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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS
OF
THE REV. SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.

CANON RESIDENTIARY OF LICHFIELD.

BY GEORGE HARDINGE, Esq.

IN A LETTER TO MR. NICHOLS.

***.* Of this Memoir, FIFTY Copies are printed; not for sale,
but for Mr. HARDINGE's Friends, and those of Dr. DAVIES.**

B

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TO
LADY KNOWLES,
THE ZEALOUS ENTHUSIAST,
FOR GENIUS, TASTE, AND VIRTUE,
THIS PORTRAIT
OF THEIR IMAGE, AND MIRROR,
IN THE RELICKS
WHICH HAVE BEEN CONSECRATED BY HER,
IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY HER AFFECTIONATE ADMIRER,
AND RESPECTFUL SERVANT,
GEORGE HARDINGE.



DR. SNEYD DAVIES.

Fer cineres AMARYLLI fords. VIRGIL.

To JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *Walton Grove, March 4, 1816.*

AN accident has tempted me to rescue from the dust of oblivion (if I can hope to be so fortunate) a man of consummate genius, and of exemplary virtue, who (at least in *my* conception of his value) deserves a conspicuous *niche* in *your* Temple of the Sages, and of the Poets, who confer honour upon the Century behind us.

The accident was this: On my judicial tour into *Wales* in the summer of last year, I called at the house of *Admiral Sir Charles Knowles*, who then resided in *Ludlow*, and who had received me, as an occasional visitor, in the most obliging manner.

He was absent from home: but *Lady Knowles* honoured me with her company for half an hour. Accomplished in her talents, and most engaging in her manners, a model in the dignified graces of domestic virtue, a zealous enthusiast in literature, but with no affectation, she is the ornament, and the delight of her numerous Relations, and of all who have the happiness to be her friends.

In the course of chat between us, and in the company of others, a good laugh took place against both of us, at her supposition that I had written a Letter which had been copied by her from the original, and which, if I *had* written it, would have advanced my age to that of *a hundred and fifteen!*

Except for this *awkward* inference from *the date*, I should have owned it with pride, if I could have
made

made the *confession* agree to the *fact*. It will appear in these *Memoirs*, and I am now possessed of it in the writer's hand. He was *my own Father*. He had written this Letter to a certain MR. DAVIES, then *Rector of Kingsland*, in the County of *Hereford*, afterwards *Canon Residentiary of Lichfield*, and *Archdeacon of Derby*, a person whom, though I was not "*a hundred and fifteen*," I was old enough to have seen at the table of the first *Lord Camden*, my uncle, when he was *Chancellor*, and whom I should have seen there, on the day appointed for the interview, if I had not been deprived of that pleasure by some youthful engagements of my own, which I had not sense enough to countermand.

I had often heard *the Chancellor* speak of him as of an admired friend, and favourite in *Eton school*—at *King's College in Cambridge*—and occasionally, in rambles of the summer, before the Law tied *him* by the leg. As a Poet indeed he had caught my attention at school, and when I only knew him, as the Writer of an address in blank verse to C——P——, Esq. — *Charles Pratt* (as I found afterwards) before the latter attained any of his professional honours.

This Poem had struck me long before I could fill up those initials of the name; and the Reader will naturally suppose that I was not *less* partial to it when it acquired the additional value, to me, of its reference to a person whom I loved, admired, and revered. — It pleased me the more, because it was temperate, and manly in *praise* (an arduous province of the Muse); nor could I fail to admire the sagacity of anticipation — which made the partial, and poetical friend a discerning prophet.

When I read this Poem first, it chimed in my ear, and I could repeat every syllable of it by heart.—I have the same passion for it still;—but what I shall think of it in my *hundred and fifteenth* year, I will not risk an opinion *before its time!*

When

When my uncle had *the Seals*, he told me one day that his friend *the Poet* had presented him with a poetical address to CAMDEN the Antiquary, and that he had placed this keepsake at *the back of* the Antiquary's picture (*which* had been given to him by Mr. James West *)—"a good place for such high-flown compliments!" was, I remember, his phrase. It was an *éloge* upon the *Chancellor* in verse. He added (and seemed more pleased with it than with his own *fame* behind *the picture*) that his friend had also given him *his own Portrait*.

But, at an earlier period still, though after I had first read the Poem, I had seen amongst my father's loose papers, *English* verse of the same DAVIES to him. I thought it excellent of its kind in the *Mil- tonic* measure, which his poetical ear had most happily caught, and which his earliest prepossession had selected as a model in general for his own.

One Poem in particular (though in the removal of papers at various times, when I shifted my *Arab's tent*, I lost many others) was preserved by me, and was in my possession, but so mislaid that I could only at first give a part of it, which memory had retained. But I have now received the remainder of it, from a gentleman who was in possession of it.

I recollect that I also have read some of his *Letters* to my father in prose, which I thought unaffectedly elegant—a character which is the perfection of epistolary eloquence. In one of them he sends Latin *Alcaics* which address him thus :

"O DANA REGUM *progenies*,"

in allusion to the unexplained affinity between *our Crest* and that of the *Berkeleys*, which (*in pure*

* "Viro integerrimo
CAROLO, BARONI CAMDEN,
Jurum, Libertatumque Populi Anglicani
Vindici acri, forti, fideli,
Hoc Camdeni illustris Prototyphon
In Ædibus Camdenianis olim
asservatum, nunc reponendum
Offert, JACOBUS WEST."
jest

jest) carried us, with our *Berkeley cousins*, to the *Fitz-Hardinges*, who were *Princes of Denmark!* These Letters, and Verses making him a kind of *tableau de famille*, tempted me to read more of his works in the same volume of *Dodsley's Miscellany*.

They were, I thought, little, if at all, inferior to that, which had fascinated me when I was at school. In short, he became a favourite of my youthful taste. But youth is youth; and I had almost forgotten him.

During my ill-omened acquaintance with *Miss Seward*, whose poetical fancy I admired, and who resided in *Lichfield*, I imparted (with my habitual enthusiasm for genius) to *her*, the impression which *DAVIES* had made upon me.

That celebrated female has conferred upon me the *unsolicited honour* of *printing*, and *publishing* her answer to me upon this topic, and upon EVERY OTHER which had been the subject of mutual CONFIDENCE between us—either transcribed (as the Editor has represented) from her own copies of those Letters, made when she wrote the originals first, or, as I suspect, in this peculiar instance, from the *originals*; but, upon either supposition, with perfidy in cold blood, unexampled (I hope) in literary intercourse.

After many high-flown compliments to me; whom she had never seen but once, and after the exchange of childish pedantries between us, my disagreement with her upon subjects of criticism embittered her against me; for, with all her attainments in literature, she overlooked a maxim of *Cicero*, “that we should refute without anger, and should be refuted without pertinacity.” She laid her *commands* upon me, in a fit of spleen, to return *all the Letters* I had received, offering to part with all mine back to me, upon a solemn pledge between us, instituted by herself, that *no trace of the correspondence was ever to appear*.

appear.—This *contract*, with my perfect assent, was in part executed—she sent back all my Letters to me—*I burnt them.* She obtained possession of her own to me; and I received a direct assurance from her, which *I also burnt* (with a disdain to keep it as a check, and security), that *no vestige of the opinions, or sentiments, which had been circulated between her and me, should ever appear.*

Instead of keeping her word, she has betrayed, by a posthumous deceit, but contemplated with deliberate foresight, *in the shape of her own replies*, all the idle rhapsodies of criticism, or taste, which at the impulse of the moment I had communicated, as her friend. She has trafficked away her good faith, and sense of honour, to a Bookseller; and has exposed me to ridicule, as guilty, at the best, of a *labor ineptiarum*, and at the worst—of many *unfashionable* opinions, which I thought *sacred* in *her* hands. She has even copied one entire letter of mine to her, in a letter to her friend. This too, after we had parted in amity, and after some kind attentions to me on her part, even since we had quarrelled *upon literary subjects alone.*

That is not all; nor is it the worst. There are passages of a delicate nature in my Letters, affecting the character of respectable individuals, which a feeling mind would have shuddered even at the POWER of revealing to the indiscriminate world; and she has not suppressed ONE of them, if made, as they generally were, the subjects of her Letters to me.

It happens too, that upon the subject of this *Lichfield* Poet her disingenuity is betrayed. In a letter to me, his poetical rank is, by comparison, depreciated; but in a marginal note upon his verse in *Dodsley's* Collection, presented by her to DAVIES himself, and recently discovered at *Kingsland*, he is the subject of a more animated *éloge.*

To

To me her expression is (word for word) as follows :

“ Yes, indeed, DR. DAVIES had genuine *poetical fancy*, and his *numbers* were *often* GRACEFUL, and HARMONIOUS: so far I think with *you*; but must dissent from *your* assertion,” [which I never made,]

“ *That he is a Poet, sweet as any of modern times!*

“ the times that boast of *Gray, Mason, Collins, Hayley, Beattie, Cowper, Chatterton, Burns,* with MANY OTHERS, who *hold the poetic torch* MUCH *higher* *, surely, than it was lifted by the GENTLE †, the ELEGANT DAVIES.”

In the marginal note of her keepsake, which is extant *in her own hand*, she writes thus :

“ Witness the lays that still engage

Poetic eyes in *Dodsley's* page ;

Meek DAVIES † thine ; whose feeling mind

Was by each Christian grace refin'd,

Whilst PUREST RAYS of DELIAN FIRE

SHED LIVING LUSTRE ON THE LYRE.”

To resume *Lady Knowles* (who is never to be left at the call of any digression, without reluctance), I took the liberty of asking her, if she knew any more of DAVIES; and I learnt from her, with no common delight, that she had found at *Kingsland*, where she had copied this Letter “*of mine*,” several interesting manuscripts, in prose, and in verse, connected with DAVIES, the mirrors of his genius, virtues, and familiar habits. In the kindest manner, observing, that my zeal for him was in unison with her own, she communicated copies of these treasures to me, and some of the originals; to which, at a later period,

* If the reader can unriddle this image, I give him joy.

† How these *lady-like* epithets can be deemed applicable to the peculiar style, and character of *his* Muse, will hereafter appear.

‡ To this I have no objection. It is the fact, as applicable to his *moral* character.

she

she added *all the rest*. They are chiefly the fountains, from which I have drawn the *Memoirs* of this accomplished Poet, and most amiable man. Upon the box which retained the originals, before they were in my possession, she wrote this beautiful tribute of gratitude, for the delight she had felt in reading his works :

TO THE SHADE THAT ONCE ANIMATED
THESE RELICKS.

Oh, stay the hand, that would to flames consign
A polish'd vein, and feelings, pure as thine !
Though *Time*, obsequious to the world's decay,
Has thy immortal essence borne away,
Still, through the foliage of a deathless wreath,
Shall Inspiration's fond memorial breathe ;
To future Pilgrims, that shall hither stray,
Thy renovated spirit shall display ;
The Sage, and Poet, shall *himself* redeem,
His own bright mirror of the hallow'd theme ;
— Can this be *death*, when *souls* from *bodies* part,
But live to *Fame*, in genius, and the heart ?

He was born in 1709, a younger son, of a good family in the *Vale of Clewyd*, near *St. Asaph*. They were possessed of an estate, and of a mansion there, which is in the hands of a descendant, who is entitled by entail.

At *Kingsland* there is a curious drawing of this family seat, "*in Chinese perspective*" to use *Lady Knowles's* words, in allusion to it.

His father was *Rector*, and *Impropriator* of *Kingsland*, *Prebendary* of *Hereford*, and of *St. Asaph*, *Precentor* of *St. David's*, and a *Doctor* of *Divinity*.

In a most whimsical, but facetious manuscript, which I have seen in one of my *détours* from the
Circuit

Circuit into the adjacent Counties, and which is very much in the manner of *Henry Fielding*, coeval to the date of the elder DAVIES's residence at *Kingsland*, a satirical account appears, at which he would have laughed himself, both of his exterior, and of his air, in these words :

“ ONE DOCTOR DAVIES was both *Rector*, and *Impropriator of Kingsland*.

“ He was tall, and bulky.— He had an air of gravity, and of dignity in the expression of his countenance. It *said*, or *seemed to say*, especially to those who were not of his acquaintance, ‘ that he was not only *Rector of Kingsland*, but a *Chanter of St. David's*!’

— He died in 1732. The son drew his character: and I have taken one extract from it, as thinking it very original, and well expressed :

“ He had many ways to gain friends, and but one, that could endanger the loss of them. It was, that he sacrificed his interest, by telling them an unwelcome truth.”

The inscription upon his monument, perhaps written by the son, is in these words :

“ Here lies the Rev. JOHN DAVIES, D. D.

Rector of Kingsland,

Precentor of St. David's,

and *Prebendary of the Cathedrals*

of Hereford, and St. Asaph,

but much better distinguished

by his personal worth,

than he could have been

by the highest station in a Church*,

whose doctrines he constantly preached, and practised,

in a manner equalled by few,

excelled by none.

Nor was he less remarkable

for his public spirit,

and an unalterable attachment

* He was to have been the next Bishop, if he had lived.

to the interest of his Country;
 which engaged him to many,
 and recommended him to all good men.

By him lies *Honora* his first wife, the relict
 of *Thomas Ravenscroft, Esq.* greatly distinguished for
 her piety, and charity.

He was the son of *Mutton Davies, Esq.*
 an ancient, and loyal family in *Flintshire*.

He died December the 14th, 1732,
 aged 63,

leaving behind him *Isabella*, relict
 of the *Right Reverend John Hartstonge*,
Bishop of Derry,

his second, and sincerely afflicted wife:
John, SNEYD, and *Elizabeth*, his children,
 by his first wife.

It is worthy of remark, that in his will he gave the
 living of *Kingsland* to SNEYD, the second son, “*be-
 cause of all his children he deserved the best of
 him, and was fit for the ministry.*”

Of *John* I have no intelligence, except that he
 died Sept. 8, 1731, at the age of 31, and had this in-
 scription to his memory; so classical, that I have
 no doubt of the *hand*;—SNEYD was evidently the
 writer of it—

“*Hoc juxta breve marmor
 non sine laude, et lachrymis,
 jacet JOHANNES DAVIES, armiger;
 Naturæ dotibus feliciter instructus,
 Elegans Poeta, jucundus comes,
 Dilectus in vitâ — in mortê deflendus,
 Fil. nat. max.*

Rev^{di} JOHANNIS DAVIES,
 Rectoris de *Kingsland*,
 in Comitatu *Herefordiæ*.
 Obiit quinto die Septembris,
 A. D. 1735, ætatis 31.

We have no other traces of him ; and it is very singular, that in the numerous Letters of the surviving Brother, he is not once named !

Notwithstanding the ridicule upon his father's exterior, and manner, conferred upon them by the *Manuscript*, he appears to have been a very deep scholar. Many books written by him are at *Kingsland*, religious, and classical ;—but, half mouldering away. Many, alas, are such treasures, lost, and buried in the modest obscurity of secluded life, though graced by genius, and learning ;—they have “*blushed unseen*.”

He must also have been lively, and pleasant ; for there is a *Ballad* written by him upon the rage for the *South Sea*, very much in *Swift's* manner, and worth copying. It is intituled,

MERRY REMARKS UPON SOUTH SEA.

In *London* stands a famous pile,
 And near that place an alley ;
 Where merry crowds for riches toil,
 And Wisdom stoops to Folly.
 Here sad, and joyful, high, and low,
 Court Fortune for her graces ;
 And, as she smiles, or frowns, they shew
 Their gestures, and grimaces.
 There *Stars*, and *Garters* do appear,
 And 'mongst our Lords the rabble ;
 To buy, and sell, to see, and hear,
 The *Jew*, and *Gentile* squabble.
 Here crafty Courtiers are too wise,
 For those who trust to Fortune ;
 They see the cheat with clearer eyes,
 Who peep behind the curtain.

Our

Our greatest Ladies hither come,
 And ply in chariots daily ;
 Oft pawn their jewels for a turn,
 To venture in the alley.

Young harlots too, from *Drury Lane*,
 Approach the 'Change in coaches ;
 To fool away the gold they gain
 By their obscene debauches.

Long heads may thrive by sober rules,
 Because they think, and drink not ;
 But *head-longs* are no thriving fools,
 Who only drink, and think not.

The lucky rogues, like spaniel dogs,
 Leap into *South Sea* water ;
 And there they fish for golden frogs,
 Not caring what comes a'ter.

'Tis said, that alchemists of old
 Could turn a broken kettle,
 Or leaden cistern, into gold,
 That noble tempting metal.

But, if it here may be allow'd,
 To bring-in great with small things ;
 Our cunning *South Sea*, like a god,
 Turns nothing into all things.

What need have we of *Indian* wealth,
 Or commerce with our neighbours ?
 Our Constitution is in health,
 And riches crown our labours.

Our *South Sea* ships have golden shrouds,
 They bring us wealth, 'tis granted ;
 But lodge their treasure in the clouds,
 To hide it till it's wanted.

O BRITAIN !

O BRITAIN! bless thy happy state,
 Thou only happy nation ;
 So oddly rich, so madly great,
 Since Bubbles came in fashion.
Successful rakes exert their pride,
 And court these airy millions ;
Whilst homely drabs in coaches ride,
 Brought up to town on pillions.
Few men, who borrow Reason's rules,
 Grow fat with *South-Sea* diet ;
Young rattles, and unthinking fools,
 Are those that flourish by it.
Old musty jades, and pushing blades,
 Of least consideration ;
Grow rich apace, whilst wiser heads
 Are struck with admiration.
A race of men who, to this day,
 Lay crush'd beneath disasters ;
Are now by stock brought into play,
 Are made our Lords, and Masters.
But should one tenth from *Babel* fall,
 What numbers would be frowning !
The honest then must ease their gall,
 By hanging, or by drowning !
Five hundred millions, notes, and bonds,
 Our stocks are worth in value ;
But neither lie in goods, nor lands,
 Nor money, let me tell you.
Yet though our foreign trade is lost,
 Of mighty wealth we vapour ;
When all the riches that we boast,
 Consist in scraps of paper !

The

The DAVIESES were originally of *Gwynsaney*, near *Mold*, in *Flintshire*; but about four, or five generations before, had married a *Mutton**, heiress of *Llanerch*.—All the issue of JOHN died without children. The family seat has the name of *Llanerch*. The owner of it, the Rev. MR. WILLIAM WHITEHALL DAVIES, resides at *Broughton Hall*, near *Wrexham*.

Honora Sneyd, whose maiden surname was conferred upon her second son, married her first husband, in *Shrewsbury*, Feb. 12, 1690. He was buried at *Harwarden* in *Flintshire*, May 10, 1698.

Honora was the daughter of *Ralph Sneyd, Esq.* (who was of *Keel*, in the county of *Stafford*), by *Frances*, daughter of *Sir John Dryden, Bart.* of *Canons Ashby*, in the county of *Northampton*. She was born in 1668.

DR. JOHN DAVIES was of *Shrewsbury*, where all his children were born.

John, Feb. 3, 1703-4.

SNEYD, Oct. 30, 1709.

Thomas, June 27, 1711.

And a daughter *Elizabeth*.

There is a Letter from *Earl Camden*, a very little before he left the bar, to his friend, lamenting, that he cannot, *by a dash of his pen*, make the law in his favour. The question was, if he was a tenant for life, or in fee, to some part of the family estate.

“ DEAR SNEYD,

“ The point is clear; you are only tenant for life.
 “ I wish the dash of my pen would *alter* the law
 “ for your sake; but it is too stubborn. Your uncle’s
 “ heir at law is entitled after your death, &c.

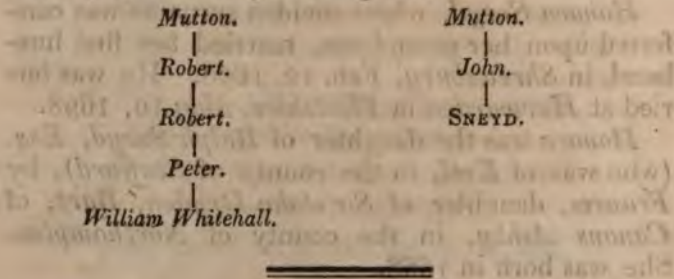
(Signed) “ C. PRATT. *Sept. 31, 1761.*”

From one of the co-heirs now in possession, the Rev. MR. WILLIAM WHITEHALL DAVIES, I have received a series of kind, and very entertaining Letters.

* This word, as the *Welsh* utter it, has the sound of *Milton*.

He has traced the family back to a remote, and venerable period.

The common ancestor of this Gentleman and SNEYD was MUTTON DAVIES, the father of *John*, but who was not the elder son *. *Robert*, who came before him, had many children. *His* grandson was *Peter*, father to my Correspondent.



Amongst the descendants from this MUTTON or MITTON DAVIES, *Richard*, brother to the first *Robert*, and who left an estate for life to his nephew the *Rector of Kingsland*, merits a distinguished place in these *Memoirs*, if in the anecdotes of a descendant from the common ancestor, those of the same family can without indecorum be introduced, who attract peculiar notice, by deserving it.

I cannot better describe this Gentleman, than by copying an extract from a Letter which I have just received from the coheir of the *North Welsh* inheritance, MR. WHITEHALL DAVIES; to whom I am indebted for many other communications, no less interesting, than courteous, and liberal.

His words are these :

“ *Richard*, being thus brought into contact with
 “ *your Hero*, cannot be dismissed without further
 “ notice.

* *Robert* his elder Brother was a deep scholar, and versed in *biblical studies*.—*John*, when young, was admired for his wit, and vivacity. It was the habit then to say, “ the *Parson* should have been *Squire*, and *vice versd*.”

“ My

“ My Father, when he was young, knew him well, and he never spoke of him but with most affectionate esteem.

“ His epitaph designates him as the pious, and charitable.— It might have added that he was ‘ *an Israelite without guile* ;’ so discharging the various duties of his pastoral office, that his Parishioners crowded after him to the church, and literally fell upon their knees for his blessing.

“ I contemplate him with absolute veneration.— He was an epitome of all that is excellent, and yet, with *peculiarity* enough to confer a singular flavour upon all that he did, or said.

“ *Anecdotes* often illustrate a *character* the best.— In 1745, during the political flame of the two parties, and upon the verge of a contested election, one of his Relations rode up to the vicarage of *Rhuabon* with a message from the Bishop, importing, that, if *Mr. Davies* expected any favours from him, he must give his vote, and his interest, for the Court.

“ ‘ Well, Sir, (my Father asked him), and what answer did you make to the Bishop ?’ — ‘ My dutiful respect ; but adding, that his Lordship was meddling with subjects of no fit concern for *him*— that *his* duty was, to visit the Diocese—to see his Clergy at their post, and superintending their flocks— carefully to advance the deserving, and them alone.— That, as to my vote, I should give it according to my conscience.’

“ ‘ Well, and what said you to our *cousin* ?’

“ ‘ I said nothing.’

“ ‘ What ! nothing to our *kinsman* ?’

“ ‘ He did not come to me as my *kinsman*, but as a *servant of the Bishop*. I treated him accordingly, and I told *Roger* to carry a tankard of ale for his horse.”

SNEYD was a Colleger at *Eton* school; and “*went off*” (in the *Eton* phrase) *to King’s*.”

At both of those two seminaries he formed an affectionate intimacy with *Charles Pratt*, afterwards *Earl Camden*, who was a Colleger at *Eton*, and a Fellow of *King’s College*, in the University of *Cambridge*.—Through him he became, at a later period, acquainted with *Mr. Nicholas Hardinge*, my father; of whom, at first, he seems to have been *afraid*, without a shadow of reason, except that my father had a reserved countenance, and manner, with *strangers*, though witty, social, and pleasant with *friends*, and familiar companions. This *fear* wore off, and he appears to have been his guest, as well as admirer.

Perhaps the “*constitutional timidity*” which is marked in *Miss Seward’s* portrait of him, may have compelled him to be shy of a new acquaintance, who lived more in the world, and whom he only knew through the medium, and partiality of their common friend, *Mr. Pratt*, as bearing a high character for classical taste.

The words of *Miss Seward* are these; and, bating only two words of that inflated style, which I always considered as the bane of her genius (brilliant as it was) *in prose*, they are admirable. As in this portrait she had no *bias* upon her mind, we may accredit her fidelity. We have also the advantage of her familiar access to the original, of her acute observation upon the circle of her *Lichfield* neighbours, and of her lively pencil in delineating them:

“ In my girlish days I knew him well, and always
 “ shed tears of delight when I listened to him from
 “ the pulpit; for his manner of preaching was *in-*
 “ *effable*, a voice of *tremulously pathetic softness*,
 “ religious energies struggling through *constitu-*
 “ *tional timidity*; but in all his words, his looks,
 “ his manners, within, and without the church,
 “ there looked out of a feeble frame a spirit *beati-*
 “ *fied* before its *time*.”

At

At the same *Eton* school he became the associate, and friend of that amiable Prelate, *Cornwallis*, first *Bishop of Lichfield*, and afterwards *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

Both of them, to my *personal* knowledge, retained their school affection for him, and were proud of him, as their friend.—I have heard *Lord Camden* say, that he thought him, next only to *Mr. Hardinge* (his brother-in-law), the best classical scholar of his age*.

If, as I rather suspect, in the declining years of his life he felt the ambition of preferment, it was unfortunate, that *Cornwallis* did not reach the *Metropolitan See*, till a very few months before DAVIES's death.

To that excellent Prelate, whom I had the happiness to know and cultivate, there is a poetical address by DAVIES, at an early period of their lives, perhaps not inferior to that, which I have described as enchanting me at *Eton* school, in honour to *Lord Camden*—at least it is a measuring cast between them.

I have no precise date for the address to *Cornwallis*; but I should guess, that it was written a little before 1745 — The date of the lines to *Lord Camden* is 1743.

Amongst the Letters preserved at *Kingsland* are many of *Lord Camden*, which I now possess in the originals, by the obliging aid, and generous attentions of *Lady Knowles*.

There is also a Letter of DAVIES to his admired friend, written, but not sent, either as having been accidentally mislaid, or, as having been thought by him too dull, and cold, for the demand of his feelings, and of his taste; both which had, in general, too little mercy to their own works.

* In this *éloge*, I of course make, and claim allowance for *partialities*.

At the same *Eton* school he formed an acquaintance with *Mr. Dodd*, afterwards of *Swallow-field-place* in *Berkshire*, and a Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Reading*.—They continued their acquaintance at *King's*, where *Mr. Dodd* was a Gentleman Commoner.

To this gentleman was attached *Whaley*, of the same College, his tutor.

The pupil was no scholar; but he was a favourite of many ingenious, and clever men, as well as of others, who were exemplary in worth, and were of high rank. *Lord Fane* described him as a *fine horse ill broke-in**. He was generous, open-hearted, and convivial,—friendly, and hospitable to a fault.

Whaley was of a more dissipated, and wild character. He died in distress; and his *Kingsland* friend, whom nothing else could have seduced from his diffidence, for he had a modesty unexampled in the estimate of his own powers, gave to *him* some of his poetry, to be inserted in *his* Collection of *Poetical Miscellanies*, published for bread.—But *his name was to be concealed*—as it was.

From this Collection some of the Poems, written by *DAVIES*, and judiciously selected, found their way into *Dodsley's Collection*, but were still *anonymous*.

In one of *DAVIES's* Letters there is an allusion to the difficulties of his friend; and, as it is most honourable to his feelings, it shall be copied in its place.

It is not, upon the first view, easy to account for what is called *friendship*, in the union of three such characters.—But friendships, made at school, or even at College, are seldom permanent. We are therefore so pleased when they *are*, that we readily forgive, and almost admire, the amiable prejudice of a persevering attachment, where merit on one side has no claim, or, at the best, an equivocal one, to the honour, and sanction of the intercourse on the other.

* I owe this arch, and clever *simile* to the report of my affectionate, ingenious, and pleasant friend, *Lord Braybrooke*.

But,

But, amongst the Manuscripts preserved at *Kingsland*, there is a very short note from *Whaley* to DAVIES, and countersigned by *Dodd*, which is curious, because it marks what gave the first impression of *Lord Camden's* promising fame at the Bar; and the fact is the more pleasing, because it arose from the zeal of his professional exertions for *Mr. Dodd*, his personal friend.

He was Counsel for him, and victorious, in a contested Election for the Borough of *Reading*, in 1740.

That as a boy DAVIES at *Eton* school was a gifted scholar, and was eminent in classical compositions, may be inferred, with safe analogy, from his youthful works, after he had left College.

Indeed, we have a powerful *hint* of his genius, when at school, in a Poem from which I mean to extract some of the lines; and in *Whaley's* Collection there is an exercise at *Cambridge*, when he was not more than 20 years of age, which has poetical spirit enough to have *then* warranted the hope, that he would make a figure as a Poet, if he would but overcome his delicacy, and fear.

But when I name this amiable infirmity of his nature, I think it will appear, that although his manners were timid, his Muse, and his thoughts in *her* school were as manly, as they were graceful, and polished—They were much nearer to *sublimity*, than to *elegance* (*Miss Seward's* character of them); and were marked with an originality of spirit, which made him distinguished, by a superior cast, I think, from some of his contemporaries, who have acquired a more popular character, as being more pushed into notice.

All accounts of him, that have reached me, describe him as the most amiable of human beings; cheerful, though modest; and pious, without parade of his religion;—friendly, humane, public-spirited, and virtuous in every sense of that word.

In *Whaley's* Poems there are more allusions than one to the simplicity of his domestic, and moral character,

racter. — They are not, I think, *Whaley's* compositions. — If they *are*, they are the best of him, for I see little of genius in the rest of his works. Whoever has written them, as they give hints at least of the poet, and the divine, I may as well copy them here.

In a Poem which is “*in praise of water,*” and which has many admirable strokes of genius (but which I feel a difficulty in ascribing to *Whaley*, who was a *Bacchanal* professed) is a charming portrait. He is *Romanized* by the name of *Gallus*.

I copy these allusions with pleasure, upon their own account, and as recommending the character of **DAVIES** :

Hail then, ye limpid streams, that sweetly glide,
 Daughters of *Pinsley's* * ever-flowing tide ;
 But from your Sire in happy error speed,
 Pleas'd to be lost in *Kingsland's* verdant mead ;
 With you for fame while *Mincio* vainly strives,
 Since *Maro* 's dead, and tuneful **GALLUS** lives ;
 And as you, sweetly murm'ring, glide along,
 Repay each murmur with a sweeter song.
 Nor is the price beyond the gifts you bring,
 Though *Orpheus* breathes upon the vocal string,
 Soft pleasure sports along the banks you lave,
 And health comes rolling on, at every wave.

In the address to *John Dodd* are these lines :

Nor less sincere, though calmer joys arise,
 With aspect mild when **GALLUS** greets my eyes,
 And challenges from this thy new abode
 The hospitality he once bestow'd.
 When *Lempster* sheep, long from the butcher kept,
 Their master's bounty, and our hunger wept.

* A rivulet or brook at *Kingsland*.

And

And as on *Pinsley's* sunny banks we lay,
 The cyder-tuns ran unperceived away.
 Here, as in *Greek*, and *Roman* times, we find
 The *pious priest*, and *tuneful poet* join'd ;
 His verses, what good men *should be*—declare,
 And his whole life informs us, what *they are*.

DAVIES had another *Eton* friend, or acquired for him by his *Eton* associates (*Dodd*, *Whaley*, and *Pratt*), a gentleman whom I had the honour, and the happiness to enjoy as my host for *one happy day*; *Mr. ALDWORTH NEVILLE*, of *Billingbear* in *Berkshire*, father to *Lord Braybrooke*. He was a most kind-hearted, and benevolent man, highly accomplished, and well-bred, a generous friend, and a most enchanting companion. In all duties of social, and moral intercourse, he was excelled by none, but was for many of his later years withheld from the world at large (as he was at the time that I had the good fortune to be his guest), by the gout, which crippled, and imprisoned him at home.

To this gentleman, when travelling abroad, there is a very exquisite Poem by DAVIES, in imitation of *Horace*, which I trust you will not be sorry to accept.

I feel my own judgment honoured by the feelings, and the taste of *Mr. NEVILLE*, who (as *Lord Braybrooke* informs me) was quite an enthusiast for the poetical genius of DAVIES, and would often repeat the lines of his verse, that were *his* favourites.

MR. NEVILLE married a lady, whose name was *Calandrini*. She was the eldest daughter of the first syndic at *Geneva*, and was highly accomplished. *Mr. Neville* had resided five years in *Geneva*, and married this lady in two years after his return, when he was *Under Secretary of State*, and M. P. for *Reading*.
 In

In a *Life* (by the celebrated *Mr. Coxe*) of a most ingenious, but unassuming, and retired man, the late *Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet*, are many particulars of *Mr. NEVILLE*, entertaining in themselves, and reported, with spirit like his own, by that pleasing writer *Mr. Coxe*. But there are also what may be termed some of *Mr. NEVILLE's works*, and I cannot enough recommend them to readers of taste.—His account of his theatrical friends at *Geneva* has all the charm, and grace of that astonishing meteor at *Ferney*, but more simplicity of nature; and his three *portrait-characters** are standard compositions, not surpassed by those of *Lord Clarendon*.

Amongst them I cannot forbear to select, and republish, that living sketch which he has drawn of the eccentric Father to the late *Mr. Windham**, so universally admired, and lamented.

The father appears to have been, with shades of difference, as extraordinary as the son. Both had a passion for manly exercises.

This portrait has captivated me; and I have not much fear that I shall be singular.

“*WINDHAM*, tall, thin, and narrow-chested, would vie with *PRICE*, in every feat of strength, and agility; and so far he succeeded, that he was known through *London* by the name of *Boxing WINDHAM*; whilst few knew that his quiet friend *Mr. PRICE*, who was eminent as a pugilist, could box at all. Fewer yet could divine, that *WINDHAM* would have excelled in almost every pursuit but those he was seen to follow; that he possessed *Greek, Latin, Spanish* †, and *French*, to a high degree, and knew something of *Dutch, and German*. This was, however, the fact;

* The subjects are, *Mr. Price of Foxley, Mr. Windham, and the Rev. Mr. Williamson*.

† He has proved his intimate acquaintance with *Spanish*, by his witty, and acute criticism on the specimen of the proposed translation of *Don Quixote* by *Smollett*, in which he has proved him grossly ignorant of the idiom, and as no less deficient in that elegance, and beauty of style, which mark the original.

and

and from these various sources, his amazing parts, equally quick and retentive, had drawn, and amassed treasures of science, and amusement;—the more striking from his apparent dissipation: he was, besides, a mathematician, mechanic, and draughtsman; could, and did build vessels, and navigate them himself; in short, he was every thing.

“ He had an utter abhorrence of restraint, which made him love to associate with those that put him under none at all: here he might throw his legs against the chimney, round himself into a hoop in his elbow chair, and at the same time read one subject, and converse on another; a method, he constantly practised, and with what success the following instance will best illustrate. One day in our Common room at *Geneva* (which for an hour or two after dinner was the resort of every odd genius of every country) two sets at the same time were talking on different subjects; one in *English*, the other in *Italian*. WINDHAM was between them, reading as usual, yet occasionally joining with each in the language which that party was speaking, and in a manner that would have made you think him solely attentive to one single subject. I remarked this, made another do so likewise, and we both of us watched him for some time; when our surprize was increased by his shutting his book (which was old *Brantome* in *French*) and telling us an excellent story which he had been reading at the very time he had been keeping up the double conversation.—Intolerance of the least restraint, was a marked feature of WINDHAM’s character, and serves as the best clue to unravel seeming inconsistencies. This accounts for a man of nice honour, bright imagination, and extensive knowledge, often throwing away such talents, on those who could neither do credit to that honour, entertain that imagination, nor improve that knowledge. In his friendships he was never known to fail; the friends of his youth (though he neglected their company occasionally) were

were ever nearest his heart ; nor could he die, without leaving us marks of his latest remembrance, and affection.

“ The lively beauty of his countenance was most striking, and every feature spoke genius ; it was impossible to see, and not admire him : to this, when he chose to please, he added an address that could not fail to captivate*. Such was the man, who, with the additional advantages of connexions, and fortune, would have died almost unknown to his country, had not the *Militia* been established. He instantly adopted the measure, and pursued it with such sense, and vigour, that in a short time he had the honour of being pointed out as the man, who by his pen, and his example, had most contributed to carry it into perfection.

“ During his travels he was peculiarly attentive to the system established in the *Prussian* army, at that time the school of *Europe*. He applied the knowledge he had thus acquired to the advantage of his country. In the *Seven Years' War*, he published an Essay to prove the Necessity of a regular *Militia*, to oppose the Invasion with which we were then threatened by an inveterate Enemy ; and on the establishment of the *Militia*, he became a Lieutenant-colonel in that of his native county. While in this office, he introduced a new, and superior mode of discipline ; and may be considered as one of the first, who contributed to explode our antiquated system of *tactics*, which, in spite of its many absurdities, and the improvement made in other countries, still maintained its ground in *England*. He reduced the exercise to a simple, and systematic form ; and by the publication of his “ *Plan of Discipline for the Militia of Norfolk*,” rendered his own corps a pattern for others. This work was

* I remember seeing at *Mr. Garrick's*, in the *Adelphi*, a whole-length figure of him, in a picturesque habit, and presenting a most elegant form. G. H.

highly

highly esteemed by the best judges of military discipline, and the Author deservedly received the approbation of the patriot, and the officer.

“ His treatise on the subject is well known, and admired even by the *Regulars*; I have heard Generals declare, the Author was himself one of the best Battalion Officers in the service, and might with opportunity make a great Commander in Chief. In this, however, they were mistaken; he wanted constitution: even the Militia-duty was too much for him; and greatly helped to hurry him to his grave. He left a son, who promises, at this early age, to inherit his father's virtues, and abilities.”

One more of these characters, that of *Mr. Williamson*, will appear in the *Appendix*.

To resume DAVIES; it appears by Letters, that he had also an acquaintance, admirer, and friend, in *Mr. Richard Phelps*, who writes to him from *Italy*, two classical, and most ingenious notes upon scenery, and the works of art.—These Letters, dated 1751, prove, in what a high estimation he held his *Kingsland friend*.

DAVIES's father dying in 1732, when he was 22 years of age, and having left him a competency in the living at *Kingsland*, and in some portions of his landed property, I should apprehend that he soon began to reside there. It appears, that from thence he corresponded with such of his friends in the *world* as he loved the most, and the best. The circle was, I dare say, extensive at first, and by degrees dwindled away to few, very few, and those in general, of a turn like his own, retired, studious, and spell-bound by the *Comus* of literary taste, whose dominions are not of ample extent.—I must here introduce a passage in *Lady Knowles's* letter to me:

“ DAVIES

“ DAVIES resigned *the world*. He took little concern even in his own pecuniary affairs, lived in his library, where his books, like those of the Hermit in *Vauchuse*, were his friends ; but, wanting the all-powerful charm of love, and female intercourse, to soften asperities which his mode of life probably infused, he might, perhaps, have become a little too philosophically satirical in his views of *the world*, as formed of splendour in rank, and wealth ; but loving, still to the last, those he had loved in youth, and the immediate circle of those around him.”

His character had singularities in it, and weaknesses too (who is exempt from them ?) ; but the *average*, if I may use that phrase, was beauty of moral deportment, and worth. His nature was modest, his manners gracefully gentle, his life the mirror of sainted innocence, his vein rich in classical taste, and spirit. He had the most affectionate warmth of heart, but with it a sensibility a little too *susceptible* for perfect happiness.

It will appear, I think, in that moralizing, and beautiful Poem, addressed in early days to his friend *Cornwallis*, that he *felt himself disappointed* ; but had acquired (or thought he had) philosophy enough to enjoy a cheerful obscurity, though at the same time he warned his *friends* to avoid the example of *his* unambitious indolence.

But I now come to *a part* of his life that is almost romantic in its good fortune.

Instead of the common fate, that baffles youthful hope, in the solitude, or society worse than solitude, at such a distance from the world, he discovered at *Presteigne*, within *a few* miles of him, a congenial spirit in the Rector of that parish. All his earlier friendships “ *hid their diminished heads.*” He admired, revered, and loved him, with unexampled, and with unlimited affection. Both were unmarried ; both admirable scholars, especially in classical
taste ;

taste; both friendly, and zealous in their attachments. The name of this gentleman was TIMOTHY THOMAS. He was of *Christ Church*, and presented by *Edward Earl of Oxford*, in 1726, to that rectory. Their correspondence was never discontinued, and they wrote verse *together*.

It appears, that in the earliest part of their intercourse, they had between them translated *Pope's Essay on Man* into Latin verse. Frequent allusions to it are made, but no vestige of it appears.

They met occasionally in the alternate characters of host, and of guest; but, notwithstanding their vicinity, the roads which are now desperate enough to rival antiquity, were, I should think, in those days, what a celebrated wit in our profession called "the feathered way, because none but *the birds of the air could pass over it*."

I have the first Letter of DAVIES to this interesting neighbour, in which he solicits his correspondence. It is dated in 1737. Unfortunately we have but one Letter of *Thomas* upon subjects of literature, to lay before the reader; and we have not one of his authenticated works in Poetry (though DAVIES alludes to him as an Author in Verse, and as a joint author with him) except a laughable *jeu d'esprit*, preserved in his hand, fit only for the amusement of the hour, and of the scene.

I come now to a painfully delicate subject; but a sense of honour to *him*, as well as to the first *Lord Camden*, makes it necessary to avert a censure, which, unexplained, would reflect in different views upon *both* of them.

It is also (and therefore I touch upon it with an additional motive) an affecting theme of remark upon one disadvantage of a public school.

I do not go into the old story of debating the hackneyed problem; whether habits of extravagance, and of early vice at these public seminaries can, though mischievous in themselves, be overbalanced by

by the advantage of *connexion*, to boys of genius, but poor; and by the manliness of spirit which enables the boy, when adult, in *the world's great school*, to cope with it the better. But I must remark upon one of its fatalities, exemplified in DAVIES, and which, I fear, *egreditur personam*, in its prevalence.

The youth, who has preserved a high character for his learning, for his morals, for popular manners, and for brilliant connexions, up to the period of his departure from College to his Living, secluded from the world, looks round him at his contemporaries, who were also his friends. He sees one of them a Judge, perhaps a Chancellor; another a Bishop, and perhaps a Metropolitan; a third rolling in opulence, titled, and at the summit of power.

He remembers, that at school they were at the best his equals, in the fame of his genius; but, alas, what genius? what fame? that of writing good Latin verse; or, at the best, as being one of those who are called *great Scholars*, — a most equivocal term.

Let him be ever so amiable, and let him be ever so wise, he takes a false measure of his talent. A miscalculated impression of his capacity induces him to complain, with more or less of spleen in the mode of it, if loud, or with pique suppressed in a mind of delicacy, like that of DAVIES, "That he *is not what they are!*"

To detect this plant of bitterness in such a patriarch of sweet simplicity as DAVIES of *Kingsland*, may seem a fastidious refinement of moralizing criticism, and a kind of ungenerous inquisition, through the *pastoral* habit of this angel's life, to interrogate his pillow whether *all ambition had slept*, when his manners to every circle he filled were so gentle, and "*constitutionally timid.*"

But, in the first place, I read it in his works. — They are dignified, and beautifully moral admonitions

tions, but a little sprinkled by *Satire*, though in general disciplined by a *judicial* intellect, and by his *Christian* temper of resignation.—In the next place, I KNOW, that in the two or three last years of life, and when he was upon the verge of sixty, unmarried, unattached, and with all the competency which he could *enjoy*, he was elevated by *ambitious* hopes, for which nothing but *nervous debility*, pushed by those hopes into nervous irritation, could account. I KNOW, that *Lord Camden*, when *Chancellor*, had preferment at heart for him, and could not accomplish it, either so expeditiously, or in such a rank of elevation, as he had projected, and claimed.

Soon after his arrival in town, in 1766, he gave to him as a keepsake, his own picture, and with it an *éloge* upon his friend, in which he disdainfully marks, that he wants, and claims no preferment.

Yet I *believe*, that he had *asked for it*, even at an earlier period; and I KNOW, that because he did not obtain it, from *him*, he complained of him for neglecting him, took huff, repelled his efforts to be on terms with him, and returned in a fit of spleen to his Rectory, or to *Lichfield*.

I KNOW that he made the remark to which I have alluded as a natural one. Alluding to his verses in honour to the *Chancellor*, he said, “*They are better, than he could write.*”—What is the key to this? Not that his friend rejected him. That *Lord Camden* was a generous patron, his enemies would have allowed; and that he had not one atom of pride, in the vulgar sense of the word. Not,—that “*meeek*” DAVIES, either was, or could have been, ever bold, and presuming. He was remarkably the reverse. But that, in a weak state of enervated health, and flurried spirits at the parting scene of life, or upon the verge of it, he did not possess that *self-controul* which his privacy had nourished, and which his talents for solitude had refined.

In his countenance, which the picture has retained, there is an amiable, and pleasing expression, but a hectic hue upon the cheek, and an eye inflamed, as well as prominent, which I recollect, that I remarked when I saw it first in *Lord Camden's* parlour.

I suppress the lines of the *éloge*, because (to *my* ear at least) though ingenious, they mark a very impaired state in the powers of his genius, and spirit of his character. The panegyric is lavish; and the contempt for preferment *self-delusion*.

He died in little more than two years after his return from town; and whether he owed his death to a nervous decay in *stamina*, or to an oppressed mind, either alternative proves, that he had *lost himself* in this ill-fated journey to the Metropolis.

Amongst his companions and friends at *Eton* and at *King's* we must not omit *Richard Mounteney*, who was a very excellent scholar, and published an Edition of *Demosthenes*, A. D. 1731.—He was no less intimate with *Pratt* than with *DAVIES*; and both of them, in their correspondence, allude very often to him, as their favourite*.

In 1737, the same year in which *DAVIES* begins to correspond with *Dr. Thomas*, he was made *Baron* of the *Exchequer* in *Ireland*.

DAVIES addressed him in these lines, not unworthy of his favourite, *Swift*:

They tell me, *Dick*, that *you're* preferr'd :
 I'm still in doubt — but so have heard.
 Can *you* to be a *Judge* be *fit*,
 That are notorious for your wit ?
 I'll grant that *Wainwright* may be dead, —
 His venerable spirit's fled,

* See "*Literary Anecdotes*," vol. II. pp. 192. 273: vol. III. p. 106.

It follows not, in Reason's Creed,
 That *you* are *therefore* to succeed.
 What can mistaken *Fortune* mean?
 Is't not enough that *Swift*'s a *Dean*?
 But she must *blunder* now, anew,
 And thus repeat her *faults* in *you*?
 Or may we not account for it
 By a good-humour'd heedless fit?
 She now and then, by way of jest,
 Forgets her maxims, long profest,
 Rejects the useless, dull, and prim,
 To honour merit—as a whim.—
 But when, if thus proceeds the gale,
 Will *English wit* in *Ireland* fail?
 Yet were this precious talent, wit,
 The only point, that you have hit;
 Or if your sense, and skill in Laws
 Paid homage to a venal cause;
 If this pretence your state updrew,
 I would not own, that *me* you knew,
 However high *your* name, — howe'er
 Inferior my poetic sphere.
 But, as it is, at home I find
 A dawning pleasure in the mind.
 How will that honest *Roman* face
 Erect, the sage tribunal grace?
 As when the Laws were *Cato's* care,
 Or *Brutus* fill'd his *Prætor's* chair,
 Proceed then to adorn your task,
 The dignity, you did not ask;
 With an applauding public voice,
 To justify the Monarch's choice.
 Yet hold — lest meaner flatt'ries blend
 With all I dictate, as your friend,

To give the joy its charter'd scope,
 Without a selfish view, or hope.
 It 's not *Humility's* pretence ;
 Believe, at least, my *Indolence*,
 No *mitre*, cross the *Irish* seas,
 Not ev'n *Armagh*, has bribes for *Ease*.

To resume *Dr. Thomas*, in whom this treasure of DAVIES's Letters, now laid before the Reader, has originated, I cannot better introduce them than by his incomparable address to his friend, in verse, published first in *Whaley's* Collection of Poems, and afterwards in *Dodsley*, volume the Fifth.

They will, I trust, appear worthy of a more elevated epithet, as *their* character, than, "ELEGANT," the encomium, suggested by *Miss Seward*!

They are the very last in the second, and final volume of his friend *Whaley's* Poems — a position of them, which convinces me, that *he* was more partial to them, (and perhaps in honour to his friendship) than to all the rest of his works. I have no date for them; but at least they were prior to A. D. 1745, the date of the title-page, consequently before he was *thirty-five*. Most of his Poems indeed are of nearly a similar age, except those in *Whaley's* first volume, dated in 1732.

The lines to *Dr. Thomas* are intitled thus :

TO THE REV. T. T. D. D.

BY A FRIEND.

French pow'r, and weak allies, and war, and want! —
 No more of that, my friend; you touch a string,
 That hurts my ear. — All politics apart,

Except

Except a gen'rous wish, and glowing prayer
 For *British* welfare, commerce, glory, peace.
 Give *party* to the winds! It is a word,
 A phantom-sound, by which the cunning great
 Whistle to their dependants; — a decoy
 To gull th' unwary; where the master stands
 Encouraging his minions, his train'd bands,
 Fed, and caress'd, their species to betray.
 See with what hollow blandishment and art
 They lead the wing'd, *their* captives to the snare.
 Fools! that in open æther might have soar'd,
 Free as the air they cut,—sipt purest rills,
 Div'd in the *Thames*,—or bath'd in chrystal floods.

We have no badges; — no dependance own;
 No silken fetters can enclose the mind,
 That loves, and claims the charter of its birth.
 Heav'n knows, it is not insolence that speaks:
 The tribute of respect, to greatness due,
 Not the brib'd sycophant more willing pays:
 Still, still, as much of *party* be retain'd
 As principles demand, and sense directs;
 Else the vain bark without a rudder floats,
 The wanton pastime of the veering gale.

This gentle evening let the Sun descend
 Untroubled: while it paints yon ambient hills
 With faded lustre, and with sweet farewell.
 Here is our seat: — The Castle opposite,
 Proud of its woody brow, adorns the scene.

Dictate, O! vers'd in books, and just of taste,
 The interest, and theme of the discourse.
 Shall we trace Science from her *Eastern* home,
Chaldean? or the banks of *Nile*, where *Thebes*,

Nursing

Nursing her filial Arts, majestic stood,
 And pour'd forth knowledge from a *hundred gates* ?
 There first the marble learnt to mimick form,
 The pillar'd temple rose, and pyramids,
 Whose grandeur, undecaying, laughs at age :
 Birth-place of *Letters* ; where the sun was shewn
 His radiant way, and heav'ns were taught to roll.
 There too the *Muses* tun'd their earliest lyre,
 Warbling soft murmurs, to *Serapis* dear,
 Till, chac'd by tyrants, or a milder clime
 Inviting, they remov'd, with pilgrim harps,
 And all their band of harmony, to *Greece*.

As when a flock of linnets, if perchance
 Deliver'd from the falcon's talons, fly
 With trembling wings to cover, and renew
 Their notes, tell every bush of their escape,
 And trill their merry thanks to *Liberty*.

The tuneful Tribe, pleas'd in their new abode,
 Polish'd the rude inhabitants ; whence tales
 Of list'ning woods, and rocks, that danc'd to sound.
 — Hark to the chorus, lifting hymns to *Jove* !
Linus, and *Orpheus*, catch the strain, and all
 The raptur'd audience utter loud applause.


A Song, believe me, was no trifle then ;
 Weighty the Muse's task, and wide her sway.
 Her's was RELIGION, the resounding fanes
 Echo'd her language ; POLITY was her's ;
 And the world bow'd to LEGISLATIVE VERSE.

When States increas'd, and Governments were form'd,
 Her aid less useful, she retir'd to grots,
 And shady bow'rs, content to teach, and please.
 Under her laurel frequent bards repos'd,

The

The rapid *Pindar* troll'd his patriot song,
 Or *Sappho* breath'd her spirited complaint :
 Here the *Stage-buskin* ; there the *Lyric choir* ;
 And *Homer's* epic trumpet ! Happy *Greece* !
 Blest in her offspring ! seat of eloquence,
 Of arms, and reason ; — VIRTUE'S PATRIOT seat !

Go search in *Athens* for *herself*, enquire
 Where are the orators, and sages *now* :
 Her arsenal o'erturn'd, her walls in dust,
 But far less ruin'd, than her SOUL decay'd.
 The stone inscrib'd to *Socrates*, debas'd
 To prop a reeling cot. *Minerva's* shrine
 Possess by those, who never heard her name.
 Upon the Mount, where old *Museus* sung,
 Sits the gruff turban'd Captain, and exacts
 Harsh tribute. On the spot, where *Plato* taught
 His heav'nly strain sublime, a stupid Turk
 Is preaching IGNORANCE, and MAHOMET.

Turn next to ROME : Is that, the clime, the place,
 Where once, as *Fame* reports, *Augustus* liv'd ?
 What magic has transform'd her ? shrunk her nerves ?
 A wither'd laurel ! and a mould'ring arch !
 Could the pure crimson tide, the noblest blood
 That ever flow'd, to such a puddle turn ?
 She ends, like her long *Appian*, in a marsh,
 Or *Jordan's* river pouring his clear urn
 Into *Asphaltus*, black, and slimy lap. 
 Patrons of art, and victors of mankind,
 Bards, warriors, worthies, (revolution strange !)
 Are pimps, and fiddlers, mountebanks, and monks !
 In *Tully's* Bee-hive, magazine of sweets,
 The lazy drones are buzzing, or asleep !

But

But we forgive the living for the DEAD,
 Indebted more to *Rome* than we can pay :
 Of a long dearth prophetic, *she* laid in
 A feast for ages : O thou banquet nice !
 Where the soul riots with secure excess.
 What feast of soul ! what pleasing, useful hours,
 Reflected owe we to her letter'd sons !
We by *their* favour *Tiber's* walks enjoy,
 Their temples trace, and share their noble games ;
 Enter their crowded theatre at will ;
 Go to the *Forum*, hear the *Consul* plead ;
 Are present in the thund'ring *Capitol*,
 When *Tully* speaks ; at softer hours attend
 Harmonious *Virgil* to his *Mantuan* farm,
 Or *Baian* ; and with happy *Horace* talk
 In myrtle groves, by *Tiverone's* cascade.
 — Hail, precious pages ! that amuse, and teach,
 Exalt the genius, and improve the heart.
 Ye sage Historians, all your stores unfold,
 Reach your clear, steady mirror ; — in that glass
 The forms of good, and ill, are well pourtray'd.

But chiefly thou, Divine *Philosophy*,
 Shéd thy blest influence ; and with Arts appear
 Of Graces born ; far be the *Stoic* boast,
 The *Cynic* snarl, and churlish pedantry !
 Bright visitant, if not too high my wish,
 Come in the lovely dress you wore, a guest
 At *Plato's* table ; or in *Tusculum*,
 The *Roman* feasting his selected friends.
 Tamer of Pride ! at thy serene rebuke
 See crouching insolence, and mean revenge,
 Before the shining taper disappear.

Tutor

Tutor of human life ! auspicious Guide !
 Whose faithful clue unravels ev'ry maze ;
 Whose conduct smooths the roughest paths ; whose voice
 Controuls each storm, and bids the roar be still.
 O condescend to gild my darksome roof,
 Let me KNOW THEE , — the *Delphic* Oracle
 Is then obey'd, — and I shall KNOW MYSELF.

It may perhaps be deemed an impertinence, if I obtrude comments of mine upon this Poem ; but I cannot forbear to ask the dispassionate reader, if it is not *poetry* of the *highest class*, full of manly, and philosophical thought, spirit, and poetical genius — if it has not caught the *hem*, at least, and *skirts* of *Milton's* robe.

An extract from it was published by *Mr. William Duncombe*, at the end of his fourth volume, in the *Miscellaneous Imitations of Horace*, edited by him. He had inscribed that volume to MR. DAVIES by name.

His words, introducing the extract, are these :
 “ We shall close our notes with a just character of
 “ the ancient *Romans*, in an excellent Poem, which
 “ we think may be styled THE PROGRESS OF SCI-
 “ ENCE.”

This extract begins at the line, “ Turn next to *Rome*,” &c. and proceeds to the end.

At the foot of the extract he adds a very handsome *éloge* upon DAVIES. It is a just portrait of his extraordinary character, which, really, and with no colouring of the Muse, “ *blushed* to find it
 “ *fame*.”

“ We ought not to conclude without returning
 “ our thanks to the Author of the above lines, DR.
 “ SNEYD DAVIES, Archdeacon of *Derby*, for the
 “ valuable assistance which he has given to us in the
 “ course

“ course of this work, *though we are sensible, that we run the hazard of offending him by this tribute, as he is not more ready to confer favours, than studious in declining all return.*”

It is a curious, and memorable fact, that in *Whaley's Poems*, dated 1745, these lines to *Dr. Thomas*, of *Presteigne*, should be reserved, as the last in the series, to do them honour; and that, in twelve years afterwards, the very same lines are selected by *Mr. Duncombe*, as closing *his* volumes the best.

Before I copy the first Letter in this Collection, I must here mark a delightful trait in the character of the Poet. The Rector of *Kingsland*, who is now possessed of these Manuscripts, owes the perpetual advowson of that living to the pure gift of *DAVIES*, through his father, *DAVIES's* College friend, but *no Relation*, to whom he bequeathed it by his will*.

The following Letter has no date of year *expressed*; but appears from the context, as compared with circumstances, to have been written in February 1738.

“ DEAR DOCTOR,

“ I know not when this little packet will be delivered to you without waiting for Saturday's conveyance, the call of the post-boy being uncertain, and at midnight.

“ If I thought, a delay would be inconvenient, I would send a purpose-messenger.

“ I cannot thank you too often for the noble Edition of *Chaucer* †, valuable in itself, but more so for the sake of the expositor, and the giver.

* Some explanations upon this topic will be necessary in the sequel.

† This was *Urry's Chaucer*. In editing this work, *Thomas* wrote a *Preface*, and *Glossary*, which that matchless critic *Mr. Tyrwhitt* commends; and praise from such a man is *Fame*.

“ There

“ There is something nervous, and manly in the
 “ written verses that you sent me ; but are they not
 “ a little stubborn, and obscure ? Of the Author I
 “ have not the least knowledge. I read over and
 “ over again, with new pleasure, my dear *Swift on*
 “ *his own death*, which is, like all his other writings,
 “ most excellent. It is natural, without passion, and
 “ easy, without being flat.

“ After perusal of it, I fell into some reflections,
 “ and began to consider with myself how far
 “ *Rochefoucault's* maxim was true, or the Dean's
 “ comment upon it.

“ The general depravity of human nature in this
 “ point I admit ; but I was thinking, whether, or no,
 “ particular instances could be given to the contrary.

“ It has been said, that *Virgil, Horace, Varius,*
 “ and all the higher wits of the *Augustan* age, lived,
 “ and conversed in daily intercourse, not only with
 “ complete good-nature, but in bosom friendship.
 “ It is clear, that nothing of envy, or detraction, ap-
 “ pears in what remains of their works — indeed
 “ quite the reverse*.

“ The same was observed of *Boileau, Racine,*
 “ and *Molière, &c.* in *France* ;—of *Swift* and *Pope*
 “ with us. You are aware, that were I fond of

* I do not acquiesce in this remark. There is no evidence that *Varius* and *Virgil* were competitors in the *Epic*, and still friends. That both *Horace* and *Virgil* were good-natured men, I admit ; and that *Horace* had a *passion*, or, as we should think, rather *too romantic* a regard, for *Virgil*, we know from the unequivocal testimony of the Lyric Poet himself. But it strikes me as a *faint praise* (like that which *Pope* censures in *Addison*) that *Horace*, who must have seen that immortal poem the *Georgics*, (equal, if not superior to the *Æneid*, in sublimity of thought and majesty of expression), should only say that his friend had the “ *molle atque facetum*” as a writer of *pastoral* verse. The Commentator tells us that he points at the *Bucolics* alone, and supposes the *Æneid* then unpublished ; but why are the *Georgics* omitted as objects of praise ? It is the more extraordinary, because in this very passage he commends *Varius* for poetical spirit. *Virgil* never alludes to *Horace*.

“ noting,

“noting, older instances could be fetched from
“*Greece* in the age of *Plato*.

“But perhaps this union may be said to have
“arisen from the different provinces in wit, that were
“taken by those Authors. If one excelled in He-
“roics; another in Tragedy; a third in Elegy;
“they might all of them be well contented. — But
“*Virgil*, and *Varius* wrote at the same time, and in
“the same way. *Tibullus* *, *Ovid*, and *Propertius*,
“did the same. After all, the differences between the
“rule, and the exceptions, may be justly reconciled.
“Some few great souls may have escaped from this
“mean character, or have been able to overcome it.
“But, as a mark of its prevalence, and strength, it
“must be admitted, that no small degree of morality,
“and reflection, must be armed against it before we
“can thoroughly conquer it.

“You and I agreed, some time ago, that, had not
“*Waterland* overtopped him in the maintenance of
“orthodoxy, *Middleton* would have been to this
“day a *believer*. If it is true, it is a powerful ex-
“ample of pique at superior fame.

“You see how I lay open my little notions to *you*,
“without reserve. In truth, I should be timorous
“with blockheads; and would rather trust a man
“of sense with any thing of mine, that came upper-
“most. Besides, had I known of *Dr. Thomas*
“nothing but his judgment, I should have been
“more upon my guard; but I knew something bet-
“ter of him; for I knew his candour, and his ge-
“nerous allowances.

“I am not so punctual as to count the days, or
“the hours in a visit of yours. — Yet, from the
“shortness of your last, and from words to that ef-
“fect when you left me, I am in hopes to see you
“again. Faithfully yours, SNEYD DAVIES.”

* This remark is a little inaccurate; *Ovid* was no friend, or competitor of *Tibullus*, nor one of his contemporaries.

“Remember

“Remember the Lady’s Poem, and return my Translation, that I may correct faults. I should be glad to have yours of the *First Epistle*; but not for the same reason.”

Blest in this literary, and affectionate intercourse of taste, and of the heart, these two accomplished men could have said, as a lover said of himself and of his mistress, but with a better application,

Satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus.

Gray has beautifully described the life they led, but without calling in the additional charm of their polished minds:

Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learnt to stray;
 Along the cool sequester’d vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Indulging these habits of classical repose, he wrote a charming Poem, dated Aug. 1739, in honour to the *Goddess of Indolence*, which he has called VACUNA, from *Ovid*, and from *Horace*; though, but from *them*, we are ignorant of her claims to divinity, and *they* have not ascertained her privileges; or the position which is here assumed, for want of a better, that she was the Goddess of Ease, Idleness, or Exemption from Labour. Some treat the title as an attribute of *Minerva*, others accredit *Victory*, as claiming it. *Leisure*, of some kind or other, seems to be the natural import, from its analogy to *vaco*; and it seems understood, that she had a temple amongst the *Sabins* worshiped by the peasants after harvest.

This

This Poem introduces DAVIES in a new character ; that of humour, in a kind of stately ridicule upon himself. But the cadence (to *my* ear at least) has a peculiar charm, superior to that of the lines to his friend at *Presteigne* ; upon which account, though it appears the first in the second volume of *Mr. Whaley's Poems*, I should have guessed it the birth of a later period, and sprung from a more careful attention to rhythm. But I shall be much hurt if the Reader should not think with me, that in happy expression, poetical effect, and chaste wit, it is a perfect gem of its kind.

I have recently discovered, that it was written in August 1739.

Sceptre of EASE ! — whose calm dominion spreads
Through the chill *Chronian*, or whose lagging weeds
Fan to repose the *Southern* realms ! whose throne
More slaves obey than swarm around the Courts
Pekin, or *Agra*,—universal Queen !

Me haply dozing through a summer's day,
Thy meanest subject, thou hast often deign'd
Ev'n here to visit. — If thy poppy then
Was ever shed upon my careless quill ;
If e'er the nodding Muse was blest with power
To lull the Reader with her opiate verse ;
Come, Goddess ; but be gentle, not, as when
On studious heads attendant, thou art seen
At the night's twinkling lamp, with poring eye
Immers'd in meditation, Slumber's foe.
Where the bewilder'd casuist unwinds
Perplexities, or *Halley*, from his tower,
Explores the world of stars. — In other guise
Thee I invoke ; serene, and mild approach ;
With forehead smooth and saunt'ring gait ; — put on
Smiles,

Smiles, of no meaning, or in sober mood
 Fix the dull visage, and the leaden eye
 Lethargic, when it stares, and seems to think —
Reserve, by thee directed, keeps at home,
 Intent upon his volume, or applies
 The needle's reparation to his hose,
 Or scissars to the paper. Taught by thee,
Dullman takes snuff; but ever, and anon
 Turns o'er the page unread. — Others, more sage,
 Place, year, and printer, ably noted, well
 Examine the whole *Frontispiece*; or, if
 Yet stricter their inspection, venture in
 From leaf to leaf, and, curious, there select
Italicks, or consult the margin; pleas'd
 With *hero*, or with *anecdote*;—all else,
 The observation, maxim, inference,
 Disturb him into thought. — It sure were long
 To name thy sev'ral vot'ries, pow'r supreme,
 Or all thy varied realms. Why should I speak
 Of news, and coffee, or where eunuchs play,
 And where the buskin'd *Roscius*. These, and more
 Flock to thy Temple, where thou sitst enshrin'd
 In apathies profound, and waste of time,
 The sacrifice. — About thee dice, and cards
 Lie scatter'd, and a thousand vassal beaux
 Officiate in thy worship. — Nor from shade
 Of Solitude withhold thy gentle sphere:
 There, unattended, thou canst ever shroud
 Thy beauties, and thy attributes with me,
 By vale, or brook to loiter, not unpleas'd,
 And listen to the current, or the bee
 That hums her fairy tunes in *Flora's* praise,
 Or to loud rooks, on aged elm, or oak,

Where,

Where, perch'd aloft, the legislature sits
Debating in full senate points of state.

My bow'r, my walks, and studies, all are thine ;
For thee my shade of yew extends, my lawn
Spreads the soft lap, and waters whisper sleep.
Here thou may'st reign secure ; nor hostile thought,
Nor argument, nor logick's dread array,
Make inroad on thy kingdom's peace. What, though
Malicious tongues accuse me, and report
That I am false to thee ; for that I hold
Forbidden commerce with Parnassian maids,
With *Phæbus*, and thy foes ; or, more severe,
Impeach me as a lurking Satirist ;
Known is my innocence to thee. It's true
That I can scribble, but the pen is thine :
Accept in proof, O Goddess, this my verse.

In one of his Letters, Aug. 14, 1738, he describes the effect of *Gulliver* upon him in the following paragraph.

“ I have all the day, and I confess it with no shame, been reading *Gulliver*, which I never had read from the time that I was at school.

“ I laugh'd, and was grave, by fits.

“ The humour has the most comic effect, and the morality chastises it.”

In a letter upon the subject of *Mr. Whaley*, he marks obligation to *Dr. Thomas*, for his endeavours to assist that unfortunate man.

In

“ I heard (he tells him) by a side-wind, that his whole dependance was upon this *Collection*.”

[This, I think, evidently points at the Second Volume, published in 1745.]

“ He is idle, even as a versifier ; for you will see what I let him have, but he wants more.—To-day’s *tinkering* has been pretty successful ; and I have almost accomplished my part of the work.”

Dr. Thomas thus addresses him :

“ *Presteigne, Dec. 16, 1743.*

“ I find, and wonder not, that *Whaley’s* proposal puts you to some anxiety, as your humanity and kindness for him are likely to preponderate, and you would be as much concealed as you can. — Those pieces which you mention seem properest for the purpose ; though there are others of a more particular and private nature, which I dare say would find an agreeable reception from the public.”

Whaley’s Letters are negligent, and wild, but sometimes elegant, as well as ingenious, and always affectionate.

“ *Norw. Feb. 4, 1741.*

He calls *Wales* “ *Goat-land*.”

“ * * * I knew little of the great man *, but fear that he is tottering. Yet why should I fear?—I am a little creeping shrub, and below the reach of political hurricanes.—As I cannot boast of any thing he gave to me, I am sure that nothing will, or can, be taken away.—I like your verses to *honest Dick* † very much, and have forwarded them to *Geneva*.”

“ DEAREST SNEYD,

“ I hope you will think of those which you chuse to have published.—So far shall I be from printing a line without your consent, that I will never ask

* *Sir Robert Walpole.*

† *Richard Aldworth Neville, Father to Lord Braybroke.*

“ you to give me a fine more than yourself shall propose to me.

“ *Dr. Waller* * is exceedingly pleased with your verses on *Archbishop Williams's* monument; and begs hard for a copy, to be writ upon vellum, and hung under his picture in *St. John's* Library: do you consent to it?”

“ *April 14, 1744. Bread-street.*

“ I had yours of the 3d at College, and thank you for your verses on L. and C. † They please all to whom I shew them. But *Ben Richards* thinks, whose fame, in the fourth line, should be whose frame; and laid *Showell* two bottles of wine it was so in the copy you sent me; so I was called upon to produce your original, which I did, and drank part of his wine, with glee.

“ *Ironsides* likes them; but wishes, instead of *Dastards*, and *Heroes*, you had put *Lestock*, and *Cornwall*.”

“ Some tobacco for *Rees*, if he recovers the deluge; but, as I believe him ante-diluvian, why should not he be a *post*?—Positively I do not mean a pun upon his dullness; for, upon my word, I think he is a very illuminated smoker.”

“ *Sept. 6, 1742.*

“ I shall make my dear *SNEYD's* company the *acmè* of the summer's pleasure, which has given me no common delight; but, compared with *Kingsland* and my *DAVIES*,

“ Loses discountenanc'd, and like Sorrow feels.”

“ MY DEAREST *DAVIES*, *King's Coll.*
Mar. 28, 1743.

“ I had yours of the 22d, and am sorry at your complaints of ill health.—But it is a tax which

* One of the Senior Fellows of *St. John's College, Cambridge,* and M. D.

* *Lestock, and Cornwall.*

“ you

“ you great geniuses pay to Nature, for your parts ;
 “ and we *Bœotians* have this advantage over you,
 “ that, although we are dull, we are healthy.

“ Exercise, and temperance ! harbingers to health !
 “ —why the name of either would throw a *bon com-*
 “ *pagnon* into that acquaintance of ingenuity the
 “ *hyp.* But of banter enough. I am as well under
 “ my late more temperate life, as I was in my looser
 “ days, and wish only that I could impart a little of
 “ my own obesity, and salubrity at *Kingsland*, ac-
 “ cepting in return your walking faculties, and a few
 “ ounces of your sublimate in the *vis poetica*. We
 “ should then be two sizeable men between us, and
 “ moderate Poets, who could live, and chat with
 “ folks of this world.

“ Old *Buckingham* * left *Lord Orford* † her exe-
 “ cutor ; on which he said, it was but just the Pre-
 “ tender’s sister should take *him* for her executor,
 “ when the King had taken *Lord Gower* for his
 “ Privy Seal !”

“ I have not so much as heard of *Mr. Warbur-*
 “ *ton’s* ‘ Alliance between Church and State.’ But
 “ I never conceived them to be far asunder, since
 “ *Bishopricks* and their *Translations* were in the
 “ world.”

“ DEAR SNEYD, Oct. 15, 1745. *Norwich*.

“ I beg pardon for stealing so much of your time
 “ from your study, your walk, or your pipe, with
 “ any scrawl of mine.

* *Catharine, Dutchess Dowager of Buckingham*, natural daugh-
 ter of King *James II.* by the *Countess of Dorchester*. The King,
 her father, gave her the title of *Lady Catharine Darnley*, gave
 her the rank of a Duke’s Daughter, and permitted her to bear
 his arms. She was married, first, to *James, Earl of Anglesea*,
 and afterwards to *John Duke of Buckingham*. She died Jan. 13,
 1742-3.

† *Sir Robert Walpole* was so created Feb. 9, 1741-2.

“ In revenge, light the said pipe with it ; but, in
 “ charity, drink the health of him who daily thinks
 “ of you, and will continue to do so as long as you
 “ live, and as long as he is J. W.

“ Respects to *Mr. Price's* pipe ; may it ever be
 “ warm, yet never dry !—As the winter advances, I
 “ shall expect your Poetical quicksilver to rise, and
 “ shall expect verse in every Letter.”

I possess the two volumes of *Mr. Whaley's* Poems ; and in the first is a line written in DAVIES's hand. It contains an apology for printing again the lines of DAVIES, called *his Friend*, in the Second Volume, which had appeared in the First ;—and it seems that MR. DAVIES had corrected them. But they do not appear in the Second Volume.

They were most of them written when he was extremely young, and when he had not formed that peculiar taste, in which he acquired such power. Yet even in these are passages which deserve to form a part of the *Appendix* ; were it only for the purpose of marking his facility in *rhime*, to which, at later periods, he had also occasional recourse, but still in a manner very much his own ;—in which taste and sense prevailed.

At the end of his Letter upon *Whaley's* calamities, he gives an admirable mock-heroic in honour to a *Mr. Rees Price*, who is named often to his friend as their companion.

“ I shall, *en passant*, examine *Rees's* library, and
 “ in the mean time cannot forbear to describe him
 “ as refusing a dram.

“ When

“When *Cæsar*, and when *Cromwell*, saw their crown
Presented, they unwillingly could wave
That *sparkling* * pageant : In their look askant
What featur'd variations ! Pangs acute
Of doubt, and longing, how appall'd, and blank,
When the decamping genius from their breast
Summon'd his train of spirits to be gone.
Thus, conscious of self-perfidy, amaz'd,
With glowing cheek, and haggard eye, stood *Rees*,
When he refus'd his dram !”

He wrote upon the same tempting subject the following soliloquy of REES PRICE, and accredited *him* as the writer of it.

“Plagues take me if I ever did a thing
That left within me such a venom'd sting,
As when this morning, with an idiot shame,
My soul I cheated — and refused a dram.”

“N. B. On the fourteenth of the month of June,
“in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred forty and four, R. P. refused to drink a dram.”

An *Acrostic* is in itself the lowest class of poetical ingenuity, and it is not improved by such a confederate as the *Pun* ; but it cannot be refused its claim to approbation, when it is turned so neatly as this on Mr.

HOLDSWORTH.

H—umble in manners, in his air serene,
O—f aspect honest, and in office clean,
L—ov'd and rever'd the most where most he 's known,
D—irecting moral conduct by his own,

* What a happy epithet in its double application !

S—aga-

S—agacious *Menior* of unpolish'd youth,
 W—ins the affections by the force of Truth,
 O—bserves the genius, to inform the heart,
 R—eproves with tenderness, commends with art,
 T—hus draws the hidden seeds in virtue forth,
 H—olds out the hand that points to real *worth*.

In one of his Letters he describes, in a manner worthy of *Mr. Gray* in his Letters to *West*, and very like it, the anger which he felt at being called *Sir*.

“ You *hipt* me (are his words), for you began your Letter, *Dear Sir*.—I cannot reconcile myself to it, unless you tell me it means nothing; nor indeed can I guess, or imagine, that it means any thing.—But a tenderness, though it may be a faulty one, makes one often suspicious in a wrong place;—and yet I cannot be easy to-night without notice of it, though my reason tells me it is ridiculous to be alarmed.”

In this half-equivocal passage, though wit has an ample share, there is a delicacy in his friendship a little too irritable, even at that early period.

He adds:—“ I believe that I did not send you my verse on *the Nativity*—and yet, could a writer be a judge of his own style, I think it more in the run of *Milton's* verse than what I ever scribbled before.”

I am not sure if I agree with him, but it would be impertinence in me to differ from so correct a taste; and sure I am, that he deserves, upon that subject, a fair trial by his Peers.—Besides, I see beauties in this poem, though I think it unequal, that stamp him a Poet of masterly powers. I publish it also as a feature of his *piety*, in which, as well as in the harmony of numbers, he emulated our *British Homer*.

THE NATIVITY.

'Twas when remorseless *Herod* fill'd the throne,
 His children's butcher, and *Judæa's* scourge,
 A Ruler, fit, and worthy to command
 The wry-neckt people with an iron rod,
 When *Salem*, yet in festal pomp serene,
 To her aspiring Temple's lofty gate
 With smother'd curses climb'd; yet well at ease,
 And reckt not, though with piercing bondage gall'd,
 Long as the broad *phylactery* appear'd,
 The market greetings, and the chairs of pride :
 Save who, attentive to prophetic song,
 Explor'd the sacred rolls, the mystic leaves,
 And, days and years computing, found the time
 Big with foretold events, and ripe for birth :
 Curious, and gazing stood with speechless trance,
 Not only *Judah*, but the World, as *Fame*
 Had scatter'd widely, that a scepter'd Prince
 Would rise, and rule the Universe; but most
 The race of *Solyma*, with eager haste
 Their spacious portals op'ning, to let in
Messiah's glory, or on *Zion's* top
 Expectant when the Saviour should descend
 In his æthereal equipage, all arm'd
 In thunder, and with angels : when arrive,
 And when his legions would their entry make
 On flames of Seraphim in fiery car,
 Their hope to be equipp'd with angry bolts,
 And smite their blasted foe.—The *Saviour* came,
 Not to destroy, but lift us into Heaven ;
 Yes, he was *born* ; — the pillow of his birth

A man-

A manger ; — from his cradle Pride was rul'd,
 And Royalties inferior blush'd. Were gold
 Of price and worth intrinsic, or could gems
 Have grac'd him, would Creation have denied
 Her Author these ? could thankless Nature grudge
 The Giver his own gift ?—She, at a nod,
 Had pour'd her inmost treasures up to day,
 Had roll'd her pearl, and coral to the shore,
 To deck her Infant King.—But State had there
 No sign ; though Angels hymning sung the tale
 In chorus, it was over *Bethlem's* field,
 And sung to lowly shepherds, where they lay,
 Tending their fleecy charge ; their list'ning ear
 Caught from their hovels the immortal strain.

Why in the firmament that beaming star
 New kindled ?—Ask the *Magi* : from beyond
Euphrates, cross *Arabian* land and rock,
 Directed by the meteor-guide they came,
 The ray down-pointed, and the journey's end
 Clos'd at the canopy of straw ; but see
 Those rich and swarthy worthies ope their casks,
 And, suppliants, prostrate on the knee, present
 Oblation rich, gold, myrrh, and frankincense,
 To hail their King, their Prophet, and their God !

The Virgin-mother, pensive, and in doubt
 What these portents could mean, or whither lead,
 With tenderness refin'd, and pious awe,
 Hung o'er the Child enamour'd ; much of Seers
 And of the Angel's word revolving, she,
 With sainted love, caress'd the Holy Babe*.

* The end is abrupt, and I should think he intended more lines.

Amongst the relicks of this gifted Poet, so little known, is a Rhapsody to *Milton*, which cannot be introduced in a better stage of these Memoirs, and which contains a most animated vindication of *blank verse*, in strains worthy of his model.

Soul of the Muses! and supreme in verse!
 Unskill'd, — a novice in the sacred art,
 May I unblam'd approach thee — and implore
 Thy blessing, inharmonious, pleas'd enough,
 Shouldst thou vouchsafe to own me for thy son,
 Thy son, though dwindled from the mighty size
 And stature of the parent's ample mind,
 Content enough, and bless'd, if but a line,
 If but a distant feature half-express'd,
 The birth can tell.—This privilege denied,
 Grant me at least thy converse now and oft,
 That I may ruminate the hallow'd soil,
 And learn to build the lofty rhyme from thee,
 Explore thy inspirations, and inquire
 When from above they came, and how convey'd,
 If darted on thee by the Sun's bright ray,
 Meridian fire, or by the Sacred Muse
 Nocturnal wafted in thy favour'd ear.
 How else, explain, could human intellect
 Grasp universal Nature infinite?
 Or where, O tell me, couldst thou language find,
 Of pow'r to bear the weight of such a theme,
 So elevated, that all other verse
 Seems trivial, not excepting *Greece* and *Rome*? —
 Whether in air thy sounding pinions match
 The shout of eagle's flight, or the pois'd wings,
 Dove-like and silent, float upon the air,
 Calm as the summer's breath, softer than down?

Witness

“ with the school-boys for one of his medals — not
 “ that when I wrote them I thought of the *Auditor*
 “ and of his *medals!*”

In the same Letter which adverts to the *Nativity*, he intimates a wish that, as a monument of their friendship, the last hand could be given to their Translation of *Pope's* “ Essay.” This, I suppose, was in *Latin* verse; and, from their joint efforts, would have been very interesting if preserved, as perhaps it is.

In the same Letter he tells his friend, that he disagrees with *Dean Swift*; and that he excepts to *Junius Brutus*, for the barbarity of standing by when his children were executed.

“ *Cato*,” he adds, “ was a pedant in Philosophy; “ was proud, stiff, and vain; — as to *Marcus Brutus*, I will not admire people who stab their friends. “ — If such a work is necessary, other hands could “ be found: *Ex. gr.* I have the highest veneration for “ the virtues of *Timoleon*, to whom, perhaps I give “ preference over all the heroes of antiquity; but I “ cannot reconcile myself to his act in killing his “ own brother, though a tyrant, and a scoundrel.”

In a Letter dated *London*, June 1740, he alludes to my Father, and my Father's friend *Mr. Pelham*. In that view it is interesting, of course, *to me*; but it is very entertaining in itself, and I copy it here.

“ DEAR DOCTOR,
 “ I have shifted the scene so often, and have
 “ moved about so frequently, since I left *Hereford-*
 “ *shire*; that I have not found leisure till this mo-
 “ ment, nor have I now leisure enough to say more
 “ than a word, though to my friend at *Presteigne*,
 “ if

“ if he is there, and, if he is not, rambling just
“ like me.

“ After a few days in *Berkshire* *, I proceeded to
“ the *Metropolis*, there to see friends, or to hear of
“ them.

“ But, most part of last week, I was at *Kingston*
“ upon *Thames* †, where *Mr. Hardinge*, of whom
“ you have heard me often speak, shewed me all the
“ beautiful places in that neighbourhood, *Richmond*,
“ &c. &c. to advantage, being acquainted with most
“ of the owners.

“ *Claremont* a little disappointed me; but *Esher*
“ pleased me infinitely.—In short, I am *Esher-mad*;
“ but something *will* arise to pall one’s pleasures;
“ for, in the midst of my career, I met with a check
“ from *Pope’s* gardener, whom I could not induce
“ to give me a sight of that paradise. *Mr. Har-*
“ *dinge*, for some reasons, did not care to accompa-
“ ny me; so that, as I went alone, and as *Mr. Pope*
“ was at home, the repulse was unavoidable, and
“ the fate of other strangers.—Why did not I take
“ with me a line from you ‡, which, like the golden
“ bough in *Virgil*, would have been my passport
“ into *Elysium*?

“ Do you remember the following verses in *Ho-*
“ *mer* §? Apply them to *Admiral Vernon*, in his
“ action at *Porto Bello*, &c. &c. SNEYD DAVIES.”

* At *Swallowfield*, or *Billingbear* — perhaps at both.

† *Canbury House*, near *Kingston*, my Father’s country seat.

‡ It is clear from this passage that *Mr. Pope* corresponded with *Thomas*; and he did not correspond with common men. The following passage in a Letter to *DAVIES* confirms the fact: “ Are you not concerned for *Pope*? I did not know till now that I had so great a personal regard for him. His *conversation* as well as writings have given me many hours entertainment.—I can hardly tell you how much it grieves me that I neither saw him, nor answered his last Letter.”

§ I have unfortunately singular opinions upon the subject of Poets; but I do not affect, or court them; and think a man who differs in a point of taste from the generality of the world is at the best likely to be in the wrong; but, if he piques himself upon it,
he

As we now begin to see light in dates, I would here beg your notice of two Letters written by *Lord Camden* to his friend the Rector of *Kingsland*.

The first is dated February 14, 1743-4.

“ DEAR DAVIES,

“ If you are dead, let me know by the return of
 “ the post, and our correspondence shall cease :
 “ but, if you are living, then tell me for what
 “ reason it is that you have forborne to converse
 “ with us, who are living too, as you used to do.
 “ I expected before this time to see you in town,
 “ but I give over those hopes now. I see you are
 “ rooted to that wretched spot * where you live; and
 “ that indolent disposition, which busy people call
 “ *Content*, has taken full possession of all your facul-
 “ ties.—You are buried, and have forgot your friends
 “ before they have forgot you.—As the principal
 “ business of this Letter is *Cyder*, I am afraid you
 “ will think this expostulation not so serious as it
 “ is. But remember you are a Letter in my debt ;
 “ and therefore the correspondence, exclusive of bu-
 “ siness, has failed of your side. I assure you that
 “ I am so provoked with your silence, that indigna-
 “ tion alone would have roused me to reproach you
 “ for this neglect ; and the rather because it is not
 “ particular to myself, but extends to all your other
 “ friends. *Naylor*, and *Whaley* make the same
 “ complaint. If you are determined that your body
 “ shall always reside at *Kingsland*, yet send your
 “ mind abroad, and let the post-boy carry your soul

he is impertinent.—On the other hand, if I think *Pope's Iliad* no likeness of *Homer* in *Greek*, though a beautiful Poem in itself, and if I think even as a Poem it has many tame passages,—his version of the passage before us being one of them, it would be servile delicacy to suppress that opinion. The lines are these :

Iliad, E. 640, &c.

“Ος ποτε δευρ' ἰλθών, ἔνεχ' ἵππων Λαομέδοντος,

Ἐξ οἷος σὺν νηυσὶ καὶ ἀνδράσι παυρολίεροιςιν,

Ἴλιω ἰξάλαπαξε πόλιν, χηρωσε δ' ἀγνίας.

* I hope that *Kingsland* will forgive this profane picture.

“ about

“ about in a letter-bag.—This may be done while
 “ you sit in your great chair, and you will not feel
 “ the conveyance.

“ I set out upon the Circuit in a fortnight; but
 “ I leave a direction in town by which all the Letters
 “ for me there will be sent after me; and therefore
 “ do not let this be an excuse for not writing.

“ I congratulate *Herefordshire*, and all the Cyder
 “ Counties, upon the victory they have obtained in
 “ the House of Commons.—To be sure, you have
 “ heard of it.

“ *We* talk here of nothing but the *French Fleet*.
 “ It lies now in the road before *Dunkirk*.—*Norris*
 “ is gone after them, with a force much superior, as
 “ we are told. Every body here is in great spirits,
 “ and we expect an engagement soon.

“ As to Cyder, I want two hogsheds for *Mr.*
 “ *Page*, of the best that can be got.—I shall be gone
 “ the Circuit before you can procure this quantity
 “ and can send it to *London*; and therefore I wish
 “ you to direct it for *Thomas Page* *, *Esq.* at *Mr.*
 “ *Mordaunt's*, in *Gerrard-street*; and write a letter
 “ of advice to that place at the same time.

“ I am, dear *Sneyd*, yours most affectionately,
 “ C. PRATT.”

* *Young* as I am (*notwithstanding Lady Knowles*) I have been the guest of this gentleman, who died half a century ago. He was a younger brother of the late *Sir Gregory Page*, and resided at *Battlesden* in *Redfordshire*.—He was one of my Father's intimate friends; and we always *baited* there for three or four days in our summer's tour to *Knoll Hills*.—He had the appearance of a Quaker, and was in general of a serious turn, but of polished manners, an excellent understanding, well cultivated, and of a most benevolent heart. He never left this country seat, the gift of his brother to him. He was blessed with a most beautiful wife, who was an aunt of *Lord Howe*, and survived her husband several years. A gentle and sweet manner graced her beauty, and she was handsome at a very advanced age.

“ DEAR

“ DEAR DAVIES, *Feb. 25, 1743-4.*

“ I thank you for your Letter.— You have made
 “ amends for your silence before ; and I am satisfied
 “ as to the other part of my complaint, that you
 “ would not let us see you in town. If your stay in
 “ the country is like to prove advantageous, as you
 “ seem to think, I am more pleased, at this distance,
 “ to know you have such profitable views, than I
 “ should have been to see you in town without those
 “ hopes. Go on, and prosper.—If we thrive in the
 “ world, and are destined to live many years in it,
 “ Fortune will take care to bring us together.—*Wha-*
 “ *ley* was gone out of town, so that I must contrive
 “ to transmit the enclosed paper to *Hobblyn*.—I have
 “ read it over, but can make nothing of it.—As far
 “ as I can judge, it seems to contain materials for
 “ some curious disquisition, which will not be worth
 “ knowing when the secret is found out and settled.

“ But you great scholars are always puzzling
 “ your brains in some such notable inquiry as this
 “ appears to be. I should guess by this, that all that
 “ is useful in Learning is soon known ; for I observe
 “ that, after a few years of study, when you scholars
 “ are tolerably perfect in the languages, and have
 “ read most of the good books that are extant in those
 “ tongues, the rest of your lives is *generously* spent
 “ in subtle disquisitions upon trifles, wherein though
 “ the search may, for aught I know, be entertaining,
 “ yet the discovery is for the most part vain and un-
 “ profitable.—I am afraid this my contempt of good
 “ learning is very *profane* : therefore I would not
 “ have you publish it to my disadvantage.—I am ten-
 “ der of speaking too freely ; as, for any thing I
 “ know, the true understanding of this *Dominical*
 “ *Olympiad*, in the first printed books, may be of
 “ serious importance to the learned world.

“ Don’t you mistake in your debt to *Hardinge* ?
 “ I think you owe him but one hogshhead ; I am
 “ pretty sure, upon memory, it is no more ; and I
 “ know

“ know he expects no more.—You will direct his to
 “ *Savile-row* *, *Burlington-gardens*. * * * *

“ There has been an engagement in the *Mediterranean*, wherein we have had the advantage, but the particulars are not yet known.— We expect every hour news that *Sir John Norris* has fought in the Channel.—He is superior to the enemy in the size and the number of ships: we are not therefore solicitous, but confident, respecting the event. I set out for *the West* † to morrow. Adieu.

“ Yours,

C. PRATT.

“ Take care *Dr. Crank* ‡ does not forget me.”

I come now to my favourite Poem, the address to *Lord Camden*, then *Mr. Pratt*, written in 1743.

If DAVIES had only written this Poem, the Reader will forgive my confident persuasion that my enthusiasm for him as a Poet, originating in a passion for these lines, will not be insulated, but will be honoured by superior judgments with a counter-signed *éloge*. We are still in his favourite measure, the *Miltonic*; and it seems to have rewarded his predilection for it, by its influence upon his ear, and poetical vein; though I shall have the happiness to lay before you rhymes which have no common beauty and force, often, I think, breaking a lance with *Pope* himself, and marked by a character of sterling sense in the eloquence of poetical numbers happily turned.—But he is never so powerfully original, as in blank verse.

* The house in which my Father lived and continued his residence to his death in 1758. It was built by the celebrated *Kent*.

† The *Western Circuit*, in which he acquired great celebrity.

‡ This gentleman is named with honour in a Letter of *Mr. Phelps*.

TO CHARLES PRATT *, Esq.

From *Friendship's* cradle up the verdant paths
 Of youth, — life's jocund spring, and thence mature
 To its full manhood, and meridian strength,
 Her final stage ; — for *she* is ever hale,
 Knows not old age, diseases, or decay,
 Here, *Pratt*, we social meet, and gaze about,
 Reflecting on the scenes our pastime trod
 In Life's gay morning, when the jovial hours
 Had bounding feet, and laugh'd themselves away.
 Enchanting season ! blissful prime ! where *Thames*
 Flows by *Etona's* wall, and sees around
 Her sons wide-swarving ; and where sedgy *Cam*
 Bathes with slow pace his academic grove,
*Pieria*n walks ! O never hope again,
 Impossible ! untenable ! to catch
 Those joys again ! to feel again the pulse
 Dancing, and spirits boiling in their frame,
 Or see delights that with a careless wing
 Swept on, and flow'ry garlands toss'd around
 Disporting ! Try to call them back ! As well
 Bid yesterday return ! arrest the wing
 Of Time ; or, musing by a river's brink,
 Say to the wave that swiftly huddles by
 For ever, — " From thy fountain roll anew ! "

The merriment — the tale — the heartfelt laugh
 That echo'd round the table, idle guests,
 Must rise, and serious inmates take their place,
 Reflection's daughters, there, and world-worn thoughts

* These names in *Whaley's* book, and in the first edition of *Dodaley's Poems*, are under the mask of initials at the Author's request.—It may almost be said of him, that he courted obscurity.

Dislodging

Dislodging Fancy's empire.—Yet who knows
 To poise a balance of the loss and gain?
 Who knows how far a rattle may outweigh
 The mace, or sceptre? But, as boys resign
 Their playthings and their infancy's delight,
 So fares it with maturer years: the sage
 Imagination's airy regions quit,
 And under Reason's banner take the field,
 With resolution face the pelting storm,
 When all their fleeting rainbows die away.

Some to the Palace with regardful step,
 And courtly blandishment resort, and there
 Advance obsequious; in the sun-shine bask
 Of regal grace, and catch the Master's eye,
 Parent of honours.—In the Senate some
 Harangue the full-bench'd auditory, and wield
 The list'ning passions by the power and sway
 Of reason's eloquence — or *at the Bar*
 Where *Somers, Cowper, Talbot, Yorke*, before
 Sped their bright way to glory's chair supreme,
 And worthy fill'd it.—Let not these great names
 Damp, but incite; nor *Murray's* praise obscure
 Thy younger merit;—for these lights, ere yet
 To noon-day lustre kindled, had their dawn:—
 Proceed familiar to the gate of Fame;
 Nor deem the task severe,—its prize too high
 Of toil—and honour for *thy Father's * Son*.

The following document, however, proves to demonstration that it was written before October 25,

* *Lord Chief Justice Pratt* was father to *Lord Camden*. The turn of this compliment, the manliness of the encouragement, and the ingenuity that leads it up into the scene, are strokes, I think, of a master's hand.

1744, which is the date of my Father's Letter to DAVIES, now possessed by me, and lying before me.—As I think it confers honour upon him, I annex it here.—You will see that he alludes to this Poem, and quotes from it.

“ DEAR DAVIES, 25 Oct. 1744. London.

“ I will bring an action against you ; and it shall
“ be tried by a Jury from the neighbourhood of
“ *Parnassus*.—But *Charles Pratt* shall not be one
“ of them.

“ Have not I a double right to your verses upon
“ the subject of *Knoll Hills*, both as a Poetaster
“ myself, and as the owner of that scene? Do you
“ think it honest, that you should have borrowed
“ ideas from a farm of mine, and should not repay
“ the loan with interest? You will conclude, per-
“ haps, that he has forwarded the said verses to me.
“ But I must undeceive you.—This very day, when
“ I had the hope to see them at his chambers,
“ for I never could entice them from his pocket*,
“ he has thoroughly disappointed me. After search-
“ ing all the repositories of neglected papers, frown-
“ ing, and inquiring of his man, he had the bold-
“ ness to look me in the face, and steadily to say,
“ that he had lost them!—You are therefore to
“ make them good; and if you can expect any little
“ trifles in return, you must impart rhapsodies of
“ yours, the most hurried, and the most incorrect,
“ serious, or whimsical, to your admirer, and friend.
“ You must not forget that I am one who has
“ been educated

“ Where *Thames*
Flows by *Etona's* walls, and sees around
Her sons wide-swarving, and where sedgy *Cam*

* Here is a feature of DAVIES's habitual and constitutional diffidence in his powers, brilliant as they were.

Bathes

Bathes with slow pace his academic grove,
Pierian walks!"

"And you must not believe that '*world-worn* *
 " *thoughts*' have yet extinguished in me the vestal
 " fire.

"As for *Charles*, he is a loose treasurer of poetry.
 " I always foretold, and he *begins* † to be *afraid* of
 " it himself, that he will succeed in his unpoetical
 " profession. He will soon be too much occupied
 " there, to navigate the *Wye*, or to hear the organ at
 " *Hereford*, or drink tea with *Miss Henn*, or *Miss*
 " *Pen*, or dine at an ale-house in the golden vale.—
 " Consult *him*, if you will, upon tithes, or upon
 " your marriage settlement.—But, if you desire a
 " lasting correspondence with a Son of Idleness, you
 " must cultivate intercourse, and friendship with
 " me. *Charles* encourages me to make this over-
 " ture, and I shall expect a favourable answer.

"Yours, N. HARDINGE."

I have named the *Archbishop of Canterbury* as another of MR. DAVIES'S friends.—The Poem to which I alluded, and still in blank verse, is by some friends of mine thought not inferior to that which I have recently copied. It is perhaps a measuring cast between them.—But this Poem is additionally curious, because I think, as I have already said, that it marks, though with perfect complacency of temper, a disappointment in his ambition.—The energy of thought, and vigour of his intellect were, perhaps, improved by that moralizing spirit which disappointments like these often generate in feeling minds;

* He was then First Clerk to the House of Commons; but he wrote verse all his life, *English*, and *Latin*.

† He was, like DAVIES, (though with a constant flow of animal spirits) diffident in his opinion of his talents, till conviction flashed upon him, that he possessed them.

but

but an amiable spirit is never absent, and beautifully tempers the satire. Perhaps there is more fancy and spirit here than in all the rest of his works.

To the Hon. and Rev. F. C.

By the same.

In Frolick's hour, ere serious thoughts had birth,
There *was* a time, my dear C———s*, when
The Muse would take me on her airy wing,
And waft to views romantic, there present
Some motley vision, shade, and sun, the cliff
O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins grey:
Mæanders trac'd, and bid me catch the form
Of shifting clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes Ambition, brushing by, would twitch
My spirits, and with winning look, sublime,
Allure to follow.—“What if steep her track,
“The mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
“The scaler's toil.—Her Temple there was high,
“And lovely thence her prospect.—She could tell
“Where laurels grew—whence many a wreath antique;”
But more advis'd “to shun the barren twig
“*(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)*
“And woo some thriving art; her num'rous mines
“Were open to the searcher's toil and skill.”

Caught by her speech, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse,
Sounded irreg'lar marches to be gone;—
What! pause a moment, when Ambition calls!
No: the vain gallops to the distant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the tame sit still!

* *Frederick Cornwallis*.—He would not let his friend fill up the name.

When

When Fortune at the mountain's verge extreme,
 Array'd in decent garb, though somewhat thin,
 Smiling approach'd, and "what occasion" ask'd
 "Of climbing? — She, already provident,
 "Had cater'd well, if stomachs can digest
 "Her viands, and a palate not too nice;
 "Unfit," she said, "for perilous attempt,
 "That manly nerve requir'd and sinews tough."

She took and laid me in a vale remote
 Amid the scenes of gloomy fir and yew,
 On poppy earth where *Morpheus* laid the bed,
Obscurity her curtains round me drew,
 And syren *Sloth* a dull *quietus* play'd.

Sithence, no fairy sights, no quick'ning ray,
 No stir of pulse, or objects to entice
 Abroad the spirits, but the cloister'd heart
 Sits squat at home, like *Pagod* in a niche
 Demure, or mutes, with a nod-watching eye
 And folded arms, in presence of their King,
Turk or *Indostan*—Cities, forums, courts,
 And prating *Sanhedrims*, and drumming wars,
 Affect no more than stories told the bed
 Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
 Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
 Instead of converse and variety,
 The same dull round, the same unchequer'd scene —
 Such are thy comforts, *blessed Solitude!*

But Innocence is there,—but peace of mind,
 And simple Quiet with her lap of down,
 Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams,
 And spunter with a book, and warbling muse

In praise of hawthorns *. — Life's whole business, this ?
 Is it to bask i' th' Sun ? if so, a snail
 Were happy, loit'ring on a Southern wall.
 Why sits *Content* upon a cottage-sill
 At even-tide, and blesses the coarse meal
 In sooty corner ? why sweet Slumber loves
 Hard pallets ?—Not because, from crowds remote,
 Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap ;
 'Tis labour makes the peasant's cheering face,
 And works out his repose—for *Ease* must ask
 The leave of *Diligence* to be enjoy'd.

O ! turn in time from that enchantress *Ease* !
 Her smiles are feign'd ; her palatable cup
 By standing grows insipid — and beware
 The bottom, for there 's poison in the lees. —
 What health impair'd, what spirits crush'd, and main'd,
 What martyrs to her chain of sluggish lead !
 No such observance *Russ* or *Persian* claim
 Despotic — and as vassals long inur'd
 To servile homage grow supine, and tame,
 So fares it with our Sov'reign and her train.
 What though with lure ensnaring she pretend
 From worldly bondage to set free ? — what gain
 Her vot'ries ? what avails from iron chains
 Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast ?

Bestir ! — and answer your Creation's end !
 Think we, that man, with vig'rous pow'r endow'd,
 And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still ?
 Sluggards * are Nature's rebels, not her sons,
 Nor live up to the terms, on which they hold

* This appears to me very much in the best manner of *Shakespeare*, polished by *Milton*.

Their lease of life—laborious terms, and hard,
 But such the tenure of our earthly state.
 Riches, and Fame are Industry's reward ;
 The nimble runner courses *Fortune* down,
 And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold *.

Think what you owe your Country, what yourself !
 If splendour charms you, yet avoid the scorn
 That treads on lowly station ! Think of some
 Assiduous booby, mounting o'er your head,
 And thence with saucy grandeur looking down !
 Think of Reflection's stab, the pitying friend
 With shoulder shrug'd, and sorry ! Think that Time
 Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd :
 And if an exemplary indolence
 To warn, and scare, be wanting — look on me !

I cannot better mark the versatility of DAVIES's poetical talent, than by annexing to this beautiful Poem a *galanterie in rhyme*, no less gifted, of its kind, “on the *Hon. Miss Cornwallis's* carpet:” she was afterwards *Lady Betty Southwell*, was the eldest daughter of *Lord Cornwallis*, and was the *Archbishop's* niece.

In this fair work, the needle's light and shade,
 Studious of use, and guiltless of parade,
 The Nymph displays the model of her mind,
 With beauty, neat,—and solid, though refin'd.
 What if no flow'rets in the texture bloom,
 Nor fruits and foliage deck the varied loom ?

* The very soul of *Shakespeare* is in these lines, to my ear at least.

Yet

Yet these are threads, the Sister *Graces* join,
 Their off'rings to *Minerva's* hallow'd shrine.
 I hear her voice, and see her genial smile;
 "It's thus *my* chosen fav'rites ever toil.
 "'Twas thus,—by me inspir'd,—that *Grecian* Dames
 "Employ'd their vacant hours — illustrious names!
 "These in the fair *Andromache* were seen,
 "Thus, when return'd, *Ulysses* found his Queen.
 "Their silks unsullied laugh at fading age;
 "The *Tyrian* carpet glows in *Homer's* page.

"Not that such meaner tasks engross the fair,
 "Though pleasing samples of domestic care:
 "The same bright eyes can traverse Learning's field;
 "The same fair hands the pen, or pencil wield.
 "My golden fanes to *them* unbar the gate,
 "On their own sex the zealous *Muses* wait,
 "And when to join the virgin-choir they deign,
 "How sweet the notes! what spirit in their strain!

"O that *Britannia's* daughters would approve
 "The paths that lead them to esteem, and love!
 "Would know—unhappy wanderers—the way
 "Lies not through balls, the masquerade, or play!
 "What!—can they *chuse* to build upon the sands,
 "When solid *Fame* on *Virtue's* pillar stands?
 "Like some fleet cloud be hurried by the wind,
 "A gilded cloud that leaves no trace behind?
 "Not so *my* votaries; — 'tis *theirs* to shine
 "Where use and elegance direct the line.
 "Time that hangs weighty upon slothful hands
 "Attends *their* beck, and runs at *their* commands;
 "The tyrant, as a vassal *they* employ,
 "The foe that others *murder*—*they* enjoy.

"Ye,

"Ye who, to follies prone, to wisdom shy,
 "To cards and fiddles for protection fly,
 "Ye pert, though listless,—and ye busy vain,
 "What is *your* service in *Minerva's* train?
 "This—in reward of light and silly toils,
 "'Tis what *they* want not,—you can serve,—as *foils*."

The next Letter of DAVIES, improved by a date, is of October 18, 1744. It is interesting personally to me, because it alludes, at least as I conjecture, to my Father, as I shall have the opportunity of explaining.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR, Oct. 18, 1744.

"I was much pleased with your answer. I see
 "your spirits were struggling with your weariness,
 "and were getting the better of it, which proves at
 "once friendship, and resolution.

"I will enclose the lines on *Knoll**, because I
 "mentioned them in my last; but in transcribing
 "them I am not pleased with them.

"Your humorous translation of *Scaliger's* epi-
 "gram pleased me well; and in return I send some
 "*Latin* and *English*. The *Latin* Ode, in my opi-
 "nion, has much of *Horace's* spirit, and manner,
 "and is almost the only good modern *Alcæic* I ever
 "saw†. But of that you will judge, when you peruse
 "it. I do not pretend to enter into the justice of
 "his encomiums on the two great men. But this

* A romantic seat of my Father's in *Derbyshire*, which DAVIES had visited.

† This, alludes to an *Alcæic* Ode which I possess, and have printed with my Father's other *Latin* Poems. It is addressed by *Mr. Hardinge* to *Mr. Poyntz*, maternal grandfather to *Earl Spencer*. He was Preceptor to the *Duke of Cumberland*. *Mr. DAVIES* made a version of it into *English*.

" may

“ may be observed, to take off the imputation of a
 “ courtier’s flattery ; that he is not a follower, but
 “ has long been an intimate acquaintance of theirs,
 “ &c. &c. &c.”

I am not enough acquainted with *Scaliger* to know what are his works ; but, if the *Latin* epigram in *Whaley’s* volume of 1745, page 178, is written by him, the version, which is very neat, is by *Thomas* :

On a young Lady of the North.

By ———.

Though from the North the damsel came,
 All Spring is in her breast,
 Her skin is of the driven snow,
 But sun-shine all the rest.

I have a Letter with no date, but, from the context, in 1744 : it is in itself so excellent, and above all, *to me*, so interesting *ad homines*, that I must copy it.

But I have another reason for it. You will see in it not only his wit, but the amiable simplicity of his character, and his readiness to believe that all his friends loved him, as he loved *them* — upon the least hint of their good-will to him.

You will see too his romantic *Stoicism* in those days, carried, I think, to a weak extreme, against all preferment, against even the *acceptance* of it.

He had therefore most wonderfully changed his tone in 1766, if he then solicited that which here he reprobates even if *accepted*. Nor do I know that

that he did solicit preferment, although, when out of spirits, he may have complained, that it was not obtruded upon him.

I know from the *Bishop of Lichfield*, who saw him at *Bath* in 1761, that he was then paralytic, and weak in his health; a fact, which accounts for the nervous irritation of his mind in 1766, and for a new turn to his thoughts of rising in the Church. This too agrees, in point of date, with *Miss Seward's* portrait of him in the declining period of his life.

“ MY DEAR DOCTOR,

“ I desire you to send *Stanhope*, and *Simplicius*, having questions to put to them, and in doubt as to the meaning of certain words, and passages.

“ I perceive you bestow more of the *lima* upon some chapters than upon others; but at the same time shew your judgment in the choice of them.

“ You ask whether modern allusions be allowable in such a work — strictly speaking, not — for the *persona loquens* should be *simplex, et una* — whereas *you* sometimes are in his place, and at other times leave him to himself. For example, when the names that are modern are used, *T. T.* speaks* — when he complains of lameness, we have *Epictetus** before us. Cannot you acquire † the *gout*? and the exception then will be disarmed.

“ You do *Pratt* great honour, which, if I tell

* In *Epictetus*, which he was translating into verse. This critique is very sound, and chaste; but one laments that such a masterly Poet as *Dryden* should be guilty of a similar outrage — yet in his *Translation of the Tyrrhena Regum Progenies*, amongst the *Roman* figures he introduces the *Lord Mayor*.

† This reminds me of the celebrated painter in landscape, *Wilson*. My Father desired him to paint one of *Tully's* villas. — He did so; and, as a help to the *picturesque* in the portrait of the scene as he found it, introduced the orator and his friends. — An arch critic recommended that he should whiten their faces, and make them *Spirits*.

him

The time at *Oxford* pass'd, hear *Gr—no—lle** tell,
 At *Mother Red Cap's* had been pass'd as well,
 The grove of *Christ Church* where the Muses sing,
 The *tongue* of *Aldrich* was an idle thing,
 Your tree owes nothing to its pruner's care,
 And grounds untill'd the noblest harvest bear,
 E'en let us drink the cool and limpid stream,
 But curse the needless fountain whence it came.

“ There are more of these lines, but I think we
 “ had better leave off here, and so, good night.

“ *Mr. Phelps* † desired his service.”

I am so delighted with *DAVIES* in his *Milton's* habit, that I wish no part of it, when he had become familiar to it, should be lost.—I therefore add with pleasure a very humourous address to his friend *Whaley*, as employed in ranging his pamphlets. The following passage, *I think*, alludes to it.

“ You may conclude that I must have been dis-
 “ gracefully *idle* when I wrote the enclosed burlesque
 “ *Miltonics*, which, as I am now spying them upon
 “ my table, I send, not as being specimens of ge-
 “ nius, but only to amuse you, and make you smile.”

To J. W.

What ken mine eyes enchanted? — man of ease
 In elbow chair, and under brow of thought
 Intense, on some great object fix'd, no doubt:
 What mean the *Myrmidons* on either hand,

* *Granville*.

† Of this gentleman we have more to say hereafter.

In

In paper coats, and orderly array,
 Spread far and wide on table, desk, and stool,
 Variety of troops, white, purple, pied,
 And grey, and blue's battalion trim, and who
 In marbled regimentals, some in vest
 Gay-edg'd with gold, of chequer'd garb, and tongue,
 And clime ;—extended o'er the wooden plain.

Not force more num'rous from her teeming loins
 Pours forth *Hungaria* to the *Danube's* bank,
Croüt and *Pandour*, nor the host in war
 Of *Turk* or *Nadir*, nodding opposite
 With turban particolour'd.—Sing, O Muse,
 Their marshal'd numbers and puïssance. First
 With sable shield and arms opaque advance
 Divinities polemic—sober feuds
 Yet deadly—and can rage the soul divine
 Inhabit? Councils, synods, cloyster, school,
 Cowl beats off cowl, and mitre mitre knocks,
 Presby'try here, in wither'd face askew,
 Revenge demure! and there devoutly fierce
Catholicos in lawn, but streak'd with blood.

Not far behind, with her divided troops,
 Comes Policy, with democratic shouts,
 On one hand—on the other loud acclaim
 For pow'r hereditary's boon divine!
 I see the various portraiture display'd,
Nimrod and *Brütus*—liberties—and slaves,
 And crowns and breeches * flutter in the air.

Who next, with aspect sage, and parchment scroll,
 Voluminous come on? I know their beard

* "This alludes to the arms impressed on the money of the Commonwealth." Note of the Editor in *Whaley's* book.—N. B. It is whimsical that *Sans-culottes* should have been the title of the modern republicans in *Paris*.

Historic, and their style acute, whose edge
 Fights hoary Time, maugre his desp'rate scythe,
 And as he cleaves the pyramid, apply
 Their funbling props.—Hence Annals—hence *De Foes*,
 And Memoirs, doubtful truths and certain lies,
 And tales, and all the magazines of war.

What Muse, O Poesy, can pass unsung
 Thy flowing banners, and gay tents adorn'd
 With air-borne trophies? or would leave thy name
 Un-catalogued, were it but, *Ninéus* like,
 To beautify the list?—nor wantest thou
 Offensive darts, till *Sative's* quiver fail.

All these, and more, came flocking, but await
 Their dread commander's voice, and dare no more
 Start from their place than did the stone of *Thebes*
 Ere yet *Amphion* sung.—From side to side
 The sedentary chief, in studious mood,
 And keen research, darts an experienc'd eye.
 Forth from his presence hies the aide-de-camp,
 A doughty *Cambro-Briton* *, to survey
 The posture of the field; from rank to rank
 Posting, succinct he gives the word, how best
 Light squadrons to advance, and wheel the course.
 "Vanguards to right and left."—Forthwith a band,
 As at the sound of trump, obedient move
 In phalanx—each and all their stations know,
 And quarters, as the General's will ordains.

First at the call spontaneous Verse appears
 To its due rank, and prompt as light obeys
 The summons.—Peaceful Controversy sheaths
 Her claws contracted, and makes room for *Scot*,
 Leagued with *Aquinas*, nodding side by side,
 And *Bellarmino*, and *Luther*, heard no more

* *Rice Price.*

Than *Delphic* shrine, or *Memnon's* form. — Now mute,
 All in due order, and in silence look,
 A modern Convocation—Hist'ry lies
 With Hist'ry—*Hyde* and *Oldmixon* agree*.

Which, when the Marshal, from his easy chair
 Of calimanco saw, knit his calm brow,
 Thoughtful, and thus address'd the subject leaves :
 " Ye Hierarchies, Commonwealths, and Thrones,
 Folio, octavo ; and ye minor pow'rs
 Of paper, ere to winter-quarters due,
 Hear me, ye list'ning books.—First I direct
 Submission to your lord, and faith entire.
 Did I not list you, and enroll your names
 On parchment?—See the volume!—Look at me.
 Did I not mark you (as the *Prussian* mark'd
His subjects) for my service, when requir'd?
 'Tis well—and let me next, ye flimsy peers,
 Love, brother-like, and union recommend ;
 Live peaceful, as by me together tied
 In bands of strictest amity. Should then
 Your master lend you to some neighb'ring state,
Auxiliaries †, remember ye preserve
 Your first allegiance pure, and cheerful home
 Return, when summon'd by your nat'ral prince.
 Be humble, nor repine, though smear'd with spots,
 Or dust inglorious : know your birth and end.
 Rags ye were born ; to rags ye must return.

For a little variety, though of a date posterior to
 that of the Poems which remain to be copied, I

* "The Author begs pardon of *Lord Clarendon* for placing
Mr. Oldmixon so near him."

† All this wit upon his books lent out is admirable.

shall transcribe a passage in a Letter of *Mr. Pratt* (copied by DAVIES); in which he appears to have marked, at this early period, no common power in delineating character. The date is December 1743. It gives a portrait of *Dr. George*, Provost of *King's*, who had been a Master of *Eton* school. I suppose it was written at *King's College*.

The character is masterly; it is like the banter of *Tully* upon *Cato*, in the Oration for *Muræna*, and the words, but I confess liable to the suspicion of a pun, “quæ nonnunquam requirimus, ea sunt omnia non à Naturâ, sed à *Magistro*.” I am not sure if I do not think him a little too cold, upon the subject of his poetical genius, in one sphere of it—in *Latin* verse. He had there an ear, taste, and spirit of the highest order, with a command of beautiful and elevated thoughts: but, when that classical *pen* dropped from his hand, he relapsed into an absurd, though a good-humoured and lively pedant.

“The new Provost is the delight of the Society,
and behaves to every one's perfect satisfaction —
released from all care, free, and jovial.

“This is very different from his carriage and
conduct at *Eton*. I will try if I can account for
it.

“He is naturally, in the same degree, good-na-
tured and absurd. He undertook the care of that
school without parts, of the kind I mean that was
necessary to govern it. This brought him under
difficulties, from which he had not either sense or
spirit enough to extricate himself. These plagues
and vexations wrought upon his temper, and
made him sour. His absurdity, the gift of Na-
ture, still remained; and, by working upon a
mind crossed by ill success, made him not only
foolish, but proud, ill-mannerly, and brutal.

“You may see how that perverse disposition,
which I call absurdity, or blundering ignorance
of decorum, will make the same individual odious

“or

“ or entertaining, as the temper in which it acts is
 “ in or out of tune.

“ At present, as he has no care, his good-nature
 “ has returned ; so that now his absurdity, which is
 “ rather heightened than diminished, gives an agree-
 “ able turn to every thing he says or does.

“ These men are very unfit for business which
 “ calls for steady abilities and steady resolution ; but
 “ make very excellent companions in private life,
 “ especially where they are tinctured with *letters*,
 “ and have, like *him*, quick fancies, a good ear,
 “ and a powerful memory.”

I venture to suggest my opinion that nothing in
Plutarch is more shrewd, is more philosophically
 just, or marks a deeper knowledge of the human
 character.

Dr. Thomas thus writes to DAVIES on this subject:

Dec. 23, 1743.

“ I often have smiled at the character of the Pro-
 “ vost, which is drawn with much liveliness, and
 “ your correspondent must be a pretty fellow.—The
 “ absurd is completely wound up in quickness of
 “ parts and a great memory, which are generally
 “ considered as inconsistent, even to a proverb.”

It may here be observed in general, that MR. DA-
 VIES, by keeping up at intervals his acquaintance
 with men of the world, and by his good sense,
 though leading more habitually a secluded life,
 writes like no hermit, but like a social companion to
 the best and the most polished intercourse. The so-
 ciety at *Lichfield*, a sort of *London* to him, improved
 these habits.—By the way, he had more preferment
 there than I had imagined, or than his monument
 has recorded ; for he had the Prebend of *Longdon*—
 was Master of the Hospital—I learn too that he was
 Archdeacon of *Derby*.—All these (and one records
 it with delight) were the gifts of that incomparable
 Prelate *Cornwallis*, then Bishop of *Lichfield*.

From

From one of his connexions at *Lichfield*, and by the favour of the *Dean*, I have received a composition quite new to me, and supremely beautiful; an Alcaïc Ode, which, for a little variety, and as marking the versatility of his talent, I here insert.

It is therivulet *Pinsley*, above mentioned, which is here addressed.

O nata *terno fonte* *, volubilis;
Te, *Lympha* candens, quâ celebrem lyrâ!
Quæ lenè distillas, meosque
Officiosa lavis Penates;

Quippe æstuoso † sidere frigidum
Servas tenorem; nec glacialibus
Obstricta brumis, usque ‡ ripam
Lambis aquâ metuente vinc'lum.

“Hoc monte quondam *Regia* §,” dixeris,
“Stetit tyranni parvula *Mercii*,
“Urnâ re percussus solebam
“Exiguas numerare turres.”

Saxi vetustus quin pereat labor;
Dum tu salubri || murmure præfluens
Æterne curras, in propinqui
Lætitiâ, geniumque pagi.

* *Pinsley* takes its rise in *three lakes* under *Shobdon Court*. They are called *The Lady Pools*. *Mr. Richard Price*, of *Knighton*, *M. P.* describes them to me as romantic in their scenery, and as well deserving a visit from travellers who love the wild and picturesque forms of Nature undrest.

† Mark here the coincidence! In a Letter to *J. Dodd*, 1740, the Writer says — “on *Pinsley's sunny banks*.”

‡ Here too is another feature.—The admirable Poem in praise of Water, has “*Pinsley's EVER FLOWING tide*.”

|| “*Health comes rolling on in every wave*.” Ibid.

§ It is reported by Antiquaries, that the Kings of *Mercia* had a Palace at *Kingsland*.

If

If I translate this, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, or the country ladies, I fear they will not thank me for it ; but I cannot resist an impulse to the attempt.

Wing'd and bright stream of triple fountain born !
 What harp shall thee with recompence adorn !
 In my domain the currents trip along,
 Soliciting no tribute but a song :
 Cool in meridian summer's parching heat,
 The tenor of their step has twinkling feet ;
 Chain'd by no winter's ice the waters flow,
 And grace the bank with music as they go.
 " Upon this mountain"—I could hear them say,
 " Stood once a palace of the *Mercian* sway,
 " When from this urn renew'd my course I pac'd,
 " The *turrets* my observant vision trac'd."

Perish these ancient piles of labour'd stone !
 Be *mine*, dear wave ! but not be mine *alone* !
 The genial boon of *health* extend around,
 Joy to the peasant—by the village crown'd !

The following lines are admirable, and in *Martial's* best manner :

Feb. 5, 1744.

Ad T. T. D. D.—S. D.

Dum tu fraterno celebras natalia ritu,
 Si quid me poterit detinuisse, rogas.
 En obstant mihi multa, repagula multa negoti,
 Cur te non visum, cur mihi non placeam.
 Non adsum, fateor, convivas inter amicos ;
 Sin animam spectes—nec minùs alter abest.

A curious



A curious Letter now before me again brings *Lord Camden*, his favourite, upon the scene. It opens with four ludicrously polished lines of mock-heroic verse, and gives the hint of an Opera intended for *Handel*, which, I suppose, came to nothing, for we never hear of it again.

“DEAR DOCTOR,

“O you that lobsters in a basket bring,
 “And bottled shrub to make *Apollo* sing,
 “Come, often come, nor think I grudge the feast,
 “A miser would rejoice at such a guest.”

[You see (were it only from this one specimen) that he had an easy and fluent command of *rhime*.]

“*You* have a right to these lines, not only because I address them to you, but as being the legitimate produce of your punch the night you left me.—At least I hope you will accept them in part of payment for the *Latin* couplet received this morning.

“The Opera for *Handel* is begun, at the request of his friend.—Be sure it is the first and last of the kind as a foolery of mine.

“The *Argument* is taken from *Livy*. You will have the contents and plot when you hear next.

“*Pratt*, who is a musician (that is, he *was* before Law *un-harmonized* him) bids me lie upon my oars till he can find leisure to give directions concerning the genius of *musical* verse—the length of the performance—the numbers and the talent of the singers—how to adapt the subject of each air—to ascertain the number of choruses, and their position. These are very arduous difficulties. &c. &c. S. D.”

I resume DAVIES, the *Miltonic* Poet. He has written a *Night Thought*, which I am not afraid of setting by the side of *Young* himself.

Oct.

Oct. 4, 1744.

“ Why should not *we* have *Night Thoughts*, as well as *Dr. Young*, though less voluminous?”

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

Mortal, whoe'er thou art—beware! since *Time*
To a thatch'd hovel, or triumphant arch,
Levels alike the undiscerning scythe,
And *Death*, wide-sweeping, no distinction owes
To the crown'd villain;—all alike in hell,
Caligula, and *Chartres*, seated both
On burning couches in the fiery hall.

Whence is that milder blaze of æther pure,
As op'ning clouds a scenery divine
Unfold? where brightest in a robe of sky
Sits *Virtue*, under shade of palm, with look
Stern, tho' serene—*Herculean* strength behind
Waiting, and trampled worlds beneath her feet.
Nearest her throne, associate ever dear,
(Not sullen *Cato*, nor the patriot's aim
Of *Brutus*, nor imperial *Cæsar's* pride)
Epaminondas, smiling at his blood,
For his lov'd *Thebans*; *Antonine*, the just,
The wise, the humble; *Nerva* too is there,
Humanity imperial, pleas'd in death
An heir * adopting, who shall bless mankind.
All the choice few, union of great and good;
Poor *Epictetus*, with his free-born soul;
More's cheerful wisdom, *Boyle* with study wan,
Beneficent, and meek. Th' *Athenian* † sage,
The *Indian* ‡, in abstruse debate sublime

* *Trajan*.† *Socrates*.‡ *Confucius*.

Of the first good, their eyes turn'd up to Heav'n.
 The shielded saint rejoices in her sons,
 Gather'd around, and pick'd from all the world.

In the *Kingsland* Collection I have obtained the sight of a few Letters, addressed by *Dr. Thomas* to his friend ; but they make one regret that one has not more. They unite the gentleman, scholar, and friend.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I thank you for yours of yesterday, and particularly for the sheet enclosed in it, which I do not mean to return till the next opportunity.

“ If I were any judge of such performances, which I am not, I cannot be an impartial one, on account of the bias which my regard and friendship create in your favour. Whatever approbation, therefore, I may express in perusing this new flight of your Muse, will be regarded by you as little more than prepossession.

“ You know I have always thought your genius would exert itself successfully in *dramatic* enterprise. Indeed I was led into this opinion on perusing an extemporary essay of yours in that line.

“ The little sketch now before me confirms me in this creed.—As it is the first onset, it really surpasses what I expected even from the earlier hint of your hand.

“ In your three first speeches, if I must establish precedency and preference, I should rather incline to that of *Valerius*.—It is, according to your own rule, more negligent and familiar, but strong.

“ Of this at our next meeting ; but let me desire in general that you would not suffer your nicety of taste, and of judgment, in compositions like these, to exercise too powerful a check on the vigour

“gour and bold spirit of your genius.—Catch your thoughts at the first hand, and fly with them to your paper; a revisal will soon find but little *pecanios*; or, I should rather say, will destroy the beauties of nature.

“Do you design that *Brutus* should make his first appearance in that speech? or will you shew him first as personating the fool, and played upon by *Tarquin*? What think you of introducing him in that very scene, whilst they are talking of this ramble, and frolic to their wives? Let them sport with him, and let him answer with all the habitual archness of the lunatic fool.—When they are gone to horse, let him burst into this high-spirited soliloquy.”

[I can scarce recollect an example of such modesty in two such ingenious and cultivated minds.]

“MY DEAR FRIEND, Nov. 5, 1745.

“I now return the MS sheet. * * *

“I long to see the *scene* where *Lucretia* is visited, with her maids employed about her. You know, that story is told by *Ovid* in his *Fasti*. Upon reading it there, I have been thinking that after some chat with her maids (to one of whom you could give a lover there) about the news of the *Camp*, one of them could ask her mistress to sing that *pretty song* (and it may be adapted to the occasion) which she used to amuse herself with; and while this scene of the woman is transacting, *Collatinus* and his companions may be looking on, and listening in the anti-chamber, and may then break in upon them.—But am not I impertinent in offering any hints?”

“Nov. 17, 1745.

“Your design of not imposing upon yourself the task of a regular progress from scene to scene is
“right.

“right. You will find the method of working up
 “a scene or character here and there, just as hits
 “your fancy at the time, preferable on many ac-
 “counts, and the last work is to sew them together
 “in a regular form.—I own to you, that when I first
 “gave the hint of a song, I imagined *Lucretia's*
 “attendants might be introduced, as *Ovid* and the
 “History have represented them, at the wheel and
 “the distaff; and I have observed that it is as natu-
 “ral for women, in that business and situation, to
 “be diverting themselves by a song, as for a cobler
 “in his stall.—But what particularly gave me the
 “notion of it was, those lines in *Ovid* put into *Lu-*
 “*cretia's* mouth, and which I have sometimes fan-
 “cied her to sing.—*Mittenda est domino nunc, nunc*
 “*properate puellæ*:—and what if I should make
 “you smile, by singing you a stanza on the occa-
 “sion? But the method you have taken in shewing
 “them at needle-work is better, for it would be
 “hardly possible to represent them at the other
 “business without offending the taste of a modern
 “audience. But representing them as you do must
 “answer, as it is agreeable to our notion of the em-
 “ployment of good *Queen Bess*, and her Maids of
 “Honour.”

Dr. Thomas's Letters are very unequal, are in general short, and, upon the whole, much inferior to those of his friend, especially in style; yet there are some clever passages here and there.

He ends one of them prettily, and with a good heart,—as well as good *Latin*.

“Feb. 14, 1742.

“In hisce rei nummariæ angustiis — (*Bentleii*
 “verbis utor) non est cur tibi sis molestus de com-
 “puto inter nos conferendo: *noveris* enim (sed mini-
 “mè noverint universi) domum hanc (saltem quo
 “scribo

“ scribo tempore) non esse exilem; sed multa su-
 “ peresse quæ (si perruperint) prosint furibus. — Ita
 “ pronuntiat T. T; *scilicet*
 “ *Timotheus Tuissimus.*”

In a letter of the same year thus he interrogates him:

“ Is *Whaley* come, *teres atque rotundus*, that
 “ you may *unfeed* him in *South Wales* ?”

In a Letter of 1741 :

“ If *Pulteney* has deserted, it will often put me in
 “ mind of *King James's* expression when *Prince*
 “ *George* left him: “ What! is ‘ *Est-il possible*’
 “ gone too ?”

“ *Aug. 2, 1742.*

“ When I told them how *extra-generously* it was
 “ given to me *in usum Timothei et amicorum*, they
 “ condemned me for accepting it;—‘ but indeed it
 “ ‘was most kindly done; and I have not had any
 “ ‘venison this year, and I think I never tasted
 “ ‘finer;—‘ nor fatter,’ says another;—‘ and it is
 “ ‘admirably roasted—another piece, if you please—
 “ ‘and now your hand is in, pray cut *me* another—
 “ ‘a little of the fat, if you please, for there is quite
 “ ‘enough of it for us all.’”

“ *Dec. 1745.*

A most incomparable Pun!

He says, “ You see there is a Regiment of Lawyers.
 “ They never can *make a stand*; for is not *their*
 “ maxim, ‘ *Currat Lex* ?”

Of DAVIES'S *Dramatic Muse* there is not a vestige
 to be found; and of *Thomas*, nothing but these
 Letters;

Letters; yet both were authors, and Mr. DAVIES often alludes to his friend as a joint Poet with himself, especially in *Imitations of Horace*.

In this difficult branch of composition, DAVIES, I think, had peculiar merit; and, consulting variety again, I will part with him at present in blank verse. Indeed, I am not aware of any other Poems in that measure but the *Epithalamium* to Mr. Dodd, the Song of *Moses*, and that of *Deborah*. The two latter have passages in them which are truly sublime, and the rhythm is inferior to none in the other Poems which I have copied; but there is less of originality, and less power in the general effect of the verse.

The *Epithalamium* is too beautiful to be suppressed, and will have its place.

To resume the *Imitations of Horace*, I shall now produce one of them, in the shape of an address to *Lord Camden*, written, I should think, between 1732 and 1745; perhaps a very little time before 1745, because he alludes to his friend's professional occupations; which, I think, were not commenced (in power and command) before 1740.

To C. P. Esq.

Translation of *Horace*, Book I. Ep. II.

[I must here beg of the learned and classical reader to put the original before him; because much of the happiness, in this branch of his Muse, arises from the accuracy of the version, without prejudice to the air and spirit of an original.

From this time, except in the *Epithalamium*, I shall produce MR. DAVIES in rhyme alone. I confess myself delighted by the ease and flow, grace and spirit, of these compositions in a Poet who has marked that he was averse to rhyme, and who shone in a more stately measure.]

While

While you, my friend, were pleading at the bar,
 I read the Writer of the *Trojan* war.
 Whence good or evil, shame or honour, flows,
 The Philosophic Bard exactly shows,
 With useful rule and sage instructions fraught,
 Beyond what *Crantor* and *Chrysippus* taught.
 What makes to me this bold assertion clear,
 Unless a golden brief detains you, hear.
 The tale which tells how, arm'd by wanton Love,
 For ten long years two bleeding Nations strove,
 Contains a turbulence of tide that springs
 From heated mobs, and witless pride of Kings.

Give up the *cause* of strife, *Antenor* cries :
 But hear the lover, and what *he* replies ;
 " Nor health, nor life, nor empire's easy charms,
 Can force the ravish'd fair-one from his arms."

Good *Nestor* strives the fierce disputes to quell,
 In which *Achilles* and *Atrides* swell.
 Keen love deprives one hero of his rest,
 But rage in either sways the ruffled breast.
 The people's loss from Regal error springs,
And subjects pay the want of sense in Kings *.
 Sedition, falsehood, guilty lust, and rage,
 The camp, alike, and garrison engage.

Again, what virtue, wisdom-join'd, can do,
 The wand'ring Prince of *Ithaca* will shew,
 Who, *Troy* in dust, on many a distant shore
 Had studied human arts, and manners more.

* There is often a peculiar force in the dignified simplicity of thought and language. It appears to be exemplified in the energy of this line, which has the additional merit of improving the subject by the variation,—for the word *pay* goes beyond the word *plectuntur*, and it serves to heighten the image it sustains.

He,

He, o'er the sea by raging tempest borne,
 Toil'd for his friends, and for his own return ;
 Stemm'd Fortune's wave, and, with unwearied pain,
 Plung'd in adversity, he rose again.
 The *Syren* lays are known, and *Circe's* draft,
 Which, like his comrades, had their leader quaff'd,
 Unmann'd, he would have rued the harlot's wine,
 Yelp'd as a dog, or roll'd in mud a swine.

We are life's expletives, to eat or drink,
 Shunning its only good employ—to think.
We are *Penelope's* disorder'd train,
 Youths of the soft *Alcinous's* reign —
 A vicious crew, that lull the tortur'd breast
 With midnight song, and sleep at noon caress'd.
 The murd'ring felon leaves the restless bed,
 And ere the sun is up his victim 's dead :
 When to his neighbour's doom the villain hies,
 To save *yourself* can you be loth to rise ?
 In health you will not leave your easy chair ;
 But stir you must, when dropsy finds you there.
 Call then for book and candle ere 'tis light,
 Stretch your whole mind in search of truth and right,
 Lest a worse cause may rob the bed of rest,
 And Love disturb, or Envy taint your breast.
 If penetrating gravel tries the reins,
 Physicians are call'd in to ease the pains ;
 And shall the mind a worse disease endure,
 When you let years elapse, and seek no cure ?
 Set out !—the race defied will soon be run !
 The work is half accomplish'd when begun.
 Who lets the hour of present claim pass by,
 Waits, like the rustic, till the river 's dry.

Poor

Poor senseless idiot! the unvaried stream
Flows on, and will for ever flow the same.

Wealth to obtain, is Man's habitual care,
And then a wife, to give that wealth an heir;
Improving ploughshares in the waste are seen,
And barren heaths in fruitful tilth are green.
The satisfied should no increase implore,
Nor waste a momentary wish for more.
No stately equipage, or splendid plate,
No sumptuous house, no rental of estate,
E'er gave the fever'd blood a moment's rest,
Or pluck'd one thorn from out the master's breast.
Who thinks * to know the use of joy and wealth,
Must first be well in mind, and strong in health.
Who lives in fears, or longs, though rich, for more,
Has the same pleasure from his languid store
As age-dim eyes from painting can receive,
Or music to an ear imposthum'd give.
The tainted cask sours all it's to contain:
And pleasure is a curse that 's bought with pain.
The wretch that *covets* ever lives in want;
To *av'rice* † deaf, the Fates no more will grant.
The envious are to self an abject prey,
And, as their neighbours thrive, they pine away,

* There is here a whimsical coincidence of the two idioms, and which I never saw elsewhere—" *cogitat uti*," *thinks to use*.

† In our language the word *avarice* does not appear to be used with sufficient precision. It is often confounded with a miser's jealousy of his wealth, and fear to make use of it; but this inaccuracy was never so glaring as in a late publication by *Helen Maria Williams*, who is in general a very correct, and a very neat writer of prose.—Twice in this work she makes *avarice of blood* pass for *economy in shedding it*.

With pains refin'd and keen their bosoms prickt,
 Beyond what fell Inquisitors inflict.
 The impotent, his anger to controul,
 Shall rue the sallies of the heated soul;
 Shall wish, in agony of heart, undone,
 What Passion will'd in absent Reason's throne:
 Anger 's a short-liv'd madness, and in sway
 A despot, if no master to obey.
 Keep strongly in, the hot rebellious mind,
 With curb restrain'd, and with a bit confin'd.
 The docile horse in prime of years is broke
 To bear the rein, or stretch beneath the yoke.
 The whelp that hunts the deerskin round a court,
 Staunch at the field enjoys the labour'd sport.
 Drink early then, dear friend, at Reason's bowl,
 And fill with wholesome draughts the youthful soul.
 If gall or wine the recent vessel stains,
 This or that scent the faithful cask retains.

Start then in Virtue's cause with no delay:
 If you get on but slow, I shall not stay,
 Nor press upon you if you lead the way.

}

I am almost afraid of proceeding with his Imitations, which are very numerous, and yet so excellent that I am equally afraid of suppressing them. But, as a compromise, I will threaten you with only two more; because, though both of them are Imitations of the same Poet, they are in a very different vein, and shew the ready powers of the Artist.

Perhaps the following lines are the most gracefully polished rhymes of his Muse.—They reconcile perfect elegance to familiarity—nothing is more difficult.

IMITATION

IMITATION OF HORACE,

BOOK I. EPIST. XI.

Feb. 1744.

What says dear *A*—*th** to fine places seen,
 Magnificent *Versailles*, polite *Turin*?
 Is *Paris* quite so charming as we hear,
 And not one sigh for *Thames* and *B*——*r* †?
 With *Roman* glory is thy spirit fir'd?
 Or to *Geneva* ‡ studiously retir'd,
 With arts delighted, and with rambling tir'd?

“Yes,” you exclaim, “that corner be my lot,
 “Of English friends forgetful, and forgot:
 “Repose oblivious by the *Rhône* I'll take,
 “Or musing view the wide-expanded lake.”

'Tis well, I own, to bait upon the road;
 But who would make an alehouse his abode?
 Arriv'd in town, thro' cold, and dirt, and snow,
 Late, wet, and weary, to the bagnio go;
 The bagnio for a night affords good cheer,
 But not the best of lodgings by the year,
 Too wise to cast upon a distant shore,
 To sell the vessel, and return no more.

* *Mr. Aldworth Neville*, Father of *Lord Braybrooke*, then upon his travels.

† *Billingbear*.

‡ He was then resident at *Geneva*; and there, as I learn from *Lord Braybrooke*, with many other accomplished friends, he instituted a theatre, in which they acted plays; and *Mr. Aldworth* became so admired, that *Garrick* heard of it, and cultivated an acquaintance with him on his return, in honour to his talent.

France, Italy, and Spain, and ruin'd Greece,
 Are in the mind, as useful to its peace,
 As in the raging dog-star warm attire,
 A stream in winter, or in June a fire.
 At ease, in affluence, *Naples, Florence, Rome,*
 Are pretty things to chat about at home.
 Commend the soft *Montpelier's* balmy air,
 But, hale and vig'rous, why should *you* go there?

When Fortune hails you with auspicious wings,
 In gratitude enjoy the boon she brings,
 Nor put it by; nor, if you like your meat,
 Be nice, and scorn the room in which you eat.
 If sense and reason can alone give ease,
 Not airy views or prospect of the seas,
 Travel and voyage are but loss of time,
 The temper will not alter with the clime.
 In idle diligence from day to night,
 We aim at happiness with all our might;
 For this in *Scythian* cold, or *Indian* sun,
 On horse, in ships, we ride, and swim, and run.
 But well to live demands no help of sails;
 No matter where,—in *Cumberland* or *Wales*;
Content is captive to no certain space,
 The *man* may be in fault—but not his *place* *.

* *The mind is its own place*—are the words of *Milton*.

TQ J. W.
 IMITATION OF HORACE,
 BOOK I. EPIST. X.

[Again I beg the Reader to have the original
 before him.]

1735.

D——*, of rural scenes a lover grown,
 Salutes his friend, a lover of the town :
 Except the variance this and plumpness make,
 Who think we disagree, perhaps mistake ;
 The difference much the same as lies between
 The egg of parent swan, or of a hen ;
 Debating, scribbling, saunt'ring, sitting still,
 Studious of ease, and brothers of the quill.
London's your choice—I know it—but approve
 The seat of moss, the rivulet, and grove.
 If you should ask how I employ the hour :
 Better than some in place, and some in pow'r,
 Not plagued with patrons here, nor slave to pelf,
Lord of my time, and master of myself †.
 What have your noisy streets like this to give,
 Or what like this *Sir Robert* ‡ to receive !

Cotta, disgrac'd, in *Ariconian* vales,
 Likes, I am told, the neighbourhood of *Wales* :
 Sick of parade, attendance, and resort,
Flies—to exhale the surfeit of a Court §.

* DAVIES himself;—and this one initial is the single hint that he gives the Reader of his name.—So amiable was the modesty of this philosophical recluse.

† There is not a verse in *Dryden* or in *Pope* to which I could fear to name this for a competitor.

‡ This would have been sufficient to date the Poem at some period before 1741, when that able and great Minister (with all his blemishes) resigned his power, had not the date of it since occurred to me, viz. 1735.

§ I beg your attention to the beauty of that verse.

Consult

Consult the voice of Nature at her shrine :
 " Build in the country," says the voice divine.

Where can the winter joy so pure inspire,
 Morn's wholesome frost, and evening's brilliant fire ?
 Where has the summer's heat such cooling gales,
 To fan the hills, and cheer the drooping dales ?
 Where 's discontent so rare an inmate seen,
 And slumbers light so innocent of spleen ?

What is that marble portal to my bow'r,
 Array'd in green, and pearl'd in ev'ry show'r ?
 What the dull stream, that pipes or conduits yield,
 To the soft rill that whispers in my field ?

Confess at once your wants ; for it is clear
 In town you faintly mimick what is here ;
 Look at *St. James's*, or at *Lincoln-square*,
 The rustic scene's tame counterfeit is there.
 Say why that *Sheffield** mansion pleasant stands ?
 Because a length of country it commands.

Nature, in spite of changes and removes,
Returns elastic to the point she loves.
 Rais'd from distortion, she appears the same,
 And from her bend recovers like the palm.
 Not she, whose want of taste, or want of care,
 Buys the resembling *Delft* for *China* ware ;
 Nor who to City-publicans resort,
 And buy for claret's price deceitful port, —
 Are more the dupes of counterfeit, than who
 Mistake false blessings for the gem that 's true.

* *Buckingham-house*, now the *Queen's Palace*.

Who launch too far in Fortune's purest lake,
 The tempest of Adversity will shake.
 Slow to discredit what allures the eyes,
 We pause before we drop the tempting prize.

Come to the shade, where peace eternal springs,
 Despise the Court with me, and pity Kings.
Britons, impatient of the *Saxon* reign,
 Call'd-in their *good ally* suppos'd, the *Dane* :
 Their *good ally* to conquest led the way,
 But swept the whole dominion—for his pay *,
 The wanton stranger, in his new abode,
 Upon the neck of high-born vassals rode.

Thus for the golden fleece if *you* shall trade,
 And sell your mind, of pinching want afraid,
 That hideous monster is expell'd, I own ;
 But a most lordly tyrant mounts his throne.
 If, by *dependance*, treasure you obtain,
 I wish you well—but leave you to your chain.
 It's known that shoes, and why not an estate ?
 Pinch or slip off, too little or too great.

Be wise, and be content : though short in wealth,
 Rich in the gifts of competence and health,
 Don't throw away the happiness they bring,
For virtuous freedom is a sacred thing †.
 And when you see me lay my honour down,
 When you detect me fawning in the town,
 Give indignation the uncheck'd career,
 Don't spare the satire—pr'y thee be severe !

* Is not this a little applicable to *Napoleon's fraternal embrace* of *Holland, Italy, and Spain* ?

† Here again is a verse to be remembered.

These high-spirited verses, and the Poet is full of them, convince me that avarice never at any one moment invaded or touched the purity of his mind,—and that he had shaken off the *influence* of a nobler appetite, that of ambition itself. But I think it is impossible to dispute the existence of *pique* in his mind, at the obscurity into which the nature of his course in the world had thrown him, operating, not in the malevolent asperity of cynic spleen, but in a virtuous pride, at the neglect he had experienced, as he thought, and felt, from the world.

Upon this awful theme of moralizing reflection upon the miscalculated view of his nature and fortune, which threw, but in a very gentle degree, a shade over his happiness, I cannot forbear to copy the temperate, judicious, and philosophical remarks of *Lady Knowles*. They confer honour upon her taste, and upon that *language of the heart*, which is of eloquence the best.

* * * “ I regret much any little blemish in MR. DAVIES’s judgment or feelings.—I had almost thought him an absolute model of perfection in his profession’s elevated sphere (for such in its essence it really is)—blessed with tenderness of heart,—noble, independent, and great in himself, above the levities or temptations of the world.

“ I never can so degrade the image I had formed of him, as to think he was ambitious of professional advancement, or suffered any disappointment to embitter him.—But a portion of our enthusiasm for it we must and we may resign—we can afford it, and still admire him enough.—We moralize, however, upon these frailties of the human character.

“ The science of life surely is the most abstruse of any.—Else how comes it that such highly-cultivated minds, and such commanding spirits, fail in unity of action, or in a just conception of its parts.

“ *Johnson*

“ *Johnson* had naturally a morose temper, besides a morbid and a distempered habit. DAVIES had the temper of a Saint.

“ But is there not in the minds of the gifted few, a certain *fierté*, which induces them to act as upon the defensive against inferiors, who are children of this world, and wiser than children of light.—I often have observed a refined and a delicate state of the feelings, too keenly alive, in the nicety of their distinctions, to the casual and the unintentional neglects of the world.—I attribute, therefore, MR. DAVIES’s false estimate of the public sphere, and of his own, to this or a similar cause, which a retired and secluded habit of solitude, or partial intercourse, would rather encourage than stifle—in a brilliant vein of moralizing satire.”

I can add, that wherever I can reach a vestige of him, in the few who can speak of him, from the written opinion of others, or traditions concerning him, the picture is that of unqualified praise and love.

As far too as I can learn, he was cheerful and social, but with a temperate and gentle enjoyment of Attic mirth and wit.—Of ill-nature no syllable in him is the mark.

The *Epithalamium*, to which I alluded, is before me, and says, or seems to say, “let me in.” It is, I own, a favourite of mine, and in a very different strain from all the rest of his works.—It has all that *couleur de rose*, which is adapted with taste of choice, but with a familiar and graceful air, to the nuptial bower.

It is also in blank verse; but I am not sure if I should not have preferred it in rhyme, though he has caught the mantle of *Comus’s Poet*.

EPITHA-

EPITHALAMIUM.

Ye Nymphs, that, from *Diana's* sport retir'd,
 Your forest leave awhile, and love to haunt
 The bord'ring valley, saw ye, as ye pass'd,
 A chosen pair, the glory of your plains,
 Array'd in youthful bloom of Nature's prime?
 Saw ye that glance of beauty, when the fair
 Quiver'd with charms, and by the Graces dress'd,
 March'd on: with joy her bridegroom flush'd, beyond
 What fancy unpossess'd can ever dream?

Heard ye the music of their groves around,
 Warbling, as choirs of gratulation sprung
 From ev'ry bough? The nightingale was there,
 Whose note peculiar trill'd the nuptial song,
 Such as in *Windsor's* music-loving shade
 They chaunt; and, if their *Handel's* * ear is true,
 No where in silence steal with lay so sweet.
 Auspicious omens brood in the fair hour;
 Did ever *Hymen's* cheek more fresh appear,
 Or his bright vest with deeper yellow glow?
 The vest that on *occasions high and rare*
Pontifical he wears †, when hearts with hands
 Combine, of healthy cheek and sparkling eye,

* This alludes with graceful and charming address to the circumstance that both of the nuptial parties lived in the perambulation of *Windsor Forest*, where, *Handel* said, the nightingale had a more harmonious note than he ever heard it elsewhere.—This note, as well as many others, I owe to *Lord Braybrooke*.

† This copied image, from *Shakespeare's* fancy, in a perfectly new application, acquires a character of its own, equally original.

As in the rights of Nature, ere the shafts
 By gold were blunted.—Here the blazing torch,
 Fann'd by Love's pinion, sheds unusual fire!
 Lo! by the trail of light he left behind,
 As homeward the gay jubilee return'd,
 The Muse, invited guest, attends her theme
 On to the nuptial bow'r; there ent'ring, hail'd
 Preludes of happiness to come; her lyre
 She strung—it was the heart's unborrow'd strain.

“Hail,” she began, “distinguish'd pair! how fit
 To join in wedded love! each other's choice!
 Bridegroom, thy taste is elegant indeed,
 And fingers nice, that on a sunny bank
 In Beauty's garden, cull'd so bright a flow'r,
 To thine transplanted from her native soil.
 Cherish, be sure, thy blooming charge; keep off
 Each blush unkind; and zephyr's gale alone
 Blow there, and genial suns for ever smile.
 Who not applauds thy vow?—hereafter who
 Disputes thy palate, judging and exact,
 Owner of curious bliss? Nor thou, fair bride,
 Repine, or homeward cast thy wav'ring eye!
 'Twas time to sever from the virgin choir.
 What joy in loneliness to waste the hours
 Unfruitful! See, hard by, *Lodona's* stream
 Cold and inactive creep along, her face
 Shaded with pensive willow, till anon,
 Married to jovial *Thames*, briskly she moves
 O'er many a laughing mead.—'Twas Nature will'd
 Such union—blest society, where souls
 Move, as in dance, to harmony divine,
 Fit partners.—How unlike the noisy feuds
 In wedded strife! Hence Friendship's gen'rous care,

At

At Love's high noon, and hence the sober flame,
 Steady as life declines: all comforts hence
 Of child and parent, Love's endearing ties.
 Think not the fair original design'd
 To flourish, and be lost.—The world expects
 A copy to adorn a future age.
 Thank the kind Gods!—be happy, live, and love!"

[The date of this Poem was Sept. 24, 1739.

Mr. Dodd married his neighbour *Miss St. Leger*, of *Trunkwell*, distant three miles from *Swallowfield*, his country seat.

The parishes of *Shenfield* (of which *Trunkwell* is a part) and of *Swallowfield* join.

Trunkwell is one of a thousand entertaining proofs that *John Bull* is never to be entrusted with a *hard name*.

Mr. St. Leger, the father, one of the refugees after the Edict of *Nantes* had been (so infamously) revoked, called this place *Tranquille*.

This gentleman was Father also to *Mrs. Blossett*, who was mother to the late *Miss Blossett*, the justly admired singer (as an *amateur*), and to *Mrs. De Salis*, now living, the widow of *Dr. De Salis*, one of my *Eton schoolfellows*.]

So virgin-like was the modesty and blush of his Muse, that he is afraid he shall be accused of *indelicacy* in some of those lines, which he declares that he did not *intend*.—The simplicity of his alarm is ludicrous.

"You mentioned the *Epithalamium* favourably,
 "but you intimated some lines in it which *made*
 "you smile.

"After this hint, I perused it, and find *what I*
 "never intended, that an *indelicate* construction, or,
 "to use prettier words, a *double entendre* might be
 "put upon the metaphor that I carried on upon the
 "garden-

“garden-flower.—It is also true that a hint is given, perhaps too broad a one. I was aware of it, but considered that I was writing to a young and merry couple.”

[It reminds me of a ludicrous account which *Mr. Bryant* gave to me of *Dr. George*, who, when Master, from an outrage and refinement of prudery, was in the habit of putting into the heads of the boys indecent allusions, which, but for the horror which he expressed when they construed the passage, they would never have dreamt of endeavouring to discover. One in particular was in *Theocritus*. As that Author is not before me, and as I am not *sure* of *all* the words, I will give the *Latin*.

Utinam devenerim apis murmurans,
Et ad tuum antrum profectus fuerim

[*Hederam*—]

Penetrans, et involucrum quo tu tegeris.]

Lucina heard the Muse, perhaps in hopes of a serenade; and here it is, not only ingenious, but, like all his works, of a cast original and peculiar to himself.

ON THE BIRTH OF A SON.

Oct. 22, 1741.

Thy sanguine hope completed in a boy,
Hymen's dear boon, my friend, I give thee joy.
Of strange, fine things, and miracles to be,
Expect no flatt'ring prophecies from me:
It's Time's maturing business to call forth
Degen'rate meanness, or transmitted worth.
Under that sliding course of hours or days,
The limner's effort mellows, or decays.
First, let me see, what my fond wish bespoke,
The lively colouring, the manly stroke,

The

The gentle sweetness, and the modest grace—
 Maternal beauty—shed upon the face ?
 The gay and frank benevolence, the fire
 Sincere and gen'rous, darted from the Sire.
 The judging Muse, where lines like these can strike,
 Will own the copied portrait's *very like* ;
 Will mark each virtue, each perfection tell,
 Pleas'd that his parents drew *themselves* so well.

At every turn we discern the same dignified grace and manliness of spirit—no base homage to the rich and great. The panegyric springs from the *heart*, and the heroes of it personal friends—unsolicited for patronage—nay, of minds unlike his own, though with points in them that pleased him ; and one of them never deserted, who had not even a virtue in his favour, and was thrown, by degrading indiscretions, to say no worse of them, into poverty. What can be a higher panegyric upon this affectionate spirit, than to attest, record, and perpetuate, the fact ? that nothing but the distress of this mendicant could ever seduce the modesty of his Muse from its home, and then, upon conditions that veil'd her from the world, suppressing, by obstinate initials,

The local habitation, or the name.

By the next Poem I should think it not improbable that he was acquainted in early days with *Horace Walpole* ; for it alludes to his birth, and that of *Mr. Dodd* the same day. This Poem has the additional recommendation of shewing that he had great talent in the discriminating analysis of character.

The two friends, as *Lord Braybrooke* first informed me, were the *Hon. Horace Walpole*, and *John Dodd, Esq.*

ON TWO FRIENDS, BORN THE SAME DAY.

Sept. 1736.

There are, it seems, who think a natal star
 Softens to peace, or animates to war ;
 That yon bright orbs, as in their course they roll,
 Dart their strong influence on the dawning soul :
 Whether to empire led by radiant *Jove*,
 Or lull'd in pleasure by the Queen of Love ;
 Whether *Mercurius* gently wav'd his hand,
 That points to arts and sciences the wand ;
 Or angry *Mars*, inspiring warlike heat,
 Alarm the pulse, and at the bosom beat.

If so, in these, of uncongenial mind,
 Whence can the Muse her pointed contrast find ?
 The one, of nature easy, and compos'd,
 UNTOST BY PASSIONS, AND IN ARTS REPOS'D * ;
 The other, of a keen impatient soul,
 Wing'd in the race, and stretching to the goal * :
 One calm as *Theodosius* to desire ;
 The other glowing with *Varanes'* fire :
 This pleas'd to wander in *Pierian* glades,
 Where the rill murmurs, and the laurel shades * ;
 The other warm'd in what his heart approves,
 The chace, the mistress, or the friend he loves.

Yet the same beam saluted them on earth,
 And the same planets glitter'd at their birth ;
 The same soft gale had whisper'd in the wood,
 Or the same tempest arm'd the raging flood.

* Can these lines be forgotten ?—Where is *Pope* superior to them ?

It

It is enough, no question of their *stars*,
 That *Friendship* reconciles where *Nature* jars.
 Nativities! resign your dreaming plea!
 Their *planets* differ, but their *lives* agree.

Upon this elegant and poetical *jeu d'esprit* I cannot forbear to solicit your acceptance of two comments.

It may seem to militate on my character of *DAVIES* in the sacred article of independent sincerity; for I may be asked, how sincerity could account for this panegyric upon a man who made no figure in the world, who had no genius, or literature. I answer by the fact, as it has reached me from the best authority. *Mr. Dodd*, as I have before observed, had a generous heart, and zeal for his friends, with a delight in those who, in their talents and attainments, were as unlike him as *Walpole* could have been; *DAVIES*, for example, and *Lord Camden*.—He loved their genius, and was proud of it.—He had also, I have no doubt, social talents, which require no Attic wit, but have a peculiar humour of their own. In a poetical dialogue, full of pleasant ridicule upon *Whaley*, and published in your admirable Collection of Poems, there is a festive and jovial spirit given to *Mr. Dodd*, which, I dare say, made him very entertaining as a companion.

But, in the next place, nothing is more common than to see what the Poet so well expresses here, the union which *Friendship* can form of *dissimilar characters*. We are all of us vain, the least of the little, as well as those at the top of the leaf; and we do not like *partners upon our throne*. Either inferiorities are cultivated, or equalities in a different sphere—besides that in society one loves the amiable varieties which two friends produce, who have attainments and merits of a different kind.

By

By the way, as that Poem is before me, though it is too long to be inserted here, and perhaps a little too burlesque to suit the Attic though brilliant wit of the rider, I cannot forbear to catch a passage or two, as proving his talent for parody, which he does not appear to have indulged, but certainly possessed.

The opening of this Dialogue upon the subject of *Mr. Whaley's* cowardice in a fox-chace is incomparable, as a banter upon *Dryden* or *Lee*.

Dr. Thirlby.

There's pleasure sure in being clad in green,
Which none but green-men know.

The passage in view, if I am correct in it, is this:
There is a pleasure sure in being mad,
Which none but madmen know.

Whaley solus.

————— but chief, of thee *,
Of thee I most complain, O want of meal.

* * * * *

Must I then leave thee, *Burgundy* †, &c. &c.

———— No more I'll to the window—beauteous scene
Of river and of hills, of lawns and trees,
What respite can ye give to my distress !
And you, plump deer, that feed upon the lawn,
Serve to awake the ven'son appetite.

Davies.

Am I deceiv'd, or through the waving boughs
An alehouse-sign peeps forth. I'm not deceiv'd ;
For through the boughs an alehouse-sign peeps forth.
Would I were there !

* *Sampson.*

† "Must I then leave thee, *Paradise*," &c.

This imitation of the attendant Spirit in *Comus* deserves to be noted.

Was I deceiv'd, or does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there *does* a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night.

We have alluded to, and shall in the Appendix produce, one of Mr. DAVIES's travelling correspondents. Let us now produce Mr. DAVIES himself as a *Tourist*.

We have read *Musical* travels, *Astronomical* and *Botanical* ones, *Antiquarian*, *Political*, *Historical*, and *Sentimental*. The all-accomplished *Addison* and *Eustace* (I wish we had more of them) were *Classical* Topographers. DAVIES, in *his* few rambles from home, viewed every scene *with a Poet's eye*, nor has even *his* Muse produced any thing more gifted than two Poems which are now to be introduced, both of them in rhyme; one upon a voyage to the Ruins of *Tintern Abbey*; the other upon *Archbishop Williams's Tomb*. They are of the same æra, between 1732 and 1745.

I am bold enough to anticipate the Reader's delight in them, who will not fail to observe the difference of the *tone* (if I may use that phrase for want of a better) between the picturesque and the moralizing Poet.

A Voyage to *Tintern Abbey* in *Monmouthshire*, from
Whitminster * in *Gloucestershire*.

Aug. 1742.

From where the *Stroud*, smooth stream, serenely glides,
 We reach the peopled *Severn's* rapid tides.

* Where, at his country seat near *Stroud*, he had visited *Mr. Cambridge*.

Stop

Stop ere we sail! and from this point survey
 The hill-encompass'd sea-resembling bay;
 See the tide's * ridge with sober grandeur heave,
 And float in triumph o'er the river wave!
 Lo! where it comes! with what extensive sweep,
 Like a whale sideling rolling in the deep!
 Wide and more wide it joins the distant hills,
 And swiftly the expanded *area* fills.

We sail; — now steadily; now gulphs inform
 The tumbling waves to imitate a storm;
 The rising shores a thousand charms bestow,
 Lawn at their feet, and forest at their brow;
 The polish'd villas, neighbours to the flood;
 The taper spire; and the surrounding wood.
 These lines, my *C* ——— † read, and smiling view
 How faint the hope thy landscape to renew.
 That image of thyself how soon decay'd —
 See all its beauties in description fade!

Where to each other the tall banks incline,
 And distant cliffs, though sever'd, seem to join,

* This coming-in of the tide is called the *Eager*. There is a beautiful allusion to it in *Sprat's History of the Royal Society*.

DAVIES.

† This was the late *Mr. Cambridge*, another friend of MR. DAVIES, and, as I can proudly add, of my own. He then lived at *Whitminster*.—Amongst the verses addressed to *Mr. Cambridge*, and published by his son amongst his works, there is an allusion to DAVIES by name, which, for the honour of them both, I shall insert. They are dated in 1739, and are the lines of *Henry Berkeley, Esq.*

“ Ask verse of him who knows to sing;
 His well-tuned lyre bid DAVIES* bring,
 And boldly strike the docile string: ”

* A friend of the Author's, and of *Mr. Cambridge*, who was a very elegant Poet. EDITOR.

A narrow frith — our gallant *Argo's* way,
 A door that opens to the boundless sea —
 What if a ship with strutting sail come on,
 Her wanton streamers waving in the sun !
 Just in the midst, as Fancy would contrive,
 See the proud vessel o'er the billows drive.

The *Streight* is pass'd, the swelling surges beat,
 The prospects widen, and the shores retreat.
 Ye *Nereids* hail ! for now we leave behind
 The town and palaces with tide and wind,
 Here noble *Stafford's* * yet unfinish'd dome,
 And thence the long-stretch'd race of *Berkeley* † come ;
 Till, tossing and full-feasted, more than tir'd,
 We change the wilder scene for paths retir'd,
 Quit the rough element of noise and strife,
 As from a public to domestic life,
 Skirt the mild coast, and up the channel ride,
 Where *Vaga* ‡ mingles with *Sabrina's* ‡ tide.

From the same hill the sister streams their source
 Deriving, took, when young, a parted course,

Drawn § by the pow'r of that sweet sound,
 The list'ning herd shall gaze around,
 Whilst from the deep and oozy bed
Sabrina rears her awful head,
 And, as his notes harmonious glide,
 Forgets to roll her ample tide.
 Ah, *Cambridge* ! may the chattering pie
 With *Philomela's* music vie,
 Then shall be heard my *Clio's* tongue,
 Where you and *DAVIES* deign a song.

* The remains of a noble seat, begun by *Stafford Duke of Buckingham*.

† *Berkeley Castle*.

‡ The *Wye* and the *Severn*.

* *Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca,
 Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.*

Virg. Ecl. 8.

And

And many cities, many a region seen,
 High tow'rs, and walls antique, and margins green,
 Now gladly meet, nor now to part again,
 Go hand in hand, and slide into the main.

In spite of *Time*, though wars and tempests beat,
 Ascending *Chepstow* shews a castled seat ;
 Beneath slope hills, and by the rolling flood,
 Clasp'd in a theatre of rising wood,
 With air majestic to the eye stands forth,
 Tow'ring, and conscious of its pristine worth,
 Sublime in its decay, in age's pride
 Erect, it overlooks and braves the tide.

Pass a few moments! — the returning sea
 Shall those high-stranded vessels sweep away ;
 That bridge, from whence the eye descends with fear,
 Low with its flood, and level shall appear.

The giddy bank still winds to something new ;
 Each turning oar diversifies the view ;
 Of trees and stones the interrupted scene,
 The shady rocks and precipices green ;
 Or where the forms of Nature, to surprize,
 Curve into bastions, or in columns rise ;
 Here sinking spaces with dark brows o'ergrown,
 And there the naked quarries look a town :
 At length our pilgrimage's home appears,
 Her venerable fabric *Tintern* rears ;
 While the sun, glancing in its calm decline,
 With his last gilding beautifies her shrine ;
 Enter with reverence the hallow'd gate,
 And trace the awful relicks of her state ;
 The meeting arches—pillar'd walks admire ;
 Or musing listen to the faucied choir ;

Encircling

Encircling groves diffuse their solemn grace,
 And dimly fill the op'ning window's place,
 While pitying shrubs, on the bare summits, try
 To give the roofless pile a canopy.

Here, my lov'd friend, along the mossy dome,
 In pleasurable sadness let me roam ;
 Look back upon the world, in haven safe ;
 Weep o'er its ruins, at its follies laugh.

It may seem an impertinence to comment upon this Poem ; but I cannot forbear to recommend the appropriate features of the scene in this living memoir and portrait—the happiness of the expressions, and the chaste abstinence from all those vapid superfluities which the taste of modern poetry seems to court. The picture of *Chepstow Castle* and of its bridge—the wish for the ship and its arrival—the comparison of the sea to public life—*and last, not least in love*, the solemn cast of the concluding lines, which are like the scene they describe, appear to me the gifts of genius in poetical description, if I at least can even guess what those gifts are.

But how different is the pencil in the Poem that follows.—In *painting*, the artist who has a *manner*, too generally adopted in all his works, bears the title of a *mannerist*. *Horace*, with infinite humour, to make this degrading vanity more ludicrous, tells a painter that “perhaps he can paint a cypress” —“And what has the cypress to do,” says the Poet, “if you are to paint a shipwreck ?” Even a *good manner* may be tiresome if it is not varied, especially when the *subject* requires the difference.

This remark applies with powerful analogy to writers in prose and in verse, but in a peculiar degree

degree to the latter. It is very seldom that one finds a diversity of *manner* in the same Poet. If it is not profane, I would say that *Pope*, charming and brilliant as he is, wants light and shade in the cadence of his measure, and in the turn of his thoughts. *Prior*, a very inferior, but still a most engaging and fertile Poet, is in *variety* more distinguished. The Muse of *Dryden* is in this view of it pre-eminent. *Young* has written with a masterly hand in blank verse and in rhyme: a solemn strain in the first; and pointed wit in the latter—brilliant epigrams and satire. *Thomson* is decidedly a *mannerist*. *Gray*, though his forte is *Lyric*, is enchanting in the *Elegiac* strain.

DAVIES, if I can presume to introduce *him* in the company of these Luminaries, cannot be accused of *sameness* in the character of *his* Muse.—What I have produced in blank verse of a sententious and moralizing cast is very unlike his *Imitations of Horace*—the *vers de société*—his *graceful compliments*—and *his fancy in description*.

But, if I were to chuse, I would select as the favourites those of a moral cast, whether in blank verse or in rhyme; and what follows would, I think, of itself stamp the character of a Poet upon the modest *Rector of Kingsland*.

It is whimsical enough, but it is the fact, that, after his friend the *Bishop of Litchfield* bestowed preferment upon him *there*, we have no further trace of his Muse; and all that he has left (except the *Alcaïc Ode*, which has no date) was prior to 1745, though it cannot be supposed that he laid aside his poetical habits; and in a Poem written by *Mr. Seward*, his brother Canon, father to the *mascula Sappho* *, he is represented as enlivening the *Litchfield* sett by the powers of his Muse.

The lines are these:

DAVIES shall bring a concert of the Nine,
And treat with genuine *Heliconian* wine.

* *Horace*.

In 1745 he was not more than thirty-five years of age, when, as it should seem, his vein disappeared, though his life reached fifty-nine.

But I have scarce a doubt that his rooted and constitutional diffidence induced him, in these later periods of his life, to be more nice in his judgment of his own works, and rather to play with his Muse, than to aim at the improvement of its powers; more especially if the weakness of his frame and constitution made him *struggle with his energies*, to use the excellent phrase of *Miss Seward*.—Perhaps the *religious duties* of his pure and sainted life may have infused a more serious turn of thought.—Another key, however, to this blank of intelligence may be found in the devolution of all his Manuscripts upon the Rector who succeeded him, and who had no turn for literature, so that perhaps many of the later works may have been destroyed, and what remains (which, but for *Lady Knowles*, would soon have been consumed) may have been saved more by accident than design.

At seeing ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS'S * Monument
in CARNARVONSHIRE.

1737.

In that remote and solitary place,
Which the seas wash, and circling hills embrace,
Where those lone walls amid their groves arise,
All that remains of thee, fam'd WILLIAMS, lies.
Thither, sequester'd shade, Creation's nook,
The wand'ring Muse her pensive journey took;
She came to mark the wand'ring Statesman's home,
And moralize at leisure on his tomb.

* *Dr. John Williams* was consecrated Bishop of *Lincoln*, Nov. 11, 1621, was translated to *York*, Dec. 4, 1641; died March 25, 1649, and was buried at *Llan Degla*, near *Bangor*.

She

She came, not like a Pilgrim, tears to shed,
 Mutter a vow, or trifle with a bead ;
 But such a sadness could her thoughts employ,
 As in the neighbourhood of sober joy,
 Reflecting much upon the mighty shade,
 His glories baffled, and his wreaths decay'd.

“ How poor the lot of the once honour'd dead !
 Perhaps the dust is WILLIAMS, that we tread.
 The learn'd, ambitious, politick, and great,
 Statesman or Prelate, this, alas, thy fate !
 Could not thy *Lincoln* yield her Pastor room ?
 Could not thy *York* supply thee with a tomb ?
 Was it for *this*, a lofty genius soar'd ;
 Caress'd by monarchs, and by crowds ador'd ?
 For *this* thy hand o'er rivals could prevail,
 Grasping by turns the crosier and the seal * ?
 Who dar'd on *Laud's* meridian lustre frown,
 And on aspiring *Buckingham* look down ?
 How gay the morn !—But, ere the day decline,
 Clouds gather, and adversity is thine.
 Though 'twas thy doom to see the fierce alarms,
 What had thy tott'ring age to do with arms ?
 Thy lands dragoon'd, thy palaces in dust,
 And life suspended only to be curs'd ;
 Thy king in chains, thyself, by lawless might,
 Stripp'd of all rank, supremacy, and right.”

Awhile the venerable hero stood,
 And stemm'd with shaking limbs the boist'rous flood :
 At length, o'ermatch'd by injuries of Time,
 Stole from the world, and sought his native clime.

* He was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, July 20, 1751.
Cambria,

Yet one likes to read these early indications of talent, and may indulge the whim of discovering in the first hints of the future Poet what he was likely to be.

This long digression terminates in DAVIES, resumed, but carried back to *Eton* school. I have caught some of his *Latin* verse in that seat of the Muses; but there is one Poem in *English*, which is quite the verse of a boy in general (and therefore I do not copy it), but has passages which are stamps of the *manly character* that formed a ruling feature of his poetical mind, and shewed him very unlike the "ELEGANT AND THE GENTLE DAVIES" of his panegyrical defamer *Miss Seward*.

He was to write upon *Henry the Sixth*, Founder of *Eton College*. In general he has marked a peculiar judgment in the selection of his *topics* for that poor creature of a King. But I *must* quote the following lines, which few Poets have surpassed in dignity or spirit in the meridian of their genius and fame.

"No papal legends, consecrated lies,
Shall o'er *thy* merit cast their spurious dies;
Dull monkish miracles, and clumsy paint,
That wrong the *man*, to canonize the *saint*."

There is another passage equally beautiful and chaste—nor have I ever seen the architecture of *King's College Chapel* so honoured in verse.

"Thy works, beyond the reach of art, proclaim,
"In living characters, the Author's fame,
"Fit for their *great Inhabitant's* abode,
"In *aweful height*, and *worthy of a God* *.

* There is here a very curious coincidence, and it is noted by DAVIES himself in his own hand, viz. that he wrote this Poem before *Mr. Pope* wrote the following line:

Bid Temples worthy of the God ascend!

"No

" No cumbrous *Gothic*, of enormous size,
 " Heaves into air, and swells the aching eyes :
 " In graceful symmetry the piles advance,
 " With chaste reserve, and simple elegance,
 " Here soften'd stones the downy rose express,
 " And figur'd glass can *Raphael's* touch express ;
 " Contending arts their magic have display'd,
 " Self-balanc'd * hangs the roof, and scorns the pillar's
 " aid."

I often have thought *Horace* of all the *Roman* Poets could fall the best into *English* verse, and without any modern infusion. But I do not recollect that I ever saw this proposition better exemplified than by MR. DAVIES, in a *version*, as it could well be called, but which he entitles, an Imitation of Book II. Ode 4.

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

It is almost literal, except in a beautiful turn at the end of it in honour to *Fielding* and *Shirley*, two celebrated beauties of that period.

This too must have been written in 1732 at the latest, for that is the date of the book in which it appears, and he was then *two and twenty*. I am pleased with it also, because it is the only *English* Lyric of his pen which I have reached.

Don't blush, dear Sir, your flame to own,
 Your sable mistress to approve,
 Thy passion other breasts have known,
 And heroes justify your love.

* This, which is *the fact*, produces in the verse a sublime effect.

By

By *Æthiopian* beauties mov'd,
Perseus was clad in martial arms;
 And the world's lord too feeble prov'd
 For *Cleopatra's* jetty charms.

What if no sickly white and red,
 With short-liv'd glow, adorn the maid,
 The deeper yew its leaves ne'er shed,
 When *roses* and when *lilies* fade.

What if no conscious blush appear,
 The tincture of a guilty skin,
 Here is a colour sure to wear,
 And black will never harbour sin.

Think'st thou such blood in *slaves* can roll,
 Or that such lightnings can arise,
 That such a dart could pierce the soul
 In vulgar and plebeian eyes?

No—by that air—that form and dress,
 Thy *Fusca* of uncommon race
 No doubt a high-born offspring is,
 And swarthy kings her lineage grace.

Such decent modesty and ease —
 But, lest my rapture be suspected,
 Cease, prying, jealous lover, cease,
 Nor judge the Muse too much affected.

Me, paler, *Northern* beauties move,
 My bosom other darts receives;
 Think not I'll toast an *Indian* love
 While *FIELDING* or a *SHIRLEY* lives.

One other Poem solicits me. It is the Tatler of No. 249, by the immortal *Addison*, put into a poetical habit; and shews the versatility of his Muse. It is in the same volume of 1732, and consequently juvenile.

THE TRAVELS OF A SHILLING.

The busy path of active men,
 Who tread this foolish worldly scene,
 When bustling on their crowded stage,
 Could my reflecting thoughts engage;
 Till soft repose, and gentle rest,
 Hush'd ev'ry tumult of the breast;
 And my ideas, much the same,
 Arrang'd themselves into a dream.

Methought a SHILLING, round and fair,
 In silver sounds harangued my ear;
 Which, from its usual prison freed,
 Chanc'd on my table to be laid;
 And, op'ning oft its polish'd mouth,
 Related an historic truth.

* Here, Critic, spare the dull objection,
 Nor sneer the tale as idle fiction;
 Tripods, you know, in *Homer* walk,
 And *Bacon's* head of brass could talk.
 Thus, whether use or whim requires,
 Things known to modern theatres,
 Unheard-of prodigies, advance;
 Tea-pots can sing, and chairs can dance*.

“ Me fair *Peruvia's* climate nourish'd,
 Where long the family had flourish'd,

* This digression is the exclusive right of the Poet.

Witness the deep and spreading vein,
 That in the Earth's rich bosom ran,
 E'er since the sun, with genial power,
 First visited our sultry shore :
 But, fearing sad *Peruvia's* fate,
 And loathing *Spain* with inbred hate,
 Lest I should sneak, as others did,
 In *galleons* pris'ner to *Madrid*,
 There take the habit of my foes,
 Their spectacles, and mustachoes ;
 Better to live in utmost *Finland* ;
 I e'en took ship with *Drake* for *England*.

Then good *Eliza's* golden sway
 Adorn'd the Isle, and bless'd the sea :
 Soon as we reach'd fam'd *London's* shore
 I was conducted to the TOWER ;
 There by an ART of curious power,
 And quick'ning touch, no shapeless ore
 As once I lay—in ev'ry feature,
 Improv'd, I look'd a diff'rent creature ;
 Chang'd in my form, in air, in dress,
 To my surprize, became Queen *Bess* :
 A ruff* upon my neck was plac'd,
 My hands her globe and sceptre grac'd,
 And, in a beauteous round convey'd,
 Her titles grac'd my letter'd head.

Thus, by adoption's forming bounty,
 I seem'd a native of each county ;
 And, privileg'd, my fickle mind
 To rambling strangely was inclin'd ;

* All these paraphernalia are added by the Poet, and surely with admirable effect.

'Twas LIBERTY'S alluring smile
 Drew me to this her fav'rite Isle.
 Too long in close confinement pent,
 No sooner had I left the MINT
 But I had gossip'd, and had run
 To ev'ry corner of the town ;
 In square, in street, in court, in alley,
 From *Tower Hill* to *Piccadilly* ;
 Or, when my lodging I would change,
 And in a suburb chuse to range,
 My locomotive charms were seen
 At *Hampstead* or in *Turnham Green* ;
 In better mansions, or in worse,
In silken or in leather purse * ;
 In galligaskins, whole or torn,
 To markets, taverns, playhouse borne ;
 Now on a MERCER'S counter seated ;
 In a fat BREWER'S pocket sweated ;
 Or, honour'd with a secret place
 In *Cælia's* or in *Chloe's* grace,
 There took my short and fleeting stand,
 And softly touch'd my charmer's hand ;
 In a fair station grac'd and blest,
 Where kings would give their crowns to rest ;
 Or left the service, yet content,
 Upon some pretty errand sent.
 What kind attentions I have shewn,
 To each possessor well is known :
 When stomachs did for victuals ache,
 I've treated MACER with a steak ;
 When the BEAU fear'd a shower's approach,
 For a spruce TEMPLAR call'd a coach ;

* *Philips.*

With me no student in his cloysters
 Or sigh'd for ale, or pin'd for oysters * :
 So happy was the fav'rite's case,
 Whose honour'd fob my touch could grace.

Say, CHEMIST, what could more be done,
 Had you possess'd your fancied stone ?

Thus I in restless journeys went
 From place to place, from *Tweed* to *Kent*,
 When Fortune, ere I could apprise her,
 Convey'd me to a sordid Miser,
 Where many sufferers I found,
 And my relations in a pound,
 Unhappy victims ! and opprest
 In the deep cavern of a chest.

There num'rous years in bondage pass'd,
 Till the *Old Hunks* had breath'd his last ;
 At the young Lord's commanding voice
 The box flew open in a trice ;
 Again we catch the SUN's dear face ;
 Again renew the jocund race ;
 Away to diff'rent shops we pack,
 For brandy one, and one for sack.
 † In BRITAIN thus, when Monarch dies,
 And Royal Heir his room supplies,
 Through *Newgate* joyous cries are heard,
 The debtor freed, and prison clear'd ‡.

Thence I continued much the same,
 In honour, figure, and esteem,
 Till the fam'd SOUTH SEA's flatt'ring year †,
 When palaces could rise in air.

* *Philips* again.

† Added by the Poet, and with infinite humour.

‡ This also is added.

As the fond schemer ey'd my figure,
Methought I look'd some inches bigger.

But one adventure has impress'd
With grateful joy my pious breast ;
Once, and but once, the tale you 'll stare at,
I visited a POET's garret,
When the Bard, smit with grateful zeal,
Awhile forgot his cheese and ale ;
Preferr'd me to each lovely dame,
Near *Vaga's* bank, or *Severn* stream ;
Invok'd each Muse my charms to tell,
That in his native mountains dwell ;
And while in verse my theme bewitches,
Regretting less the tatter'd breeches.—
Thus a wit's hand at last I fell in,
His ever-living SPLENDID SHILLING."

Here I would close my *élite* of DAVIES's works, though I leave many other of his effusions that have striking and original passages in them ; but I hope these extracts will recommend him, in your popular work, to the notice of a generous, enlightened, and impartial age.

" *No dispute upon taste,*" we are told ; but I may at least indulge the *wish*, if I must not call it the *hope*, that men of genius and virtue, regardless of the feeble Champion he has found, may admire the Poet, and may love the Man.

Your affectionate

GEO. HARDINGE.

TO JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, *Walton Grove, Mar. 9, 1816.*

I have received a mass of recent acquisitions to my DAVIES-IANA.

To save myself a little trouble, as well as to overcome a difficulty, in adapting these new materials to the memoirs hitherto collected and arranged, *fallere et effugere*, I shall make a *Postscript* of all that I think worth your acceptance.

Dr. Thomas being ten years older, DAVIES appears uniformly in all his Letters, even of *badinage*, to mark the respect for him due to the difference of age. There is nothing so difficult, or so amiable, in the junior of the two ages.

It appears to me, that both of them were, like DAVIES's earlier friend *Lord Camden*, epicures, though not a hint appears that either of them was intemperate.

The Poet was fond of smoking his pipe, and bantered himself as being no hero in cavalry. He piques himself, however, upon his gun, and represents that he shot a buck with his own hand.

Thomas was a huntsman; but, except in occasional visits to his patron the *Earl of Oxford*, he appears to have been more stationary than DAVIES, who made frequent rambles, and especially into *North Wales*.

I am afraid that, although he calls himself a *Whig*, his personal affection to *Sir Watkin Williams Wynne*, the most popular man of his day, *Toryized* him, imperceptibly to himself. *Lady Wynne* appears to have been one of his favourites.

He was, at least, *very Anti-Walpolian*.

The

The Dean of Lichfield has obtained for me copies of three *Latin* exercises written by DAVIES at *Eton* school. I intend making extracts from them; but am arrested, *in limine*, by an elegant and accomplished man, the celebrated *Melmoth*, who, in *Fitz-osborne's* Letters (a most charming work, too little read) turns all *modern Latium in verse* into ridicule.

Perhaps I am prejudiced, my own father having made so brilliant a figure in that line of composition; but, as *Tully* said, "*libenter erro, nec mihi hunc errorem dum vivam extorqueri velim.*"

I make one previous remark, *ad homines*, to all the defamers of modern verse in the *Augustan* measure. I never met with any one of them who had the talent of writing it. *Dr. Johnson* holds it cheap. He wrote in it, and was *under par* in the attempt. He was not at home in it; and I have detected in him what, in the *régime* of *Eton* discipline, would have subjected him to the penalty which he inflicts upon *Milton* at College.

Mr. Melmoth's arguments do not surprize me, though I think them feeble, and a little disingenuous, because I recollect his Notes upon the *Letters of Cicero*, translated by him with such grace of eloquence that one hardly misses the original. But his notes are those of preconceived antipathy to all the public virtues of that wonderful creature, and much even of his domestic fame. They are comments of polemic asperity and spleen, many of them ungenerous, and ill argued, though specious in the surface.

One of his remarks upon the *Latin* Poet of modern periods can immediately be refuted. He demands, with an air of triumph, if any *post-Augustan* Bard, since the language became *dead*, has written a *considerable Poem* in *Latin* verse. I answer, by the celebrated work of *Isaac Hawkins Browne*, on the Immortality of the Soul. It is true that *he* could not have read that Poem when he wrote

wrote his defiance. But the after-existence of it proves that in theory he was wrong.

He says, the language was difficult, even to the *Romans* themselves; and that of course we have no chance, unless by patches of unequivocal plagiarism from *Virgil* and *Co.*; for that else we are not sure of the idiom.

I would first concede the *minor* of the syllogism, which, however, could be safely denied, and challenge him upon the *inference*.

If, by the occasional adoption of passages like these, an elegant and classical air can be given to a modern theme, it is *autant de gagné*; it is a difficulty overcome, and the effect is pleasing. Nay, to do this well, may as much distinguish a poetical ear and judgment, as if all the words and phrases had sprung from the writer alone.

There is a kind of surprize in wit, and *Locke* defines it as the union of two dissimilar images.

But where is the fact, that modern verse in *Latin* must be, for the sake of accuracy, a theft of the idiom in the very habit of the antient Poet? Is it in the Poem I have mentioned? Is it in *Mr. Gray's Alcaic* left at the *Grande Chartreuse*? and is it not an honour to the habit of an attempt at least in *Latin* verse, that such a man chose it as the vehicle of his poetical feelings, at the impulse of the moment, and with a sublime effect?

But I go further, and I ask if a knowledge of *Latin* idiom in verse or prose is not indispensable to a just perception of classical beauties; and, if it is, whether even the miscalculated ambition to attain it, though sure to end in failure, does not improve the taste?

Will any man, who knows the effect and principle of style, deny that a knowledge in the taste and charm of other languages improves eloquence in our own?

What

What shall be said of *Milton*? *Dr. Johnson*, who hates him with one of his *excellent hatreds* *, would have us believe that others have written at his youthful age better *Latin* verse than *he* wrote. It may be so, though it is new to me; but at least it will be admitted, by those who have an ear, that nothing in *Ovid* himself is more beautiful, and, I was going to say, more *Ovidian*, than his early and flowing verse in that measure.

It reminds me of a Pedant (like *Melmoth* in this article), who told me that “*Ovid* stood alone, and that half an ear would refute the counterfeit.”

I made believe to acquiesce; and repeated the following lines “*out of the Fasti*.” at a future day, under pretence of ridicule upon them, and of difficulty in making sense of them. He was enraptured when I took a *Milton* out of my pocket, and read them *from him*.

They are so beautiful of their kind, that I will insert them here, and close the discussion.

But can it be ever obliterated from the memory of dispassionate criticism, that *Warton*, another *Milton-hater*, affirmed in his first edition the following paradox:

MILTON HAD NO EAR!

He withdrew it afterwards, and without apology.

“Desere,”—*Phæbus* ait, “thalamos *Aurora* seniles;

“Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?”

“Te manet *Æolides* viridi venator in herbâ,

“Surge;—tuos ignes altus *Hymettus* habet.”

Flava verecundo *Dea* crimen in ore fatetur,

Et matutinos ocyùs urget equos.

Was *Paradise Lost* the worse for these lines?

* “He hates *Whigs*, and he hates the *Scotch*, &c.—He is an “*excellent hater*.”

Having

Having made these apologies, I will take the courage to lay before you DAVIES at *Eton* school, the writer of *Latin* verse.

Of course I shall not claim for him the merit of his patterns, *Ovid* and *Horace*. But the Reader will, I trust, give him credit for taste and feeling, even in these productions.

I will admit, beforehand, partial thefts of the kind which *Melmoth* has deprecated, but which, as far as they extend, are, in my conception, beauties, and marks of genius.

One of these compositions, in *Ovidian* measure and style, is upon *Jealousy*; and it will not elude the remark of the Reader, which I can venture to anticipate, with how much delicacy of judgment this Poet in his teens, a boy at school, has combined *Othello's* different soliloquies into one; or how he has varied them, without losing their spirit, in the extract I am now to lay before him.

Nec minùs ardescit furis agitatus *Othello*,
 Invitisque gemens polluit ora sonis.
 Non mihi * *Lethæo* perfusa papavera somno
 Jam referunt pulsi munera cara dei;
 Pallida lassatos macies depascitur artus,
 Anxiaque in fixo lumine cura sedet;
 Ingruit atra dies, et noctis amarior umbra est,
 Dum fædo læsus crimine sordet amor.
 Mens tranquilla vale, et virtus quascunque corollas
 Texuerit nostris ambitiosa comis.
 Non animum exacuunt *Mars* et *Bellona* dolentem,
 Ingratos edit buccina rauca sonos.
 Jam *Stygiâ Nemesis*—*Vindicta*que surgit ab undâ,
 Sanguineo cedit corde sepultus amor.
 Ut pereat lasciva,—novos ne perdat amantes,
 Una dies vitam finiet, una dolos.

* Admirably varied and shifted from *Desdemona* to *him*.

These

These are manly, affecting, and spirited lines, in the best manner of both his models.

The other subject was that of *Despair*; to illustrate which, he selects *Milton's* eloquent speech of *Mammon*.

Thus early was DAVIES's predilection for *Britain's Homer*.

Here too, which is a discipline of infinite use in forming the poetical taste of boys, he has aimed at the tone and spirit of the *English* original, clothed in a Pagan habit, and with Lyric melody.

As to his plagiarism, if it must be so called, from *Horace*, I take the liberty of expressing my opinion that it is not servile enough to degrade the copyist, and is ingenious enough to recommend his judgment in the passages which mark his imitation of so exquisite a model.

Orci per ædes turba silens favet

Gratè elocuto conciliantibus

MAMMONE—"Demens fortitudo

"Quò rapit et malesana virtus?

"Pulsus redibit scilicet acrior,

"Et marte cælum proteret irrito!

"—Speremne cum spes ipsa fugit?

"Stratus humi superare coner?

"Te quod negatum est quidlibet impotens

"Sperare in armis, te, SATANA, incitat

"Vindicta?—surgas;—et sub orco

"Præcipitem ejicias tyrannum!

"Te, cinctum in armis, instrue!—lugubris

"Fortuna sævâ clade iterabitur:

"Victusne victorem lacessit?

"Nec metues MICHAELIS ensem?

"Vindicta

- " Vindicta fallax ! plùs vice simplici
 " Assurgit ultor ; desuper igneüs
 " Intorquet ignes ; pœna vindex
 " Crescit et ingeminat procellam.
 " Cœlo tonantem sensimus obruti,
 " Regumque Regem :—Scimus ut arbiter
 " In bella se accingens per altum
 " Fulmineis equitârit alis.
 " *Tunc* experiri vim decuit : Jacet
 " Effracta virtus ;—sulphure livido
 " Involvitur ;— quis tela sumet
 " *Tartareis* manicis gravatus ?
 " Salusne aperta est hostibus in jugo
 " Cœlum obsidebunt ?—Fulmina muniunt
 " Et Fata portas,—an tonantem
 " Compositis veneremur armis ?
 " Absiste, cui victoria denegat
 " Palmam, à duello : seriùs induit
 " Ille arma, cui victorem opimus
 " Fallere et effugere est triumphus."

In December 1741, DAVIES wrote the following spirited advice to the QUEEN OF HUNGARY. *General Newperg* had been defeated, and *Prague* had been taken.

LINES TO THE QUEEN OF HUNGARY,

AFTER THE LOSS OF PRAGUE.

'Tis not *thy* fault that *Europe* is undone ;
 Retire ; enjoy the calm and setting sun
 While yet the conscious dignity remains,
 Nor base compliance wears the *Gallic* chains :

Assume

Assume the glories of the fallen brave,
 Nor deem *that* lost, which valour could not save.
 Know there is triumph in well-earn'd distress,
 'Tis thine,—let others quake at their success.
 The princely dupes, of half thy realms possess;
 E'en leave the field, and blast them with the rest:
 Leave them, O leave them, to the curs'd event,
 To reign, and sigh—to conquer, and repent.
 See *Fleury* with one hand presents the Crown,
 The other hides the scourge within the gown.

Thus *France* rewards her gay confed'rate slaves,
 The *Prussian* Boy shall have the rod he craves;
 And *Poland*, on his sons, if he prevail,
 Descending servitude, not crowns, eutail.

Who would not trust such venerable things
 As hoary Prelates, and Most Christian Kings?
 A violated faith, unheard, and new is,
 In successors of *Mazarine* and *Louis*!

But see the *Eagle* to *Bavaria* flown,
 Happy the man who mounts the *Roman* throne;
 Happy to flutter in Imperial plumes,
 With length of titles, and with sound of drums.
 Eas'd of all pow'r, that *Gallia* shall supply
 For her good cousin, brother, and ally!

From *thine*, what memorable aids ensue
 (Firm to thy int'rest, if their own they knew),
 Let unimpassion'd History declare,
 To make the future generation stare.

Retire thou peaceful to *Etruria's* seat,
 In soul, superior to all sceptres, great;

There

There shall kind *Neptune* fence the wat'ry bound ;
 There Nature stretch her guardian-hills around.
 No more thy towns be sack'd, thy armies bleed,
 But noble arts to diadems succeed.
 There shall thy joys begin ;—thy labour ends,
 Secure from Foes, Relations, *Turks*, and *Friends*.

Her Majesty, I dare say, like other Ladies upon similar occasions, thanked Mr. DAVIES ; and went her own way.

I have just received many other Letters, in the original of *Lord Camden*, to his friend.

One of them is dated the 29th of November 1742, and being, as I think, an excellent Letter in itself, I copy it here.

“ DEAR DAVIES, November 29, 1742.

“ I am obliged to you for your Letter, and shall
 “ be for your verses when I receive them, which I
 “ have not yet; for, though *Whaley* has brought
 “ them to town, *Naylor* * has laid hold of them,
 “ and he detains them.

“ You desire to know how the world goes : I
 “ might bid you come and see ; for a man who lives
 “ apart and sequestered from the reach of all news,
 “ and that wilfully too, deserves to hear none.

“ I suppose you know, in general, the temper of
 “ Parliament ; and of its monitors : the desperate
 “ instructions of *your friends, the Tories*, have
 “ shewn clearly enough *their* hope to be that of con-
 “ fusion. In a word, finding *they* are as obnoxious,
 “ even since the change of Administration, as be-
 “ fore, and as far distant from *places*, the only mo-
 “ tives in this age to conversion : they cry out against

* *John Naylor*, of *King's College, Cambridge*, B. A. 1730 ;
 M. A. 1734 ; D. D. 1749.

“ the

“ the new Ministers with more vehemence than
 “ against the old, and want already, to *reform* their
 “ own *reformation*.—They are, it seems, betrayed ;
 “ they are deserted ; and they denounce vengeance
 “ against those who, as they assert, have deluded them.

“ To-morrow is appointed for an impeachment of
 “ *Lord O.* upon the *Report* of the *Secret Commit-*
 “ *tee*. This is the last card they have left ; and they
 “ hope it may have one or other of these conse-
 “ quences—either to carry their point by the assist-
 “ ance of their old friends the New Ministers ; or, if
 “ they should refuse their concurrence, to make
 “ them universally odious. What the event will be,
 “ cannot be seen with certainty at present, but *Lord*
 “ *Orford's* friends are very sanguine. They, in-
 “ deed, appear to be confident of success.

“ If this point should be lost, the Session will be
 “ an easy one ; for the majority of the House, upon
 “ all other questions in support of the new men, will
 “ beat all opposition down.

“ However, I must inform you that all the new
 “ placemen are not satisfied. *Lord Gower* will cer-
 “ tainly resign, as will my *Lord Cobham*, and of
 “ course *Pitt* and *Lyttelton*, who remain still in the
 “ opposition, but will be forced, as I hear, to quit
 “ the service of the *Heir Apparent*.”

“ Dec. 2, 1742.

“ I left off, as you see, and postponed the convey-
 “ ance of my Letter, to give you an account of the
 “ *Great Motion*, and of its result.

“ It was moved yesterday to revive the Committee
 “ of Enquiry against *Lord Orford* ; but the Motion
 “ was lost. The Numbers against it were 253 ; for
 “ it 187.

“ All the new Ministers were firm to *Lord*
 “ *Orford* at this time ; for they looked upon it as
 “ rather

“ rather an attack upon them, in its object, than upon him.

“ They menace other questions of the same kind ; but I suspect this majority will discourage them from any further attempt.

“ *Mr. Murray*, who is made Solicitor-General, was introduced yesterday into the House, and voted as one of the majority.

“ Here, I think, are politics enough. How they will please *you*, I cannot even guess ; for the people at a distance from town have conceived so inveterate a hatred against *Ministers* and *Courts*, that I am afraid they would never like *any* Government, where either of those two parties are concerned.

“ You tell me that *Liberty* and *Opposition* are my proper sphere. Perhaps they are ; but these words have been perverted, by those who have used them to such wild and strange purposes, that I am half sick of them, and would preserve the medium, if I could find it, between a bad government, and the opposite alternative—no government at all.

“ The last Instructions are so outrageous, that I am ashamed of calling them *Liberty* ; for to me they appear to mean the coarse and brutal fierceness of *Misrule*, and of *Anarchy*. Therefore, if a party should rise to *oppose* the *Opposers*, I would join them, and be in the *Opposition* still.

“ Yours most affectionately, C. PRATT.”

I cannot help touching here upon a curious and whimsical coincidence between two future Chancellors, the first *Lord Hardwicke*, and the first *Lord Camden*.

I had the singular good fortune to read a series of Letters like this, written by the first of these great men to a Country Gentleman, his friend, when he had just commenced his professional career. They are easy, natural, and pleasant, relating anecdotes, like
like

like these, in a most entertaining manner, and apparently well informed in the political circles of the day.

Nothing is more amiable than such attentions to an absent and rural friend, as calculated for the single object of social benevolence.

DAVIES, who was proud of his newsman, conveys a copy of this Letter to *Dr. Thomas*, and, piqued against him, proposes to his friend a reply to him, in these words:

“ DEAR PRATT,

“ By *Opposers* to the *Opposition*, I suppose you mean the Court and the Ministers; to whom if you are not already a convert, I foresee that you will be, and speedily too.”

But whatever *in jest* he intimates here to his political associate, his nature was too gentle, and his partiality for the writer too deeply rooted, for even this ridicule upon him.

In the following January we find *Mr. Pratt* engaged at *King's College* in the election of a new Provost.

“ DEAR SNEYD,

* * * “ We are all busy in the choice of a new Provost. *George* and *Thackeray* are the candidates.—*George* has all the power and weight of the Court interest; but I am for *Thackeray*—so that I am *at present a Patriot*, and vehemently declaim against all unstatutable influence.

“ The College are so divided, that your friends the *Tories* may turn the balance if they will: but, if they should be moody, and either absent themselves, or nominate a third man, *Chapman* for example, *Thackeray* will be discomfited.

“ Why

“ Why are not *you* a Doctor? We could chuse
 “ *you* against all opposition.—However, I insist upon
 “ it, that you shall qualify against the next vacancy,
 “ —for, since you will not come to *London*, and
 “ wear lawn sleeves, you may stay where you are,
 “ and be a Provost.

“ *Frederick Cornwallis*, who is come to *London*,
 “ will solicit *Snape's* Prebend. You wish him suc-
 “ cess, I know; but I fancy he must wait till another
 “ turn.

“ We think the Session will be short, and that
 “ you will see your Patriot friends in the country
 “ soon.

“ I perceive that we differ somewhat in our poli-
 “ tics.—But I do not care; we agree well enough in
 “ the main, and we had best, I think, defer any further
 “ mention of these topics till we can debate them
 “ over a bottle.

“ I rejoice in your verses.”

I have principally copied this Letter for the pur-
 pose of marking a simplicity in *DAVIES*, not unwor-
 thy of the *Rev. Mr. Abraham Adams*.

He writes the moment he has received this Letter
 to his friend at *Presteigne*; and, construing the light
 phrase of good-humoured flattery as a concerted opi-
 nion of the College, he writes these words:

“ *Audi, Amicitia! aliter non dixerim*. You know,
 “ I suppose, that a new Provost is to be chosen at
 “ *King's*.—This to me is no actual success, but a
 “ little self-satisfaction.

“ There is much division amongst them, three
 “ candidates on different grounds of interest; *but*
 “ *I am told that I should carry it against all*
 “ *opposition*—but am not of standing enough by
 “ one year. It may be *impudence* to add, that they
 “ seem *determined to have a statutable election*,—
 “ one of their own choosing, without Court influence!

“ Yours ever,

S. D.”

“ Upon

Upon the celebrated party-contest between *Lestock* and *Mathews*, DAVIES wrote a most animated epigram in honour to the memory of *Cornwall*, who was killed in the action.

I have a short Letter of *Thomas*, dated May 1744.

“ I see *Lestock* and *Cornwall* are got into the Evening Post, which got hither to-day.—They seem to have been put in by *Velters*, or some friend of *his*; for you see they are inscribed to *Mr. Cornwall*; and I warrant you there are several who have claimed the merit of them.

“ *Sic vos non vobis.*

Tuus T. T.”

I have these lines in DAVIES's hand, and copy them with enthusiasm.

What is the vollied bolt's corporeal maim
Of limbs dissever'd—to a blasted name!
Laurels and honours wait the mangled brave,
With *his whole fame* descending to his grave.
Who does not hail the gallant *Cornwall's* wound?
Who does not spurn at *L—k* safe and sound?
Spare the fond sigh!—and *Britain's* tears be shed
For dastards living—not for heroes dead!



It happens whimsically that I possess a Letter intended for his friend *Mr. Pratt*, but not sent.—I have no doubt that he thought it uninteresting, for he had no mercy, and gave no quarter to his own works.

It appears to me worthy of his pen.

“ DEAR PRATT,

“ You know you saw me in town: we dined together at a tavern, and I was to breakfast with you the next morning; but, upon a serious computa-

L

“ tion

“ tion with myself, I found the time destined for my
 “ absence outrun by some days, and away I scam-
 “ pered.

“ It is well I did, for I came home just in time
 “ for business. This I know, that I missed seeing
 “ *Mr. Hardinge*, whom it was my full intention to
 “ see; and, if I had not been misinformed, I should
 “ certainly have called at *Kingston*.—I shall be glad
 “ to be better acquainted with him, *and in less awe*
 “ *of him*, which a little time would bring about.

“ Between *Windsor* and *Wokingham*, in the Fo-
 “ rest, I mused not a little about you and me, and
 “ versified boyishly enough: but since forgot our
 “ contrary situations, tending to the same point of
 “ dullness and of indifference, one by weight of bu-
 “ siness *perhaps* hereafter, the other through idle-
 “ ness; you working at Law till you become insensi-
 “ ble to joy, when I shall quietly sink into nothing.

“ I recollect, however, to have lately heard that
 “ you had thoughts of matrimony.

“ This will destroy the comparison between us,
 “ and will turn the balance of advantage to your
 “ side. It will keep you awake and alert, better
 “ than *Grand Cyrus* *, after a long cause at *West-*
 “ *minster*.

“ When I began to write, I thought I had a great
 “ deal of humour for you; see what it is—tamed
 “ and checked in the very act of writing what you
 “ will not answer.—Why then do I send it? Why?
 “ It is to let you know that I am

“ Yours affectionately,

S. D.”

“ July 22, 1748 †.

* *Lord Camden* had in every part of his life a passion for the old Romances, and I believe he had read every one of them.

† It may sound a paradox, but I must correct this date, though it is in *DAVIES*'s hand, and should think it a mistake of *ten years* if it is a mistake, for his figure 3 is not unlike a 4, and *vice versa*.

I think

I think it is clear that in 1761 he had *solicited* preferment; for one expression contained in *Lord Camden's* Letter to him, dated in that year, which I possess in the original, marks it without asserting it.

“DEAR DAVIES, *Camden Place, Sept. 13, 1761.*
 * * * * “As to yourself, my old friendship and
 “esteem will always preserve you in my thoughts
 “*without the aid of a memorandum*; but God
 “knows whether I shall have interest or authority
 “enough to obtain *Church preferments, &c. &c.*
 “C. PRATT.”

What is the inference from the contrast? That man is ignorant of himself, and is like *Benedick*, who did not *think of being ever married* when he *said he would live a Bachelor!*

There is another passage in this Letter, not a little striking, from that credulous, amiable, and fond simplicity of character which constituted a leading feature in the portrait now before us. Though *Mounteney* had neglected him, and had not even acknowledged the receipt of his Letter; yet, because in a convivial meeting between him and *Pratt*, their common friend, he was kind in his inquiries after the Rector of *Kingsland*—he affirms with pride that no friend ever deceived him!

He appears to have been fond of humour and wit, but never to have courted it; though, if it fairly came across him, he picked it up, dropped it again, and thought of it no more.

In 1739, Dec. 23, at an early period of the intercourse with *Presteigne*, he writes, in this natural and familiar style, a charming Letter to his new friend.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ When I return you many thanks for your kind
 “ Letter of Saturday last, I must at the same time
 “ acquaint you that I fear you have a good deal to
 “ answer for, in speaking so favourably of certain
 “ rhymes ; for you must know that I grew vain upon
 “ it, and continued in that state for half an hour,
 “ till, after searching into the merits of the cause, I
 “ found that certain things, called *Partiality* and
 “ *Candour*, at the best had perverted a judgment
 “ which, unbiassed, is of sterling value. I agree
 “ that you shall keep what is the subject of this de-
 “ tection, that you may be convinced, at your lei-
 “ sure, how much you have proved yourself in the
 “ wrong.

“ To dissemble with you no more, I will now
 “ disclose the fact, that I enclosed these trifles to
 “ entice you into something infinitely superior out
 “ of *your* hands; for I dare say the Muses are no
 “ strangers in your house. You see that I am a man
 “ of the world, and that I have interest in view.

“ As folks from mud-wall'd tenement

“ Bring landlords pepper-corn as rent,

“ Present a turkey or a hen

“ To those might better spare 'em ten :

“ Ev'n so—says *Matthew Prior*—I,

“ For first men instance, then apply,

“ Send you ————— a homely letter,

“ Who may return me a much better.

“ *Dr. Cranke's* * horse, upon which I had pro-
 “ posed a visit in *Presteigne*, has constant employ-
 “ ment under *him* ; but I shall with all practicable
 “ speed look out for another. To convince you that

* This gentleman eludes all search after him, though he ap-
 pears to have been very much admired and beloved by DAVIES,
 and by all his friends. He was a Physician ; and lived at *Eyton*
Hall, about three miles from *Kingsland*.

“ *Presteigne*

“ *Presteigne* is in my thoughts, I acquaint you
 “ that I have discovered a new way to it by the help
 “ of road connoisseurs ;—but how shall I be accurate
 “ in spelling it—through *Conhope*, over *Darvel* *,
 “ and through or near *Lye*, or a name somewhat
 “ like it.

“ I intend putting these theories into the earliest
 “ experiment ; and I hope to give you an account of
 “ the new-found passage at your own house the week
 “ after next.

“ Is not there a sea-passage in the North of *Ame-*
 “ *rica* which has the name of DAVIES’S STREIGHTS ?
 “ But how shall I establish the application ? The
 “ last question is not so foolish as the former. But
 “ I have stepped into nonsense before I was aware
 “ of it.

“ Have you seen the *Enquiry into the Meaning*
 “ *of Demoniacs in Scripture* †, and the *Answer* ‡ to
 “ it. I intended a longer chat ; but the Fates, in the
 “ shape of supper on the table, and company just
 “ come in, will not have it so.

“ Your affectionate humble servant,

“ SN. DAVIES.”

I have laid stress on the felicity of DAVIES in the acquisition of such a neighbour, genius, guide, and friend, as THOMAS. He seems to have been struck with him when he solicited correspondence with him in 1737. He had not been possessed of his little Rectory, a feather compared with *Presteigne*, which he calls in one of his Letters *a fat Rectory*. Their

* He is generally facetious upon these roads, and in one of his early banters upon them he calls the rocks on one side *Comb-lane* and on the other *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. Who will believe me when I say, that in 1815, at the distance of more than 70 years, they are very little improved ?—I have experienced the *infandum dolorem*.

† By the Rev. *Dr. William Worthington*, a *Welsh* Divine.

‡ By the Rev. *Dr. Hugh Farmer*.

fate

late is different: the latter has fallen off; the former has become "*fat*."

In 1751 DAVIES lost his friend, who died in that year at the very age which DAVIES attained at the time of *his* death, near twenty years afterwards, *fifty-nine*; a disparity of years which makes their friendship more honourable to both of them.

I have a copy of THOMAS's will.—He makes DAVIES a co-executor. He leaves him his Cornelian seal, set in gold, with the head of *Plato* done by *Mr. Christian*; his rough tortoise-shell tobacco-stopper finished with gold, and two diamonds; and whatever books he shall chuse out of his collection; and he returns those which DAVIES had given to him out of his uncle's library; the six pictures bought by the Testator at *Lawton*; and the silver candlestick for wax-light, formerly his uncle's.

After marking where he wished they would bury him, he desires a marble slab, or brass plate, with a short inscription, in *English* or *Latin*, which he desires may be drawn up by his dear friend the *Rector of Kingsland*; a last favour, which he makes no doubt that he will readily grant to one so long acquainted with his great virtues, and who loved and honoured him accordingly.

Is it credible?—No—but it is true—that of this inscription, *known* to have been written—in *Latin*—there is not a vestige to be found! In some of the church-improvements it has been *mis-laid*—another word for *lost* and *thrown away*.

Upon the 4th of July 1740 he writes thus:

"DEAR DOCTOR,

"I wish myself joy of my arrival at *Kingsland*,
"within six miles of my good friend.

"A few hours before I left *Berkshire*, I received
"a Letter from you, in answer to mine from *Lon-*
"don, which helped me to set out in good spirits.

* In which county he had visited *Mr. Dodd* at *Swallowfield*.

"Several

“Several friends accompanied me as far as *Gloucestershire* *; and in the way to it we made a circle through *Newbery*, and paid our homage to old *Chaucer's* mansion.

“Where can I with more propriety mention *Pope* than after naming his parent? How unhappy was I, in ignorance of the fact that I should have been welcome under his roof! But, had I known it, how could the knowledge avail me? *I had no one to introduce me* †. Some time or other I may possibly be introduced by yourself, and then I cannot fail to be well received.

“The enclosed Ode was written by *Mr. Hardinge* after visiting *Pope*; which I send you, that you may wonder, as I do, they are not better acquainted.
SN. DAVIES.”

HORTI POPIANI; WRITTEN IN 1738.

POPII fas sit nemus, et penates
 Ingredi; quamvis strepitum malignæ
 Plebis, hinc grato vacuus sub antro,
 Spernit, et arcet ‡.

Ipse *Musarum* comes, et virentis
 Hortuli cultor, per amœna vatis
 Rura vicini, pede non profano,
 Dum licet, errem;

Quò ducas, quò me rapitis, *Camœna*,
 Saxeis lætum latebris, et antri
Semitâ § lætum *Thamesisque* fluctu
 Prætereuntis.

* Where he visited his friend *Mr. Cambridge*, at *Whitminster*, near *Stroud*.

† Such was the *modesty* (upon the verge of *mauvaise honte*) inseparable from the habit of his life.

‡ See *Mr. Pope's* Epistle to *Dr. Arbuthnot*,—

“*Shut, shut the door, &c.*”

§ “*Fallentis semitâ vitæ*” is inscribed on the entrance of this grotto.

Me levis lymphæ trepidante rivo
 Sparge, muscosi mihi *Nai* venas
 Fontis, et sacros penitùs cavernæ
 Pande recessus.

Est tuum, fessi renovare nervos
 Ingeni;—nec vos, *Lemures*, coruscis
 Dedecet conchis domino * *coronam*
 Nectere vestro.

Quis procul summo lapis in vireto
 Candet?—agnosco memoris querelæ
 Signa, et incisam meritâ † parentis
 Laude columnam.

Quò vagor? magnis simulata cernam
 Tecta, apum sedes? caveämne lentis
 Quà salex ramis tremulâque mœrens
 Imminet umbrâ?

An toros herbæ magis, an comantis
 Copiam sylvæ, nitidæque mirer
 Plurimum lauri decus, an patentis
 Læve palæstræ

Gramen? O quis me speculâ reponet
 Frondeï collis, juga quâ supinæ
 Clara *Shenææ* ‡, vitreumque latè
 Prospicit amnem?

* A piece of shell-work in the form of a *crown* supported by pillars. It is here supposed a work of the *Fairies*.

† An obelisk erected by *Mr. Pope* to the memory of his Mother: "Ah *Editha* vale, matrum optima, *mulierum* § *amantissima*."

‡ *Richmond*, formerly called *Shene-hill*, till the reign of *Hen. VII.* For the sake of the verse the word *Shena* is lengthened.

§ With submission to *Mr. Pope*, I cannot admire the *Latinity* of his idiom, which makes the compliment so equivocal, that it would suit the gallantries of *Supho*. G. H.—The same objection to this epithet has been made by others.

Talis *, O *Musæ*, ferar ipse, vestro
 Fonte decurrens,— nec iners, nec acer,
 Plenus, at ripæ patiens, profundo
 Flumine purus.

Quid novâ posco prece? me procacis
 Barbito solers levioire cantu
Musa me nugis voluit jocisque
Fallere vitam †.

Littore hoc saltèm viridante tecum
 Considens *Flaccum* videar ‡ tueri,
 Dicta depascar || tua, sub cavernæ
 Tegmine, POPE.

“ April 11, 1744.

* * * “ I could wish you had not shewn *Mr. Proctor* the lines on ———. They are trifling,
 “ and he really had no intention of plaguing me
 “ with a visit, and such a notion reported might put

* Imitation of the celebrated lines in *Denham* :
 “ O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My bright example as it is my theme !
 Though deep yet clear, though gentle never dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.”

A Spanish writer commends *Manzanures*, the river of *Madrid*, for *not* being *deep*, for *not* being *full*, for *not* being *navigable*, and polluted with traffick.

† *Fallentis vita*—*Pope's* inscription, above quoted.

‡ In imitation of the compliment paid by *Mr. Pope* himself to *Mr. Pelham*, in the Dialogue entitled, *One thousand seven hundred and thirty eight* :

“ Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful grove,
 Where *Kent* with Nature vies for *Pelham's* love,
 The scene, the master op'ning to my view,
 I sit, and dream I see my *Craggs* anew.”

§ A metaphor borrowed from *Lucretius* :

“ Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
 Omnia nos itidem *depascimur aurea dicta*
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ.”

“ it

“ it into the fellow’s head. It was told me in jest—
 “ though my contempt for the man is so very supe-
 “ rior to my abhorrence, that, if he came hither to-
 “ night, I would send him a-packing to-morrow as
 “ sure as his name is ——.”

I have copied this extract for the purpose of shewing that one of the best-natured beings upon earth could be personally bitter, and for the purpose of introducing the verse to which he alludes.—It is more bitter still, but a most brilliant specimen of satirical powers.

That he had these powers at command many little escapes like this from his pen would prove.—But his temper and benevolence kept them in order, and at bay.

His were, in general, the energies of a moralizing spirit.—But, that he *could* write with *personal asperity*, the following spirited impromptu upon the subject of this *Mr.* —— will afford ample evidence; and the Reader will be much pleased with it for its mock-heroic solemnity, which, I think, was the favourite cast of his humour. At the same time he has copied the polished grace of *Pope* in his numbers with happy effect.

AD PRIAPUM;

Sent to a Friend at Cambridge, to be read to ——
 on hearing that he intended him a visit.

Droll, heathen pow’r;—divinity obscene;
 Save the ripe fruit, and keep the garden clean.
 Come in thy tatter’d coat, and paunch of straw,
 Terror of thieves;—thy wooden rapier draw,
 Assist and guard me from the rifling foe,
 And shake thy turnip-noddle at the crow,

With

With rustling gales redouble thy alarms,
 And, if thou canst, avert all other harms!
 Avert—what more I fear than jays or owls,
 I tell thee—'tis a visit—and from ——.

It has often struck me that in every man's life extraordinary and romantic felicities may be found, as well as extraordinary misadventures. I have seen it in the first *Lord Camden's* life, and felt it in my own. *Family pictures* would be a romance in every house, little or great, if they could be faithfully delineated, as they are by *Augustine Fontaine*.

It was a boon of the Fairies, that, just at the period of DAVIES's heaviest blow, the loss of his friend at *Presteigne, Cornwallis* had become the Bishop of *Lichfield*; and by his endearing attentions made the remainder of his life a scene of delightful intercourse with him, and with a most interesting sett of literary men at *Lichfield*, who were charmed with him, and left the most affectionate memorials of him behind them which tradition has preserved. All his few Letters upon the subject of this Prelate make one love them both.

Every word in DAVIES breathes a “*language of the heart.*”

He writes thus to his friend at *Presteigne*.

“DEAR DOCTOR,

Feb. 5, 1749-50.

“Saturday night's post brought me a letter, penned by *my Lord of Lichfield*; who takes me at *my word* *, and says that I have freed him from a difficulty which had perplexed him, the choice of a proper Chaplain;—a point, he adds, of the

* Does not this prove that he had *asked for it*?

“utmost

“ utmost consequence; for, after much thought, he
 “ could fix upon no one that would answer his pur-
 “ pose; that, if he could have thought I would have
 “ accepted, he would have immediately offered it *.
 “ He desires I would be *domestic*, so that we might
 “ live together a good part of the year; and, though
 “ he cannot promise great things, he will find some-
 “ thing worth my acceptance †. In short, it is a
 “ most friendly and kind Letter—in the fair spirit
 “ of his early acquaintance with me. As he desired
 “ an answer immediate, as to the point of being *do-*
 “ *mestic*, at least of my appearing ‡ in that character
 “ when he should be at *Lichfield*, by last night’s post
 “ I consented.—It was too late for consulting friends
 “ (yourself); and I had gone too far before to think
 “ of receding.

“ Thus, against former and vehement resolutions,
 “ I am become a dependant—but I surrender to an
 “ intimate and an old friend, *which makes a differ-*
 “ *ence* §.

“ Do you not wonder that I should find him per-
 “ fectly disengaged, and that neither his Relations,
 “ nor the Ministry, should at all interfere?

“ Well—I am in for it, and may be lost in the mud,
 “ if not even drowned; but I dare believe that I have
 “ strength and vigour enough to swim out again,
 “ and recover land, whenever it may suit me. I will
 “ not venture out of reach from the shore.

“ How will *Harrons* applaud his keen sagacity!
 “ for it appears || the Bishop did really think I would
 “ not accept; and you know I promised you in print
 “ that we should *wear no liveries, &c.*

* Here again is the simplicity of DAVIES’S character.—“ *Credula res amor est.*”

† He showered upon him whatever he could give.

‡ How charming was the delicacy of the condition! It was like *Alworthy’s* lodgings in town to be *kept for him*, who scarce ever used them, by *Mrs. Miller*, who was to *let them* in the mean time.

§ Oh, what a self-deceiver is man!

|| Simplicity again!

“ Seriously,

“ Seriously, may not this appointment, as I am
 “ in effect sole Chaplain, *put it in my power to do*
 “ *some little good* *; which I have more at heart
 “ (you must not call it vanity) than all preferments
 “ in the world ?

“ Perhaps I am too sanguine, having so little ac-
 “ quaintance with mankind ; and you, who know
 “ more of it, may foresee difficulties which do not
 “ occur to me. Yours ever, S. D.”

June 25, 1750, he dates from the Bishop's Palace
 at *Eccleshall*, in the county of *Stafford*.

“ MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Eccleshall Castle* ; for a
 Castle it is, and shall be.

“ Am not I tardy in writing ? But can you not
 “ suppose that my time has been pretty much taken
 “ up between attendance and company, morning
 “ and afternoon excursions ? You must know that,
 “ by his Lordship's good permission, I am pre-emi-
 “ nent as a *Rambler* far and near. The late Bishop's
 “ Chaplain and Secretary declare that I have seen
 “ more of the County in less than a fortnight than
 “ either of them has done in a course of nine years.

“ You will rejoice with me that all things are to
 “ my perfect content and satisfaction. The Bishop's
 “ behaviour is free and kind. These, you will say,
 “ are too early days for conjecture to rest upon
 “ them ; yet, knowing as I do (and have done for
 “ years) the man, as well as my own resolution,
 “ never to intrude or trespass upon his amiable tem-
 “ per, I venture to believe that I shall find him ever
 “ the same. He remembers the host at *Presteigne*.

“ As I honour him, it is with cordial pleasure that
 “ I observe his obliging treatment of all the world ;

* Simplicity again ! He is a casuist without meaning it.

“ though

haps at a period not very distant from this. At all events I insert them here.

TO LORD ANSON.

Thy course in various travel has been run,
 O'er paths illumin'd by the rising sun.
 Here, ANSON, rest ; thy labour is no more ;
 Waves and the tempest recommend the shore.
 See from this port the length of Ocean past,
 Look from this *Eden* to its dreary waste !
 Serene, enjoy the contrast of thy pains,
 The burning sand, the aromatic plains.
 Here to reflection thirsty deserts brought,
 Here groves of citron through the gales be caught !
 The boast of *Europe* and of *Asia* thine,
 Their bloom and their decay for thee combine ;
 The radiant splendour in *Versailles* display'd,
 And the mild beauty in *Frescati's* shade ;
 Where fretted gold *Elcairo's* roof adorns,
 And *Balbec* her majestic ruin mourns ;
 On the main'd architrave in shrubs o'er-grown,
 The living eagle soars in sculptur'd stone,
Jove in the wreck, still awful and sublime :
 Barbarian ravage, and the worm of Time,
 To charm thy view, restrain their havock's power,
 Spare the rent pillars, and the falling tower ;
Palmyra's columns to thy mansion guide,
 And bid *Minerva's* Fane resume its pride.

Can thy fond wish beyond possession roam,
 And sigh for Arts or Nature's charms at home ?
 Can fam'd *Pactylus* grace a richer mead,
 Or *Tempe's* lawn a softer carpet spread ?

May

May not that broken pile's disorder'd state
 Express in emblem all-consuming fate ;
 Recall in lov'd remains departed skill,
 Grace the memorial, and the wonder still ?
 Upon that storied marble cast thine eye,
 The scene commands a moralizing sigh ;
 Ev'n in *Arcadia's* bless'd *Elysian* plains,
 Amidst the laughing Nymphs, and sportive swains,
 See festal joy subside, with melting grace,
 And pity visit the half-smiling face ;
 Where now the dance, the lute, the nuptial feast,
 The passion throbbing in the lover's breast ?
 Life's emblem here, in youth and vernal bloom,
 But Reason's finger pointing at the tomb !

Yet, while thou may'st, enjoy, and love the bow'r,
 With soul sedate above the passing hour,
 Behold thy Oriental structures rise,
 Though turban'd pride, and Sultans they despise ;
 From servile climes their *Grecian* arts demand,
 And rear *Athenian* domes in Freedom's land.

These lines, elegant, ingenious, and appropriate as they are, come with a disadvantage against them to me; for I was presented by *Mr. Anson* himself at the time of my visit with a Poem on the same topic, written by his neighbour and friend, the father of this *Lord Bagot*, which I cannot enough lament that I either mislaid, or gave or lent away, especially as I never could obtain a copy of them.—I am pretty sure they exist; but where they are now deposited, I have reason to fear that it is under the hermetical seal of his request, that no copy of them should be taken. I recollect in particular the affecting Episode of his Muse upon the "*Et in Arcadia ego*," to which DAVIES alludes.

To resume the Bishop : — Amongst the papers at *Kingsland* are two kind Letters, friendly and confidential as if his brother had written them, from the Bishop to his Chaplain, one of them in 1766.

Let us also resume *Lord Camden*. I have two or three short Letters from him to his *Eton* friend, which are proofs that his affection to him had not cooled, or lost its youthful spirit. It appears too that in the Letter of the Bishop, dated September 1766, he tells DAVIES he had just been to congratulate their *friend the Chancellor*.

I shall give the Letters word for word as I have them before me ; and shall then make a short comment on them, reinforced by personal recollections.

Lady Knowles, in the kindest manner, shares my zeal for the vindication of *Lord Camden* ; and reasons well upon the calumny of supposing that he was cool to his friend, who never complains of it— and kept all his Letters, which breathed affection to the last.

“ DEAR DAVIES,

May 1741.

“ Your horse, your cyder, and your Letters, are
 “ all come safe, and I am in your debt upon the
 “ balance £.3. 2s. 6d. The horse neither has
 “ been tried nor seen, though I dare say it will an-
 “ swer ; your Letters are good ; and your cyder is
 “ excellent ; so that you have reason to be satisfied
 “ in every point. The cyder is approved, even more
 “ than perhaps you desire, when you read the con-
 “ sequence of its popularity. *Mr. Page* and his
 “ brother *Sir Gregory* have urged me to intercede
 “ with you for two hogsheads more ; and I was
 “ pressed so earnestly that I could not refuse. How-
 “ ever, I told them it was not fair you should be at
 “ such trouble *gratis* ; but that, in return, they
 “ should give me leave to introduce you as their
 “ guest when you shall come into these parts. This,
 “ if I know you and them, will be an ample reward.

“ I have

“ I have not yet seen *Hardinge* since your last,
 “ but can venture to answer for him, that he will
 “ assign his claim to me.

“ Our Letters begin to be the correspondence of
 “ two merchants; and I cannot advise you better
 “ than to set up for a cyder-factor, and claim so
 “ much for commission, to learn accounts, and the
 “ art of drawing bills—nay, once in a winter to see
 “ your customers, and settle your accompts.

“ As you are *determined not* to rise in the Church,
 “ what better way can you take to get money; es-
 “ pecially as your Curate runs away with your sur-
 “ plice fees?

“ Where do you go in the summer? If it is pos-
 “ sible, I will contrive to see you. If you go into
 “ *Derbyshire*, I can meet you there; if you remain
 “ at *Kingsland*, I will endeavour to make a third
 “ with *Naylor* and *Cornwallis*.

“ Alas, my horse is lamer than ever; no sooner
 “ cured of one shoulder but the other began to halt.
 “ He has two rowels in him, and must graze the
 “ whole summer. My losses in horseflesh ruin me,
 “ and keep me so poor, that I have scarce money
 “ enough to bear me out in a summer’s ramble; yet
 “ ramble I must, if I starve to pay for it.

“ Are you one of the seven voters who polled for
 “ your neighbour, *Bryan Crowther*? Poor man!
 “ with all his honesty, good sense, and *Jacobitism*,
 “ to get but seven votes! I conclude, from this
 “ fact, that he did not stand upon *your* interest, but
 “ was deserted by his good friends the Parsons.

“ I am, dear SNEYD, yours most affectionately,

“ C. PRATT.”

“ DEAR SNEYD,

Nov. 8, 1742.

“ What good man is upon earth who is not in
 “ charity with you? I am—though you have no

“ cyder in your country, and though you never answered my Letter of last year; nay, though you clubbed in writing the dull epistle which I received at *Bath*.

“ I shall desire you in future to write separately, for this copulation of three Wits generates dullness; insomuch that, if I had not previously known, from a thousand proofs, that you had been three ingenious men, this Letter would have ruined you in my opinion.—There was not so much as nonsense in it, which I should have expected from the Archdeacon—or poetry, the least that you and *Whaley* should have sent.

“ Are you so very bare of cyder that your county will not produce one hogshead? I am sorry for it; but a few dozen would be far preferable to none. Try to carry this point for me, if it be only with a design to keep up something like a correspondence between us: for we are both so lazy, that unless a subject, which has at least the air of business, forced us now and then to write, we should never set pen to paper.

“ Adieu.—If you will answer this Letter, I will behave better in future.

“ Yours affectionately,

C. PRATT.”

“ *April 29, 1744.*

“ *Hardinge* has received his cyder. I received your Letter; and though I intended every post to answer it, I perceive it yet unanswered. This is the case of all indolent men, such as you and myself, that we defer business of slight concern, or of easy performance, because it may be done at any time; and, for that very reason, it is very seldom done at all. But you find that even to answer a Letter, to look over a bill, &c. which could be dispatched at those very times without effort, become at last things of labour in your own
“ imagination.

“ imagination.—So it is with me, and I have at last
 “ found it out; I am angry with myself, and will
 “ correct it.

“ *Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*,
 “ is the active diligence of some great General, I
 “ forget whom.—You are conversant in Classics;
 “ you can tell me of whom it has been said, and
 “ where the line is to be found. However, I would
 “ recommend the example to your imitation.

“ I have seen two epigrams of yours, and like
 “ them extremely; yet one * of them is in danger,
 “ for it begins now to be confidently said that *Les-*
 “ *tock* is innocent, but I pray heartily it may prove
 “ otherwise, for the sake of your verses. The Court
 “ people will protect him if they can, in opposition
 “ to *Mathews*, who is no favourite of theirs.
 “ Whether he is really innocent or not, I cannot say;
 “ but the general cry is against him.

“ Two Poems in blank verse, I cannot say *Mil-*
 “ *tonic*, have been lately published: one is called
 “ *The Pleasures of Imagination* †, the other is *The*
 “ *Art of preserving Health* ‡. They have, both of
 “ them, their admirers; but my churlish motto is,
 “ *Nil admirari*, in the literal sense. But the book
 “ most talked of at present is a pamphlet of Bishop
 “ *Berkeley's* upon *The Virtues of Tar-water*, which
 “ he recommends as the universal medicine for all
 “ complaints. There is a deal of abstruse inquiry
 “ into the nature of air and fire, and the Lord
 “ knows what. It closes in some conceits upon the
 “ Trinity. You know how wild ingenious enthusiasts
 “ are; but the book deserves to be read for the ele-
 “ gance of its style, a thing rarely met with in this
 “ age of bombast.

“ C. PRATT.”

* That upon *Lestock* and *Cornwall*.

† By *Dr. Akenside*.

‡ By *Dr. Armstrong*.

“ DEAR

“ DEAR DAVIES,

Nov. 29, 1744.

“ I beg your pardon for not having demanded before this time the sequel of the verses addressed in your Letter to me. I am very much pleased with all that I have seen, but at present the Poem is imperfect, and wants that finishing which is to bind up and crown the performance. Do not imagine that I shall be at all displeas'd with your panegyric on me, for this kind of elegant flattery has always been allowed in verse; and, for all *Pope*, is not half so unprincipled as a lie in prose. All such praise, by a kind of poetical charter, may be given and received without blushing.

“ As to your verses in honour to *Knoll Hills*, respecting which *Hardinge* has written you many calumnies,—*Naylor* stole them, so that I beg you will not believe his insinuations that I am a careless depository of your verse. He hopes, I see, to displace me from the office of General Receiver, and get himself appointed in my room. But I hope that he will fail in his attempt, and that you will never change a reader so candid as I am for one of his critical severity.

“ Your caution to him, that I should hear nothing of your intended Opera, came too late. I knew it before, and will tell you at once, without reserve, that, as I am not at your elbow to instruct you in the nature of *musical poetry*, you had better desist at present.

“ Before you can write for *Handel*, you should know how long the performance ought, in strictness of rule, to be—the number and the talents of the singers, how many songs are to be made for each, and in what particulars they excel, whether in the soft or the wilder passions, that you may suit and may adapt the subject of each air to the genius of each performer.

“ Then you must know the number of choruses, and in what parts they are to be inserted.

“ These,

“ These, besides other considerations, must be weighed and calculated before you think of writing an Opera. But, if you will come to *London*, we can easily put you in a way ; and I confess it would be like a new sense to me, if I could hear good poetry and good music united.

“ *Lord Granville*, you see, is out. The Opposition are pleased, and the Parliament is just now quite unanimous. But how long this harmony is to last I am not prophet enough to foretell.

“ Where are your hares and your woodcocks?— Where is my Lexicon? you will say. To say truth, I have not the heart after all to part with it, though I am sure that I have no further use for it ; but I will give you another, for I cannot prevail upon myself to part with my own.

“ Yours most sincerely, C. PRATT.”

The following is a copy of the Verses alluded to in the preceding Letter.

TO N. HARDINGE, Esq. of KNOLL HILLS,
DERBYSHIRE, 1748.

Hardinge, a native charm in ev'ry clime
Earth's varied scene displays : from *Mona's* Isle
Beheld, the distant amphitheatre
Of mountains, rock and verdure intermix'd,
With *Snowdon's* central spire, delights ; when I,
In pleasing rapture, on a *Cromlech* * sit,
Musing at eve. The time and place invite
My song ; for here the tuneful *Druids* pour'd
Blest orisons, and charm'd with mystic strains
Their oaken habitation ; or explain'd

* A *Druidical* Altar.

By

By lecture high, the moral, social ties.
 Here on their craggy seats, tribunal rude,
 Shaded with awful misletoe, the Seers
 In hallow'd chanc'ry sat, dispensing law.
 Hither of old the dubious world repair'd,
 From the *Iberian* or the *Gallic* shore,
 For truths oracular and righteous doom
 Appealing, nor deceiv'd: the *Mede's* decree
 Less firm, less visited the *Tauric* shrine,
Ammon or *Ephesus*, or *Eldest Thebes*.
 But now no sainted thrones, or magic fanes,
 Or groves this erst enchanted Isle adorn:
 Where Inspiration, hid from vulgar eyes,
 Her sacred orgies held, a desert lawn,
 Dreary and bare, unletter'd hinds possess;
 Nor Wisdom now, nor Legislature reigns.
 No carol cheers the wild, no hymns resound,
 Save where the shepherd, on a rock forlorn,
 The legendary tale or ditty sings,
 Memorial of his brave, though conquer'd, sires,
 By savage foe subdued; innate revenge
 Yet rankling in his patriot heart, and fell
 Inexorable rage, and steadfast hate
 Of alien tribes;—hence, prompted oft by guile
 To lead bewilder'd travellers astray,
 O'er shelves, and per'lous sands, and bogs impure.
 Such greeting *Mostyn* found, puissant Knight!
 Who, here a *Saxon* deem'd, by *British* wiles
 Ensnar'd, the penance though to aliens due
 Bore guiltless; near o'erwhelm'd in surging seas,
 With all his brav'ries trim, and liv'ried host,
 At *Penmon Rhos*; though shining from his car,
 His blazon'd shield, of *Arthur's* ancient stem

Boastful;

Boastful ; and look sincere, and genuine, hoarse,
Rough rhetoric, his true descent declar'd.

Sprung as I am from mountaineers, of pure
Paternal blood ; yet I to *Mona's* sons
A lurking stranger seem, by *English* air
And food corrupted, by exotic lore
And arts debas'd, ignobly civiliz'd !
With lowly diffidence, and modest awe,
Suppliant, I seek the colloquy benign :
They, with a keen suspicious leer, askance
Eye me, and look as if they fear'd a guest
Ambiguous, of an *English* mother born.
Nor wonder, if thus tempted by their foe,
A double-tongued apostate, they, inflam'd
With more than hostile fury, destine me
A victim to the shades of Heroes slain
By *Saxon* Lords. The *Saxon* yoke alone
Their Chronicles record ; the *Norman* sway
Too late is deem'd for *Cambrian* ire ; too late
Thy pedigree *, from *Danish* kings deriv'd.

But *English* thou ! by these monitions warn'd
If search of dark antiquity, or love
Of Nature's beauties, hither should allure
Thy wand'ring steps, beware the jealous race,
Nor to the sisters of *Parnassus* trust,
Who sav'd not *Orpheus* from the jealous crew.

Content thyself in fair though humble scenes,
Thy secret *Nola's* † vale and verdant brow,

* An allusion to the descent of the *Hardinges*, traced (in joke) to the Kings of *Denmark*, through their supposed affinity, and partial resemblance in their coat of arms, to the House of *Berkeley*.

† The Poet here describes that *Elysian* scene like a painter —
ut pictura poesis.

Her grotto's waving slopes, and pendant groves,
 And lapse of murm'ring rills, reflecting gleams
 Of lustre from the sun's meridian blaze ;
 Nor less illumin'd when the moon full-orb'd
 Hangs o'er the mirrour down the shelving glade,
 And glitters on the gently falling stream.

Enjoy thy cave's recess, *Pierian* shade,
 And blissful mansion—here thy *Lesbian* Muse
 Attend, here tune the magic shell amidst
 The vocal bow'rs, and echoing *Trent's* applause.
 Here feast when wrangling *Senates* * are at rest,
 Repos'd on *Latian* † flow'rs and *Attic* † thyme.

Perhaps I may here insert, with no unbecoming
 prejudice of grateful and filial attachments, two
 Rhapsodies of the Owner upon this favourite spot.

KNOLL HILLS,

Written in 1735.

Where lurks my cave's recess, my lov'd abode,
 Near *Trenta's* playful stream, her bank, the road.
 Beyond that rising dale with harvest crown'd,
 Impending woods the secret nook surround.
 Lead me, ye Muses, to the lov'd retreat,
 Lead to *Nobilula's* † inviting seat,
 Where, by a fountain's gentle source supplied,
 Down the soft bank still ebbs the silver tide,

* *Mr. Hardinge* was then First Clerk of the House of Commons.

† This charming verse contains an appropriate, as well as delicate, eloge on *Mr. Hardinge's* classical pursuits, attainments, and powers.

‡ A burlesque poetical name for *Knoll Hills*.

Where

Where interwoven trees an arch have made,
 And the sun trembles through the dusky shade,
 Cheers the gay mead, adorns the tufted hills,
 And sheds new lustre on the falling rills.
 Why should I ask the happy scene to change,
 Or groves that *Horace* lov'd, capricious range,
 Or ask, where, charming the poetic eye,
 * Stretch'd beneath *Woodhouse*, *Darley's* † pastures lie ?
 Whence *Darwent's* flood to rocky *Matlock* roll'd
 Laves the high shore, or where the *Manifold* ‡,
 Kiss'd by the *Dove* §, in social rapture glides,
 Or where smooth *Vaga* || leads her sportive tides ?

* * * The rest has been mislaid.

The copy of the other Poem is complete.

KNOLL HILLS,

Written in the same year.

What cliff's projected brow, what cave's retreat ¶,
 What bow'r shall hide me from the summer's heat ?
 My ** indolence the shelter'd vale approves,
 The tuneful streams, the deep-embosom'd groves.
 Beneath cool steeps, in loftiest wood array'd,
 Place and protect me with extended shade ††.

* The admired seat of *Captain Morgan* in *Darley Vale*.

† The vale of *Darley* near *Chatsworth*.

‡ A river which gushes out of a rock at *Ilam* (near *Dovedale*)
 the seat of *Mr. Port*.

§ The rivers of the *Manifold* and the *Dove*, having met under-
 ground, rise together, and form one river in *Mr. Port's* garden.

|| The *Wye*, a river in *Derbyshire*.—*Philips*, in his Poem upon
Cyder, gives that name to his *Wye* in *Herefordshire*.

¶ *Speluncæque tegant, et saxea procubet umbra.*—*VIRGIL*.

** *Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,*

Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.—*VIRGIL*.

Sylvas inter tantum reptare salubres.—*HORACE*.

†† *O, qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi*

Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ.—*VIRGIL*.

This was *my* wish*—Fate's pleasing gift—a farm
 Not unadorn'd in rural beauty's charm ;
 A garden, clean, though guiltless of parterre,
 A sylvan shade o'erspread—a fountain near,
 Whence fresh-distill'd perpetual water glides,
 Whose glist'ring path its verdant slope divides ;
 Trees o'er the gentle precipice incline
 Their social † tops, no creatures of design,
 Roof'd by no art a pendent *canopy* ‡.—
 Swift through that slope arcade my raptur'd eye
 Ascends to yonder hills majestic round,
 Where tufted saplings grace the landscape's bound,
 Sleek to the sun their gilded leaf display,
 Or to the winds reveal his latent ray ;
 His influence pierces the meridian maze,
 Cheer'd by his gleam, but shelter'd from his blaze.

May Knights and Barons, toil *their* pleasure, chase
 The bounding stag, or vex the feather'd race ;
 Calm be my joys, enchanting though serene,
 Too proud for vice, though pure of cynic spleen.

Nor thou, companion of my youth, disdain,
 Compliant Muse, to add thy wonted strain :
 Sportive, yet chaste, resume thy lyric shell,
 Nor cease to visit this *Pierian* § cell.
 —And shall not here, where native *Dryads* rove,
 A nymph of mortal race frequent the grove ?

* Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus ;
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum silvæ super his foret.—HORACE.

† Umbra[m] hospita[m] consociare amant
 Ramis.—HORACE.

‡ ————— A bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwoven
 With flaunting honeysuckle.—MILTON'S COMUS.

§ *Pierio* recreatus antro.

Dare, *Celia*, to despise * the pillar'd dome,
 Nor scorn the lowly roof and rustic home.
 An artless cottage, elegant † though plain †,
 Me and a willing guest may well detain.
 Arise—for *us*, my fair, a purer day,
 Pledg'd by the morn, attends ; with me survey
 What *Pope* or *Kent* may satisfied admire,
 Or *Pelham* praise, and *Burlington* desire.
 Come, o'er that close-fed heath's dry carpet stray,
 Where flocks on monumental ‡ hillocks play,
 Or where the fount, in humid caverns fed,
Septemfluus § gushes from his latent bed,
 Haunt of the *Naiads* || ;—*They*, incessant, pour
 From copious urns profuse their liquid store :
 Down leap their streams loquacious ¶ ; *here* they trace
 Their way oblique **, and *here*, with bolder pace,
 O'er many a native rock their surface break,
 Or spread their modest brightness in a lake.

Lo ! where, inscribed with *Pastorella's* name,
 Yon bank records enamour'd *Burdett's* flame.
 Flourish the beach, beneath whose ample shade
 The *Dane*, perhaps, with *Mercian* damsels play'd.
 Here may we sit, and woods or fountains praise,
 In *Georgic* raptures, or *Æolian* lays,

* *Aude, hospes, contemnere opes.*—VIRGIL.

† *Simplex munditiis.*—HORACE.

‡ Several ancient tumuli, where the *Danes*, defeated in this place by the *Mercians*, are supposed to have been buried. The place is still called by the country people the *Danes' Graves*.

§ A famous and singular spring which rose at *Knoll Hills*, and went by the name of the *Seven Springs* or *Seven Spouts*.

|| *Nympharum domus.*—VIRGIL.

¶ *Unde loquaces*

Lymphæ desiliunt.—HORACE.

** *Obliquo laborat*

Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.—HORACE.

His who enjoy'd repose near *Anio's* flood,
And roam'd with *Lalage* the *Sabine* wood.

O may I thus from cares, like *him*, retir'd,
Studios of ease, by no ambition fir'd,
Far from the Senate, faction's hateful seat,
Inglorious loiter in this nook's retreat.

*I nor *Albunea's* echoing grove require,
Nor grots responsive to the *Latian* lyre,

* In a Letter of the Author's to *Lord Dacre*, then *Mr. Barret*, and making the tour of *Italy*, this and another emendation are explained a little more in detail. His words are: "I wish you would visit the famous *Tivoli*, and the *Anio*, if it were only to settle the reading of two passages in *Horace* where he delineates that scene.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam *Larissæ* percussit campus opimæ
Quàm domus *Albuneæ* resonantis,
Et præceps *Anio*, et *Tiburni* lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

* * * * *

Eripe te moræ,
Ne semper udum *Tibur*, et *Esulæ*
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.

"In the first of the passages I have had the boldness to read *nemus* instead of *domus*, upon *Virgil's* authority.

Lucosque sub alta
Consulit *Albunea*; *nemorum* quæ maxima † sacro
Fonte sonat.—*VIRGIL*, *Æn.* VII. v. 82, &c.

* * * * *

"Ne semper udum, &c. I suspect this to be a false reading in all the Editions and MSS.

"For, as *Horace* invites *Mæcenas* from *Rome* to *his Tibur*, it seems inconceivable that he should press him to make haste, lest he should be always taking a view of *Tibur*. How much properer would it have been to recommend his departure from *Rome* that he might enjoy the scenes of *Tibur*. I therefore change *NE* to *UT*. N. H."

Ut contempleris may be rendered that you may take a nearer view of, &c. which is the import of the word.

Mr. Phelps had written upon this very passage a most ingenious Essay, which the Reader will see in the Appendix, as it forms part of his first Letter to *DR. DAVIES*.

† *Horace* too himself appears to intend this word in that short picture of his villa—circa *nemus* uvidique *Tiburis* ripas.

Nor

Nor fam'd *Præneste*, nor the *Baian* coast,
 Nor what sublimer scenes the Muse can boast.
 Vies not that rising lawn with *Tibur's* hill,
 This trembling brook with cool *Degentia's* rill?
 To my pure stream *Blandusia's* mirrour yields,
 And all *Campania* to my velvet fields.
 There, o'er the summit of surrounding trees,
 A world of charms the curious gazer sees;
Trent's wanton maze, and villages, and fanes,
 The valleys half-conceal'd, or op'ning plains,
 Here smooth declivities by wood embrac'd,
 Here, in horizons lost, a distant waste.

Tempt me no more that *Alpine* scene to range,
 Or with delight those wonders to exchange.
 Though mountain summits oft aspire between,
 Beneath a parching sun, with mantles green,
 Though *Darwent* there in wild meander flies,
 Though *Darley's Vale* allures romantic eyes,
 Though *Matlock's* verdant cliffs heav'n-born appear
 To musing Fancy, what *I seek is here*.

But to return to *Lord Camden* :—

“ DEAR SNEYD, *Feb. 28, 1744-5.*
 “ How can you have good-nature enough to keep
 “ up so worthless a correspondent! Your Letters
 “ unanswered! your Verses unpraised!—yourself
 “ treated with such disregard that nothing but
 “ your easy temper, unless I may add your persua-
 “ sion that I love you, could prevail upon you to
 “ forgive me!
 “ I assure you that I have the most affectionate
 “ regard for you; but my laziness, and my aversion
 “ to writing, are almost incredible.

“ I am

“ I am now going the Circuit, but I cannot leave
 “ with a good conscience unless I make my peace
 “ with you.

“ In your last you gave me a hint that you would
 “ like to see the pamphlets of the time. I am in
 “ this article the most ignorant of men; for I have
 “ not curiosity enough to read the common trash of
 “ the day; and I do not think I have read five
 “ pamphlets in the last five years.

“ The politics of the hour, as I gather them from
 “ conversation, are at present incomprehensible.
 “ The supplies in effect are granted.—*Broad-bottom*
 “ and the *Pelhamites* at present are one — but how
 “ long this junction is to last I despair even to guess.
 “ No *Popular Bills*, as they are called, are to pass
 “ during the Session. But the day before yesterday
 “ the House came to a *Resolution* that an inquiry
 “ should be made into the conduct of the two Ad-
 “ mirals in the *Mediterranean*.

“ *Lord Granville's* friends are mute, and sit by in
 “ hopes of a quarrel between the new Ministers
 “ and the old, and they endeavour to sow dissension
 “ amongst them. The new men wish to carry some
 “ popular measures; and the old ones are unwill-
 “ ing to weaken the Government by these conces-
 “ sions—an outward unanimity in votes, but much
 “ distraction of sentiment. However, as the main
 “ business of the Session, the Supply, is over, they
 “ will probably keep together at least this year.

“ *Thomson* is going to exhibit a new Play, an
 “ extraordinary thing in these barren times; for I
 “ do not remember any period since the revival of
 “ learning so deficient in good writers.

“ *Jack Naylor* * is in town, after preferment;
 “ but I fear he will dance attendance for some time
 “ longer.

“ How are you inclined for a journey in Sep-
 “ tember to the *Isle of Anglesey*?

* A King's College friend of them both.

“ Our

“ Our Summer Circuit falls late, and will not be finished, I fear, till the end of August—perhaps too late for a ramble.

“ Poor *Rees* *! I have to my shame forgotten him; not in the article of preferment, which has not been in my power, but in making the little collection for him, which I firmly intended; but, if you will mention it when I come back, I will set about it.

“ Farewell!—Service to *Dr. Thomas* and *Crank*. —*Crowther* is a blab. He told *Mr. Harley* that I was only within a hundred yards of his brother’s house, and I have been rebuked. I hope, as *Lord Bateman* is dead, that *Shobden* will be inhabited again.—Write soon, and your Letter will be forwarded after me.

“ Yours affectionately,

C. PRATT.”

From this time there are no traces of correspondence (amongst the *Kingsland Papers*) between these two dear and pleasant friends, till Sept. 13, 1760, when *Lord Camden* was Attorney General; and then we find this Letter :

“ DEAR DAVIES, *Camden-place, Sept. 13, 1760.*

“ Though your cyder is a daily *memento* that I am a Letter in your debt †, yet I confess, with shame, that I have deferred my answer for three weeks ‡; for, when it came to *London*, I was in *Monmouthshire* upon a ramble. I heartily wish it may be in my power to do any thing for poor *Rees Price*. My *Lord Keeper* † is now, and has been for above a year, under promise to give me a Living for a Relation of my own; but has been so tardy in the performance, that I can scarce entertain the hope of his doing much for *Price* upon a new applica-

* *Rees Price*.

† This proves the corresponding habit between them.

‡ *Sir Robert Henley*, afterwards *Lord Henley*, and *Lord Chancellor*, and finally *Earl of Northington*.

“tion. Nevertheless, I will try my interest with
 “him, though I cannot answer for the success.

“As for yourself, my old friendship and esteem
 “for you will always preserve you in my thoughts
 “*without the aid of a memorandum**. But God
 “knows whether I shall ever have interest or autho-
 “rity enough to obtain Church Preferments. My
 “friends at present have no weight in these dispo-
 “sitions, as you well know; and they who have are
 “no friends to me. Times may change; and it is
 “*possible* that I may be more considerable than I
 “am at present; but I am afraid it is *probable* that
 “I shall not. Be this however as it may, and let
 “*Fortune* deal with me as she thinks fit, I shall, in
 “all conditions, remain, unalterably, your sincere
 “and affectionate friend,
 C. PRATT.”

“MY DEAR DAVIES, *September 21, 1761.*

“When I received your Letter, I threw it amongst
 “a parcel of Cases, to be answered as soon as I re-
 “covered from an ill state of health, which then
 “rendered me incapable of business. I am now
 “got perfectly well, and should have answered your
 “question in two or three days.”

[He then gives him a Law opinion, lamenting that
 “he cannot by a dash of his pen alter the Law for
 “his sake,” but which is “too stubborn;” *see p. 497.*]

“*Lincoln's-inn-fields, Feb. 12, 1762.*

“I remember you prophesied formerly that I
 “should be a *Chief Justice*, or perhaps something
 “higher. Half is come to pass. I am *Thane of*
 “*Cawdor*; but the greater is behind; and if that
 “fails me, you are still a false prophet.

“Joking aside, I am retired out of this bustling
 “world to a place of sufficient profit, ease, and
 “dignity; and believe that I am a much happier
 “man than the highest post in the Law could have

* Does not this appear to point at a memorandum as having
 been made, though superfluous?

“made

“made me. If I regret any thing, it is that I shall never now be able to promote you to the Reverend Bench of Bishops.

“I am a cloistered man; and, as you have now deserted *London*, I shall never see you till I go the *Oxford* Circuit, and that I fear will not be soon. I wish that our lot had placed us nearer to one another. But I have been too much in the world, and you too much out of it, for conversation between us. My love is the same towards you that it ever was; neither time nor distance can make me, any other than, &c. C. PRATT.”

“DEAR DAVIES, *Bath, Jan. 8, 1764.*

“I am so lazy, and so deeply immersed in the diversions of this place, that I have not been able till this blessed Sabbath to bestow a few minutes on a reply to your Letter.

“I thank you for the verses*. The worst of the two copies pleases me the best, because it is flattering to myself. But the other is a fine performance, and valuable to every body. These waters have perfectly restored my health; and I begin to think I shall become a regular visiter to this place, where I shall entertain some hopes of meeting you now and then, since I despair of that pleasure in *London*.

“I would have you think seriously upon this subject; for I do verily believe that solitude and the bashful shunning of company, have been the true cause of your indifferent state of health.— My prescription therefore is, come hither every year, and write a good many verses when you are alone at *Kingsland*. I would advise matrimony; but you are too far gone for that, and have lost your opportunity.— Farewell! and follow my orders.”

* What these verses are does not appear. Perhaps the Poem on *Caractacus* forms one of the topics.

In 1766, *Mr. Davies* had a copy made of his own portrait, and sent it as a keep-sake to *Lord Camden*. He was by this time in town; and *Lord Camden* writes to him this note: the direction is,

“ *Mr. Grove's, Park-place, St. James's-street.*

“ DEAR DAVIES, *April . . . , 1766.*

“ I delivered your verses to the old gentleman,
“ and shall be glad to see you and the *Bishop of*
“ *Lichfield* on Thursday.

“ The old gentleman begs me to paste the verses
“ on the back of his picture, near *Mr. West's* in-
“ scription. CAMDEN.”

“ *May 7, 1766.*

“ I am extremely pleased with your picture, be-
“ cause it is like, and your gift. I shall be very
“ glad to see you as often as you may contrive to
“ call, either here or in the country; and will take
“ care to obey all your commands. — My time,
“ however, is so awkwardly circumstanced, and my
“ avocations are so uncertain, that you may not al-
“ ways meet with me, &c. CAMDEN.”

“ DEAR DAVIES, *Lincoln's-inn-fields, May 12.*

“ I have inclosed and franked your Letter, and
“ return you a thousand thanks for your picture.
“ It shall be hung up by the side of old *Camden*,
“ and the verses * shall be inscribed on the back, so
“ that the same canvas will represent your genius
“ and your person, and will remain a lasting me-
“ morial of our friendship.

“ My sittings begin to-morrow, and will last dur-
“ ing the remainder of the week. This is the most
“ fatiguing part of my office. After this, I shall go
“ to *Camden-place*, where I shall be very happy to
“ see you. Yours most sincerely, CAMDEN.”

* These verses will be given in a future page.

In the same year, *Mr. Cambridge* wrote an excellent quotation to him.

“*Sir John*, thy tender lambskin now is King. —
 “I give you joy, that your old, amiable, learned,
 “and respectable friend, is now Chancellor. I hope
 “it is also very agreeable to you, that your Bishop
 “continues, with the addition of the Deanry, &c. &c.
 “*Twickenham, July 31. R. O. CAMBRIDGE.*”

I have alluded already to a misunderstanding on the part of DAVIES in 1766; but it seems to have made no impression upon *Lord Camden's* mind, who afterwards wrote this Letter to his friend, in which I see nothing distant or cool:

“DEAR DAVIES, Aug. 5, 1768.

“There is a little living vacant in your neighbourhood, called *Aymstry*. It is in my gift; and
 “perhaps, as the parish adjoins to your own, it
 “may be worth your acceptance. Be so good as
 “to let me know if you like it. The benefice may
 “be convenient for you, though the value is inconsiderable. It is not worth your thanks. CAMDEN.”

I took notice that in 1766 DAVIES's nerves, temper, and spirits, were affected. This, I dare say, was paralytic. I understand from *Lichfield* that he was grown pale, and reserved. His picture describes him in perfect health, but with prominent eyes, which are indications generally of irritable nerves.— But I possess a Letter in the hand of DAVIES, written at this period, and the copy, no doubt, of his answer to the Chancellor.

Had the offer offended him, or had he *then* entertained the idea that his friend had been previously cool to him, he would have marked it in this reply, which is temperate, respectful, and friendly. But the hand is paralytic; and the characters, not easily read, *prove* that all his energies were flown; and the turn of the Letter marks the decay of stamina, which terminated in his death a very few months afterwards.”

“MY

“ MY LORD, Aug. 9, 1768.

“ Extremely obliged to you for having me in
 “ your friendly thoughts, and should thankfully
 “ have accepted your kind offer of *Aymstry* Living,
 “ if my weak state of health permitted, which was
 “ the reason I did not apply to you for myself, when
 “ I took the freedom of writing to your Lordship
 “ last post in behalf of *Mr. Evans*, a most valuable
 “ man, and for whom I have the greatest respect.
 “ May I again repeat my earnest request, that your
 “ Lordship will be pleased to bestow it upon him ?

“ Upon recollection, *Lord Bateman* will proba-
 “ bly apply, who has the best title to recommend.
 “ In that case I by no means ask it. *Mr. Evans*
 “ and myself are both of us obliged to his Lordship.”

The answer was friendly, and in these words :

“ DEAR DAVIES, *Camden-place, Aug. 14, 1768.*

“ I am very sorry your application for *Mr. Evans*
 “ comes too late. I am engaged to *Lord Oxford*, if
 “ you refuse *Aymstry*.

“ I should think you might serve it, by a Curate,
 “ without any inconvenience to yourself ; but you
 “ are the best judge.

“ Your *Lichfield* Patron is gone to *Lambeth*. I
 “ shall remind him of you, if your *modesty* should
 “ be silent. CAMDEN.”

In January of the next year, five months at the
 most, *he was no more*.

As I never have been Chancellor, I am not at
 home in the difficulties of reconciling patronage to
 personal affections ; but this I know, that *Lord*
Camden was not accused of deserting friends, though
 he was often, to my knowledge, hampered, as in
 the case of this *Aymstry* Living, by Peers, or men
 of consequence, who lived in the neighbourhood of
 the vacant preferment. I can also recollect that he
 gave Livings and Prebends to men for whom he
 could not have a tithe of the regard which he uni-
 formly

formly expressed for his *Eton* friend. This may appear to be an ill-omen'd apology for his apparent inattentions to the Rector of *Kingsland*. But, if it is fairly analyzed, it is unanswerable. It *must* have arisen from circumstances which he could not overcome; especially when I add, that *Sleech*, a common friend of them both, was preferred by him. Perhaps the apparent, or, occasionally, the real indifference of DAVIES himself to any additional preferment, perhaps the observations which could not fail to be made upon his enervated mind, upon his age, and good circumstances, may have co-operated — when younger men who were necessitous became (if they ever did become) his competitors, and the influence of great men was thrown perhaps into the balance in aid of those feelings. But I lay great stress upon the absence of all proof that the *Bishop of Lichfield* was piqued for his friend, as he lived in constant intimacy with *Lord Camden*. Indeed, it should rather seem that a shyness had there also taken place; for, I am now to mark a confirmation of *Lord Camden's* affectionate reproof to the modesty of his friend on the elevation of *Cornwallis* to *Canterbury*, by a most pleasing fact of a date just prior, in the difference of only two days.

It is a Letter of *Mr. Richard Phelps*, whom we have dropped so long, and who, I should think, had scarce ever stirred from town after 1763. It shews the kindest affection to his old friend, when he had himself not more than two or three years to live. He dates it, however, at *Ross*, in August 1768*.

* In this very month of August he made his will. In six months he was no more. It is pleasing to observe in his will a legacy to *Richard Phelps* of a cornelian seal, set in gold, and representing *Shakespeare's* head.

It is in these words :

“ MY DEAR DOCTOR, Aug. 12, 1768.

“ I heartily congratulate you upon your friend's
 “ exaltation to the *See of Canterbury*; suppose you
 “ write him two or three words, by way of saying
 “ you are very glad. I suppose, till the necessary
 “ forms are passed, you are to direct, *Bishop of*
 “ *Lichfield*. My landlord desires me to send you his
 “ compliments and best wishes. Adieu, my worthy
 “ friend. Most affectionately yours, R. PHELPS.”

N. B. In the hand-writing is also perceptible a
 hint of his [*Mr. Phelps's*] premature decay.

But the heart is young and amiable still*.

Though, in general, after the death of *Thomas*,
 one has little of the Poet, and though, as I apprehend,
 he was more or less paralytic in the nine or
 ten last years of his life; yet, upon the 1st of De-
 cember, 1763, he resumed his vein, and wrote a
 most elegant portrait of *Mr. Adams's* villa near *Bath*.

It is observable, that in this little Poem he has
 left the *Miltonic* measure, and falls with graceful
 ease into rhyme; perhaps because it was less diffi-
 cult, and required less toil in thought or in the
 measure.

But the native turn of his genius was rather force,
 and weight of sense and of spirit, than of ornaments
 like these — we shall call his first manner before we
 have done with him.

In the mean time, what can be more genteel than
 his lighter effusions?

Could not *Waller* have written the Poem an-
 nexed, a little pruned in his conceits?

* It seems to have been a delightful part of *Mr. Phelps's* charac-
 ter that he gave himself no airs, whether as a traveller, as accom-
 plished in languages, or as a popular favourite and keeping the
 best company in town, or as political for a time, and the Secretary
 of a Cabinet Minister. The simplicity and good humour of his
 deportment are often touched by his friend with due praise.

VERSES ON MR. ADAMS'S VILLA NEAR BATH.

Smile, *Avon*, in thy course, and flow with pride,
 Not that aspiring villas crown thy side,
 That airy piles the raptur'd view surprize,
 That Fanes and Cities on the bank arise ;
 Less haughty, and more pleasing views appear —
 Look nearer — nearer yet — the scene is here.

Smile, *Avon*, in thy course, and flow with pride ;
 And, as thy currents mingle in the tide,
 Ask the congenial rivers all their boast,
 Or on the *Latian* bank, or *Grecian* coast ;
 Ask *Peneus*, warbling in *Thessalia's* field ;
 Ask *Arno's* Muse what charm her valleys yield.
 And soft *Ilyssus*, in the tuneful shade,
 Who points to names of glory now decay'd.
 " Here, the pale envy of all-conquering *Rome*,—
 " That shrine to *Theseus* — there *Apollo's* dome.

Pensive he wanders through *Athenian* plains,
 And whispers to the ruin mournful strains.
 Hail, happier thou, through *living* wonders glide ;
 Flow, *Avon*, in thy course, and swell with pride*.

I have received, Jan. 11, 1816, a Letter from a gentleman, who saw and well knew DR. DAVIES in that same year 1763. His Letter is very important in its value to me, as it accounts for all the *peculiarities* of the DOCTOR's department in 1766; confirms the Bishop of *Lichfield* and *Miss Seward*; agrees to the expression of the portrait; and marks, what I

* A whimsical incident followed this claim of the Poet upon the river: for almost immediately after this composition was written, the *Avon* had a very unusual flood, which of course, in jest, made the Poet vain.

otherwise

otherwise knew by the evidence of a most acute, intelligent, and venerable witness, that in the declining years of his life he was not in his perfect mind. The substance of the Letter is, that he had a paralytic stroke in 1763, which left him enfeebled, but not broke down, feeble in health and spirits, *reserved*, and *retired*. He describes him as piqued that *Cornwallis* gave him only *feathers*, but no *substance*, and as having told the Bishop this remark; an assertion utterly unfounded, and a complaint irreconcilable to letters in which he describes the same *Cornwallis* in terms of the most grateful attachment—irreconcilable to the delicacy of his (perfect) mind, and the high spirit of his character.

Mr. Pennant has a description of *Caer Caradoc*. It is a part of his *Tour in Wales*.

His words are these :

“ It has from very remote times been traditionally considered as a strong-hold of *Caractacus*.

“ A society of gentlemen, struck with admiration of his virtue, met annually on the hill, to celebrate his name in prose and verse.

“ *In one year* a gentleman, distinguished as much by his modesty as by his great ingenuity, inspired with the subject, almost instantly extolled the most brilliant part of the history of *Caractacus* in the following lines, which I flatter myself will relieve my long-suffering readers after the satiety of my *Welsh* pen, now hung up for ever.”

Here, by the way, is a third instance of closing a work by an extract from this Poet, and a high compliment in honour to his genius.

Here too, as by *Mr. William Duncombe*, his modesty is not omitted in the subjects of *éloge*.

I have

I have a Letter from the *Rev. Mr. Archdeacon Corbet*, of *Longnor*, addressed by him to *Mr. Kynaston Powell*, Knight of the shire for the county of *Salop*, which throws more light upon this Poem, and is admirably well written by a most admired and respected person, as I have always heard from those who are acquainted with him. I shall extract from it what immediately relates to this Poem, with grateful thanks to him, as well as to *Mr. Powell*, who recommended my wishes to his attention.

“DEAR SIR, *Longnor, Dec. 26, 1815.*

“The late *Rev. William Russell*, originally of *Sidley Hayes*, not far from *Caer Caradoc* (or the *Caerdoc Hill*), afterwards of *Overton* in *Flintshire*, and who died some years ago at *Chester*, was supposed by my father to have instituted the *Caractacan* meeting, by making parties to ascend the hill, where they partook of a cold collation, and where *Mr. Read*, the Rector of *Munslow*, made an oration in honour of *Caractacus* one year, and perhaps other gentlemen spoke at other times. The dinner at the top of the hill was soon discontinued; and the encouragers of the meeting ascended the hill before dinner, but returned to dine at the *Bowling-green House* at *Longnor*.

“*DR. DAVIES* called at this inn upon one of the days of meeting; and, hearing the purport of it, composed for the next year some verses, which he transmitted, and which were then, and for many succeeding years, recited by some one of the company before dinner.

“Your Letter led me to see what positive information I could add to the general idea which I had formed upon the subject.

“*DR. DAVIES*'s verses were recorded in letters of gold upon a black frame hung up in the *Bowling-green house* at *Longnor*. When that ceased to be a public house, they were brought to *Longnor Hall*.

“When

“ When I fitted up a court-house for the manors of *Sydley* and *Cardington*, within which is the *Caerdoc*, I removed the verses thither.

“ The only inscription which they bear is *Caractacus*, 1757. I conclude, therefore, that was the year in which they were composed.

“ The meeting could not then be of long standing. *Mr. Russell*, the founder of it, was born in 1733; and though all who remember him will give him praise for inventing schemes of amusement at an early age, yet, as he would be only 24 years of age in 1757, there had not been, I should think, many returns of this celebration of *Caractacus* prior to that year.

“ *Mr. Wilding*, of *All Stretton*, informs me, that the first meeting at the top of *Caerdoc* was called by *Mr. John Russell*, of *Enchmarsh*, a person of some estate within the manor. He was High Constable, and summoned the Petty Constables of the Hundred of *Munslow* to meet him at the top of the hill, where he directed an Innkeeper from *Church Stretton* to bring cold meat and liquor. This probably suggested the idea to *Mr. Russell* * of *Sydley Hayes*, of establishing an annual meeting.
JOSEPH CORBET.”

All *Rome* was still—the Nation stood at gaze;
Forth came the mighty Chief, august in chains,
Unbroken, unsubdued;—his lofty air
Stern as in field of battle; round he look'd
With steadfast glare, a lion in the toils,
Yet mindful of his fate—to *Cæsar's* throne
He bow'd majestic, and majestic spoke :

* This gentleman, as *Mr. Archdeacon Corbet* reports, died two years ago, at near 100 years of age, and married a second wife at past 90!

“ Had

" Had moderation sway'd my prosp'rous days,
 " *Rome* had beheld me *Cæsar's* guest and friend,
 " Nor blush'd, for I am of a scepter'd race
 " That rul'd *Britannia's* independent Isle
 " Beyond all annals of recording Fame.

" If *Rome* commands, must vassal worlds obey ?
 " What ! not resist ?—The undefended rights
 " Are vanish'd—cowards only are your slaves.
 " Yes, I had arms, and wealth, and friends, and fame ;
 " What ?—tamely give them up ! disgrace indeed
 " That I so long withstood your baffled powers
 " Forgive me, *Roman* virtue, that offence.
 " Had I a cheap, an easy conquest prov'd,
 " My ruin and your glory had been less ;
 " Oblivion soon had veil'd my dastard name,
 " Unworthy *Cæsar's* triumph : death or life
 " Are at his dread disposal : that or this
 " I neither fear to meet, nor scorn to ask."

" Yes, noble Captive," said the Lord of *Rome*,
 " Thy life is sacred, and thy freedom seal'd.
 " My sole ambition, soaring high, requires
 " Around *my* banners and triumphant cars
 " To bear thy valiant Country's glorious name."

He spoke, and thund'ring acclamations rung,
 Shouts that half rent the Capitol proclaim'd
 " *Imperial* mercy to the gallant *Foe*."
 All eyes were put in wonder ; some admire
 His front erect, broad limbs, and martial port ;
 All, the unwearied valour that had cop'd
 With *Roman* prowess, and well nigh prevail'd.
 Not bold *Jugurtha*, nor the *Syrian* King,



Nor

Nor *Persia's*, 'rest of *Alexander's* crown,
 Attracted more regard, or gazing awe :
 Ev'n *Claudius*, in his radiant seat sublime,
 The world's great master, with his legions fierce
 And glitt'ring eagles, with his trophied pomp
 And pride begirt, look'd little on his throne.

Brave *Caradoc* ! applauded by thy foes,
 What shall thy friends, thy grateful *Britons*, say ?
 To thee what columns and what shrines are due !
 Thrice told five hundred courses of the sun,
 Thy age is green, thy laurels fresh in leaf,
 Still on thy well-fought hill, whose stony brow
 O'erlooks the subject plains, the gen'rous youth
 Gladsome repair with annual flow'r and song,
 And festal music, to record thy praise.
 But whither fled is thy heroic fame ?
 If aught regarding this dull orb of earth,
 Boils not thy wrath, and chafes not thy renown,
 To see the rivals of all-conquering *Rome*,
 Thy hardy *Britons*, foil'd by tinsel *France* ?
 Imagination frowning pictures thee
 With featur'd veneration, scorn, and shame—
Henries ! and *Edwards* ! thunderbolts in war,
 Where is the lion-heart, and sweeping sword,
 That purpled *Agincourt*, and *Cressy's* field ?
 Assist—inspire our host ! But chiefly thou,
 The champion-guardian, Genius of the Isle
 Hover around our tents, thy lance in air
 Direct, and spread the visionary shield :
 Call—rouze thy countrymen—to arms, to arms !
 Ye antient Bards, ye mystic *Druids*, hail !
 Prophetic transport seizes me—I see,

Though

Though dim in prospect, from this craggy height,
 Unrolling clouds illuminate a scene
 Of joy and triumph!—Hark—they shout—I see
Britannia's Trident vindicate the main,
 Her colours waving in *Columbian* skies
 Victorious—Peace returns, and *Albion* smiles;
 Proceed, ye *Britons*! mark the kindled fire
 In this unwarlike breast—my *vet'ran Muse*
 Shall march along in spirit-breathing strain,
 Sound her *Pierian* trumpets, to awake
 Her sleeping Country, and her laurel'd hand
 A wreath shall bear to grace the Victor's brow.

CHARACTER OF DR. DAVIES.

Arcadian simplicity would be one ruling feature of DR. DAVIES's life and manners, if the *Arcadians* had but a pipe for *smoking*, as well as a musical one.

He mentions, in one of his Letters, that *Lady Williams* told him "he knew the world as if he had never lived in it."

I am happy again to borrow the words of *Lady Knowles*: "Whether it is from their abstracted notion of things or not, it has often been said, and proved as a fact, that Scholars are not men of the world in their manners and their opinions.

"As travellers, who overlook the beauties of their own country, to expatiate with enthusiasm on the attractions of a distant clime; so these men of science, and of literary taste, fond of solitude and of study, are often deficient in the common usages of the world, and in the knowledge of the human mind, which can only be obtained by collision with men."

All

All the little spurs of ambition, or of public life, to the gentle spirit and most affectionate nature of this amiable man, were desultory and occasional. The domestic and prevalent habit was either solitude, or a society of individuals not likely to expand the energies of the mind, like the commerce of the world.

His darling friend was a good scholar, but stationary and recluse, indolent at home, and with no apparent energies abroad, except as a huntsman or a bowler. He was fond of good living, but in a retired way, ignorant of the world, and crippled by College-habits of self-indulgence.

As a part of this native *simplicity* in the Rector of *Kingsland*, we must not overlook a readiness to be deceived, and a kind of literal *credulity* reposed in the words or the actions of his friends, whom he often injured by overstraining the import and pledge of their zeal for him, expressed in language of endearment, which is half poetical, and should never be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

His *modesty* was of no common degree or kind; he by no means undervalued his powers; and I am not sure whether, from ignorance of the world, he did not miscalculate their *extent*, or at least their *application*. He was disinclined habitually to what is called *business*; had no talent for *accoupts*; had no taste for the polemics of the Church, or public display of any kind; was never so happy as in smoking, laughing, and writing verse; but, I dare say, thought himself equal to the highest of all departments in his own profession. His *poetical* talent had been so flattered, that, if his friends *could* have made him *vain* of any thing, it would have been there. Yet such was his *bashfulness*, and his *timidity*, that nothing but his compassionate zeal for a suffering acquaintance and friend would have enabled us to know that he could write a verse.

He

He had a *modesty* of another kind, which operated as a defect, and as a misfortune. A man of so elegant a mind would have delighted in the society of accomplished and well-bred women, if he could ever have *reached* them. But they are never *dreamt of in his philosophy*; and he appears to have been an old bachelor all his life, in dropping the other sex, as if they formed no part of the world around him.

In his verse, except the *Epithalamium* upon *Mr. Dodd's* marriage, there are no compliments to the fair sex, no raptures in description of their beauty and their grace. Here was at least *one* source of inspiration to his fancy and spirit as much withheld as the objects of sight are lost upon those who are blind.

But he had *modesty* of another kind, that was absolute heroism. He associated with convivial men, some of whom had little delicacy in their manners and their habits. But he was their *abdict*, and led a sainted life amongst them whilst he enjoyed their wit and good humour.

As to the *Rector of Presteigne*, any *Horace* of his day might have been tempted, unless traditions and collateral documents lie, to address him thus:

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori! *

You understand me, but the ladies are not in the *secret*. They may consult, however, the translation either of *Mr. Duncombe* or *Dr. Francis*.

I have mentioned that I can trace no attachment of DAVIES to the *fair sex*.

Lady Williams, wife to the King of *North Wales* (and who reigned in the noblest of all dominions—in the heart) appears to have been much in habits with him, and left him a legacy of £100.

I have discovered a most ludicrous anecdote, which combines the *modesty* and *simplicity* of his character. I cannot relate it better than in the words of my Historian.

“ One day, upon his return from a visit, a lady, who was visitor too, solicited the vacant seat in his

* Hor. 1 Od. iv.

“ carriage, as far as to *her* door, in his way back to
 “ *Kingsland*. Though secretly disconcerted, neither
 “ good humour nor good manners permitted him to
 “ refuse. When he drew near the town where he
 “ was to lose and spill his companion, afraid of the
 “ gossiping zeal which propagated and accepted
 “ reports where *sex* was concerned, he thought it
 “ most prudent and sagacious to disarm raillery of
 “ its aim by eluding observation. He therefore
 “ *drew up his blinds!*”

The cunning of the *Ostrich* is not more ludicrous.

His *ambition* was an artificial impulse; his genuine *passion* was for just the habits that accident arranged for him—*solitude* and a *few selected* friends.—In *friendship* he was above all praise; generous, engaging, and firm to all his youthful attachments. Except the Rector of *Presteigne*, they were all of them school and college friends. He lost none of them; all admired, revered, and loved him to the last. The partiality of his pleasant habits with them reconciled all the differences of their style in a centre of union with him.

Lady Knowles often has drawn his character as it appears to her in his Letters. They are breathing features of his mind. “You will join with me,” she tells me, “in admiring all the *minor acts* of his friendship. So warm and so affectionate, yet “maintaining so just a balance, he attached every “human creature to him, high and low. It is much “to be lamented, for his own improved interest when “living, and for his memory when the curtain fell, “that he did not let the world *know* him, and *love* “him. They were synonymous terms*.”

He had weak health and weak nerves, but manly thoughts and a high-spirited mind. When he said

* See, in p. 11, the beautiful verses written by this Sister-Enthusiast for DAVIES.—What noble creatures women are!—I believe this lady had not written a verse before I saw her a few months ago, unless mere *vers de société*, and see how elegant a vein her feelings have displayed! G. H.

that

that even the *acceptance of preferment* was a *barter of the soul*, he *felt* the sentiment with *ingenuous and perfect honour*.

But when he *solicited preferment* at a later period, which he certainly did, it was not *avarice* or *caprice*, but a new turn of his mind, when it became *enfeebled* by age and by irritable nerves. He did not *want*, and he could not have *enjoyed*, any addition to his fortune. It was ample enough to give him every comfort, and gratify all his wishes. But his friends were importunate, and he was the dupe of *their* generous partiality for him. It appears from a Letter to him, 1759, that he had entertained hopes of being elected a Fellow of *Eton* College.

The little change of scene which his incomparable friend the *Bishop of Lichfield* obtained for him was delightful, and was just enough to animate or to interest him by the variety without prejudice to his general habits; but it is clear that he *offered himself* to that Patron.

I think it was no infelicity, but the reverse, that he died when he did, and just after the Archbishop obtained the See, because I am convinced that any thing like a public scene would have quite upset him, and would have thrown him into a perpetual fever, the bane of enjoyment.

It is impossible to conceive a mind that was more superior to *artifice* or *flattery*. The lines of 1743 to *Lord Camden* are as manly as they are encouraging; and those of 1766, which are more in the vein of homage, are proofs only that his *taste* was enervated, not that his heart was touched by the world.

Of his *Poetry* the Reader will judge for himself.—The beauties of it are *dignity of thought and phrase*, *elevated conceptions in tuneful numbers*, and *the command of poetical phrase*.

The general *defect* is, that it wants a little more ease, fluency, and grace of *dishabille*. I observe, and it certainly is a defect, no pathetic tenderness, no elegiac delicacy of sorrow—yet a more feeling

heart no man ever possessed. Upon *Whaley's* death he excluded all the world for a time.

His Letters, to *my* impressions at least, are just what Letters of an accomplished and gifted mind *should* be, — elegant, and familiar too, lively and chaste, affectionate without parade of sensibility, and social without negligence of decorum.

I hear from those who are living, that his *manner of preaching* was impressive, though delivered in a subdued and gentle tone.

No breath of calumny has imputed vice to him of any kind, or the absence of any virtue in domestic, social, and moral intercourse.

He had a comic vein, but (like all the rest of him) very original and peculiar, more accidental than habitual, and calculated for no effort but that of promoting innocent good humour. With a power of satire, proved enough by the lines on *B—*, and upon *Lestock*, he seldom indulged it, and seemed as much afraid of intemperate censure, as of lavish praise. At one of his pleasant meetings with *Lord Camden* he wrote a ludicrous, but shrewd, portrait of his friend. It is preserved in his own hand, and is countersigned by *C. P.* the hero of it. It was intended for *Whaley*, but not sent.

Half jest, and half earnest, there are traits of similitude in it which I can attest, as exemplified in the Hero when he was not in tune for that mirth which in general he enjoyed.

Pratt oddly is made;

For, when vex'd out of measure,

He calls Spleen to his aid,

And is pleas'd with displeasure.

Stranger yet his disease,

As I know to my cost;

For the most you displease

When you please him the most.

“ Excuse seriousness.

S. D.

C. P.”

Rees

Rees Price, a harmless old man, but fond of drams and good living, in general seems to have interested both DAVIES and his friend at *Presteigne* by simplicities of mind. He was, like *Will Whimble*, officious in good offices of a minor cast, and gratefully accepted in return for them hospitable dinners. To men of talent and wit these are pleasant appendages; and, like the Jesters of *Kings* in early days, now and then can be a little arch. They could laugh at *Rees Price* with impunity; but their laugh is never insolent or overbearing in its raillery; and they speak of him, as well as to him, with friendly affection.

In a loose paper I observe this note in DAVIES'S hand:

“Annotation on a passage in *Epictetus*” (which *Dr. Thomas*, by a singular taste, was turning into verse).

“*A Fact.*”

“*Rees*, in a violent hurry, took the ferule of his “walking-stick, which had become loose, to a *Taylor*, who was to mend it.”

Little strokes of humour appear scattered in the letters and scraps of notes to his friend, such as this:

“*Gilt*, because no other paper in the house—*pride of poverty!*”

I have an excellent performance of *Latinized English*, which is a model of its kind.

“Cum hactenus summâ felicitate viarum et cœli, hâc nocte solus apud *Bon*, scribam occurrentia et cursivè in itinere. Imprimis grates ago, deindè doleo, vel, ut *Anglicè* aiunt, mille est misericordiæ, te non potuisse simul ire: hujus mentionem facio, mei præcipuè, et nonnihil tui causâ. Redii ad *Cestr.* nocte *Jovis* invitus, at necessariò, ut rotas contraherem, ad insigne *Albi Leonis*, hospite *Smith Hopsono Cestriens.* cum quò cœnam longúmque colloquium habui—viro rationaliter comico, qui pro me, et pro meo judicio in vehiculis et in caballis,
maximum

maximum habet respectum ac deferentiam. Subivi Castell. de *Hawarden*—reverenter suspexi, movique cucullum. Humanissimi sanè sunt Antiquarii, qui labantia et ruinas colunt. Ad *Flint*, villatam satùs elegantem, commeatu destitutam, quam mare allabitur, cui Castellum turribus circuitu latissimis, sed non excelsis. Ipse de muro descendi, ipse in arenâ steti; sobriam indulsi reveriam de fato *Ricardi Secundi*, et rerum humanarum vicibus. Hæc scriblavi, nec affectatione, nec vitatione *Latinitatis Anglicæ*, nec, ut tu soles, abbrevio, ut planiùs, etsi brevissimum, intellexeris. In eodem diversorio fuit *Griffith*, Preb. de *Cant.* Ita me D. &c. malim obscurus, et inter amicissimos virùm ire, quàm cum illo et mitrà domum.”

In one of his notes :

“ I could not *smoke with serenity*, much less go to bed, till I had set you right.”

“ Oct. 27, 1748.

“ My wooden horse is arrived — an excellent machine for exercise, a kind of go-cart, or hobby-horse, for the adult and the lazy. I jogged out a *Sapphic* or two upon it, *but it is not a Pegasus.*”

“ Feb. 8, 1739-40.

“ Before *this* humour had well run off, I was attacked by another, which I will call a *versifying defluxion*. The latter malady continued working in my pate, as the former had previously done, all Monday and Tuesday; on Wednesday it ceased. What flowed I took special care to preserve; and send enclosed for the Doctor’s opinion.

* * * “ I much question whether one ought, in prudence, to be ambitious of passing for a Poet— a man who would thrive had better be thought and called the *reverse*.”

His politics were like those of a secluded man, conversant in the opinions of those with whom he was the most in habits. He called *himself* a *Whig*; but seems to have imbibed prejudices of *Tory-ism* from
from

from *North Wales*, and I should guess in part from the *Rector of Presteigne, who came from Christ Church!* All his violent spleen against the *acceptance* of preferment was *Tory language* in those days, though he has bantered it well himself in a most admirable epigram, which I will here introduce; though, if it was not for *Prior's* example of *the ladle*, I should fear to lay it before you; but, as our neighbours admirably express it, *le papier souffre tout*.

Says *Watkin* to *Cotton*, "I thought, my *Lord Gower*,
"You told us, intended to leave us no more."

Says *Cotton*, "He has not." Says *Watkin*, "You lie;

"And you too, grave Sir, have a *place*, by the bye—

"I thought all your boasting would end in a farce:

"Pray where's your *broad-bottom?*" Says *Cotton*, "*****."

The last act of his life does him so much honour that I introduce it with pleasure in bidding farewell to his amiable and pleasing character.

He bequeathed his Rectory of *Kingsland*, and all his fortune, to *Mr. Evans*, whom he had patronized at College, and who was the father of three sons, now living: one of them has the Rectory, and has in the kindest manner communicated the copious materials for this Report of him, which my zeal for his character has tempted me to undertake with enthusiasm, which its failure could not make me repent; and which has delightfully occupied the half-slumbering hours of an old age, young enough still to admire the wise, and love the good.

Farewell, best of Patrons and Friends.

I think *DAVIES* had better close your volume, after other intermediate Lives.

I have picked up more *Daviesiana*. Like *WRAY*, he is too little known.

Ever yours, *GEORGE HARDINGE.*

March 14, 1816.

 APPENDIX.

I am distressed, in the *Daviesiana*, by the inordinate volume of new intelligence, and the fear to overwhelm the candour of the Reader. My late acquisitions entangle me with their wealth, and I almost wish to be poor again.

I have made a discovery.

I had occasion to intimate, that, when at *Eton* school, the boy gave hints of the man. Some of his *Eton* poetry has been laid before the Reader. But, in a manuscript from *Kingsland*, for which I owe my affectionate thanks to the *Rev. Mr. Evans*, the Rector's brother, I observe a Poem so excellent as to merit copying; and the more, since I have discovered that it is published in the first volume of the *Musæ Etonenses*, a collection printed in 1755; and which first volume is represented by the Editor as containing only the verses that, according to the *Eton* phrase, well understood by the *Etonians*, went up for the play, one of the highest honours there conferred upon the youthful Poet of the day selected from the rest.

In the manuscript it is dated August 1727. He was therefore 18 years of age, and very near his departure to College, when it was written.

There is a powerful spirit of moralizing thought in it, and of picturesque effect in language, very uncommon for those years.

“ RES EST SACRA MISER.”

Quis mentem *Æacidæ* subito novus occupat horror?

Cur trepidant fœdi nescia corda metûs?

Ferrea

Ferrea in humentes liquuntur pectora guttas,
 Ut rupe ex durâ flere videntur aquæ.
 Rex miser et senior quâ majestate verendus
 Projicitur sævi principis ante pedes!
 Nil manet augustæ regali in fronte tiaræ,
 Splendidus ærumnis pulvere fædus adest.
 Ipse habitus,—gestus, oculi, sine voce loquuntur,
 Et causam dicunt, *Hector* adempte, tuam.
 Non ea vis animo est *Pelidis* ut antè superbi;
 Et rabiem *Eumenides* dedecere suam.
 Quid mirum? valet iste dolor tetigisse hiænas,
 Et mulcere angues, torva *Medusa*, tuos.
 Quem non imperiis *Agamemnon* flexit eundem,
 Stratus humi et supplex in sua vota regit.
 Accedit proprius decor, et sua forma dolori;
 Ipsa gerit veneres cana senecta suas.
 Majestas animi fatis invicta superbit,
 Et casu ex ipso pulchrior evehitur.
 Haud aliter *Marii* stetit imperterrita virtus
 Torva tuens gladii terruit ore minas.
 Qui vultus? quales oculi? nec inermis in illis:
 Armatae in cædem contremuere manus.
 Fulguris afflarint ardentia tela;—bidental
 Relligiosa sacrum terra piare valet.
 Nec minùs ille sacer qui fatis læditur, et vi
 Sustinet adversâ fortiter esse miser.
 Effulget virtus in clade illustrior ipsâ,
 Impavidumque decet spreta ruina ducem.
 Sic licet *Eois Titan* emergat ab undis
 Pulcher ubi croceum fundit in exidium,
 Non tamen occidæ cedens in vespere luci,
Major in oceanum splendidiorque cadit.

There

There is a very humorous collection of Letters in the second volume of "The Repository," published in 1777. The title is, "ORIGINES DIVISIANÆ, or the ANTIQUITIES OF THE DEVIZES, in familiar Letters to a Friend, in 1750 and 1751, by DR. DAVIES; first printed in 1754."

The Letters are nine.

I was informed, upon authority which I cannot resist, that SNEYD DAVIES, unquestionably, was the writer of them.

As they occupy several pages, and contain ridicule upon my *respected friends* the *Antiquaries*, I am loth to copy more than one passage, which appears to me in a very different style from his other works,—an admirable specimen of his comic powers. It is in the Fourth Letter.

"Though I am sensible the list (of the *Wardens*) is very imperfect, I have not leisure to make it complete by passing *six months* in the Tower.

"If you would have it exact, you may go and consult *Browne Willis*, a man of a singular character—a genuine Antiquary, in learning, manners, habit, and person—so extraordinary, that I think it worth a digression to give you an account of him, to acquaint you with his family, and point out his residence by such marks that you will know it the moment you see it.

"The fortune of his family was acquired by the celebrated *Thomas Willis*, M. D. out of Cavaliers who were sick of the war. It was acquired by *single fees*, before the *Funds* were created, and *Change Alley* turned into a *Court of Requests*.

"He was a man of uncommon penetration, and saw farther into the *head* than his contemporaries. He wrote many ingenious Romances, in a *nervous* and pleasing style.

"He was known to have dealt much with familiar spirits called *animal*. Having command over them, he could make, for the entertainment of
" his

" his acquaintance, a million of them dance a jig
 " on the pineal gland of a fine lady, or on the point
 " of a needle. He would send them on errands,
 " God knows where, and remand them back, as
 " quick as thought. These obsequious beings always
 " perched upon his elbow when he wrote prescrip-
 " tions, after which they instantly whipped into the
 " palm of his right hand. He could place them
 " spread over all that was exterior in fribbles, or
 " confine them to the finger of a celebrated fiddler—
 " the hand of a cheat—the foot of a dancing-master
 " —the toe of a soldier—the posteriors of a bully—or
 " the heart of a lover, and make them jump through
 " little crevices into the hollow pericranium of a
 " Methodist.

" The Doctor gave the money thus acquired for
 " his grandson's purchase of this antique place,
 " which indeed is a little crowded with *natural plan-*
 " *tations*, the owner having made a vow to live *in a*
 " *wood*.

" The house is invested with tall and large trees,
 " which look formidable in decay, yielding an occa-
 " sional habitation to a colony of rooks, who legally
 " have enjoyed them by authentic prescription from
 " the days of *Richard the First*.

" The *vallum* that encloses the garden, is a little
 " out of repair, but is never to be rebuilt by his
 " heirs. The penalty is a curse of pulling an old
 " wall upon their heads.

" The *moat* that surrounds the house has from all
 " time enjoyed a melancholy and slumbering still-
 " ness, unruffled by winds, and stranger to a dim-
 " ple; but has been for several years changing its
 " nature, and thickening into earth.

" His unmolested gate loves its threshold*; a lit-
 " tle wicket lets you into a little court, lined and
 " overshadowed with yews, which present a very so-

* " *Amatque*
Janua limen."—HORACE.

“ lemn gloom. You need not strike your hand upon
 “ the door; you may with ease creep through it; or
 “ the walls that are pervious can give you ample
 “ room for admittance.

“ The furniture of the inside is green, but resem-
 “ bles the *verde antique*. The parlour is wains-
 “ coated with oak, indigenous, and more than co-
 “ eval with its tenement. The pannels are little
 “ squares, intermixed with fluted *pallustrade*, which,
 “ by way of capital, support the faces of men,
 “ but which bear no resemblance to human nature.
 “ The chambers are hung with silks and velvets, in
 “ a kind of *Mosaic*, in the manner of patchwork.
 “ His father must have purchased them out of the
 “ *Arundelian* wardrobe; for the son, by his indefati-
 “ gable erudition, can prove them to be the genuine
 “ remnants of *Queen Elizabeth's* hoop-petticoat.

“ A variety of ornaments appear in furniture
 “ which Time has impaired. You see an assortment
 “ of statues that fell at the Reformation from their
 “ crosses *, and have looked as if they had been
 “ scared * ever since.

“ There is many a *Saxon* bust, of man, or beast,
 “ but which is not well determined; numberless
 “ fragments of painted glass, scraps of inscriptions,
 “ and shreds of deeds.

“ In his library, adorned with fretwork of pendent
 “ spiders'-webs, you will find a large collection of
 “ *Coins*, down from *Abraham* to the *Borough half-*
 “ *penny*.

“ He had, before he gave them to the University
 “ of *Oxford*, the most ample collection of Towns-
 “ men's Halfpence; ten of which are nearly equal in
 “ their *intrinsic* value to one of the farthings issued
 “ by *Wood*, but in the *extrinsic* are infinitely supe-
 “ rior.

* This appears to me very like the manner of *Horace Walpole*
 in his lively and amusing Letters.

“ Amongst

“ Amongst his MSS. written all of them in his own hand with incredible assiduity, you will see a laborious Dictionary of Lords, Abbots, Parliament-men, Gentlemen, Clergymen, and Parish clerks, ever since the *Saxon* Invasion; and in what may be called his *family pictures* you have the most copious registers of marriages, births, and burials, that is to be found in the world.

“ The territory around him has been remarkable for considerable actions heretofore; but is now disfigured with pits, dug, not for marle, gravel, or earthly use, but in search of *Roman* spears, and *Saxon* stirrups.

“ He shews a botanical curiosity, unparalleled in *England, Europe, or the Universe*. It is a willow basket, propagated from the identical *wicker basket* of *Druidism* recorded by *Julius Cæsar*; though some carry it no higher than to the *buckling basket*, well known in the facetious reign of *Henry the Fourth*.”

From the Original in DR. DAVIES's hand :

UPON ENTERING MY HOUSE AT KINGSLAND
AFTER A LONG JOURNEY.

In imitation of *Catullus ad Sirmionem peninsulam*.

Nov. 1736.

Welcome, my little snug retreat *,
Where all is calm, where all is neat;
For thee, whate'er I've seen besides,
My heart, my faith, my love derides.

* *Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque*
Ocèlle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis,
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus.

With

* With what delight and cordial glee,
 Dismounting, I re-visit thee,
 And scarcely can persuade the mind
 That storms and *Wales* are left behind.
 † Happy the peaceful joys to share
 That fold me in my elbow-chair,
 The mind, by irksome toil opprest,
 Unbends itself, and leans to rest.
 Pleas'd I behold the well-known hearth,
 And scenes familiar to its mirth;
 This golden minute overpays
 The weary nights, the restless days.

‡ Then hail again, my gentle home,
 And say you're pleas'd that I am come,
 Whether your nodding trees approve,
 Or your streams murmur out their love.
 Come, ye familiar sports, and, all
 Ye laughs, be ready, when I call.

* Quàm te libenter, quàmque lætus in viso,
 Vix mi ipse credens *Thyniam*, atque *Bithynos*
 Liquisse campos.—

† O quid solutis est beatius curis
 Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
 Labore fessi venimus *Larem* ad nostrum,
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto?
 Hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.

‡ Salve, O venusta *Sirmio*, atque hero gaude;
 Gaudete, vosque *Lariæ* lacus undæ;
 Ridete quicquid est domi cachinnorum.

 AD AMICUM.

[These verses are addressed to STEPHEN POYNTZ*, Esq. Preceptor to the Duke of CUMBERLAND; written at *Knoll-Hills*, 1739.]

Lusi Camenis aptus, et otio,
 Quà *Trenta*, dulci flumine, *Derbiæ*
 Per prata decurrit, vetúsque
 Sylva tegit juga summa *Nolæ*.

Nec me sub umbrâ desidiam brevem
 Captare, nec me rupibus aviis
 Gaudere, clivosoque agello
 Dedecuit, nemorumque scenâ.

Tecto imminentum desupèr, et Lares
 Lymphis ad imos desilientibus,
 Doctisque per pronum nitenti
 Gramen iter properare rivo.

Tuto latentem rure, nec *Austriæ*
 Clades labantis, nec *Batavi* timor,
Gallusve mendax, aut superbi
 Solicitat rabies *Iberi*:

Insanientis non populi scelus,
 Non *Italorum* cantibus et choris

* *Mr. Poyntz* was a most accomplished as well as a most amiable man. He was educated with *Mr. Hardinge* in *Eton College*, and was a Fellow of *King's*. He became afterwards Preceptor to the Duke of *Cumberland*; and *Mr. Hardinge* was His Royal Highness's Attorney General. He was maternal grandfather to *Earl Spencer*, and was employed in the *Corps Diplomatique*. His country seat was at *Midgham* in *Berkshire*. His Letters to *Mr. Hardinge* were uncommonly elegant and pleasing.

Assueta,

Assueta, virtutisque veræ
Immemor, et patriæ, juventus.

Jam fessus urbem, longaque curiæ
Gestit Senator prælia linquere ;
Oblitus irarum, paternos
Lustrat agros, avibus timendus,

Walpole, arvis, et laribus novis
Auctas aviti lustrat opes soli,
Festâque jam dignus quiete
Per vacuum sibi vivit horam.

Lucos *Eshere*, dædala quæ suum
Natura gestit vincere *Kentium*,
Molamque labentem, domumque
Pieriam repetit *Pelhamus*,

Miscere lento seria callidus
Risu ; nec idem consiliis iners,
Linguâque, rem parcit *Britannam*
Temporibus dubiis tueri.

Nec tu, *Poyntzi*, inglorius in sinu
Fundi cubantis consita nunc colis
Querceta, nunc lauros perennes
Spargere amas, placidusve frustra

Colles amictos arboribus vides,
Villæque aquarum planitiem adjicis
Ædesque dulci quæ parumper
Hospitio teneant *Wilhelmum*,

Curæ ferentem signa tuæ, ac patris
Ritu paratum Martis honoribus
Fulgere, seu pœnas daturus
Angliacam petat hostis oram,

Seu classe *Gades* vindice *Georgius*,
 Notoque gentem fulmine perfidam
 Irritet, *Arctooque* reddat
 Præsidium pelago, suæve

Littus remotum visat *Americæ*,
 Et *Mexicanos* imperio regat
 Portus, et *Indarum* triumphet
 Dives opum, domitor *Peruví*.

Cur me reductæ vallis in angulo
 Civilis ardor, telave terreant
 Adversa, *Walpolo* profundi
 Quid deceat dominum cavente ?

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING, 1740.

Friend of the Muses and repose,
 Where *Trent*, delightful current, flows
 Through *Derby's* pastures green :
 Stranger to care of late I play'd
 Under my *Nola's* hilly shade,
 Romantic, pleasing scene !

Nor need I deem it a disgrace,
 When leisure for a while takes place,
 To catch a short repast,
 Of prospect which the mountains yield,
 The cave retir'd, and sloping field,
 Imagination's feast.

The overhanging woods above
 Imbow'ring in their green alcove,
 That crowns the limpid rill ;
 Whose streams, eternally supplied,
 Form a bright track, and glitt'ring slide
 Adown the verdant hill.

Why should I think, in this retreat,
 Of sinking *Germany's* defeat,
 Or *Fleury's* wily brain ;
 Whate'er the puzzled *Dutchman* fears,
 Or what the haughty *Don* prepares
 In impotence from *Spain* ?

The madd'ning people's causeless rage,
 And all the follies of the age,
 The masque, the song (which yet
 Our giddy youth with warmth pursue,
 To virtue and their country due)
 I willingly forget.

The City's hum, the noisy war
 Of Lawyers wrangling at the Bar,
 All now are hush'd in peace.
 Each party-senator retires,
 And all agree to turn their fires
 Against the feather'd race.

See *Pelham* to his *Esher* goes,
 Where potent Nature only knows
 Her artist to excel :
Pelham himself delights to hear
 The *Mole* soft-murm'ring to his ear
 In his *Pierian* cell.

Who happier in the art to blend,
 Alike Philosopher and Friend,
 The grave and debonair ?
 Nor less his eloquence and mind
 To counsel able and inclin'd,
 When *Britain* asks his care.

Nor

Nor thine, O *Poyntz*, ignoble ease,
 Studious to plant thy fav'rite trees
 Along the shelving glade :
 And here the infant oak is sown,
 And here the laurel hopes to crown
 Thy merit with a shade.

Say not, when you the woody brow
 Survey, and the spread lake below,
 That these not entertain—
 Seats that may *Cumberland* a while,
 In whom thy happy labours smile,
 Agreeably detain.

He, all his Father in his soul,
 Each hostile effort shall controul,
 And bring his country peace ;
 Whether the Sovereign will ordain
 His thund'ring fleets to visit *Spain*,
 Or awe the *Northern* seas.

Or whether in the *Indian* sky
 The banner'd sails victorious fly,
 And with a name subdued.
 The ports of *Mexico* are won,
 And the bright produce of the sun
 Is ours in rich *Peru*.

Abstracted in a corner here,
 Why should I war and weapons fear,
 Or aught of ill besides ?
 For *Walpole* at the helm secure
 Takes measures worthy of the Power
 That o'er the sea presides.

 HORACE, EP. VI. LIB. I. *

With steady wing between extremes to soar,
 Not proudly vain, nor despicably poor ;
 Our even soul in Virtue's scale to poize,
 Not sunk by cares, nor buoy'd by idle joys ;
 In a calm medium to secure our state,
 Deaf to uneasy love and restless hate : —
 This golden lesson ancient sages taught,
 Thus *Tully* acted, and thus *Horace* thought.
Cato for this disdain'd *Rome's* little pride,
 And *Scipio* threw his worthless wreaths aside.
 These rules alone insure untainted bliss,
 And point the easy path to happiness.
 Stay thy fix'd breast, by flattering scenes unbent ;
 Fond admiration dwells not with content.
 Some lurking ills the gaz'd-at pomp destroy,
 Delights fatigue, tumultuous pleasures cloy.
 While abject crowds are ruffled with surprise,
 And ideot wonder stares from vulgar eyes ;
 No sudden turn the settled thought can move ;
 Philosophers admire not, but approve.

* The design of this Epistle is to show, that we are widely mistaken if we place our happiness in riches, honours, or pleasure ; that every thing which excites in our hearts fear or desire must be fatal to our peace ; that surprise and admiration are the source of this fear or desire ; and, consequently, that in order to get rid of the latter we must discard the former, and keep our minds so firmly poised, as not to be disconcerted by the ardent hope of gaining, or anxious dread of losing, any of those things on which the bulk of mankind commonly doat. But this evenness of temper is only to be acquired by the study of moral philosophy, and the practice of virtue. DUNCOMBE.

No

No glaring meteors can disturb their soul,
 Nor all the starry worlds above that roll :
 Since what the dastard populace affright,
 A *Newton* or a *Derham* may delight.
 They trace, unmov'd, the comet's swift career,
 Though monarchs shudder, and though nations fear ;
 They view the countless terrors of the sky
 With cool reflection, and through reason's eye.
 Let us then spurn all vain terrestrial joys,
 Think honours trifles, diadems but toys.
 Shall the mind lie unhing'd by each mad flight,
 And gaudy objects catch the giddy sight ?
 Shall we from paint and stone our bliss receive,
 Hang o'er a statue, on a picture live ?

Go, purchase gewgaws, and at auctions pine
 For mummies, urns, a pebble, or a coin.
Peru its birds or butterflies shall bring,
 And *India's* womb be tortur'd for a ring.
 A tea-board from *Japan* thy wish attends ;
Persia a screen, a carpet *Turkey* sends.

Yet know, whate'er you are, whom pleasure's bait
 Tempts to delight, or grandeur prompts to state ;
 Whether for trifles of a higher sphere
 You long, perhaps, a coronet to wear,
 Or your vain breast beats fondly for a star ;
 Pleas'd from your gilded chariot to bestow
 A look on bending crowds that gaze below ;
 Or, more exalted, ev'n at courts preside,
 And cringing levees feed your swelling pride ;
 Though you in senates every taste could hit
 With *Compton's* eloquence, and *Stanhope's* wit,
 Know your gay sunshine swiftly hastes to set :

}
 You

You to that common fatal goal must run,
Where *Tudors* and *Plantagenets* are gone.

If through your blood contagious humours glide,
If torturing pains afflict your aching side,
If agues chill, or fevers scorch your brain,
Quick seek a refuge from disease and pain.
Do you (as sure all must) desire with ease
And true content to tread life's dangerous ways?
If Virtue can alone that blessing give,
And her attendants only happy live,
Pursue the Goddess with unceasing pain
O'er the bleak mountain, or the barren plain,
While Wealth invites, and Pleasure smiles in vain. }

But if strict Virtue's laws your soul denies,
As holy cheats impos'd on vulgar eyes,
To interest's call your honesty postpone,
Bid widows weep, and plunder'd orphans groan;
Add plumb to plumb, your swelling stock increase,
Till a Director's wealth your labours bless;
Till your full warehouses can hold no more,
And your heap'd treasures bend the groaning floor.

The man whom wealth surrounds no want laments,
Each charm, each grace his every wish prevents;
Obsequious friends his crowded levee grace,
And willing beauty yields to his embrace:
Less *Hervey's* form could tempt th' enamour'd maid,
Less *Murray's* strongest eloquence persuade.

If then content by gold alone is bought,
Let that alone employ your every thought:
But should vain pomp and grandeur sooth your breast,
Convinc'd that all who haunt the court are blest,

Quick

Quick to the park and drawing-room repair,
 Like *Savage*, know each staff and ribbon there ;
 Bow to the Minister, accost his Grace,
 And talk familiar with the Peer in place ;
 Inroll each noble Lord among your friends,
 Who makes a Bishop, or a Member sends.

If more substantial bliss ragouts supply,
 And all the joys of life in eating lie,
 The dictates of your palate swift pursue,
 Search all that 's costly, elegant, and new :
 Be it the business of each day to dine,
 While meats *Pontac* supplies, and *Jephson* wine.

Thus serjeant *Müller*, deaf to *Mammon's* call,
 Oft chang'd his wig, and hurried from the hall ;
 And if the luscious turbot fill'd his eye,
 Threw *Littleton* and all his Tenures by ;
 Or while the venison bent his loaded fork,
 Left eloquence and law to *Pratt* and *Yorke*.

If your soft senses mirth and music charm,
 And wit and love alone your soul can warm,
 Be seen at every masquerade and play,
 Wear at quadrille the tedious nights away ;
 The joys most exquisite that life can give
 From *Heidegger's* alluring arts receive,
 And every wish that fires your wanton will,
 In *Epicurus's* modern groves fulfil.

Pleasures like these low vulgar minds affect ;
 From these the people happiness expect :
 But Virtue minds of nobler stamp invites.
 In paths where soft enchanting pleasures play,
 An *Orleans* or a *Rochester* may stray ;
 But a *Nassau* approves the thorny way.

}
 TO

TO T. T. (DR. THOMAS);

Dec. 1741.

HORACE, Lib. I. Ep. 12.

Between what you *collect* and what you *set*,
 A hundred pounds *per quarter*, profits nett!
 It's opulence—it leaves no room for more,
 And, if you dare, complain that you are poor!
 The world's good things enjoy'd, and at command,
 * You need not stoop to kiss the Royal hand;
 With ease, with health, and cheerful thoughts—I doubt
 What more you *can* acquire—unless the gout.
 Should you in plenty's lap of diet spare,
 Nettles and water-cresses all your fare,
 O'er the cool sallad hermit-like rejoice,
 We should not call it avarice, but choice;
 No Fortune's whim can alter Nature's bent,
 And Virtue is the mother of Content.

Think you that *Newton's* meat escap'd from flies
 When his free soul was absent in the skies?
 When you, with tithes and parish cares perplext,
 By thieving neighbours, cheating farmers, vext,
 Yet, unabsorb'd in all this worldly sink,
 Have time to eat, and *bow!* †—to read and think,
 Of actions trace the source, and mark the tides,
 Why, though it's war, in peace the navy rides;

* What an original and spirited line!

† The race here described is, I trust, obsolete in 1816.

Who checks our prowess? whether in the deep,
H—ck's by choice or by command asleep;
 Discern between the tarnish'd and the pure,
 Why *Vernon* shines when others are obscure;

* * * * *
 * * * * *

But, whether you dissect your stall-fed beast,
 Or slay the leeks and cabbage for your feast,
 Pray think of *Rees* †; and, of your own accord,
 A pipe unask'd-for to your guest afford,
 You'll find his claim, now conscionable, stints
 All evening draughts to less than seven pints;
 When your full casks with liquid plenty burst,
 It's very hard your friend should die of thirst.

As to the rest—above how matters go,
 Who fall and rise at *Westminster*, you'll know;
 Unrighteous *Bl—cy* the Law's decree
 Has heard, abash'd, and *shorter by the knee* ‡.
Astræa's come;—and *Ceres* o'er the fields
 Her promise of a GOLDEN harvest yields.

* The two next lines, though full of spirit, mark so little respect for the Constitution of Parliament, that I am afraid of copying them. Our Friend was a most flaming Patriot!

† *Rees Price*, of *Erdisland*, a curate fond of a cup.

‡ *Genibus minor*.—HORACE.

In these *Imitations* I do injustice to my Hero in suppressing the Original, because much of their uncommon merit arises from comparison ; but I assume that all classical readers will have recourse to it : and I can promise that I shall have their best thanks for enabling them to see what happiness there is in the version. They are closer than *Pope's*, but not less harmonious.

Two or three passages I must particularize.

Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis, quos *colligis*.

Here the word *collect* in the Imitation, though *literal*, gives a *new* sense. This answers to *Mr. Locke's* definition of pure *wit*. But the whole is equally ingenious ; and the *Imitations* of this charming Poet were never, if it is not a paradox to say it, more truly *original*.

The turn of *kissing the royal hand*, and of *acquiring the gout*, the parody of the *offered pipe*, and of the *moderate claim on the cellar*, deserve to be remarked.

Si ventri bene, si lateri est, *pedibusque tuis*, nil
Divitiæ poterunt *regales* addere majus.—

Utere *Pompeio Grospho* : et, si quid petit, ultro
Defer : nil *Grosphus* nisi verum orabit et æquum.

The decree against the unrighteous party, a recent and popular event, is here a fine stroke of satire, produced by a shade of departure from the original.

Jus imperiumque Phraätes

Cæsar accepit, genibus minor.

I may

I may now, my dear Friend, as well give you the additional verses of this charming Poet.

April 1742.

While now the vernal clouds impend,
 And seem the distant hills to kiss,
 May no ill-omen'd blast attend
 To waft away the hov'ring bliss!
 The heavens are wav'ring in suspense,
 In doubt as yet what face to wear,
 Whether look stern on man's offence,
 Or on his follies drop a tear.
 To his own race in terror shewn,
 Stern was the air that *Joseph* kept :
 But, when their guilt he heard them own,
 'Twas then he *turn'd*, and then he *wept*.

IN DOMUNCULAM THOMASIANAM.

Ædium acclinis lateri sinistro,
 Quod Lares inter tibi nomen addam ?
 Crustane ut serves vigil, an *Cloacæ*
 Arbiter audis ?
 Quatuor te vix homines (pusillos
 Parturit quales hodierna tellus)
 Vix queant portare humeris, novâque
 Figere terrâ !
 Fallor : angustum colit hunc recessum
 Quem probè noscunt et amant *Camæna* ;
 Hic jacet *ludi* * satur in *viveto*,
 Totus in illis.
 Arcta sit curtæ domus, et reductæ
 Molis ; hinc illum comitare vellem
 Cum bonis et cum lepidis, *Thomæ*que
 Instar, amicis.

* The Bowling-green.

I am

I am happy in the power to add an Alcaïc Ode, addressed by him to his friend *Doctor Cranke* the Physician. I take it from a book which gives this character of DAVIES :

“ DR. DAVIES possessed the most amiable and conciliating manners. To the refined accomplishments of the scholar he joined the meek and the unassuming spirit of the Christian. His moral and intellectual character is pourtrayed in some elegant lines by *Miss Seward*; and in a *Latin Epistle*, in which the easy flow of the verse and the felicity of the diction contend for superiority, written by *Mr. Phelps*, of *New College, Oxford*.”

The Writer then gives the lines of *Miss Seward*, which have been already laid before the Reader in p. 10; and reserves the *Latin Poem* of *Mr. Phelps* for his Appendix.

The Alcaïc of DAVIES appears to me of the highest order, in poetical spirit, grace, and effect. The Writer of these articles describes it well, in terming it “an elegant composition of terse Latinity.”

IN DOMUM CRANKIANAM.

Amice ;—villæ temperiem tuæ
 Laudo ; nec alter me magis angulus
 Oblectat : arridet, fatemur,
 Lenè cubans et aprica sedes,

 Cui clivus Euros et Boream altior
 Defendit, et quæ læta Favonio
 Se pandit, et flatus tepentes
 Captat, amans genialis Austri.

Credas

Credas Poetæ ; non alia hâc domus
Flaccum recepit ; non aliter jugo
 Supina, declivemque fundum, et
 Irriguam speculata vallem :

Si tecta culmis hâc popularibus
 Congesta,—tignis, et paleâ rudis
 Si murus horrescat, nec altæ
 Invidiam faciant columnæ,

At non supellex munda, nec hortuli
 Deerunt salubres ; aridum iter soli,
 Amnesque piscosi—et paratæ
 Artis opes, tua cœna, perdix.

Jucunda visu panditur area,
 Amicta cultu, strata mapaliis,
 Altâque villâ—nec recusat
 Cœruleos aperire montes.

Hunc o recessum sæpiùs oppido
 Mutes, et arti ;—dum licet otio
 Fruare, nec Febris clientes
 Det nimios, nimiùmque paucos.

For the *authenticity* of this Ode as the work of DAVIES, I have the evidence of *Major Evans*, brother to the Rector of *Kingsland*, a gentleman to whose liberal aid and politest attentions I am gratefully indebted.

TO DR. CRANKE,

In Imitation of *Horace*.

O nata mecum, &c.—Lib. III. Od. XXI.

Dec. 1742.

My cask ; whate'er attends thy train,
 The comic or the sober vein,
 * Whate'er thy brooding barrel
 Of mirth or wisdom brings along,
 The tale—the argument—the song,
 Or amicable quarrel :

† Whether gay chat makes free with night,
 Or slumbers wave their feathers light,
 And close the cheerful scene,
 Thy piercing be delay'd no more,
 Come and yield up thy liquid store,
 For CRANKE the taste will deign.

‡ Not he, though deep in volume sage
 Of *Sydenham's*, *Freind's*, or *Hoffman's* page,
 Will scruple to partake ;
 Ev'n *they* with *Bourdeaux* and *Champaigne*
 Could warm the philosophic brain,
 And *Mead* could be a rake.

* Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos
 Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum.

† Descende, *Corvino* jubente,
 Promere languidiora vina.

‡ Non ille, quanquàm *Socraticis* madet
 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.
 Narratur et prisci *Catonis*
 Sæpè mero caluisse virtus.

Thou

* Thou gentle engine to extort
 From pining sorrow, jest and sport,
 The balm of hearts opprest;
 † Thou bliss, that stealing soft thy way,
 Can turn insensibly the key
 That opes the human breast;

‡ From thee Despair has gleams of hope,
 The Curate emulates the Pope,
 The beggar lifts his crest:
 § Patients awhile forget their ails,
 Nor debtors fear to lie in jails,
 Nor strollers to be press'd.

|| Thee *Bacchus* with himself shall cheer;
 O that a *Venus* too were here,
 With all her graceful court!
 The tapers blaze with merry light;
 And pleasure makes the tedious night
 Of slow December short.

* Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
 Plerumque duro.

† Tu sapientium
 Curas et arcanum jocoso
 Consilium retegis *Lyæo*.

‡ Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
 § Et addis cornua pauperi.

|| Post te neque iratos trementi
 Regum apices, neque militum arma.

¶ Te *Liber*, et si læta aderit *Venus*,
 Segnesque nodum solvere *Gratiæ*.

He seldom wrote verse of humour; but his talent for it will appear in the following address to his Friend.

ON DR. CRANKE'S VICTORY OVER THE GOUT.

The Maladies, assembled all,
 Were grumbling in their sable hall :
 For want of meat grown spare and lank,
 They all complain'd of *Doctor Cranke*,
 Of savage cruelty accus'd him,
 How shockingly the tyrant us'd 'em.
 The raging *Fever* at command
 Was tame beneath his chilling hand,
 And their best fiend, subdued, could spare
 Its cherish'd prey, the young and fair.
 In vain they burrow'd ev'ry part,
 The reins, the liver, and the heart ;
 In vain could each recess explore, —
 He sends 'em back through ev'ry pore:
 Some from the turbid stomach's coat
 He forces up the patient's throat ;
 And some, too heavy so to jump,
 He sends before him to the rump :
 These with a fatal powder slew,
 And with a lancet those ran through ;
 Sustain'd the gasping patient's breath,
 And physick'd all the fiends to death.

Gout, who had no Physician fear'd,
 His agonizing phiz up-rear'd,
 Swore that in vengeance *he* would go,
 And catch the Doctor by the toe ;

But

But he, who saw the lurking fiend,
 Said calmly, " *I'll be with you, friend,*"
 And snatch'd at once, in his defence,
 The goodly weapon *abstinence*;
 He fenc'd and parried with his foe,
 And warded off each coming blow,
 While in his firm unshaken strength
 He kept the monster at arms' length.
 The monster vext retir'd, and swore
 He never met his match before.

Dec. 30, 1745.

May no misfortune blot the rising year!
 No *rebel bonnet* South of *Eske* appear!
 No more her savage crest *Distraction* rear!
 O! may the scene, polluted thus with blood,
 Ope the seal'd eyes to make us wise and good!
 The menac'd havock, and the passing storm,
 With terrors arm'd, a guilty age reform!
 Strike the base heart, and sweep corruptions all
 From the pack'd Senate, or the tainted Stall!
 To virtue if no blessings could allure,
 With scourges, to reclaim,—and plagues, to cure!

TO LORD VISCOUNT BATEMAN.

Hints from *Phædrus*, Lib. 3, Prol.

Sincere if *Bateman* ask'd the Muse to sing,—
 Ere she can raise her voice, or spread her wing,
 She ventures to demand a vacant ear:
 Unoccupied in state, from levees clear,

He must not think a moment is too long
To hear and feel the energy of song.

But justly he retorts—" Can *he* have time
" From youth and pleasure to bestow on rhyme !
" What, leave on *Epsom* down, or *Windsor* chace,
" The noble game, or animating chace !
" When, swiftly o'er the hill and forest borne,
" The mind re-echoes to the cheering horn ?
" Or leave his princely board, and social friend,
" On a poetic trifer to attend !
" My verses to a rainy hour he 'll keep,
" And with my sonnets doze himself asleep."

Born to sip early the *Castalian* rill,
Nurs'd as if cradled on the sacred hill
Where Inspiration sweeps the magic string,
And breath in air wafts music on its wing,
In youthful bloom, their laurel bowers among,
Play'd on their knees, and lisp'd their hallow'd song ;
Though from the heart each abject wish is torn,
The world forsaken, and its bribes forsworn,
Fond of inglorious ease, without a name,
Or paid with envied praise in barren fame,
Yet by the Muses doom'd, alas, to wait,
Kept at a distance from their lofty gate !
Still, as I feel the debt, my verse is due,
A neighbour's tribute of no servile hue ;
Pleas'd could I hear that *Bateman*, young and gay,
Stole half an hour of life to read the lay.

CADUCAN AND DR. MILLES.

I have no key to this Poem, except what the verse itself can supply. It should seem that some old figure * imported from *Bangor* was presented by *Dr. Milles* to a *Lord Bateman* of those days; but whether it was the last Peer, or his immediate Predecessor, for want of the Poem's date, I cannot as yet ascertain. Both were contemporaries. The last acquired the title, and the *Shobden* estate, very near *Kingsland*, A. D. 1744.

“ Why did I leave my *Bangor's* native shore ?
 “ Why ramble to the distant vale of *Dore* † ?
 “ No *Briton* could profane my hallow'd shrine,
 “ Or treat my form but as a thing divine.—
 “ Yet where than *Dore* a more sequester'd shade
 “ Has thought conceiv'd, or gloomy Nature made ?
 “ Yet there was found a sacrilegious race,
 “ Who seiz'd and rent me from the hallow'd base.
 “ Think, to be wak'd with such alarming fears,
 “ Where I had slept in peace five hundred years !
 “ O direful deed ! avenging powers, look down,
 “ Behold me toss'd and carted up to town,
 “ Where smiling at his plunder *Bateman* stands,
 “ And *Milles*, arch traitor, clasps his impious hands.
 “ Can I forget the leap that bounding sprung,
 “ His breathless accent struggling on his tongue,
 “ When first the caitiff spied upon my breast,
 “ The emblematic speculum imprest ?
 “ No more, ye fiends, upon my ruins tread !
 “ Cease, ye barbarians, to insult the dead !”

* *Mr. Pennant*, in his *Welsh Tour*, vol. I. p. 233, has engraved some old coffin-lids found at *Bangor*, on one of which is inscribed, “ HIC JACET ITHEL CADWGON.” J. N.

† A river of that name runs through the golden valley in the county of *Hereford*.

Thus in accusing mood the Image cried,

Milles heard—and thus in choler's tone replied :

“ Ungrateful *Caducan* ! unkind amends !

“ Why blame compassion ? why calumniate friends ?

“ For this—had *Bateman's* kind and gen'rous care

“ Brought thee from darkness into light and air ?

“ From killing damps and charnel vaults obscene,

“ From walls in mossy distillations green ?

“ Plac'd thee in decent state, a welcome guest,

“ Brush'd off thy dirt, and scower'd thy tatter'd vest ?

“ Was it for this repairing arts were spread,

“ And lab'ring skill reform'd thy shatter'd head ?

“ Go, and lament, ingrate, the varied scene ;

“ Go and complain that *Bateman* made thee clean ;

“ Go to the silent gloom, and be forgot ;

“ Enjoy thy solitude ;—prefer to rot ;

“ Go to the *Dorian* vale, or *Cambrian* shore !”

Abash'd, the Idol slept, and spoke no more.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO OLD CAMDEN'S PICTURE,

AT LORD CAMDEN'S, IN KENT.

An extract from a gay little feather of *DR. DAVIES*, addressed to his friend *John Dodd*, has been given in p. 504 ; and I shall now transcribe the lines alluded to in pp. 487. 675.

Father of *Britain* ! (late restor'd) a while

Attend, and cast a venerable smile !

Know'st thou these walls, these walks, this woody brow ?

Blush, good old man, and see its glories now.

* I have obtained, by the favour of Lady Knowles, the original picture of *DAVIES*, from which *the keepsake* to *LORD CAMDEN* was a copy ; and I send it you that it may be engraved.—*I know* from the first *Lord Camden* that it was the very man alive ; but I should guess at a younger age, not much above the eighth lustre.

Know'st

Know'st thou the MAN —
 Whom neither fear nor favour can controul,
 His inborn worth, and probity of soul :
 Mild as the vernal gale, or softest lay ;
 Firm as the rock that spurns the roaring sea :
 " Inflexible, and steady to his trust : " —
 Barely to say he 's upright, is unjust.
 Father, be proud ; assume thy later fame :
 Hear, and rejoice : he bears thy honour'd name.

Do I then flatter ? what ! for dirt and pence ?
 'Tis false, ye hirelings ! wretches, get ye hence.
 What ! for some meed ! — with me as light as air :
 Trifles and toys beneath my serious care.
 Where interest, trifles, and ev'n power are weak,
 Freely I draw ; and what I feel, I speak.
 Ask, ask the People's, ask the Sovereign's choice,
 Ask thy own *Britain* — she confirms my voice.

I shall conclude my account of this excellent man,
 by transcribing his Épitaph :

“ To the memory of
 SNEYD DAVIES, D. D.
 Archdeacon of Derby,
 Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral Church of
 Lichfield, and Rector of this Parish.
 Born with natural abilities,
 and furnished with acquired endowments,
 equal to the highest station ;
 his modest disposition withheld him from the pursuit
 of that degree and advancement in the Church
 to which his merits
 peculiarly entitled him.
 He died 20th day of January, 1769,
 aged 59.”

P. S. As a proper appendage to the preceding article, I proceed to transcribe, from *Mr. Coxe's Memoirs of Stillingfleet* *, an excellent sketch of the Character of the REV. JOHN WILLIAMSON, by MR. ALDWORTH NEVILLE :

“ If ever man lived to fifty, and died without having lost a friend, or made an enemy, it was *Johnny Williamson*.

Pope drew his character in a single line,

‘ In wit a man, simplicity a child.’

Had he sat for the picture, it could not have been more like: however, this is only a great outline, and I must be more minute. With the most acute understanding, and infinite discernment, any dull scoundrel might have duped him any hour of his life; some did, and they always escaped with impunity; for he was as careful to conceal their iniquity as they could be themselves: without vice himself, he could not bear the thought of punishing it in others.

“ The gentleness of his manners could only be equalled by the depth of his genius: no sickness could ruffle the one, or blunt the other. Bad health indeed checked the flight of the latter, and hindered its attaining those heights in philosophy and mathematics to which he would otherwise have soared; as I heard from Professor *Bradley*, when I was a Student at *Oxford*, and had not the happiness of knowing *Williamson*; and many times have I heard it since from some of the first men in those sciences

* Of that entertaining Work I have already spoken in p. 506, and shall only now observe that I think *Mr. Stillingfleet's* prose most elegant, easy, and beautiful; his thoughts, at once, ingenious, and chaste; but his Charge, and Sermon, to *Windham*, his Botanical Memoirs, and his Tour, could have been spared.— I have seen him at *Lord Dacre's*, and have heard him, but thought him rather amiable than interesting. He generally accompanied his friend *Marsham*, who was of the same cast. When I read his Letters to *Mrs. Montagu* I was charmed. Indeed all his Letters are pleasing and lively, as well as clever. I should have thought it impossible for him to have loved any thing but a *Linnæan* flame. By the way, I think his pittance of 100*l.* a year shamefully inadequate. G. H.

here

here and at *Geneva*; from *Robins, Earl Stanhope, Stevens, Stillingfleet, Professors Calandrini and Cramer of Geneva*, to whom I may, from report, add *Simson of Glasgow*. These are the illustrious witnesses of *Williamson's* inventive genius and accurate judgment; and well might they judge of both, for none of them ever published any mathematical work, when he was within reach, without first submitting it to his censure and correction. When *Dr. Frewen*, the celebrated physician at *Oxford*, had obtained his promise not to think of mathematics for a twelvemonth at least, he employed that time in making himself thorough master of *Greek*, which he did without any fatigue of mind; and afterwards, when his bad health had entirely stopped his mathematical career, he applied himself to the study of his own profession, which he enforced and adorned with every argument and ornament that could be drawn from ancient philosophy, history, poetry, or belles lettres. Superior as his genius was, it was nothing to his heart: that was literally without a spot; for I will not call by that name a thoughtless indolency, the child of innocence and generosity.

“He was in the strictest sense of the word a true Christian, made up of faith, meekness, and charity. Generous to such a degree as never to look on the solitary guinea in his pocket as his own, whilst any object struck him that seemed to want it more than himself: no wonder, therefore, he was always poor. I asked him one day, why he was not of the Royal Society? His answer was, that he had never found himself worth £20 to pay the fees. This, amongst other marks of his character, I mentioned to the Duke of *Bedford*, in my recommendation of him to the Chaplaincy of *Lisbon*; and such an union of merit and poverty weighed more with his Grace, than the efforts of very powerful solicitors in favour of other competitors: he was appointed to that employment. How he discharged his duty, the universal veneration and affection of every rank of every Nation

tion with which he had any concern, best certified. *Sir Benjamin Keene, Mr. Castres, and Mr. Hay, His Majesty's Ministers at the Courts of Spain and Portugal,* together with the whole *British Factory,* adored him. The *Portuguese* Nobility and Clergy treated him with a respect never paid to his Predecessors; and, what flattered him more than all the rest, the common people of *Lisbon,* forgetting he was a Heretick, never once offered him the least insult; but, on the contrary, were ever ready to assist him in finding out the huts of the sick or dying *English* sailors.

“He escaped the Earthquake miraculously; but it left such a horror on his gentle mind, that he frequently requested his friends to wave their curiosity on that subject. He happened to have received fifty moidores the day before the Earthquake, and had them in his pocket the next morning; reflecting on this circumstance, he was saying some time afterwards, that he believed he had been at one time the richest man in *Lisbon*: “True,” said *Mr. Castres,* “but how much had you left the next night?” He had given it all away; and soon afterwards insisted, and from a perseverance very unusual in him, prevailed with the *Factory* to abate 130 moidores of the stipend they had themselves fixed upon him. He, however, continued to remit a handsome allowance to his mother and sisters in *Scotland,* to his dying day. All his books and papers, which last was an irreparable loss to the publick, as well as to himself, were buried in the general ruin. The horrid executions on account of the King's assassination wrought deeply likewise on his gentle disposition; and the more so, as he had personally known the *Marquis de Tavora,* and others of the sufferers.

“Early in the year 1793, this godlike man was, about his 50th year, relieved from all his infirmities, and gathered to his kindred angels. He left just enough to bury him, and would have left no more if he had been Archbishop of *Canterbury.*”

MY

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Walton Grove, Mar. 20, 1816.*

I have still one more article for you, connected with the Memoir of DR. DAVIES.

Noscitur à sociis, though it is not universal, is a very general, and a very safe criterion of the associated individuals—till presumption is overturned by fact. Let us apply this criterion.

Mr. Whaley was intemperate, and a libertine—DR. DAVIES an exemplary moralist; but the former, I should guess, had convivial talents, and companionable ones. These cover a multitude of sins. *Mr. Dodd* had no literature, but he had a generous heart and benevolence of manner. In *Dr. Thomas*, in *Lord Camden*, in *Aldworth Neville*, and in PHELPS, “though last not least,” DR. DAVIES had the society of spirits in perfect unison with his own.—The Writer who is now coming upon the scene would confer honour upon friends of the highest class for genius and wit.—I mean MR. PHELPS.

I have made inquiries, and some discoveries, concerning this accomplished and gifted scholar, but as yet very incomplete.

The name struck me, as familiar to my recollection of it in a very different place from *Tivoli*.

I was carried once to the *Catch Club*—against all rule—not as a guest protected by one of the members; but as an interloper, in the very heart of the vocal feast, and at night.

There I *saw*, and there I *heard*, a MR. PHELPS, who was then filling the chair of the Vice President.

I was much pleased with his appearance, with his manners, and, above all, with his musical talent.

I learnt that he was a personal friend of *Lord Sandwich*, and that he had been Under Secretary of State: but that he had in this Club the less dignified post of Secretary, and Treasurer, from his passion for vocal musick. In two or three years afterwards he was no more.

I have

I have since found that *he* was the writer of the following Letters—that in 1761 he was *Secretary to the Legation at Turin*—that in 1768 he was appointed *Provost Marshal of the Leeward Islands*—and that he died without issue in 1771, a very general favourite.

I have also learnt more details of him, and they are not a little curious.

He was born at *Eye*, in the county of *Hereford*, the son of the *Rev. George Phelps*, Custos of the College in *Hereford*, and Vicar of *All Saints* in that City, who married a *Whitney* (whose mother was a *Cornwall*), and died March 23, 1753, in *Hereford* *.

He was educated at *Winchester* school; and the *Bishop of Worcester* informs me that his *Latin* verses there had a very ingenious and classical turn. He there formed an acquaintance with *Lord Rivers*, then *George Pitt*, and with *Lord Bruce*, afterwards the last *Earl of Aylesbury*. After he took his Bachelor's degree, he became travelling tutor to the *Duke of Beaufort*, *Mr. Boverie* of *Teston*, and *Mr. James Dawkins*. It appears from the Letters of DAVIES that he had been twice abroad, and I suppose with different pupils. In one of these trips he was accompanied by the two *Winchester* friends, *Lord Bruce* and *Mr. Pitt*. The latter, being appointed Ambassador to the *King of Sardinia*, made PHELPS the Secretary of Legation.

Upon the King's marriage we have his *name* to an *English Epithalamium*, published in the *Oxford Collection*. This, I have no doubt, was the composition of DAVIES, though it is the *Odyssey* of his *Iliad*; but it has marks of his power and style, which are decisive to shew that *he* is the writer of it.

PHELPS, at the date of this Poem, was at *Winchester*, as an Adjutant of the *Dorset Militia*.—In the verse he alludes to his *travels*, and these two friends by name.

* One of his daughters married *Dr. Leigh*, a Canon Residentiary of *Hereford*, and Archdeacon of *Salop*.

I may

I may as well copy here the Poem addressed by him to DAVIES, and sent from Oxford:

O qui sub umbrâ *Socraticis* mades
Chartis, et idem carmen amabile
Effundis, aridente *Phæbo*
Castaliisque choris fluente:

Nunc o resumas, nunc potiùs, lyram
Laurosque sævas, et faciles humo
Sterni catervas, et cruenti
Arma canas animosa belli.

En quâ caducum fortior *Austria* *
Inspirat ignem, quâ rapidos agit
Victrix triumphos, et calentes
Vindicat inferias suorum.

Audin', quis horror; quid referunt soni
Fatale,—circâ quis reboantum
Plausus virorum est? heu quot umbræ
Præcipitant per opaca lethi!

† Illûc vagari non patitur suos
Perita vestri cura *Machaönis*,

* This, I apprehend, has a peculiar grace *ad hominem*, for DAVIES had written a poetical address to the *Queen of Hungary*.

† These two stanzas, which are copied by DAVIES in one of his Letters, prove a command of the *Horatian* tune. They are thus introduced by his friend. The Letter has no date:

“ I have a Letter from young *Phelps* at *Oxford*, with a *Latin* Ode. I mention it upon account of two stanzas wherein *Dr. Cranke* is dubbed a *Poet*. After describing the havock of the war,

“ Quot umbræ

“ Precipitant per opaca lethi;

“ follow these lines:

“ Illûc vagari, &c. &c. *Medicus-Poeta*.

“ He has incurred this odium and scandal by keeping bad company, and, should the notion spread, it may do him harm in *business*—yet I love mischief so well, that I cannot forbear smiling.”

Quos-

Quosunque Febris torquet urens,
Inflat Hydrops, minuitve Tabes.

Huic *Phæbus* artem non dedit unicam;
Et sanat herbis, et citharâ valet,
Ipse instar *Hannesî*, coronâ
Par duplici—*Medicus-Poeta*.

Te jure, totum te sibi vindicant
Pindi sorores; te fidibus Deus
Donavit argutisque nervis
Et properam dedit ipse laurum.

Sed O dolendum! te penetralibus
Non *Wiccamanis* erudiens lyram
Instruxit ædes—non disertæ
Wintonidum coluere Musæ.

Prudens futuri *Regia* te domus
In lacte fovit; *Camus* alit suum
Ætate maturâ, invidetque
Tâm celebrem *Rhedycinæ* alumnum.

Ille inter omnes flevit aquas dolens,
Cum te juventæ præsidium suæ
Vidit revulsum—"Siste," dixit,
"Ruris amans, tacitæque famæ!"

Desideratus jam nimium diu,
Tandem pudori pone modum tuo;
Te *Gratiæ* tristes repossunt,
Et citharæ sine te silentes.

Nec me pusillum filiolum chori,
Nil prævigentem te genio, et sacri
Juris potentem, dedecebit
Verba loqui socianda chordis.



Dfi vatis umbræ dent requiem, croco
 Spirante in urnâ, qui didicit priùs
 Virtute vim præbente, *Phæbi*
 Digna lyrâ resonare versu.

Nec ulla Musis gratior est lyra
 Quàm quæ protervis abstinet à modis,
 Moresque sustentat caducos
 Auspicio melioris ævi.

At vate ab illo laurea decidat,
 Utcunque felix, qui vitii heri
 Venalis inservit superbi,
 Immeritam famulus per aulam.

Musis amici spiritus altior
 Salve *Maronis*!—jure tulit suum
 Te penna, quæ nescivit aulæ
 Blanditiis animosa solvi.

Hunc nuda *Virtus* prosequitur; piis
 Hunc lachrymarum muneribus *Fides*,
 Et flore multo, *Gratiarum*
 Accumulat soror omnis urnam.

Nec parce venæ tu simili et suæ
Marone adempto—Te pietas vetat
 Latere in umbrâ; desine abdi,
 Virgineum excutiens pudorem.

Longè procellis da trepidos metus
 Portare; felix, et patriæ, et tibi
 Succedat annus; nec per ævum
 Deficiant nivei colores!

The modesty of DAVIES induced him to write upon this Letter, as the motto, "Non tam *de me*, "quam *supra me*;" as if he had said, "this poetical effusion is to be considered rather as the eulogy of a partial friend, than as a delineation of me."

Where PHELPS acquired the charm of his musical talent and power, does not appear. But I never can forget the impression of them upon me. It struck me that he was a perfect master of the science, that he had the most admirable voice of the kind I ever heard, a deep and mellow tone, with a taste not inferior to it. When I saw him, I thought him built for a century;—he had a handsome countenance and figure.

It has been supposed that his music introduced him to the *Earl of Sandwich*, and it is probable enough; but it has been added invidiously—that PHELPS "*nimiùm dilexit amicum*;" in other words, that it was the suicide of late hours and convivial frolics;—but especially when they were engrafted upon all the leisure he could obtain from the desk when he was Under Secretary of State, and *Lord Sandwich* his Principal—that he was all day occupied in his official toil; for which he consoled himself, and his principal with him, by roaring and reveling all night.

Such is party, and the vulgar estimate of character. That *Lord Sandwich* was convivial to a fault, when disengaged from his public trust, it would be abject flattery to dispute: but his enemies, if they knew him, would admit that in all the offices he filled he was exemplary in attentions and in talent; with a power, and with a habit of discernment, that would never have chosen a man to be his deputy in a public trust because he had a good voice, and sang well.

I was not acquainted with him, but often met him at the Catch Club; and with all my recollections in prose and verse that record his intemperate mirth, I never saw a conduct in him that was not perfectly
suitable

suitable to the dignified manners of a gentleman, though animated by comic humour, as a *performer* in catches which demanded comic effect :—And I perfectly recollect, as I have already intimated, that MR. PHELPS had the appearance of perfect health when I saw him two or three years before his death. When I add, that a Bishop, whom to name is to honour his birth and his rank in the Church, *the Bishop of Durham*, accompanied him in visits to the late *Mr. Neville*; this obloquy, I trust, will be no more.

Upon this gentleman's travels I have made up a final and correct opinion. It is—that he never travelled at all, and that he was three times abroad;—that he had no pupils, and that he had three.

I have an obliging Letter from the celebrated *Mr. Uvedale Price*, Author of the *Essay on the Picturesque*, as accomplished a person as any of this age, in which are these slight, but valuable, notices upon the subject of MR. PHELPS. They will speak for themselves.

“ I was not acquainted with MR. PHELPS till his
 “ constitution and his voice had been much im-
 “ paired, and my short acquaintance with him soon
 “ ended with his life.

“ By what remained of his voice, even to the last,
 “ it must have been a very fine one.

“ I have always heard him spoken of as a man
 “ highly esteemed and beloved on various accounts :
 “ I am persuaded that his Letters from *Italy* must
 “ be very interesting.”

Lady Cornwall says, “ With *Mr. Richard Phelps*
 “ all my family were in habits of the greatest inti-
 “ macy. He was a most popular companion, and I
 “ have always heard him highly spoken of as a
 “ scholar. In modern languages and in music he
 “ excelled extremely.”

In the following Letter the Reader will compare him to that masterly Painter, the *late Mr. Eustace*,
 the

the *Marcellus* of his day. We had but seen him before he left us the melancholy office to deplore the loss of so high-spirited and so accomplished a genius—to cherish his remains—and perpetuate his fame! I cannot forbear to add, however, that in this Letter PHELPS makes *Mr. Eustace* appear in a subordinate light, as a careless observer and superficial reasoner, as I shall have occasion to demonstrate.

Copy from the original in my possession, G. H.

“ DEAR RECTOR, *Rome, July 10, 1751.*

“ Perhaps you may by this time be *Mr. Archdeacon, Mr. Chancellor, Mr. Residentiary, &c.* ;
 “ but, whatever titles you possess, or may acquire,
 “ including *Prelacy* itself, I hope you will always
 “ hold *Kingsland in commendam* ; which a little sa-
 “ vours of self-interest. I remember too well the
 “ many agreeable hours I have passed there ; and if
 “ you will just allow me a little of *Dr. Bentley’s*
 “ comment, that is, if you will agree that *terrarum*
 “ has the sense of *Britanniarum*, I sincerely can
 “ say with *Horace* :

“ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes

“ Angulus ridet.

“ I am but just returned from an expedition into
 “ the country, and amongst other places have been
 “ examining pretty carefully what I call *your friend*
 “ *Horace’s villa*.

“ I have had a notable dispute with a learned *Ro-*
 “ *man*, who is an absolute sceptic in antiquities, and
 “ carries this point so far as even to doubt if there
 “ ever existed such a man as *Augustus, &c.*

“ However, lately, finding the *molliæ tempora*, I
 “ prevailed upon him to allow that such a man as
 “ your friend has existed : moreover, that he actually
 “ wrote all those Odes, &c. which are attributed by
 “ the moderns to him. Upon this I advanced a
 “ little step further, and I asked him what he
 “ thought of that palace in *Tivoli* (anciently *Tibur*)
 “ which

“ which Antiquaries have agreed in general to name
 “ *Horace's villa*. He replied, that, in opposition to
 “ his usual diffidence, he *would* allow that *Horace*
 “ had a villa, or farm, in some place or other, because
 “ he talks of such a thing in one of his *Epistles*;
 “ but, if I had not surprized him in a merciful hour,
 “ he had arguments enough by him to shew, and
 “ prove, that *Horace* was only bantering, and that
 “ he never possessed one foot of land in his life.—
 “ ‘ However,’ continued he, ‘ I have allowed you
 “ ‘ thus far, and scorn to retract; but how he came
 “ ‘ into possession of property in *Tibur*, I think no
 “ ‘ man who has not the *cacoethes* of Antiquaries
 “ ‘ would ever dream.’ Upon this we entered into
 “ a pitched battle and smart engagement. I at
 “ length obliged him to advance one step further in
 “ concession, and grant me that *Horace* had a farm
 “ in the *Sabine* country. After this bold flight of suc-
 “ cess, I grew more unreasonable; and, after having
 “ examined the whole spot most attentively, I con-
 “ vinced *myself*, though I could not *him*, that he
 “ had not only a villa near *Tivoli*, but that I had
 “ found the very scene described in his *Epistles*.
 “ You will find that my arguments are far from
 “ being mathematical demonstrations; but, such as
 “ they are, I leave them to you.

“ I chiefly insist upon two passages in *Horace*,
 “ besides the wish

“ ‘ *Tibur Argæo positum colono.*’

“ The first is,

“ ‘ *Ego, apis Matinæ*

“ ‘ *More modoque,*

“ ‘ *Grata carpentis thyma,*’ &c.

“ Here, I think, he fairly makes himself more than
 “ a *visitor* of *Mæcenæ*, which is the only argu-
 “ ment I have heard for his being so fond of cele-
 “ brating *Tibur* upon every occasion. But does he

“ not upon *this* occasion carry a little the air of
“ ownership ?

“ ‘ Per laborem

“ ‘ Plurimum, circà nemus, uvidique

“ ‘ *Tiburis* ripas, operosa parvus

“ ‘ Carmina fingo.’

“ But, should we allow that he takes the liberty
“ with his patron’s friendship to make *his* villa in a
“ manner his own, this next passage demolishes it all
“ at once :

“ ‘ *Romæ Tibur* amo ventosus, *Tibure Roman.*’

“ We may allow a fine gentleman, particularly a man
“ of genius, to be as fickle as he will, and to be tired
“ of elegant luxury as fast as he chuses ; but to pitch
“ upon his protector’s villa as one of the scenes in
“ which he is to mark his caprice, is what the *éti-*
“ *quette* of *Augustus’s* court, I fancy, would never
“ have allowed.

“ Thus far we may infer that *Horace* had some
“ little abode in *Tibur*, which he could honestly call
“ his own, and round or square it as fitted his hu-
“ mour.

“ Now, then, let us try whether it is practicable
“ for *us* to hit upon the identical spot which he has
“ given to us in one of his Epistles :

“ ‘ *Continui montes, nisi dissocientur opacá*

“ ‘ *Valle.*’

“ This picture is exemplified with such particu-
“ rity in the *Tivoli* hills, and in that spot which I
“ call the *villa* of *Horace*, that no other part of the
“ country can equal it. That spot which I take for
“ his *farm* has most literally the *dextrum latus et*
“ *lævum*, exposed by its position to the morning and
“ evening sun, its figure being most like a semi-oval.
“ That formerly there has been a villa there, we
“ discern by the remains. The Antiquaries have
“ given

“ given it the name of *Sallust's* villa, and have called
 “ another not very distant from it the villa of
 “ *Horace*; to which I can only say that, as *conjecture*
 “ is the word, what I give to *Horace*, and they
 “ to *Sallust*, so expressly conforms to the Poet's
 “ own description of his own place, that it would be
 “ very particular indeed if there had been two so
 “ very similar. I should rather imagine some of the
 “ very old Antiquaries mistook the two places.—
 “ That which they give to *Horace*, but I to *Sallust*,
 “ has been very magnificent. There is particularly
 “ a large and a noble aqueduct, that brought water
 “ to this domain over a considerable tract of moun-
 “ tain; whereas the other is watered still by a most
 “ beautiful, clear, and powerful spring, exactly as
 “ *your Poet* has done us the favour to describe it,
 “ and which, the moment I saw it, I had no manner
 “ of doubt in calling the *Fons Blandusiæ*:

“ ‘*Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ,*’ &c.

“ is only applicable to this fountain.

“ In the times of drought the most general and
 “ severe, it has never failed. This fountain too has
 “ been graced with its presiding Nymph, or Deity,
 “ as there are some remains of grotto-work about it;
 “ though some of the moderns, with piety a little
 “ miscalculated, have *strengthened* it with *brick*!
 “ and put an old marble sarcophagus there by way
 “ of basin, for the better convenience of men and
 “ cattle.

“ A little below the *Tivoli* mountains, close to
 “ *Quintilius Varus's* villa, is a charming grotto, very
 “ *antique*. It has water at least as limpid as the
 “ fountain I have just mentioned; and this Messrs.
 “ the Antiquaries have called *Fons Blandusiæ*. It
 “ is, however, let them say what they will, an artifi-
 “ cial spring, which, when you are the inmate of this
 “ grotto, seems to break out naturally from the rock.
 “ After close inspection, we discovered it to be the

“ gift of a subterraneous aqueduct from the spring-
 “ head about a hundred yards higher up. This
 “ aqueduct we detected by observing the sameness
 “ of the water in the spring above and that which is
 “ here presented below. We saw the water from
 “ the height running away in a little brook five or
 “ six feet wide. This induced us to search more cu-
 “ riously; and amongst the bushes we discovered an
 “ opening into an aqueduct. We immediately hired
 “ a little boy, who went down with a light, by the
 “ help of which, as the opening was just wide
 “ enough to admit our heads, we saw the course of
 “ the aqueduct, which had commenced at the spring-
 “ head, and proceeded in a direct line to this grotto.
 “ That spring rises immediately under a part of
 “ *Quintilius Varus's* villa. This grotto undoubt-
 “ edly formed a part of his domain * : but whether
 “ an artificial grotto supplied with water could with
 “ propriety be called a *Fons*; or, if it *could*, whether
 “ *Horace* would have celebrated it in the same man-
 “ ner that he has commemorated a spring with
 “ which he had a particular and an appropriate con-
 “ nexion, I leave to your better judgment.

“ You are to observe, that all the scene which I
 “ have thus far delineated lies upon the right side of
 “ the river *Anio*, and consequently in the *Sabine*
 “ region.

“ *Mæcenas's* villa, on the contrary, lies upon the
 “ *Faustine* hill, close to the skirts of *Tibur*; the *via*
 “ *Tiburtina* running directly under the principal
 “ court of his palace, and consequently the great
 “ arch of the substruction going immediately over it.

“ This piece of magnificence is still in use amongst
 “ other places of the villa which the King of *Naples*
 “ has built upon the old *Herculaneum*. The main
 “ road runs through the very centre of the palace.

* Surely this acuteness of research is wonderfully ingenious;
 and it is entertaining even to those who are not Antiquaries, by
 the unaffected and lively manner of describing it.

“ There

“ There are still great remains of *Mæcenas's* villa.
 “ It is built of a small hard stone, of the marbled
 “ kind, cut into shape, so as to form the *opus reti-*
 “ *culatum*. It was encrusted, all over it, by the
 “ richest marble. The lower order, which is the
 “ only remaining one, is an elegant specimen of the
 “ *Doric*. Those above probably were *Corinthian*.
 “ This part of the villa, and which was the body of
 “ it, consisted of a magnificent court, which com-
 “ manded three sides of almost a perfect square,
 “ that side omitted which looked at *Rome* and its
 “ *Campania*; so that, more properly, this building
 “ consisted of a front, and the two wings projecting
 “ almost as far as was the length of the front. There
 “ a noble arcade ran all round this building, the
 “ arches of which communicated with the area.
 “ Another arcade ran along the outside of the right
 “ wing, which communicated immediately to the
 “ gardens and *pomaria* described by *Horace*, which
 “ were watered by the aqueducts from the river
 “ *Anio*, for *that* I take to be the meaning of *Ho-*
 “ *race's* ‘ *mobiles rivi* *.’

“ The *Anio*, as you know, falls at once, loses itself
 “ amongst the rocks, and afterwards runs in the
 “ deep valley below in a picturesque manner, on ac-
 “ count of the little breaks made by the rocks, and
 “ the inequalities that are interspersed. The gar-
 “ dens of *Mæcenas's* villa were laid out upon the very
 “ high and steep acclivities of this valley, and were
 “ undoubtedly diversified with all the aid that art
 “ could give to them. To this end an aqueduct of
 “ a considerable size was brought from the river im-
 “ mediately before its fall. This work still continues,
 “ and about a hundred yards from its head branches
 “ out into six aqueducts of smaller size. These are
 “ subdivided into many others, that served, as occa-
 “ sion required, for fountains, water-pipes, &c.

* This exposition is admirable, and is quite new to me.

“ which

“ which could be checked or supplied as might be
 “ necessary. These I should imagine to be the *mo-*
 “ *biles rivi* to which *Horace* alludes. At present
 “ your friend *Mæcenas’s* pomaria and superb gardens
 “ are converted into little vineyards and herb-gar-
 “ dens. His magnificent aqueducts are in many
 “ parts of them broken, and the water has worked
 “ a channel by itself as the declivity has directed its
 “ progress. In other parts they are kept in repair,
 “ and serve as olive mills, or make small canals for
 “ the grounds above-mentioned. They afterwards
 “ fall in different and beautiful cascades, making the
 “ *Tivoli* of this age, of all spots upon the earth
 “ known to me, the most picturesque.

“ Now, having tired you by descriptions which
 “ are likely to afford you very little amusement,
 “ though to reflect upon the scene is very interesting
 “ and agreeable to me; I must only add, that, against
 “ the general rule of travellers, I do not mean to dic-
 “ tate, and least of all to you my admired friend, as
 “ presuming upon the advantage which may have ari-
 “ sen from the opportunity of inspecting the scene.

“ I tell *you* of things just as I find them—to enjoy
 “ your judgment—give it me as freely as I now
 “ scribble to you, following your own opinion as it
 “ naturally occurs, and caring not sixpence for Com-
 “ mentators or Antiquaries. I am, with all truth
 “ and sincerity, dear Rector,

“ Your most faithful and obliged, R. PHELPS.

“ My hearty respects to *Dr. Cranke*.”

That a fair comparison may now be made between
Mr. Phelps and *Mr. Eustace*, I will here copy from
 the latter what he has reported from the same topic
 and scene.

Magno se iudice quisque tuetur.

He shall have the last word—here it is, though
 I may risk a note or two upon his context.

“ The

“ The fond attachment of *Horace* to *Tibur*,
 “ united to the testimony of *Suetonius*, has induced
 “ many Antiquaries to imagine that, at some period
 “ or other of his life, he possessed a little villa in the
 “ neighbourhood ; and tradition accordingly ennobles
 “ a few scattered fragments of walls and arches
 “ with the interesting appellation of *Horace’s villa*.
 “ The site is indeed worthy of the Poet. Defended
 “ by a semicircular range of wooded mountains from
 “ every cold and blustering wind, he might look
 “ down on the playful windings of the *Anio* below,
 “ discover numerous rills gleaming through the
 “ thickets as they glided down the opposite bank,
 “ enjoy a full view of the splendid mansion of his
 “ friend *Mæcenæ* rising directly before him, and
 “ catch a distant perspective of *Aurea Roma*, of the
 “ golden towers of the Capitol soaring majestic on
 “ its distant mount. But, whatever his *wishes* might
 “ be, it is not *probable* that his moderate income permitted
 “ him to enjoy such a luxurious residence, in
 “ a place so much frequented, and consequently so
 “ very expensive ; and, indeed, the very manner in
 “ which those *wishes* are expressed seems to imply
 “ but slight hopes of ever being able to realize them.
 “ — *Tibur &c. sit—utinam—unde si* *Parcæ* prohibent
 “ *iniquæ*.—If *Horace* actually possessed a villa there,
 “ the wish was unnecessary, as the event lay in his
 “ power. The authority of *Suetonius* seems indeed
 “ positive ; but it is possible that the same place may
 “ be alluded to under the double appellation of his
 “ *Sabine* or *Tiburtine* seat. The Poet, it is true,
 “ often represents himself as meditating his compositions
 “ while he wandered along the plains, and
 “ through the groves, of *Tibur* :

“ *Circa nemus, uvidique*

“ *Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus*

“ *Carmina fingo.*

“ But, as he was probably a frequent companion
 “ of *Mæcenæ* in his excursions to *his villa* at *Tibur*,
 “ he

“ he may in those lines allude to his solitary rambles and poetic reveries. *Catullus*, a Roman knight, had fortune sufficient to indulge himself in such an expensive residence; and accordingly speaks with much complacency of his *Tiburtine* retreat, which, on account of its proximity to the town, he calls *suburbana*. *Munatius Plancus* also possessed a villa at *Tibur*, apparently of great beauty. To this the Poet alludes in that *Ode*, where, enlarging on the charms of the place, he recommends indirectly, and with much delicacy, to his friend, who, in a moment of despondency, had resolved upon a voluntary exile, his delightful seat at *Tibur* as a retirement far preferable to *Rhodes* and *Mitylene*, places in those times much frequented by disaffected or banished *Romans*.”

Alas! I had fondly hoped that I should deposit the preceding statement in the hands of *Mr. Eustace* himself, and had begun to copy it for him, when I heard that we had lost that accomplished and brilliant Historian*.

As we are now upon the subject of *Horace's* villa, I take the liberty of laying before you an admired criticism struck out by *Mr. Nicholas Hardinge*†, and adopted implicitly, as I happen to know, by the Patriarch of Commentators, *Dr. Bentley* himself, though not recorded.

As it has been already mentioned, in p. 654; I will now merely give the hint of it.

* How little did the learned and worthy Judge foresee that his own end was so near approaching! J. N.

† I have lately made another discovery of greater value: It is, that *Markland* commends my Father's critique upon the *Ne semper*; and that *Parr* countersigns him, as well as *Taylor*. The passages are short, but pithy; and, if you love your Father's memory, you will not be angry with me for loving that of mine.—At this moment, I would give the eyes of *Argus* (if I had them all) to obtain the “*Epistola Critica*” of *Markland* to *Hare*.—G. H.

The

The lines in Horace to Mæcenas are these :

Eripe te moræ,
 Ne semper udum *Tibur*, et *Æsulæ*
 Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni juga parricidæ.
 Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
 Molem propinquam nubibus arduis :
 Omitte mirari beatæ
 Fumum et opes strepitumque *Romæ*.

The Reader will be astonished when I tell him that, as the words now appear, accompanied by our knowledge of the scene, it is perfect ridicule and folly.

To familiarize it, it is just as if I should say to some great man who lived in town, or near it, "Come to me, that you may not always contemplate *Esher*, *Hampton Court*, and *Richmond*."

The scenery which the Poet here describes, as that which he exhorts *Mæcenas* to contemplate no more for a time, is the very scene for which he invites him to leave town, and visit him, who (it seems agreed) had a villa in *Tibur*, unless this Ode is to deprive him of it. How then would *Mæcenas* cease to contemplate the *udum Tibur*, &c. by coming to it?

My Father proposed (and *Bentley* approved) instead of *ne*, to read *ut*; and then to compress the *semper-udum* into a single word, marking the perennial streams of the *Tiburine* scene.

The manner of *Bentley's* approbation was characteristic of his wit, his memory, and his familiar habits, which tempted him to put a modern thought into *Latin*, or *Greek*, centuries old.

Mr. Townshend, the first *Viscount Sydney's* father, and *Mr. Hardinge's* intimate friend, stated the remark and the correction to *Dr. Bentley*.

"Good," said he, "very good!—and sound; but that *Hardinge* is a *King's-man*!—is he not?—
 Those

Those *King's-men* are bad fellows—not one, or another, but all of them—except *Hardinge*—and *Hardinge* is a *King's-man*!”

He immediately recollected an epigram of *Phucylides*, which he repeated, laughing all the time:

‘Ως επε Φυκυλιδες· Λυριοι κακοι· εκ ο μεν ος τε
Παντες—ωλην Προκληες·—και Προκληης Λυριος.

I have attempted the image in *English* rhyme:

I hate those *Lyricks* — they are trump'ry men —
It is not one, or two, or nine in ten,—
I hate 'em all, *Phucylides* exclaim'd,
Except that *Procles*, whom you just have nam'd:
He 's an exception to the worthless crew;
And yet, that *Procles* is a *Lyric* too. G. H.

If you and I, my incomparable Coadjutor, should reach the page * in which the Letter of *Richard Phelps* and the Journal of *Eustace* are compared, I have to request that, after you have introduced my Father's critique, and closed it, you will add these words, upon a curious problem at issue between *Phelps* and *Eustace*; but in which I conceive the former to be indisputably the better Classic of the two.

Mr. Phelps, in this lively, but clear and sensible account, wants no help from those who may adopt his opinion, much less would mine be of use; but I think him so clearly in the right, that I cannot help suggesting a reply or two upon the objections of *Mr. Eustace*, and a fair appeal to the Reader upon the union of all the passages which refer (as I at least conceive) to the villa near *Tibur*.

* The benevolent Writer did not live to see this page printed; and his *Coadjutor* very narrowly escaped from a most alarming illness as this sheet was passing through the press. J. N.

Both

Both of these gentlemen are so far *hypercritics*, that what is the vulgar tradition of the *local* and of the ruins obtains no credit from *either* of them—and whether *Mr. Phelps* makes out a tolerable conjecture as to the real spot, is no question before us.

But I wish to say a word upon the general question, whether it appears *from Horace* himself that he had *any villa near Tibur*.

The first objection of *Mr. Eustace* appears to me rather colourable than solid.

“*He wishes for it*,” says the Writer, “and a man “does not *wish* for that which he *has*.”

He then gives the following passage, and which it appears to me that he has perfectly misunderstood in more views than one.

TIBUR, Argæo positum colono,
 Sit meæ sedes UTINAM senectæ;
 Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
 Militiæque.

UNDE si PARCÆ PROHIBENT INIQUÆ, &c.

He does not (as *of course*) wish to possess it as a *new* acquisition; for, if he *had* it, the words could be reconciled with his wish to *retain* it in *his old age*—and what he deprecates may be the *loss* of it, by violence, or fraud, or poverty. If the words, however, *could* be so reconciled, that sense would be due to them (as determining the construction) which corresponds to other passages in the same Poet, that he may be consistent with himself.

But, excluding at present even that argument, I am surprized at the want of attention to this very Ode in particular, which alone can have misled so acute a mind as that of *Mr. Eustace*.

The Ode refers evidently to the scene as that which the Poet then *possessed*, and from which, on account of his partiality for it, he wished never to be *removed by the Fates*.

It

It is an Ode addressed by him to his friend *Titius Septimius*, his brother-officer in early days, who, as it should seem from the context, had invited him to his villa near *Tarentum*, a favourite retreat of the *Romans* who were expatriated either by their fears or their independent spirit.

He begins by telling him that he knows his friend would accompany him to the remotest and wildest part of the world :

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, et
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
 Barbaras *Syrtes*, ubi *Maura* semper
 Æstuat unda :

Of course he should be equally desirous to accompany his friend : but he means to decline it, and he is to give the reason for it, which is, that he wishes for *no Tarentum*, unless DRIVEN from TIBUR. The Ode in any other sense would be unintelligible, and the wish for *Tibur* absurd, especially with a reference to his *old age*, which had not then arrived.

The very second stanza introduces the wish that he may *end his days* in *Tibur*, a scene which, if he had it, he could not without inconvenience *desert*, or perhaps without peril of *losing* it. But it is very natural that, after expressing a wish to *retain it*, he should pay his friend's taste the compliment, and should give *Tarentum* the *second place*, which he does throughout the sequel of the Ode—marking that *Septimius* was there, and was likely to be there if HORACE could REACH him—losing *Tibur* by force. The words —

ILLE TE MECUM locus, et beatæ
 POSTULANT arces.

There he tells him they would live together, and his friend would close his eyes. All the Ode except the

the first and second stanza is one of *Horace's* graceful compliments to his friend's preference of *Tarentum*. The Editors and Commentators (all at least whom I have reached) give this interpretation, which makes the *Ode* consistent and proper.

The next objection of *Mr. Eustace* appears to me an extraordinary one: "It was too beautiful a scene to be in the reach of *Horace's* purse; for it was crowded with villas, and must have been too prodigal a luxury for him."

In the first place, how can *Mr. Eustace* convince me that *Mæcenas* could not have allotted a little nook for him near his own villa—if it is clear that he had one, as tradition reports—or, if he had not, could not have paid the rent of a little cottage in this romantic scene for his friend?

But *Mr. Eustace* must have read *Horace* cursorily, if a passage which completely refutes this remark eluded his critical eye.

I EPIST. iii. 44.

PARVUM PARVA decent: mihi jam non REGIA ROMA,
Sed VACUUM TIBUR placet, aut imbellè TARENTUM.

"VACUUM (says the note) ob PAUCOS INCOLAS atque ob
"otium—dilogos. B.

By the way, this very Epistle shews two things: 1. the liberality of *Mæcenas* to his Poet; and 2. that *Horace*, who is invited by him into the country, could not have invited him to the neighbourhood of *Tibur*.

The key to all the passages which point at the villa suggested by *Mr. Eustace*, and in which others had anticipated him, has been taken from them by *Mr. Phelps*, without effort, and with no spirit of litigation or self-conceit. The

Romæ Tibur amen ventosus, Tibure Romam,

is too cavalier for *Horace*, considered only as a guest of *Mæcenas* (which, by the way, it never appears that he

he was); but it is very intelligible with a reference to a town residence and a country one capriciously exchanged, which is the turn of the passage. In all these cases the context is the best key.

It is a low-spirited Letter to *Celsus Albinovanus*. He describes himself, in the most elegant language—

Vivere nec rectè nec suaviter —

not, says he, that my vineyards are crushed by the hail, or the heat has bit my olives; not that my herds are sick in a distant field (so that he had property); but it is because I am worse in health of the mind than in that of the body. I will not hear, I will not learn, what may relieve *this* complaint. I am offended with my physicians, and quarrel with my best friends. “*At Rome* I wish for *Tibur* — “when *AT TIBUR* I wish to be at *Rome!*” How can this point at any *Tibur* but his own?

But I have another passage from *Horace* which may illustrate the subject. *Mr. Eustace* observes, that *Tibur*, as a generic description, might reach the *Sabine territory*, and quotes from *Catullus* to that effect.

But I think it is clear that, *è converso*, the *Sabines* would embrace *Tibur*, if credit is given to *Horace himself*, *Carm. lib. III. iv. 22.*

Vester, Camœnæ, vester in ARDUOS

TOLLOR SABINOS : SEU mihi frigidum

Præneste, seu TIBUR SUPINUM,

Seu liquidæ placuere *Baiæ.*

Here *Tibur*, and so described (by the epithet *supinum*) as to be the modern *Tivoli*, is represented as a feature of THE SABINE TERRITORY; and these lines mark (as well as all the rest) that he had a something of his own in that part of the world.

Dr. Bentley has dated all *Horace's* works.

According to *him*, the Ode expressing *the wish* was written when he was 40, or 41, years of age.

The

The Epistle which commends the *vacuum Tibur*, and that in which he marks the levity of his choice and love between *Tibur* and *Rome*, he ascribes to the 46th year of his age.

Having stated these preliminary comments, and referring to the passages already enumerated, I add the following :

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

This Ode was written when he was 50 years of age, as *Bentley* calculates.

In this high-spirited and sublime Ode, having been challenged by *Julius Antonius* to emulate *Pindar* in celebrating a victory of *Augustus*, he affects to decline it, speaks of his model in terms of rapture, and then produces the miniature of his own powers in this exquisite passage :

Multa *Dircæum* levat aura cyncum,
Tendit, *Antoni*, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus. *Ego*, apis *Matinæ*
More modoque,

Grata carpentis thyma per *laborem*
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
TIBURIS ripas, operosa PARVUS
Carmina fingo.

But why in *Tibur*, and so *hard at work*, if he had no RESIDENCE there ?

At the very same period he writes another Ode, no less beautiful :

Quem tu, *Melpomene*, semel, &c.

He begins with a magnificent *éloge* upon himself—as a Bard—not that he is in a military car, and shewn to the Capitol :

Sed

Sed quæ TIBUR AQUÆ fertile perfluunt,
 Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
 Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.

But why are *those waters* to have *the monopoly* of his fame?

In Carm. I. vii. he gives *Tibur* the choice and preference of his own taste:

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
 Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
 Quàm domus Albunæ resonantis,
 Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

He advises *Plancus* to make HIS (*Plancus's*) villa there the seat of his retirement from *Rome*, and (with his favourite advice) to bury sorrow in wine; and then he will be sure to do well, in camp or at his own villa: and here the expression seems emphatical, TIBURIS umbra TUI.—But why *tui*, unless *Horace* had a villa there too?

The construction put by Mr. *Nicholas Hardinge* upon the *Ne semper udum Tibur* is confirmed by all the preceding passages; for it is clear that he invites MÆCENAS to his villa as a guest:

Jamdudum apud ME est.
 ——— PAUPERUM cœnæ, &c.

To resume this delightful Correspondent:

There is an earlier Letter of PHELPS to DAVIES, from *Vienna*, with no year annexed, but from the context I guess it was in 1750. He there says, that he has been abroad almost one year, so that he commenced his travels in 1749. It is so entertaining, that I cannot forbear to make further demands upon your patience and predilection.

“DEAR

“DEAR SIR, *Vienna, Sept. 22* (probably 1750.)

“I have been abroad now almost a full year, and begin to think it high time to lay before you some little account of what I have seen. As you love to be at the fountain-head, I shall carry you immediately to *Rome*, where I have spent the greatest part of my time, and yet much too little for a thorough examination of all the *Virtù*. I hope, however, to return in a month or two, when I shall endeavour to acquire a more accurate knowledge of its antiquities, and of its modern beauties. Its present walls, built, some Antiquaries tell you, others repaired, by *Belisarius*, are fifteen miles in circuit; but, as the city is in many parts filled up with vineyards, gardens, and waste ground, the number of inhabitants bears no proportion to so wide a circumference. It is no difficult enterprize to ascertain the girdle of the *Old City*. The *Agger Tarquinii* is very discernible; and from thence you may observe all the way round that they built the wall as the ground favoured them, in order to make it more defensible; whereas that which now appears is built without any view to such an advantage, and seems to be run up in haste. The numerous ruins in the town have raised the earth so much, that *the Seven Hills* have lost much of their distinct appearance, though the *Capitol*, where it has not been sloped on purpose for the convenience of ascent, still shews you how strong it must have been formerly, and how much higher than the parts round it.

“The Antiquary who attends you in your course is an *Englishman*, and bred up all his life in *the Pope's galleys*. He is, of course, about as equal to the office he undertakes, as he would be to that of *Lord High Admiral in England!* However, he serves to shew you the undisputed antiquities, just as the man at *Westminster Abbey* serves to shew the tombs. He carries you to the two differ-

" ent parts of the *Capitol*, and leaves *you* to chuse
 " one of them for the *Turpeian rock*. As the situa-
 " tion has been exactly delineated by the *Histo-*
 " rians, you easily distinguish the real one. The
 " ground under both has been much filled up ; but
 " there is even still such an ample space remaining,
 " that if the good *Bishop of Salisbury* had himself
 " tried the experiment of jumping down, as he as-
 " sures us that any one could have safely done, I am
 " afraid we should have lost an excellent * *Histo-*
 " rian. The *Capitol*, as it was formerly the main
 " strength of *Rome*, is even still one of its principal
 " ornaments. You ascend by a gentle slope between
 " balustrades into a large *cortile*, where you com-
 " mand a very handsome building in front, between
 " two wings. This front building contains offices,
 " &c. for certain magistrates of the City ; and the
 " wings are the magazines, if that is not a degrading
 " word, for the antique statues, busts, and sculp-
 " tures of all kinds. The Pope of the day has been
 " at some expence in making additions to them, and
 " in ranging them with a more accomodating re-
 " gularity.

" In the middle of the court stands the famous
 " equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*: it is of
 " gilt brass, and is conceived in a remarkably fine
 " taste. From the place where it was found, and
 " from its perfect preservation, it was supposed never
 " to have been erected, when it was found that un-
 " der the horseman's left arm was a *cornucopiæ*, the
 " fruits and flowers of which were of wrought gold.
 " These, in a figure of so gigantic a size, must have
 " been of considerable value, and were therefore se-
 " creted. But as this *cornucopiæ* did honour only
 " to the Emperor, none to the figure, the loss of it
 " is of no detriment. I have seen many antique
 " models in miniature by comparison of this beau-

* The wit of this remark is very neat ; for the "*peril of the
 Historian*" discredits him, and makes a bow to him at the same time.

" tiful

“ tiful statue, and, as I remember, almost all of
 “ them have the *cornucopiæ*.

“ Upon the balustrade that runs along the front
 “ of the *cortile* are two trophies in marble, at-
 “ tributed by some to *Marius*, by others to *Tra-*
 “ *jan*.—The advocates for *Trajan* object the good-
 “ ness of the work, as too perfect for *Marius’s* time,
 “ without considering that his trophies were re-
 “ stored by *Julius Cæsar*, and consequently that
 “ objection falls to the ground:—but I suspect
 “ there are no proofs on either side. Upon the
 “ same balustrade is an antique *lapis milliarius* with
 “ number *one* upon it, found in one of the old
 “ ways; but, by the ignorance of one of the workmen
 “ who found it, and who never marked where it
 “ was found, it is of no use in clearing up the point
 “ from what part of the City the *Romans* began
 “ their miles, and consequently what the perfect
 “ measure of them was. But I had most occasion
 “ to censure the ignorance of the workmen, in going
 “ up the stairs that carry you to the antique statues,
 “ &c. where you are entertained with an antique
 “ plan of *Rome*, engraved upon white marble, broke
 “ all to pieces, and fixed upon the wall in every de-
 “ gree of confusion imaginable, and I am afraid be-
 “ yond the power of adjustment by art. It was
 “ found in its regular disposition, though cracked
 “ all through in the pieces that are seen at present;
 “ and no immediate care being taken to preserve it
 “ in that order, the workmen threw it all in a heap,
 “ which I am afraid the whole *Conclave* are not able
 “ to rectify. If you read this paragraph in the
 “ morning, I wish it may not spoil your dinner, as
 “ I assure you *the sight* of these Gothic and Cimme-
 “ rian horrors had this very effect upon me.

“ I shall not be able to give you an account of the
 “ celebrated statues and sculptures in the *Capitol* at
 “ present, having left my notes behind me in *Italy*.
 “ Some of the most remarkable I can recollect, and
 “ shall

“ shall set them down without any order as they
 “ happen to occur.

“ The dying Gladiator, in *Grecian* taste, and beautifully expressed. He has two wounds, one in his thigh, another in his breast; and is just in the point of dying. He has a rope round his neck, in the nature of a collar, to shew that he was a slave. It has a good effect, as it increases the misery of his appearance.

“ A large statue of white marble :—It has all the attitude and form of an *Egyptian* one, but the expression and the turn of the limbs prove it of *Grecian* work. It was, in all probability, designed for conveyance to *Rome*, as it is made so as to divide in two pieces for convenience of carriage.

“ A *Flora*, lately found, very perfect, and supremely beautiful.—But it is idle to give you only a catalogue without particular descriptions, which at present I am unable to add. I shall therefore only mention three articles more :

“ The two first are *bas reliefs*, and which I think are in as great perfection as it is practicable for the chissel to reach. The first is, *Perseus* leading *Andromeda* down from the rock after he has overcome and slain the monster. The noble and manly countenance and gesture of the hero, softened by the modest loveliness of the rescued nymph, are above all conception. The second is, *Endymion* asleep, remarkable for the natural grace of the limbs, and beauty of the attitude. The last is, the *Wolf*, and the two *Brothers* in the act of sucking her, more remarkable for being, in all probability, the identical statue which is mentioned by *Cicero*, than for the powers of sculpture displayed in the work. If you remember, this *friend of yours* mentions, at least, a similar statue in brass, but which had been struck with light-
 “ ning.

“ning. The wolf's thigh is melted in such a manner that I cannot see how it could be the effect of any thing but a sudden blast, and such as lightning would produce. It certainly is accomplished by some operation of fire, and I see not the least appearance of art in it.

“As, like a magician, I must consult my books before I can give you an exact description within the City, I will emigrate with you in two directions, and then I shall have pretty well tired you.

“The *Villa Madama* is the first. It stands upon the top of a hill, two miles from *Rome*; and I think I may venture to call it, without a colour of dispute, the villa of *Julius Martialis*. I dined in the villa, and, with a *Martial* in my pocket, I could have almost sworn that I read his epigram,

“*Juli jugera pauca Martialis,*
 “*Hortis Hesperidum beatiora,*
 “*Longo Janiculi jugo recumbunt,*

“in the very identical spot where he wrote it. This, however, is curious, that if I had gone two hundred yards more to the right, or more to the left, I had lost all those parts which he describes, and consequently could not have reached the position from which he takes the landscape. This epigram too clears up an error of the Antiquaries, who place the *Janiculum* just behind the *Vatican*, and confine it into a very narrow space: whereas, besides the expression of *longo Janiculi jugo*, if you were to stand upon the path which they call the *Janiculum*, you would be so far from seeing the whole picture given you by *Martial*, that you would not see any one thing in perfection but the *Albanos Tusculosve colles*, which you cannot fail to see, go where you will.

“The

“ The other place I mean, is that mentioned by
“ *Horace* :

“ *Domus Albunæ resonantis,*

“ *Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, &c.*

“ This is a most beautiful and romantic situation.
“ *Præceps Anio* is a whole river, that falls down at
“ once an awful depth, and then branches into
“ cascades of inferior size for two miles.

“ Near the fall stands the *Temple of the Sibyls*.
“ It is of a circular form, and of pretty architecture.
“ I think it as beautiful a ruin of the size as I ever
“ saw. But the *domus Albunæ resonantis*, in *Ho-*
“ *race*, I had never seen till I was shewn the place,
“ and even still I do not feel sure that I am right.
“ The *Albunea* was formerly a grove, but is now
“ only a barren waste, except what remains of the
“ sulphureous lake, which is much decreased, and,
“ perhaps, upon that account many little islands are
“ formed by the weeds and scum of the water.—
“ These not only are often consolidated, but from a
“ long stagnation of the lake, join to the sides, and
“ contract the margin. The lake has an outlet
“ through a kind of subterraneous aqueduct, and it
“ *now* makes a noise in running through it, so that
“ when the body of the water was more considerable,
“ and the aqueduct stuffed up less, it must have
“ been more noisy in proportion, which, added to
“ the horror of a consecrated grove, made them
“ stile it the *Albunea resonans*.

“ There is a passage in *Virgil* which confirms this
“ interpretation.

“ *Lucosque sub altâ*

“ *Consultit Albunâ, nemorum quæ maxima puro*

“ *Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca Mephitæm.*

“ As you have commentators of all sorts and sizes,
“ I wish you would let me know what they mutter
“ upon these passages. RICHARD PHELPS.”

To

To JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.

MY INVALUABLE FRIEND, *Walton Grove,*
Mar. 26, 1816.

I am delighted with your *Ninth Volume*, which contains many interesting articles; and shall send you some Comments and Corrections.

From the nature of your Work, much of it will not *interest* or *entertain* any but *us* Antiquaries; and may be thought, even as to *them*, or other and *more popular Heroes*, too minute. I answer, as your Champion, that all branches of Literature fall within your plan—that where you dig up, as it were, obscure men, it is the most benevolent office, and the most useful to the policy of encouraging the Pursuit of Literature, by the recompence of making the adventurers, who act upon the noblest principles, not as mercenaries, better known.

But you owe to me some recompence for the heavy disappointment I have experienced from the delay of the publication of WRAY*; and that recompence is, though it should produce *more delay* †, that you should confer upon my *ambition* the honour of accompanying *Doctor PARR* in the same volume ‡. I

* The Memoirs of Mr. WRAY were intended (both by Mr. Hardinge and myself) to have formed a prominent part of the Ninth Volume of the "Literary Anecdotes;" and with that view were begun at the press in the Autumn of 1814; but, from a variety of unexpected disappointments experienced by Mr. Hardinge in his indefatigable researches, it was more than nine months before the first sheet was actually printed off, and nearly nine months more before the whole was finished. In the mean time the Ninth Volume had been completed by other articles.

† "By no means publish WRAY till it is complete," was the injunction of more than one Letter.

‡ That illustrious Luminary of Learning has kindly undertaken to favour me with what I shall consider as the brightest ornament of these Volumes; and I still flatter myself that Mr. Hardinge's wishes may be indulged, by the appearance of Dr. PARR's very interesting communication in the same volume with Mr. HARDINGE'S Memoirs of SIR JOHN PRATT, EARL CAMDEN, and Mr. NICHOLAS HARDINGE.

will

will *bribe you*, if I can; though I have been impudent enough to think our friendship ensured your coincidence in all my wishes that are ingenuous—and I *think*, if I know myself, the *ambition* to which I allude is that of being accredited as an admirer of Genius and Virtue. My wish to accompany *Dr. PARR*, and you may tell him so, arises from the enthusiasm which I entertain for his powerful intellect, for his classical taste, for his depth of learning, and for his eloquence.

I have still treasures upon treasures for you; particularly an admirable composition by *Dr. Hardinge*, my uncle, in *Latin Iambics*. I also mean to give you (apart from *Lord Camden's Life*) *Memoirs* of his wonderful Father *Sir John Pratt*. They are *finished*, and wait your commands.

I could give you some characteristic traits of *Dr. Glynn*, whom I intimately knew, and of whom I possess many Letters to me, but all of them on a subject of business.

Remind me of *Athenian Stuart* and *Dr. Good*.

Yours affectionately, G. HARDINGE.





