VIATOR,

A

POEM:

OR,

A Journey from London to Scarborough,

By the Way of York.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE]

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OR,

A Journey from London to Scarborough,

By the Way of York.

With NOTES HISTORICAL and TOPOGRAPHICAL.

——— SINE ME LIBER IBIS IN ORBEM.

" Some livelier Plaything gave his Youth Delight,
" Now ſomething thoughtful, but as empty quite;
" Pleas'd with *this* Bauble as with *that* before,"
He toyful trims his Feather at threeſcore;
Till tir'd he ſleeps in laſting Durance bound,
A Maſs congenial with the humid Ground.

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MDCCLXXXII.

To Sir GEORGE SAVILE, Bart.

SIR,

AS no name ſteps forward to acknowledge this Addreſs, it is the more likely to be actuated by the pureſt conſiderations.—Flattery, Sir, the food of ſuperficial men, will ever ſtand in awe of your frown; greatly informed, aſſiduous in your ſenatorial and amiable in your private capacity, permit me the honor of this voluntary ſelection, only to expreſs my wiſhes, in common with the multitude, for the continuance of that life, which, through a well-regulated rather than a ſtrong conſtitution, hath hitherto been ſo happily preſerved for the emolument of the public.

With theſe thoughts and the warmeſt gratitude, I remain,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted Servant,

Weſtminſter, June 1, 1782.

The AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is poſſible that, in the following piece, ſome amuſements may occur to conduct the Reader to enquiries more relative to his own ideas, than what the journey expreſſes.

It may alſo ſerve as a breeze to ventilate, for a moment, the gloom of mind, that may occaſionally ariſe in fictious or poſitive ſituations; at leaſt it will operate like the plant called the Travellers Joy, which is ſaid not to grow but near a houſe, to indicate that refreſhment is not diſtant, and thereby contribute to beguile the tediouſneſs or fancied evils of the road.

Horace has familiarly deſcended to give us a poetical Journey to Brunduſium; Mr. Gay, from London to Exeter; and a Goldſmith, a Tour on a more amplified plan, the delectable proſpect of many European Nations. However this attempt may fall ſhort in merit, (parva componere magnis) we hope the verſive deficiences may be ſupplied, in ſome degree, by the narrative notes, and the Writer's intention of appropriating the gains, if any, to ſome laudable purpoſe; for which end ſuitable directions will be given to the Publiſhers.

Should a page give pleaſure even in the hour of literary dalliance, a point would be obtained; for life without

without ſmiles, is like the year without ſunſhine. With this ſuggeſtion, and that the Bagatelle will not be productive of pain or immorality, he reſigns the work to its fate.

VIATOR:

OR,

A POETICAL PROSPECT of the ROAD

FROM

LONDON to SCARBOROUGH.

TIR'D with the Town and all its noiſy ſway,
With eager haſte I mark the Northern Way;
Leave Pomp and Vanity, Fatigue and Care,
For ſweet Tranquillity with rural fare.

Firſt then regal'd by * Stukeley's Druid-air, Kentiſh-Town.
To way-worn Highgate ſlowly we repair;

* Dr. Stukeley was a perſon well verſed in Antiquities and Druidiſm, had a lodge for ſtudious retirement in Kentiſh-Town, and over his door was fixed the inſcription of *Chyndonax Druida*, a name he was fond of aſſuming, from an urn ſo inſcribed, found in France in the laſt century, whoſe genuineneſs was queſtioned by Montfaucon, but aſſerted by the Doctor in his Aubury, p. 49.

Where City-Crowds, on Sunday's ſcenes intent,
Reſt their ſole bliſs on caſual event.
Highgate. Tobacco, Politics, or Ale, their theme,
Like vulgar drivers of a vulgar team;
Where baſe or mimic oaths alike parade,
At the Spread-Horns, the Tapſter's fruitful trade *.

Now

Le Reveil de Chyndonax was a quarto book, printed on the ſame ſubject, before it was ſo well underſtood as at preſent.

This eminent man was born at Holbeach in Lincolnſhire, November 7, 1687, practiſed as Phyſician, firſt at Boſton in the ſame County, then at Stamford, and, in 1717, removed to London, under the patronage of Dr. Mead.

He wrote an ingenious but fanciful treatiſe, upon the virtues of Rogers's oil for the gout, externally applied; a remedy which had its day, probably thro' his recommendation, but, like moſt other noſtrums, expired with its author, who was likewiſe a medical inhabitant of Stamford, and a Podagric.

Dr. Stukeley changed the medical for the clerical line, and became Rector of St. George, Queen-Square, upon the preſentation of the late Duke of Montague, of humane memory, 1747. The Rector died of a paralytic attack, 1765, in his 78th year.

This indefatigable antiquary was a member of Bennet College, Cambridge. See his Article in Maſter's hiſtory of that ſeminary, Supplement to Biograph. Brit. p. 81. Note and introduction to Archæologia, vol. I. He was a great admirer of the greater Newton, of whom he has given us ſome early biographical materials. His works were, Itinerarium Curioſum, 2 vol. fol. 1724; Stone-Henge and Aubury, 2 vol. 1740; and a few fugitive occaſional pieces.

* The alluſion is to a cuſtom, now deſervedly in decline, which has obtained a place among the loweſt order of travellers, of ſwearing upon horns thoſe who paſs from the country, and have not ſeen London, to certain

Now paſſing o'er long Finchley's dreaded plain,
We toiling Barnet's diſtant ſummit gain, Barnet.
Where the ſmart Hoſteſs, bred near Devon's ray,
Reflects her borrow'd charms, and tunes my lay *.
There ſculptur'd Art of martial proweſs treats †,
In lines hiſtoric of fierce Warwick's Feats.

Hence on we move by Enfield's ſylvan Chace, Enfield-Chace
And paſſive catch its gay improving face.
Proceed, with willing Toil, ye Sons of Taſte,
While laughing *Ceres* decks the cultur'd waſte.

Here the pale Virgin or the ſick'ning Youth,
May Health repair, if flying Fame ſpeaks truth. Galley Corner
But much I doubt the Lymph's ſalubrious power ‡,
The ſportive tale of ſome empiric hour.

tain ridiculous obſervations, ſuch as not eating brown bread, when they can get white; not drinking ſmall when they can get ſtrong beer; and other articles too plebeian for farther notice.

* The Hoſteſs at the lower Red-Lion was an attendant on the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, and in her preſent ſituation contributes greatly with her partner, (a German) to add pleaſure to her good fare and accommodations.

† Alluding to a pillar that was erected, 1740, in memory of the famous battle that was fought there between Edward IV. and Neville Earl of Warwick, April 14, 1471, in which combat the Earl was defeated and ſlain. The conqueſt was the eſtabliſhment of Edward upon the throne, and the murder of Henry VI. of the line of Lancaſter, and his ſon.

‡ This ſpring, whoſe waters are received in a ſtone baſon, is cloſe by the

Hatfield.

Fly ſwift, my wheels, thro' Hatfield's ſaucy air,
Nor let the Hoſt an aiding penny ſhare *.
Unchequer'd then may prove the promis'd day,
Peaceful my night, and unprovok'd my lay;
No dull Impertinence the ear aſſail,
And winning Manners in exchange prevail.

Satyr I hate, no Satyr ſtains my page,
Save when the Tyrant frowns, or Bigots rage.
Save too the Coxcomb pert of ſpumy race,
In whom we bloated Folly ever trace.
Thoſe wou'd I ſtart, ſuch ſhou'd my pen deſcry,
As lawful game to ſcourge in effigy.

But if thou want'ſt a Cecil's dome to view,
And in the heart Eliza's days renew,

Give

the road ſide, near the turnpike, at a place called Galley Corner, between Barnet and Hatfield. We alighted to taſte the waters. They were unpleaſantly ſulphureous, nor could our palates diſtinguiſh any ſalts to make them active. The following Latin diſtich, with its moderate tranſlation, is beſtowed upon them.

Lympha ſalutis, amœna perenni defluc rivo.
Flumine perpetuo vaſa repleta cadant.
Parent of health, for ever flow the ſame,
This unexhauſted vaſe convey the ſtream.

* A landlord in this town, by very uncivil treatment to his gueſts, in March, 1774, brought upon himſelf ſome immediate cenſure from the Muſe, which is now ſuppreſſed. As he has departed this world of ſtrife, reſt to his *Manes!* and health to the houſe, by whomſoever inhabited.

Give animation to the torpid mind,
And leave thy lagging ſpirits far behind.
Then riſe and trace the glories of an age,
That ſhines effulgent in hiſtoric page,
Where Truth aſſumes the garb that Fiction wears,
Or Fable realis'd, in ſtate appears †.

Peace to my Soul, let Pleaſure ſtrew the way,
As we thro' curving roads enchanted ſtray.

† Such were the ſurrounding dangers and wiſe conduct of this reign, that belief almoſt ſtaggers at the peruſal of its hiſtory: Such likewiſe was the brilliant period at the cloſe of George the Second; and how great the perilous ſituation and honours of the little territory of Pruſſia, whoſe monarch, in our days, repelled the combined forces of France, Germany, Sweden, and Ruſſia?

Hatfield Houſe in Hertfordſhire (antiently Hartfield, or a park for deer) was a royal palace, whence Edward the Sixth and Queen Elizabeth were conducted to the throne. It was exchanged about the year 1607, by King James the Firſt, for Theobalds in the ſame county, on the Ware road, with Sir Robert Cecil, jun. Son of Lord Treaſurer Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Saliſbury, who erected the preſent on the ruins of the old manſion.—Style in Architecture is, in ſome degree, chronological: This houſe beſpeaks its birth near the days of Elizabeth, or early in James's reign, had its hiſtory not been ſufficiently known. It was of late much neglected, but is now attended to by the preſent Earl, with all the foſtering care that ſo noble a place deſerves.

The proſperity of Elizabeth's reign, which was long and brilliant, may be in part aſcribed to the anceſtor of this Nobleman, her confidential friend, whence the Earl of Exeter alſo deſcends.

The motto of William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, (Lord High Treaſurer) created a Peer in 1570, was, *Cor unum, via una*, to which his actions correſponded.

Nor

Nor can the Muſe forget a Melburne's charms,
Whoſe ev'ry look the Hermit's boſom warms;
Lemford. Where Lemford's rural Scenes in youth appear,
The lively emblem of the faireſt Fair.

Welling. Thy ſhades, O † Welling! for they never tire,
Deep from my ſoul, I ceaſe not to admire.
There, there ſleeps *Young*, whoſe well-ſpread mental feaſt
Drains the wiſe lore, and maxims of the Eaſt.
He lives! perennial lives! with awe attend!
Drink at his fount, and be to all a Friend.

Mute is the Muſe at Stev'nage' tardy name,
So wings to Baldock of more claſſic fame.
Baldock. Baldock the ſeat of Song, where artful Skill
Refin'd its notes—to ſing of Patty's Mill *.

Nor

† The country about Welling is exquiſitely beautiful, and if Hertfordſhire hath any claim to the common character given it, of being the garden of England, this diſtrict ſeems to be the garden of that county. The exuberant vegetation and woody ſcenes which adorn this beloved ſpot, are too well known to be particulariſed. Had it rock and a greater plenty of water, it might vie in landſkips with the moſt celebrated ſcenes.

* We inſert the ſong, to amuſe in place, aſcribed to Mr. Gay, of which the 3d and 4th ſtanza conſtitute its merit.—He frequently paſſed this road to viſit the Duke of Queenſberry in Scotland.

Who has e'er been at Baldock muſt needs know the mill,
At the ſign of the Horſe, at the foot of the hill;
Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
Without all diſtinction promiſcuouſly go.
Where the grave, &c.

This

Nor leſs is Lydia of the preſent day,
Than *She* the ſportive theme of honeſt *Gay*:
Atteſt, ſweet Truth, how Lydia's merits ſhine,
Where caſual late we cheerful ſtopt to dine.

Now chalky heights the Driver's care employ,
While Alps of Commerce, ſtraining, paſs your eye.
Nor then let Caution ſleep, leſt dire Miſhap,
From the dread wheels, thy life or ſafety ſap *.

Thy

This man of the mill has a daughter ſo fair,
With ſo pleaſing a ſhape, and ſo winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as I ſtood,
I'd ſworn ſhe was Venus juſt ſprung from the flood.
That once, &c.

But looking again I perceiv'd my miſtake,
For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake;
While nothing but virtue and modeſty fill
The more beautiful looks of the laſs of the mill.
While nothing, &c.

Prometheus ſtole fire as the Poets all ſay,
To enliven that maſs which he modell'd of clay;
Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
Had ſav'd him the trouble of robbing the ſkies.
Had Polly, &c.

Since firſt I beheld the dear laſs of the mill,
I can never be quiet; but do what I will,
All day and all night, I ſigh and think ſtill
I ſhall die, if I have not the laſs of the mill.
All day, &c.

* Though inconvenience, and ſometimes danger, attend paſſing theſe broad-

Biggleſwade. Thy Road, my Biggleſwade, deſerving draws
From the pleas'd Traveller his juſt applauſe;
Nor leſs the lucid Stream that laves thy ſide,
Deck'd in the flowing pomp of reedy pride.
Whether for gain, or in the finny line,
For on thy Eels, good Gods, how we did dine!
Alike the merits of thy placid Flood,
To near and diſtant wants diſpenſing good †.

Sandby. Onward we ſtretch, and let us not abridge
Voluptuous Sandby's ever-charming Ridge ‡;
Alike the Seat of Exerciſe and Gain,
A rural mount amidſt the fleecy plain.
There cou'd I ſtray remote from vexing Strife,
And leave behind each ſordid Care of Life.

broad-wheel'd waggons, or any other ſort, yet it muſt give a reflecting mind much ſecret pleaſure to behold ſuch numerous proofs of trade as frequent the north roads, by which means, benefits are diffuſed at home, and comforts carried to all nations.

† This navigation of the river communicates with the adjacent counties, and terminates at Lynn.

‡ The hill at Sandby, antiently Salena, though relatively ſmall, is a proof how much mountains, or even hills, a diminutive appellation, contribute to the beauty of a country.—The dead flat of the ſeveral counties you paſs through from Barnet, northward, eſpecially in the ſouthern diſtricts, make every ſwelling of the land agreeable: nor does this little ſpot ever fail to cheer me, from the conſideration of its variety, and that eminences give riſe to ſprings, the neceſſary ſolace of thirſty herds and flocks.

To

To airy Eaton with extended Green, Eaton.
Concenter'd Plenty and her buxom Mein,
We gladly hie; peruſe the Larder's crop,
There quaff our Nectar, and ſalute a Chop.
While Jack, by Hunger urg'd, invades the Cook,
Who, in return, obliquely leers a look;
And Betty's ſmiles their genial influence ſhed,
Till Eyes expreſs the Language of the Bed:
Previous to which, our talk unfolds the day,
The doubtful Sky, the rough or ſmoother Way;
Each paſſing Anecdote of lighter kind,
To chace the ſable Fates that croud the Mind.
But ſtill if obſtinate the Fates behave,
And Forms capricious yet their empire brave,
We call Philoſophy to Virtue's aid,
Or the calm counſel of the heavenly Maid.

Attraction leads to Bugden's cleric ſcene *, Bugden.
To ſpend a ſocial hour with Major Gr—n.

* The old manſion of the Biſhop of Lincoln is here. The ſituation induces the beholder to inquire the reaſon of its being placed neither in the metropolis, nor in the vicinity of Lincoln. But as the dioceſe of Lincoln was formerly of much greater extent than at preſent, it is preſumable that a regard was paid to its being built as centrical to the juriſdiction as circumſtances would allow.

In this church-yard I recollect ſeeing, years ago, a whimſical grave-ſtone for an amputated leg, with the figure of the limb upon it, with a view, we preſume, that the body might be united at laſt.—Surely the party

Why need I name Myrtilla's winning eaſe,
Or Flora fair with ev'ry power to pleaſe.
Forgetting Time, we ſeize the friendly Cap,
And ſoftly ſink into Oblivion's lap.
When morning ſtarts we urge our deſtin'd flight,
'Till cheeſy Stilton ſtrikes our aiming ſight.

Stilton.

Poor is the triumph, mean the mighty boaſt,
Of feats equeſtrian in the Stilton hoſt.
Low ſink the folly in our humble court,
Ere we opine it either fame or ſport ‡.
To * ſtreams compreſt, or harveſt from the cow,
We merit give, and juſt applauſe allow.
By arts like theſe the hungry deſert ſmiles,
While chearing gains reward the peaſant's toils.
On this firm baſe ſhall rural guardians rear,
Suſtaining columns through the varying year.

party muſt have had ſtrong ſelf-attachments thus to recognize what gave him ſo much pain, and withal endangered life; as well as narrow ideas of omnipotence, or the mode of reſurrection, to conceive that a vicinity of parts in the grave was neceſſary to the purpoſe of returning exiſtence.

‡ The ſtory of the Stilton hero is in late memory and well known; but the writer has no conception that a liberal mind can ſtrain the generous ſteed to run againſt Time, even to the extremity of life. He ever looks upon ſuch bets as the reſult of intemperance and the dregs of ebriety.—The emulation of brute againſt brute ſeems to have a different caſt, as it may convey amuſement and dexterity, and be more humanely enjoyed.

* Stilton is popular for its cheeſe.

Near

Near Wansford's famous Stream, nathleſs the name, Wansford.
A ‖ Swimmer liv'd, of endleſs-quoted fame.
Whilſt in the world of ſhade he took a peep,
His Float a Haycock, and his Pilot, Sleep;
Sudden the ſky let fall her liquid ſtore,
While through the bridge the flood its cargo bore.
The Loon, with ſtupid gaze, now opes his eyes,
And, with a voice intent, "where am I?" cries.
"Pray, Sir, (the objects chang'd) pray, on what ground
"Have I through perils, thus a refuge found?"
"*Wansford*," replies aloud, a paſſing friend:
"Not Wansford, ſure, adds he, at our bridge-end!
"No other ſpot on foreign ſhores, I grant,
"Wansford in England is the place I want."

Onward we glide to Stamford's ſteepled town, Stamford.
Eye Burley's ſtately Pile of high renown,
Where Taſte diſplays the happy hand of Brown.
There woods ariſe—there fearleſs ſports the hare,
In ſigns expreſſive of the owner's care.
Stamford ‡ no charm contains, no praiſe I owe
Her winding ſtreets, with dreary face of woe.

‖ This ſtory is known to all who travel the northern road, and the painter has contributed to perpetuate the improbable event. It makes a good ſign, and leads the traveller to a civil houſe, however much the relation may fail in the inquiry.

‡ Except about the Earl of Exeter's houſe and its environs, the country here, to me, always appeared naked and forlorn.

Nor is the Country more the theme of ſong,
Which wanting joys—the rolling hours prolong.

Colſterſworth. To Colſt'ſworth's ville, eclips'd by ſplendid fame
Of Woolſtrope's * ſmall, but all-reviving name,
We bend our courſe,———
Where roſe that Sun, whoſe ſtrong meridian ray
To worlds in darkneſs gave eternal day.
Immortal man! but now a flood of light,
Effulging potent bars purſuing ſight.
The dome may ſink, not ſo the tenant paſt,
Whoſe finiſh'd fame remoteſt times will laſt ‖.

Shoud'ſt thou e'er want fierce Hunger to appeaſe,
Or inns ſuperb thy taſteful fancy pleaſe;

* Sir Iſaac Newton's native village.

‖ As the matter which now preſſes upon our mind in this place will ſwell a note beyond its due proportion, we ſhall beg leave to defer its inſertion to the end.

Dr. Stukeley has pronounced the country between Colſterſworth and Grantham one of the fineſt rides in England, but behold the power of prejudice and provincial bias even in good men; for candour muſt confeſs, that it is far from deſerving that character. I remember it in the ſtate he deſcribes, with the Common undivided, and the ſerpyllum, or wild time, of which the Doctor boaſted, that the Down produced; but I ever thought it a barren treeleſs country, ſaving a ſmall agreeable ſpot of verdure and wood at and near Ponton.——The Doctor muſt certainly have been in the beſt of tempers when the deſcription dropped from his pen.

It may prove a ſort of banquet, however, to the contemplative mind to remark, in the Appendix, what ſome of our countrymen have briefly ſaid of Newton.

Or

Or yet in turn the weary limb refreſh,
And in thy viſions magic ſcenes addreſs,
Seize yonder ſpot, where lofty domes ariſe,
And Grantham's ſoaring ſpire ſalutes the ſkies. Grantham.
Grantham, the nurt'ring ſchool of Newton's mind,
That dealt a general harveſt to mankind.

To place thus circumſtanc'd we bid adieu,
And early with the ſun our courſe renew,
'Till Newark's verdant plain the hour beguiles, Newark.
Where lucid Trent in pliant Progreſs ſmiles.

Say, what is Royalty? deſcend to ſcan
The thorny devious paths inverted ran,
Ill-fated *Charles!*—Theſe ſeats of ſable woe,
Where ruins nod, and weeds lethiferous grow,
Proclaim aloud, in ſighing accents tell
How Cromwell rul'd, how regal fortune fell. *

Shou'd Appius inſtant from the ſhades ariſe,
Fair Newark's ſplendid works wou'd Appius prize,

* Newark Caſtle was built by a Biſhop of Lincoln in the reign of King Stephen, whence the town derives its name, *New-work*. It was made a ſtrong garriſon by Charles I. throughout the grand rebellion, and was at laſt demoliſhed by Cromwell.

"Yet ſtately *Trent* here ſtill maintains its ſtream,
"Swell'd with the glory of the Britiſh name.
"Strange pow'r of Fate! *unſhaken* walls muſt waſte,
"While things that ever *move* for ever *laſt*."

At

At this reform his noble breaſt wou'd fire,
And own the children greater than the ſire.
Such are the ſovereign roads for commerce made,
That Trent grows jealous of her liquid trade.
Low bows the traveller with grateful cheer,
And pays the willing fee for eaſing fear ‡.

Tuxford. Cloſe by the road †, near Tuxford in the Clay,
A pigmy pyramid demands our lay,
And, tho' a foe, mournful we mean to grace,
The ſtone unletter'd with ſome marking trace.

" Here freed from ceaſeleſs toil and chilling frown,
" Friendleſs I laid my bowing burthen down.
" The ſlave implicit of miſguided zeal,
" A foe, repentant, to the common weal.
" Though o'er my grave no Pity drops her dew,
" Eſtrang'd by poverty of ſorrowing hue;
" Though nettles rank and baneful nightſhade fringe,
" This vulgar bed, and with their aſpect tinge

‡ To thoſe who remember the amphibious road that the traveller paſſed in going from Newark to the North, upon every inundation of the Trent, will have ample reaſon to celebrate the propoſer's ſpirit and judgment in projecting ſo capital an object of convenience.

† There is a ſmall obtuſe pyramid juſt entering Tuxford from the South, about the ſize of a mile-ſtone, which denotes the ſepulture of an unfortunate rebel, who died by the road-ſide in the year 1746, to which the epitaph alludes.

With

" With deeper woe my tragic end, yet I,
" Oblivious now, no added fears deſcry.
" Learn, paſſenger, this moral from my duſt,
" Be peace and virtue thy ſupporting truſt,
" Nor yet of adverſe fate do thou complain,
" Toſt blindly in a ſtormy world of pain."

Shou'd Praiſe on Tuxford's town her warblings ſpread,
By vanity or private motives led,
Much might the Graces and the Muſe diſdain
To be aſſociates of the ſpurious ſtrain.
When juſt the theme, 'tis eaſy to excel,
When warpt, no muſic can the cloud diſpel;
Hence praiſe, as Poets ſay, is tender ground,
Praiſe miſapply'd but makes the deeper wound.
'Tis ſhade ironic or a ling'ring pain,
The link invective of a galling chain.
Call Tuxford, Elegance, the palm to win,
Without all harmony, alike within,
We ſhould but paint the ſooty Ethiop white,
And juſt reverſe the evidence of ſight. *

Retford

* Even at the beſt, as Goldſmith obſerves in his Good-natured Man, " Falſe colouring, like thoſe employed to heighten beauty, only ſeem to mend that bloom, which they contribute to deſtroy."

This country is extenſively open, and moſt remarkable for its quantity of pigeons, which are ſo numerous, that ſometimes in their winding flights over the paſſenger, he may be ſaid to travel momentarily in the ſhade.

Between

Retford.

Retford for Hops we greet, and wooing wiſh,
To ſend thee claimants for thy ſparkling bliſs;
Regret the ſlighted calls of aiding coin,
Thy ſtores untouch'd, and true inſpiring wine.

But

Between Tuxford and Newark grows, in an orchard by the road ſide, that curious plant Miſletoe, to which ſo many fabulous qualities, both medical and magical, are attributed. This paraſite and perennial, of which, from its glutinous berry, bird lime may be made, has given riſe to an antient adage, *Turdus malum ſibi cacat*, The Thruſh mutes its own deſtruction: Applicable to bad men being taken in their own toils. It has been falſely ſuppoſed that no art could make it propagate from the ſeed, and that it was neceſſary firſt to paſs through the inteſtines of a bird to prepare it for vegetation; hence, by perching upon trees, the ſeed was depoſited in the fiſſure of the branch, where, and where only, it could poſſibly engraft and flouriſh. It moſtly thrives on orchard-trees or thorns; I have never, after long ſearch, ſeen it upon the oak, of which kind our anceſtors ſo frequently ſpeak, and which alone conſtituted one of the leading rites of druidical worſhip.

There, where the ſpreading conſecrating boughs
Fed the Sage *Miſletoe*, the holy Druids
Lay rapt in moral muſings.——

Maſon's Elfrida.

Miſletoe is alſo the ſuppoſed Golden Bough of Virgil, recommended to Æneas by the Sybil, when he viſits Anchiſes in the Shades, amply deſcribed in the ſixth book of the Æneid. It is the Viſcum Baccis Albis of the Botaniſts, ſpecified by moſt writers; and laſtly, in the notes on Evelyn's Silva, edit. 1776, p. 8. By Poets it is called the Shining Wonder, Blooming Gold, Yellow Offspring of the Oak, the Oak's adopted Child, Branching Trophy, &c. The Virga Aurea Anguſtifolia, or the Golden Rod of C. Bauhine, bearing a yellow flower, found on heaths and in woods, is another plant of a very different kind.

But Faſhion, that capricious flaunting dame,
Scarce deigns to trifle with a modern name*.
Though Trivia pleads the boon, the paſſing crew,
Rapid, like comets, ſeek a diſtant view.
Feſtive in mind, thou lov'ſt the heart to chear,
With wholeſome viands and October-beer;
For purer taſtes, the viny juice to ſell;
And beds of eaſe for gueſts that nightly dwell.
Nor ſhall the ſteeds of ſcanty fare complain,
While meads are verdant and their ſtores retain.
Thus Retford daily ſeeks each taſte to ſuit, Retford.
And add importance to the man and brute.

Though ſtages offer, yet no common jade,
The Muſe diſdains to proſtitute her trade.
To Barnby-Moor † we tea-leſs bid adieu, Barnby-Moor.
And next attain the object of our view;

* The road through Retford is comparatively modern, which uſually paſſed by what was called the Eel-pye Houſe, of humble aſpect, but friendly entertainment, by way of bait, when chaiſes were not ſo current.

But paſt is all its fame, the very ſpot,
Where many triumph'd, now is near forgot,
And yonder thorn that rears its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye.

But this idea is ſo admirably proſecuted in the *Deſerted Village*, that I cannot help referring the reader to its peruſal or remembrance.

† In point of pleaſure and beauty, we can only call Barnby-Moor, though a conſiderable ſtation for changing horſes, the image of itſelf. Bawtry, in Yorkſhire, (the mart for Derbyſhire mill-ſtones) near to which

Yorkſhire

Doncaſter. The wooing face of Caſter's * fair domain,
Its cleric ſtructure and delightful plain;

Then

Yorkſhire commences, has had its day of call, in part, but now ſeems to be neglected. Such is the tide of things in the courſe of human cuſtoms.

A female of ſome reading, late my travelling companion on the north road in paſſing the limits of the counties of Nottingham and York, could not help expreſſing her provincial attachment to the laſt, but in a manner that was too refined for my diſcovery. She had no ſooner croſſed the little hollow, entering Bawtry from the South, which divides the ſhires, than ſhe obſerved that the trees looked greener, and ſhe was very ſure the ſand was ſofter. Such are the local prejudices to place and things, and to ſuch extremities will ignorance glue itſelf, when guided merely by habit: It is in ſuch inſtances that ſound education triumphs in its own poſſeſſions and feelings, and makes no difference, but where there is a real difference in nature, both in men and things. This is to become a philoſopher or a citizen of the world.—The Amor Patriæ ſhould have its limits, leſt we blunt the finer ſenſations, and grow blindly fierce or callous to the general Calls of Humanity.

It is Baron Le Hontan or Charlevoix, for I ſpeak from memory, that in their deſcription of the country of Louiſiana, and ſpeaking of Cannibals, obſerves that the Savages love or reliſh the-fleſh of a Frenchman better than that of an Engliſhman, as having a finer taſte, and that it is leſs rank; but the Sharks, leſs delicate, prefer, on that account, the latter, which makes them purſue the Engliſh ſhips for their dead, with more avidity than thoſe of the French nation.—It is not poſſible for a lover of his country to carry an attachment higher than to intereſt even the dead in its concerns, and thus proving its ſuperior excellence and glory.—Heraclitus, beware of laughter!

We believe moſt nations will be ready to allow the French that pre-eminence unenvied, for which their author contends, as it might prove a ſafeguard in thoſe inhoſpitable regions, to their perſons, where a choice was offered to the palate of the Indian.

* Caſter-Caſtrum, or Doncaſter, a fortreſs on the river Don, now eraſed,

Then Mocha's berry, Peking's leaf infuſe,
Inhale the fragant ſtreams, and treat of news.

Here Ned, in ſober mood, devoutly ſwore, Ferrybridge.
That whilſt he breath'd he never would drink more;
Where is the ſoil ſo delicate in fruit?
The choſen ſpot where no evaſions root?
Ned daily reels, unminding oaths or death,
But vows he drinks not, when he takes his breath.

Now Ferry-bridge, the focal paſs, we join,
Where Viands plenteous wait, and racy Wine.
The Cake enticing, courteous every look,
The pleaſing Hoſteſs—and the comely Cook.
All, All conſpire to guild the peaceful ſcene,
The Wave commercial, and the wide-ſpread Green.
Apicius pamper'd, fraught with ſenſual care,
Cries Hoſteſs, Waiter, Cook—a Bill of Fare:

a genteel and improving town, environed with plenty and recreation.—On the way hence to the ſeat of the Marquis of Rockingham, which you leave on the left-hand, when purſuing your courſe on the great North road, are erected mile-ſtones, ſignifying the diſtances *from* Wentworth-Houſe, an error we preſume of the chiſel, as the dative *to* Wentworth-Houſe, rather than the ablative caſe, would have been more conſonant, conſidering the celebrated hoſpitality of the noble owner; but either way the inſcription breathes an air of conſequence and chearfulneſs, which criticiſm ſhould ſpare.

A bill is brought, and ſoon his ſtraining eyes
Select the ſtately Rump—a darling prize!
Broil me a Steak, ſays he, with ſterling voice;
Be that and Oyſters ſtew'd my dining choice.
Due pauſe allow'd, the gueſt more hungry grows,
And from his longing lips impatience flows.
Perdition ſeize you, ſure you all forget;
Boy, curſe you, Sir, my *Steak* not ready yet?
Promptly Dick anſwer'd No! and humbly bow'd,
But very long, good Sir, your *Chops* have glow'd.

Pleas'd with our fare, each image too, around,
We quit, reluctant, Ferry's fleecy ground.
The Sun aſcended on meridian throne,
Mildly diffuſive o'er the proſpect ſhone;
While *Somnus*, Regent of the * wavy road,
Aſſail'd, with ſilent ſtep, the ſoul's abode.

Lull'd

* The power of ſleep is undefinable.—We feel its influence and acknowledge the effects; but by what mode it acts, hath been hitherto inſcrutable to human enquiry.—The polar animals require it in a greater degree, perhaps, to arm them againſt their long night, and the ſtate of inanition in which they awake.——With us the Badger, Dormouſe, Tortoiſe, and the Bat, are known to take uncommon portions of this ſoothing balm; not to dwell upon Snails, the viperine, and inſect kind. Some quadrupeds, ſuch as the Hare and Horſe, can diſpenſe with ſcanty allowances of the ſame negative food. Children and infancy of every kind participate largely of its reſtoring quality, moſt probably on account of its peculiarly favouring growth, which is moſtly performed whilſt aſleep, and alſo the accretion of matter in adults when appetite fails, as

Lull'd by the yellow ſtream of Cowſlip Zeſt,
We ſoftly ſink into a mile of reſt.
Nought cou'd the Poet then but Fiction trace,
Flaccid his limbs, a blank his eyeleſs face.
Strange pow'r! that thus in mere privation loſt,
Life's ſea is ſmooth, or in a tempeſt toſt;
That Nullity ſhou'd active Vigor give,
And teach the torpid frame again to live.
Come, Sages of the School, ſay, can ye tell,
Why Sleep ſhould deal a Heaven or a Hell?
'Till gently touch'd by ſoft Refreſhment's hand,
We quit the fleeting ſhades of Fairy Land,
Nature explore, renew our deſtin'd flight,
And woo in day the realms of ſweet delight.

a ſlow circulation will be found moſt conducive to ſupply the expences of the animal œconomy. Hence the pulſation of thoſe animals who foodleſs ſleep the winter, is ſcarce perceptible; hence alſo it is clear, from the ſame doctrine, that the force of the rapid ſtream will contribute to wear its banks, whilſt a ſlower motion will tend to add increaſe.—— Whether the brain is principally concerned in the functions of ſleep, any other organ, or a general participation of the ſeveral members of the frame takes place, is ſtill controvertible; but ſo far is certain, that many maniacal perſons are almoſt ſleepleſs; and the famous late example of the man at Madrid, who was known not to ſleep for years, though ſound in mind, may be quoted on this occaſion, as conſidering the ſubject inexplicable.—Sleep will be induced from ſmell, as appears from travelling a field of Poppies, where that plant is propagated, or from opium externally applied. Sleep among the antients had its deity; and our countryman, Sir Thomas Brown, ſays, that it is ſo much the image of death, that he never dared to truſt himſelf to its power without a prayer.

Sherburn. Lo! Sherburn's * ville, whoſe early mitred dome,
Scarce leaves a fragment to deſcry its tomb.

Paſt

* SHERBURN was a place antiently of more renown than at preſent. It is mentioned by Thoreſby in his Leod. Ducat. and in Magn. Britan. antiq. et nov.—It was given to the See of York by King Athelſtan, above 800 Years ago, and contained a Biſhop's Palace, of which the ruins of the platform only now remain, cloſe to the Eaſt ſide of the church. It has a free ſchool moderately endowed, on the front of which is engraved,

" Robertus Hungate de civitate Eborum armiger;
" Natus Saxtoniæ, fundatur pius, 1619.

" Major et Aldermanni Eborum in memoriam ejus hoc poſuerunt, 1656."

Thoreſby gives a liſt of its Vicars from the year 1321 to the end of the year 1695, with ſome chaſms, which the preſent worthy Vicar, Mr. Rogers, it is hoped, will ſupply, as he has already given proof of his attention to clerical matters under his inſpection, by following a plan for regiſtering of baptiſms and burials exhibited by the Rev. Mr. William Dade, Rector of St. Mary's Caſtlegate, York, a gentleman well verſed in eccleſiaſtical enquiries.—The ſchool had alſo an exhibition left it by the late Lady Elizabeth Haſtings, whoſe earthly courſe was a continued ſeries of beneficent acts. Her life is written by the Rev. Mr. Barnet of Leeds. The inhabitants of Sherburn lately applied themſelves to the culture of flax with promiſing appearance of ſucceſs. The town and diſtrict for about three miles around have been celebrated for the plenty and quality of a plum call'd a Wine Sour, much coveted for a preſerve, which is delicious, but the fruit is of little eſtimation in a raw ſtate, however matured on the tree. Many attempts have been made to propagate this plum in diſtant places, but they fall ſhort of perfection, although ingraftment and every other care have been purſued for the purpoſe.—The ſoil of Sherburn, where this kind of plum moſtly flouriſhes, is that of a lean ſoil on a lime-ſtone, although this is not the general run of the ground on all the ſides of the town, eſpecially where flax is grown. Were we to attend to the different ſoils, and the various plants which rejoice ſpontaneouſly in thoſe differences, throughout nature, we might be carried beyond our

preſcribed

Paſt is the day, low lies its fair renown,
Fled is the Fame that did its fortune crown.
Doleful ſhe ſits, of mocking Pride the jeſt,
A ſadning image of her troubled breaſt.
Yet ſtill a ray to glad the Night appears,
And Flax and Fruit rejoice her circling years.
While Charity extends a HUNGATE's hand,
To chear, inſtruct, adorn, a liſt'ning band.

Towton † we now approach, of ſanguine ſtain, Towton.
A woe-worn Village, weeping o'er its Plain.

No

preſcribed limits; but nothing can be more tempting than ſuch conſiderations, to a lover of botany. The appropriation of plants to ſoil and climate, comes under every inſpection, but the reaſoning part is open but to few.

Similar to this plum rejoicing in a ſcanty ſoil, we may mention the Kakagee Apple, ſo called, of which excellent Cyder is made in Glouceſterſhire, from fruit deſpicably bad to the taſte, and hard to a great degree. It is adapted to a clay ſoil, whence the name of the cyder ſeems to be derived from two Greek words κακα γη ſignifying bad earth, the character of the diſtrict where the apple is moſtly propagated.

It is curious to obſerve the analogy of plants, in regard to ſmell, comparable with the animal tribe.—The Cynogloſſus, or Hound's Tongue, carries with it a ſtrong odour of mice; the Bugloſs ſtalk, when bruiſed, to that of Smelts; the Vulvaria, to dried Ling; with many others, and the exotic African Swallow-Wort, Aſclepias Africana Azoides, is ſo putridly fetid as to induce the flies to blow upon it.

† The battle of Towton, which laſted ten hours, is mentioned by all the Hiſtorians as an important day of ſucceſs to the Royal Houſe of York, but of dreadful carnage to the combatants who fought on the 29th of March, 1460. It is recorded, that the two united armies conſiſted of

108,666

No Laurel here ſhall emblematic grow,
Nor verdant Wreath bedeck the Victor's Brow.
Eraſe, ye Dæmons foul, the tragic page;
Hide from the Muſe's ken your hoſtile rage;
Where Horror vaunts each character of Death,
In all the attitudes of parting breath;
And grimly dreadful ſtalks the mourning ground,
Promiſcuous dealing havock wide around;
Bids Cock's pure ſtream with civil gore to glide,
And Wharfe, a Peereſs of the liquid tribe.

Turn

108,666 men. Among the multitudes that fell, which is ſaid to be 35,091, entirely Engliſh, we could only glean a ſingle monument of the ſlain to commemorate the obſequies, which is a plain tomb-ſtone in the pariſh church-yard of Saxton, near the field of battle, of a Lord Dacre. It contains a marginal inſcription, in old letters, nearly effaced, and the ſtone which ſtands on the north ſide of the ſtructure alſo is mutilated.

The lance, the ſword, and arrow were ſatiated with blood, and the river Cock, a tributary ſtream to the Wharfe, was ſaid to carry its ſanguine ſtain to the latter, though at the diſtance of ſeven miles; but this report was probably the exaggeration of the party of thoſe times, and to be believed with allowances.——Spoils of the battle have occaſionally been ploughed up in memory, a circumſtance not to be wondered at where ſuch numbers periſhed.

The Lancaſtrians are ſaid to exceed the Yorkiſts in a great proportion of Force. A ſhower of ſnow and ſleet, which drove in the face of the former, proved fatal to their cauſe.

To the North of Towton, near to Sherburn, was alſo fought a battle between King Charles and the Parliament's forces, where Sir Francis Carnaby was wounded, and dying on his knees, made the ejaculation of *Lord have mercy on me! Bleſs and proſper thou his Maieſty*, and expired.

Turn then! O! turn my ſoul from ſcenes like theſe,
And give the tortur'd Muſe her wonted eaſe.
Bid her forget the glitt'ring dread array,
The claſhing ſhock, and fell Ambition's prey;
Wing her to where Oblivion's cloud may ſhield,
Or lenient Themes more placid moments yield.

Hail, ſweet Simplicity! thou Goddeſs bright!
My firſt DIANA, and my laſt Delight.
Be thine the wiſhful taſk, the pleaſing toil,
To reap and diſcipline the ductile ſoil.
With placid Nature live, and rural Life,
In ſtate unenvied, uneſtrang'd to ſtrife.
Far, far from ſlaught'ring ſcenes, the ſanguine train,
That prowl on earth, and float the awful main;
Unknown to crimſon Chiefs, or Men of Rule,
And callous Tyrants of the ſcourging School.
To keep aloof from curſt Ambition's field,
Nor know the horror which proud Sceptres yield.

So Lewis *, as the world receded, ſmote
His guilty breaſt with this bequeathing note,

* Voltaire reports, in his Life of Lewis XIV. that the Monarch perceiving on his bed the approach of death, a ſituation which holds to every man his dark or bright image, ſaid to an attendant, "*I was, alas! too fond of War.*'

" The Pomp of War, that dreadful ſport of Kings,
" Now ev'ry atom of my boſom ſtings.
" Too fond, alas! of ſtreaming Life I've been,
" And lo! Oh bane of Peace! the bloated ſcene.
" Do Laurels bloom, by Fancy's Shadow led?
" And wreath theſe brows by trampling on the Dead?
" Had I not all that pamper'd Wiſh could form,
" My Fiat, Peace; my Frown, the Public Storm.
" What then avail'd the Macedonian boaſt
" Of taming Worlds; my countleſs ſtates and hoſt."
How great the folly, awful too the ſtake,
When at the grand Tribunal ye awake?
In falt'ring accents, Conſcience ripe, to tell,
What Millions for your Glory, glorious fell?

Hazelwood. The Wood of Hazels, quite inverted name,
Gracious ſalutes the paſſing eye with fame.
Bold is the ſtructure †, fair its open ſite,
Of lineage long, and derivation bright.
Soft ſhall enquiry tread religious ground,
Candor and Truth I love, wherever found.
Roman or Proteſtant I equal ſcan,
Where Truth and Merit equal form the man.
Subſtance, not Shadow, is the ſhrine I greet,
A Roſe, by other terms, wou'd ſcent as ſweet.

As

† Hazelwood is the venerable ſeat of Sir Walter Vavaſour, Bart. where the family hath been reſident for many centuries.

As ſhines the Glow-worm with its feeble ray,
To guide the nightly Pilgrim in his way;
So in the orbit of enervate minds,
Reflected Twilight no duration finds;
But when effulgent Reaſon mounts the throne,
The ſubject world of light becomes her own;
She braves the mental miſt, ſeducing art,
And with conviction warms the languid heart.

Joyful with ſmaller ſcenes I ſometimes play, Tadcaſter.
And roſes ſtrew to cheat life's dreary way.
Let others ſtrive to gain the pompous race,
With brilliant luſtre and ſuperior grace,
I on the daily meal of humbler fare,
From predilection ſelf-rais'd comforts ſhare.
Not ſo when ſignal Folly combats Senſe,
And ſtamps the pamper'd mind with indolence.
Though Caſtrum's * town, of unpoetic ſound,
No theme affords, nor ſcenic ſtores are found;
Yet of the two extremes, unvarying chuſe
Silence, ſweet partner of the baſhful Muſe.

Thus

* Tadcaſter, the ſuppoſed *Calcaria* of ANTONINUS, being nine miles from York, the diſtance fixed in his Itinerary. The derivation from Calx; and the burners of the lime ſtone, of which there is here great plenty, were called Calcarienſes in the Theodoſian code.——The ſtones of the antient but now demoliſhed caſtle, were employed in building the bridge over the river.——We have before obſerved that all places termi-

Thus let us us timely wiſe one maxim glean,
When judgment doubts purſue the golden mean.

York. Of hoary York, the early throne of ſtate,
Where poliſh'd Romans ſat in high debate,
Where laws and chiefs, of venerable rule,
The precious produce of the Latian ſchool,
Shone forth, we tune.

Ebor of ebbing age the calm retreat,
And by a MASON ‡ made the Muſes ſeat;
Where CAPPE with claſſic elegance is found
A decking honour of its mural bound,
Whoſe virtues we with exultation trace,
The lib'ral lover of the human race.

nating with *caſter*, imply a caſtle having been there erected, to which if we in this place add *t'aud* or *aud*, a vulgar dialect now in uſe for *old*, we have, without farther ſearch or conjecture, nearly the modern name, Tadcaſter, or the Old Caſtle. The church was given to Sawley abbey, in Craven, by Maud, relict of the Earl of Warwick, and daughter of William Percy, founder of the pile. I am perſuaded that the reader will readily excuſe detaining him on his journey by treating of Tadcaſter, whoſe want of hiſtorical circumſtances will be a ſufficient apology for diſmiſſing it ſo lightly. It affords an excellent inn, and has the happineſs of being ſituated contiguous to the fine river of Wharf, navigable from the town into the Humber. There is extant a Latin Couplet, ſignifying that Tadcaſter had nothing to boaſt of but a bridge without a river; if the writer had taken a view of its ſtate, in any ſeaſon, at a little diſtance above or below the bridge, he would probably have changed his opinion, for in the uſual flow, the dam forms an object of great pleaſure, and in floods, of real magnificence.

‡ Hull claims the honour of this Poet's birth, and York frequently of his reſidence.

But

But gently pauſe; need we the page unfold,
Since late with ſearching lore the tale was told;
Faithful to ancient York's hiſtoric age,
A DRAKE * hath amply trac'd her ſtoried page.
Suffice it then that in poetic ſtrain,
We only mark a tranſit o'er her plain;
For York, a theme, like to Tartarian fields
Expanded wide, too large a circle yields.
Loſt in the vaſt abyſs, we giddy grow,
When ſmall incloſures make our numbers flow.

Could we like THOMSON radiant wing our flight,
Soar as he ſoars, the Phœnix of delight;
With piercing judgment, guide the manly lay,
While chaſteſt fancy ſtrews the flow'ry way;
Then would we weave the ſimple and ſublime,
And give to diſtant ages happier rhime,
Trace myſtic nature to her laſt receſs,
Or point the moral with a DADE's addreſs.

Charm'd with ſweet Nature's animating face,
Leſs pleaſure in the grouping throng we trace.
To Amaryllis, towns no raptures yield,
Me give the ſylvan chaſe or cultur'd field.

* Drake's Hiſtory of York, of which a new edition is ſaid to be in hand, to which much may be added, and from which much might be pruned.

But ſong, like to dependencies in art,
Muſt lightly have its interſtitial part;
All ornament, juſt elegance rejects,
The plan effac'd controuls the due effects.

Faithful to Pan, we with delight inhale,
Reviving odors in the bloomy vale;
Riſe with the Lark, with lovely nature ſtray,
Woo roſy Health and pledge the future day.
To her and Harmony thoſe ſpells belong,
That warm the cot and ſwell the Turtle's ſong.
Not ſo the ſons of cities rank domain,
With meagre PHTHISIS ſtalking in the train;
Where bloated HYDROPS fraught with livid eye,
Wild in conception, gulps whole rivers dry;
Where ATROPOS, with ev'ry varied mein,
And LUES fell, deform the human ſcene.
But let us veil thoſe ills which thus invade,
Thy cheering realms, HYGÆIA, lovely maid!

Caſtle Howard. Of Howard's* charms the willing bard now ſings,
And joyous to the ſhrine his tribute brings.
Ah! cou'd he to his wiſh thoſe ſcenes impart,
Its various marble or its ſculptur'd art;
How Shade and Form exalted pleaſure give,
And Greece with Rome again in Britain live:

* Caſtle Howard, the ſumptuous ſeat of the Earl of Carliſle.

How

How vivid nature warms, how art can pleaſe,
The graces win, or dignity with eaſe;
The founts Pierian, ſtricteſt honor, reſt,
Deep in the cloſures of the maſter's breaſt;
Where the muſe raptur'd ſips the hallow'd dew,
And gives to diſtant climes the pictur'd view:
Then would he flaſh dominion o'er the ſoul,
And deal to all, ſweet Fancy's nectar'd bowl.
Enchanting ſpot! where in the blisful bowers,
Playful the muſe ſalutes the roſy hours:
Each ſeaſon moulds, now gilds the mental gloom,
Now decks the deſert or illumes the room.

Such is the force of ſong, the type above,
The ſoul's palladium and harmonic love:
Forth ſpeaks the canvaſs, pregnant with delight,
While breathing ſtatues ſeize the raptur'd ſight.
Each ſtep elates, for ſcenes Elyſian riſe,
And form around a banquet for the ſkies;
All, all in nature's reign is civil ſtrife,
Or embryo-beauty ſtarting into life.
The feſtive dome, the tale-inſpiring glade,
Nor leſs ſuperb the pile of peace and ſhade †.

† The Mauſoleum is a ſtructure, within and without, of ſuch architectural excellence and beauty, as to make the beholder almoſt wiſh to be an inhabitant.—As the houſe, gardens, and environs, would require much acquaintance with them for a deſcription to do them proper juſtice, we muſt content ourſelves with the produce of a tranſit, which a journey only implies. *Concerning* Sepulture *ſee the Appendix.*

Malton

Malton.

Malton might from its merits notice claim,
Both ſtem primeval and the later name *;
But clouds effuſive, with a curtain'd ſky,
Preclude each object of the wand'ring eye:
Hence reſts the bard in dull Obſtruction's ſtream,
And hence a quick diſmiſſion of the theme.

Scampſton.

Scampſton †, in early days, I ſportive knew,
And on that ſtock a partial fondneſs grew.
Without, around, much eaſy taſte is ſown,
Within, the courteous dome ſeems all your own;
Where ſweet Simplicity diſplays her part,
In all the nice oeconomy of art:
Nature, a niggard to the wolds I grant,
But hoſpitality ſupplies the want:
Nay Dott'rel ‡, Buſtard, hence adorn its board,
And Ocean's urn profuſely pours its hoard.

So

* There are two Maltons, the old and the new town, ſeated near the river Derwent. The firſt had formerly its caſtle and abbey; the latter is an agreeable town, ſurrounded by a more agreeable country.—In approaching it from York we paſſed the ruined caſtle of Sheriffhutton; but the Poet and Antiquary do not naturally coaleſce but in caſes where elegy is concerned, which is not our preſent purpoſe.

† The agreeable ſeat of Sir William St. Quintin, Bart. to which the traveller is much obliged for the animation it gives to this open part of the country.

‡ The Dotterell is the Charadrius Morinellus of the Linnæan ſyſtem, and the Buſtard, the Otis Tarda of the ſame author. The firſt is migratory, a bird of delicate flavour, and in beſt ſeaſon in May, weighing about four ounces,

So equal is the kind beſtowing hand,
That Plenty ſmiles throughout the favour'd land.

To Scarbrough's† coaſt we rapid now repair, Scarborough.
Eye the mix'd ſcene and ſnuff the ſea-born air.
Ceaſeleſs on curving wing the Plover ſtray,
And Mews, ſure heralds of the leſs'ning way.
Pleas'd that our toil hath found its deſtin'd end,
Sacred to peace, to leiſure, and to friend;
We joyous of each local tranſport ſhare,
And fling to diſtant time corroding care.
Here timely warn'd, we drop the doric ſtrain,
For rural numbers fly the wavy main.

ounces, who, together with the Otis, or Buſtard, inhabit the wolds, downs, and other woodleſs extended plains. It is the largeſt Britiſh land fowl, being ſuperior to a Turkey in magnitude. It is a ſhy bird, and known moſtly in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeſhire, and the Eaſt part of Yorkſhire.

† For a beautiful diſplay of Scarborough and its environs, we refer the curious reader to a Poem in blank verſe, of ſuch merit as to ſuperſede all attempts of our own on that ſubject. It was publiſhed 1770 in three Cantos, by Mark Foſter.

The reader will excuſe our taking leave with the introduction of a bathing ſong in the epigrammatic ſtyle; but however ſtrong the recommendation may be, it is hoped an attention will be paid to avoid an indiſcriminate uſe of bathing, a remedy which, like the plow in agriculture, may be applied to the worſt or beſt purpoſes.

A BATHING SONG.

THE learn'd may bliſter, purge, and bleed,
And plague with pill and potion,
But jump into the Sea you'll need,
I'm ſure, no other lotion.

'Twill brace your nerves ſo firm and tight
That, ſhould the French invade us,
You'll all as fierce as lions fight,
And puniſh their bravadoes.

For Adam's firſt offence we ſee
His children doom'd to pain, Sir,
You'll ſuffer none, if you'll but be
Baptized in the Main, Sir.

If gloomy thoughts poſſeſs the breaſt,
And fancies full of folly,
A dip will drive them from their neſt,
And cure your melancholy.

Some folks to Bath are partial found,
For Briſtol others ſtickle;
Would you preſerve your body ſound,
Pray ſouce it in Sea pickle.

With ruby noſe and pimpled chin,
And legs beſpread with plaſter,
Sir Toby bath'd, and ſoon his ſkin
Grew ſmooth as Alabaſter.

With

If Ladies cheeks thro' ſickneſs pine,
This waſh they'll find no harm in,
Not Paris Rouge will make them ſhine
With colour half ſo charming.

For lameneſs Damon ſought the Sea,
And ſo did youthful Phillis;
Now ſhe can dance all night, and he
Is nimble as Achilles.

By bathing fond Dorinda tries
To ſave her drooping daughter,
And views the darling virgin riſe
A Venus † from the water.

The learned Prieſt with ſtudy worn,
The Lawyer ſick with brawling,
Here freed from every plaint return
With vigour to their calling.

Peer, Soldier, Tradeſmen, Merchant meet
With Madam, Miſs, and Ducheſs,
And Alderman from city-treat,
Comes limping down on crutches.

All eager to the Sea repair,
And each the notion pleaſes
Of caſting off his burden there
Of bodily diſeaſes.

* An alluſion to a famous Greek painting of Venus riſing from the Sea.

See Whig and Tory, their grimace
And party feuds ſuſpending,
Inſtead of poſt at Court, for place
In vehicle contending.

Conceiting the machine a car,
While down the beach I'm ſliding,
My guide to Triton I compare,
Myſelf to Neptune riding

Should foaming waves excite my fears,
In ſpite of them I ſtrip, Sir,
And plunging over head and ears,
Soon chace away the Hyp, Sir.

Then forth all in a glow I ſpring,
Well brac'd and full of mettle;
Like him who got, as Poets ſing,
New youth from magic kettle *.

* Æſon, the father of Jaſon, is ſaid to have been reſtored to youth by the potent juices of Medea's caldron. *See* OVID. METAM.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ILLUSTRATIONS on the Character of Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

AMONG the Monuments of Britiſh worthies in the celebrated Gardens at Stow, in Buckinghamſhire, is Sir ISAAC NEWTON's, with this Inſcription: "Whom the God of Nature made to comprehend all "his works, and from ſimple principles to diſcover the laws never known, "and to explain the appearances never underſtood, of this ſtupendous "univerſe."

And again the incorporated ſubſtance of what is ſaid by the ſagacious and Rev. J. Granger, Biograph. Hiſt. 2d edit.

"What Locke was in Metaphyſics, that Newton was in the higher "part of the Mathematics, and made ſuch diſcoveries as perhaps no hu- "man capacity was ever equal to, but his own. Newton led mankind to "the knowledge of the material world, with which they were ſurround- "ed; Locke, to the ideal world within themſelves.

"The birth of the Newtonian was the death of the Carteſian philoſo- "phy. The throne of Newton appears to be fixed upon a ſolid, perhaps "an everlaſting foundation. Deſcartes created a world of his own; "Newton explained the law of the univerſe as it came from the hands of "the Creator.

"Newton, whom that innate modeſty which uſually attends on true ge- "nius had reſtrained from diſplaying his mighty talents, broke forth "from his obſcurity in the reign of James II. then it was that he publiſh- "ed his PRINCIPIA, a work that occaſioned the greateſt revolution that "ever was made in the world of Science. This performance is an illuſ- "trious proof of the power of the human mind, it being the higheſt in- "ſtance that can, or probably ever will, be given of the exertion of it.

" There is a print of him, engraved by Bickham, which may be placed " as a memorial in James IId's. reign. It is a Head, radiated like the " Sun, in the midſt of a planetary ſyſtem. The following lines of Lu- " cretius may without pedantry be affixed to it; they are much better " ſuited to this character than to that of Epicurus.

" Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, et omnes.
" Perſtrinxit ſtellas, exortus ut ætherius ſol."

It is remarkable that there was another Newton, M. A. (John) an author, a great mathematician, and eminent throughout the whole circle of ſciences, contemporary with Sir Iſaac, loſt in his Nameſake's blaze; but he has obtain'd an honourable place in Wood's Ath. Oxon. He died January 1678, when our author was in the 30th year of his age. There is a print of him, Ætat. 39, 1660, before his book entitled, " Mathematical Elements," 4to. Gr.

The unlearned or taſteleſs claſs will have little ſatisfaction in reading what has been already ſaid of Newton, and to thoſe endued with ſcience, a minuteneſs of character is unneceſſary. To thoſe who would curtail eulogium or buſineſs, Pemberton's Review, Bradley, and Murdoch Maclaurin may ſuffice in this place to cover the temple now erecting to his fame.

Various are the effigies of Sir Iſaac, both in frontiſpieces, medallions, buſts, ſeals, and other engravings, but moſt of them diſſimilar from his monument and from each other. It were to be wiſhed that any perſon now living, as the remembrance will ſoon be loſt, who recognizes a likeneſs, would pronounce which has the moſt merit in that reſpect, that poſterity may be gratified with the idea of a perſon, of whom it may be ſaid, We may probably never ſee the like again. The Rev. Dr. Birch has given us a pompous engraving of Sir Iſaac in his folio volume, which, from the attention paid it in the executive part, may have merit as to ſimilitude.

Sir Iſaac's Chronology of antient Kingdoms was occaſionally in hand thirty years, and was the laſt work to which he applied even to a few days before his death; and however great his abſence of mind in common affairs, his memory

memory was ſo ſtrong at the utmoſt verge of life, that he could recollect, critically, hiſtorical circumſtances happening in ſuch a year of ſuch an olympiad, when crouching under the ponderous load of eighty-five years and a painful diſeaſe. He then, ſays Biſhop Pearce, was writing without ſpectacles remote from the window, and the light partially eclipſed by a pile of books, upon which the rev. viſitor (then Rector of St. Martin's in the Fields) obſerved, "Sir, you ſeem to be writing in a place where "you cannot ſo well ſee." His anſwer was, "A little light ſerves me." So true it was in every ſenſe of the expreſſion.

See Biſhop Pearce's Commentary, &c. publiſhed by John Derby, A. M. 1776.

From a Note on WENSLEYDALE, *a Poem, printed* 1780, *3d Edit.*

As the ſmalleſt anecdote concerning ſo great an ornament to human nature, becomes amuſing, eſpecially in a character ſo uniformly ſtudious as his, I ſhall briefly relate what may not be ſo generally known, and therefore give the curious traveller an opportunity of beſtowing one tranſient glance upon the humble tenement where this illuſtrious man firſt ſaw that light which he ſo well defined, or the elegant ſituation where he reſigned his breath.

The firſt is a farm-houſe at the little village of Woolſthorpe, conſiſting of a few meſſuages in the ſame ſtile of humility, about half a mile weſt from Colſterworth, on the great north road between Stamford and Grantham, known to every peaſant in the neighbourhood.

He died at lodgings in that agreeable part of Kenſington, called Orbell's, now Pitt's Buildings. His academic time was ſpent in Trinity College, Cambridge, where his apartments continue to be mentioned occaſionally, on the ſpot, to ſtrangers, with a degree of laudable exultation.

His principal town-houſe was in St. Martin's-Street, the corner of Long's-Court, Leiceſter-Fields, where is yet ſtanding a ſmall obſervatory which Sir Iſaac built upon the roof.

His temper was ſo mild and equal, that ſcarce any accidents diſturbed it. One inſtance in particular, which is authenticated by a now-living witneſs, brings this aſſertion to a proof: That Sir Iſaac being called out of his ſtudy to

a contiguous room, a little dog, called Diamond, the conſtant but incurious attendant of his maſter's reſearches, happened to be left among the papers, and, by a fatality not to be retrieved, as it was in the latter part of Sir Iſaac's days, threw down a lighted candle, which conſumed the almoſt-finiſhed labors of ſome years. Sir Iſaac returning too late, but to behold the dreadful wreck, rebuked the author of it with an exclamation, (ad ſydera palmas) "Oh Diamond! Diamond! thou little knoweſt the miſchief done!" without adding a ſingle ſtripe.

The obſcurity in which Sir Iſaac Newton's pedigree is involved, who only died A. C. 1726, makes it leſs a wonder that we ſhould be ſo little acquainted with the origin of the great characters of antiquity, or thoſe of later ages.

The author of Biographia Philoſophica, has made Sir Iſaac Newton's father the eldeſt ſon of a baronet, and farther ſpeaks of the knight's patrimonial opulence; the contrary of which aſſertions, the teſtimony of his pariſh will ſufficiently confirm, did not the account alone confute itſelf; for by conſequence Sir Iſaac would have had an hereditary title, which evidently was not the fact. This renowned philoſopher was indebted more to nature for the gifts with which ſhe had endowed him, than to the accidents of any great deſcent; a circumſtance, which adds, if poſſible, greater luſtre to the man, who, without the advantages of eminent birth, alliance, or fortune, attained the higheſt pinnacle of ſcientific fame.

The little I have been able to collect of the family of this great man, by a diligent enquiry both in and about his native pariſh, and among the very few of his ſurviving diſtant relations of half-blood, for none elſe remain, ſerves but to confute the many palpable errors committed by his biographers on this occaſion; moſt of whom, in copying each other, have erroneouſly made him deſcend from a baronet. It may be now time therefore, when the traces of truth on that ſubject are nearly loſt, briefly to preſerve ſome traits of his genealogy, which the inquiſitive reader may depend upon to have been carefully collected.

Mr. John Newton, the father of Sir Iſaac, had a paternal eſtate in Woolſthorpe and the neighbourhood, of about fifty pounds a year. He was a wild, extravagant,

extravagant, and weak man, but married a woman of good fortune. His wife's name was Ayſcough, whoſe father lived in Woolſthorpe likewiſe, and was lord of that manor. The ſaid manor, with ſome other property, deſcended to Sir Iſaac, upon the death of his grandfather, Ayſcough. Sir Iſaac made ſome trifling purchaſes himſelf; and his whole eſtate in that neighbourhood, amounted at the time of his death to about 105*l.* per annum, which fell to the ſhare of his ſecond couſin, John Newton; who being diſſolute and illiterate, ſoon diſſipated his eſtate in extravagance, dying about the 30th year of his age, in 1737, at Colſterworth, by a tobacco-pipe breaking in his throat, in the act of ſmoaking, from a fall in the ſtreet, occaſioned by ebriety.

The father of the above John, was alſo John Newton, a carpenter, afterwards game-keeper to Sir Iſaac, and died at the age of ſixty, in 1725. In the Rolls or Records, that are ſometimes read at the Court-Leets in Grantham, mention is made of an Ayſcough, who is ſtyled Gentleman, and Guardian and Truſtee to Sir Iſaac Newton under age.

It is very certain that Sir Iſaac was a poſthumous iſſue, and had no full brothers or ſiſters; but his mother, by her ſecond marriage with Mr. Smith, the Rector of North-Witham, a pariſh adjoining Colſterworth, had a ſon and two or three daughters—which iſſue female afterwards branching by marriages with perſons of the names of Barton and Conduit, families of property and reſpectable character, partook, with the Smiths, of Sir Iſaac's perſonal effects, which were very conſiderable.

Sir Iſaac, when a boy, was ſometimes employed in menial offices, even to an attendance on the ſervant to open gates in carrying corn to Grantham-market, and watching the ſheep; in which laſt occupation, tradition ſays, that a gentleman found him, near Woolſthorpe, looking into a book of the mathematical kind, and aſking ſome queſtions, perceived ſuch dawnings of genius, as induced him to ſolicit the mother to give her ſon an univerſity education, promiſing to aſſiſt in the youth's maintenance at college if there was occaſion. But whether that neceſſity took place, is a point I have not been able to determine.

He

He lived a bachelor, and died in his 85th year, having, as a relation informed me, who quoted the authority of Sir Iſaac's own confeſſion, never violated the laws of chaſtity. The houſe at Woolſthorpe has ſeemingly undergone little or no exterior alteration, ſince the time it incloſed this great man, and continues to be viſited by the curious, who occaſionally paſs the Northern Road.

There is extant a letter from Sir Iſaac, dated from Jermyn-Street, where he alſo lived, which I have read. It is now in the poſſeſſion of an inhabitant at Colſterworth, and deſcends by heirſhip, though the ſubject is only upon common pariſh-buſineſs; a circumſtance which ſhews how much the humble owner, unconnected with the family or the ſcience of our philoſopher, venerates his character, even, as I have been informed, to his having reſiſted gold for the purchaſe of ſo apparent a trifle.

A relation of the Knight, the late Rev. Mr. Smith of Linton, in Craven, Yorkſhire, left a ſmall ivory buſt of admirable workmanſhip, executed by that celebrated artiſt, Marchand, which from its elegance, ſimilitude, and placid expreſſion, is truly valuable. It is ſaid to have coſt Sir Iſaac one hundred guineas, and is ſpecified in an authentic inventory of his effects, taken by virtue of a commiſſion of appraiſement in April 1727, now in my poſſeſſion. It appears that his perſonal eſtate amounted to 31821*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.* which was diſtributed among eight relations, *Sir Iſaac dying inteſtate.* He had alſo an acquired farm or Eſtate at Baydon, Wilts, but of no great annual value. It likewiſe appears, as a proof of his benevolence, that he was not an oppreſſive landlord, ſince, at his death, there was owing him by one tenant 60*l.* for three years rent, and by another, for two years and a half, a ſmaller ſum. It may not be impertinent to mention our philoſopher's wardrobe and cellar, which in the valuation ſtand thus.—Item, wearing apparel, woollen and linen, one ſilver-hilted ſword and two canes, 8*l.* 3*s.* Item, in the wine vault, a parcel of wine and cyder in bottles, 14*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* The furniture and luxuries of his houſe bearing nearly the like proportion, his library excepted, which conſiſted of 2000 volumes and 100 weight of pamphlets. On an engraving of Sir Iſaac Newton's natal Houſe, given in the above quoted work, are the following lines:

Here Newton dawn'd, here lofty wiſdom woke,
And to a wond'ring world divinely ſpoke.

If Tully glow'd when Phœdrus' ſteps he trod?
Or fancy form'd philoſophy a god?
If ſages ſtill, for Homer's birth contend?
The ſons of ſcience at this dome muſt bend.
All hail the ſhrine! all hail the natal day!
Cam boaſts his Noon, this cot his Morning Ray.

To the preceding notes permit us to add the following obſervations. Had Colſterworth any fame it could only be a borrowed one, as it muſt be neceſſarily abſorbed in the vortex, from its vicinity to the ſmall village of Woolſthorpe, ſanctified by the birth of the great Newton, whoſe name muſt ever inſpire the ſcientific man with the moſt glowing veneration.—We almoſt ſay, in imitation of Eraſmus to Socrates, with ſome deviation, O! immortal Newton, deſcend and inſtruct us! be again the interpreter of nature, and develop worlds beyond the ſun.—When I paſſed the threſhold of his houſe, methought I ſtood on Ether, and found myſelf more impreſſed than if I had trod the claſſic ground of Antiquity, however remote and celebrated:—Imagination viewed the Philoſopher ranging univerſal Space, now ſtanding on the Ocean, and now on a Satellite of Saturn, purſuing Comets, and exploring diſtant Syſtems.—When I entered the room where his infant eye firſt ſaw that Light which he ſo accurately defined, I was pervaded with enthuſiaſm, and thought, well might that noble and illuſtrious Geometrician of France, the Marquis d'Hopital, aſk our Ambaſſador, whether Newton eat, drank, or ſlept like other mortals. Such was the panegyric of a Foreigner, which reflected wiſdom upon himſelf, and which alone were a volume, had not Fontenelle, Rollin, Halley, Thomſon, Glover, and a hoſt of Poets, Hiſtorians, and Philoſophers followed him.

In fact, in the diſpoſition I then found myſelf, every thing pleaſed, every ſpot ſeemed intereſting, and wove in local hiſtory.—Even the little Stream that runs by the road-ſide, and which the traveller croſſes to Grantham, ſwelled into importance; nor could I view its beautiful meanders, without conſidering the regret with which it quits the abode of Newton, in whoſe waves he had probably ſo often ſported.—It is impoſſible for even grave Philoſophy, whoſe buſineſs is to correct Superſtition, not to be

be a Devotee on this occaſion. Hence permit us to ſay of this playful Stream, that it

Claſps cloſe the ſoil, and with reluctance yields
The hallow'd culture of Newtonian Fields.

It was happy for the world that our Author had a turn to practical mechanics, and was in many inſtances his own artificer. By this means there was a relief, otherwiſe, in ſo intenſe an application to ſtudy, the mind might have given way. It has been well authenticated, that he frequently forgot the ſummons to his meals, and that he has been known to inquire after perſons who have been ſitting with him at table.—Circumſtances to which I believe the profoundly ſtudious will aſſent.

We ſhall not diſplay his high places and honours, as we conſider them comparatively as microſcopic objects; as mere paint to the curious ſculptured column, uneſſential to the noble pile he ſo amazingly reared.

As the Inſcription and Emblems on Sir Iſaac Newton's Tomb may not have been ſeen by many, and not attended to by others, we here give them to the Reader, with a Tranſlation of the Epitaph.

H. S. E.

Iſaacus Newton, Eques auratus,
Qui, animi vi prope divinâ,
Planetarum motus figuras,
Cometarum ſemitas oceanique æſtus,
Suâ matheſi facem præferente,
Primus demonſtravit;
Radiorum lucis diſſimilitudines,
Colorumque inde naſcentium proprietates,
Quas nemo antea vel ſuſpicatus erat, perveſtigavit.
Naturæ, Antiquitatis, Sacræ Scripturæ,
Sedulus, ſagax, fidus interpres;
Dei O. M. majeſtatem Philoſophiâ aſſeruit,
Evangelii ſimplicitatem moribus expreſſit.
Sibi gratulenter mortales tale tantumque extitiſſe
Humani generis Decus—Nat. Dec. 25, 1642, ob. 20 Mart. 1726.

TRANSLATION.

TRANSLATION.

Here lies entombed
Sir Iſaac Newton, Knight,
Who with the aſſiſtance of almoſt a divine inſpiration of mind,
And enlightened by the ſun of his mathematical knowledge,
Firſt demonſtrated the Motions and Figures of the Planets, the Paths of Comets,
And the Cauſes of the Ocean's Tides.
He thoroughly inveſtigated
The nice Diſtinctions of the Rays of Light,
And the Properties of Colours produced by them,
Of which no perſon before his time had entertained an idea.
Of Nature, a diligent; of Antiquity, a ſagacious;
Of the Holy Scriptures, a faithful Interpreter.
He aſſerted the Majeſty of Almighty God thro' the means of Philoſophy,
At the ſame time
Expreſſed the ſimplicity of the Goſpel in his manners.
Let mankind rejoice,
On the exiſtence of ſo great an ornament to the human race.
Born Dec. 25, 1642, died 20th of March, 1726.

The Latin Epitaph, no doubt, had the conſideration and reviſal of many, but the original compoſition has been given to the late learned Aſtronomer, Dr. Edmund Halley.—Yet however great the compliment paid to Sir Iſaac, his own ſtupendous diſcoveries will be his nobleſt praiſe throughout all ages and nations.

To a reflecting mind, there is not perhaps a more pleaſing awful ſcene, than what a walk among the manſions of the illuſtrious Dead affords.—You are there ſurrounded by the effulgence of the Poet, Stateſman, Painter, and Philoſopher; you feel the influence of their venerable ſociety, grow fond of fame, and emulate their glory.—You, as it were, embody their ſhades, live in their days, and converſe with thoſe who have ſo nobly raiſed the ſtately dome of ſcience, to teach, to adorn, and humanize the world.

A Temple of this kind, and ſuch is Weſtminſter Abbey, is the fineſt ſchool of morality, and the moſt beautiful flatterer of the imagination in nature.

Among the firſt monuments of that place, for real importance, is that of this Prince of Philoſophy. It was deſigned by W. Kent, and executed by Michael Ryſbrack. The commanding figure of the monument is the Philoſopher, who, looſely robed in drapery, ſits with a thoughtful but placid mein, reclining his right arm upon four volumes, his Mathematical Principia, his Optics, Chronology, and Divinity.—This laſt refers to his noble volume on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypſe of St. John; but a theology beyond what is uſually taught in the ſchools, pervades his works; for they may be conſidered virtually as one connected hymn to the ſupreme power, in a grand comment on Nature and her laws.

At his feet ſtand two winged *male* figures, conſequently neither Fame nor Hiſtory, unattributed and unadorned, holding up a ſcroll, on which the Philoſopher meditates. They ſeem only intended to fill up ſpace; or we may call them Cherubims, to whoſe community we may ſuppoſe him united. His uncommon modeſty, the ſure criterion of abilities, were ſuch, that neither age nor reputation made him poſitive or petulant; no haughty demeanour, no airy aſſumptions, in the leaſt degree poſſeſſed him, which ſurprized and charmed his intimates.—The right-hand figure points to the page, ſeemingly to inform the ſpectator of their Hero's deeds; that on the left inclines his head with liſtening attention to the ſuppoſed ſubject.

Above, is a repreſentation of the Aſtronomic Muſe, URANIA, as big as life, in an attitude expreſſive of ſorrow; her left arm reſting on a large book, her right acroſs her breaſt, and her right hand holding a *radius*, an inſtrument of her attributes, of which the handle only is viſible.—She is ſeated on a large celeſtial globe, which our Philoſopher had ſo frequently and ſucceſsfully traverſed.—On the baſe are diſplayed many ſculptured devices, which form the emblems of his hiſtory.

The Genius weighing the ſun on the ſhort arm of a lever, and the planets at their due diſtances on the longer arm, alludes to the great doctrine of gravitation, and his theory of the ſolar ſyſtem; another holding a priſm,

priſm, intimates his great diſcoveries in optics, light and colours; a third directs a reflecting teleſcope, of which Newton was the inventor.

The furnace and flame are emblematical of chemiſtry, the key of natural philoſophy, by analyzing and decompoſing bodies, and ſhewing their elemental and conſtituent parts.

One boy bearing on his head a veſſel of coins, and another pouring them from an urn, is expreſſive of Sir Iſaac's office as Maſter of the Mint; a circumſtance which carries in it no literary compliment; and whatever important ſervice he might render his country in that employment, is ſaid to have injured the philoſophic world, by treſpaſſing upon his learned hours.

The conceit of a youth among the groupe, attending to an aloe plant, is not ſo intelligible, neither have I ſeen the obſcurity cleared. The reaſon may poſſibly be, in part, that the plant, being perennial, might indicate the like duration of his fame; but the recourſe to exotics for an emblem was needleſs, when our own ever-greens have been adopted from the earlieſt times into that high office.—Poſſibly the aloe may allude to the common conceit (which is in fact erroneous) of the plant flowering once in a hundred years, making Sir Iſaac the flower of that century wherein he lived. A conception too narrow, and not equivalent to our idea of a man that had riſen ſuperior to all who had preceded him.

The Star on the back-ground ſeems to have been a miſtake either in the deſign or execution, ſince it is not adorned with a Comet's tail, expreſſive of that which appeared in 1680, called the Newtonian Comet, whoſe enormous tail extended through a ſpace almoſt equal to our diſtance from the ſun; the period of whoſe return is calculated to happen A. D. 2255, being 575 years in its revolution.—The above, therefore, conſidered merely as a fixed ſtar on the monument, conveys no ſtriking circumſtance; neither does it ſo, if it repreſents a Comet in the ſtate of its aphelion, not ſufficiently heated by the ſun to ſend forth a tail diſtinguiſhable in character.—In an admirable engraved ſeal of the head of Newton, of which I was lately

poſſeſſed, left at his death among his rarities, there appears a Comet with its tail, and the like alſo on the medallion by Wedgwood and Bentley.

The Comet in 1662, predicted by Dr. Ed. Halley upon rules laid down by Sir Iſaac, to appear in 1759, which actually happened, (for the learned world agree in its identity) is the firſt on record to verify the elements of the Comet's theory now ſo firmly eſtabliſhed.—From theſe calculations, a Comet appears to be the ſloweſt and ſwifteſt body in the Planetary ſyſtem; for ſuppoſing the Sun eighty-one millions of miles from us, the Comet will move in a gradation of one million forty-ſeven thouſand to only forty-five miles in an hour, or, in other terms, twenty-two yards in the time in which it before moved three hundred miles.

In this our progreſs it is ſcarce poſſible not to mention Newton's marvellous invention of the theory and practice of Fluxions, the velocities of naſcent and evanaſcent quantities contained in his ſecond Lemma of his ſecond book of Principia Mathematica.—This has produced greater improvement in Mathematics, Phyſics, and Aſtronomy, than all the diſcoveries that have been made before or ſince the time of Newton.—Leibnitz contended for the honour of this diſcovery; Newton, with his uſual modeſty, ſat ſilent; but his claim was victoriouſly aſſerted and vindicated by his contemporary Engliſh Philoſophers; particularly in Mr. Collins's Commercium Epiſtolicum.

There is a beauty in theorems which reſults from uniformity and variety: I mean one uniform propoſition branching into various important corollaries, and this ſhines conſpicuouſly in the 66th prop. 26th theorem of his firſt book of Princip. Mathem. This ſingle propoſition has 22 corollaries, which explain the inequable velocity of the Moon's motion, the changeable curvature of her orbit, the motions of her apſides, and the variations of her excentricity, the motions of her nodes, the phenomena of the tides, the preceſſion of the equinoctial points, the oſcillations of the earth's axis, the nutations of the poles, and the oblate ſpheroidical form of the earth, though reſolutely oppoſed on the laſt ſubject by Caſſini, a contemporary Aſtronomer of the firſt claſs; but ſince ratified to Sir Iſaac by the Royal Academicians of France, from actual menſuration in both hemiſpheres.

If

If one hundred oxen were ſacrificed on the diſcovery on the 47th propoſition of Euclid, aſcribed to Pythagoras;—if the detection of adulterated metal in Hiero's crown, on hydroſtatic principles by algebraic proceſs, could make the Sicilian Geometer ſo temporarily frantic with joy, as to run into the ſtreets exclaiming, *I have found it*;—even that Philoſopher, who would not ſuffer himſelf to be interrupted in his ſtudious purſuit by any thing but the aſſaſſin's ſtab, when Syracuſe was ſtormed;—if the ſphere inſcribed on the cylinder engraved on the tomb of the ſame Archimedes, was diſcovered by Cicero with exultation, what ſhall we ſay of a ſingle propoſition of Newton, whoſe theorem is ſurely ſuperior to that of all others in the variety, extent, and importance of its conſequences?

Diſtinguiſhed Britain! happy in thy ſoil, in thy wave-fenced ſituation; in thy learned men, and their contraſted powers; whether a Shakeſpear in the dramatic, or a Newton in the demonſtrative world; in a Locke or a Boyle; or in the more mixed capacities of the two Bacons, and an hoſt of others:—But I perceive myſelf in unbounded ſpace, and muſt drop the purſuit with only adding, ſuch was Newton! the wonder of the human race; but my pen only deſcribes in epitome, a ſlight ſketch of an illuſtrious picture, whoſe harmony, proportion, and colourings will remain to the end of time.

On SEPULTURE.

AS the modes of Sepulture are ſo various, it may gratify curioſity in ſome degree, to relate briefly in what manner it has been practiſed in different ages and nations.

The firſt idea is undoubtedly that of ſimple interment. From the warmth of the climate, where we may reaſonably preſume the firſt ſociety was formed, near the banks of the Euphrates, putrefaction would not be lingering, which would put them early in mind to depoſit the remains of their friends in that element whence they deemed the body to ariſe.—The yielding ſoil and bordering ſand of the deſarts of that country might be alſo favourable to this purpoſe, in the early ages of invention, when tools for digging were not perhaps exiſting or eaſily attainable.

Caverns were alſo in uſe among the antients in hilly countries, which admitted them; and we alſo read of looſe ſtones becoming the grave of the party, where it was the duty of every paſſenger to add one, until the pile became an ample defence againſt external injuries.—Hiſtorians acquaint us, that the like practice prevailed in Scandinavia, and continues yet in uſe in Spitzbergen, among our ſeamen, where, from neceſſity, in ſo rocky a ſurface, they roll large ſtones to defend the bodies of their friends from the ravages of the bear, where they find them, in ſucceeding years, the mummies of the froſt.

Certain it is, that the appropriation of place, for burials, is of great antiquity, more eſpecially for thoſe of dignified order. Thus we find, in an early part of the world, the purchaſe from Ephron of the cave and field of Machpelah by Abraham for Sarah's Sepulchre, (Gen. chap. 23.) mutually conducted with an addreſs and generoſity that would do honour to the politeſt age of Athens, or the riper days of the 18th century.

Poſterior to Abraham's purchaſe, in the ſame book, we find that Jacob and Joſeph were buried in the allotted places of their anceſtors, the

the latter being embalmed and put in a coffin in Egypt, which, as Pliny relates, the Egyptians made of the ſycamore tree.—Rachel had her monumental pillar, as we learn from ſacred hiſtory; hence alſo we are informed, that "the bones of Saul and Jonathan were buried in the country of "Benjamin, in Zelah, in the *Sepulchre* of Kiſh, his father, 2 Sam. chap. 21."

The Pyramids of Egypt, the purchaſe of the Potter's Field, the Catacombs at Rome, and the Mauſoleums of Metellus, Artemiſia, and others, are monuments of the above fact, and proofs of a deſire in their reſpective founders to perpetuate fame, and, as it were, give to unconſcious matter the luxury of undiſturbed reſt.—From this fancy our own Shakeſpear was not ſeemingly exempt, when he ordered the following lines to be inſcribed on his tomb:

Good friend, for Jeſus ſake, forbear
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curs'd be he that moves my bones.

The art of preſervation, by mummies and embalming, are equally demonſtrative of the deſire to be recogniſed on poſthumous occaſions; leſs ſo the cuſtom of burning the body, where the aſhes only were honoured with an urn, though the method might boaſt of as much purification.—But, here, behold the inſtability of human opinion, that what was once thought a friendly duty, or a filial act of piety, is now become by law an ignominious ſentence.

With us, coffins of wood and conſecrated ground are comparatively of modern date, and ſtill more ſo the local and political formalities of habiting the dead, with all the various rites of funereal worſhip, too extenſive for a detail in this place.—To the above orders of interment, we may add the monuments of remarkable chieftans, in the tumuli or barrows diſperſed in this iſland, and elſewhere, of which the largeſt is near to Marlborough, the ſurface of whoſe baſe may meaſure half an acre.

The

The Church eſtabliſhment abroad, in not ſuffering a Proteſtant to adulterate the ſoil in which the Papiſts mix, is truly illiberal, and rendered more contemptible by the example the Proteſtants ſhew in admitting them to a participation of place, where all cenſures ceaſe and controverſy expires: But little is to be envied, one ſpecies of burial, prevalent abroad in the Roman Churches, which is that of launching the dead into one common receptacle within the Church, in ſubterraneans formed for the purpoſe. In this place, however, let me not omit a peculiar refinement which I do not recollect any traveller to have noticed —When viſiting the great Church at Piſa in Tuſcany, near the leaning Tower, after the guide had ſhewn us the body of the Church, he carried us into a Cloiſter much like that belonging to Weſtminſter-Abbey, both as to form and ſize; the area, ſwerded over, might be half an acre; then he gravely told us, that interment there was at a very high price. We aſked on what account? He replied, that the ſoil was doubly holy, for that it was fetched from Jeruſalem. We ſmiled, and, without infringing on the pious ſtory, left him in full poſſeſſion of his reverie.

The veneration paid to the human corpſe, by almoſt all nations, and the latent deſire implanted in moſt minds, that decency may attend the diſpoſal of our laſt remains, ſeems to indicate a tacit acknowledgment of an hereafter, however ſavage, ignorant, or excentric the man might be in life. The Moors in particular, all along the ſouthern coaſt of the Mediterranean Sea, pay a peculiar regard to their dead; and it was from this principle alone we ſoftened their enmity in taking care of the killed in the ſeveral rencounters, which happened between us and them, in Charles the Second's time, when Tangier was in our hands.—The following peculiar inſtance, though of another caſt, will tend to confirm this doctrine.—A friend of mine, who related to me the circumſtance, was in the year 1750, at Tripoli, then Surgeon of one of his Britannic Majeſty's ſhips of the line; when the ſon of the Dey, a perſon of curioſity, and who had a ſmattering of chemiſtry, phyſic, and ſurgery, came on board, and after examining many objects, ſolicited to ſee the ſurgeon's inſtruments, when thoſe appropriated to the trepanning a broken ſkull, principally catched his eye.—The Moor then wiſhed to ſee the operation, to which my friend

friend immediately conſented, if the other would produce a dead ſubject; at which propoſal the Moor inſtantly ſtarted, and told the Surgeon, that to mutilate the dead was totally contrary to their law, and a crime equal to ſacrilege; when at the ſame time the Engliſhman believed, had he puſhed the matter, that he would have allowed him to fracture the ſkull of a malefactor or ſlave for the purpoſe, which would have been equally oppoſite to the Chriſtian Law.

But of all the horrid cuſtoms exiſting on the ſubject of ſepulture, ſurely ſome of thoſe in India are the moſt execrable, at which imagination revolts, and the mind wonders how it is poſſible for the groſſeſt ignorance to adhere to the tenets, or become a convert to them; I mean the Perſees funereal rites, in making the ſtomach of a Vulture their grave, by expoſing their dead to be devoured by birds of prey, as is to this hour the practice in India by that bigotted ſect. See Ives's Voyage, p. 33, publiſhed 1773, where a repreſentation of theſe horrible funereal altars is given to the public. But for more of theſe deteſted cuſtoms, from which we turn our eyes, the reader may conſult Dr. Hyde de Religione Veterum Perſarum.

The Gentoos ſtill continue to burn their dead, whilſt others conſign them to immerſion in the Ganges and other rivers.—So true is the obſervation, that there is nothing ſo abſurd or ridiculous but what is practiſed by nations or individuals; nor doth time ſeem to leſſen ſuperſtition in Aſiatic ſoil, for religion ſeems to ſpring up as anomalous as inſects were reported antiently to ariſe from the mud of the Nile. Near to theſe loathſome ſpectacles of the dead, on the Malabar Coaſt, is always placed a centinel, within a ſmall diſtance, that none may approach too near, leſt they might diſturb the birds at their prey; but all Europeans abhor the place, ſays Dr. Hyde, from its cadaverous ſtench and the miſerable ſpectacle it exhibits.

On reading theſe accounts, it reminded me of the more enviable mauſoleum of an Emmet once in my poſſeſſion, wrapt up in an unmutilated ſtate, within a piece of very tranſparent amber; thus dying in character, conſulting glory and œconomy to the laſt.—*Conſider her ways and be wiſe.*

After all, it ſeems neither the gorgeous nor the neglected ceremony that comports with philoſophy: The firſt is an abſolute burleſque upon mortality, and ſeldom fails in the end to turn the ſolemn obſequies into plunder and riot: The laſt is a ſeeming ſuppreſſion of the tender calls of duty and benevolence; and methinks it is enough that the affectionate relatives taſte the cup of woe at home, without ſharpening affliction with an attendance to the grave.

Though an enemy to falſe decorations, the ſlighteſt taſte cannot but approve lapidary hiſtory, or the more exalted inſignia of poliſhed ſculpture, to commemorate the life and actions of departed friends.—By ſuch arts life is poliſhed, and happineſs more diſſeminated; by ſuch arts gratitude pays her debt in laſting memorials, and fills the meaſure of deſerving reſpect, in a ſtyle that does not ſoon periſh, and gratifies every eye.

What is already mentioned, alludes chiefly to modern remarks; but concerning more on this ſubject, the inquiſitive reader will be farther gratified in Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, and with a plentiful harveſt of claſſical references, both in the Grecian and Roman ages, in the animadverſions of Joannes Nardius, at the end of Creech's Lucretius.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE late in jocund mood gay Dorax * ſtray'd,
In Humour's field with every tint array'd;
A tiſſu'd texture of the brighteſt dye,
A mental priſm varying with the ſky.
Dorax, whom wond'ring crowds agreed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

* J. B. the perſon alluded to above died in London ſuddenly, nearly laughing, 1755, lamented by his intimates, and was a character of ſo particular a caſt, that we preſume an attempt to ſketch it will not be unacceptable, although an intellectual clue that was not eaſily unravelled.

His

His ſtature ranked rather with the low than the gigantic ſize. He had naturally an arch ſmile that beſpoke ſatyr, in which he was no mean proficient.—He had a lively imagination with a correct judgment, was a valuable counſellor, when not warped by intereſt or collateral attachments, and yet venality or avarice were not his prevailing qualities.—He knew mankind, and ſoon diſcovered their acceſſible ſide. He could flatter their paſſions or addreſs their reaſon with an apt and calm dexterity.—His wit was poignant, but in general it was beſtowed upon the abſent and the great: Thoſe preſent, indeed, received his ſhafts, but he chiefly aimed them at the vain and the dull, when he ſometimes verged towards giving the audience pain.—He was adroit in contrivance, either at diſconcerting or attaining meaſures; ſaw the connection and dependence of things, and hence was qualified to act the uſeful or ſiniſter part, to aſſert with confidence or recede with grace; a genius which would have equally ſuited the upright ſtateſman, or a plotting Machiavel.

He had friendſhips, but they were of the equivocal kind, and leagues of intereſt were what he well underſtood, which he was quick in ſuggeſting, happy in accompliſhing. He was acute in every tranſaction, had a ſpirit with œconomy, was a friend to order, and enjoyed it.—Stoical in ſickneſs, petulant in health; but the peeviſh part his dependents chiefly ſhared. He had a voluble elocution, which was both entertaining and pertinent, for whilſt he ſpoke, you rather feared than wiſhed a concluſion.—He had religion, but it was that of nature; he derided her dreſs, and would expoſe her naked.—The picture which he approved, or rather drew, better ſuited the cloſet than the frequented part; the ſolitary man, than the parent; for his kindred and family were infected by it.

He had faith with infidelity, was ſtern and complying, as it ſuited occaſions; amorous with conduct, and friendly without affection.—If of any claſs, or that a mixture of Subtlety, Freethinking, Religion, and Morality would characterize an order, he was truly a heteroclitical Unique. In ſhort, he was that uninveſtigable character that one wiſhes to know, becauſe ſo agreeably perplexed; a Being with all the variety of a group; or rather one, who, in a collection of drolls, would have appeared the principal figure.

THE END.