput mortuum*, no idle, unactive, unformable matter in nature, as in chemistry; but every clod of earth, turned up by the spade, is either already formed into some distinct species of clay, sand, loam, &c. or in a tendency towards it: and that, as there are various kinds of submarine plants, so all the several kinds of ore, metals, minerals, marbles, and other regular fossils, or stony concretions, are so many different sorts of subterraneous plants, &c. &c. &c.

Jan. 14. Account of the magnetical power of a bar of iron, according to its long-continued position from perpendicular, for fifteen years, to horizontal, for as many months only.

Account by Maurice Johnson, jun. Esq. of a Roman mint in the city of Lincoln.

Jan. 28. Curious drawings of an ancient book of anatomy by one Gemini, an Englishman, dedicated to King Edward VI. 1552.

Feb. 4. Form of prohibiting of books for the Index Expurgatorius in the Consistory of Rome.

Feb. 11. Old grant of a right of fishery in Whitelesea Mere to the abbot of Peterborough, in the reign of Henry VI. who has this uncommon title, "Henricus Dei gratia rex Angliæ, heres et regens Franciæ, et dominus Hiberniæ."

Feb. 18. Remonstrance of the sequestered members, 1656, to which above 100 subscribed their names.

Feb. 25. An original letter of Andreas Colvius to Dr. Beal, Dean of Ely, dated Dordrecht, 20 Aug. 1647, concerning tolerating of sects in Holland.

Mar. 4. Office for installation of knights of the garter.

Mar. 11. Alcock, Bishop of Ely, his "Exhortation made to two Relygious Systers in the Tyme of their Consecration," &c.

Mar. 18. "Modus fulminandi Sententiam in Ecclesia Romana," and the "Bedes on the Sunday," or bidding prayer. These are all ancient papers belonging to me, and, for want of other matter, communicated occasionally.

Apr. 1. Lord Fitzwilliam proposed.

Apr. 8. Elected.

Apr. 29. A letter from the secretary in London, with the account of what was read and communicated there when he was present.

May 13. List of all the members who have represented

this city in parliament from 1546, the first of Edward VI. to this present time.

May 20. Epitaph upon Lipsius, &c.

May 29. Luctus et gratulatio Acad. Cantab. in Oliveri mortem, et Ricardi inaugurationem.

June 3. Drawing of a fine ancient crystal vase, and of an ancient East India rice-pot.

June 24. Account of Sir Richard Ellis's library, and some curiosities lately come in there.

July 1. Part of a letter from Baron Clarke of his Majesty's Exchequer, in Edinburgh, concerning the unseasonable colds of the late years, which he conjectures to be owing to the great spots in the surface of the sun, many of which are much larger than the whole globe of our earth, which, must needs take off both from its light and heat. George Lynn, Esq. of Southwick, in this neighbourhood, and my very particular friend and learned acquaintance, in his Ephemerys of the weather for this year, observed that the mean height of the thermometer for the month of last March, was just the same with that of January for fourteen years past, &c.

July 8. Presented to the Society a small Roman lamp entire, of red earth, lately found at Whitlesea, in the Isle of Ely, five miles from hence. Also a human skull dug up lately in this town, the whole brain whereof is ossified, and concreted into as hard and solid substance as the bone, retaining still its natural curdled form, the sutures, &c. remaining entire.

July 15. Presented a branch of an ash-tree, being an uncommon lusus, which grew in the shape of the left-hand of a man, &c. &c. &c.

By this short specimen you will be able to guess how we idle away two or three hours once a week. Things omitted are only the presents of books, medals, and other odd things, admissions of members, or the like. If you approve of our scheme, give me leave to make use of your name among the honorary members, for which I will give some book in your name to the Society from among several of mine that I can spare; in return for which, the favour of your correspondence will make ample amends. If you come into these parts, I shall rejoice to see you under my roof.

I once had a wife lived with me near 6 years, by whom I had four children; two of which, a son, now of Corpus Christi College, in Oxford, and a daughter at home, only

remain. I have lived a widower now almost 13 years. I shall be glad to hear that you are happy in a married state, and blest with hopeful children. I have lived so long out of that country, that I have scarcely any acquaintance left there; and my near relations are such to whom I choose rather to be helpful at a distance than to be burdensome by visits. Your brother Jerry I was well acquainted with at school; since that I never saw him, nor heard what became of him, only I think not so well as could be wished. Your own personal character, joined to the easiness of your fortune, gives you a great interest and authority in the neighbourhood, as I am well informed, and rejoice to hear; and therefore beg leave to assure you that I am, with great regard, your most affectionate kinsman, and humble servant,

1786, July.

TIM. NEVE.

 LIII. Letters from Mr. Howard.

MR. URBAN,

LET me beg you to insert the two following genuine letters from Mr. Howard to the gentlemen who have done themselves so much honour in their endeavours to perpetuate his fair fame by the erecting of a statue. The first of them has never yet appeared in print. The other is copied from the daily papers.

M. G.

LETTER I.

"GENTLEMEN,

Vienna, Dec. 15, 1786.

I SHALL ever think it an honour to have my weak endeavours approved by so many respectable persons, who devote their time, and have so generously subscribed towards a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons. But to the erecting a monument, permit me, in the most fixed and unequivocal manner, to declare my repugnancy to such a design, and that the execution of it will be a punishment to me: it is therefore, Gentlemen, my particular and earnest request, that so distinguished a mark of me may *for ever* be laid aside. With great regard, I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

JOHN HOWARD."

LETTER II.

“To the Subscribers for erecting a Statue, &c, to
Mr. Howard.”

London, Feb. 16, 1787.

“MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

YOU are entitled to all the gratitude I can express for the testimony of approbation you have intended me, and I am truly sensible of the honour done me; but at the same time you must permit me to inform you, that I cannot, without violating all my feelings, consent to it, and that the execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me. It is therefore my earnest request, that those friends, who wish my happiness and future comfort in life, would withdraw their names from the subscription, and that the execution of your design may be laid aside for ever.

I shall always think the reforms now going on in several of the jails of this kingdom, and which I hope will become general, the greatest honour, and the most ample reward, I can possibly receive.

I must further inform you, that I cannot permit the fund, which in my absence, and without my consent, hath been called the Howardian Fund, to go in future by that name; and that I will have no concern in the disposal of the money subscribed; my situation and various pursuits rendering it impossible for me to pay any attention to such a general plan, which can only be carried into due effect in particular districts, by a constant attention and a constant residence. I am, my Lords and Gentlemen, your obedient and faithful humble servant,

1787, *Feb.*

JOHN HOWARD.

LIV. *Sir Dudley Carlton to Mr. Winwood.*

MR. URBAN,

Woodbridge, Jan. 30.

AS your Magazine is curious in marking the manners of ancient times, the following little specimen of celebrating marriages at Court, may possibly find a favourable reception. It is taken from a work of no small reputation.*

Yours, &c.

* Winwood's Memorials.

Extract of a letter from Sir Dudley Carlton to Mr. Winwood.

London, January, 1604.

ON St. John's day we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour that could be done a great favourite. The court was great, and for that day put on the best bravery. The Prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to the church; the Queen followed her from thence. The king gave her, and she, in her tresses and trinkets, brided and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the King said, if he were unmarried he would not give her, but keep her himself. The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the Prince and the Duke of Holst and the great Lords and Ladies accompanied the bride. The Ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the Duke took not well. But after dinner he was as little pleased himself; for, being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was there suffered to walk out his supper unthought of. At night there was a mask in the hall, which, for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were, the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoby, Sir Sam. Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great Ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were well enough served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the Noblemen, were valued at 2500l.; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the King's, of 500l. land for the bride's joynture. They were lodged in the Council Chamber, where the King, in his shirt, and night-gown, gave them a *Reveille Matin* before they were up, and spent a good time in or upon the bed, chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other pretty sörceries.

New year's day passed without any solemnity, and the exorbitant gifts that were wont to be used at that time are so far laid by, that the accustomed presents of the purse and gold were hard to be had without asking.

The next day the King played in the presence, and, as good or ill luck seldom comes alone, the bridegroom, that threw for the King, had the good fortune to win 1000*l.* which he had for his pains.

1787, *Feb.*

LV. The Earl of Buchan's Address to his learned Correspondents.

MR. NICHOLS,

I HAVE sent you inclosed an address to my learned correspondents, which will sufficiently explain the intention of it; and I wish it to be inserted in the foreign journals, and in the most respectable periodical publications at home. I consider the Gentleman's Magazine, *under your direction*, as one of them: and there it may appear when you think proper, and thence it will readily be copied by the printers of the foreign journals at Paris, &c. &c. &c. I am, Sir, with great regard, your obedient humble servant,

BUCHAN.

*Omnibus Literatis et domi et foris, qui Epistolas ad me trans-
mittere haud dedignati sunt.*

BUCHANÆ COMES, S. P. D.

VIGINTI abhinc annis me literis penitus dedi, et post moram forsā nimis diuturnam in Edinburgo, Scotiæ urbe primaria, ut veri investigandi, et cum doctioribus colloquendi, mihi esset facultas, valetudinis cura mihi suadet rusticari.

Non me latent tamen commoda et voluptas, quæ ab hoc literarum jucundo commercio accepi, et in hoc secessu vivere vellem, nec oblitus meorum nec illis obliviscendus, quorum opes et auxilio, reipublicæ, quantum in me fuit, inservire a prima adolescentia conatus sum.

Ita natura comparatum est, ut qui sitiunt, ad eos potissimum confugiant, qui sitim relevare possunt, ideoque vos obsecrare mihi liceat ut scribendi labor delectabilis permaneat, et ut lux illa quæ florē aetatis meæ illustravit usque ad ætatis flexum sit splendidior, in gratiam terræ hujus quam incolimus, et cujus summa est et erit ambitio, me civem fuisse non prorsus inutilem;

“ Non mihi sed toti genitum me credere mundo.”

Ad impensas vestras minuendas a tributo literatio, et ne nugis meis plus operati quam honorati sitis, hanc supplicationem meam in actis publicis inserendam curavi lingua Latina, sermone eruditorum peculiari, præscriptionis jure, ut cum jurisconsultis loquar, quo profanum arcemus vulgus.

Historia, philosophia, et artes humaniores mihi præcipue arident, in quibus progressus qualescunque facere cupio sub auspiciis vestris.

Prelum typographicum in animo est, rus mecum portare. Nihil inde emittetur, quod non spectat ad reipublicæ emolumentum et civium veram felicitatem, superstitioni et rebus politicis *ut in hac insula vocantur, sub prætextu libertatis*, catenas injicere infra prelum, fixum et ratum est.

Multi Libri MSS. pretiosi, blattarum et tinearum epulæ, in doctorum et indoctorum scriniis jacent sepulti: ea nunquam compilabit bibliopolarum societas, quos non scientiæ ardor sed lucrum semper sollicitabat.

Multæ etiam epistolæ gravissimæ, a viris doctis scriptæ, post literas xv seculo instauratas, in eodem sunt statu mox perituræ.

Tullij et Plinij Epistolæ injuriam temporis, et superstitionis, feliciter evaserunt, quarum præstantia, et utilitas causa est cur alijs antiquorum desideremus, quibus certiores facti essemus non tantum de vita privata Græcorum et Romanorum, sed de irradiantibus ingenij scintillis, quæ melius splendore extemporalis illustrantur, quam ponderosis voluminibus, quæ prelum unicum debent industriæ et labori; sed ad rem redeamus. Pergite, amici honoratissimi, mecum sententias vestras communicare. Me nec ingratum, nec immemorem unquam invenietis. Benevolentia vestra, quam expertus sum, mihi iterum roganti, ut spero, non deerit.

Epistolæ quæ a regionibus exteris veniunt, more solito mittendæ sunt ad Georgium Dempsterum, virum dignissimum, unum ex senatu inferiori in publicis regni Comitijs, libertatis et virtutis vindicem strenuum, vel ad meipsum in Scotia. Denique promitto et spondeo me ea amicitia, quæ omnes in studijs humanitatis ac literarum versantes, qui ubique sunt, connectere et conjungere debet, fore vobis devinctum.

Apud Cœnobium de Dryburgh, vi ante Kal. Februarii,

Anno S. MDCCLXXXVII.

1787, *March.*

LVI. Letters from Sir Richard Steele to his second lady (Mrs. Mary Scurlocke) before Marriage.

LETTER I.

MADAM,

Aug. 14, 1707.

I CAME to your house this night to wait on you; but you have commanded me to expect the happiness of seeing you at another time of more leisure. I am now under your own roof while I write; and that imaginary satisfaction of being so near you, though not in your presence, has in it something that touches me with so tender ideas, that it is impossible for me to describe their force. All great passion makes us dumb; and the highest happiness, as well as highest grief, seizes us too violently to be expressed by our words.

You are so good as to let me know I shall have the honour of seeing you when I next come here: I will live upon that expectation, and meditate on your perfections till that happy hour. The vainest woman upon earth never saw in her glass half the attractions which I view in you. Your air, your shape, your every glance; motion, and gesture, have such peculiar graces, that you possess my whole soul, and I know no life but in the hopes of your approbation; I know not what to say, but that I love you with the sincerest passion that ever entered the heart of man. I will make it the business of my life to find out means of convincing you that I prefer you to all that is pleasing upon earth. I am, Madam, your most obedient, most faithful humble servant,

R. STEELE.

LETTER II.

MADAM,

Lord Sunderland's Office, 1707.

WITH what language shall I address my lovely fair, to acquaint her with the sentiments of an heart she delights to torture? I have not a minute's quiet out of your sight; and, when I am with you, you use me with so much distance, that I am still in a state of absence heightened with a view of the charms which I am denied to approach. In a word, you must give me either a fan, a mask, or a glove, you have wore, or I cannot live; otherwise you must expect I'll kiss your hand, or, when I next sit by you, steal your handker-

chief. You yourself are too great a bounty to be received at once; therefore I must be prepared by degrees, lest the mighty gift distract me with joy. Dear Mrs. Scurlocke, I am tired with calling you by that name; therefore say the day in which you will take that of, Madam, your most obedient, most devoted humble servant,

R. STEELE.

LETTER III.

MADAM,

*Aug. 22, 1707.**

IF my vigilance, and ten thousand wishes for your welfare and repose, could have any force, you last night slept in security, and had every good angel in your attendance. To have my thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in constant fear of every accident to which human life is liable; and to send up my hourly prayers to avert them from you; I say, Madam, thus to think, and thus to suffer, is what I do for her who is in pain at my approach, and calls all my tender sorrow impertinence. You are now before my eyes, my eyes that are ready to flow with tenderness, but cannot give relief to my gushing heart, that dictates what I am now saying, and yearns to tell you all its achings. How art thou, oh my soul, stolen from thyself! how is all thy attention broken! My books are blank paper, and my friends intruders. I have no hope of quiet but from your pity: to grant it, would make more for your triumph, To give pain, is the tyranny, to make happy, the true empire, of beauty. If you would consider aright, you would find an agreeable change, in dismissing the attendance of a slave, to receive the complaisance of a companion. I bear the former, in hopes of the latter condition. As I live in chains without murmuring at the power which inflicts them, so I could enjoy freedom without forgetting the mercy that gave it. Dear Mrs. Scurlocke, the life which you bestow on me shall be no more my own. I am, your most devoted, most obedient servant,

R. STEELE.

LETTER IV.

MADAM,

Aug. 30, 1707.

I BEG pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced

* This date is in part cut out, and supplied with "Aug. 9, 1671." Over "Madam," at the beginning, Mrs. S. has written "Andromache," and substituted "Madam" for dear "Mrs. Scurlocke" at the end.

to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love! Love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe, that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion, to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair-one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the author of love, to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please him and each other. I am for ever your faithful servant,

1787, *April.*

R. STEELE.

LVII. Letters from Ephraim Chambers.

MR. URBAN,

THE Dictionary of Mr. Chambers has so widely diffused his fame, that I have no doubt but some original letters of his will give pleasure to many of your readers. I send you two of them by way of specimen, which were written during a journey in France; and will send you more, if these are thought worth inserting.

Yours, &c.

M. GREEN.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Chambers.

MADAM,

Paris, Oct. 21, 1738, N. S.

I DID not think to have given you the trouble of a letter till I had something agreeable to write. You have had a sufficient share of illness yourself to exempt you from being harassed with the complaints of others. But as you laid me under an engagement to write to you, I know not whether I can any longer fairly delay it. You will be surprised, when I tell you, that Paris seems to me the dullest

place in the world; and you will doubtless have more regard to my reputation than to tell any body I say so. For people disposed to go in search of pleasure, perhaps there is no place where they are like to meet with so much. But there is no medium; either you must engage heartily in the diversions of the place, or find yourself sunk in the vapours ten thousand fathoms deep. It is from a depth not less than this that I write the present letter; a depth to which a man could never reach in any place but where every body is gay about him, and where he has not only the load of his own melancholy to bear, but of other people's mirth. It is certain, however, Paris now appears under great disadvantages; the court is at a distance, and the people of quality mostly gone into the country; besides that, the fine season is over, and the beautiful gardens, walks, and woods, which make the chief beauty of it, lie in a sort of ruins, which makes autumn look in some respects more dismal even than winter. The favourite diversion of the French is walking, and taking the air, and the country about Paris is admirably laid out for that purpose. Here are the gardens of the Thuilleries and Luxemburgh, the Course, the woods of Boulogne and Vincennes, the Avenue of St. Cloud and Meudon, which form a variety in this way vastly beyond any thing we have in England. This difference, I think, is observable between the two nations, that the French seek their chief pleasures without doors, and the English within. I know not whether this difference be owing to any diversity in the air of the two places; or to this, that the French are more in the air than we, which makes them alert and hardy, and gives them an appetite. It is certain, they are more familiar, and make more free with the air than we do. You see the public walking-places full from morning to night in the severest weather. They will sit for hours on the benches where an Englishman would be frozen to death. And, what is more, in the dampest weather, and even night, great numbers of them will be found sitting or lying on the bare ground. At first, one would be tempted to think, that, if there were not something less noxious in the air here than in that of England, half the inhabitants must be rotten. But I doubt whether there be much in this. The French are made familiar with the air betimes, so grow hardy and strong. They seem to feel no cold, when I am ready to starve: and though the winter here be colder than at London, I doubt whether there be half the fire burnt. You will perceive by this what way my thoughts have been employed at Paris. If you send a valetudinarian to travel, what

else can you expect from him, but observations on the weather and the wind? If you would have an account of their dress, their buildings, furniture, equipages, balls, intrigues, &c. you must send somebody else. There are indeed a thousand things of the kind, which even an indifferent spectator cannot help observing; but they hardly seem to me worth postage, though they may do well enough for chat round a winter's fire. I have been now near a month at Paris, which is much too long, considering what a journey I have still behind. To-morrow I set out for Lyons, in my way to Languedoc. I applied to a physician here for some advice about my journey; and was unfortunate enough to take some of his medicines, which have weakened and done me harm, so that I have been forced to lie by a week, to retrieve myself. I intend to travel on horseback, having found the conveyance by chaise or coach does not agree with me. If my strength holds out, I hope I may reach Montpellier in about twenty days. The distance is near 500 English miles. The expedition is hazardous enough; but my heart is pretty good, and that is all I have for it, excepting an easy horse and a careful servant. I want much to know how you do, and the rest of my friends: but in this vagrant state I know not when I shall be so happy. Possibly I may trouble some of you with a letter from Lyons, or even sooner, if any thing of consequence happens. I write by this post to Mr. Longman for another remittance of money, which I shall want much. Pray present my sincere respects to . . . and . . . I have not room to be more particular. For yourself, if you will forgive me the trouble of this letter, it will make me more than ever, Madam, your obedient humble servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER II.

For Mrs. Chambers.

MADAM,

Montpellier, Dec. 18, 1738, O. S.

I FIND you expect fine things from Montpellier, and that a letter written at my usual rate will hardly pass. So fine a climate, you think, ought not to be lost on me. Though I was permitted to be dull in England, yet a man, who claims the same privilege here, ought either to be sent home, or to the galleys. You have some reason in all this; and yet for once, I must beg leave to write like myself: my will is still English; I have yet received no extraordinary

supplies from the climate: when I do, you shall be sure to have the first sample. I have been here but a month, one half of which I have been confined by a cold, and the rest by the ill weather. Winter, I find, is winter every where, notwithstanding all that had been told me to the contrary. The people of England make themselves more uneasy than they need be as to the seasons and the weather; they seem not a whit worse off than the people of France, so far as I can judge from the three months I have been in this kingdom. Both the colds and the heats, and the droughts and the rains, are certainly here greater and more frequent than with you. It is only in respect of the fogs that the French pretend to any advantage over you; and I doubt whether even this pretension be well founded. I have travelled three days on this side Lyons, through one perpetual fog, which did not clear up, as yours usually do, after a few hours, but grew thicker and thicker every day, till night: nor was this any thing accidental; since some gentlemen, who passed the same way a month before me, found the very same. Since my arrival here, where I expected nothing but clear skies and sun-shine, things have been still worse. One would swear that all the witches in Lapland had been at work, and that half of the ill weather bestowed over the face of the globe had been discharged here. For my part, the rains have been so continual, that, had not I had great faith in Moses and the rainbow, I should have feared another deluge. Indeed, between one run of terrible weather and another, they have now and then a fine summer's day; but these are only transient smiles, for which they are sure to pay dear: they serve for little but to make the rest more completely dismal. In the general, you may be assured, that the inhabitants of Montpellier see much less of the sun than those of London. Their streets are so excessively narrow, and their houses so high, that the sun can never enter them. It is only in the very extremities of the town that they can ever enjoy so agreeable a spectacle. Where I am quartered, which is towards the middle, the sun is about as much seen as in an English coal-pit. I have no less than twelve windows in my chamber: yet I have scarcely light enough from them all to scribble this at noon-day without a candle. To know whether or no the sun shines, I am forced to go out of the cells; and have been sometimes surprised, the moment I passed the gates, to find myself step at once into a glorious summer's sun, out of a place dark and chilly as the shadow of death. You see, Madam, I am but where I was at Paris. I wrote to you there on the

weather, and I am still thrumming on the same string. If you will allow me to pursue the subject, it will be easy to furnish you a letter once a month. By the time I have been here a twelvemonth, my letters will make a kind of a calendar, and may be printed under the title of *The History of the Weather of Languedoc*. You tell me, indeed, you expect to find me quite changed; and, from my accustomed gravity, turned as gay and as alert as a Gascon. But metamorphoses, Madam, of this kind, do not use to be made in the winter. It is not till the spring that reptiles undergo their renovation; and that the butterfly begins to frisk about, which had lain dormant till then in the more sober state of a maggot. You must give me time till the beginning of May to get rid of all my English goods, of which number, I doubt, my cough will be the last. If you expect any thing of news from this quarter, you will be greatly disappointed: one knows nothing here of what passes but a few leagues from the place: at least, you will have it at London long ere it reaches here. The news even of France comes to us chiefly by the way of Amsterdam. Two to one, you have already heard of what happened last Sunday se'nnight at Geneac, a village four leagues from hence, where, while the people were at vespers, the steeple fell down, broke through the roof of the church, and buried a great part of the congregation under its ruins; they had dug out 120 a week ago, of which number fifteen were still alive.

For the transactions of Montpellier, they are summed up in a few words; at least all that come to the notice of a foreigner: here are fifteen or twenty English, Dutch, and Germans, who form a kind of separate commonwealth that has little intercourse with the natives. Cards seem to make the great business of the place. They are no longer a diversion, but are become an employment, as formal and serious as devotion itself. Pharo and Lansquet are the only politics studied here; and Quadrille and Picquet serve for all the other arts and sciences. There have been two grand ceremonies since my arrival, which have engrossed all the attention of the place, viz. the opening of the assembly of the states of Languedoc, by the Duke de Richelieu; and the procession of the same states to accompany the Sacrament. If I had any talent at description, I should here have a fine field to entertain you. But fine sights are lost on me. All great assemblies appear to me much the same. They are only so many compositions of robes, furs, silks, and brocades, interlaced with point, powder, and paint. The very same materials, under a little different arrange-

ment, would form a court of aldermen, a country assize, a coronation, or a company of hussars. Montpellier, Madam, is one of the richest and most populous cities in France, and at the same time the dearest to live in. Few of the necessaries of life but are dearer here than at Paris. Wine is the only thing that is cheap, being here sold for three half-pence or two-pence a bottle. But, to compensate for this, milk costs twice as much; which is no mighty advantageous consideration for valetudinarians, who use much milk and but little wine. In general, the eating would be very good, were it not for the want of butter, which makes a terrible drawback. Not only fowl of all sorts, but fish, and almost every thing else, is here served quite dry. If you demand sauce, all they can do is to give you oil; for, as to butter, the country produces none. The vine, olive, mulberry, and walnut-tree, have engrossed all the ground, and left no room for pasture and grazing: so that one is here stored with a great many of the superfluities of life, while the necessaries of it are wanting. I do not know how long I shall stay here, because I cannot foresee when I shall find weather to get away in: perhaps my next may be from Avignon or Aix. But let not this hinder your writing. I never stood in such need of your letters as at this time. Your last came just time enough to save me from perishing miserably; for to die of the vapours in Languedoc, would be of all deaths the most extraordinary. You will remember me to all my friends, with that respect and affection that is due to such. It is only by being long absent, in a foreign country, that a man learns their value. Your little daughter's escape gave me great joy. I never knew how much the loss of her would have affected me till I heard she had been in danger. She now appears dearer to me than even her sister; but it is only because I have had occasion to know the extent of my affection for the one, and not for the other. For yourself, Madam, neither absence nor danger can much increase that inviolable attachment with which I am your most humble and obedient servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER III.

For Mrs. Chambers.

MADAM,

Paris, Aug. 30, 1739.

I RECEIVED your terrible letter without the least alarm. Neither the largeness of your paper, nor the racks and tortures you menace me with in your preamble, frighten me in

the least. Your letters are all good; and, if any of them be better than the rest, it is only because they are longer. By my good-will, I would never receive any thing from you but sheets of elephant or atlas paper. I arrived here, to my sorrow, just in the middle of the rejoicings for the marriage of Madame Premiere. They have unhinged me quite for writing. My head is full of nothing but fire-works. Do you love gunpowder, Madam? If you do I can give you a feast; not of ragouts and kickshaws, but of fiery dragons, dolphins of sulphur, burning crowns, and ship-of-lanterns. What think you of five-and-twenty hundred rockets let fly at once, loaden with stars and serpents! There were more of these artificial stars seen glittering at once over Paris, than there are natural ones visible in the whole firmament. And for the noise, I think you are happy in having been so far from it. Seriously, half the people here seem to be distracted; and, though the fire-works have been over these twenty-four hours, they make as much noise as ever. There are not, at this minute, less than 500,000 persons talking of them. In the streets, the coffee-houses, the public walks, in all companies, nothing else is heard. I went to the comedy, on purpose to get out of it, but was disappointed, for I had it on every side of me. I returned to my lodging, and shut myself up to write to you, but found squibs and crackers in possession of every corner of my head. I have no ideas left but what are tinged with fire and brimstone. I have no words left but such as *lampions, girandols a feu, pots d'aigrettes, gerbes d'artifice*, and the like.

Sept. 3.

I HAVE taken all this time to cool in, and come to myself, and can now talk to you with my usual *sang froid*. I thank you for the promise you have made in my name, and will endeavour to acquit you of it with honour, whenever I am called to it. At first sight, I had determined to take post immediately; but, on a second reading of your letter, the terms in which you speak of the affair did not seem to require so much precipitation. I hope to be at London in about a fortnight. If my presence be any way necessary sooner, you will be so good to give notice. I am not yet prepared to satisfy your curiosity concerning the Queen of Spain and the Marquise de Mailly, but have employed an abbé to make inquiries, from whom I expect marvels.

As to my French frippery, I have followed your advice, and am disposing of it as fast as I can. My white shoes and

feather I left behind me at Pezenas, my toupée at Tholouse, and the rest of my French goods, if I have any, I shall drop here; so that you will see me reduced to my first principles, and find me so thoroughly an Englishman, that it shall not appear I have ever set foot in France. A man who comes from Languedoc ought to perform a sort of quarantine at Paris, to fit him for English company. Paris will take off his flights, and cure him of certain airs, which he is very apt to catch if he come near the Garonne. The Parisians, as to vivacity, differ more from the Gascons than they do from the English.

Remember me to all friends. I wrote to ——— from Blois.

Yours, &c.

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER IV.

MADAM,

Canbury House, April 18.

A LAMENTABLE accident has befallen Mad. de Sevigné. A pen-full of ink is fallen on her letters, which, though it has left every thing legible enough, has a little clouded her page. It is but an ill return for the amusement she has afforded me to bespatter her when I have done. But, you will believe me, it was not done out of design, though I have a little quarrel with her. You will hardly be able to guess for what. It is not for her being a French woman, or a courtier; though I don't like all the airs she gives herself on those accounts. My objection comes from another quarter. It is that very freedom and easiness, for which she has been so much applauded, that gives me offence; as it degenerates so often into downright tittle-tattle. I could have wished it had cost her more to deliver her thoughts, because then she would have kept some of them to herself. As fine a lady as she is, it would have been more prudent in her not to have shewn all. What I could best have spared, is about 50,000 formal professions of her love for Madam de Grignan, who, being her own daughter, might surely have been convinced of her motherly affection on easier terms. It is usually said, that letter-writing ought to be a picture of conversation, and that what suits the latter cannot be amiss in the former. I have some doubts about it. What passes in conversation has the advantage of look, gesture, and tone, to support and set it off. Besides, every thing there is fleeting, and in motion, one thought continually driving out another; so that arrant trifles may there pass

undiscovered. But it is otherwise in letters, which are read in cold blood, and often forced to stand a second or third perusal. Writing a letter is next of kin to publishing a book. You often do not know who are to be your readers, and had therefore need to be a little on your guard. After all, there are many fine things in Mad. de Sevigné, who is likely to be the best model for ladies' letters, till you shall be prevailed on to publish your own.

I believe I have caught the rambling disease from Mad. de Sevigné; for I find I am got out of sight of my first design, which was to be an apology for blotting your book. Not that I pretend thus to excuse myself, or imagine that the loss of a line of hers could be atoned by a whole sheet of mine. Perhaps the best reparation I could have made had been to have said nothing; and that the next to this is, not to say a syllable more, but, Madam, your most obedient, most slovenly, and inky servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER V.

MADAM,

Colney Hatch, Monday, May 10.

INSTEAD of writing you a letter, I send you a *how d'ye*. I contracted indeed with you, to furnish a letter *per week*; but the situation in which I last saw you rendered the performance impracticable. In reality, what can a man say to a person ill a-bed? To speak pertinently, it must be on matters either of diet or physic. But, alas! water-gruel and asses' milk will make but poor entertainment! And, besides, you hear enough of those things from your physician and nurse. Should I endeavour to amuse you with flights of wit and fancy? it is not only vain and unreasonable, but out of my power. The concern I am under for your health damps the little genius I am possessed of. I must desire you therefore to make haste and get well again, or I shall be utterly insolvent. Till I hear of that, all I shall be able to write will be, *Pray let me know how you do*. Madam, your most obedient servant,

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LETTER VI.

MADAM,

Gray's Inn, Saturday Morning.

IF it be to old age and impertinence I owe the honour of your last commands, I am more indebted to those two ill

qualities, as they are commonly reputed, than I am to forty good ones. I could almost be tempted to wish you more of both of them, were it not that this might look a little too selfish as well as assuming : for, in reality, I do not wish you any other than as you are; and it might puzzle a better head than mine to find any thing to alter in you for the better, except—I mean your patrimonial malady. If Polnitz may contribute any thing toward alleviating the least pains of your little toe, he will be very happy. He is dressing himself up fit to appear before you; but it will be Monday ere his clothes be quite ready. I am, &c.

1787, *April and May.*

EPH. CHAMBERS.

LVIII. Letters from Dr. Young to Mr. Williams,

LETTER I.

To Mr. Williams at Lyons.

DEAR SIR,

Welwyn, Feb. 23, 1739.

NOTHING can be more kind than the continuance of your friendship : nothing more unjust than your suspicion of my backwardness to embrace it. I esteem you for yourself, and the good company you keep. Homer was a very honest gentleman, who talked of many gods, and believed but one. Horace says, *quanto tibi negaveris a Diis plura feres*. Fenelon was half an angel; and Newton looked so far and so clearly into nature, that he found himself under the necessity to clap a God at the head of it, in order to render any thing accountable. As to Voltaire, he is content with the contemplation of his own parts, without looking for any other immortality than they shall give him.

Thus, Sir, my sermon ends. But why this sermon? To shew myself qualified for the deanery or mitre you so kindly wish me. But these things are long in coming. If in your travels you should pick me up a little vacant principality, it would do as well; I am as well qualified for it, and as likely to succeed in it. Monaco would be a pretty sinecure, for, as I take it, the Most Christian King is so good as to do all the duty. I have brought you to the borders of Italy; I heartily wish you all pleasure in the land of Kantys. But before that, I hope to be *censured* by you in another letter, which would give me great satisfaction.

You inquire after writers. Here is a libel lately published, called *Manners*, for which the author is fled, and the minister has been reprimanded: there are two or three things well enough said in it to balance a deal of gross abuse. The last publication I have read was about suicide, in which the author endeavours to persuade an Englishman not to hang himself when the wind is N.E. Mustapha, a new tragedy, is treading the stage with some applause. Nothing shoots in abundance this spring but divinity; a forward plant like the snow-drop, but of little flavour. I desire you to re-enter me into your little list of friends; and to be assured that, with the most sincere affection and good wishes, &c. &c. &c. &c.

E. YOUNG.

LETTER II.

To Mr. Williams at Nice.

DEAR SIR,

Welwyn, Nov. 25, 1739.

LETTERS from the dead are so entertaining, that many wits have lied their friends out of hell so agreeably, that mankind has forgiven the imposition, for the sake of the pleasure.

Next to letters from the dead, are those from the living at a great distance, and, in some sense, inhabitants of another world. But, as far as I can learn from your letter, *that other world* I mean, is itself *dead* since I was there, at least, much *out of order*. Poor Sun! give him a glass of your pupil's October, to cure his November dumps; it will make him gay, and dance as in our Rehearsal; but leave a glass for his holiness the Pope; and, that it may go down with him the better, you may let him know how it is prescribed by the Council of Nice. When I was there, I contracted a great intimacy with the Mediterranean. Every day I made him a solemn visit. He roared very agreeably; I hope our men of war will soon learn his art for the entertainment of his Spanish Majesty; this is a kind of opera that will receive no improvement from the loss of manhood. If here you are at a loss for my meaning (for I think I am a little obscure,) consult Mr. Patterson's little wife; she will let you into the secret; for I am mistaken, or our friend P. has taught her to look on all eunuchs with high disdain, and to detest music for the execrable damage it has done the whole sex.

If you visit my quondam habitation, you will pass a solemn assembly of cypresses; I have great regard for their memory and welfare; they took up my quarrel against the Sun, and often defended me from his insults, when he was much more furious than you now represent him. You are so kind as often to remember me with Mr. P. When you drink my health, regard your own. I would have you eat my health, and I will drink yours: the north wants spirits; and the south, flesh; but take care you get not more than your own. There is great plenty in Italian markets, and it comes cheap; if any thing can be called cheap which may possibly cost a whole Roman nose. I hope you have nothing of Rome about you but that noble feature: if you have, post away to his holiness. No man makes more protestants than the pope, or more saints than the devil, when either of them is thoroughly known; for truth and virtue have no better friends upon earth than a near inspection and intimate acquaintance with the deformity and madness of their opposites. This, dear Sir, comes of your conversing with parsons; I forgot I was writing a letter, and was providing myself for next Sunday with a sermon against drinking, wenching, &c. &c. Pardon a friend's infirmity, and manfully bear your own calamity. May this be the greatest you meet with in your travels, and then you need not be in haste to return to your farm in Wales! My best wishes and services to Mr. P. &c. Lady Betty sends compliments to you and Mr. P. &c. &c.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate humble servant,
1787, *May*. E. YOUNG,

LIX. Letters from Mr. Pope and the Earl of Oxford.

LETTER I.

To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, at Tiverton, Devon.

DEAR SIR,

Twittenham, Oct. 21.

YOUR letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a long journey of some weeks when it arrived at this place. You may depend on the money for the Earl of Peterborow, Mr. Bethel, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Echersall, which I will pay before-hand to any one you

shall direct; and I think you may set down Dr. Delany, whom I will write to. I desired my Lord Oxford, some months since, to tell you this; it was just upon my going to take a last leave of Lord Peterborow, in so much hurry that I had not time to write; and my Lord Oxford undertook to tell it you for me. I agree with you in the opinion of Savage's strange performance, which does not deserve the benefit of the clergy. Mrs. Wesley has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favour of this wretched tabernacle, my body; the soul that is so unhappy as to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it really harbours much good-will for her husband and herself; no man being more truly, dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful servant,

ALEXANDER POPE.

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. Wesley, School-master, Tiverton, Devon.

REV. SIR,

Dover-street, Aug. 7, 1734.

I AM sorry and ashamed to say it, but the truth must come out, that I have a letter of yours, dated June 8, and this is August 7, and I have but now set pen to paper to answer it. I assure you, I was very glad to hear from you; and, since that you are much mended in your health, change of air will certainly be of great service to you, and I hope you will use some other exercise than that of the school. I hear you have had an increase of above forty boys since you have been down there. I am very glad, for your sake, that you are so well approved of; I hope it will in every respect answer your expectation: if your health be established, I make no doubt but that all parts will prove to your mind, which will be a great pleasure to me. There is very little news stirring; they all agree that the Bishop of Winchester is dying. They say Hoadly is to succeed him; and Potter, Hoadly; but how farther I cannot tell, nor does the town pretend, which is a wonderful thing.

I am very glad you was induced to read over *Hudibras* three times with care; and I find you are perfectly of my mind, that it much wants notes, and that it will be a great work; certainly it will be, to do it as it should be; I do not know one so capable of doing it as yourself. I speak this very sincerely. *Lily's Life* I have; and any books that I have you shall see, and have the perusal of them, and any

other part that I can assist. I own, I am very fond of the work, and it would be of excellent use and entertainment.

The news you read in the papers of a match with my daughter and the Duke of Portland was completed at Mary-la-bonne Chapel; I think there is the greatest prospect of happiness to them both; I think it must be mutual; one part cannot be happy without the other. Here is a great harmony of temper, a liking to each other; which is, I think, a true foundation for happiness. Compliments from all here attend you.

I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

OXFORD.

The two boys are well.

Pray let me hear from you soon, and let me know, under your own hand, how you do.

1787, *July*.

LX. Letters from Zachary Williams, on the Longitude, some of them corrected, and others written, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

LETTER I.

To the Earl of Halifax.

MY LORD,

1751.

PERMIT an old man, in the 82^d year of his age, one who has long been the sport of fortune, to address your Lordship. Though distressed and mal-treated, he is extremely unwilling to carry with him, where it must be buried in eternal oblivion, the effects of more than thirty years' study, as well as very considerable expense. He flatters himself the long-wished for and desired discovery of the longitude may be fully supplied by due observations of the variations of the magnetic needle. To this he has applied his care; and should esteem it the highest honour to have an opportunity of submitting his labours to your Lordship's consideration, a specimen whereof is with all submission inclosed.

How far these calculations may be rendered expedient to the trade and navigation of these kingdoms would not become him to say to a nobleman of your Lordship's judgment and penetration. His only ambition is to be useful to his

country; and, if he should be so happy as to obtain your Lordship's patronage, humbly hopes his grey hairs may descend into the silent grave with peace and satisfaction. From your Lordship's most dutiful and obedient servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER II.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS,

Oct. 9, 1751.

PERMIT me to signify to your Lordships, that I have a very useful secret, which is as yet unknown to the learned world, for perfecting the hitherto imperfect art of navigation; and might have been long ere this time sufficiently experimented, and many disasters been happily prevented, which have since happened at sea for want of their having a better knowledge of the true longitude and variations of the compass-needle.

I have often, from time to time, proposed this useful secret to this right hon. board for above these twenty years last past; but the true merit of the proposal has not hitherto been justly and fairly examined.

As therefore I do now confidently presume that, by the method which I am ready to propose, I have a just claim to the benefit and reward granted by act of parliament for discovering and determining the longitude at sea; I humbly request that your Lordships will be pleased to appoint such of the commissioners, or other skilful and learned persons as you shall judge meet and able, to examine into, and judge of, the true merit thereof; and that your Lordships will please to fix a certain and convenient time and place at which the said persons and myself shall meet together, in the presence of your board, for the examination thereof, to the end that they may there, without prejudice, declare their judgment concerning the same, being willing that this valuable secret, which so much tends to the advancement or navigation, be first promoted here in England, to the lasting fame and renown of our nation, rather than be received and first promoted by a foreign power.

I earnestly beg your Lordships' final determination and answer by a line from your Lordships' board.

I remain, with all due regard, your Lordships' most obedient, and humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER III.

To Doctor Bradley.

SIR,

Admiralty-Office, Oct. 10, 1751.

THE bearer, Mr. Zachariah Williams, having represented to my lords commissioners of the Admiralty, that he has found out a very useful secret for perfecting the art of navigation, and for the better coming at the knowledge of the longitude, and variation of the compass-needle; I am commanded by their Lordships to recommend it to you, to examine into what he hath to offer, and to report your opinion thereupon to them.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

S. CLEVELAND.

LETTER IV.

To Doctor Bradley.

SIR,

Oct. 25, 1751.

I TROUBLED you lately with a letter, to acquaint you, that I have been favoured by the lords of the Admiralty with a commission to be delivered by me to your own hand; and now write again, to intreat the favour of an interview either at Greenwich, or when your affairs call you to town. I have forbore to wait on you at Greenwich, till I know what time will suit you best, lest you should either be not at home, or not at leisure, for my age makes me very fearful of any fruitless fatigue.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER V.

To the Right Hon. Lord Anson.

MY LORD,

Oct. 25, 1751.

AS the benefit of a right knowledge of the longitude, and variations of the compass-needle at sea, has been thought

an object worthy of the public attention and encouragement, many have applied their studies and endeavours to discover that great and important secret.

Having acquired a competent skill in the grounds and principles that led thereto, and humbly presuming that, through God's blessing on my long study and application, I have found out, by certain tables and calculations, such a method as may render it not only practicable, but intelligible to common understandings; I pray leave to lay the same before your lordship.

And as your lordship must be acknowledged the best judge of the justness as well as the use of what I have to offer, I shall humbly presume to submit the same to your lordship's examination; and to entreat your protection and patronage, if it shall appear to be deserving of that honour.

I am now in the last stage of life, being above 80 years of age; and can hardly expect to live long enough to see the success, should the scheme, through your lordship's approbation, be carried into execution. But it is no small concern to me to think a secret of so general use should die with me, and be lost to my own country, or that after my decease it should be communicated to foreign nations, in case it meet not with a favourable reception here; and so all that labour and pains be lost which for so many years I have been taking, to promote the benefit and advantage both of his majesty's navy, and the whole British navigation in general.

I pray leave to inclose the printed proposals; and humbly presume to hope I may be admitted to the honour of your lordship's presence, in order to answer or explain such inquiries as your lordship may think proper to make; and, in the mean time, I flatter myself with hopes, that your known candour and goodness will receive with favour the well-meant endeavours, as well as person, though almost worn out with age and the want of the necessaries and comforts of life, of, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER VI.

To Mr. Zach. Williams, at the Rainbow Coffee-house, on Fleet-Bridge, London.

SIR,

Greenwich Park, Nov. 5, 1751.

DR. BRADLEY has ordered me to let you know that he will meet you at the Rainbow coffee-house, on Fleet-Bridge,

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between eleven and one o'clock on Thursday next, if he is not prevented; but if you do not see him then, he will let you know further.

I am your humble servant,

JOHN BRADLEY.

LETTER VII.

To Doctor Bradley.

REV. SIR,

Nov. 11, 1751.

I HAD not the good fortune to receive Mr. Bradley's letter of the 5th instant till to-day, though I did not miss to inquire daily at the coffee-house; therefore hope you will pardon my not keeping the appointment, which gives me the more uneasiness, as I am informed that you took the trouble of calling upon me there. Let me then again beg the favour that you will appoint another meeting, either there or elsewhere, and you shall be duly waited upon by,

Rev. Sir, &c.

You will oblige me very much, Sir, by sending me a line in answer by the bearer.

LETTER VIII.

To Mr. Zachary Williams.

DR. BRADLEY intends to call at the Rainbow coffee-house about eleven o'clock on Thursday next, viz. Nov. 21.

LETTER IX.

To Doctor Bradley.

SIR,

Nov. 26, 1751.

THE lords of the Admiralty have been pleased to refer my system of the variations to your examination; and you have now in your hands the final event of the study and labour of a long life, lost, without your candour, in a fruitless application. I am not soliciting you, by this warm address, to any favour inconsistent with honour, with science, or with truth; nor entreat any thing farther than such expedition as my age now makes necessary, and such a representation to their lordships as may incline them to consider my scheme as worthy of their attention, and to favour me, like others who have laboured in the same design, with such encouragement, patronage, and assistance, as may enable me to prosecute my experiments and complete my tables.

Z. W.

LETTER X.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS,

Dec. 10, 1751.

AS my proposal for settling the variation has had the honour to attract the notice of your lordships, and to be referred to the professor of astronomy, I presume to entreat one more act of indulgence; which I flatter myself that your lordships' known skill in philosophy and navigation, and that curiosity which science always produces, will incline you to grant.

I have, by the industry of many years, prepared an instrument, which may be called an epitome or miniature of the terraqueous globe. It shews the variation of the variations for two hundred years, and consequently resolves by inspection, without any calculus or table, all questions relating to the sailor's needle. If the year for which the variation is required, with the longitude and latitude of the place, be given me, I can immediately shew the variation; if the year, latitude, and variation, be given, I can shew the longitude. As I am conscious to myself of no fraud, I would not decline the severest trial before men who know to how much uncertainty the utmost accuracy which experiment and observation have yet attained is exposed, and who can make the just allowances for the slowness and hesitation of a man now sunk with disappointments, and overborne with more than eighty years. I, therefore, humbly petition for the privilege of exhibiting before your lordships the effects of my instrument, and intreat that such questions may be prepared as shall seem to your lordships sufficient for a trial.

I shall gladly attend at any time and at any place; but hope that your lordships will pardon me, if, in my eighty-third year, I am desirous that nothing which I am to perform may be long delayed. I am, my lords, with great submission and respect, your lordships' most humble and most obedient,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER XI.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS,

Jan. 2, 1751-2.

I HAVE again taken the liberty to attend your lordships, to return you thanks for the notice with which you have been pleased to honour my proposal, and to entreat the continuance of your favour.

I beg leave to remind your lordships, that the only test of my tables, and of the system on which they are formed, is experience. Mathematicians, mere mathematicians, are apt to be misled by the prejudices of theory, and perhaps sometimes by those of rivalry. They have no immediate interest in the discovery unless it be made by themselves, and therefore are not very forward to find it in the hands of another. For these reasons, I entreat your lordships to take it into your own examination, or to refer it to some able and candid navigators, that I may have the honour of the highest approbation, or at least the satisfaction of being condemned by unexceptionable judges.

I am, my lords, &c.

LETTER XII.

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS,

I HAVE been long hindered by sickness from attending on your board; but presume to hope that your lordships are not now less willing than before, to examine and consider my scheme of the variation, and therefore once more implore the favour of a candid trial. If I might be allowed to propose my own judges, I should desire to be tried only by navigators, as the only persons interested in the success of such undertakings, or rather almost the only persons capable of judging, who have not an interest in opposing every scheme but their own. I am, my lords, your lordships' most obedient and most humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

LETTER XIII.

To Lord Anson.

MY LORD,

I PRESUME once more to entreat your lordship's attention to my scheme of the variation of the compass.

As all the means hitherto offered for the discovery of the longitude are evidently defective, and all the hypotheses of the magnetic variation, yet proposed, confessedly erroneous; I cannot but hope that your lordship will be pleased to favour a scheme, by which it is conceived that the variation will be complete, and the longitude, by easy deduction, ascertained; since you know, not only by theory, but by long hazardous experience, how much would be added by this improvement to the safety of navigation.

My scheme is easily examined. By an instrument which I have constructed, I shew the variation of any given latitude and longitude; and, as I proceed systematically, a short trial will be sufficient to decide the merit of the performance; for, if the instrument is found to agree with such observations as your lordship shall think worthy of credit, at a few places remote from each other, it may be credited for the interjacent places; it being scarcely to be imagined that an instrument can be constructed upon principles so as to be right in some places without being right likewise in others; as a clock, which we find right at seven and nine, can hardly be conceived wrong at six, eight, or ten.

I humbly entreat that your lordship will be pleased to allow me to attend you, with my tables and instrument, which many gentlemen of eminence, both in the theory and practice of navigation, have thought worthy of their notice, for the curiosity of its construction; but which, I believe, your lordship will find to answer more important purposes. I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

Z. WILLIAMS.

P.S. My lord, I have taken the liberty to trouble your lordship with a copy of my last letter directed to the Hon. Board of Admiralty, which has not yet been honoured with any notice.

LETTER XIV.

Dr. Bradley's Report.

DOCTOR BRADLEY says, that he had compared Mr. Williams's tables with the best observations; that, in some cases, they agreed pretty exactly, but, in others, the difference amounted to ten, fifteen, or twenty degrees; that Mr. Williams shewed him a magnetical instrument, by which, as he supposed, the tables were constructed; that Mr. Williams concealed the principles upon which it was made, nor would allow him to see the internal construction of it; that, upon the whole, as his tablets can only be proved by comparing them with observations, and in several cases the difference was so very great, he did not think that the instrument, in its present state, could be relied upon at sea.
1787, *Sept. and Dec.*

LXI. *Letters from Cowley and Dryden to Dr. Busby.*

MR. URBAN,

FROM a collection of letters to Dr. Busby, which I lately purchased, you receive one written by Cowley, undoubtedly original. It is undated; but probably accompanied a present of his two first books of *Plants*, in 1662. For the next month, you shall have two letters from Dryden, and one from Dryden's wife.

Yours, &c.

J. N.

" SIR,

I SHOULD have made you this mean present before, but that I have been out of town; and as some things are too great, soe this is too little to bee sent farre. If I were not well acquainted with your candour, and your particular favour to mee, it would be madnes to venture this criminal in the presence of soe great and soe long-practised a judge of these matters. It may be a fitter entertainment for some of your schollars than for yourself, and is a more proportionable

companion for the hysop than the cedars of Lebanon. I ask, therefore, your pardon for this liberty, and am, with great respect, Sir, your most humble and most faithful servant,

A. COWLEY."

MR. URBAN,

THE three letters herewith sent you are autographs, the first from the wife of Dryden, the other two from that great poet himself. They are addressed (in 1682 and 1683) to the famous Dr. Busby.

Yours, &c.

EUGENIO.

"HONNORED SIR,

Ascension Day, 1682.

I HOPE I need use noe other argument to you in excuse of my sonn for not coming to church to Westminster then this, that he now lies at home, and therefore cannot esilly goe soe farr backwards and forwards. His father and I will take care that he shall duly goe to church heare, both on holydayes and Sundays, till he comes to be more nearly under your care in the college. In the mean time, will you pleas to give me leave to accuse you of forgetting your prommis concerning my eldest sonn, who, as you once assured me, was to have one night in a weeke allowed him to lie at home, in considirasion both of his health and cleanliness; you know, Sir, that prommises mayd to women, and espiceally mothers, will never fail to be cald upon; and thearfore I will add noe more, but that I am at this time your remembrancer, and allwayes, honnard Sir, your humble servant,

E. DRYDEN."

"HONOURD SIR,

Wednesday Morning, [1682.]

WE have, with much ado, recovered my younger sonn, who came home extremely sick with a violent cold, and, as he thinks himselfe, a chine-cough. The truth is, his constitution is very tender; yet his desire of learning, I hope, will inable him to brush through the college. He is allwayes gratefully acknowledging yowr fatherly kindnesse to him; and very willing, to his poore power, to do all things which may continue it. I have no more to add, but only to wish

the eldest may also deserve some part of your good opinion, for I believe him to be of vertuous and pious inclinations; and for both, I dare assure you, that they can promise to themselves no farther share of my indulgence then while they carry themselves with that reverence to you, and that honesty to all others, as becomes them. I am, honourd Sir, your most obedient servant and scholar,

JOHN DRYDEN."

" SIR,

[1683.]

IF I could have found in myselfe a fitting temper to have waited upon you, I had done it the day you dismissed my sonn from the college; for he did the message; and, by what I find from Mr. Meredith, as it was delivered by you to him; namely, that you desired to see me, and had somewhat to say to me concerning him. I observ'd likewise somewhat of kindnesse in it, that you sent him away that you might not have occasion to correct him. I examin'd the business, and found it concern'd his haveing been Custos foure or five dayes togeth'er. But if he admonished, and was not believed, because other boys combined to discredit him with false witnessseing, and to save themselves, perhaps his crime is not so great. Another fault it seems he made, which was going into one Hawkes his house, with some others; which you hapning to see, sent your servant to know who they were, and he onely returned you my sonn's name: so the rest escaped. I have no fault to find with my sonn's punishment, for that is, and ought to be, reserved to any master, much more to you who have been his father's.* But your man was certainly to blame to name him onely; and 'tis onely my respect to you that I do not take notice of it to him. My first rash resolutions were, to have brought things past any composure, by immediately sending for my sou'n's things out of the college; but upon recollection, I find I have a double tye upon me not to do it: one, my obligations to you for my education; another, my great tendernesse of doeing any thing offensive to my Lord Bishop of Rochester;† as chiefe governour of the

* Our poet, John, was elected from Westminster-school to Trin. Coll. Cambridge, in 1650; his cousin, Jonathan, in 1656. Of the "two sons" mentioned in this letter, Charles, admitted to the school in 1680, went off to Christ Church in 1683; John, admitted in 1682, to Trin. Coll. in 1685. J. N.

† Dr. John Dolben.

college. It does not consist with the honour I beare him and you to go so precipitately to worke; no, not so much as to have any difference with you, if it can possibly be avoyded. Yet, as my sonn stands now, I cannot see with what credit he can be elected; for, being but sixth, and (as you are pleased to judge) not deserving that neither, I know not whether he may not go immediately to Cambridge, as well as one of his own election went to Oxford this yeare by youre consent. I will say nothing of my second sonn, but that, after you had been pleased to advise me to waite on my Lord Bishop for his favour, I found he might have had the first place if you had not opposed it; and I likewise found at the election, that, by the paines you had taken with him, he in some sort deserved it. I hope, Sir, when you have given yourselfe the trouble to read thus farr, you, who are a prudent man, will consider, that none complaine, but they desire to be reconciled at the same time; there is no mild expostulation at least, which does not intimate a kindness and respect in him who makes it. Be pleased, if there be no merit on my side, to make it your own act of grace to be what you were formerly to my sonn. I have done something, so farr to conquer my own spirit as to ask it; and, indeed, I know not with what face to go to my Lord Bishop, and to tell him I am taking away both my sonns; for, though I shall tell him no occasion, it will looke like a disrespect to my old Master, of which I will not be guilty if it be possible. I shall add no more, but hope I shall be so satisfied with a favourable answer from you, which I promise to myselfe from your goodnesse and moderation, that I shall still have occasion to continue, Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

1787, *Oct. and Nov.*

JOHN DRYDEN."

LXII. *Extracts of Letters from Dr. Arbuthnot to Mr. Watkins.*

London, Sept. 30, 1721.

PRIOR has had a narrow escape by dying; for, if he had lived, he had married a brimstone bitch, one Bessy Cox, that keeps an alehouse in Long-acre. Her husband died about a month ago; and Prior has left his estate between his servant Jonathan Drift and Bessy Cox. Lewis got drunk with punch with Bess the night before last. Do not say where

you had this news of Prior. I hope all my mistress's ministers will not behave themselves so.

London, Oct. 10, 1721.

THERE is great care taken, now it is too late, to keep Prior's will secret, for it is thought not to be too reputable for Lord Harley to execute this will. Be so kind as to say nothing whence you had your intelligence. We are to have a bowl of punch at Bessy Cox's. She would fain have put it upon Lewis that she was his Emma; she owned, Flanders Jane was his Chloe. I know no security from these dotages in bachelors, but to repent of their mis-spent time and marry with all speed. Pray tell your fellow traveller so.

1787, Dec.

LXIII. Letters from Richard Savage*, a few weeks before his death.

LETTER I.

MR. STRONG,

Bristol, June 19, 1743.

I AM heartily glad all things are safe with you as to your place.

I received yours, dated June 6, ten days after date: I wish I knew whether this was owing to the fault of Mr. Pyne, You delayed writing so long, that I began to imagine I should never hear of you, or at least from you, again. Mr. Dagget was near a fortnight in London. He tells me you sent to him at his inn (by which I knew you had received my letter,) to know when he could be at leisure to see you. He sent you a kind invitation by your messenger; but never saw or heard from you, to his great surprise, afterwards. He would have been very glad to have seen you. Mrs. Harris is at London, in Newgate. There has happened so great a quarrel between her and Mr. Dagge, that she called him murderer,

* They were addressed "to Mr. Strong, at the General Post-Office;" the friend, of whose name Dr. Johnson has given only the initial, in the letter to Mr. Care, which he has preserved in the "Life of Savage." N.

† "The tender gaoler," to whose "humanity" Dr. Johnson bore "public attestation." N.

before the judges of the King's Bench, in open court. I am sure he used her very kindly here to the very last. The newspapers never mention her, and we have heard nothing of her since her commitment there. Let me know if you hear any thing concerning her. She was always obliging to me, and I heartily wish her life safe. You may venture to call on her on a Sunday, and remember me to her kindly.

As for Mr. Weaver's affair, what he desired you to do, was done for him by Mr. Dagge when in London. Mr. Nash* (though I wrote to him since) has never once wrote or sent to me.

I received a letter from my sister †, and one from my niece †, the very post after my writing to you. My sister's I answered in a long letter of three sides of paper. I am amazed at not hearing from you that she has received my answer: surely Mr. Pyne would not dare to intercept it. I take it very kind that you called on her. I directed mine to her exactly according to her own direction; and would not, on any consideration, it should miscarry.

Mr. Crozier is dead, and his widow will not renew her action against me. As for Madam Wolf Bitch ‡, the African monster, Mr. Dagge, unknown to me, offered her, before he went to London, three guineas to release me. She asked time to consider of it; and, at his return to Bristol, sent him word, that she was determined to keep me in confinement a twelvemonth; however, she will soon be perhaps sick of her resolution. Through Mr. Ward's means, I was last court-day but one sent for up by *habeas corpus* to the Guildhall, where a rule, on my appearance there, was entered, to force her to proceed to execution; which if she does not by the next court-day, her action will be superseded; and if she does, then Madam Wolf Bitch must allow the two shillings and fourpence per week §. However, as I was standing at our door in the street (which I am allowed to do alone whenever I please,) who should be passing by one evening but Mr. Becket? He was reduced so thin by a fever, which lasted him ten weeks, that I scarce knew him. In

* Beau Nash gave him five guineas when first taken into custody, and promised to promote a subscription for him at Bath with all his interest. N.

† Who and what were this sister and niece of Savage? N.

‡ He was arrested for eight pounds at the suit of a Mrs. Read, who kept a coffee-house. N.

§ This confirms what we are told by Dr. Johnson, that "he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor might be obliged to make him some allowance, if he was continued a prisoner." N.

he came, and we drank in Mr. Dagge's parlour one negus and two pints of wine. He told me, the city were highly exasperated at my *Satire**, and that some of the merchants would, by way of revenge, subscribe the two and four-pence to confine me still. But this I looked on as bravado, and treated it with contempt. One day last week Mr. Dagge, finding me at the door, asked me to take a walk with him, which I did a mile beyond Baptist Mill, in Gloucestershire; where, at a public-house, he treated me with ale and toddy. Baptist Mill is the pleasantest walk near this city. I found the smell of the new-mown hay very sweet, and every breeze was reviving to my spirits. I had forgot, when I mentioned Crozier, to tell you, that, when he was alive, Mr. Dagge offered him to take the note he charged me with, in lieu of a debt which Crozier owed him, in order that the said Crozier might have been no bar to my release, had Madam Wolf Bitch been pleased to consent to it as far as it related to her ladyship. This Mr. Dagge offered of his own accord, which made it still a more generous action. When I appeared at the Guildhall, the court paid me great deference and respect. Is the devil always to possess that worthless fellow Saunders? can he never open his mouth in conversation, but out of it must issue a lie? can he never set to writing a letter, but immediately a lie must drop from his pen upon the paper? I have a copy of what I wrote to him, taken by Mr. Weaver; and I shewed the original to the two reverend gentlemen, Mr. Price and Mr. Davies, before I sent it, who can all three attest that I have not mentioned you as my author for one of those facts for which the dog says I have mentioned you. As for the impudent manner in which he says I wrote to him, those words shall cost him dear, unless he retracts them, and asks my pardon under his own hand-writing. He sent me an answer to mine, stuffed with prevarication, poor weak reasoning, and false facts; beginning in the haughty style of an emperor, and ending in the low fawning, fearful air of a spaniel. I intend very shortly to expose him in print, as he deserves, and paste him up at the Tolzey, as he has done Mr. Hooke before: and I shall let him know by a message he may depend upon this, unless he pays you the note he owes you, with legal interest and asks of me forgiveness.

Mr. Davies is frequently here. Mr. Price visits me in a friendly manner, and not long ago sent me a present of

four pint bottles of excellent rum, and two of as fine shrub, for punch. I am sincerely your well-wisher and servant,

R. SAVAGE.

P.S. For God's sake call on my dear sister, and let her know the state of my affairs.

R. SAVAGE.

LETTER II.

To Mr. Strong, at the Post Office.

June 21, 1743.

I SENT your letter to Mrs. Dowding by Mr. Barret, who says he delivered it safe. Saunders has published another Dialogue in Mr. Cave's Magazine for last month, and it is a most wretched performance. When he attempts poetry without assistance, he exposes himself more than any enemy can expose him. Pray mention not Newgate on the direction of any letter to me; there is no occasion for it, and it may hurt me. Pray tell my sister the same, and desire her only to put Bristol in her direction; and to avoid miscarriages, let her (which she never does) add my christian-name to my sur-name. I wrote to my niece this post.

I was yesterday, in the afternoon, out upon a field-walk again with Mr. Dagge, and we also regaled ourselves at a public-house in the city.

Pray lose not a post in letting me know whether the judges have decided Mrs. Harris's case; and if so, how it is determined. It will oblige Mr. Dagge, who, with Mrs. Dagge and Mortimer, desire to be remembered to you.

I broke this letter open since it was first sealed, in order to write this postscript. Pray call on my sister.

I cannot but smile at Saunders—he calls you “poor creature!” he stole that very expression out of my letter to him, where, with great propriety, it was applied to himself.

1787, *Dec.*

R. SAVAGE.

LXIV. Thomas Hearne to Lord Harley, on the Alexandrian MS. of the New Testament.

MR. URBAN,

IT afforded me great pleasure, upon looking over some MSS. in the British Museum, to find, among a collection

of letters from Mr. Hearne to Edward Lord Harley, one which I could not help particularly noticing. It contains an anticipated encomium on the truly learned Dr. Woide, to whom the republic of letters is so justly indebted, for his laborious undertaking—of publishing a fac-simile of the famous Alexandrian Manuscript. I trust his reward has been more than adequate to his labours,—for empty honours are of poor avail. The encomium, however just, might appear indelicate, did it not appear in the writing of a stranger, as well as having been written very nearly seventy years since.

MSS. Harl. 1757, fol. H.

“MY LORD,

Oxon, Jan. 3, 1715-16.

UPON the receipt of your lordship's very kind letter of the 27th of last month, I waited upon Dr. Stratford, who hath undertaken the trouble of returning me the five guineas, after he hath seen your lordship at London. In the mean time I renew my thanks for this designed present, and for your lordship's generous offer of the use of any MSS. that are to be met with in your own collection. I was never yet in London; but, if I should happen to come thither, I should take the opportunity of noting down whatever curious MSS. (particularly such as concern our own history and antiquities) I should find, that are not to be met with in this place. I shall be very glad if I can satisfy any query of your lordship's. I have no copy of the better paper of Leland's Itinerary. That which I designed to keep for myself, was long since disposed of by me to Sir Thomas Sebright. 'Tis a great satisfaction to me, that your lordship is pleased with my edition of the Acts of the Apostles. I wish we had more of the old version besides that which is published with this edition. 'T would be a great piece of service to the public, if the Alexandrian MSS. were printed in the same manner; that is, letter for letter, as it is written, without any alteration. Improvements might be made afterwards, either by the publisher, or by other learned men. 'Tis pity Dr. Grabe had not taken this method: he might have finished the work before he died. There is as much reason for printing MSS. in capital letters (provided they are written in such characters), as there is for printing inscriptions in that manner. The only objection I can see is, that the exact bigness and figure of the letters cannot be retained, unless letters be cast on purpose. But the same may be also offered with respect to inscriptions. 'Tis

sufficient that a specimen of the letter is given at the beginning, the make of the letters in these MSS. seldom or never varying; at least the variations are not momentous. I wish your lordship many happy new years; and am, my lord, your lordship's most obliged, humble servant,

THO. HEARNE."

"*For the Rt. Honble the Lord Harley, at Wimpole,
near Cambridge.*"

1787, Dec.

LXV. David Hume to Sir John Pringle, M.D. on the Pretender's being in London in 1753.

St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR,

THAT the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marechal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name: she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in day-light in his own dress, only jaying aside his blue ribband and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was secretary of state in the year 1753; and I

added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. By no means, said he; and who do you think first told it me? It was the king himself; who subjoined, "And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?" Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments, they might favour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, "My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again." I think this story, for the honour of the late king, ought to be more generally known.

But what will surprise you more, Lord Marechal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the shew of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. Why, says he, a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other; "but I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least." You see this story is so near traced from the fountain-head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query, what if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand! and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars.

Lord Marechal had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable; of which he gave me several instances. My lord, though a man of great honour, may be thought a discontented courtier; but what quite confirmed me in that idea of that prince, was a conversation I had with Helvetius at Paris, which I believe I have told you. In case I have not, I shall mention a few particulars. That gentleman told me that he had no acquaintance with the Pretender; but some time after that prince was chased out

of France, a letter, said he, was brought me from him, in which he told me, that the necessity of his affairs obliged him to be at Paris, and as he knew me by character to be a man of the greatest probity and honour in France, he would trust himself to me if I would promise to conceal and protect him. I own, added Helvetius to me, although I knew the danger to be greater of harbouring him at Paris than at London; and although I thought the family of Hanover not only the lawful sovereigns in England, but the only lawful sovereigns in Europe, as having the free consent of the people; yet was I such a dupe to his flattery, that I invited him to my house, concealed him there, going and coming, near two years, had all his correspondence pass through my hands, met with his partizans upon Pont Neuf, and found at last that I had incurred all this danger and trouble for the most unworthy of all mortals; insomuch that I have been assured, when he went down to Nantz to embark on his expedition to Scotland, he took fright, and refused to go on board; and his attendants, thinking the matter gone too far, and that they would be affronted for his cowardice, carried him in the night-time into the ship, *pieds et mains liés*. I asked him, if he meant literally. Yes said he, literally; they tied him, and carried him by main force. What think you now of this hero and conqueror?

Both Lord Marechal and Helvetius agree, that with all this strange character; he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers at Paris to affect a contempt of all religion. You must know that both these persons thought they were ascribing to him an excellent quality. Indeed both of them used to laugh at me for my narrow way of thinking in those particulars. However, my dear Sir John, I hope you will do me the justice to acquit me.

I doubt not but these circumstances will appear curious to Lord Hardwicke, to whom you will please to present my respects. I suppose his lordship will think this unaccountable mixture of temerity and timidity in the same character, not a little singular.

I am yours very sincerely,

1788, *May*.

DAVID HUME.

LXVI. The Rev. Dr. Free to Archbishop Moore.

MY LORD,

Feb. 9, 1788.

I BEG leave to present your Grace with the fourth edition of my History of the English Tongue, begun by the permission of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, for the use of his eldest son, now King George the Third, which honour was communicated to me by Mr. Drax, Secretary to his Royal Highness; but the Prince dying before it was printed, I missed of my reward, and with it my future hopes of preferment.

For though there could not be, in my station, a better subject to one of the best of princes, King George the Second, as your Grace will see by the papers which accompany this book; yet I found my services overlooked, or obstructed, by the Duke of Newcastle and his adherents:—Of this I was convinced once for all, by the unsuccessful application of a great man abroad, who was much a favourite of King George the Second, and chancellor of his University of Gottingen, Baron Mosheim, with whom I kept a Latin correspondence, and who, out of friendship, immediately took a journey from Gottingen to Hanover, where the king was at that time, to solicit a prebend of Bristol for me, which was then vacant; but meeting there the Duke of Newcastle, he was told that it was disposed of.

During the administration of my Lord Bute, I presented my petition to the king, a copy of which accompanies this book; by which your Grace will see, that by some misrepresentation I was again disappointed.

My dependencies upon churchmen were altogether as delusive as those which were founded upon the favour of ministers of state. I have been connected with three bishops as my diocesans, esteemed by them all, but never preferred by any.

The first was Bishop Peploe, when I was vicar of Run-corn, in Cheshire: his politics and mine agreed. I associated with him in the rebellion, for the defence of the king and royal family; but, having relations, he could not gratify me with a prebend of Chester, the height of my request. Upon my return from Cheshire to Oxford, the rebels were advanced as far as Derby, when I preached at St. Mary's, the famous 5th of November, a sermon, which procured the curses of the other party, who abused me in every Jacobite paper through England; and the then ministry, through fear

of displeasing them, consented to such a sacrifice; robbed of my pupils by the party, I left the University, and went to teach school in Southwark.

Here I had hopes at this time from Dr. Willes of Bath and Wells, the second bishop under whom I served:—His name appears amongst my father's friends, who was a sufferer for the royal cause, in the rebellion of the year 1715, as may be seen in my petition to the king. Dr. Willes was under promise of providing for me, which was made to the warden and fellows of Merton College in Oxford, where I was disappointed of a fellowship, to make room for one of his friends. Being removed from Runcorn, in Cheshire, to East Coker, a vicarage of the same mean value, which was in his diocese—every body imagined that I should be a prebendary of Wells and so forth; but the bishop died before he could provide for me. The third diocesan is the present bishop of that see [Dr. Moss,] a very worthy gentleman, with whom I have lived upon very good terms; but places in his cathedral would be too long to expect, and the charge of a parish I would not now undertake.

For, during these periods, I am advancing to the age of 77 years; had been a public preacher, at the time I left the pulpit, 54 years; a doctor in divinity 44, without any share of preferment from the patronage or patrimony of the church, but a vicarage about 70l. the year, to struggle with the world and bring up a family:—Reduced by this situation, I am obliged to the charity of the laity to make up deficiencies. *Emeritus Miles Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, a worn-out invalid, who has served in 54 campaigns, and finds himself in a worse situation than a Chelsea pensioner; for they are supported by the military establishment, whilst a clergyman, whose writings, preaching, and behaviour, have been irreproachable, is turned over to another profession—to ask for bread.

While I am giving this detail, my lord, I would not have it thought, though it looks suspicious, that I am applying to your Grace for your personal charity for my subsistence—No; it is the church that I demand it of:—These are the *ὑπερμάρτυρα Χρῆστῶ*, which, by St. Paul's leave, I choose to construe *the arrears of the church*, which I demand for the loss of my time and labour, to be brought to an account, and see it settled before I go hence. I beg leave to deposit these demands in your Grace's hands, not doubting but, when you have power and opportunity, your Grace will do me justice.

In the late scramble for preferment, I had thoughts once more of applying to the minister, in the throng of the

clergy attending his levee as minister for church and state, that while the rest were striving to gratify their ambition, I might meet with some of the fragments of the loaves and fishes; for there were many to be fed; but then it occurred, that I might not be quick enough; being old, the young ones would out-run me, or I might be thrown down in the scuffle. This shewed that on such an occasion I ought to have an advocate more powerful than myself.

But where should I find a person in power of that affability and freedom of access, to receive a petition from the disappointed; of that humanity, as well from his disposition as from experience, to pity their sufferings; of that activity in his high station, to endeavour their relief; of that compass of thought as a politician, to look upon it as a bad symptom in a state to see a good subject distressed in and by the community, which he all his life-time faithfully served, and moved thereby from the love and credit of his country to seek for their redress?

Upon reflection, I could not find another person of high rank with whose character this description so well agrees as with that of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; and from this persuasion, I make bold to beg the favour of your Grace to be my advocate, and represent my case to Mr. Pitt, who is generally well spoken of for his good disposition, and whose sentiments may be the same with your own. His father, Lord Chatham, professed an esteem for me: I have received compliments from Hayes on account of some of my works which he approved; and that he regarded my politics, I have an evident proof from his adopting my plan of invading Normandy, first published in the 58th Monitor, Saturday, September 1756, which paper is luckily preserved, notwithstanding the violent removal of my writings, and is requested to be returned when seen by Mr. Pitt; for this descent upon Normandy was followed by the réduction of Cherburg, and the conquest of Belleisle, which if not given up at the peace, would have been of the same advantage to England, as the possession of the Isle of Wight would be to France.

These are some of the services I have rendered my country, both in church and state, for which I do not expect at this time such a reward as my long residence in the University, and the expences of my four degrees, might in equity and ancient custom require, because of late those emoluments have gone to people of another stamp, who have never seen an University; but as matters now stand, and for present use, that Mr. Pitt would be so good as to

give me a small pension to enable me to buy my own bread as I used to do, and, that I may not be altogether another Aristides, to provide me a coffin when I make my exit.

I am, my Lord, &c.

[To this his Grace said, that it was a melancholy thing for a person who had been so long in the profession, and so active in it, to have his bread to seek at this time; and that he would represent the case to Mr. Pitt. His Grace afterwards did him signal service.]

1788, *May*.

LXVII. The Rev. S. Pegge to the Rev. Charles Hope, Minister of All Saints, Derby, relative to the subscription for the reparation, &c. of the Cathedral Church of Lichfield.

DEAR SIR,

Whittington, May 10.

AS the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield are at this time promoting a subscription throughout the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, with the approbation and good wishes of the Honourable and Right Reverend the Bishop, for the purpose of making certain repairs, alterations, decorations, and improvements, in the Cathedral of Lichfield, it may not be improper to inquire into the ground and foundation of such their application, and to shew, in few words, that it is a requisition neither unreasonable nor novel.

The fabric of this Cathedral, Sir, is ancient and elegant, inferior to very few in this kingdom; but, by length of time, and through the inability of the Dean and Chapter, who have but a scanty fund for its support, is grown much out of order, and in some parts ruinous. One material inconvenience, to mention no others, nor the want of a general repair, attends it, which is, that the congregation, by reason of the smallness and incommodiousness of the choir, are obliged to remove, whenever there is a sermon, into the nave or body of the church; a circumstance very awkward, disagreeable, and troublesome.

The Dean and Chapter, Sir, have no fund, as was observed, adequate even to the common and necessary reparation of their Cathedral, and much less competent for undertaking a work of such magnitude as that now intended, which, according to the estimate of Mr. James Wyatt, the Architect, amounts to the sum of £5950 and upwards.

cessary, and honourable enterprise, it may be observed, that at the foundation of this Cathedral in the middle of the seventh century, the Cathedral was esteemed to be the Mother Church of the whole Diocese, and that the Parochial Churches were altogether dependant upon it; that the Clergy, who then resided with the Bishop, issued from the Cathedral to serve and officiate at the several Churches in the Diocese, and that the Diocese for that reason was commonly called *Parochia*, as if the few Parish Churches existing in those times were to be considered as but so many Chapels of Ease to the Cathedral. Hence it came to pass, that, for many ages after, the country congregations made annual processions to the Cathedral as to their Mother Church, that the Parochial Clergy fetched the Chrism from thence, and that their parishioners made a yearly payment to the Cathedral for the sustentation and maintenance thereof; this went under the name of *Pentecostals*, or *Whitsun-Farthings*, because usually paid at that season of the year; and, in the case of Lichfield in particular, was termed *Chad-pennies*, or *Chad-Farthings*; the Cathedral there being dedicated to St. Chad, and put under his more immediate patronage and protection.

This payment of the *Pentecostals*, Sir, or *Chad-Farthings*, the Bishop, John Hacket, probably had in his eye, when, after the horrible havock and devastation committed in the Cathedral of Lichfield by the Oliverians, he, at the Restoration, sent about his circular letters to the Clergy and Gentlemen of his Diocese, to beg money for the reparation, beautifying, and restoring of his Church to its pristine splendor. These letters succeeded admirably, and certainly are a fair precedent for the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield to follow in the present exigence, as it may serve to convince every one, that it is no novel or unreasonable mode of raising money which they are pursuing, but that they may have the example and sanction of former times, and consequently Gentlemen and others may be induced by it to contribute the more liberally.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate brother,

And most obedient servant,

SAMUEL PEGGE.

LXVIII. Letters from Mr. Henderson to Dr. Priestley.

MR. URBAN,

AS one of your correspondents has expressed a desire of having some information concerning the late Mr. Henderson's pretension to intercourse with spirits, &c. I send you two of his letters to me, which are curious in themselves, and may throw some light on the subject. They will likewise give a better idea of the man than any thing written by another person concerning him can do. Also, as I imagine it is generally supposed that I am the person intended by the *Doctor*, whom the writer of Mr. Henderson's life represents as believing he had this power, the reader may be able to judge from the second letter of the probability of this circumstance.

When I lived at Calne, and presently after the publication of my *Disquisitions relating to Matter and Spirit*, I received an anonymous letter from Bristol about some intercourse with spirits; and hearing that Miss Hannah More had said that the letter probably came from Mr. Henderson, I wrote to him about it; and as the letter was carried by a friend who was going to Oxford, I told Mr. Henderson, that, if he could call up any spirit, my friend was willing to be disposed of as he should think proper for the purpose. In what manner I expressed myself I do not now recollect; but it is evident that Mr. Henderson did not consider me as very credulous on the subject.

J. PRIESTLEY.

" SIR,

Hanham, Aug. 29, 1774.

I HOPE your goodness will pardon this presumption from a stranger unworthy your notice; and likewise my not franking this letter, as I have no franks, and can get none. If you can condescend thus much, I have one request more, that you would answer me.

I was brought up with some prejudices of education, which I hope I have now got over. This I owe in no small measure to the candour of my father, who, though he inculcated his own principles on me, left me to my own judgment. At first I received these principles without hesitation, and soon became acquainted with the best arguments for them. I had no opportunity for a long time to converse with judicious men of contrary sentiments, so that I easily vanquished those who contradicted me. But yet my mind suggested

many difficulties which I could not solve. Hence I began to doubt. Imparting my doubts to some friends, I was told there were mysteries in religion; that I should take God's word for them, and pry no further. This satisfied me for a while, but not long: for I considered, let a mystery be what it may, God would not deliver absurdities. Again, it does not follow that all our Bible is divine because some is. And if any part of our Bible contains absurdities, &c. that part is not divine. I could not get books on any subject. I wanted instruction on Predestination, Remission of Sins, Assistance of the Spirit, Eternity of Hell Torments, and various other points. My friends could not satisfy me. At length I surmounted these difficulties, wading through many doubts, and little less than infidelity. I now believe that the prophecies in our Bible were given by God; that the Gospels are true; that whatever we believe should accord with the speeches of Christ therein recorded. I believe the doctrine of Original Sin to be absurd. I believe the spirit of God only assists our apprehension. I believe the fore-knowledge of God, held by the Arminians, to be equal to the decree of God held by the Calvinists; that they are both wrong; and the truth is, the pains of hell are purgatory. These I believe; and have reasons, which I think substantial, for them. Many things I yet doubt of; among these, are the Trinity and the Mediation of Christ.

I am in such a state of mind as to be shocked at no assertion, and to submit to any argument which I cannot answer.

I beg that you would be pleased to assist me in the Mediation of Christ; for I own I do not like the doctrine of his being a sacrifice; yet he is so represented by Paul and John. And, though I am not certain of the infallibility of the Epistles, yet I do not choose to contradict them, lest they may be true.

JOHN HENDERSON.

P. S. Please to direct for me at Mr. Wait's, grocer, in Castle Street, Bristol."

LETTER II.

"I HOPE you will not take it ill, when your friend informs you that I have not seen him. I was from my rooms (for a few hours) when he came to seek me. I staid at home all the following day, but found no more of him. Had I known

where he lodged in Oxford, I should have visited him. Excuse me then that I must take the other communication you proposed, and send this by post.

Of the anonymous letter from Bristol, which you mention, I know nothing. It was, probably, written by some one, I hope well-meaning, who wished to check your philosophic *Disquisitions of Matter and Spirit*. That such information should excite the curiosity, especially of one so incredulous, I cannot wonder. But such curiosity I neither blame nor neglect.

That I may satisfy you, I will tell you, 1. who I am: 2. whether I believe those things: 3. whether I be willing to demonstrate their truth sensibly: 4. what good ground that information had.

I. As to myself, I shall only write what I think pertinent to this purpose. I had a small school-education. I loved reading, and thought from my earliest years. Peculiarly I was attached to religious, and, though at first I knew not the term, metaphysic studies. These (both in the *authors* and *systems*, or courses of learning), having no teacher, meeting with none but such as slighted, blamed, pitied my turn of thinking, or only wondered at it—these I pursued not *regularly*, but as they occurred to a boy discountenanced, uninformed, with scattered intervals of scanty leisure, and a very few unselect out-of-the-way books. As one thought introduces another, so does a book. Both increased to me in time. So did some kind and degree of seeming knowledge. Opinions multiplied and varied; but doubts exceeded. Sceptical as those made me, they did me good; 1. in making me never positive; 2. nor unwilling to change; 3. nor a despiser of those who thought otherwise than I. I mention my being very doubtful, the rather because you will agree with me, that, when one thinks no certainty is to be found, one will be less nice in assenting to insufficient evidence. Perhaps I am an instance. I have nothing to add of myself, but to thank you for your kind attention to letters of mine (some years ago), for your hints, and the books you lent and gave to me. Do not you recollect it?

II. Do I believe those things? 1. I have no reason to think them absurd or impossible. 2. They are commonly asserted in all ages; 3. and generally believed. 4. I find myself more at ease in believing them: my notions are suitable. Thence, it may be on bad proof, I assent that there are such things. You will the less wonder at such a belief, when I add, that I not only assent to spirits, apparitions, magic, and witchcraft, but that I allow Behmen's philosophy, and

Swedenborg's visions. Yea, I deny hardly any thing of that sort. So you will perceive that I easily believe, and require not too much demonstration.

III. Whether I be willing to demonstrate their truth sensibly? 1. I do not know that I can give any such exhibition. 2. The faith itself is not interesting, nor have I the least wish to convince any. 3. My conscience is not clear that such acts are innocent. 4. They would not be, at least may not, demonstrations. A sensible man, when I had asked, 'Would you be convinced if I shewed you a spirit?' answered, 'No; I should grant any thing at the time, but afterwards I should think you had frightened me out of my senses, and then you could make me believe any nonsense.'

IV. What good ground had that information? I will tell you all I know. I have asked Miss Moore. She says, had you asked her, she would have told you that she knew nothing of the matter. Many people have known that I studied astrology, geomancy, and magic, and was of an abstract mind. They surmised. Common things looked extraordinary. Little things were greater. I was reported a conjuror. I was teased to tell fortunes, raise spirits, and sometimes to cast out a devil. Some pretended to a graver curiosity, and asked me for a positive answer to, 'Have you not seen and raised a spirit?' I always replied, 'I will tell you any thing about them out of books, but as to my own experience I will not say.' 'Can you deny it?' I said 'I will not deny it.' Thence they affirmed it abroad. To sum up all: 1. I believe. 2. I think I have reason. 3. No one was ever witness to any appearance with me. 4. I never told any one that ever I raised a spirit. 5. I will not deny it, I have said sometimes, that I thought I had seen a spirit.

As I take it, your main wish is to know, 1. If I believe such an exhibition possible? I do. 2. If I have done it? I never did say, nor mean to say, that I have; (but for some reason) I will not deny it. 3. If I can do it? I do not know that I can. 4. If I be willing to try? I had rather be excused.

I have now answered your letter as satisfactorily as I can. You see you need not be in any apprehensions for your philosophy on account of any experimental knowledge of mine. If I can say any thing more that is worth the while on this subject, or a better, I shall be glad of an epistle from you.

Farewell. I esteem you; and opinions I regard little. I am obliged by your friendly expressions in the letter. I wish you all good and success in doing it. I should have

answered sooner, but for bad eyes, and the company of strangers.

JOHN HENDERSON,

Pembroke College, Oxford; or, at

Hanham, near Bristol, when in that country."

1789, *April*.

LXIX. From Dr. Johnson.

MR. URBAN,

THE original letter, of which I here send you a copy, is in the possession of Richard Beatniffe, Esq. the recorder of Hull, and relates to a person who is much distinguished in most of the late publications concerning Dr. Johnson.

Yours, &c.

W. R.

SIR, *Bolt-court, Fleet-street, Feb. 14, 1782.*

ROBERT LEVET, with whom I had been connected by a friendship of many years, died lately at my house. His death was sudden, and no will has yet been found; I therefore gave notice of his decease in the papers, that an heir, if he has any, may appear. He has left very little; but of that little his brother is doubtless heir, and your friend may be perhaps his brother. I have had another application from one who calls himself his brother; and I suppose it is fit that the claimant should give some proof of his relation. I would gladly know, from the gentleman that thinks himself R. Levet's brother,

In what year, and in what parish, R. Levet was born?

Where or how was he educated?

What was his early course of life?

What were the marks of his person; his stature; the colour of his eyes?

Was he marked by the small-pox?

Had he any impediment in his speech?

What relations had he, and how many are now living?

His answer to these questions will shew whether he knew him; and he may then proceed to shew that he is his brother.

He may be sure, that nothing shall be hastily wasted or

removed. I have not looked into his boxes, but transferred that business to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, of character above suspicion.

1789, *May*.

SAM. JOHNSON.

LXX. Bishop Newton to a Gentleman at Lichfield.

MR. URBAN,

THE inclosed is the original of a letter from the late very learned Bp. Newton, addressed to a worthy divine at Lichfield, since also deceased; and will doubtless be acceptable to your readers.

Yours, &c.

EUGENIO.

Grosvenor-street, March 29, 1759.

MUCH am I obliged to my good friend for his accurate perusal and candid approbation of my Discourses on the Prophecies. Of all books the Revelation will admit of the greatest variety of interpretation. If I have succeeded in all the material parts, it is commendation sufficient. It is difficult, as I say, to trace out every minute resemblance. The full and perfect comprehension of this book will make part of the happiness of the glorious millennium. I can only exhibit what appears to me most probable; and my interpretation of the 14th chapter still appears to me more probable than yours. The clue that has principally conducted me through both parts of the Revelation, has been following the series of history and the successive order of events. After the description of the two beasts, secular and ecclesiastical, whose power was established, according to my opinion, in the 8th century, but, according to most other commentators, much sooner, there would be a very long chasm, without the prediction of any memorable events, if the 14th chapter, as you say, relates to the time immediately preceding the first resurrection, or the millennium. What a long interval would that be without any prophecy; and how thick the events would follow afterwards! For all the particulars, not only of the 14th, but also of the 16th, 18th, and 19th chapters, must be fulfilled before the commencement of the millennium. I can hardly frame, even in imagination, any events that can answer more exactly to the proclamations of

the three angels than the three principal efforts towards a Reformation. Charlemagne, Valdes, Luther, and their followers; certainly deserve as exalted characters as are here given them; and it would be very strange, that there should be so many prophecies relating to the downfall of Popery, and yet none concerning the Reformation. The church of this period is not represented in that state of triumph and jubilation as you seem to imagine; there are hints of their suffering persecution in this very chapter: but if it was, as you imagine, yet why may not the true church be represented like the apostles and first Christians, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," as "glorifying in tribulation," as being "exceeding joyful in tribulation," &c. ? If the dead are "blessed from henceforth," because they shall remain a shorter time in the separate state, and be sooner raised again, why is not that reason assigned, but quite different ones, "that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them?" These are reasons for "the blessedness of the dead, who die in the Lord," which hold equally at all times, and cannot be restrained and limited to any particular time; and therefore, I conceive, the words "from henceforth" refer not so much to "the blessedness of the dead," which is always the same, as to the writing and promulgating of this doctrine. I have expressed a doubt whether those prophecies of Ezekiel (chap. xxxviii. and xxxix.) and that of St. John (chap. xx.) may not relate to the same event; but I rather incline to think, that they relate to different events, for the reasons I have given. I believe those prophecies of Ezekiel to synchronize with the latter part of the 11th chapter of Daniel, and to relate to the fall of the Othman empire, which includes Gomer and many Europeans, as well as other nations. If Gog and Magog in the Revelation are the same, and are not *mystic names*, as I say, then, we must suppose the Othman empire to subsist throughout the millennium, which I can never believe, nor reconcile with other prophecies. We shall have opportunities, I hope, of talking over these and other topics more at large, when I come to Lichfield this summer; and then I will moderate, if you please, between you and Charles Howard. If he was no better an advocate than he seems a divine, I should be sorry for his clients, provided you do, as I suppose you do, represent his arguments fairly. You who live in the country have fine time to prosecute your studies, and to exercise and amuse yourselves with literary disputations; but we, who live in town, at least I can speak for myself, have so many interruptions and avocations, that it is not easy to find

opportunities to express how truly I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and obliged humble servant,

1789, *May.*

THOMAS NEWTON.

LXXI. Dr. Benjamin Franklin to John Alleyne, Esq.

DEAR JACK,

Craven-street, Aug. 9, 1768.

YOU desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections which have been made by short-sighted people to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me upon the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages which have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The tempers and habits of young people are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying as when more advanced in life: they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand, to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life, and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but, in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended too with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance the parents shall live to see their offspring educated. Late children, says the Spanish proverb, are early orphans; a melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America, marriages are generally in the morning of life, our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves, such as your friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blest with more children: and from the mode among us, founded in nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own

child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe! In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen, and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life, the fate of many here who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find at length that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books, you know, is not worth its proportion of the set: and what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissars?—it cannot well cut any thing—it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should, ere this, have presented them in person. I shall make but small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not from her only, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy, at least you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both! being ever your truly affectionate friend,

1789, *May*.

B. F.

LXXII. Bishop Sherlock to Dr. R. Grey.

DR. GREY,

Temple, June 27, 1749.

I CAME this morning out of the country, and am here only for two or three days, in my way to Tunbridge.

I have published a new edition of the book of *Prophecy*, and have added the new Dissertation I mentioned to you. I will order my bookseller to send you a complete copy. As to the particular texts from Genesis and the Psalms, I had rather have seen them under your name than my own; but you will judge how necessary a part they are of the new Dissertation, which I had promised, and was expected. I have

borrowed from you a reference to Boerhaave, which you will find at the bottom of one of the pages.

Before August is quite spent, I hope to be at Fulham, and nobody will be more welcome there than yourself. I find there is a very old, bad house; I must repair a great deal of it, and, I am afraid, rebuild some part. It is late for me to be so employed, but somebody will be the better for it. I write with difficulty; I wish you can read.

I am, Sir, your very affectionate brother and humble servant,

1790, *July.*

THO. LONDON.

LXXIII. From General Wolfe.

MR. URBAN,

THE following is an authentic copy of a letter written by Gen. Wolfe, which was communicated to me some time since by a friend of mine, who took it from the original. As it contains much useful instruction for those (especially the junior part) in the military line, who form a very considerable and honourable part of the community, I hope it may be found of *use* to this class of readers, and a matter of curiosity to those whom it may not so intimately concern.

C. T.

“DEAR SIR, *Devizes, Sunday, 18th July, 1756.*

YOU cannot find me a more agreeable employment than to serve or oblige you; and I wish with all my heart, that my inclinations and abilities were of equal force. I do not recollect what it was I recommended to Mr. Cornwallis's nephew: it might be the Count de Turpin's book, which is certainly worth looking into, as it contains a good deal of plain practice.

Your brother, no doubt, is master of the Latin and French languages, and has some knowledge of the mathematics; without this last he can never become acquainted with the attack and defence of places; and I would advise him by all means to give up a year or two of his time, now while he is young (if he has not already done it), to the study of the mathematics, because it will greatly facilitate his progress in military matters. As to the books that are fittest for his pur-

pose, he may begin with the King of Prussia's Regulations for his horse and foot, where the economy and good order of an army in the lower branches is extremely well established. Then there are the "Memoirs of the Marquis de Santa Cruz, Feuquiere, and Montecuculi;" Tollard's "Commentaries upon Polybius;" the "Projet de Tactique;" "L'Attaque et la Defence des Places, par le Marechal de Vauban;" "Les Memoires de Goulon;" "L'Ingenieur de Campagne." Le Sieur Renie, for all that concerns artillery. Of the ancients, Vegetius, Cæsar, Thucydides, Xenophon's "Life of Cyrus," and the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks." I do not mention Polybius, because the Commentaries and the History naturally go together. Of latter days, Davila, Guicciardini, Strada, the "Memoirs of the Duke de Sully." There is abundance of military knowledge to be picked out of the Lives of Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles the XIIth, King of Sweden, and of Zisca, the Bohemian; and if a tolerable account could be got of the exploits of Scanderbeg, it would be inestimable, for he exceeds all the officers, ancient and modern, in the conduct of a small defensive army. I met with him in the Turkish History, but no where else. The Life of Suetonius too contains many fine things in this way. There is a book lately published that I have heard commended, "Art de la Guerre Pratique;" I suppose it is collected from all the best authors that treat of war; and there is a little volume, intituled, "Traité de la Petite Guerre," that your brother should take in his pocket when he goes upon out-duties and detachments. The Marechal de Puysegur's book is in esteem. I believe Mr. Townsend will think this catalogue long enough; and, if he has patience to read, and desire to apply (as I am persuaded he has), the knowledge contained in them, there is wherewithal to make him a considerable person in his profession, and of course very useful and serviceable to his country. In general, the lives of all the great commanders, of all good histories of warlike nations, will be very instructive, and lead him naturally to imitate what he must necessarily approve of.

In these days of scarcity, and in these unlucky times, it is much to be wished that all our young soldiers of birth and education would follow your brother's steps; and, as they will have their turn to command, that they would try to make themselves fit for that important trust; without it, we must sink under the supreme abilities and indefatigable industry of our restless neighbours.

You have drawn a longer letter upon yourself than

perhaps you expected; but I could hardly make it shorter, without doing wrong to a good author.

In what a strange manner have we conducted our affairs in the Mediterranean! quelle belle occasion manquée!

I am, with perfect esteem, dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

1791, *March.*

JAM. WOLFE."

LXXIV. Dr. Kennicott to Mr. Daddo.

REV. AND HON. SIR,

Wadh. Coll. Mar. 30, 1744.

GRATITUDE to benefactors is the great Law of Nature, and lest I should violate what was ever sacred, I presume to lay the following before you.

There are, Sir, in the world, gentlemen who confine their regards to self or the circle of their own acquaintance; and there are (happy experience convinces me) who command their influence to enlarge and exert itself on persons remotely situate both by fortune and habitation. To you, Sir, belongs the honour of this encomium, to me the pleasure of the obligation; and as I am now first at leisure in the place whither your goodness has transplanted me, I lay this acknowledgement before you, as one of the movers in this system of exalted generosity; for, when I consider myself as surrounded with benefactors, there seems a bright resemblance of the new-exploded system of Ptolemy, in which, Sir, (you know) the heavenly bodies revolved around the central earth, which was thus rendered completely blest by the contribution of their chearing and benign influences.

And now, Sir, the sentiments of duty rise so warm within me, that every expression of thanks seems faint, and I am lost in endeavours after a suitable acknowledgement of my obligations.

But I know, Sir, whom I am now addressing; I know those who most deserve can least bear praise, and that your goodness is so great, as even to reject the very thanks of the grateful; like the sun in its splendour, which forbids the eye that offers to admire it.

That Heaven may reward yourself and Mrs. Daddo with its best favours, and console you under your parental sorrows, is my daily and fervent prayer; and I shall esteem it

one of the great honours of my life to be favoured at your leisure with any commands or advices you shall condescend to bestow on, Rev. Sir, your dutiful and obliged servant,

BENJAMIN KENNICOTT.

To the Rev. Mr. Daddo,* in Tiverton, Devon.

1791, *March.*

LXXV. From Bp. Horne, a Letter of Consolation.

MR. URBAN,

North of Ireland, March 21.

I WAS much gratified by reading in your Obituary, your very just character of that most respectable and learned man, the late Bp. of Norwich. I had the happiness of being acquainted with his lordship, and while I live I shall consider the friendship he honoured me with as a blessing. Never did I know a more exalted character! How should I mourn his death, were I not sure, that to him death hath opened the gates of everlasting felicity.

I shall make no apology for sending you a copy of a letter from his lordship to a particular friend of mine (who has obligingly given me leave to transmit it) upon the death of her father. His friendship for the worthy character, whose death he so pathetically laments, displays at once the tenderness of his feelings, and the goodness of his heart. I must add, from my own knowledge of this excellent man; that his lordship's portrait of him, though painted by the hand of friendship, was a just resemblance.

ANNA.

The Dean of Canterbury† to Miss —

“MY DEAR MADAM,

Canterbury, Nov. 11.

LITTLE did I think a letter from — would afflict my

* Mr. William Daddo was, for many years, master of Tiverton school, where Kennicott received the rudiments of his classical education. Mr. Daddo having acquired a considerable fortune from the emoluments of his school, quitted Tiverton, and retired to Bow-hill House, in the neighbourhood of Exeter, and there died many years ago, leaving a daughter and only child, who afterwards was married to the Rev. Mr. Terry.

† His Lordship was at that time Dean of Canterbury.

soul, but yours received this morning has indeed done it. Seeing your hand, and a black seal, my mind forboded what had happened: I made an attempt to read it to my wife and daughters, but—it would not do—I got no further than the first sentence, burst into a flood of tears, and was obliged to retreat into the solitude of my study, unfit for any thing, but to think on what had happened; then to fall upon my knees, and pray that God would evermore pour down his choicest blessings on the children of my departed friend, and as their ‘father and their mother had forsaken them,’ that he would ‘take them up,’ and support them in time and eternity. Even so! Amen.

You ask comfort of me, but your truly excellent letter has suggested comfort to me, from all the proper topics; and I can only reflect it back to you again. All things considered, the circumstances which first marked the disorder may be termed a gracious dispensation. It at once rendered the event, one may say, desirable, which otherwise carried so much terror and sorrow in the face of it. Nothing else in the world could so soon, and so effectually, have blunted the edge of the approaching calamity, and reconciled to it minds full of the tenderest love and affection. To complete the consolation, that only remained, which we all know to be the fact; Mr. — stood always so prepared, so firm in his faith, so constant in his christian practice of every duty, that he could not be taken by surprise, or off his guard. The stroke must be to himself a blessing, whenever, or however, it came. His death was his birth-day: and, like the primitive Christians, we should keep it as such, as a day of joy and triumph. Bury his body, but embalm his example, and let it diffuse his fragrance among you from generation to generation. Call him blessed, and endeavour to be like him; like him in piety, in charity, in friendship, in courteousness, in temper, in conduct, in word, and in deed. His virtues compose a little volume which your brother should carry in his bosom; and he will need no other, if that be well studied, to make him the gentleman and the Christian. You, my dear Madam, will, I am sure, go on with diligence to finish the fair transcript you have begun, that the world around you may see and admire.

Do not apologise for writing; but let me hear what you do, and what plan of life your brother thinks of pursuing. With kindest compliments from the sympathising folks here, believe me, ever, my dear Madam, your faithful friend and servant,

1792, April.

G. HORNE.”

LXXXVI. From Dean Stanhope, containing advice to a Young Clergyman.

DEAR COUSIN,

AT your father's request, to whom I can deny nothing, and (as he tells me) at your desire also, I trouble you with this letter of advice relating to your studies in divinity. A good deal of pains might perhaps be saved to both of us, by my receiving first an account of the entrance and progress you have already made since your thoughts were turned to this profession. You will, therefore, pardon me, if I suggest several things which your own proficiency, or the advice of other friends, had made unnecessary.

The first care of a divine should be to make himself well skilled in the Bible; which is not to be done without the help of good commentators. But in regard to what Solomon says of books in general, is as true of this as of any other sort, that of many of them there is no end, and that much study of them is a weariness to the flesh; I will point you out a few, in which you will find the substance of a great many.

These are, Bishop Patrick's Commentaries, which will lead you a great way, even from Genesis to Isaiah; Day upon that Prophet; Pocock, on those of the minor Prophets, which he has undertaken: Hammond and Whitby on the New Testament: and the incomparable St. Chrysostom, both for his explications and moral improvements of Scripture. With these, and the help of Pool's Synopsis, or the great critics, for those parts of Scripture not before named, it might be well to go through a whole course of the Bible with great attention and care, wherein it may be fit to take along with you Archbishop Usher's Annals, Prideaux's Connection of the Old and New Testament, the Works of Lightfoot, and Mr. Mede. But in regard the Bible is to be a constant study, and it would be too troublesome, upon every reading of it, to turn to so many expositors, I advise by all means, that you would get the Old and New Testaments in quarto, doubly interleaved with blank paper, a page for each column, and divided into nine or ten volumes. Thus, as you go along, you may enter such remarks as you think useful, and such references to authors as may occasionally be consulted: which, when done, will save you the trouble of reading more than your own notes as often as you shall go over the Bible afterwards. This I have found of great use to myself, and herein can speak of my own experience.

till *the night cometh, when no man can work.* Happy, therefore, is the man who betimes acquires a relish for holy solitude, and accustoms himself to bear the yoke of Christ's discipline in his youth; who can sit alone, and keep silence, and seek wisdom diligently where she may be found, in the Scriptures of faith, and in the writings of the Saints. From these flowers of Paradise he extracts the honey of knowledge and divine love, and therewith fills every cell of his understanding and affections. The winter of affliction, disease, and old age, will not surprise such an one in an unprepared state. He will not be confounded in the perilous time; and in the days of dearth he will have enough to strengthen, comfort, and support him and his brethren. Precious beyond rubies are the hours of youth and health! Let none of them pass unprofitably away, for surely they make to themselves wings, and are as a bird cutting swiftly the air, and the trace of her can no more be found. If well-spent, they fly to Heaven with news that rejoices angels, and meet us again as witnesses for us at the tribunal of our Lord. When the graces of the time run into the glories of eternity, how trifling will the labour then seem that has procured us (through grace) everlasting rest, for which the Apostles toiled night and day, and the Martyrs loved not their lives unto death!

These, my dear —, are my sentiments; would to God my practice were more conformable to them than it is, that I might be less unworthy to advise and exhort others! But I trust the persuasion I have of the truth of what is said above (which every day's experience more and more confirms) will influence my conduct in this particular, and make me more watchful in time to come. In the mean season, I cannot forbear pressing the same upon you, as I should do with my dying breath; since upon the due proportioning and employing our time all our progress in grace and knowledge depends.

If there be any thing with regard to the choice or matter of your studies in which I can assist you, let me know, as you can have no doubt of, my being, in all things, most affectionately yours,

1792, July.

G. HORNE.

LXXVIII. From Bp. Horne.

MR. URBAN,

Nayland, Aug. 21, 1793.

A GENTLEMAN with whom the late Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, kept up a literary correspondence for many years, has preserved a very large and valuable collection of his letters. The following, which was written near thirty years ago, was the first we laid our hands upon by accident: but, being so remarkable in itself, and so suitable to the present times (for it is actually prophetic of the present state of France), we send it as a specimen of the style and manner of his private correspondence, and of the great subjects which were always uppermost in his mind. By giving it a place in your valuable Miscellany, you will probably gratify many of your friends, and oblige your constant reader,

W. J.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

Coll. Mag. June 6, 1764.

HAVE you heard yet from the Abbé Nolet? A friend saw, the other day, a letter from Sir James Macdonald, now at Paris with Lord Hertford; in which Sir James informed his correspondent, that the French philosophers liked Mr. Hume (secretary to the British ambassador) in the main very well; but disproved of certain religious prejudices not yet shaken off, which hindered him from aspiring to perfection. But this at first seems an irony, and a pretty strong one. But Sir James explains himself by adding, that the great men in France were, most of them, deep in Materialism, and had discarded the belief of God, which our worthy Scottish philosopher refused to do: “so that poor Hume,” says Sir James, “who on your side of the water was thought to have too little religion, is here thought to have too much.” Is not this a very amazing anecdote? Yet upon inquiry, I am apt to fear there is too much truth in the representation. D’Alembert, they tell me, is such a character. The Czarina sent for him to educate her children; but he would not go: he is a great favourite with the Prussian hero. Maupertuis was of the same sort. In short, so far as I can find, infidelity and republicanism have crossed the straits of Dover, and are more likely to subdue France than any other of her enemies. A young gentleman wrote to his father from Paris, that a notion prevailed, of

From Bishop Horne.

the government are long intending to seize the religious houses, and send the monks after the Jesuits. And now we talk of Jesuits, an Englishman of that order, Thomas Phillips, has just published a quarto volume, being the first part of the Life of Cardinal Pole, printed here by Jackson. He is a writer of great learning and elegant taste. The character of his hero is a very amiable one; and he has introduced us to most of the celebrated Italian wits of that age, with whom Pole was intimate, as Sadolet, Bembo, Longolius, Contarini, &c. Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher, appear with great lustre. King Henry VIII. Vicar-General Cromwell, poor Nanny Boleyn, Luther, Calvin, and the reformers, cut very sorry figures indeed. Erasmus has justice as a scholar, but is pronounced an Arian, a scoffer, a blasphemer. The last section, and it is the longest in the book, contains the proceedings and decrees of the council of Trent, where for some time Pole presided as legate. That council, Mr. Phillips gives us to understand, was composed of the most learned and holy fathers, who exhibited to mankind the most perfect plan of Christian doctrine and discipline, without advancing any thing but what had been in the church from the beginning. It was, in his opinion, a council which bore the nearest possible resemblance to that which met at Jerusalem. I observe, he denies the pope's deposing power, and pleads, as Pole himself ever did, against all sanguinary methods of propagating the Catholic religion. The book, I think, must make a great noise in the world, and is, at this time of day, a pretty extraordinary performance to be published in England with the author's name.

I have just finished my comment on the 92d Psalm; I am getting some of the work transcribed, to carry with me into Kent, by way of specimen. We must have much talk on the subject there, where I hope to find you comfortably settled in six weeks or two months. O! may the day come when we shall think no more of journeyings and removals, but sit down with the once-sojourning Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God! for whose blessing on you and yours, now and ever, most fervently prayeth,

G. H."

P. S. To this letter give me leave to subjoin the following anecdote:—Two French noblemen were dining lately with a worthy baronet in this country; when one of them took the liberty of conversing loosely on some subjects of religion;

the other reproved and said, ' Pray, Sir, forbear; this is the sort of conversation which has been our ruin.'

1792, *Aug.*

W. J.

LXXIX. *Col. Stedman to his Son.*

MR. URBAN,

THE following letter, which I met with by accident, was written by J. G. Stedman, a military gentleman, when dangerously ill, to be delivered after his death to his son. I have communicated it to you, knowing your readiness to insert in your valuable Repository whatever is useful. The author of it survived, contrary to all expectation, and is about to publish an expedition of five years to Surinam.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

" MY DEAR JOHN,

Jan. 14, 1787.

AS the last good I can do for you in this world, I join, to the trifles I leave to you, these few directions, which I beg of you to read for my sake, who always loved you. Above all things, fear God, as the supreme author of all good; love him with all your heart, and be religious, but detest every tincture of hypocrisy. Regard your neighbour, that is, all mankind, of whatever nation, profession, or faith, while they are honest; and be ever so yourself; it is the best policy in the end, depend upon it. Guard against indolence, it is the root of every evil; to which bad company gives the finishing stroke. Love economy without avarice, and be ever thyself thy best friend. Fly from intemperance and debauchery, they will rot thy body while they will be a canker to thy mind: to keep both sound, allow thyself never to be behind-hand with thy correspondents, with thy creditors, with thy daily occupation, and thy soul shall enjoy peace. By using moderate diet, exercise, and recreation, thy body shall possess health and vigour. Dear John, should Fortune frown, which, depend upon it, she sometimes will, do then look round on thousands more wretched than thyself, and who, perhaps, did less deserve to be so, and be content—contentment is better than gold. Wish not for death, because it is a sin; but scorn to fear it:

be prepared for it each hour, since come it must; while the good mind smiles at its sting, and defies, through Christ, its point. Beware of passion and cruelty; the bravest men are always the most humane. Rejoice in good-nature, not only to man but to the meanest insect, yea, to the whole creation; scorn to hurt any living being but for thy food or thy defence. To be cruel is the portion of the coward; while to be brave and humane goes hand-in-hand, and pleases God. Obey as your duty those who are set over you; since, without knowing how to be obedient, none ever knew how to command.

Now, dear boy, love Mrs. Stedman and her little children from your heart, if ever you had a love for your dear father, who made this request. She has most tenderly proved a help in thy infant state; whilst thou art a brother to her helpless little ones, prove also a parent and guardian by your kindness and conduct. Let your good sense keep peace and harmony in my dear family; then shall the blessing of Almighty God overspread you and them, and we, together with your beloved mother, my dear Johanna, have a chance once more to meet; when, in the presence of our Heavenly Father and Merciful Benefactor, our joy and happiness shall be eternal and complete, which is the ardent wish, the sincere prayer, and only hope, of your once loving father, who, my dear child, when you read this, shall be no more, and rests, with an affectionate heart to eternity, yours,

J. G. STEDMAN,

P. S. Let not your grief for my decease overcome you, Let your tears flow with moderation, and trust that I am happy."

1793, *Sept.*

LXXX. Letters from Charles II. and Lord Lauderdale to the Earl of Northesk, relative to the Marriage of Lord Northesk's Daughter.

MR. URBAN,

Winchester, Jan. 20.

I SEND you the copies of two original letters which I have lately met with, and which the subject, the style, and the authors of them, will recommend, as matter of curiosity, to many of your readers. The former of these letters is in

the hand-writing of Charles II. the latter, in that of his minister, Lord Lauderdale. They are both addressed to an ancestor of the present Earl of Northesk, at whose seat, in this county, called Rose-hill, they are now preserved. It was with the permission of that noble personage that I procured the present copies to be made for your use; in which the orthography and abbreviations of the originals are strictly preserved. I have only to add, that the spirited lady who refused to take a husband at the royal recommendation, as soon as that was withdrawn, married him for his own merits; and it is believed that the present noble governor of Jersey is, in a direct line, the fruit of that union.

Yours, &c.

J. M.

LETTER I.

“ Whitehall, Nov. 20, 1672.

My lord Noothesk, I am so much concerned in my lord Balcarress, that heareing he is in suite of one of your daughters, I must lett you know, you cannot bestow her upon a person of whose worth and fidelity I have a better esteeme; which moves me hastily to recommend to you, and your lady, your franck compliance with his designe, and as I do really intend to be very kinde to him, and so do him good as occasion offers, as well for his father's sake as his owne, so if you and your lady condescend to his pre-
tention, and use him kindly in it, I shall take it very kindly at your hands, and reckon it to be done upon the account of,

Your affectionate friende,

CHARLES R.”

LETTER II.

“ MY LORD, Whitehall, Jan. 18, 1672-3.

YESTERDAY I received yo'rs of the 7th instant, and according to yo'r desire I acquainted the King with it. His Maj'ty commanded me to signify to you that he is satisfied, for as he did recom'end that marriage, supposing that it was acceptable to both parties, so he did not intend to lay any constraint upon you; therfor he leaves you to dispose of yo'r daughter as you please. This is by his Maj'ties com'and signified to your lordship by, my lord, your lordship's most humble servant,

1794, *Jan.*

LXXXI. Dr. Johnson on the Death of his Wife.

MR. URBAN,

Bath-Row, Worcester, Feb. 14.

THE following letter of Dr. Johnson to a friend, upon the death of his wife, Mr. Boswell, in his biographical account of that truly great man, supposes to be, and laments as lost. "The dreadful shock of separation," says he, "took place on the 8th, and he (Dr. Johnson) immediately dispatched a letter to his friend the Rev. Dr. Taylor, which, as Taylor told me, expressed grief in the strongest manner he had ever read; so that it is much to be regretted it has not been preserved."

I cannot help expressing a wish, that Mr. Boswell's sentiments respecting the fate of this letter had been more generally known, as I have no doubt but that he would have received copies of it from various hands. But though it has hitherto eluded his researches, and the discovery of its existence will be made too late to obtain a place in the present edition of its author's life, that distinction, perhaps, may be conferred upon it hereafter in the next. Till it shall be wanting for that, or some other literary purposes, you will oblige me by assigning to it a place in the archives of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Yours, &c.

WILL. FAULKNER.

To the Rev. Dr. Taylor.

DEAR SIR,

March 17, 1752, O. S.

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon us, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day—such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity;—or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burthen, but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruin of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings

though silently, yet visibly forward, by its own lapse, which yet approach unseen, because we turn our eyes away; and seize us unresisted, because we could not arm ourselves against them, but by setting them before us.

That it is in vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must sometimes be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every thing rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death. Yet there is no man (says Tully) who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend; but the fallacy will be in time detected; the last year, the last day, will come; it has come, and is past.—“The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects.”

The loss of a friend on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of desolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life—the artless tenderness—the pious simplicity—the modest resignation—the patient sickness, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss—to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended—to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution, or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or success. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the misery of man? But what is success to him who has none to enjoy it?

Happiness is not found in self-contemplation ;—it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and gives no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. "There is joy in the angels of heaven over a sinner that repenteth." And surely this joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope, therefore, dictate what revelation does not confute—that the union of souls may still remain ; and that we, who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and greater power ? and to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest power is the best ?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the Gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light ! The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy.—Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

1794, Feb.

SAM. JOHNSON.

LXXXII. Dr. Benjamin Franklin to the Earl of Buchan.

MR. URBAN, *Dryburgh Abbey, July 12.*

THE very long intermission of my correspondence with you, has been owing to my particular engagements in

literature, which have prevented me from contributing to your useful undertaking. Being of opinion, that the wide dissemination and extension of useful knowledge in both sexes, in all ages and ranks, ought to be the primary object of every friend to humanity, I have uniformly, with my illustrious friend the great Washington, been a promoter of cheap and well-digested periodical publications. I have, for three or four years past, furnished a good deal of matter for Dr. Anderson's Journal in Scotland, called the Bee; which, from some difficulties in the circulation of it, has been lately suspended by the Editor. Just attachment to my own country induced me to give a preference to that Journal; but now, finding myself disengaged, I cheerfully reassume my literary connexion with the Gentleman's Magazine, that truly chaste and respectable repository of erudite and useful information.

As a beginning, I send you a truly interesting letter of the worthy Dr. Franklin. Nothing, in my opinion, can more surely tend to produce peace, industry, and happiness in Britain, than an interchange of citizens with congenial America; and whoever discourages that interchange must be considered as no friend to the happiness of either side of the Atlantic, or the interests of humanity at large.

America presents a country founded upon pure principles of Christian charity, and untainted morality, as flowing from that charity, and such as the world never before exhibited. She, therefore, offers to the reflecting and inquisitive mind considerations and hopes that enter deep and far into a happier futurity. I am, Sir, with esteem, your obedient, humble servant,

BUCHAN.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Minister Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from the United States of America
to France, to the Earl of Buchan.

“ MY LORD,

Passy, March 17, 1783.

I RECEIVED the letter your lordship did me the honour of writing to me the 18th past; and am much obliged by your kind congratulations on the return of peace, which I hope will be lasting.

With regard to the terms on which lands may be acquired in America, and the manner of beginning new settlements on them, I cannot give better information than may be found in a book lately printed at London, under

some such title as "Letters from a Pennsylvanian Farmer," by Hector St. John. The only encouragements we hold out to strangers are, *a good climate, fertile soil, wholesome air and water, plenty of provisions and fuel, good pay for labour, kind neighbours, good laws, and a hearty welcome.* The rest depends on a man's own industry and virtue. Lands are cheap, but they must be bought. All settlements are undertaken at private expense; the public contributes nothing but defence and justice. I have long observed of your people, that their sobriety, frugality, industry, and honesty, seldom fail of success in America, and of procuring them a good establishment among us.

I do not recollect the circumstance you are pleased to mention, of my having saved a citizen at St. Andrew's by giving a turn to his disorder; and I am curious to know what the disorder was, and what the advice I gave which proved so salutary?*

With great regard, I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

1794, July.

B. FRANKLIN."

LXXXIII. Dr. Doddridge to Bishop Hildesley.

MR. URBAN,

Chelsea, April 22.

THROUGH the kindness of my valued relation, Mr. Gibberne, the following letter has fortunately been rescued from oblivion. He found it by accident, amongst various other papers that fell to him of Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Mark Hildesley, late Bishop of Sodor and Man. At the time when the letter was written, it appears, that Mr. Hildesley was the rector of Holwell, in Bedfordshire, a living presented to him by R. Radcliffe, Esq. who had a singular respect for his many amiable and engaging qualities, and always called him *Father Hildesley.*

The character, both of the excellent prelate and of his most respectable correspondent, Dr. Philip Doddridge, can never fail to be esteemed, so long as piety and sound learning retain their just value in our land.

The autograph of the letter is inclosed, for your satisfac-

* It was a fever in which the Earl of Buchan, then Lord Cardross, lay sick at St. Andrew's; and the advice was, not to blister according to the old practice and the opinion of the learned Dr. Thomas Simson, brother of the celebrated geometrician at Glasgow. B.

tion; and you are requested to return it to me at your leisure. I make it an offering to your Miscellany, as the best means of rendering it permanently useful; and allow me to add, that the task of communicating to the literary and pious world so acceptable a tribute gives no small pleasure to

Yours, &c.

WM. BUTLER.

“Northampton, Oct. 12, 1749.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

HOW shall I sufficiently thank you for the candour, condescension, and friendship, you have been pleased to express to me, in that very obliging letter which the last post brought me? Straitened, as I always am, for time, I could not persuade myself to delay acknowledging it by the first opportunity. Accept, I beseech you, the tribute of a grateful heart,—which finds itself sensibly cheered by such expressions of your regard,—from your poor fellow-servant, who does not esteem you the less his brother, nor feel the less of a fraternal love to you, on account of any diversity of forms, and what are called party distinctions. But I rejoice to be assisted and supported by gentlemen of your character and station, in my cordial though feeble endeavours to spread the spirit of true, catholic, vital Christianity; and to root out, as much as possible, that sour leaven of bigotry and faction, which is, under all denominations, too ready to insinuate itself, to the dishonour of our great Master, and the lamentable detriment of his family. But, blessed be God! I hope it begins to be expelled; and many excellent persons, in the establishment as well as the separation, have shewn so amiable a disposition to unite in bonds of mutual respect and friendship,—while diversity of forms continues,—that I look upon it as a happy proof of the prevalence of real religion, in some considerable degree, and a blessed omen of its more abundant prosperity.

I think it a great honour to my writings to have been approved by so ingenious and worthy a person as Mr. Hildesley; an honour which I desire to lay down, with all humble gratitude, at the foot of him from whom every capacity of service, and every instance of acceptance and success proceeds. When I consider—I speak it from my heart—how very much inferior I am in all kinds of knowledge and furniture to many of my contemporaries, among different bodies of men, I have often wondered at the kind reception my writings have received in one place and another; and

have been astonished to observe the hand of Providence raising up friends and patrons to them where I could not at all have expected or imagined it. You, dear Sir, are one instance of this; there are others in the Established Church at home, and some abroad, in Holland and Germany, as well as our plantations; and this to such a degree, as to have produced what no man ever less dreamed of,—eleemosynary editions of some, and translations of others. And, if I know my own heart, it is not from the little vanity of having an insignificant name repeated sometimes, by I know not whom, but from better principles, that this has been and is the joy of my heart, and a great encouragement to go on with my endeavours, such as they are. And oh! that Divine Grace may take occasion to glorify itself in the weakness and unworthiness of the instrument! In this view, my generous friend,—for so I will presume to call you,—I earnestly entreat your prayers; and will detain you no longer than while I answer that part of yours, in which you are so good as to inquire what I have written, and what I am now about.

The pieces, of any size, that I have published, are, the three volumes of “*The Family Expositor* ;” four sermons on Education ; seven to Young Persons ; ten on the Power and Grace of Christ, and Evidences of the Gospel ; ten on Regeneration ; “*The Rise and Progress of Religion* ;” and the “*Memoirs of Colonel Gardiner* :” translations of all which are chiefly by means of one man,—who, till of late, never saw me,—either published in some foreign language, or ready for the press. To these have been added the following detached pieces, several of which are now out of print, and probably will continue so : “*Free Thoughts on the State of the Dissenting Interest* ;” three letters to the author of “*Christianity not founded on Argument* ;” two sermons on Salvation by Grace ; single sermons or tracts, on the following subjects, viz. the Funeral of Colonel Gardiner, and of Mr. Norris (the last on Enoch’s translation) ; the Deaths of Children ; the Care of the Soul ; against Persecution ; the Character of a Gospel Minister, at Mr. Johnston’s ordination ; the Evil of neglecting Souls, at Kettering ; Charge at Mr. Tozer’s ordination ; ditto at Mr. Jennings’s ; Fast Sermon at the beginning of the War ; Thanksgiving ; for the Retreat of the Rebels ; Thanksgiving, for the Peace ; Letters to Soldiers ; Sermon on Compassion to the Sick ; Account of Mr. Steff’s Life ; Funeral Sermon for Mr. Shepherd ; Christ’s Invocation ; Speech at Mr. Newman’s Grave ; Sermon on the Fire at Wellingborough ; and Principles of Religion, in verse, for the use of children.

And I will venture to mention to you two letters to the Protestants of the United Provinces, just at the crisis of their affairs, which were published in French, but never in English. Perhaps I never wrote any thing with so much effect as the former of them.

As to works now in hand, the chief, beyond comparison, is, the three last volumes of the Expositor; the first copy of which is prepared, and, should I die, would probably be printed, having been reviewed and corrected by me; though I intend to transcribe it, and hope to have finished the fair copy of the first volume, *i. e.* the fourth of the work, by Midsummer; a large collection of Scriptural Hymns; a volume of Sacramental Meditations; four dissertations on critical subjects, *viz.* Jewish Proselytes, Sin Offerings, Trespass Offerings, and the Cherem: besides some little pieces; such as, a Letter on Family Prayer, which I am just sending to the press; two sermons on Union among Christians, from Phil. ii. 1, 2; Sermons on working out our Salvation with Fear and Trembling; and some others, which may, perhaps, if I live to dispatch what I have mentioned, make two octavos. And it is probable, that, after my death,* there will be published my course of pneumatological, ethical, and theological lectures; and, perhaps, lectures on preaching, and the pastoral care.

Thus, Sir, you have the most particular plan that any man has, of my intended labours for the press; and I beseech you to pray, that, if the execution of these designs may be for the glory of God, and the good of the church, it may please God to spare my life, and confirm my health, that I may be able to finish them; and that whatever has been done, or may be done, may be crowned with his blessing, on which all depends. To that, Sir, I most cordially recommend you, in your important sphere; heartily praying that God may animate, direct, and succeed you in all your attempts to promote religion in the large, and, I persuade myself, very happy, society under your care. And I conclude with assuring you, that, should Providence ever bring you into these parts, your company will be esteemed a great favour by, reverend and dear Sir, your affectionate though unworthy brother, and much obliged, humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

* This happened at Lisbon, whither he went for the recovery of his health, on the 26th of October, 1751, at the age of 49 years and 4 months, about two years from the date of the above letter.

I shall always be glad to hear of so kind a friend; but hope you will pardon me, if, amidst my various engagements, I prove, as I do to the best friends I have in the world, a very bad correspondent.

1794, *May*.

P. D."

LXXXIV. Letters from Doctors Hildesley, Hales, Leland, and Mr. Samuel Richardson.

MR. URBAN,

Chelsea, June 30.

THE ready attention with which you inserted in your Magazine Dr. Doddridge's letter to Dr. Hildesley, is not unnoticed. My friend Mr. Giberne, no less than myself, feels encouraged to add the following, which he reserved from amidst many others: and to see them in the list of your permanent publication will be a circumstance of satisfaction to us both.

To collect a set of medals, or of ancient portraits, has, at times, been the eager pursuit of ingenious and good men. What I now forward to you are not unworthy of the like regard; and to class on the same line a Hildesley, a Richardson, a Hales, and a Leland, is to form a constellation of no ordinary lustre. They were all of the benign aspect; they did not live in vain; they speak forcibly, and from the heart; and thus once more exhibit a proof of the old and animating adage:

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

The good bishop's two letters, and the narrative of his last illness and decease, seemed too interesting to be omitted. Such of these papers as you prefer, or all of them, if approved, are at your service. They are genuine: the originals are here inclosed for your inspection; and I give them to your readers, that, like my relation and myself, they may be at once amused and advantaged.

Yours,

WM. BUTLER.

LETTER I.

Dr. Hildesley to the Miss Ithells.

Hitchin, 13 Dec. 1754.

NOTHING could excuse the liberty I take of intruding a book upon the ladies at the Temple—who, I doubt not, are amply furnished with choice of the best of every kind—but my thorough persuasion, that what I here presume to recommend to their perusal will be quite acceptable to them.

If this be looked upon as a compliment, I can only say, it is a just one. It is too sure, that, in this age of variety of self-flying engagements, there are not many to be found who have a relish for such sublime and spiritual enjoyments as these “Meditations” are capable of affording. It gives me great pleasure to think how much you will both rejoice in them; and how ready you will be to say, with Dr. Young, and some others who admire them, that “they should never be far out of our reach.”

Were this world and its contents designed for our chief end and happiness, right it might seem to be as anxious, and solicitous, and eager, as we see the generality of its votaries are,—to obtain and pursue the gratifications peculiar to our animal frame and mortal condition. But, if our true and permanent felicity is to be had and sought elsewhere, namely, in a state as different as earth is from heaven, and time from eternity; if the close of a few more revolutions of the same sort of unsatisfying days, months, and years, we have already past, will instantly convince us of this difference, when it will avail us little to remember what degree or station of life we have filled here, but what we have known, and done, of the will of him that placed us in it; [then] from these considerations we are naturally led to think, farther, that, as sure as God is a spirit, the joys of heaven must be spiritual; that even our bodies, with which we are to arise, are to be spiritualised,—for, flesh and blood cannot inherit, cannot partake, or have any sense of, the delights of the kingdom purchased by the blood of Christ.

What, then, must needs be the truest wisdom of a rational thinking creature, but to provide in earnest for this certain inevitable change! that it may be, with all advantage, to eternity? But alas! how few are there so wise

and so thinking! If those I am now writing to are,—as I conceive they are,—of the number of the few, I have my end in, and shall need no apology for, this address. My incapacity, which has of late increased, of being so useful to, and conversant with, the family I the most revere of any under my charge, has been one inducement to this unusual manner of application to them, of which I promise myself their candid and favourable acceptance; and subscribe, with my earnest prayers for their improvement and perseverance in whatever may tend to their everlasting welfare, Mr. and the Miss Ithells' sincerely obedient and obliged humble servant,

M. HILDESLEY.

* * * The above letter, or perhaps the unknown volume referred to, is thus superscribed :

To
my worthy
and
highly-esteemed parishioners,
Mrs. { Elizabeth } Ithell,
 { and }
 { Martha }
these Meditations
are humbly presented
by
their obedient and faithful pastor,
M. H.

LETTER II.

Mr. S. Richardson, author of *Clarissa*, *Grandison*, and *Pamela*, to a Lady.

MADAM,

London, Jan. 10, 1757.

I AM very sorry that the bishop says "He dare not call me his friend." No one living could value the good Vicar of Hitchin more than I did, for the sake of his character, before I had the pleasure of being visited by him as Bishop of Man; and most heartily I congratulated in my mind the people committed to his charge, on their happiness not suffering by their change.

To myself, in the letters he favoured me with, I always thought him too condescending, too humble; and is he not

so, in the notice he takes of me in the paper before me? I thought myself very happy in meeting, at the same inn at Barnet, the good Mr. Hildesley, on his return from Kent. Dr. Young dined with me there; and it was with regret that I could not engage him to do so too; but he had too good reasons to deny me that pleasure. My business lay always heavy upon me. I never, in two or three years could make a visit to Dr. Young of more than three or four days, out and in; but, had I known that the good Vicar of Hitchin had formed but half a wish to see me there, I would have got Dr. Young (both gentlemen respecting each other greatly) to have shewed me the way.

I had the favour of a visit, at my house in town, from his lordship; and, meeting him afterwards in the street, I knew that he was in town preparing for his diocese; and if I forgot not, I was led to hope for another visit before his departure. But little did I know that his lordship was six whole weeks in town, while my business led me so near him; if I had, I should have held myself inexcusable not to have paid my duty to him in all that time.

I have a very sincere respect for this worthy prelate. He has an amiable aspect, and a cheerfulness in his manner that seemed to me an assurance that all was right within. I had interested myself in his welfare, and should have rejoiced in an account of it, in his new settlement. His lordship is very good to me, in his kind promise not to free me, in future, occasionally, from what he calls his intrusions. He has not, any where, a more sincere well-wisher, I should take it for a favour to be considered by so worthy a divine as more than an acquaintance.

Many happy returns of the season attend your ladyship, and all you love, prays, madam, your most faithful and obliged servant,

S. RICHARDSON.

LETTER III.

Dr. Stephen Hales* to Bishop Hildesley.

MY GOOD LORD, *Teddington, May 16, 1758.*

I AM much obliged to you for your kind letter of April 11,

* Written at fourscore! in a clear, but striking hand. "Blest with serenity of mind, and an excellent constitution, he attained to the age of 84 years, and died, after a short illness, Jan. 4, 1761." See Biogr. Dict. in 12 vols. 8vo.

and for the favourable reception of my book; in which I hope there are many things of so great benefit to mankind as will hereafter have a considerable influence on the affairs of the world for the better, especially in relation to those mighty destroyers, drams; and that, not only of the lives, but also of the morals of mankind. With a view to which I have sent sixteen of this book, with its first part, to several nations of Europe, especially the more northern, as far as to Petersburg; and am just going to reprint the first part, so much abbreviated as to bind up well with the second part in one six-shilling book; principally with a view to send two or three hundred of them, at the first opportunities, to all our colonies in America, from the southern to the most northern.

As the late occasional partial restraint took its rise from the great scarcity of corn, I cannot forbear looking upon it as a great blessing from *him* who *in the midst of judgment remembers mercy*; for, the happy event has been the almost half curing of the happy drammists. The reason why self-abuse of every kind seems to be paramount to the power of human laws is, that we have lost all discipline in church and state, as the late excellent Bishop of London observed in his last charge to us clergy in St. Martin's church; whence he inferred, that the parochial clergy ought therefore to exert themselves with the more zeal in their parochial duties.

As to your observation, that I have lived to eighty without drams, it puts me in mind of an observation of the late Bishop Berkeley, viz. that "there was in every district, a tough drammist, who was the *devil's decoy*, to draw others in."

Upon the whole, the open public testimony that I have for thirty years past borne against drams, in eleven different books or newspapers, has been matter of greater satisfaction to me than if I were assured, that the means I have proposed to avoid noxious air should occasion the prolonging the health and lives of an hundred millions of persons.

I have here inclosed a very useful receipt for making yeast, which Mr. Pringle, surgeon to the first regiment of Guards, gave me, which I published in the newspapers the beginning of last March, and which is probably in the Magazines, where I guess you may have seen it. But, for greater certainty, I send it, and, with it, what I did not see till I was cutting the receipt out of Lloyd's Chronicle, viz. the query, "Whether it be right for truly serious persons to visit on Sundays?"

As to your queries on the cause of the scurvy; as we are wrought out of materials that have a strong tendency to putrefaction, and as the scurvy is a putrid malady, the principal causes of it in ships are the very putrid air and water which they there breathe and drink. Another cause is the long-salted flesh which they eat; which, though it does not appear putrid to the taste and smell, yet is just on the borders of putrefaction, as appears by the following judicious experiment, which Dr. Addington told me he had made, viz. he put into a glass of water a piece of salted beef fit to boil; and, into a like quantity of water, he put a piece of fresh, raw, unsalted beef, when he observed the salted beef to stink first; which shews that it was very near a state of putrefaction, though the salt concealed it from the taste and smell. And when such salted flesh is, in eating, mixed with our drink, and other juices of the body, and withal heated in the body, no wonder that it should tend to breed the scurvy, which salt from the salt-cellar cures and prevents.

I look on sea air to be very wholesome, unless near muddy shores, where the vapours, being putrid, make the air unwholesome, as is evident on some parts of our shore; but where that shore is sandy, it is constantly healthy. If sea air were unwholesome, the sea-port towns would be most sickly when the wind blew from the sea; which I never heard to be so.

The too great quantity of flesh which we eat in this island is, doubtless, a principal cause of the prevalence of the scurvy among us, which is the reason why I always begin dinner with plain pudding, to prevent my living on all flesh, of which I never eat any at night, but milky spoon-meat, which occasions me much sweet sleep.

Cold, damp, inclement air, may probably occasion the scurvy, by checking too much the perspirable vapour, which has a strong tendency to putrefaction, and which may also be the reason of the cutaneous disorders to which the more northern countries are so observed to be subject. There is also another reason why they are so subject to the scurvy in very cold northern countries, viz. the shutting themselves much up in close rooms, where they breathe very putrid air. As a remedy for this, I propose the having small trunks pass up through the roof, with turning copper crows at the top, for the most putrid, and therefore lightest, air continually to pass off.

I guess the strong winds are hurtful to your trees, &c. on account of the great quantity of marine salt with which the

air is impregnated, which is a common case on our sea shores. However, I find your climate is in the main temperate.

This is a long letter for me; but my sincere desire to do what I guess will be most acceptable to you has urged me to lengthen it. I am, my lord, with the greatest esteem, your lordship's obliged, humble servant,

STEPHEN HALES.

P.S. I had forgot to mention a thing which I have long intended to write to you about, viz. whereas you complained that the duty of your large church and congregation had incommoded your voice; it has been found, by the experience of many, that drinking tar-water very much deterges and opens the lungs, and thereby gives a very sensibly greater ease in speaking. If you shall think fit to try it, you may use the common tar, which is sold in every town for the use of farmers; which I have known used with as good effect as any.

The Bishop's [Berkeley] prescription is, a quart of tar stirred six minutes in a gallon of water; but, if there be somewhat less tar, it may do as well, especially at first, to try how it sits on you.

You may take about one-fourth of a pint, at four several times, at a due distance from meals. It will be a good time to begin in fourteen days. You may continue it for six or eight weeks, as you find necessary. I took it thus in the early spring with good effect, and intend to begin again in 14 days.

LETTER IV.

Dr. Leland to Bishop Hildesley.

MY LORD,

Dublin, June 27, 1764.

I HAVE received your most obliging letter of May 11, together with the three guineas you so generously sent me. The expressions of your esteem and regard are very acceptable to me, as they come from a person of your lordship's real worth and excellent character; though I must confess it humbles me to reflect how much I fall short of what your lordship and others of my friends are apt to conceive of me. I hope, however, I can truly say my intentions were upright; and, if I have been in any degree instrumental to serve the interests of religion, to God be all the glory.

I am informed that a club of Deists have been busily employed in drawing up an answer to some part of my "View of the Deistical Writers." It was designed to be published this last spring ; but they have thought proper to defer it. Whatever becomes of any attempts of mine, I am satisfied that our holy religion, as delivered in the scriptures, is established on solid and immoveable foundations, which all the malice and subtilty of its adversaries shall never be able to subvert. But it is a thing I can hardly account for that any persons, who would be thought to have a regard for the interests of virtue, and the good of mankind, should labour, with an indefatigable zeal and industry, as far as in them lies, to banish Christianity out of the world, and to set men loose from the sacred obligations it lays them under.

I wish your lordship all manner of success in the execution of the excellent design you have formed of getting the holy scriptures, or some portions of them, rendered into the vulgar tongue of that people whom Providence has put under your pastoral care. This is the most likely means of leading them into the right knowledge and practice of religion.

That the God of all grace may bless your pious and benevolent intentions and endeavours for the edification of his church, and render you eminently useful in that part of his vineyard in which he has placed you, is the sincere and earnest prayer of, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and obliged, humble servant,

JOHN LELAND.

LETTER V.

Bishop Hildesley to Dr. Scott, his Physician.

DEAR SIR, *Bishop's Court, March 27, 1772.*

I AM now come to ask your advice concerning the present state of my health : though, at the same time, I am doubtful of the propriety of inquiring what is to be done with, or for, an old man of 73. However, you will permit me to tell my story. You must know then that, about three weeks since, I was seized with a debility of body ; I say of *body*, because I had no particular defect in any limb or joint, more than a general weakness, so as to be unable to carry myself upright ; insomuch as twice to fall from my chair, and once from my bed, but without any paralytical symptoms, or the least disorder in my head.

This was my state for about a fortnight, when I began to mend, so as to be left to walk out by myself, which I could not do for some days.

I hope as the summer rises I shall rise with it; but I really began to think I was upon my last legs. I sleep well, and eat a tolerable meal; I take, &c. &c. and, notwithstanding this alarming circumstance of bodily infirmity, I have some thoughts, God willing, of visiting my Sherburn demesne about Midsummer,—if nothing extraordinary happens to hinder me.

Some of my friends in England urge me to go to Bath; I suppose on account of my cholicky disorder: but I imagine those waters will not suit me. Tunbridge and Scarborough I have found benefit from; Harrowgate I have more fancy to; but those cold springs, at my time, some are utterly against; and I am less disposed to them myself, as my old scorbutic complaint is in great measure gone. Scarborough I have but one objection to; and that is, the intolerably steep hill to walk up from the spring. Which of all the above-mentioned, I shall be glad of your direction about.

That I might not disappoint you of the satisfaction of your gratuitous act of voluntary friendship, communicated through Mr. Wilks, I intend the guinea I put into Mr. Dury's hands as a compensation for what I now send for; and which I hope you will accept from, dear sir, your obliged friend, and thankful humble servant,

M. SODOR AND MAN.

A Narrative of the Bishop's last illness and death.

IT is remarkable that, for a fortnight before he died, he was apparently in better health and spirits than he had been for some months before. This is what they here call a lightning before death; for on the very day before he was taken ill, Sunday the 29th of November, 1772, he performed the whole duty of the day in his chapel, seemingly with much ease and pleasure to himself, as well as to the great satisfaction of all his hearers; went through his domestic duties of devotion in the same manner; and, as usual, spoke for an hour in the evening to his servants and the family on religious duties and subjects; which was his constant custom.

The next day, Nov. 30, being a holiday, (St. Andrew's) he read the service of the day in his chapel equally well and clear as the day before; but, it being a wet, stormy day,

instead of his usual morning's walk, he took several turns, the length of his hall and parlour, for above an hour, talking to his sister of various matters, and about his intended journey to Sherburn and London next summer: and, on her observing to him, that he would require a judicious servant to attend him, on account of his but indifferent state of health at times, he said, "any servant would do for him; and that he should have been well enough, had he not been plied with too much laudanum in his former illness at Ballamore."

As he walked to and fro he sometimes took up a *Spectator* that his sister had been reading, and cast his eye over it for a few minutes, and so continued his walk; then took it up again, till he had read it through*.

He this day had a neighbouring clergyman to dine with him. Dined with a tolerably good appetite; sat conversing with him till between three and four o'clock; rose from his chair without much effort; saw his guest to the hall; and returned to the parlour, but with a tottering hasty kind of gait, which sometimes took him since his former illness. On this his sister begged him to sit down, but he did not; asked if Mr. Corbet was gone, for that there were two letters which might be sent by him, and took them out of his case. Mr. Corbet was called, and came in with his sister, and found him in his chair. He took no notice of them, but seemed intent on reading, or looking for something; on which the gentleman went away without the letters. In less than two minutes his sister returned, and found he had fallen off his chair, but had fast hold of a moulding under the window-seat, which he had pulled off in attempting to rise. On his sister's approach he turned round, and, looking up in her face, said with a smile, "Hetty, I cannot rise." How she got him up and seated him in his chair she knows not, for they were alone, and she much frightened. He had still the two letters in his hand, which his sister took, and sent them after Mr. Corbet to the stables; still imagining this would go off like something of the same kind that had alarmed them about a fortnight before. On one of the servants coming in with a petition relative to a suit in the Bishop's Court, his sister found that he had lost his speech,

* It is a striking circumstance, that the passage read was in Saturday's paper for July 26, in vol. VI. written by Addison; and most peculiarly applicable to the prelate's character and present state.

and the use of one hand, indeed of one side, entirely. But thinking this might rouse his attention, she put the petition into his hand, which he read through; and it plainly appeared that he understood it, as he repeatedly afterwards mentioned, though with much difficulty, the petitioner's place of abode. He then had the sheet turned, and seemed still to read where nothing was written; made some sign, by pointing, as if he wanted an almanack, which his sister opened to him in December; and he ran his finger forward upon it till about the seventh or eighth day.

A letter coming in from Ramsay was read to him; but he took no notice of it, and seemed quite insensible of any thing; and in this condition he was carried to his bed, when Mr. Wilks arrived about five the same evening, and Dr. Scott, being sent for from Douglas, got to Bishop's Court the same night. Before the Doctor came, the Bishop had got some warm claret and currant jelly, and would have his sister take a cup of the same. In the mean time, his stupor and insensibility increasing, all that could be done in the medicinal way proved ineffectual. He seemed to make some attempts to speak at times, but hardly any thing intelligible. And thus he continued till the Sunday night following, December 6, and expired quietly about one in the morning of the 7th, much and greatly lamented by his whole diocese, who have lost in him a most affectionate and faithful pastor, ever attentive to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people committed to his care.

His zeal and piety in getting the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, together with the book of Common Prayer, printed and published in the *Manks* tongue for the use of his diocese, is, above all others, the strongest and most lasting proof that can be given of his ardent love and concern for the good of his spiritual charge. And these he carried with him to the grave, and even into the grave, as he had by his will directed, that the funeral office and sermon should be all in *Manks*, which was performed accordingly.

Dr. Hildesley left a donative of corn to the amount of some four, some five pounds apiece to every parish and town in the isle; three hundred pounds to the Society for promoting Christian knowledge, towards a future edition of the *Manks* Bible, &c. together with some handsome legacies to his relations and particular friends; who, exclusive of this tender evidence of his esteem, will have reason

to remember him with that gratitude and respect which were most justly due to so revered and respectable a character.

1794, *July, Aug. Sept.*

Ω.

LXXXV. Dean Swift to Mr. Windar.

MR. URBAN,

THE two following letters, which, it is believed, are not to be found in any collection of Swift's Works, bear undoubted marks of his peculiar turn of thought, and style of writing. Although the matter of both be familiar and trivial, they may serve to throw some new light on the two periods of his life to which they relate. Swift was 31 when the first was written. The second was addressed to the same gentleman, after an interval of 33 years. He was then in his 64th year. The lady he alludes to under the name of Eliza was probably Miss Jane Waring, of Belfast, to whom an excellent letter from Swift appears in his Works. The Mr. Windar to whom this letter is addressed succeeded Swift in the prebend of Kilroot, and was grandfather of Lord Macartney, whose mother, Elizabeth, was the youngest daughter of Mr. Windar.

LETTER I.

For the Rev. Mr. Windar, Prebendary of Kilroot.

[*To be left at Belfast, in the county of Antrim, Ireland.*]

Moor-Park, Jan. 13, 1698.

I AM not likely to be so pleased with any thing again this good while as I was with your letter of December 20th; and it has begun to put me into a good opinion of my own merits, or at least my skill at negociation, to find I have so quickly restored a correspondence that I feared was declining; as it requires more charms and address for women to revive one fainting flame than to kindle a dozen new ones. But, I assure you, I was very far from imputing your silence to any bad cause (having never entertained one single ill

thought of you in my life,) but to a custom which breaks off commerce between abundance of people, after a long absence. At first one omits writing for a little while,—and then one stays a while longer to consider of excuses,—and at last it grows desperate, and one does not write at all. At this rate I have served others, and have been served myself.

I wish I had a lexicon by me, to find whether your Greek word be spelt and accented right, and am very sorry you have made an *acutum in ultima*, as if you laid the greatest stress upon the worst part of the word. However, I protest against your meaning, or any interpretation you shall ever make of that nature out of my letters; if I thought you deserved any bitter words, I should either deliver them plainly, or hold my tongue altogether; for, I esteem the custom of conveying one's resentment by hints, or inuendos, to be a sign of malice or fear, or too little sincerity: but I have told you, *coram et absens*, that you are in your nature more sensible than you need be; and I find it is with reputation as with all other possessions, that those who have the greatest portion are most covetous of it. It is hard you cannot be satisfied with the esteem of the best among your neighbours, but lose your time in regarding what may be thought of you by one of my privacy and distance. I wish you could as easily make my esteem and friendship for you to be of any value, as you may be sure to command them.

I should be sorry if you have been at any inconvenience in hastening my accompts; and I dare refer you to my letters, that they will lay the fault upon yourself; for, I think I desired, more than once, that you would not make more dispatch than stood with your ease, because I was in no haste at all.

I desired of you, two or three times, that when you had sent me a catalogue of those few books, you would not send them to Dublin till you had heard again from me. The reason was, that I did believe there were one or two of them that might have been useful to you, and one or two more that were not worth their carriage. Of the latter sort were an old musty Horace and Joley's book. Of the former were Reynold's Work; Collection of Sermons, in quarto; Stillfleet's Grounds, &c. and the folio paper book, very good for sermons, or a receipt book for your wife, to keep accounts of mutton, raisins, &c. The *Sceptis Scientifica* is not mine, but old Mr. Dobbes's; and I wish it were restored. He has Temple's Miscellanea instead of it, which is a good book, worth your reading. If *Sceptis Scientifica*

comes to me, I will burn it for a fustian piece of abominable curious virtuoso stuff. The books missing are few and inconsiderable, not worth troubling any body about. I hope this will come to your hands before you have sent your cargo, that you may keep those books you mention; and desire you will write my name and *ex dono* before them in large letters. I desire my humble service to Mrs. Windar, and that you will let her know I shall pay a visit at Carmoney some day or other, how little soever any of you may think of it; but I will, as you desire, excuse you the delivery of my compliments to poor H. Clements, and hope you will have much better fortune than poor Mr. Davis, who has left a family that is like to find a cruel want of him. Pray let me hear that you grow very rich, and begin to make purchases. I never heard that H. Clements was dead; I was at his mayoral feast. Has he been mayor since, or did he die then, and every body forget to send me word of it?

These sermons you have thought fit to transcribe will utterly disgrace you, unless you have so much credit that whatever comes from *you* will pass. They were what I was firmly resolved to burn, and especially some of them; the idlest, trifling stuff that ever was writ, calculated for a church without company, or a roof like our at Oxford. They will be a perfect lampoon upon me, whenever you look on them and remember they are mine.

I remember those letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth. You might have sealed them up, and nobody of my friends would have opened them. Pray burn them.

There were parcels of other papers that I would not have lost, and I hope you have packed them up, so that they may come to me. Some of them were abstracts and collections from reading.

You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover. But I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me; and, when you have leisure and humour, give me the pleasure of a letter from you: and, though you are a man full of fastenings to the world, yet endeavour to continue a friendship in absence; for, who knows but Fate may jumble us together again; and I believe, had I been of your neighbourhood, I should not have been so unsatisfied with the region I was planted in.

I am, and will be ever, entirely yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

Pray let me know something of my debt being paid to Tailor, the inn-keeper of I have forgot the name of the town—between Dromore and Newry.

LETTER II.

To the Rev. Mr. Windar, at Belfast.

SIR,

Dublin, Feb. 19, 1731-2.

I HAD the favour of yours of the 6th instant. I have been above a fortnight confined by an accidental strain, and can neither ride nor walk, nor easily write, else you should have heard from me sooner. I am heartily sorry for your disorder, and am the more sensible by those I have myself, though not of the same kind, but a constant disposition to giddiness, which I fear my present confinement, with the want of exercise, will increase. I am afraid you could not light upon a more unqualified man to serve *you* or my nearest friends, in any manner, with people in power: for, I have the misfortune to be not only under the particular displeasure both of the king and queen, as every body knows, but likewise every person, both in England and Ireland, who is well with the court, and can do me good or hurt. And although this and the two last lieutenants were of my old acquaintance, yet I never could prevail with any of them to give a living to a sober grave clergyman, who married my near relation, and has been long in the church, so that he still is my curate; and I reckon this present governor will do like the rest. I believe there is not any person you see from this town who does not know that my situation is as I describe. If you, or your son, were in favour with any bishop or parson, perhaps it might be contrived to have them put in mind, or solicited; but I am no way proper to be the first mover, because there is not one spiritual or temporal lord in Ireland whom I visit, or by whom I am visited, but am as mere a monk as any in Spain; and there is not a clergyman on the top of a mountain who so little converses with mankind, or is so little regarded by them, on any other account except shewing malice. All this I bear as well as I can; eat my morsel alone, *like a king*; and constantly at home, when, I am not riding, or walking, which I do often, and *always alone*.

I give you this picture of myself, out of old friendship; whence you may judge what share of spirits and mirth are now left me; yet I cannot read at night, and am therefore

forced to scribble something, whereof nine things in ten are burned next morning. Forgive this tediousness in the pen, which I acquire by the want of spending it in talk. And believe me to be, with true esteem and friendship, your most obedient, humble servant, &c.

1794, *July*.

[No signature.]

LXXXVI. The Rev. Dean Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, to Mr. Nicholas Hunt, of that City, labouring under a Cancer, of which he died A.D. 1687.

SIR,

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. Janeway's letter that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble in the case of another, than to take it in our own.

It hath pleased God to exercise me with a very sore trial in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure; firmly believing that he does, always, that which is best; and yet, though Reason be satisfied, our passions are not so soon appeased; and, when Nature hath received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it.

Since that, God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my own mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, hath occasioned no very melancholy reflections. But this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise considerations.

Your case is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it: for both which great allowances ought to be made. And yet, methinks, both Reason and Religion do offer us considerations of that solidity and strength as may very well support our spirits under all frailties and infirmities of the flesh. Such as these: that God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but also his children, and are as dear to him as to ourselves; that he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men; and that all evils of affliction are intended for the cure and prevention of the greater evils of sin and punishment: and, therefore, we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being

deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him, and of ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done; that the sufferings of this present life are but slight and short compared with those extreme and endless miseries which we have deserved, and with those exceeding weights of glory which we hope for in the other world. If we be careful to make the best preparation for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end brings us nearer to our happiness: and, how rugged soever the way, the comfort is, that it leads to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish for.

Now we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be contented to bear in order to a perfect recovery, could we be but assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more in order to happiness and that eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, hath promised?

Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a long continuance here; and yet, long life, with the usual burthens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable. It is but the same thing over again, or worse; so many more nights and days, summers and winters; a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day is turned off; the same and greater pain and trouble, but with less strength and patience to bear them.

These and the like considerations I use to entertain myself withal; not only with content but with comfort, though with great inequality of temper at several times, and with much mixture of human frailties, which will always stick to us whilst we are in this world. However, by this kind of thoughts, death seems more familiar to us; and we shall be able, by degrees, to bring our minds close up to it without starting at it.

The greatest tenderness I find in myself is in regard to some relations, especially the dearest and constant companion of my life; which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me. But when I consider—and so, I hope, will they also—that separation will be but a very little while; and, though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will be certainly so to all them that love him, and hope in his mercy; I shall not need to advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation.

I have reason to believe you have been careful, in the time of your health, to prepare for the evil day; and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose; and have not, as too many do, put off the greatest work of your life to the end of it: and then you have nothing left but, as well as you can, under your present weakness and pain, to review all the errors and miscarriages of your life; and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for His sake who is the propitiation for our sins.

Comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and the hope of that happiness into which you are ready to enter: and, in the mean time, exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land. The storm you are in will soon be over, and then it will be as if it had never been; or, rather, the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

I do not use to write such long letters; but that I do heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make the sharp and rugged way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray God fit us both for that great change which we must one day undergo; and, if we be in any good measure fit, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the good Father of Mercies and God of all Consolation, beseeching Him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil; and, when your heart fails you, and your strength fails, you may find Him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever!

Farewell, my good friend; and, whilst we are here, let us pray one for another, that we may have a joyful meeting in the other world. So I rest your truly affectionate friend and servant,

1795, *April*.

JOHN TILLOTSON.

LXXXVII. Lewis Morris, Esq. to his Brother, William Morris, Comptroller of the Customs, Holyhead, on Mine-knockers.

DEAR BROTHER,

Oct. 14, 1754.

PRAY let me know the truth of the report, that Haw

Llwyd (Hugh Lloyd) throws sticks at Newhaven; pray inquire closely into the affair: I do not think it impossible but the ærial part of such a fellow may be condemned to act like a fool who so long acted the knave. I have heard it affirmed by very sober men in Merionethshire, that Mr. Wynne, of Ystumlyn, can do some surprising things, which we call *supernatural*, by producing the appearances of distant persons; not that they are, perhaps, really *above nature*, but that they are done by some means that are not commonly known, or that can be accounted for; as electricity and magnetism are secrets of that kind, though really natural. Be so good as to let me know the common opinion of people in your parts about Mr. Wynne, and whether he really performed those things before sober, sensible, sedate men. I am not over credulous about those things; and scepticism is madness; for, we really know (in general) very little or nothing in comparison to what is to be known. The great Lord Bacon owns it; and that temper of mind in him brought him to inquire into the depth of Nature beyond any man that was born before him. People who knew very little of arts or sciences, or the powers of Nature (which, in other words, are the powers of the Author of Nature), being full of conceit of their own abilities and knowledge, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of knockers in mines, a kind of good natured impalpable people, but to be seen and heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are types, or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain and storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of a dream that foretels rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means comprehended by us. Now how are we sure, or any body sure, but that our dreams are produced by the same kind of natural means? There is some faint resemblance of this in the sense of hearing; the bird is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, I must speak well of these knockers, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are ærial beings called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire and the like. Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn mine, these little people (as we call them here) worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest sober people who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them or of mines either; but, after the discovery of the great ore, they were heard na

more. When I began at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they even frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but, when we came to the ore, then they gave over, and I heard no more talk of them. Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them *blasting*, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c. than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work, in the dead of night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear or harm that they will do him; for they have a notion that the knockers are of their own tribe and profession, and are a harmless people, who mean well. Three or four miners together shall hear them sometimes; but, if the miners stop to take notice of them, the knockers will also stop; but, let the miners go on at their own work, suppose it is *boring*, the knockers will go on as brisk as can be in landing, blasting, or beating down the *loose*; and they were always heard a little way from them before they came to ore. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot and do not pretend to account for them. We have now very good ore at Llwyn Llwyd, where the knockers were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard. Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the knockers, or rather God, who sends us these notices.

This topic would take up a large volume to handle properly; and I wish an able hand would take the task upon him to discuss the point, perhaps some extraordinary light into Nature might be struck out of it. The word *supernatural*, used among us, is nonsense; there is nothing supernatural; for, the degrees of all beings, from the vegetative life to the archangel, are natural, real, absolute creatures, made by God's own hand; and all their actions, motions, and qualities, are natural. Doth not the fire burn a stick into ashes as natural as the air or water dissolves salt; and yet fire, when out of action, is invisible and impalpable; but where is the home or country of fire? Where also is the home and country of knockers? I am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

1795, July,

LEWIS MORRIS.

LXXXVIII. Dr. Young to the Rev. Thomas Newcombe.

MR. URBAN,

THE following excellent letter of the great Dr. Young, will doubtless be an acceptable present to your readers. It is probably one of the last he ever wrote.

E. H.

“ To the Rev. Mr. Thos. Newcombe, at Hackney, near London.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, *Welwyn, Nov. 25, 1762.*

AND now my only dear old friend, for your name-sake Colborn is dead; he died last winter of a cold, caught by officiating on the Fast-day: he has left one daughter, I believe, in pretty good circumstances; for a friend of his, some time ago, settled upon her twenty pounds a year; and he, no doubt, has left her something considerable himself.

I am pleased with the stanzas you sent me; there is nothing in them of eighty-seven; and if you have been as young, in your attempt on the Death of Abel, it will do you credit. That work I have read, and think it deserves the reception it has met withall.

The libel you mention, I have not seen: but I have seen numberless papers, which shew that our body politic is far from being in perfect health. As for my own health, I do not love to complain; but one particular I must tell you, that my sight is so far gone, as to lay me under the necessity of borrowing a hand to write this. God grant me grace under this darkness, to see more clearly things invisible and eternal, those great things, which you and I must soon be acquainted with; and why not rejoice at it? There is not a day of my long life that I desire to repeat; and at fourscore it is all labour and sorrow. What then have we to do? But one thing remains, and in that one, blessed be God, by his assistance we are sure of success. Let nothing, therefore, lie heavy on your heart; let us rely on him who has done so great things for us; that lover of souls, that hearer of prayers, whenever they come from the heart; and sure rewarder of all those who love him, and put their trust in his mercy.

Let us not be discontented with this world; that is bad, but it is still worse to be satisfied with it, so satisfied, as not

to be very anxious for something more. My love and best wishes attend you both, and,

I am,

My good old friend,

Sincerely yours,

E. YOUNG.

P. S. I am persuaded that you are mistaken as to your age. You write yourself 87, which cannot be the case; for I always thought myself older than you, and I want considerably of that age. If it is worth your while, satisfy me as to this particular."

1797, Feb.

LXXXIX. Letter of John Locke.

MR. URBAN,

THE following letter of the great and good Mr. Locke, is in the possession of Mrs. Frances Bridger, of Fowlers, in Hawkherst, Kent, a lineal descendant of John Alford, Esq. son of Sir Edward Alford, Knt. of Offington Place, near Arundel, Sussex, to whom it was addressed.

D. J.

" SIR,

Ch. Ch. 12^o Jun. 66.

I HAVE not yet quite parted with you; and though you have put off your gowne, you are not yet got beyond my affection or concernment for you. 'Tis true you are now past masters and tutors, and it is now therefore that you ought to have the greater care of yourself; since those mistakes, or miscarriages, which heretofore would have been charged upon them, will now, if any, light wholly upon you, and you yourself must be accountable for all your actions; nor will any longer any one else share in the praise or censure they may deserve. 'Twill be time, therefore, that you now begin to think yourself a man, and necessary that you take the courage of one. I mean not such a courage as may name you one of those daring gallants that stick at nothing; but a courage that may defend and secure your virtue and religion; for, in the world you are now looking into, you will find perhaps more onsets made upon your innocence than you can imagine; and there are more dangerous thieves than those that lay wait for your purse,

who will endeavour to rob you of that virtue which they care not for themselves. I could wish you that happiness as never to fall into such company. But I consider you are to live in the world; and, whilst either the service of your country, or your own business, makes your conversation with men necessary, perhaps this caution will be needful. But you may withhold your heart where you cannot deny your company; and you may allow those your civility, who possibly will not deserve your affection. I think it needless and impertinent to dissuade you from vices I never observed you inclined to. I write this to strengthen your resolutions, not to give you new ones. But let not the importunities or examples of others prevail against the dictates of your own reason and education. I do not in this advise you to be either a mumble or morose; to avoid company, or not enjoy it. One may certainly with innocence use all the enjoyments of life; and I have been always of opinion, that a virtuous life is best disposed to be the most pleasant. For, certainly, amidst the troubles and vanities of this world, there are but two things that bring a real satisfaction with them, that is, virtue and knowledge. What progress you have made in the latter, you will do well not to lose. Your spare hours from devotion, business, or recreation (for that too I can allow, where employment, not idleness, gives a title to it), will be well bestowed in reviewing or improving your University notions; and if at this distance I could afford your studies any direction or assistance, I should be glad, and you need only let me know it. Though your ancestors have left you a condition above the ordinary rank, yet it's yourself alone that can advance yourself to it: for it's not either your going upon two legs, or living in a great house, or possessing many acres, that gives one advantage over beasts or other men; but the being wiser and better. I speak not this to make you careless of your estate; for, though riches be not virtue, it's a great instrument of it, wherein lies a great part of the usefulness and comfort of life. In the right management of this lies a great part of prudence, and about money is the great mistake of men; whilst they are either too covetous, or too careless of it. If you throw it away idly, you lose your great support, and best friend. If you hugge it too closely, you lose it and yourself too. To be thought prudent and liberal, provident and good-natured, are things worth your endeavour to obtain, which perhaps you will better do, by avoiding the occasions of expenses than by a frugal limiting them when occasion hath made them

necessary. But I forget you are neere your lady mother whilst I give you these advices, and doe not observe that what I meant for a letter begins to grow into a treatise. Those many particulars that here is not roome for, I send you to seeke in the writings of learned and sage authors. Let me give you by them those counsells I cannot now. They will direct you, as well as I wish you, and I doe truly wish you well. You will therefore pardon me for thus once playing the tutor, since I shall hereafter always be,

Sir, your faithful friend and servant,

1797, *Feb.*

JOHN LOCKER."

XC. From John Evelyn, on the Culture and
English Tongue.

MR. URBAN,

INCLOSED you receive an original letter from John Evelyn, Esq. the celebrated author of "Sylva," to a Fellow of the Royal Society.

T. A.

"SIR,

Sayes Court, Jan. 28.

ON contemplation of your laudable designe of reviving the committee formerly appointed by the R. S. to consider of the culture and improvement of the English tongte; I here, to make good my promise, send you what suggestions I had once prepared in order to it; and, if you could engage my Lord Arlington, and the politer greate men to favour it, they would easily obtaine of his Majesty some conveniency of meeting in the Court itself; which might not only prove an ornament to it, but render it a profitable diversion, perhaps emulous of the stage, not to say the pulpit, and, by degrees, introduce likewise a greater kindness towards the R. Society in general, as to their philosophical concerns, and place it beyond the power of that envy and detraction, under which it has so long laboured, for want of those influences, and its being better understood. But of these topics—upon some other occasion. I proceed to the subject in hand. And, first,

I conceive the reason both of *additions* to, and the *corruptions* of, the *English language* (as of most other tongues),

has proceeded from the same *causes*; namely, from *victories, plantations or colonies, frontiers, staples of commerce, pedantry of schules, affectation of travellers, translations, fancy, and style of court, vernility and mincing of cits, pulpits, theatres, the bar, and from shops, &c.*

The parts affected with it we find to be the *accent, analogie, direct interpretation, tropes, phrases, and the like.* I should, therefore, humbly propose, 1. that there might first be compil'd a *gram'ar* for the *precepts*, which, (as it did the Roman, when Crates transferr'd the art to Rome, follow'd by Diomedes, Priscian, and others, who undertook it) might only insist on the *rules*, the sole and adequate means to render it a *learned, as well as learnable, tongue.*

2. That, with this, a more certain *orthography* were introduced, as by leaving out superfluous letters, &c. such as (o) in *women, peéple*; (u) in *honour*; (a) in *reproach*; (ugh) in *though, &c.*

3. That there might be excogitated some new *periods and accents*, besides such as our *gram'arians* and *critics* use, to *assist, inspire, and modify* the *pronunciation of sentences*, and to stand as marks before hand, how the voice and tone is to be govern'd in reading or reciting, and for varying the *tune of the voice* as the subject is affected. This would be of great use in the reading or pronouncing of verses, and of no small importance to the stage, the pulpit, and the barr.

4. To this might follow a *lexicon, or collection* of all the *pure and genuine* English words by themselves; then, those that are *derivative* from others, with their prime, certain, and *natural*, signification; then the *symbolical*; so as no *innovation* might be used or favour'd, at least, till there should arise some necessity of providing a new *edition*, and of amplifying the *old* upon mature advice.

5. That, in order to this, some were appointed to collect all the *technical words*, especially those of the more generous and *liberal* employments, as the author of the "*Essais des Merveilles de Nature, et des plus nobles Artifices,*" has don for the French; Francis Junius, and others, have endeavour'd for the *Latine*; and as Mr. Philips has lately attempted in his English dictionary, and an ingenious divine (a friend of mine) is about upon the above-mention'd "*Essais des Merveilles,*" &c. But this must be glean'd from *shops, not books.*

6. That things *difficult* to be *translated or express'd*, and such as are, as it were, *incom'ensurable* one to another, as *determinations of weights and measurs, coines, honors, national-habits, armes, dishes, drinks, municipal constitutions of courts,*

old and *abrogated costomes*, &c. were better interpreted than as yet we find them in *dictionaries*, and noted in the *lexicon*.

7. That a full catalogue of *exotic words*, such as are minted by our *logo-dedali*, were exhibited; and that it were resolved on what should be sufficient to render them *current, ut civitate donentur*; since, without restraining that same *indomitam novandi verborum licentiam*, it will in time quite disguise the language. There are some *elegant words* introduced by *physitians*, chiefly, and *philosophers*, worthy to be retained; *others* it may be fitter to be abrogated, since there ought to be a *law* as well as a *liberty*, in this particular, to allay the itch of being the *author* of a new, but *abortive, word*. And in this choyce there would be some regard to the well *sounding* and more *harmonious*, and such as are numerous, and apt to fall *gracefully* into their *cadences* and *periods*, and so recommend themselves at the very *first sight*, as it were. Others, which (like false stones) will never *shine*, or give lustur, in what ever way they be placed; but *embase* the rest. And here, I observe, that such as have convers'd long in *universities*, &c. do greatly affect words and expressions, no where in credit besides, as may be noted in Cleaveland's Poems for Cambridg; and there are also some Oxford *words* us'd by others, as I might instance if needfull.

8. Previous to this enquiry would be, what particular *dialects*, *idioms*, and *proverbs*, were in use in every several county of England; for the *words* of the *present age* being properly the *vernacula* or *classic* rather, especial regard is to be had of them, and this consideration admits of infinite *improvements*, though Mr. Ray has lately published a good *specimen* for the references; and our new *etymologicon* much adorn'd this desiderat. *Chaucer*, *Leland*, and especially some of our *antienter Saxon* writers, have some words and expressions of greater *comprehension*, and not to be contemn'd were we not exceedingly given sometimes to *change for the worse*.

9. Happly it were not amiss that we had a better collection (than is in the *Schole of Compliments*, *Helpe to Discourse*, and other ridiculous books) of the most *quaint* and *courtly expressions*, by way of *Florilegium*, *Copia*, or phrases, distinct from the province, and yet *un-affected*; for, we are infinitely to seek, in our *civil addresses*, *excuses*, and *formes* upon suddaine and unpremeditated (though ordinary) *encounters*, &c. in which the *French*, *Italians*, and *Spanyards*, have a kind of *natural* grace and talent, which furnishes the conversation, and renders it very agreeable. Here then

may come in *synonymes*, *homonymias*, &c. and for the more usefull periods in writing and expression of things difficult, the *varieties* and *changes* you suggested the other day, which would be of wonderful use.

10. And since there is likewise a manifest *rotation* and circling of *words*, which *go in* and *out* like the mode and fashion (and are for the time as greate tyrants,) bookes would be consulted for the *reduction* of some of the *old words* and expressions, had formerly in *deliciis*; for, our *language* is in many places *sterile* and *barren* by reason of this *depopulation* (as I may name it,) and therefore such fields should be new *cultivated* and *enriched*, either with the *former* (if more *significant*) or some other: for example, we have hardly any word that does so fully expresse the French *clinquant*, *naiveté*, *envy*, *concert*, *chicanerie*, *consume*, *emotion*, *defer*, *effort*, &c. Italian *garbato*, *svolto*, *bizarro*, &c. Let us therefore (as the Romans did the Greeks) make as many of these *do homage* as are like to prove good *citizens*; but concerning this, I have sayd something in article 8.

Something might likewise be well *translated* out of the best *orators* and *poets*, Greek and Latin, and even out of the *modern languages*; that so a *judgment* might be made concerning the *elegancy* of the *style*; and so a laudable and *unaffected imitation* of the best (by way of *prolusion*) recommended to writers. I am persuaded, if these particulars were well cultivated, and that a collection of ingenious persons did make it a serious business, as the French and Italians have don, under the auspices of Cardinal Richelieu, our *language* might in a short time reach to the noblest *heights*, and equally obtaine amongst our more spreading neighbours.

But first, Sir, there must be a *stock of reputation* gained by some *public writings* and compositions of the *members* of such an *assembly*, or the *king* must *com'and* and *favour* it, that *malicious men* do not put it out of countenance, by calling them *comedianti*, and *fopps* (as you know who has don;) that so they may not think it a *dishonour* to submit to the test, and regard them as judges and competent *approbators*.

Thus far were that worthy designe of yours advanced, I conceive a very small matter would dispatch the *art of rhetoric*, which the French proposed as one of the *first things* they recommended to their famous academicians.

To give a tast what might possibly be don by the only assistance of the English and some neighbour tongues, I did (not long since) at the request of my *Lord Howard of Norfolk*, and which might happily gratifie some very *greate persons*

that have excellent understandings (but who it is not necessary should undergo the pedantry and tyrannie of letters and deep *erudition*.) write an *essay, how far a man might become learned by the only assistance of the modern languages*, and which few of our greave men but understand.

But this was meerly for his *private use*, and to obey his pleasure; and though I could bravely *defend* the designe, yet our *malicious pedants* would laugh at it. It would passe acceptably in any nation but ours.

I have also selected some English *letters, &c.* and written a *tragy-comedy*, which are all *impertinences* not to have been named to any but a very *obliging and friendly intimate*, and since I penned them, as the orator says,

Non tam perficiendi spe, quam experiundi voluptate.

Your most faithfull servant,

J. EVELYN.

Sir, pardon my ill character, and other defects: I am heartily weary and half blind, having this day written the whole packet which I now send you (containing 17 pages fol.) besides other worke."

1797, *March*.

XCI. From the Rev. Thomas Seward.

MR. URBAN,

NO apology will be necessary to your learned readers for the insertion of the following original and truly-classical epistle.

ALUMNUS.

"Viro reverendo doctissimoque Andreae Mario Chappo,
S. T. P. &c. salutem plurimam dicit Thomas Seward,
A. M. canonicus Lichfeldensis.

Epistola tua, vir doctissime, jamdudum erratica, ad me tandem delata est, septuagenarium, et ægrum, inhabilemque sane ad explendum animum tuum, qui in antiquitatibus perscrutandis inexpertus et rudis sum, et Latine loqui vel scribere diu desuctus. Sed cum cœnobium Coventrense cum monachis ejus olim dissolutum est et obrutum, ædesque

eorum, et palatium episcopale, et ruinae ipsae omnes perierunt, vix operae pretium videtur te, et tua splendida studia, obscurorum virorum nominibus solis detinere; praesertim, cum vix liber, nedum brevis epistola, ad respondendum quaestionibus tuis sufficiat. Historiam autem ecclesiarum harum concathedralium breviter perstringam. In Saxonum Heptarchia, amplissimum erat et ditissimum regnum Merciae. Oswius autem Northumbriae rex hoc subegit, et ex tenebris hyperboreis ad Christianam fidem redemit. Hic ecclesiam Lichfeldiae erexit circa annum 657, quae fere omnes mediterraneas Angliae partes in ditone episcopali tenebat. Episcopus enim quamplurimos sacerdotes laborum participes secum habuit, qui vicatim et vicissim missi ambire regnum, nondum enim in parochiis divinum fuit. Anno 800 rex Merciae Offa fuit, qui aut collapsam restaurabat, aut parvam ampliavit ecclesiam Lichfeldensem adeo ut fundator alter interdum vocaretur. Hic a Papa Hadriano impetravit, ut Lichfeldiae sedes archiepiscopalis fieret. Adulphus consecratus est, qui rexit provinciam annos sex et triginta. Illo defuncto, nulli successorum pallium archiepiscopale concessum est. Post longam episcoporum seriem, anno millesimo sexagesimo sexto fundatum est coenobium Coventrense per Leofricum, comitem Merciae potentissimum ditissimumque, atavis forsitan regibus Merciae editum: sed Heptarchia tunc dissoluta, in unum regnum Saxonum occidentalium redacta fuit. Major autem honos conjugii ejus Godivae attribuitur, pulcherrimae, castissimae, et monachorum ordinibus devotissimae. Illa importune conjugem diu sollicitaverat ut coenobium hoc fundaret, et nundinarum vectigalia civibus donaret. Cui joculariter ille, "Hac lege tibi astringo fidem, ut faciam id quod petis, cum tu, mea suavissima, per compita publica Coventriae nuda equitaveris." Illa, tantum religio potuit, assentitur; et solutis crinibus perlongis adumbrata, et quasi vestita, civibusque omnibus interdictis fenestras appropinquare, iter iniiit. Unus Actaeon, comitissae stabularius, ausus est mandatum violare. Comitissae equus, factorem suum per fenestram cernens, hinnitum tollit, et nebulonem prodit; cujus effigies lignea per fenestram perantiquae domus, (ejusdem, ut aiunt, aut saltem in eodem loco positae,) caput perpetuo protrudit, et monstratur digitis praetereuntium. Solenni insuper pompa magistratum, et civium omnium, in honorem magnificentissimae patronae Godivae, visitatur hoc ludicrum tericulum; et quasi vivum derisione, cachinnis, et scommatibus vulgus insectatur, et speculator quisque intempestivus et ineptus etiam nunc vocatur *Peeping Tom*. In hac pompa, mulier,

veste nivea astricte membris adaptata, quasi nuda, et capillis adscititiis adumbrata, personam comitissæ gerit, alboque indiens equo per compita equitat. Oleant hæc forsitan aniles fabulas; sed antiquarii, auctoritate graves, hæc et plura de hac re tradunt. Ut ut hæc sint, hoc certum est; cœnobium Coventriæ tantis auri et argenti ponderibus dotatum, tantis gemmarum luminibus illustratum, ut vix parietes ad thesauros continendos sufficerent. Et dictum cœnobium, totius insulæ longe ditissimum. Sed hactenus; redeamus ad Lichfeldiam, cujuscampium tegmine lignario co-opertum esse traditur; et, ut suspicor, injuria temporis labefactum: nam, in regnis sequentibus, multa regia dona ad id restaurandum memorantur. Nec aliam invenio causam, cur episcopi maternam sedem desererent, et eam ad urbem Cestriam, castrum occidentale quondam Romanorum, transferrent: auctoritate concilii provincialis apud Londinum, per Lanfrancum archiepiscopum Cantuariensem, celebrati. Nec Cestriæ diu remansit honos; secundus enim episcopus Robertus de Lymeri, Normannus, ut credo, nam regibus Gulielmo Rufo et Henrico Primo administrator fuit potentissimus, gazis et gemmis Coventriæ inhians, transferri sedem suam ad Coventriam impetravit, et thesauros incontinenter involavit; nam ex una trabe sola quingentas marcas corrasisse dicitur. Hæc prima cœnobii calamitas. Multa surripuit, nec tamen omnia; fundos ingentes et solidos abligurire non potuit. Hic inter monachos Coventrenses, et canonicos Lichfeldenses, episcopi eligendi potestatem divisit. Sed magnæ et acerbæ lites exinde ortæ sunt; inter hos, antiquitate, et illos, divitiis superbientes. Harum rixarum longas ambages, quæ in tertium seculum, non nisi magna laicorum offensione, protrahebantur, non placitum, nec meum est, persequi. Anno tandem 1224, plenipotencia papæ Honorii tertii tantas potuit componere lites, cujus decreto, ambobus capitulis, una vice in Coventriæ ecclesia, altera in Lichfeldensi, eligeretur episcopus. Hoc ordine conjunctæ sunt cathedræ: et si non cordialiter inter monachos et seculares, at sine litibus judicialibus. Et satis compositæ res procedebant, usque ad regnum Henrici Octavi, qui monachorum ordiuc omnes deleavit, et eorum fundos prægrandes inter aulicos suos, et proceres regni divisit; conscribens exercitum virorum nobilium et divitum contra agmina papæ. Per hæc omnia secula, scientia et veritas sub pedibus conculcata erant; nec sæpe erigebant capita ne quidem sub docta regina Elizabetha. Primus inter episcopos Lichfeldenses et Coventrenses cujus opera adhuc leguntur, erat Joannes Hachettus, qui perduellione flagrante contra Carolum pri-

mum, rector erat sanctæ Andree ecclesiæ apud Londinum, et circa annum 1641, liturgiæ Anglicanæ a senatoribus populi solis, rege et optimatibus dissentientibus, reprobatae et interdictæ firmiter adhæsit; et dum cultum divinam celebrabat, decurio rebellis, cum altero sicario, in ecclesiam ruit, et minaciter jubet eum desistere. Jussa injusta contemnens *Μαρτις ἀμύμων* in precibus perseverabat. Ille furore plusquam fanatico æstuans, scloppum usque ad os hominis obtrudens, instantem, ni desistat, ininitatur mortem. Cui sereniter sacerdos, "Fungor ego officio meo, miles; fungere tu tuo." Percussus ille erubuit, et abiit. Hachettus, Carolo secundo restaurato, factus episcopus Lichfeldiæ et Coventriæ, templum cathedrale pene obrutum, turrim cuspidatam, seu potius obeliscum Gothicum procerissimum, altissimum, et pulcherrimum, tormentis fractum et eversum, culmina plumbea disjecta et direpta, parietes et columnas, et laquearia fœdeta et nuda, equorum bellicosorum et stercoris grande receptaculum, palatium episcopale simili ruina turpatum invenit. Hoc neglexit, domo canonica contentus, sed totis viribus ad domum Dei restaurandam incubuit. Nam postridie ejus diei qua Lichfeldiam intravit, diluculo primo servos equosque suos ad sordes a templo removendas extimulavit. Quotque iuchoavit acerrime, paucis annis feliciter integravit; nam, partim de propriis sumptibus, partim magnates regni exorando, viginti et tria millia librarum, ingentem eo tempore summam, in hoc opere tam nobili consumpsit. Præsul hic doctus et strenuus fidei Anglicanæ defensor erat contra Jesuitas, et concionator sui temporis celebris: stylus autem ejus rudis est et obsoletus. Huic successit episcopus, a regia meretrice in cathedram intrusus, qui, tali patrona dignus, monstrum fuit avaritiæ; cui nihil episcopale, nihil sacrum, nisi auri sacra fames. Merito tandem ab archiepiscopo Cantuariensi mulctatus est; cujus ex crapula aurea, ut ita dicam, præsens palatium episcopale grande satis et splendidum emicuit. Huic successit vir magni ingenii et doctrinæ Gulielmus Lloyd, cui linguæ orientales quasi vernaculæ erant. Illi proximus fuit Joannes Hough, vir omni laude dignus, qui juvenis adhuc, Magdalenæ collegii apud Oxoniam præses electus fuit, contra illegalia mandati Jacobi Secundi qui virum legibus inhabilem in hanc dignitatem eligi jusserat. Ob hoc, irato rege, expulsus erat; sed anno proximo, rege ipso ab Anglia expulso, restitutus, et post aliquot annos ad diocesisin Lichfeldensem evectus, ubi multos annos ab omnibus honoratus vixit, donec ab Anna regina in divitem Vigorniae cathedram translatus fuit. Aulicis elegantiae, religiosi pietatis, omnibus Christianæ benevolentiae optima documenta præbuit, usque

ad plusquam nonagesimum ætatis annum. Huic successit Chandlerus, primum canonicus, deinde episcopus Lichfeldensis, et postea translatus ad ditissimum diœcesin Dunelmiam. Ille propugnator strenuus fidei Christianæ contra gigantes istos infideles Collinsium et Tindalium, qui apostolos et evangelistas nequitiam et ignorantiam audaciter insimulant, quia prophetias Veteris Testamenti historiis Novi aptaverunt. Huic successit Richardus Smalbroke, qui miracula Christi, contra Woolstonum, fidei desertorem et calumniatorem, docte et acute defendit. Hujus successor fuit Fredericus Cornwallis, comitis de Cornwallis patruus, qui annos octodecim diœcesin Lichfeldensem, diligenter, sapienter, at amicissime administravit, et nunc cathedram archiepiscopalem Cantuariensem splendide ornat. Hujus successor fuit Joannes Egerton, ducis Bridgwariensis patruelis, et hæres proximus, vir doctus, elegans, et in rebus agendis acutus et perspicax. Post biennium ad Dunelmiam evector fuit. Illi successit Brownlow North, comitis Guildfordiam filius, et Domini North, gazæ regiam custodis et rerum publicarum curatoris, frater fraterrimus, qui biennium quoque hic commoratus, ad Vigorniam translatus est. Episcopus vere nobilis, comis, et benignus, diœcesi nostræ nunc præsidet Richardus Hurd, qui apud academiam Cantabrigiam studiis humanioribus contemporaneis omnibus facile antecessit; critici acuminis et promptæ doctrinæ quamplurima exemplaria adhuc juvenis edidit. Deinde dialogos quosdam historicos, politicos et morales, scripsit, qui magno fructu a literatis leguntur: postea prophetias Veteris et Novi Testamenti, claro et insigni ordine digessit et explicuit. His ingenii et pietatis documentis, morum suavitate, et egregia vultus gratia inductus, comes de Mansfield, judicum nostrorum merito princeps, et legum non magis quam virorum acutissimus iudex, regi nostro hunc commendavit, ut fieret præceptor principis Galliam et fratris ejus secularis episcopi Osnaburgensis. Ex illo igitur spes Britanniam nunc pendet. Discipuli ejus, ut audiui et spero, bonarum artium studiis alacriter incumbunt, et rapidi proficiunt; et ex illo, precor, derivata virtus in patriam populumque fluat.

1797, *June*.

T. S."

XCII. Letter written at Paris by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Communicated by the Gentleman who received it.

April 22, 1784.

I SEND you herewith a bill for ten Louis d'ors. I do not

pretend to give such a sum : I only *lend* it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must *pay me* by lending this sum to him, injoining him to *discharge the debt* by a like operation, when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus go through many hands before it meets with a *knave* to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford *much* in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a *little*.

1797, Sept.

XCIH. Letters from the Earl of Orford to Governor Pownall.

LETTER I.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1788.

I AM extremely obliged to you, Sir, for the valuable communication you have made to me. It is extremely so to me, as it does justice to a memory that I revere to the highest degree; and I flatter myself that it would be acceptable to that part of the world that loves truth; and that part will be the majority as fast as *they* pass away who have an interest in preferring falshood. Happily, truth is longer-lived than the passions of individuals; and, when mankind are not misled, they can distinguish white from black.

I myself do not pretend to be unprejudiced; I must be so to the best of fathers; I should be ashamed to be quite impartial. No wonder then, Sir, if I am greatly pleased with so able a justification. Yet I am not so blind but that I can discern solid reasons for admiring your Defence. You have placed that Defence on sound and *new* grounds; and, though very briefly, have very learnedly stated and distinguished the landmarks of our Constitution, and the encroachments made on it, by justly referring the principles of liberty to the Saxon system, and imputing the corruptions of it to the Norman. This was a great deal too deep for that superficial mountebank Hume to go; for a mountebank he was. He mounted a *freteau* in the garb of a philosophic empiric, but dispensed no drugs but what he was

authorised to vend by a royal patent, and which were full of Turkish opium. He had studied nothing relative to the English Constitution before Queen Elizabeth, and had selected some of her most arbitrary acts to countenance those of the Stuarts; and even hers he misrepresented; for, her worst deeds were levelled against the nobility, those of the Stuarts against the people; hers, consequently, were rather an obligation to the people; for, the most heinous part of common despotism is, that it produces a thousand despots instead of one. Muley Moloch cannot lop off many heads with his own hand; at least he takes those in his way, those of his courtiers; but his bashaws and viceroys spread destruction every where.

The flimsy, ignorant, blundering, manner in which Hume executed the reigns preceding Henry VII. is a proof of how little he had examined the history of our Constitution.

I could say much, much more, Sir, in commendation of your work, were I not apprehensive of being biassed by the subject. Still, that it would not be from flattery I will prove, by taking the liberty of making two objections, and they are only to the last page but one. Perhaps you will think that my first objection does shew that I *am* too much biassed.

I own, I am sorry to see my father compared to Sylla; the latter was a sanguinary usurper, a monster—the former the mildest, most forgiving, best-natured of men, and a *legal* minister. Nor, I fear, will the only light in which you compare them stand the test. Sylla resigned his power voluntarily, insolently, perhaps timidly, as he might think he had a better chance of dying in his bed if he retreated, than by continuing to rule by force. My father did not retire by his own option: he had lost the majority of the House of Commons. Sylla, you say, Sir, retired unimpeached—it is true, but covered with blood. My father was not *impeached*, in our strict sense of the word, but, to my great joy, he was in effect. A secret committee, a worse inquisition than a jury, was named—not to try him, but to sift his life for crimes; and out of such a jury, chosen in the dark, and not one of whom he might challenge, he had some determined enemies, many opponents, and but two he could suppose his friends. And what was the consequence? A man, charged with every state crime almost for twenty years, was proved to have done—what? paid some writers much more than they deserved, for having defended him against ten thousand and ten thousand libels (some of which had been written by his inquisitors), all which libels were

confessed to have been lies by his inquisitors themselves; for, they could not produce a shadow of one of the crimes with which they had charged him! I must own, Sir, I think, that Sylla and my father ought to be set in opposition rather than paralleled.

My other objection is still more serious; and, if I am so happy as to convince you, I shall hope that you will alter the paragraph, as it seems to impute something to Sir Robert of which he was not only most innocent, but of which, if he had been guilty, I should think him extremely so, for he would have been very ungrateful.

You say, "he had not the comfort to see that he had established his own family by any thing which he received from the gratitude of that Hanover family, or from the gratitude of that country, which he had saved and served." Good Sir, what does this sentence seem to imply, but that either Sir Robert himself, or his family, thought, or think, that the kings George I. and II. or England, were ungrateful for not rewarding his services? Defend him and us from such a charge! Neither he nor we ever had such a thought. Was it not rewarding him to make him prime-minister, and maintain and support him against all his enemies for twenty years together? Did not George I. make his eldest son a peer, and give to the father and son a valuable patent place in the Custom House for three lives? Did not George II. give my elder brother the auditor's place, and to my other brother and me other rich places for our lives; for, though in the gift of the First Lord of the Treasury, do we not owe them to the king, who made him so? Did not the late king make my father an earl, and dismiss him with a pension of 4000l. a year for his life? Could he or we not think these ample rewards? What rapacious sordid wretches must he and we have been, and he, could we entertain such an idea! As far have we all been from thinking him neglected by his country. Did not his country see and know those rewards? and could it think those rewards inadequate? Besides, Sir, great as I hold my father's services, they were solid and silent, not ostensible: they were of a kind to which I hold your justification a more suitable reward than pecuniary recompenses. To have fixed the House of Hanover on the throne; to have maintained this country in peace and affluence for 20 years; with the other services you record, Sir, were actions, the *eclat* of which must be illustrated by time and reflexion, and whose splendour has been brought forwarder than I wish it had, by comparison with a period very dissimilar.

If Sir Robert had not the comfort of leaving his family in affluence, it was not imputable to his king or his country. Perhaps I am proud that he did not. He died 40,000*l.* in debt—that was the wealth of a man that had been taxed as the plunderer of his country! Yet, with all my adoration of my father, I am just enough to own that it was his own fault if he died so poor. He had made Houghton much too magnificent for the moderate estate which he left to support it; and as he never, I repeat it with truth, *never* got any money but in the South Sea and while he was paymaster, his fondness for his paternal seat, and his boundless generosity, were too expensive for his fortune. I will mention one instance, which will shew how little he was disposed to turn the favour of the crown to his own profit: he laid out 14,000*l.* of his own money on Richmond new park.

I can produce other reasons too, why Sir Robert's family were not in so comfortable a situation as the world, deluded by misrepresentation, might expect to see them at his death. My eldest brother had been a very bad economist during his father's life, and died himself 50,000*l.* in debt, or more; so that, to this day, neither Sir Edward nor I have received the 5000*l.* apiece, which Sir Robert left us as our fortunes. I do not love to charge the dead; therefore will only say, that Lady Orford, reckoned a vast fortune, which till she died she never proved, wasted vast sums; nor did my brother or father *ever* receive but 20,000*l.* which she brought at first, and which were spent on the wedding and christening; I mean, including her jewels.

I beg your pardon, Sir, for this tedious detail, which is minutely, perhaps too minutely, true; but, when I took the liberty of contesting any part of a work which I admire so much, I owed it to you and to myself to assign my reasons. I trust they will satisfy you; and, if they do, I am sure you will alter a paragraph against which it is the duty of the family to reclaim. Dear as my father's memory is to my soul, I can never subscribe to the position that he was unrewarded by the House of Hanover. I have the honour to be, Sir, with great respect and gratitude, your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I did not take the liberty of retaining your Essay, Sir; but should be very happy to have a copy of it at your leisure.

LETTER II.

Berkeley Square, Nov. 7, 1733.

YOU must allow me, Sir, to repeat my thanks for the second copy of your Tract on my father, and for your great condescension in altering the two passages to which I presumed to object, and which are now not only more consonant to exactness, but, I hope, no disparagement to the piece. To me they are quite satisfactory; and it is a comfort to me too, that what I begged to have changed was not any reflection prejudicial to his memory, but, in the first point, a parallel not entirely similar in circumstances; and, in the other, a sort of censure on others to which I could not subscribe. With all my veneration for my father's memory, I should not remonstrate against just censure on him. Happily, to do justice to him, most iniquitous calumnies ought to be removed, and then there would remain virtues and merits enough far to outweigh human errors, from which the best men, like him, cannot be exempt. Let his enemies, aye, and his *friends*, be compared with him—and then justice would be done!

Your Essay, Sir, will, I hope, some time or other, clear the way to his vindication. It points out the true way of examining his character, and is itself, as far as it goes, unanswerable. As such, what an obligation must it be to, Sir, your most grateful and obedient humble servant,

1798, *Dec.*

HOR. WALPOLE.

XCV. Letters from Bishops Hoadly and Butler, and the Duchess of Marlborough, to Sir Robert Walpole.

MR. URBAN,

THE three letters which accompany this must certainly be an agreeable treat to your readers. They are from two of the most shining ornaments of the episcopal bench to a prime minister; and are remarkable for the dignified manner in which one of them requests a translation; and the other accepts a vacant see. A fourth, from the famous Duchess of Marlborough, in the character of Ranger of Windsor Park, is also a curiosity. Their genuineness is unquestionable; and you may engrave, if you please, the

signatures. To the friend from whom I received them they were communicated by the late Earl of Orford.

Yours, &c.

M. GREEN.

LETTER I.

The Bishop of Salisbury [Hoadly] to Sir Robert Walpole.

SIR,

Salisbury, July 14, 1733.

I BEG leave to let you know that I had, about ten days ago, a letter from my Ld. Barrington, dated from Berwick; the principal contents of which I must just mention to you, and then shall (as I ought) leave it entirely to you to consider what is proper on your part. He says that he has met with a reception and encouragement beyond his highest expectations; that Col. Lyddel is secure; that Ld. Polwarth's interest is in a very hazardous way by the acknowledgment of his own friends; that Gen. Sabine has given up his pretensions, and that there is not the least room for a fourth candidate; that there are about 20 votes depending upon the Government, with inclinations to him, but fears insinuated into them of losing their bread if they vote for him; that it would be of the greatest service to him to have that difficulty removed, and so many votes added to his interest. He quotes you as saying, a little while ago, "that you did not oppose him, but was only for the old members;" and hopes from thence that, Gen. Sabine having desisted, you may grant him this favour. Nay, he goes on to hope that Col. Lyddel would favour him with some of those votes, which he unnecessarily keeps now as single votes, if he thought that Lord B.'s election would be more acceptable to you than Lord Polwarth's, who may get advantage by that conduct in the Colonel. I shall make my letter as long as his if I should go on much farther. I shall only add, that he is so weak as to think that I have an *interest powerful enough* to do—I know not what. For my own part, I could not avoid representing the case to you as he has represented it to me; and cannot think it right to beg any thing of you but that you will be as favourable as you yourself think it reasonable to be. I find he is in, and must now go through, and that he has a number of good friends there. I forgot to say, that he cites her Majesty's saying, that it would be hard to oppose him; which I remember something of at the time when the affair of the Dissenters was composed at London by his assistance at last, amongst others. But no more of this.

When I had last the honour of seeing you, I forgot to make an apology for my troubling you a little while ago with two letters, about the Jewel-office and the Garter affair. You, who have nothing to do with those matters, might wonder at it, if you were not informed that the Duke of Grafton, who came to me upon that subject, and was going into Suffolk, told me he came directly from you; and that I must give an account of whatever I found necessary to you in his absence.

I think fit just to say, that Sir Ed. Desbouverie's interest has been carefully and successfully managed in this City since the last election, and (as I am informed) is now so strong that there is indeed no talk amongst any persons of the old members.

I beg pardon for this long interruption; and am, with a great and sincere regard, Sir, your most faithful humble servant,

B. SARUM,

LETTER II.

From the same Bishop.

SIR,

Aug. 8, 1734.

HEARING from all hands the desperate condition in which the Bishop of Winchester is (if not already dead,) I flatter myself you will not take it amiss that I express to you, upon this occasion, my entire dependence upon those kind words you have often said to me upon this subject. When I last had the honour to see you at Chelsea, the reception I met with was so exceedingly obliging, and your voluntary expressions, upon the supposition of that vacancy, were so hearty and so strong (even assuring me that my success was really as certain as if I were in possession,) that it would, I think, be perfectly stupid as to myself, and highly ungrateful to you, if I could sit silent in so critical a time, and not suffer myself to express to you the sense I have of the kind professions I have been favoured with, and my full persuasion of the truth and honour of the person who made them. This is the end of my interrupting you, Sir, at this time—not to torment so great a friend with impertinent solicitations, but to thank him for his having so generously prevented all solicitations—not to plague him with pretensions and titles to favour, slender in themselves, and perhaps magnified only by the fondness of self-love; but to acknowledge my own happiness in that better claim which

his own mouth and kindest professions have given me. Sir, it would be the highest indignity towards you if I did not, upon this occasion, repose myself without uneasiness or doubt upon you. Give me leave only to add one word—that, as your bringing this affair to an end, in the manner in which you are used to do kindnesses to those you are willing to oblige, is all that remains for me to wish; so, when it is done, I trust that you will not be unthanked by *all* the world; and I am sure, for myself, I shall study, through my life, to shew myself in an uncommon manner, and upon all possible occasions, Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

BENJ. SARUM.

A word from you will find me in Grosvenor-street after Saturday next.

LETTER III.

From Dr. Butler to Sir Robert Walpole, on being nominated Bishop of Bristol, on the former recommendation of Queen Caroline.

SIR, *Stanhope, Aug. the 28th, 1738.*

I RECEIVED yesterday from your own hand (an honour which I ought very particularly to acknowledge) the information that the King had nominated me to the Bishoprick of Bristol. I most truly think myself very highly obliged to his Majesty, as much, all things considered, as any subject in his dominions; for, I know no greater obligation than to find the Queen's condescending goodness and kind intentions towards me transferred to his Majesty. Nor is it possible while I live to be without the most grateful sense of his favour to me, whether the effects of it be greater or less; for, this must in some measure depend upon accidents. Indeed, the Bishoprick of Bristol is not very suitable either to the condition of my fortune, or the circumstances of my preferment; nor, as I should have thought, answerable to the recommendation with which I was honoured. But you will excuse me, Sir, if I think of this last with greater sensibility than the conduct of affairs will admit of.

But, without entering farther into any detail, I desire, Sir, you will please to let his Majesty know, that I humbly accept of this instance of his favour with the utmost possible gratitude.

I beg leave also, Sir, to return you my humble thanks for your good offices upon this and all occasions; and for your very obliging expressions of regard to, Sir, your most obedient, most faithful, and most humble servant,

JO. BUTLER.

By means of my distance from Durham, I had not yours, Sir, till yesterday; so that this is the first post I could answer it.

LETTER IV.

SIR,

Marlborough-house, Jan. 3, 1734.

AS I am very unfortunately, from a lameness which I despair of ever getting the better of, prevented from paying my duty in person to his Majesty, I must beg leave to desire you to lay before him a matter, which, I think, of some consequence to his Majesty's Great Park, at Windsor.

The keepers of it inform me that, by his Majesty's directions, a great quantity of red deer are already sent thither, and many more are every day expected. I imagine that his Majesty cannot be fully apprized of the detriment this will be to the Park in general, where there was at least a hundred red deer from Old Windsor Wood before this augmentation. For, though the Park is large, yet the great quantity of woods and roads take up a great part of it, and the greatest part of the land is extremely bad; so that, of course, the fallow deer must suffer; many of them will be starved and die; and scarce any will remain fit to be served in pursuance of his Majesty's warrants.

I remember the old Marquis of Wharton made a present to the Duke of Marlborough of all his red deer, which was to prevent the mischief they did in his lordship's own park. And when the Duke of Marlborough found they did so much mischief at Blenheim, he presented them to the late king, to put into his Majesty's forests.

There are a great many red deer in Windsor Forest; and I have been told, that Baptist Nunn takes care of them at Swinley Rails, where, I suppose, there are few or no fallow deer to be prejudiced by the red deer.

The hay, necessary to fodder the deer in Windsor Park in the winter, is made from certain meadows inclosed with a fence, but not strong or high enough to keep out the red deer, which will easily leap over, and totally destroy the grass that should be preserved for hay for the fallow deer.

I believe I need not inform you, Sir, that I get nothing by being Ranger of that Park but a very pretty place to live in, which I have made so with a great sum of money of my own* I do indeed sometimes keep a few rumps for my own table; not so many cows for milk as some of the under-keepers have; some horses that do the business of the Park; and some few have a running for past services, not to knock them on the head because they can do no more. But I need not say more upon this head, being persuaded that you do me the justice to believe that I despise any pitiful advantages that many have made who have been rangers of parks. And, if I were to lay before his Majesty my bills of the annual expense I am obliged to on account of this Park, I am persuaded he would be convinced of the truth of what I have said.

Besides this, you will be pleased to remember, that near three years' allowance for this Park, in his late Majesty's reign, are still due to me, and likewise the expense I was at for repairs in the Park, which of yourself you told Mr. Withers it was reasonable I should be paid. And he told me you directed him to pay me, though to this hour I never had it. These accidents, the taxes, and fees belonging to the allowance, make it not desirable but for the reasons given.

I am far from urging this with any view to my own interest: the only motive that engages me to lay this before his Majesty is to do my duty; and that I may be sure of not being reproached, when the consequences are seen, for not having represented these matters in time.

It is this that has laid me under a necessity of being troublesome to you in this particular; and of assuring you that I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

S. MARLBOROUGH.

1799, Feb.

XCV. The Rev. Dr. Stephen Hales to Nathaniel Booth, Esq. afterwards Lord Delamer.

DEAR SIR,

Teddington, Feb. 12, 1741:

I WAS not without hopes, that the first account I saw of my niece's* death in the newspapers might be groundless,

* Mrs. Vere Tyndale, sister to Mr. Booth.

as many are there; but when I saw in yesterday's paper her good character described, I conclude it is but too true.

I little thought her so near her end when I saw her last, though her long and prevailing indispositions gave but little hopes of a long life; but, whatever natural causes appear to us to be the occasion of our friend's death, our departure hence certainly depends entirely on the will of the great Author of life, who gives us a longer or a shorter life, as he sees best for us; and, though it be very grievous and shocking to nature to part with our dearest friends, yet, when the natural debt of grief is paid, the most solid arguments of comfort are very obvious to us; to wit, that our separation is but for a very short time; and that our Religion furnishes us with solid grounds of hope, that we shall soon meet again in those blessed mansions, which our gracious and merciful Saviour assures us he is gone to prepare for those that truly love and fear him!

As nothing more endears our own country to us than the enjoyment of our friends and dearest relations; so nothing more strongly and naturally takes off our love to this world, and makes us seem as strangers here, than the loss and departure of our friends: a happy effect, most graciously intended by Providence, thereby to take our affections off from present things, and in earnest to prepare ourselves for a better and an everlasting state of happiness.

I am, Sir, with much esteem,

Your affectionate humble servant,

1799, *July*.

STEPHEN HALES.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES,

INCLUDING

ANECDOTES OF EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,

USEFUL PROJECTS AND INVENTIONS,

&c. &c.

I. Account of the premature genius and learning of Barretier.*

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER was born at Schwabach, Jan. 19, 1720-21. His father was a Calvinist Minister of that place, who took upon himself the care of his education. What arts of instruction he used, or by what method he regulated the studies of his son, we are not able to inform the public, but take this opportunity of entreating those who have received more complete intelligence, not to deny mankind so great a benefit as the improvement of education. If Mr. Le Fevre thought the method, in which he taught his children, worthy to be communicated to the learned world, how justly may Mr. Barretier claim the universal attention of mankind to a scheme of education, that has produced such a stupendous progress! The authors, who have endeavoured to teach certain and unfailing rules for obtaining a long life, however they have failed in their attempts, are universally confessed to have, at least, the merit of a great and noble design, and to have deserved gratitude and honour. How much more then is due to Mr. Barretier, who has succeeded in what they have only attempted; for to prolong life, and improve it, are nearly the same. If to have all that riches can purchase is to be rich; if to do all that can be done in a long time, is to live long; he is equally a benefactor to mankind, who teaches them to protract the duration, or shorten the business of life.

That there are few things more worthy our curiosity than

[* Drawn up by Dr. Samuel Johnson, from letters written by Barretier's father. E.]

this method, by which the father assisted the genius of the son, every man will be convinced, that considers the early proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive; such a proficiency as no one has yet reached at the same age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous circumstance concurred.

At the age of nine years, he not only was master of five languages, an attainment in itself almost incredible, but understood, says his father, the holy writers, better in their original tongues, than in his own. If he means by this assertion, that he knew the sense of many passages in the original, which were obscure in the translation, the account, however wonderful, may be admitted; but if he intends to tell his correspondent, that his son was better acquainted with the two languages of the Bible, than with his own, he must be allowed to speak hyperbolically, or to admit that his son had somewhat neglected the study of his native language; or we must own, that the fondness of a parent has transported him into some natural exaggerations.

Part of this letter I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the belief of others to that which appears incredible to myself; but as my incredulity may, perhaps, be the product rather of prejudice than reason, as envy may beget a disinclination to admit so immense a superiority, and as an account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give the rest of his father's relation, from his letter of the 3d of March, 1729-30. He speaks, continues he, German, Latin, and French, equally well. He can, by laying before him a translation, read any of the books of the Old or New Testament in its original language, without hesitation or perplexity. He is no stranger to biblical criticism or philosophy, nor unacquainted with ancient or modern geography, and is qualified to support a conversation with learned men, who frequently visit and correspond with him.

In his eleventh year, he not only published a learned letter in Latin, but translated the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into French, which he illustrated with notes, and accompanied with Dissertations; a work in which his father, as he himself declares, could give him little assistance, as he did not understand the Rabbinical dialect.

The reason for which his father engaged him in this work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer hand than he had hitherto accustomed himself to do, by giving him hopes, that if he should translate some little author, and offer a fair copy of his version to some bookseller, he might in return

for it, have other books which he wanted and could not afford to purchase.

Incited by this expectation, he fixed upon the "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin," as most proper for his purpose, being a book neither bulky nor common; and in one month completed his translation, applying only one or two hours a day to that particular task. In another month, he drew up the principal notes; and in the third, wrote some Dissertations upon particular passages which seemed to require a larger examination.

These notes contain so many curious remarks and inquiries, out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgment, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page some reason to persuade him that they cannot possibly be the work of a child, but of a man long accustomed to these studies, enlightened by reflection, and dexterous by long practice in the use of books. Yet, that it is the performance of a boy thus young, is not only proved by the testimony of his father, but by the concurrent evidence of Mr. Le Maitre, his associate in the church of Schwabach, who not only asserts his claim to this work, but affirms that he heard him at six years of age, explain the Hebrew text as if it had been his native language; so that the fact is not to be doubted without a degree of incredulity, which it will not be very easy to defend.

This copy was, however, far from being written with the neatness which his father desired, nor did the booksellers, to whom it was offered, make proposals very agreeable to the expectation of the young translator; but after having examined the performance in their manner, and determined to print it upon conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be transcribed, that the printers might not be embarrassed with a copy so difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter end of his twelfth year, and had made great advances in his studies, notwithstanding an obstinate tumour in his left hand, which gave him great pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troublesome method of cure; and reading over his performance, was so far from contenting himself with barely transcribing it, that he altered the greatest part of the notes, new-modelled the Dissertations, and augmented the book to twice its former bulk.

The few touches which his father bestowed upon his revision of the book, though they are minutely set down by him in the Preface, are so inconsiderable that it is not necessary to mention them, and it may be much more agreeable as

well as useful to exhibit the short account which he there gives of the method by which he enabled his son to shew so early, how easy an attainment is the knowledge of the languages, a knowledge which some men spend their lives in cultivating, to the neglect of more valuable studies, and which they seem to regard as the highest perfection of human nature.

What applauses are due to an old age, wasted in a scrupulous attention to particular accents and etymologies, may appear, says his father, by seeing how little time is required to arrive at such an eminence in these studies, as many even of these venerable doctors have not attained, for want of rational methods and regular application.

This censure is doubtless just upon those who spend too much of their lives upon useless niceties, or who appear to labour without making any progress; but as the knowledge of languages is necessary, and a minute accuracy sometimes requisite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in compliance with the particular bent of their own minds, make the difficulties of dead languages their chief study, and arrive at excellence proportionate to their application, since it was to the labour of such men that his son was indebted for his own learning.

The first languages which Barretier learned were the French, German, and Latin, which he was taught not in the common way by a multitude of definitions, rules, and exceptions, which fatigue the attention and burden the memory without any use proportionate to the time which they require, and the disgust which they create. The method by which he was instructed was easy and expeditious, and therefore pleasing. He learned them all in the same manner, and almost at the same time, by conversing in them indifferently with his father.

The other languages of which he was master, he learned by a method yet more uncommon. The only book which he made use of was the Bible, which his father laid before him in the language that he then proposed to learn, accompanied with a translation, being taught by degrees the inflexions of nouns and verbs. This method, says his father, made the Latin more familiar to him in his fourth year than any other language.

When he was near the end of his sixth year, he entered upon the study of the Old Testament in its original language, beginning with the book of Genesis, to which his father confined him for six months; after which he read cursorily over the rest of the historical books, in which he

found very little difficulty, and then applied himself to the study of the poetical writers, and the prophets, which he read over so often, with so close an attention, and so happy a memory, that he could not only translate them without a moment's hesitation into Latin or French, but turn, with the same facility, the translations into the original language, in his tenth year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a book which he could almost entirely repeat, he deviated by stealth into other studies, and, as his translation of Benjamin is a sufficient evidence, he read a multitude of writers of various kinds. In his twelfth year he applied more particularly to the study of the fathers, and, councils of the six first centuries, and began to make a regular collection of their canons. He read every author in the original, having discovered so much negligence or ignorance in most translations, that he paid no regard to their authority.

Thus he continued his studies, neither drawn aside by pleasures nor discouraged by difficulties. The greatest obstacle to his improvement was want of books, with which his narrow fortune could not liberally supply him; so that he was obliged to borrow the greatest part of those which his studies required, and to return them when he had read them, without being able to consult them occasionally, or to recur to them when his memory should fail him.

It is observable, that neither his diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his want of books, a want of which he was in the highest degree sensible, ever produced in him that asperity, which a recluse life, without any circumstance of disquiet, frequently creates. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a temper which contributed much to recommend his learning, and which some students, much superior in age, would consult their ease, their reputation, and their interest, by copying from him.

In the year 1735 he published "*Anti-Artemonius, sive Initium Evangelii S. Joannis, adversus Artemonium vindictatum,*" and attained such a degree of reputation, that not only the public, but princes, who are commonly the last by whom merit is distinguished, began to interest themselves in his success; for the same year the King of Prussia, who had heard of his early advances in literature on account of a scheme for discovering the longitude, which had been sent to the Royal Society of Berlin, and which was transmitted afterwards by him to Paris and London, engaged to take care of his fortune, having received further proofs of his abilities at his own court.

Mr. Barretier, being promoted to the cure of the church of Stettin, was obliged to travel with his son thither from Schwabach, through Leipsic and Berlin, a journey very agreeable to his son, as it would furnish him with new opportunities of improving his knowledge, and extending his acquaintance among men of letters. For this purpose they staid some time at Leipsic, and then travelled to Halle, where young Barretier so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university, that they offered him his degree of Doctor in Philosophy, a dignity correspondent to that of Master of Arts among us. Barretier drew up that night some positions in Philosophy and Mathematics, which he sent immediately to the press, and defended the next day in a crowded auditory, with so much wit, spirit, presence of thought, and strength of reason, that the whole university was delighted and amazed; he was then admitted to his degree, and attended by the whole concourse to his lodgings, with compliments and acclamations.

His Theses, or Philosophical Positions, which he printed in compliance with the practice of that University, ran through several editions in a few weeks, and no testimony of regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his progress.

When they arrived at Berlin, the King ordered him to be brought into his presence, and was so much pleased with his conversation, that he sent for him almost every day, during his stay at Berlin; and diverted himself with engaging him in conversations upon a multitude of subjects, and in disputes with learned men, on all which occasions he acquitted himself so happily, that the King formed the highest ideas of his capacity and future eminence. And thinking perhaps with reason, that active life was the noblest sphere of a great genius, he recommended to him the study of modern history, the customs of nations, and those parts of learning, that are of use in public transactions and civil employments, declaring that such abilities, properly cultivated, might exalt him, in ten years, to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. Barretier, whether we attribute it to his moderation or inexperience, was not dazzled by the prospect of such high promotion; but answered, that he was too much pleased with science and quiet, to leave them for such inextricable studies, or such harassing fatigues. A resolution so displeasing to the King, that his father attributes to it, the delay of those favours which they had hopes of receiving; the King having, as he observes, determined to employ him in the ministry.

It is not impossible that paternal affection might suggest to Mr. Barretier, some false conceptions of the King's design; for he infers from the introduction of his son to the young princes, and the caresses which he received from them, that the King intended him for their preceptor, a scheme, says he, which some other resolution happily destroyed.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever means these intentions were frustrated, Barretier, after having been treated with the highest regard, by the whole royal family, was dismissed with a present of two hundred crowns, and his father, instead of being fixed at Stettin, was made pastor of the French church at Halle; a place more commodious for the study to which they retired; Barretier being first admitted into the Royal Society at Berlin, and recommended by the King to the University at Halle.

At Halle he continued his studies with his usual application and success, and either by his own reflections or the persuasions of his father, was prevailed upon to give up his own inclinations to those of the King, and direct his inquiries to those subjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new acquisitions to his learning, and to increase his reputation by new performances, till, in the beginning of his nineteenth year, his health began to decline, and his indisposition, which being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at first sufficiently regarded, increased by slow degrees for eighteen months, during which he spent whole days among his books, and neither neglected his studies nor lost his gaiety, till his distemper, ten days before his death, deprived him of the use of his limbs; he then prepared himself for his end, without fear or emotion, and on the 5th of October, 1740, resigned his soul into the hands of his Saviour, with confidence and tranquillity.

1740, *Dec.*

1741, *Feb.*

II. Method of staining Marble.

MR. URBAN,

THERE having been very great admiration expressed by many, who have seen mother of pearl, Egyptian and other stones, stained with landscapes, figures, and even portraits, so as to appear to be in the substance of the stone, very

neatly executed by a German; I was pleased in finding an old receipt, containing the secret by which this work is or probably may be effected. I send it you, not doubting but it will be agreeable to your ingenious readers, and that your publishing it, may occasion the improvement or revival of the art, if lost to the English.

Method for preparing a liquor that will sink into and penetrate marble; so that a picture drawn on its surface, will appear in its inmost parts.

TAKE of aqua-fortis, and aqua-regia, two ounces of each; of sal-ammoniac, one ounce; of the best spirit of wine, two drachms; as much gold as may be had for four shillings and six-pence; of pure silver, two drachms. These materials being provided, let the silver, when calcined, be put into a vial; and having poured upon it the two ounces of aqua-fortis, let it evaporate, and you will have a water yielding first a blue, and afterwards a black colour: likewise, put the gold, when calcined, into a vial, and having poured the aqua-regia on it, set it by to evaporate; then pour the spirit of wine upon the sal-ammoniac, leaving it also to evaporate; and you will have a golden-coloured water, which will afford divers colours. And after this manner, you may extract many tinctures of colours out of other metals: this done, you may, by means of these two waters, paint what picture you please upon white marble of the softer kind, renewing the figure every day for some time with some fresh superadded liquor; and you will find that the picture has penetrated the whole solidity of the stone, so that cutting it into as many parts as you will, it will always represent to you the same figure on both sides.

Mr. Bird, a stone-cutter in Oxford, practised this art before the year 1660; several pieces of marble so stained by him are to be seen in Oxford; several others being shown to King Charles II. soon after the Restoration, they were broken in his presence, and found to correspond through the whole substance.

Yours, &c.

J. B.

1747, *Suppl.*

III. An Invention in Architecture, communicated by a Person of Distinction in Switzerland to an Italian Merchant.

AGENTLEMAN of small fortune, but well skilled in architecture, having drawn a plan of an intended building, which was to be for the most part of stone, shewed it to the most experienced workmen, in order to obtain a true notion of the expense. Their answer carried the cost much higher than he could either expect or afford; and, upon his inquiring particularly into the grounds of this expence, he was told that it arose from the ornaments he had designed, and the wages that must be paid to the stone-cutters.

This was a high mortification to our man of taste; he was unwilling to desert his plan, which had cost him so much trouble; and at last, after much thinking, a notion came into his head, that it might not be impossible to perform the mouldings on the cornices and entablments with planes. He tried the experiment with his own hands, and succeeded in hard and well seasoned stones, as well as those that were green and fresh from the quarry. Upon this, he applied himself to a joiner, shewed him what he would have done, and how it might be done; and the man, after a little trial, offered to do as much for six livres, as in the ordinary method would have cost twenty crowns. But upon a view of the invention, the mason he intended to employ took the task off his hands, and, by the help of a wooden press, of a very simple and easy construction, after preparing the stones, by taking off their loose upper coat with a chisel, and placing them upright close together, he executed his business so effectually, that the very first day he did as much as fifteen of his men could have done, and passed his plane over all the stones in the line, whereas in the common way they must have been done singly, by which means the work was much more true, though performed only with the joiner's old tools. This astonished even the person who performed it, but at the same time it encouraged him to think of adding to the invention, and in a short time he carried it much further than the author expected.

In order to this, he contrived a new sort of planes, in which the wood and iron were so disposed, that he was able to execute a cornice, or entablement, in which were three, four, or five mouldings of different forms and sizes, at one operation, and by these means performed with his own hands as much, in the same space of time, as could have

been done, in the common method, by forty hands. The result of all this was, that the building being finished, upwards of fifty parts in sixty were taken off in the expense. The only difficulty that was met with, at least worthy mentioning, arose from flints being found in the stones, which they were obliged to remove; but this, it seems, was no new inconvenience, but is experienced also in the common way, and when the work is done with a chisel; neither is it impossible, when this new invention shall be farther improved, that even this single difficulty may be got over.

[We are apt to think highly of foreign inventions; and accordingly this of stone-planes is cried up. But the like was done some years ago in England. Mr. Sowerby, a gentleman near Penrith, in Cumberland, had a table made of slate, (which is much harder than free-stone,) with mouldings on the sides regularly performed by a joiner with his planes.]

1748, *Jan.*

IV. Wonderful Memory of William Lyon.

WILLIAM LYON, a strolling player, who performed at the theatre in Edinburgh, and who was excellent in the part of Gibby, the Highlander, gave a surprising instance of memory. One evening over his bottle, he wagered a crown bowl of punch, a liquor of which he was very fond, that next morning, at the rehearsal, he would repeat a Daily Advertiser from beginning to end. At the rehearsal his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining, as he was drunk the night before, that he must certainly have forgot it, and rallied him on his ridiculous bragging of his memory. Lyon pulled out the paper, desired him to look at it and be judge himself whether he did or did not win his wager. Notwithstanding the want of connection between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which goes to the composition of any newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end, without the least hesitation or mistake. I know this to be true, and believe the parallel cannot be produced in any age or nation. Lyon died about four years ago at Edinburgh, where he had played with great success.

[We heard of this performance many years since, when the Daily Advertiser, though larger than other papers, was not so large and crowded as it has been of late. It is said, that the late Mr. Heidegger could name all the signs from the Exchange to St. James's, on one side the street, after once walking to observe them.]

1752, *Sept.*

V. Method of increasing the Solidity, Strength, and Duration of Timber.

A new Method of increasing the Solidity, Strength, and Duration of Timber. By M. de Buffon, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris,

TO answer these purposes nothing more is necessary than to bark the tree from top to bottom, in the sap season, and to suffer it to become quite dry before it is felled, which may be done at a trifling expense. Vitruvius and Mr. Evelyn have indeed just mentioned this method, but I believe nobody before me has thoroughly considered it.

In the beginning of May I caused four oaks of about 30 or 40 feet high, and about 5 or 6 feet in girth, to be barked standing; all of them were in full vigour, high in sap, and about 70 years old. I ordered the bark to be stripped off from the top of the body to the foot: this is an easy operation, for in the sap season the bark parts without any difficulty from the body. These oaks were of the kind, common enough in forests, which bear the large acorns. When they were quite stripped of their bark, I caused four other oaks of the same kind, which grew in the same soil, and as like them as possible, to be felled. My intent was to have barked six, and to have felled as many on the same day; but this could not be accomplished before the next day: of these six barked oaks, two happened to be considerably less in sap, than the other four. I caused the six felled trees to be brought and laid under a shed, there to dry in their bark till I should have occasion to compare them with those which had been barked. I fancied that this operation must affect them in an extraordinary manner, and produce considerable alteration in them. I visited my barked trees very carefully during two months, but could perceive no great change. On the 10th of July, however, one of them

which was the least in sap, at the time it was barked, discovered the first symptoms of a disorder, likely to prove its destruction in a short time. Its leaves began to turn yellow on the south side, and soon after became quite so, and dropped off dry, so that on the 26th of August there was not one left. I had it cut down the 30th of the same month, being myself upon the spot. It was become so hard, that a wedge could scarcely enter it, and so brittle that a slight stroke of the beetle was sufficient to shatter it. The blea* appeared harder than the heart of the wood, which was still moist and full of juice.

The tree which, next to this, was the most defective in sap at the time of barking, soon followed it; the leaves began to lose their verdure on the 13th of July, and lost it entirely before the 10th of September. As I suspected that the first had been felled too early, and that the moisture, I perceived within, shewed still some remains of life, I ordered it to stand, to see if it would produce any leaves the next spring.

My other four oaks held out vigorously; they dropped their leaves but a few days before the usual season; and one of them, whose head was but small, parted not with them before the natural time of falling; but I observed that the leaves, and even some of the shoots of all the four, were grown dry on the south side many days before.

The spring following, all these trees were beforehand with the rest, and were covered with verdure eight or ten days before the time. I took notice that the growth of the leaves was quick, but soon stunted for want of sufficient nourishment, however they kept alive; but the tree which was the first barked the foregoing year, underwent the full effect of the state of inanition and dryness, to which it was reduced; its leaves faded apace, and fell in the heats of July. I had it cut down the 30th of August, just a year after that which had preceded it. I judged that it would prove as hard at least in the blea as the other, and much harder in the heart, which now had hardly any moisture left. I had it placed under a shed, where the other already was, with the six trees in their bark, with which I designed to compare them.

Three of the four remaining trees parted with their leaves

* By the word *Blea* is here understood the white softer part of the wood which lies between the bark and the heart: the London timber merchants and carpenters call it the *sap*.

the beginning of September, but that which had the small head retained them a good deal longer, and was not quite bare before the 22d of that month. I reserved it, together with that of the other four, which seemed the least sickly, for the year ensuing, and I ordered the two weakest to be felled in October. I left one of these trees exposed to the air and the injuries of the weather, and the others were placed under the shed; they proved very hard to the wedge, and the heart of the wood was very nearly dry.

In the ensuing spring, the two most vigorous of my reserved trees did still manifest some symptoms of life; the buds swelled, but the leaves did not unfold. The other seemed quite dead; and indeed having caused it to be felled in May, I found it had no radical moisture left, and it proved very hard both without and within. I had the last felled some time after, and both of them were placed under the shed, there to lie with the others for a new kind of trial.

The better to compare the wood of the barked trees with that of ordinary wood, I took care to lay up all the six unbarked oaks together, with a barked one of the same size; for experience had already taught me, that the wood in a tree of a large size, was heavier and stronger than that in a tree of a less size, though of the same age. I caused all my trees to be sawed into pieces of 14 feet long; I marked centres on them at each end, and drew squares of $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches on all of them, and had the four faces sawed away, so that each of them became a beam of 14 feet long, and exactly 6 inches square. I had them reduced truly to these dimensions throughout their whole length, by carefully planing them. I caused four of each sort to be broken, to find their strength, and to be well-assured, as I soon was, of the difference of each.

The beam made of the body of the tree, which died the first after the barking, weighed 242 pounds; it proved the weakest of all of them, and broke under 7240 pounds.

That of the tree in its bark, which I compared with it, weighed 243 pounds: it broke under 7320 pounds.

The beam of the second barked tree weighed 249 pounds; it bent more than the former, and broke under the weight of 8362 pounds.

That of the tree in its bark which I compared with it, weighed 236 pounds; it broke under 7385 pounds.

The beam of the barked tree exposed to the injury of the weather, weighed 253 pounds; it bent still more than the second, and broke under 8926 pounds.

That of the tree in bark which I compared with it, weighed 238 pounds, and broke under 7420 pounds.

Lastly, the beam of the tree with the small head, which I had always thought the best, weighed 263 pounds, and broke with no less than 9046 pounds.

The tree which I compared it with, weighed 238 pounds, and broke under 7500 pounds.

The two other barked trees proved defective in the inside, where there were some knots, so that I would not break them: but the trials above-mentioned sufficiently prove, that timber barked and dried standing, is always heavier and considerably stronger than timber kept in its bark. What I am going further to relate will put this matter quite out of doubt.

Of the top of the body of the tree, which was barked and exposed to the weather, I caused to be made a beam 6 feet long and 5 inches square; on one of its sides was discovered a small shake, which was not above half an inch deep, and on the opposite side a small stain about an inch broad, of wood that was browner than the rest. As these defects seemed not very considerable, I ordered it to be weighed and charged: its weight was 75 pounds; and in one hour and five minutes, being loaded with 8500 pounds, it gave a violent crack; I imagined it would break in a little time after the crack, which I had found hitherto was the case, but having waited patiently three hours, and finding that it neither gave way nor bent, I continued to increase the charge, and in about an hour more it broke, having kept cracking a quarter of an hour under a weight of 12,745 pounds. I should not have related this trial so particularly, only to shew, that but for its little defects on two of its sides, this beam would have sustained still more weight.

A beam just like this, formed out of the bottom of the body of one of the unbarked trees, weighed but 72 pounds; was very sound, without any defects; it was charged one hour and thirty-eight minutes, when it cracked very gently, and continued cracking once in about a quarter of an hour, for about three hours, and then broke, under a charge of 1189* pounds.

This experiment is much in favour of barked timber, for it shews that the wood of the upper part of the body of a barked tree, even with some defects, is heavier and stronger than the wood of the lower part of the body of an unbarked tree, without any defect.

1754, *Feb.*

* Thus in the original; but I imagine the weight should be 11,089. E.

VI. Method of preserving Books from the Depredations of Worms and Insects.

THERE is a very small insect that in the month of August lays its eggs in books, and especially in those leaves near the cover. From these eggs proceed a sort of mites, very like those bred in cheese, which change their state and become beetles, and when the time of transformation approaches, they endeavour to get air, and eat their way through till they have gained the extremity of the book.

To give these mites a disrelish for books, the paste which the binders make use of, and which is supposed chiefly to attract them, has often been mingled with bitter substances, as wormwood, coloquintida, &c. without any success. Mineral salts, to which all insects have an aversion, afford the only remedy. The salt called arcanum duplicatum, allum and vitriol, are proper for this purpose. By mingling therefore a small quantity of any of these mineral salts in the paste, books will be effectually preserved from the attacks of all sorts of worms and insects.

M. Prediger, in his Instructions to Bookbinders, printed at Leipsic, in the German language, in 1741, says, that if binders were to make their paste of starch instead of flour, worms would not touch the books. He also directs pulverised allum mixed with a little fine pepper, to be strewed between the book and the cover, and also upon the shelves of the library; and for the more effectual preservation of the books in libraries, he advises rubbing the books well, in the months of March, July, and September, with a woollen cloth dipped in powdered allum. And it were to be wished that for the future all bookbinders would make their paste in the manner recommended, but I would not advise depending upon starch without any admixture of mineral salts.

[It is remarkable, that worms seldom attack books printed on English made paper.]

1754, Feb.

VII. The Uncertainty of Human Testimony.

JAQUES DU MOULIN, a French refugee, having brought over his family and a small sum of money, employed it in

purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the Custom-house, which he again disposed of by retail; as these goods were such as having a high duty were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling, or purchasing smuggled goods, under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers, and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not in the general estimation, impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character: but he was often detected in uttering false gold; he came frequently to persons of whom he had received money, with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him; this was generally denied with great eagerness, but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into disrepute, and he gradually lost not only his business but his credit. It happened that having sold a parcel of goods, which amounted to seventy-eight pounds, to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas and Portugal gold, several pieces of which he scrupled, but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined, and weighed those very pieces, and found them good, Du Moulin took them, and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods; Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure they were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad, insisting that they were the same to which he had objected. The man now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. Du Moulin appeared to be rather piqued than intimidated at this charge, and having sworn that these were the pieces he received of Harris, Harris was at length obliged to make them good; but, as he was confident Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and met with many persons who had nearly the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du

Moulin's for a considerable time. Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned; and hearing what Harris had reported from all parts, he brought his action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence; and, in the mean time, having procured a meeting of several persons, who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers, a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several others were picked from other money, that was found in different parcels in his scrutoire; upon further search a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of aqua regia, and several other implements were discovered. No doubt could now be made of his guilt, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he made, the insolence with which he had insisted upon its being paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim; his action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and every body was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to his trial, and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his scrutoire, and above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

It happened that a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse; his wife, who was then big with child, and near her time, immediately fell into fits and miscarried: she was soon sensible that she could not live, and, therefore, sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:—

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, that had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was, therefore, entrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money, by opening his master's scrutoire and leaving it there in the stead of an equal number of good pieces, which he took out: that by this iniquitous practice

Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added, if application was not immediately made to save him: by this account, which she gave in great agony of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions, and soon after expired. The woman immediately applied to a magistrate, and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day, and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two; but while the last was under examination, a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money, and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity, by offering him his life, if he would become an evidence for the king, he confessed that he had been long associated with the other prisoners and the man that was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found, but he could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended, and the king's witness swearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, and the part which each of them usually performed, they were convicted and condemned to die. Both of them, however, still denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence he had declared that the bad money which was found together, was such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it, that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed, he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad, but the finding of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a particular not yet accounted for; as he only alleged in general terms, that he knew not how they came there, and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery, but that of a woman who was dead, reported at second hand by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not, however, charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf; but it happened that while the public opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, and

in it a bunch of keys, and the impression of one in wax. The impression was compared with the keys, and that which it corresponded with, was found to open Du Moulin's scrutoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found; when this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, he burst into tears, and confessed all that had been alleged against him; he was then asked how the tools came in his master's scrutoire, and he answered, that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments, which the private drawer would not contain, and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion; that for this reason, before the officers went up stairs, he opened the scrutoire with his false key, and having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked it when he heard them at the door.

In this case, even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he had received of him, was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury, either wilfully, or by neglect, inattention, or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhappy wretch, from whom a perfidious servant had taken away every thing else.

The other case, I think, happened still longer ago, and, to the best of my remembrance, it is this:—

A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, and appointed his brother to be her guardian, and executor of his will. The young lady was then about eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or, if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted, that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and, therefore, propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the day she was missing, she went out with her uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged, that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning home; that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found, that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north: and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned: that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms: that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore, that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, *Don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me*; upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a gun very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man, who had murdered his niece, to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:—

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north; but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man, of whom he

disapproved; and after much altercation, she said with some heat, *I have set my heart upon it, if I do not marry him it will be my death; and don't kill me, uncle, don't kill me;* that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a gun discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house, in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week, went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere; and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

1754, *Sept.*

VIII. Account of Jedediah Buxton.

THE accounts of Jedediah Buxton, which have already been published in the Magazine, were so extraordinary, that many have questioned if they were true; and several letters have been sent to the editor by his friends, to know whether they were fictions written merely for amusement, or whether they were intended as satires upon the pretensions or performances of any adept in arithmetical calculations? To the assurances which were then given of the certainty of the facts, upon the known integrity of the gentlemen by whom they were communicated to the press, much stronger testimony may now be added.

His grandfather, John Buxton, was vicar of Elmeton, in Derbyshire, and his father, Wm. Buxton, was schoolmaster of the same parish; but Jedediah, notwithstanding the profession of his father, is extremely illiterate, having, by whatever accident, been so much neglected in his youth as never to have been taught to write. How he came first to know

the relative proportions of numbers and their progressive denominations, he does not remember; but to this he has applied the whole force of his mind, and upon this his attention is constantly fixed, so that he frequently takes no cognizance of external objects, and when he does, it is only with respect to their numbers. The same attention of his mind appears as well by what he hears as by what he sees. If any space of time is mentioned, he will soon after say, that it is so many minutes; and if any distance of way, he will assign the number of hair's breadths, without any question having been asked, or any calculation expected by the company.

By this method he has greatly increased the power of his memory, with respect to figures, and stored up several common products in his mind, to which he can have immediate recourse; as the number of minutes in a year, of hair's breadths in a mile, and many others. When he once comprehends a question, which is not without difficulty and time, he begins to work with amazing facility, and will leave a long question half wrought, and, at the end of several months, resume it, beginning where he left off, and proceeding regularly till it is completed.

His memory would certainly have been equally retentive, with respect to other objects, if he had attended to other objects with equal diligence; but his perpetual application to figures has prevented the smallest acquisition of any other knowledge, and his mind seems to have retained fewer ideas than that of a boy ten years old, in the same class of life. He has been sometimes asked, on his return from church, whether he remembered the text, or any part of the sermon; but it never appeared that he brought away one sentence. His mind, upon a closer examination, being found to have been busied, even during divine service, in its favourite operation, either dividing some time, or some space, into the smallest known parts, or resolving some question that had been given him as a test of his abilities. His power of abstraction is so great that no noise interrupts him; and, if he is asked any question, he immediately replies, and returns again to his calculation, without any confusion, or the loss of more time than his answer required. His method of working is peculiar to himself, and by no means the shortest or the clearest, as will appear by the following example:—

He was required to multiply 456 by 378, which he had completed as soon as a person in company had produced the product in the common way; and upon being requested to

work it audibly, that his method might be known, he multiplied 456 first by 5, which produced 2280, which he again multiplied by 20, and found the product, 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100; this product he again multiplied by 3, which produced 136,800, which was the sum of the multiplicand multiplied by 300; it remained therefore to multiply it by 73, which he effected by multiplying 2280 (the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5) by 15; 5 times 15 being 75; this product being 34,200, he added to the 136,800, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 300, and this produced 171,000, which was 375 times 456; to complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and having added this number to 171,000, he found the product of 456 multiplied by 378 to be 172,368.

Thus it appears that his arithmetic is perfectly his own, and that he is so little acquainted with the common rules as to multiply 456 first by 5, and the product by 20, to find what sum it would produce multiplied by 100, whereas, if he had added two noughts to the figures, he would have obtained it at once.

The only objects of Jedediah's curiosity, except figures, were the king and royal family, and his desire to see them was so strong, that in the beginning of the spring, he walked to London on purpose, but at last returned disappointed, the king having just removed to Kensington, as Jedediah came into London. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *volk of the Sixty Cousins*: the gentlemen who were present asked him several questions in arithmetic, to prove his abilities, and dismissed him with a handsome gratuity.

During his residence in London he was carried to see King Richard III. performed at Drury-lane playhouse, and it was expected either that the novelty and the splendor of the show would have fixed him in astonishment, or kept his imagination in a continual hurry; or that his passions would, in some degree, have been touched by the power of action, if he had not perfectly understood the dialogue; but Jedediah's mind was employed in the playhouse just as it was employed at church. During the dance he fixed his attention upon the number of steps; he declared after a fine piece of music, that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments had perplexed him beyond measure, and he attended even to Mr. Garrick only to count the words that he uttered, in which, he says, he perfectly succeeded.

Jedediah is now safely returned to the place of his birth,

where, if his enjoyments are few, his wishes do not seem to be more; he applies to his labour, by which he subsists, with cheerfulness; he regrets nothing that he left behind him in London, and it is still his opinion, that a slice of rusty bacon affords the most delicious repast.

1754, *June.*

IX. Account of Robert Hill, the learned Tailor of Buckingham.

MR URBAN,

AS I was, with many others, much entertained with your memoirs of Jereidiah Buxton, I send you an account of a man who has risen much higher from the same level, and whose mind, if in one instance it is less retentive, is yet much more remarkable for the variety and vigour of its operations, and the multitude of ideas which it contains.

Robert Hill was born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, where an old relation having taught him his letters, he learned to read by himself at home. This acquisition was so remarkable in a child, that he was, for the first time, sent to school, but was, by some accident, prevented from going there longer than seven weeks, during which time, however he learned to write. When he was about fourteen years of age, he was put apprentice to a stay-maker and tailor, at Buckingham; but his desire of knowledge being still predominant, he contrived to gratify it under every possible disadvantage. With the first money that he could scrape together he purchased Beza's Latin Testament, and a Latin Grammar. He then applied to the boys at the free school, and got himself employed by them, to run on errands, or to render them such other service as was in his power, having always first stipulated, that in return they should tell him the English of the Latin words in some rule of his Grammar. In proportion to the knowledge he acquired, he became more sensible of what was yet wanting; and as soon as he was able, he added a Gradus to his Testament and Grammar, by which he was assisted in his pronunciation. As there are few difficulties insurmountable by persevering labour, Hill, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, had not only learned his trade, but could read and understand several Latin authors tolerably well.

He was now known to the neighbouring gentlemen, one

of whom, upon the death of his son, gave him some of his books, and among others there happened to be a Greek Testament. This was a new object of curiosity, and not being able to rest while he had a book in his possession which he could not read, he immediately applied himself to learn Greek. In this arduous task he received some assistance from a young gentleman at Buckingham, and in about three years he began to read a Greek author with some pleasure. The same restless curiosity and desire of knowledge, which thus attached him to books, induced him not to follow his business at home, but to travel the country, as an itinerary mender of clothes and stays; but in this state of poverty and dissipation, he was still a hard student, and when he was four and thirty years of age he began to learn Hebrew.

The first book that he read for this purpose happened to be Shindler's Grammar; but as all books that are written to instruct those who have no master, in the first rudiments of science, suppose many things to be known which they ought to teach, Hill found several deficiencies in Shindler, which he was at a loss to supply; and after much labour and much contrivance, he thought, if he could, in his peregrinations, associate himself with some Jew, who, like himself, was travelling the country for a subsistence, he might take the same route, and should be able to get such instruction as he wanted. This project he immediately put in execution, and finding an itinerant Jew at Oakingham, he communicated his scheme, and stated his difficulties. The Jew was very ready to assist him, but Hill found him not able; this inability, however, he supposed to be accidental, and therefore applied himself to many others, but to all with as little success. To Hill, however, nothing was less eligible than to relinquish his purpose, he, therefore, had recourse to other Hebrew Grammars, of which he read eleven, some answered his purpose best in one particular and some in another, but not any one of them contained all that he expected to find, though he thinks, upon the whole, Mayer's is the best. After he had thus acquired the knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and made himself acquainted with whatever such travels as his could produce to his observation, almost constantly studying half the night that he might pursue his journey and his business in the day, he returned to Buckingham, where he still continues buried in obscurity, and scarcely subsisting by his labour; but perfectly contented with his condition, extremely modest and diffident in his discourse, and without any new-

faugled notions in religion, which generally distinguish a smarterer in learning.*

1754, *Sept.*

X. Account of Henry Wild, the learned Tailor of Norwich.

MR. HENRY WILD, professor of the oriental languages, was born in the city of Norwich, and educated there at a grammar school, and almost fitted for the University; but his friends wanting fortune and interest to maintain him there, bound him an apprentice to a tailor, with whom he served out the term of seven years; after which he worked as a journeyman seven years more. About the end of the last seven years, he was seized with a fever and ague, which continued two or three years, and reduced him at last so low, as to disable him from working at his trade. In this situation, he amused himself with some old books of controversial divinity, wherein he found great stress laid on the Hebrew original of several texts of scripture. Though he had almost lost his school learning, his curiosity and strong desire of knowledge excited him to attempt to make himself master of it. He was obliged at first to make use of an English Hebrew grammar and lexicon, but by degrees he recovered the language he had learned at school. As his health was re-established, he divided his time between the business of his profession, and his studies, which last employed the greatest part of his nights. Thus self-taught and assisted only by his own great genius, by dint of continual application, and almost unparalleled industry, he added the knowledge of all, or the much greater part, of the oriental languages, to that of Hebrew. But still he laboured in obscurity, till, at length, he was accidentally discovered to the world.

The late worthy Dr. Prideaux, dean of Norwich, a name justly celebrated in the learned world, was offered some Arabic MSS. in parchment, by a bookseller of that city.

But whether he thought the price demanded was too great, or whether he expected, as few would buy them, the bookseller would be obliged to lower his price, he left them on his hands. Soon after Mr. Wild heard of them, and purchased them. Some weeks after, the dean called at the shop, and inquired for the MSS. but was informed they were sold. Chagrined at his disappointment, he asked the name and profession of the person who had brought them. On his being told he was a tailor; "Run instantly," said the dean, in a passion, "and fetch them, if they are not cut in pieces to make measures." He was soon relieved from his fears, by Mr. Wild's appearance with the MSS. He inquired whether he would part with them, but was answered in the negative. The dean hastily asked what he did with them? he replied, "I read them." He was desired to read, which he did; he was then bid to render a passage or two into English, which he did readily and exactly. Amazed at this, the dean, partly at his own expense, partly by a subscription, raised among persons, whose inclinations led them to this kind of learning, sent him to Oxford, where, though he was never a member of the University, he was, by the dean's interest, admitted to the Bodleian Library, and employed for some years in translating, or making extracts out of oriental MSS. Thus he bid adieu to his needle.

About 1718, I found him at Oxford, and learned Hebrew of him; but do not recollect how long he had been there before. He was there known by the name of the Arabian Tailor. All the hours that the library was open, he constantly attended; when it was shut, he employed most of his leisure time in teaching the oriental languages to young gentlemen, at the moderate price of half a guinea a language, except for the Arabic, for which, as I remember, he had a guinea.

About 1720, he removed to London, where he spent the remainder of his life, under the patronage of the famous Dr. Mead; there I saw him at the latter end of 1721. When he died I know not, but in 1734 his translation, out of the Arabic, of Al-Mesra, or Mahomet's Journey to Heaven, was published. In the dedication, which was addressed to Mr. Mackrel, of Norwich, it is said to be a posthumous work. It is the only piece of his that ever was printed, and I have heard him read it in MS.

When I knew him, he seemed to be about 40, though his sedentary and studious way of life might make him look older than he really was. His person was thin and meagre, his stature moderately tall, and his air and walk had all the

little particularities observed in persons of his profession. His memory was extraordinary. His pupils frequently invited him to spend an evening with them, when he would often entertain us with long and curious details out of the Roman, Greek, and Arabic histories. His morals were good, he was addicted to no vice, was sober and temperate, modest and diffident of himself, without any tincture of conceitedness or vanity. In his lectures he would frequently observe to us, that such an idiom in Hebrew resembled one in Latin or Greek; then he would make a pause, and seem to recal his words, and ask us, whether it were not so?

So much merit and industry met with little reward, and procured him a subsistence not much better than what his trade might have produced; as I remember, his subscriptions amounted to no more than 20 or 30*l.* per annum. That part of learning which he excelled in, was cultivated and encouraged by few. Unfortunately for him, the Rev. Mr. Gagnier, a French gentleman, skilled in the oriental tongues, was in possession of all the favours the University could bestow in this way; for he was recommended by the Heads of Houses to instruct young gentlemen, and employed by the professors of those languages to read public lectures in their absence.

Such uncommon attainments in a person who made so mean an appearance, led some to suspect that he was a Jesuit under this disguise. These suspicions were heightened by his modesty and diffidence, his affecting sometimes to talk of foreign cities and countries, his frequenting the University church only, where, by way of exercise, the sermons treat more of speculative and controversial points, than practical ones. But these suspicions were without any other foundation: for after I had left the University, I lived in a family, where I met with a woman who was a native and inhabitant of Norwich, who came there on a visit. I took this opportunity of making many inquiries about him. She confirmed many of the particulars before-mentioned, and assured me that she knew him from a child, that he was born and bred up in that city, and never heard or knew he was absent from it any considerable time, till his removal to Oxford.

The memory of so extraordinary a person, who was so striking an example of diligence and industry, deserves to be perpetuated. Such an attempt is an act of justice due to such merit, and cannot but be of service to the world. I heartily wish that these imperfect memoirs may induce one of his fellow citizens to correct, improve, and complete

them, especially since the late Rev. Mr. Bloomfield, in his History of the City of Norwich, if I remember right, takes no notice of a man, who did honour to the place of his nativity, and his country.

1755, *March.*

Z. A.

XI. Account of John Ludwig, a Saxon Peasant.

MR. URBAN,

IN the course of your entertaining work you have given us an account of a peasant, who, though otherwise extremely illiterate, had yet acquired surprising skill in numbers; and, as he could not write, was able to work any arithmetical question by mere memory. You have also given us an account of a poor tailor, who acquired the knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, while he was sitting on his board, or wandering about the country in search of work. I now send you an account, in many particulars, more extraordinary than either of these, which I shall be glad to see laid up in your Repository.

Yours, &c.

T. S.

IT is usual for the commissaries of excise in Saxony to appoint a peasant in every village in their district to receive the excise of the place, for which few are allowed more than one crown, and none more than three.

Mr. Christian Gotthold Hoffman, who is chief commissary of Dresden, and the villages adjacent, when he was auditing the accounts of some of these peasants in March, 1753, was told, that there was among them one John Ludwig, a strange man, who, though he was very poor and had a family, was yet continually reading in books, and very often stood the greatest part of the night at his door, gazing at the stars.

This account raised Mr. Hoffman's curiosity, and he ordered the man to be brought before him. Hoffman, who expected something in the man's appearance that corresponded with a mind superior to his station, was greatly surprized to see the most rustic boor he had ever beheld. His hair hung over his forehead down to his eyes, his aspect was sordid and stupid, and his manner was, in every respect,

that of a plodding ignorant clown. Mr. Hoffman, after contemplating this unpromising appearance, concluded, that as the supposed superiority of this man was of the intellectual kind, it would certainly appear when he spoke; but even in this experiment he was also disappointed. He asked him, if what his neighbours had said of his reading and studying was true? and the man bluntly and coarsely replied, "What neighbour has told you that I read and study? If I have studied, I have studied for myself, and I don't desire that you or any body else should know any thing of the matter." Hoffman, however, continued the conversation, notwithstanding his disappointment, and asked several questions concerning arithmetic and the first rudiments of astronomy; to which he now expected vague and confused replies. But in this too he had formed an erroneous prognostic; for Hoffman was struck not only with astonishment but confusion, to hear such definitions and explications as would have done honour to a regular academic in a public examination.

Mr. Hoffman, after this conversation, prevailed on the peasant to stay some time at his house, that he might further gratify his curiosity at such times as would be most convenient. In their subsequent conferences he proposed to his guest the most abstracted and embarrassing questions, which were always answered with the utmost readiness and precision. The account which this extraordinary person gives of himself and his acquisitions, is as follows:—

John Ludwig was born the 24th of February, 1715, in the village of Cossedaude, and was, among other poor children of the village, sent very young to school. The Bible, which was the book by which he was taught to read, gave him so much pleasure, that he conceived the most eager desire to read others, which, however, he had no opportunity to get into his possession. In about a year his master began to teach him to write, but this exercise was rather irksome than pleasing at first; but when the first difficulty was surmounted, he applied to it with great alacrity, especially as books were put into his hand to copy as an exercise; and he employed himself almost night and day, not in copying particular passages only, but in forming collections of sentences, or events that were connected with each other. When he was ten years old, he had been at school four years, and was then put to arithmetic, but this embarrassed him with innumerable difficulties, which his master would not take the trouble to explain, expecting that he should content himself with the implicit practice of positive rules. Ludwig, therefore, was so disgusted with

arithmetic, that after much scolding and beating he went from school, without having learned any thing more than reading, writing, and his catechism.

He was then sent into the field to keep cows, and in this employment he soon became clownish, and negligent of every thing else; so that the greater part of what he had learned was forgotten. He associated with the sordid and the vicious, and he became insensible like them. As he grew up he kept company with women of bad character, and abandoned himself to such pleasures as were within his reach. But a desire of surpassing others, that principle which is productive of every kind of greatness, was still living in his breast; he remembered to have been praised by his master, and preferred above his comrades, when he was learning to read and write, and he was still desirous of the same pleasure, though he did not know how to obtain it.

In the autumn of 1735, when he was about twenty years old, he bought a small Bible, at the end of which was a catechism, with references to a great number of texts, upon which the principles contained in the answers were founded. Ludwig had never been used to take any thing upon trust, and was, therefore, continually turning over the leaves of his Bible, to find the passages referred to in the catechism; but this he found so irksome a task, that he determined to have the whole at one view, and, therefore, set about to transcribe the catechism, with all the texts at large brought into their proper places. With this exercise he filled two quires of paper, and though when he began, the character was scarcely legible, yet, before he had finished, it was greatly improved; for an art that has been once learned is easily recovered.

In the month of March, 1736, he was employed to receive the excise of the little district in which he lived, and he found that in order to discharge this office, it was necessary for him not only to write, but to be master of the two first rules of arithmetic, addition and subtraction. His ambition had now an object; and a desire to keep the accounts of the tax he was to gather, better than others of his station, determined him once more to apply to arithmetic, however hateful the task, and whatever labour it might require. He now regretted that he was without an instructor, and would have been glad at any rate to have practised the rules without first knowing the rationale. His mind was continually upon the stretch to find out some way of supplying this want, and at last he recollected that one of his school-fellows had a book from which examples of several rules were taken by the master to exercise the scholars. He, therefore,

went immediately in search of this school-fellow, and was overjoyed to find, upon inquiry, that the book was still in his possession. Having borrowed this important volume, he returned home with it, and beginning his studies as he went along, he pursued them with such application, that in about six months he was master of the rule-of-three with fractions.

The reluctance with which he began to learn the powers and properties of figures was now at an end; he knew enough to make him earnestly desirous of knowing more; he was, therefore, impatient to proceed from this book to one that was more difficult, and having at length found means to procure one that treated of more intricate and complicated calculations, he made himself master of that also before the end of the year 1739. He had the good fortune soon after to meet with a *Treatise of Geometry*, written by Pachek, the same author whose arithmetic he had been studying; and finding that this science was in some measure founded on that which he had learned, he applied to his new book with great assiduity for some time, but, at length, not being able perfectly to comprehend the theory as he went on, nor yet to discover the utility of the practice, he laid it aside, to which he was also induced by the necessity of his immediate attendance to his fields and his vines.

The severe winter which happened in the year 1740, obliged him to keep long within his cottage, and having there no employment either for his body or his mind, he had once more recourse to his book of geometry: and having at length comprehended some of the leading principles, he procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, on one point of which he mounted the end of a quill cut into a pen. With these instruments he employed himself incessantly in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems. He was thus busied in his cot till March, and the joy arising from the knowledge he had acquired was exceeded only by his desire of knowing more.

He was now necessarily recalled to that labour by which alone he could procure himself food, and was besides without money to procure such books and instruments as were absolutely necessary to pursue his geometrical studies. However, with the assistance of a neighbouring artificer, he procured the figures which he found represented by the diagrams in his book, to be made in wood, and with these he went to work at every interval of leisure, which now happened only once a week, after divine service on a Sunday. He was still in want of a new book, and having laid by a little sum for that purpose against the time of the fair, where

alone he had access to a bookseller's shop, he made a purchase of three small volumes, from which he acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry. After this acquisition he could not rest till he had begun to study astronomy; his next purchase, therefore, was an introduction to that science, which he read with indefatigable diligence, and invented innumerable expedients to supply the want of proper instruments, in which he was not less successful than Robinson Crusoe, who, in an island of which he was the only rational inhabitant, found means to supply himself not only with the necessaries but the conveniences of life.

During his study of geometry and astronomy he had frequently met with the word *philosophy*, and this became more and more the object of his attention. He conceived that it was the name of some science of great importance and extent, with which he was as yet wholly unacquainted; he became therefore impatient in the highest degree to get acquainted with philosophy, and being continually upon the watch for such assistance as offered, he at last picked up a book, called *An Introduction to the Knowledge of God, of Man, and of the Universe*. In reading this book he was struck with a variety of objects that were equally interesting and new.

But as this book contained only general principles, he went to Dresden, and inquired among the booksellers, who was the most celebrated author that had written on philosophy. By the booksellers he was recommended to the Works of Wolfius, written in the German language, and Wolfius having been mentioned in several books he had read, as one of the most able men of his age, he readily took him for his guide in the regions of philosophy.

The first purchase that he made of Wolfius's Works was his Logic, and at this he laboured a full year, still attending to his other studies, so as not to lose what he had gained before. In this book he found himself referred to another, written by the same author, called *Mathematical Principles*, as the fittest to give just ideas of things and facilitate the practice of logic, he therefore inquired after this book with a design to buy it; but finding it too dear for his finances, he was obliged to content himself with an abridgment of it, which he purchased in the autumn of 1743. From this book he derived much pleasure and much profit, and it employed him from October, 1743, to February, 1745.

He then proceeded to metaphysics, at which he laboured till the October following, and he would fain have entered on the study of physics, but his indigence was an insuperable impediment, and he was obliged to content himself with

this author's Morality, Politics, and Remarks on Metaphysics, which employed him till July, 1746; by this time he had scraped together a sum sufficient to buy the Physics, which he had so earnestly desired, and this work he read twice within the year.

About this time a dealer in old books sold him a volume of Wolfius's Mathematical Principles at large, and the spherical trigonometry which he found in this book was a new treasure, which he was very desirous to make his own. This, however, cost him incredible labour, and filled every moment that he could spare from his business and his sleep, for something more than a year.

He proceeded to the study of Kahrel's Law of Nature and Nations, and at the same time procured a little book on the terrestrial and celestial globes. These books, with a few that he borrowed, were the sources from which he derived such a stock of knowledge, as is seldom found even among those who have associated with the inhabitants of an university and had perpetual access to public libraries.

Mr. Hoffman, during Ludwig's residence at his house, dressed him in his own gown, with other proper habiliments; and he observes that this alteration of his dress had such an effect, that Hoffman could not conceive the man's accent or dialect to be the same, and he felt himself secretly inclined to treat him with more deference than when he was in his peasant's dress, though the alteration was made in his presence and with his own apparel.

It happened also that before Ludwig went home there was an eclipse of the sun, and Mr. Hoffman proposed to his guest that he should observe this phenomenon as an astronomer, and for that purpose furnished him with proper instruments. The impatience of Ludwig till the time of the eclipse is not to be expressed; he had hitherto been acquainted with the planetary world only by books and a view of the heavens with the naked eye; he had never yet looked through a telescope, and the anticipation of the pleasure which the new observation would yield him, scarcely suffered him either to eat or sleep; but it unfortunately happened, that just before the eclipse came on, the sky became cloudy, and continued so during the whole time of its continuance. This misfortune was more than the philosophy even of Ludwig could bear; as the cloud came on he looked up at it in the agony of a man that expected the dissolution of nature to follow; when it came over the sun, he stood fixed in a consternation not to be described, and when he knew the eclipse was past, his disappointment and grief were little short of distraction.

Mr. Hoffman soon after went in his turn to visit Mr. Ludwig, and take a view of his dwelling, his library, his study, and his instruments. He found an old crazy cottage, the inside of which had been long blacked with smoke; the walls were covered with propositions and diagrams written with chalk. In one corner was a bed, in another a cradle; and, under a little window at the side, three pieces of board, laid side by side over two trestles, made a writing table for the philosopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing paper, containing extracts of books, various calculations, and geometrical figures; the books which have been mentioned before, were placed on a shelf with the compass and ruler that have been described, which, with a wooden square and a pair of six-inch globes, constituted the library and museum of the truly celebrated John Ludwig.

In this hovel he lived till the year 1754, and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy at his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labour as a poor peasant, sometimes carrying a basket at his back, and sometimes driving a wheelbarrow, and crying such garden-stuff as he had to sell, about the village. In this state he was subject to frequent insults, such as "patient merit of the unworthy takes," and he bore them without reply or any other mark either of resentment or contempt, when those who could not agree with him about the price of his commodities used to turn from him with an air of superiority, and call him in derision a *silly* clown, a *stupid* dog.

Mr. Hoffman, when he dismissed him, presented him with 100 crowns, which have fulfilled all his wishes and made him the happiest man in the world: with this sum, he has built himself a more commodious habitation in the middle of his vineyard, and furnished it with many moveables and utensils, of which he was in great want, but above all, he has procured a very considerable addition to his library, an article so essential to his happiness, that he declared to Mr. Hoffman, he would not accept the whole province in which he lived upon condition that he should renounce his studies, and that he had rather live on bread and water, than withhold from his mind that food, which his intellectual hunger perpetually required.

1757, *Sept.*

XII. Secret of the Fire-eating Art.

MR. URBAN,

Ashbourn, Derb. Jan. 20.

LAST spring Mr. Powell, the famous fire-cater, did us the honour of a visit at this town; and, as he set forth in his printed bills, that he had shewn away not only before most of the crowned heads in Europe, but even before the Royal Society of London, and was dignified with a curious and very ample simple medal, that, he said, was bestowed on him by that learned body, as a testimony of their approbation, for eating what nobody else could eat, I was prevailed upon, at the importunity of some friends, to go and see a sight that so many great kings and philosophers had not thought below their notice. And, I confess, though neither a superstitious nor an incurious man, I was not a little astonished at his wonderful performance in the fire-eating way.

After many restless days and nights, and the profoundest researches into the nature of things, I almost despaired of accounting for the strange phenomenon of a human and perishable creature eating red hot coals, taken indiscriminately out of a large fire, broiling steaks upon his tongue, swallowing huge draughts of liquid fire as greedily as a country squire does roast beef and strong beer. Thought I to myself, very wisely and logically, how can the minor include the major? How can that element, which we are told is ultimately to devour all things, be devoured itself, as familiar diet, by a mortal man? Here I stuck, and here I might have stuck, as a very learned man says in another matter of great importance, if a thought had not darted into my mind, early one morning, as I lay between sleeping and waking, that I had, many years ago, read something of this kind in the *Journal des Sçavans*. Like Archimedes I started out of bed, and cried, *Εύρηκα*, I have found it out, I have it, rushing at the same time almost naked into my study, where, in the 8th volume of that work, p. 282, I met with the following anecdote:—

“The secret of fire-eating was made public by a servant to one Richardson, an Englishman, who shewed it in France about the year 1667, and was the first performer of the kind that ever appeared in Europe. It consists only in rubbing the hands, and thoroughly washing the mouth, lips, tongue, teeth, and other parts that are to touch the fire, with pure spirit of sulphur. This burns and cauterizes the epidermis,

or upper skin, till it becomes as hard as thick leather, and every time the experiment is tried it becomes still easier than before. But if, after it has been very often repeated, the upper skin should grow so callous and horny as to become troublesome, washing the parts affected with very warm water, or hot wine, will bring away all the shrivelled or parched epidermis. The flesh, however, will continue tender and unfit for such business till it has been frequently rubbed over again with the same spirit.

“This preparative may be rendered much stronger and more efficacious, by mixing equal quantities of spirit of sulphur, sal-ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and juice of onions.

“The bad effects which frequently swallowing red-hot coals, melted sealing wax, rosin, brimstone, and other calcined and inflammable matter, might have had upon his stomach, were prevented by drinking plentifully of warm water and oil, as soon as he left the company, till he had vomited all up again.”

My author farther adds, “that any person who is possessed of this secret, may safely walk over burning coals, or red-hot plough-shares,” (as queen Emma is said to have done,) and fortifies his assertion by the example of blacksmiths and forgers, “many of whom,” he says, “acquire such a degree of callosity, by often handling hot things, that they will carry a glowing bar of iron from the furnace to the anvil in their naked hands, without hurt.”

This anecdote was communicated to the author of the *Journal des Sçavans*, by M. Panthot, doctor of physic, and member of the college at Lyons.

Tavernier says in his *Voyages*, that he met with a slave, who would suffer himself, for a small reward, to be hung round with heavy chains of iron red-hot, and that he would keep them on till they were quite cold, without the least apparent sense of pain. This slave must certainly have been acquainted with something more powerful than the preceding receipt to resist the strength of fire, as such a weight must considerably increase its activity, and consequently its penetration.

Whether Mr. Powell will take it kindly of me thus to have published his secret, I cannot tell; but as he now begins to drop into years, has no children that I know of, and may die suddenly, or without making a will, I think it is a great pity so genteel an occupation should become one of the *artes perditæ*, as possibly it may, if proper care is not taken; and therefore hope, after this information, some

true-hearted Englishman will take it up again, for the honour of his country, when he reads in the newspapers, *Yesterday died, much lamented, the famous Mr. Powell. He was the best, if not the only, fire-eater in the world, and it is greatly to be jeared his art is dead with him.*

Before that fatal period, I would not, upon any account, be thought to encourage him to *set up for himself*, or take the poor man's coals *out of his mouth*, which are to be sure his daily bread; though he may be in the mean time preparing for it, without the least imputation of injustice or ill neighbourhood, by going through a regular course of searings, and now and then a gentle scorch or two, to try how he can *stand fire*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PHILOPYRPHAGUS ASHBURNIENSIS.

1755, Feb.

XIII. Experiments for preserving Water sweet.

Extracts of some trials made by Stephen Hales, D.D. F.R.S. to keep water and fish sweet with lime-water, &c.

APRIL 9, 1754, He put into a seven-gallon cask of water, in the proportion of a pound to a hogshead, some white marble lime.

April 26, It tasted a little of the wood, and smelt somewhat ill, and more so in July 27, when it was poured away.

June 15, He put into an 18-gallon cask 18 ounces of unslacked lime-stone from Shropshire.

June 25, The water was sweet, but tasted disagreeably of the cask, and was the same August 24; but October 17, the taste was somewhat worse, and November 12, seemed to smell and taste putrid, but the prevailing taste was from the cask.

He put also into a 9-gallon cask two ounces of the same unslacked lime-stone to a gallon, and found it much the same all along as the former.

With chalk-lime at two pounds to a hogshead, it stunk much, and continued to do so for four months; so that chalk-lime, so much in use, will not preserve water from

putrefaction, though stone-lime does in a great measure, and therefore may be very serviceable at sea.

April 2, He put into a kilderkin, or 18 gallons of pure pond water, a pound of native mineral sulphur in seven lumps.

April 26, Sweet; May 3, began manifestly to stink; May 7, stunk much, and was poured away.

May 8, The kilderkin being scalded, it was filled again with the same pond water, and six pounds of native mineral sulphur put into it.

July 27, It was sweet; October 17, it was discoloured, and in a very small degree foetid; November 12, the same.

Hence native mineral sulphur may be of service to preserve water from great degrees of putrefaction at sea.

Dr. Alston having wrote him word, that he found fish would continue sweet in lime-water 7 weeks and more:—

April 19, He put four gudgeons into white marble lime-water; May 10, they were sweet, but the flesh pappy when boiled. May 22, they smelt sweet and felt firm, but in boiling dissolved like an anchovy. June 12, one of the gudgeons, though sweet and firm to the touch, dissolved in new-made stone-lime-water, only milk-warm.

June 18, Two small eels skinned, were put into stone-lime-water; June 22, one of them, which was firm to handle, when boiled was soft and pappy; June 25, the other eel was the same when boiled.

In order to try whether the lime, which adhered to, and had soaked into the flesh of the fish which had lain in lime-water, had the quality of thus dissolving the texture of the flesh in boiling; he boiled a small eel, and a morsel of mutton for ten minutes, in stone-lime-water, when they were boiled enough, and were of a due degree of firmness, and not pappy. A like eel boiled in well-water, was boiled enough in five minutes.

Hence it appears, that the lime does not, in boiling so short a time, dissolve the texture of the flesh into a pap, which must therefore be the effect of unfoetid putrefaction.

But lime-water, made of chalk-lime has very little of an antiseptic quality; for the year before, in the month of May, he put some gudgeons and an eel into common lime-water, and in seven days boiled one of the gudgeons, but found it too putrid to eat. After 28 days he boiled another, and it was boiled almost into indiscernible parts, which shews that it was much putrefied. Dr. Alston likewise informed him, that he put a piece of veal in pounded or slacked stone-lime, which in a week became tough and dry. He

therefore put a piece of veal from half to three-quarters of an inch thick, into chalk-lime on May 10, and on the 31st of the same month it had a putrid smell, and was in the middle red and raw, with a thin hard outside.

Having communicated these trials to Dr. Pringle, (whose trials having been made with chalk-lime water, which is in common use in England, agreed with the last of Dr. Hales's) he observed, that the difference between stone-lime-water and chalk-lime-water might probably consist in this:—the chalk, before calcination, being a highly septic substance, if some of its particles were not fully calcined, these, by mixing with the water, would impart to it some degree of a putrefying quality, contrary to that virtue which the water receives from such parts as are sufficiently burnt. That the same would be the case of shells, which are also septics, and therefore that the lime-water, made either of chalk or shells, would prove more or less antiseptic, or even continue septic, according to the degree of calcination. He added, that as all his experiments relating to the antiseptic quality of lime-water were made in a furnace, heated to the degree of human blood, viz. to near 100 on Fahrenheit's thermometer, the uncalcined parts of the lime would, in that state, become more active in promoting putrefaction, than when the trials were made in cold water.

And indeed it must be owned, that when any experiments are made on medicinal subjects, out of the body, the nearer they can be made to the heat of the blood, and to other circumstances, those substances must undergo in the first passages, the more just the inferences will be, that are drawn from those experiments.

In regard to that quality of lime-water, in preserving fish longer sweet than flesh, Dr. Pringle took notice, that he doubted it was a common mistake, to account fish a more corruptible substance than the flesh of land animals; for although fish might become sooner too stale for eating, than most flesh meats, yet that fish did not so soon rise to a rank degree of putrefaction, as flesh, and therefore that the former would be kept longer tolerably sweet than the latter, by any kind of antiseptic.

1755, July.

XIV. Proposal to correct Spirituous Liquors with Vinegar.

MR. URBAN,

July 28, 1755.

THE Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hales, and several others, have given sufficient proofs of the bad effects of drinking spirituous liquors; and though on board our men-of-war, the sailors and marines are seldom allowed them without being first mixed with about three times the quantity of water, if I am rightly informed, yet I have good reason to believe, that if a proper quantity of vinegar was to be added to them, it would still be the more efficacious to prevent the pernicious effects of the spirits, and would brace up their weak fibres, and strengthen the stomach, and would also be of the greatest advantage in the hot countries, be of service in the sea scurvy, and prevent putrid and malignant fevers.

I would also remark that the virtues of vinegar were well known to the ancient Romans, who made vinegar and water the constant drink of their soldiers, which rendered them so strong and able to face their enemies; whereas our army is greatly enfeebled by the use of spirituous liquors alone.

I have given one large spoonful of vinegar, mixed with four large spoonfuls of brandy, and about three times as much water, and have found it very refreshing, grateful to the taste, and agreeable to the stomach, and even in cases where the stomach has been impaired by drinking spirituous liquors, and could hardly retain any thing.

I wish some gentleman of note would make some experiments of this method, and if it were found to succeed, would oblige our sailors, marines, and soldiers to use it; for whatever method would contribute to make our men more strong and hardy, and more able to endure labour and fatigue, would certainly be of the greatest advantage to us, and more especially in time of war.

Yours, &c.

1755, Aug.

J. N.

XV. Manner of hatching Chickens in Egypt.

THIS secret, which the Bermeans reveal to none but their children, consists not in the structure of the oven, but

the manner of managing the eggs when they are there. Each oven consists of two brick buildings 9 feet high, 38 long, and 12 broad, with a kind of passage between them 3 feet wide, closed up at each end by the walls which terminate the two buildings, and arched over, forming a gallery of the same height.

The two buildings are divided by cross walls, each into 8 chambers, 9 feet high, and each chamber is again separated horizontally into two by a very flat arch, perforated in the middle with an aperture 2 feet diameter; so that each building contains two ranges of chambers 3 feet high, the upper range communicating with the lower by these apertures: the apartments, though not very commodious for the Bermeans that enter them, are very fit for supporting the degree of heat necessary to hatch the eggs, which must be nearly 32 deg. above freezing on Reaumur's thermometer.

The door to every one of these chambers, above and below, is a round hole a foot and a half in diameter, which forms a double range of ox-eyes on either side of the gallery; and the door of the gallery itself is a like hole, being the only entrance into the oven.

The eggs are disposed in the lower chambers, upon mats, or beds of hair or hemp, and the door which communicates from each lower chamber to the gallery, is carefully closed up with a wadding of the same matter. The fire is kindled in the upper chambers, and the smoke, which passes into the gallery through the before-mentioned apertures, escapes from thence by the holes in the arch, which are carefully closed up as soon as the oven is become hot enough and the fire is extinguished. They burn neither wood nor coals, which would make too fierce a fire, but a mixture of the dried dung of animals and straw.

From the time of putting out the fire in the oven, part of the eggs are removed into the upper chambers, which though they are now useless, as to their first office, become yet a commodious receptacle for the chickens when hatched, and suit better with the frequent visits which the Bermeans make, to turn the eggs, and carefully pick out, and take away the rotten ones; the stinking vapour of which would otherwise spoil the rest, or kill the young chickens.

The requisite time for hatching each brood in the oven, as well as under the hen, is about 21 days; but as they keep up the heat of their ovens six months together, each oven can very well produce 8 broods of about 45,000 eggs each. The Bermean, who has the management of the oven, is to furnish 30,000 chickens every brood; the other 15,000

either perish, or turn to his own profit. Every oven, therefore, produces annually to its master 240,000 chickens, and the number of these ovens being 386, the whole number of chickens, exclusive of those which are allowed to the manager, amounts to 92,640,000.

1755, Aug.

XVI. Absurdity of enthusiastic Predictions.

MR. URBAN,

IN the reign of King Henry VIII. prophecies and predictions were in great vogue, the study of astrology being then in much esteem. Amongst other instances, one Bolton, who was Prior of St. Bartholomew, in the city of London,* a person of some learning, pretended to have found out by the stars, that a mighty deluge, at such a time, would drown the city of London, and being fully persuaded himself of the truth of this, he built a house at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and storing it with provisions for a competent season, retired to it; but the event not answering the prediction, both he and his art became the public ridicule of the town. The Prior went upon a science founded on no rational principles; but an anonymous pamphlet vouches the authority of one of the greatest of our astronomers, Dr. Halley, for the return of a comet in 1758, which moving in the same line with the earth, and in the same part of the line, must necessarily set it on fire. This now is an event that concerns the whole race of mankind, even the catastrophe of this terraqueous globe, and, therefore, I am willing to treat it with all imaginable seriousness, as the author plainly designed it should.

Your correspondents, Graticola and Witchell, have shewn that the author of the pamphlet has committed a mistake, for that the comet, which according to the calculation of Dr. Halley will return A. D. 1758, is not the comet whose trajectory will coincide with the line of the earth's orbit. Moreover, that the comet expected in the year 1758, will never approach nearer the body of the earth than four millions of miles. I think it needful for you, Mr. Urban, to repeat it once more in your Magazine, that the author of the

* Speed's History, p. 1080.

pamphlet has run into this error, that so every one, into whose hands this pamphlet may fall, those especially who may have overlooked the notices of your correspondents above mentioned, may be assured of it. And this, Sir, is the more necessary, because, as it appears, many ignorant people, unskilled in the science of astronomy, and withal of timorous, or rather very fearful dispositions, have been extremely uneasy upon this account. Whereupon I cannot but observe, that authors who throw out such important particulars as these, though it be done with the best design in the world, should be very sure on their hand, before they alarm us with their notices, lest the subjecting of weak minds to groundless panics, should contribute to embitter their lives, which has something in it very cruel, and even criminal.

But since, Sir, I am embarked on this subject, I will, with your leave, add a few words more upon it. It is agreed, that this world is not eternal; that it shall some time be destroyed by fire, and possibly, but not certainly, by a comet. But whether the comet, whose return is expected, A.D. 2255, will effect it or not, I think is very uncertain. For not to mention, that the end of this world may be sooner, for ought we know, the period or year of this comet being not less than 575 solar years, an observator cannot have had experiences enow, repeated at due distances, to ascertain the return of it to a year, especially considering the irregularity which is known to attend the motion of these eccentric bodies. Besides, the scriptures of the New Testament every where represent the final consummation of all things, as a point of knowledge entirely hidden from man, and, I presume, for the same reason as the day of our death is concealed from us; but it would no longer remain a secret, were it to depend on the known revolution of a comet. No one, therefore, ought to rely, in this weighty manner, on the calculation of the acutest astronomer, but rather reflect, on the other hand, 1st, That he knows not how soon this event may happen; and 2dly, that to him the day of his death is in effect the day of judgment, since, according to the doctrine of this Protestant church, *as the tree falls so it must lie*. A reflection, which if it be considered withal, to how many real disasters, without having recourse to any imaginary ones, the life of man is daily exposed, will be abundantly sufficient for the purpose of true religion, that is, to make men think on the judgment of the great day; and therefore there is no occasion to unsettle their minds by any unreasonable, and at the same time, groundless fears, which as they tend so greatly to distract

them, instead of doing them any service, are likely in the end to do them a great deal of harm.

Yours, &c.

1756, Feb.

PAUL GEMSEGE.

XVII. Dr. Hales's method of obtaining fresh Sea-water.

THE effect of causing an incessant shower of air to ascend through the boiling liquor in a still, to my surprise, I found to be very considerable. The method I used was by means of a flat round tin box, six inches diameter, and an inch and a half deep; which is placed at the bottom of the still on four knobs half an inch high, to make room for the liquor to spread over the whole bottom of the still. The mouth of the still being too narrow for the tin box to enter, which should be as wide as the bottom of the still, it may be divided into two parts with a hinge at one side, and a clasp at the other, to fix it together when in the still. The air pipe which passes through the head of the still, will help to keep the air-box from moving to and fro by the motion of the ship, or three or four small spurs may be fixed to the sides of the air-box, and reach to the sides of the still. The cover and sides of the air-box were punched full of very small holes, a quarter of an inch distant from each other. On the middle of the lid was fixed a nose, above half an inch wide, fitted to receive, to put on, and take off the lower end of the tin pipe, which was 20 inches long, and passed through a hole in the head of the still. Four inches of the upper end of this pipe were bent gibbet-fashion, almost at right angles to the upright, in order to the uniting it with the enlarged nose of a pair of bellows, by means of a short calf-skin pipe. This tin air-box, and many more, were made by Mr. Tedway, tinman, against the Mews Gate, Charing Cross.

The double bellows were bound fast to a frame at the upper part of the iron nose, and at the lower handle, to work them more commodiously. And that the upper half of the double bellows may duly rise and fall, in order to cause a constant stream of air (besides the usual contracting spiral springs within side), several flat weights of lead must be laid on the upper part of the bellows near the handle, with a hole in their middle, to fix them on an upright iron pin, fastened on the bellows; so the weights may be commodiously put on or taken off, according to the different depths of water in

the still. Thus, if the depth of the water in the still be 12 inches from the surface of the depressed water in the air-box, then the pressure of the included air against the upper part of the bellows, will be equal to that of a body of water a foot deep, and as broad as the inner surface of that board. It will therefore be requisite to add or take off weights according to the different depths of the water in the still, at different periods of the same distillation. Where the stills are fixed in ships, the air may be conveyed to them from the bellows through a small leathern pipe, distended with spiral-coils of wire, or bamboo canes, or broad small wooden pipes, like hollow fishing rods.

The quantity of water distilled in a given time by this way of continual ventilation, is, at a medium, more than double of the usual distillation. It is to be hoped, therefore, that so considerable an increase will be of great benefit to navigation, and save much fire.

By ventilation with a 20-gallon still, 240 gallons, or a ton and 24 gallons, may be distilled in 20 hours, with little more than two bushels of coals, allowing for the time of heating the still full of cold water. A ton in 24 hours will more than suffice for a 60 gun ship with 400 men, and larger may have proportionably larger stills. Ten-gallon stills will produce 120 gallons in 20 hours, and 5-gallon ones, 64 gallons.

Dr. Butler proposes pouring in more sea-water through a funnel fixed in the head of the still, when more than half has been distilled off, whereby it will soon acquire a distilling heat, adding chalk in such proportion as shall be found requisite. The funnel hole must be stopped with a cork, or small copper plate, turning on and off upon a pin.

The waste of fuel will be less in proportion in large, than in small stills, and the wider the still head is, so much the more liquor will be distilled.

It is of great importance to keep all parts of the still clean and free from rust, or verdigrease of the copper.

Now supposing, that in a 60 gun ship, the 110 tons of water for four months use, were distilled at the expense of three bushels of coals per ton, this would take 9 chaldrons, or about $13\frac{1}{2}$ tons weight, or $94\frac{1}{2}$ tons less than the 110 tons of store-water, and allowing $24\frac{1}{2}$ tons for the still-water casks and coals, there will be 70 tons weight of stowage saved thereby.

1756, Jan.

XVIII. Experiments for sweetening ill-tasted Milk and stinking Water by Ventilation, &c. by Dr. Hales.

THE method of blowing showers of air up through liquors, will be of considerable use in several other respects as well as distillation.

August 23, four quarts of ill-tasted milk, from a cow which had fed 48 hours upon cabbage leaves, drinking very little water in that time, were put into a leaden vessel, which was heated in a large boiler, whereby the milk was kept scalding hot, then in ten minutes ventilation it was perfectly cured of its ill taste.

Three gallons of stinking Jessop's well water were ventilated. On the first blowing, the smell of the ascending vapours was very offensive, which abated much in five minutes. In twenty minutes the water was sweet both in smell and taste.

July 20, three gallons of stinking sea-water were ventilated. In five minutes it was much sweetened, and no ill smell in the ascending air, though at first it was very offensive. At the end of ten minutes it had a small degree of ill taste; after twenty minutes, no ill taste or smell. It frothed near a foot high during part of the ventilation, which was from the bitumen, &c.

It is to be suspected that the stinking water which is drunk in ships may promote that putrid distemper, the scurvy, as well as some others; and that putrid waters in marshy countries may be the cause of agues, as well as the putrid air they breathe. This method, therefore, of sweetening stinking water by blowing showers of air up through it, must be very beneficial.

Live fish may well be carried many miles by blowing now and then fresh air up through the water, without the trouble of changing the water; for this ventilation will not only keep the water sweet, but also enrich it with air, which is necessary for the life of fishes; but stinking water will presently kill fish.

Much of the oil may be got out of tar-water by blowing up showers of air through it when scalding hot, for 15 or 20 minutes, the longer the better; the less volatile and more salutary acid remaining.

1756, *March.*

NIX. Anecdote of the late Duke of Montague.

MR. URBAN,

WE have often been amused with stories of the whims and frolics that great men have exercised upon little ones to the no small astonishment and perplexity of the said little men, and the unspeakable delight of themselves and their company. The late Duke of Montague was remarkable for these achievements of wit and humour, which he conducted with a dexterity and address peculiar to himself. I send you an account of one of them for the entertainment of your readers, though I doubt whether there is one among them all to whom it will give as much pleasure as it gave his grace.

Soon after the conclusion of the late peace he had observed, that a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished and the cloth worn thread-bare, appeared at a certain hour in the Park, walking to and fro in the Mall with a kind of mournful solemnity, or ruminating by himself on one of the benches, without taking any more notice of the gay crowd that was moving before him, than of so many emmets on an ant-hill, or atoms dancing in the sun.

This man the duke singled out as likely to be a fit object for a frolic. He began, therefore, by making some inquiry concerning him, and soon learned that he was an unfortunate poor creature, who having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, in hopes of preferment; but upon the conclusion of the peace had been reduced to starve upon half-pay. This the duke thought a favourable circumstance for his purpose; but he learned, upon farther inquiry, that the captain having a wife and several children, had been reduced to the necessity of sending them down into Yorkshire; whither he constantly transmitted them one moiety of his half-pay, which would not subsist them nearer the metropolis, and reserved the other moiety to keep himself upon the spot, where alone he could hope for an opportunity of obtaining a more advantageous situation. These particulars afforded a new scope for the duke's genius, and he immediately began his operations.

After some time, when every thing had been prepared, he watched an opportunity as the captain was sitting alone, buried in his speculations on a bench, to send his gentleman to him with his compliments, and an invitation to dinner the

next day. The duke having placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at length from his reverie, like a man frightened out of a dream, and gaze with a foolish look of wonder and perplexity at the person that accosted him, without seeming to comprehend what he said, or to believe his senses when it was repeated to him till he did. In short, he saw with infinite satisfaction all that could be expected in the looks, behaviour, and attitude, of a man addressed in so abrupt and unaccountable a manner; and as the sport depended upon the man's sensibility, he discovered so much of that quality on striking the first stroke, that he promised himself success beyond his former hopes. He was told, however, that the captain returned thanks for the honour intended him, and would wait upon his grace at the time appointed.

When he came, the duke received him with particular marks of civility, and taking him aside with an air of great secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine chiefly upon the account of a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and had expressed a great desire to be in his company, which her situation made it impossible for her to accomplish, without the assistance of a friend; that having learned these particulars by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together, and added, that he thought such an act of civility, whatever might be the opinion of the world, could be no imputation upon his honour. During this discourse, the duke enjoyed the profound astonishment and various changes of confusion that appeared in the captain's face, who, after he had a little recovered himself, began a speech with great solemnity, in which the duke perceived he was labouring to insinuate in the best manner he could, that he doubted whether he was not imposed upon, and whether he ought not to resent it; and therefore to put an end to his difficulties at once, the duke laid his hand upon his breast, and very devoutly swore, that he told him nothing that he did not believe upon good evidence to be true.

When word was brought that dinner was served, the captain entered the dining-room with great curiosity and wonder, but his wonder was unspeakably increased when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The duke had begun his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire, and had as

much, if not more, astonished the lady than he had her husband, to whom he took care she should have no opportunity to send a letter.

It is much more easy to conceive than to describe a meeting so sudden, unexpected, and extraordinary: it is sufficient to say that it afforded the duke the highest entertainment, who at length, with much difficulty, got his guests quietly seated at his table, and persuaded them to fall to, without thinking either of yesterday or to-morrow. It happened, that soon after dinner was over, word was brought to the duke, that his lawyer attended about some business by his grace's order. The duke, willing to have a short truce with the various inquiries of the captain about his family, ordered the lawyer to be introduced, who pulling out a deed that the duke was to sign, was directed to read it, with an apology to the company for the interruption. The lawyer accordingly began to read, when, to complete the adventure, and the confusion and astonishment of the poor captain and his wife, the deed appeared to be a settlement which the duke had made upon them of a genteel sufficiency for life. Having gravely heard the instruments read, without appearing to take any notice of the emotion of his guests, he signed and sealed it, and delivered it into the captain's hand, desiring him to accept it without compliment, for, said he, I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money or my time more to my satisfaction any other way.

1756, *April*.

XX. Toads found in Stones.

MR. URBAN,

Ramsay, March 10.

YOUR correspondent, in your Magazine for last February, relates a story, which he calls a *strange* one, and that he will not take upon him to determine how much of it is true, viz. that in sawing a block of marble, or, as he supposes, of free-stone, a living toad was found in the cavity.

However, to put the possibility of the fact beyond all doubt, I will relate a story of the same sort, which happened about the year 1743, when I lived at Wisbech, in the Isle of Ely, and which I saw with my own eyes. Mr. Charlton, a stone-cutter, who lived at the bottom of my yard next the river, came up to my house, and desired me

to walk down to his shop, and he would shew me a great curiosity. The marble was just sawn asunder as I got there, and a living toad of a more than ordinary size was lodged in the middle of the block. The cavity was pretty near in the shape of the toad, but something larger than the animal itself. The cavity, to the best of my remembrance, was of a dusky yellow colour, but the toad itself was surrounded, exclusive of the cavity, with several inches of clear, solid marble, on both sides. He seemed healthful and well, and not at all the worse for his long confinement. This is the naked fact, which I am fully satisfied of from my own knowledge, and I appeal to Mr. Charlton, now living at Wisbech, for the truth of it.

The fact itself is undeniable, though I am not able to say what satisfactory account a philosopher can give for so strange an appearance. I have myself often reflected upon it, and endeavoured to solve the question, but confess my inability. Sometimes I have imagined there might be different species of these animals, though *this* that I saw had all the appearance and complexion of a common toad. I presume, if a toad was put into an exhausted receiver, and the air drawn from him, he would *die* like other animals, though I never knew the experiment tried. I should be glad if any of your learned correspondents can solve this difficulty, viz. How it was possible for this toad to have lived, as he must have done for several years, to all appearance, without either *food* or *air* ?