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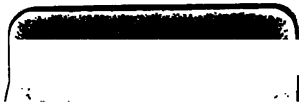
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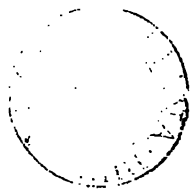
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*Opie fecit.*

*Adams sc.*

*R. Polkshelap*

*Born 1760; Living 1826.*

*Published by J. Nichols & Son, Junr' 1826.*

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES**  
**IN CORNWALL.**

CORNUBIA FULSIT,  
TOT PÆCUNDA VIRIS.—*Jos. Iscanus.*

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By the Rev. R. POLWHELE,  
OF POLWHELE :

*Vicar of Newlyn ; and an Honorary Associate of the  
Royal Society of Literature.*

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**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. I.**

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**Truro :**

**PRINTED BY W. POLYBLANK,**

**FOR J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, LONGMAN AND Co,  
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LONDON.**

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**1831.**

2

## PREFACE.

Notwithstanding the proverbial taunt which refers us for "wise men to the East," there is no doubt that Cornwall has been eminently prolific in Genius and Learning.

"What County (said the gentleman who favoured me with "*memoranda Toupiana*")--what County besides, has ever ranked among its natives *two* Presidents of the Royal Society, one of whom was known throughout Europe for his talents? And in Poetry, have we not Dr. Wolcot; in painting, Opie; in learning, Toup, Whitaker &c. and in arms, a host of distinguished officers? I fire always at the charge of Cornwall being barren in talents: for, though I have not myself the honour of being a native, I am most anxious to assist any one who contemplates commemorating the deeds of her sons."

In sketching our Worthies, my attempt is no more than the humble effort to furnish materials for abler hands. For the present, these little unambitious volumes may be taken as a *Supplement* to my Cornwall-history. And as two hundred copies only are printed, there are so few will make their way beyond the Tamar, that I shall scarcely exclaim with the poet: "Sine me liber! ibis in urbem."

It will be observed, that I have not confined myself strictly to the natives of Cornwall, but (with an exception or two) to Cornish families.

There is one grand exception, indeed—that of WHITAKER.

For our more ancient Worthies, such as GERALDUS *Cornubiensis*, MICHAEL *Cornubiensis*, MICHAEL DE TREGURY \* (archbishop of Dublin) and others, my readers will consult my “Cornwall;” where niches have, likewise, been allotted to CAREW, BORLASE, PRYCK, HALLS, TONKIN.

My memoir of DAVY was printed long before Dr. Paris’s publication. This I regret; as well as my negligence in not obtaining from my old master Dr. Cardew, a more circumstantial account of “*Davy the schoolboy.*”

I am afraid, I have been guilty of other omissions. Among the Divines, T. ROBINSON deserved a place—WILLIAM GRYLLE’S single sermon is worth volumes—and, had residence in Cornwall any claim upon the biographer, FISHER of Roche, and SMYTH of St. Austel, † would have eclipsed the greater part of its natives of this day.

\* Of whom Mr. Davies Gilbert has just published a curious memoir. See *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1831.

† Admirable is his Sermon “on the tendency of extremes in religious opinions,” and likewise his defence of “the character and religious doctrines of Bishop Heber.” Heber, it seems, had inadequate views of the total corruption of human nature.—“Does not (says our author) the unqualified assertion of the *total* corruption of human nature, or as Calvin expresses it, that “man is in his own proper nature *composed* of sin;” that “we are so enslaved by sin, that *we can do nothing but sin* ;” that “men are so corrupt by nature, that in them nothing can be seen but *matter of destruction* ;” do not, I say, such unqualified assertions as these involve a palpable absurdity?—Why preach if the heart is impenetrably hard, and the ear closed against all sounds but those of evil? Why talk of the evidences of Religion, if man has no judgment to discern between *falsehood and truth* ? Why punish him at all, if he is under a *moral incapacity of doing any thing but evil* ? Is grace

Under the head of "*Travels and Voyages,*" it will be seen, that in common with my countrymen, I was deeply interested in the fortunes of

promised except to prayer ;—and how is a creature who is " a mass composed of sin," to pray? Yet is he distinctly commanded to pray ;—commanded then by a Being of infinite wisdom and mercy, to do what is impossible !—Is not the very emotion of the heart—when we hear the beautiful and wonderful work of God, the moral and intellectual nature of man, thus calumniated ;—is not that emotion itself, a sufficient refutation of this exaggerated doctrine ?

What is piety, what is virtue, but a constant and successful struggle, under grace, against the propensity to evil? We might as well say that the rains of heaven were inundations, its winds harricanes, its air pestilence, its sunshine intolerable and deadly heat ;—we might as well say that the machine, whose more than human force is employed in diminishing the labour and multiplying the conveniences of man, was intended to mutilate his limbs or destroy his life ; in short, that extremes and occasional effects, are ordinary, and constant, and undeviating operations and designs.

The heart, indeed, is desperately wicked ;—but it is not a mass composed of wickedness. Out of that heart proceed, no doubt, murders and adulteries, and every species of enormity and sin ; but do not out of the same heart proceed disinterested affection, devoted generosity, diffusive charity, the love of our country, the love of our kindred, the love of our fellow-creatures, the love of our God? We want no exaggeration and distortion of Scripture to make us tremble, when we think, what, alas! would be our moral and spiritual condition here, and our prospect and portion hereafter, without baptismal Regeneration, and the renewing of the Spirit, and the constant supplies of grace.

Though I cannot enter fully into the question of Baptismal Regeneration, may I not be allowed to say, that of those who differ from our Church in the interpretation of the texts of Scripture on this awful subject, some have been hurried into the most frightful excesses, which have even been encouraged as the unavoidable pains and agonies of the new Birth, while all will, I think, find themselves involved in difficulties and inconsistencies?

Can we wonder that the sentiments of Bishop Heber were very different from the doctrines of Calvin, who presumptuously tells us what the Decree of God is, respecting the Election and Reprobation of his creatures, and then, with greater presumption, adds, " His Decree, I confess, is horrible." Calvin was a stern man : his hand was spotted with the blood-drops of persecution.

the LANDERS. I was well acquainted with their adventurous spirit, and (what was more to be valued) their sagacity.\* We now hasten to congratulate the public, on the success of an enterprize, arduous and perilous beyond all former example. †

If any humble Christian has felt his spirit cast down into the very depths of despondency, by those who would persuade themselves that in their hands is placed the balance of Eternal Justice, so that they can confidently pronounce on the Salvation or the Condemnation of their fellow creatures; let that meek and broken spirit,—a spectacle perhaps of utter wretchedness and despair,—remember, that, when weighed in this *their* balance, even the Martyr Bishop of Calcutta was found miserably wanting, unfaithful as a Preacher of the Gospel, in lamentable devisions, and in fatal errors,—let that sincerely devout, but constitutionally, perhaps, fearful and melancholy spirit, remember this, and be *comforted!* †

\* Several pages of Sect. I. Chap. III. vol. II. were printed off, when I recollect LANDER. In his publication of 1830, we have a narrative of his adventures, when in attendance on Captain Clapperton. And we shall soon be gratified with another book, which will throw a strong illumination over Cornwall (I should rather say Truro) as the birth place of those who have dispersed from the mysterious Niger every cloud.

† Extracts from a Letter from John the younger brother, bearing date, Portsmouth-harbour, June 6, 1831.—The Letter was kindly put into my hands, with permission to make what use of it I pleased.

“ After a long and tedious voyage from Fernando Po of nearly five months, by the mercy of Almighty God we are permitted to return to our native country.

You are aware that it was our intention to take a passage in the Caernarvon for Rio Janeiro. We embarked on the 20th of January. And the next day, a malignant fever broke out on board; by which the master, mates and all the crew (except the Negro seamen) suffered more or less. It was our melancholy duty to commit four out of eight individuals to the deep. The remainder, when we left the ship, were more like phantoms than men. RICHARD and myself were obliged from necessity to assist in working the ship: and we took regular watches, both night and day, with the seamen that were able

Cornwall (as it is intimated at 62, II) has acquired more celebrity by her "*poetry*" than her "*music*." Had she trees to boast of, we should look in vain for an Orpheus to attract them. But we must not forget a noble composer. We have for ages gloried in Mount Edgcombe as the nurse of every patriotic virtue: Nor is it less the nurse of Talent and Taste! Long shall its groves rejoice—and its grottoes echo to "*Musical Reminiscencies!*"

In conclusion, I should, perhaps, apologize for speaking so often in the *first* person. It was to avoid circumlocution. That in the *third* person there is frequently as much egotism, would sound like an Hibernicism: There is, certainly, as much vanity.

It should seem at first sight, that some apology is, also, necessary for quotations from my own productions. But they are passages from volumes of which few copies remain, and which may never be reprinted. Besides, I can say with-

to stand. To add to our calamity, one of the Negroes fell off the rigging and was drowned: We could hear his screams an hour after he had fallen into the water. On the 16th of March, we arrived at Rio: and you can have no idea how kindly we were treated in that city. We dined with Admiral Baker, the Hon. Captain Talbot and two Russian gentlemen of distinction. On Sunday 20th of March, we embarked on board the William Harris and have had an extremely long passage, owing to the prevalence of easterly winds."

"I have only time to say that we have been extremely successful in the object of our mission. We traced the NIGER in canoes to its termination in the Bight of Biafra. And the rivers Bonny, Calabar, Nun &c. are its different mouths by which it disembogues itself into the Atlantic. We were captured and plundered; our canoe sunk by the natives; and we were afterwards sold as slaves to the master of a Liverpool brig."

"I have been more than once on the borders of the valley of death."

P. S. Richard's Journal was lost in the Niger. The greater part of mine is preserved. I have been busily engaged in copying it during the voyage.



out affectation, that I think my specimens of the poems of others, far superior to the extracts from my own.

And now, gentle reader, I bid you farewell. "*Solve senescentem*" &c. &c. has been long since, I suspect, on your lips. And, true it is, I have more than once exclaimed: "*Extremum hunc, Arethusa!*" &c. &c. not with a self-confident "*valete et plaudite!*" (you cannot accuse me of that) but with a "*vale! vale!*"—plaintively enough!—

And so let it pass.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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*In compliance with the wishes of all to whom I had the honour of communicating my intention to publish a Memoir of Whitaker, I was induced to draw the following Biographical outlines of the more distinguished of our Worthies; confining myself (except in the case of Whitaker) to the natives of Cornwall, or to Cornish families.*

*It has been tauntingly said, that "the wise men came from the East"—an allusion equally invidious and unjust.*

*In almost every age, Cornwall has produced characters eminent in arts and arms—in Science and Philology.*

*Polwhele, near Truro, October, 1829.*

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LONDON, Published in the *European Magazine* by J. Aspinwall, 1<sup>st</sup> Sept. 1807

— *Right Honourable* —  
ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH,  
*G. C. B. &c. &c. &c.*

*By permission of His Majesty in an original Painting by S. Drummond Esq. F.R.S.*

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

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## CHAPTER I.

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It were inconsistent with my plan, to attempt to blazon the achievements of heroes. "I must keep the "noiseless tenor of my way" within the boundaries of Science and Polite Literature.

Yet I cannot but fling a glance of proud satisfaction on such men as a BOSCAWEN and an EXMOUTH.\*

\* I have friends who were witnesses of Sir Edward Pellew's unparalleled courage under the citadel of Plymouth, in 1796. The author of the following stanzas was one of the spectators:—

Whilst o'er the reeling wreck the savage storm  
In lightnings blazed, and howl'd in every blast ;  
And horror striding in its wildest form  
Bade e'en heroic bosoms sink aghast ;  
'Twas thine, PELLEW ! sublimely great and brave,  
For man—thy brother man distrest—to dare  
The deathful passage of the whirling wave,  
And join the frantic children of despair.  
Yes ! it was thine, in comfort's soothing tone,  
To lull their sorrows midst the tempest's roar ;  
To hush the mother's shriek, the sick man's groan,  
And bear the trembling sufferers to the shore.  
So when this orb shall perish as the alarm  
Of the last trumpet echoes God's decree,  
Thy guardian angel, with triumphant arm,  
Shall from the wreck of all things rescue thee !

These stanzas should be rescued from oblivion for the sake of the last line.

In what order his proper place may be assigned to each of our Worthies, perhaps is immaterial. I have embraced all that I desire to memorize under the heads of *Mathematics, Physics, Medicine, Law, Divinity, History, Oratory, Poetry, Painting, Criticism.*

## CHAPTER II. SECTION I.

## MATHEMATICS.

As skilful in the *Mathematics*, I select from no mean groupe LEMON and ALLEN. They were both practical Mathematicians, though they made no pretence to science.

WILLIAM LEMON, Esq. was born in the West of Cornwall (I have heard Breage), in 1697. A clerk (if I have not been misinformed) to Mr. Coster, he had the best opportunities of making his observations on the conduct of our mining adventurers and all their concerns, and of exercising his sagacity in detecting errors, and his invention in planning improvements. In 1724, he married Isabella Vibert, of Tolver, in Gulval, with whom he received a fortune sufficient to enable him to pursue his favourite speculations in mines; and so happily were they directed, that he shortly had the power of turning his whole attention to that object. He was the first who conceived the project of working the mines upon the grand scale on which they are at present conducted; and the success attending it, aided by the discovery of fire-engines, caused him to enter largely into that commerce, (now divided amongst many) which became necessary for the supply of materials for so extended an undertaking. —He carried on his trade at Hayle, and at Truro; to which latter place he removed. His thorough knowledge in mining procured him a grant from Frederick Prince of Wales, for thirty years, of all minerals except tin in the duchy lands of Cornwall; where he made valuable discoveries. But his memorial to Sir R. Walpole,



proving the policy of taking off the duty upon coals, was in its result most beneficial to himself and his countrymen. It was an admirable paper, stating in the clearest terms the advantage that must accrue to the trade from the discharge of that debenture. And it discovered such a mastery of the subject, as drew from the minister the most flattering compliments. In the last convocation of tinnars, Mr. Lemon was one of the stannators; and in the regulations of the stannaries, his suggestions were, of course, of prime importance. In the framing of the militia act, government was indebted to him for several useful hints. There were few, in short, who possessed talents equal to his own, and none who exerted them more usefully. He served the office of sheriff, in 1742. With all his strength of mind, however, and all his commercial knowledge, he was conscious of deficiencies, and (what is rare in affluence) he owned and lamented them, though not with unavailing regret, but used every effort to supply them. Late in life, he put himself under the tuition of Mr. Conon, master of the Truro grammar-school, and, it is said, made some progress in the learned languages. I give this as an instance of his humility—or rather of his resolution: and if, in proof of his liberal way of thinking, and his generous feeling, I produce a very trivial anecdote, let it be remembered that characters are best illustrated by little familiar occurrences. Mr. Lemon was as much attached to a Cornish chough, as an esquire of elder days ever was to “hawke high tow’ring or accoasting lowe.” The favourite chough used at all times to obey his call. If he were walking on Truro-green, or through the streets, the chough mixing occasionally with other birds, or perched alone upon the house-top, would fly to him instantly at his whistle. This bird, therefore, was regarded at Truro with almost as much veneration as a stork at Athens. It happened, however, that Mr. Thomas,\* then a school-

\* The late John Thomas, Esq. of Chiverton; whose talents and knowledge and integrity, as an Attorney-at-Law were equalled by few, and as a Vice-Warden of the Stannaries by none

boy at Conon's, taking up his gun, contrary to the rules of the school, and proceeding to the back-quay where he had observed some birds, shot among them, and unluckily killed the sacred chough. His situation was indescribable. He was told by the by-standers that he would certainly be hanged. He had incurred the danger of a flogging for shooting, and of Mr. Lemon's displeasure for shooting his chough. But amidst despair, he at once took courage, went to Mr. Lemon's house, knocked at the door, was introduced to Mr. Lemon, and trembling and in tears, confessed the fact. Mr. Lemon paused a moment, and then said he was sorry for the poor bird—but freely forgave the little delinquent for so much candour in acknowledging his fault, and more than that, promised to keep it a profound secret, or, if it should come to Conon's ears, to intercede for him: a transaction apparently trifling, yet I think worth recording; as it discovered the mind and the heart—a transaction equally creditable to both parties. To amuse themselves with a chough, (a pleasant though most mischievous bird) was frequent with gentlemen in Mr. Lemon's days: and the recreation of ringing was equally common. For her musical bells, Kenwyn had to thank Mr. Lemon, at whose expence chiefly they were erected, and who (with the Reverend Samuel Walker and other gentlemen of Truro) used often to pass the evening in an exercise, which the memory of Kennicott (a great ringer as well as a great Hebraist) would render respectable in our eyes!—But notwithstanding his chough and his bells, Mr. Lemon had no familiarity in his department. To him people of all ages looked up, with a degree of awe. His approach occasioned a sensation. He owed much to personal appearance; but more to the opinion of his mental superiority. Such was Mr. Lemon (the founder of one of the first families\* of

\* He bought Carclew (now the seat of his great grandson, Sir Charles Lemon, Baronet) in 1749.—His residence at Truro before the building of a very good house in that town was in church-lane, now the property of Edward Collins, Esq.—Mr. Lemon died at Truro, 25th March, 1760, in the 63rd year of his age, and is buried there with the rest of the Lemou-family.

Cornwall) whom I have endeavoured to delineate; though the sketch, I feel, is but too feeble and imperfect.

It is for the scheme of the cross-posts that the nation is indebted to the great and good Mr. ALLEN. And it is with pleasure I have to state, that the hospitable possessor of *Prior-Park*, (the friend of genius and of virtue) was a native of St. Blazey, in this county. He was the "low-born Allen" of Pope. But his commercial genius soon broke through the obscurity of his birth. Placed under the care of his grandmother, who kept the post-office at St. Columb, he there discovered a turn for business, a cleverness in arithmetic, and a steadiness of application which seemed to indicate his future eminence;—when the inspector of the post-office coming into Cornwall, and among other towns visiting St. Columb, was highly pleased with the uncommon neatness and regularity of young Allen's figures and accounts, and expressed a wish to see the boy in a situation where ingenuity and industry might have a wider scope and more ample encouragement. Not long afterwards, Allen's friends consented to his leaving Cornwall; and at Bath he was chiefly patronised by General Wade; where by his project of the cross-post, for forming which he obtained a grant from government, he laid the foundation of his fortunes.\* Mr. Allen

He had one son named William, who died long before his father, leaving three children, William and John; and Anne, who married John Buller, of Morval, Esq. William, (who was created a baronet in 1774, and who represented Cornwall in Parliament) married Jane, eldest daughter of James Buller, of Morval, M. P. for Cornwall, by Jane the daughter of Allen, first Lord Bathurst, by whom he had eleven children.

\* How far the following anecdote may be deserving of credit, I do not know; but it was communicated to me by a most respectable correspondent, "In a severely contested election for the county, in which the candidates were Edgcombe, Boscawen, Glanville (of Stowe), and Trevanion; Mr. Boscawen called upon Mr. Allen, and asked for a pint of his beer, requesting Mr. Allen to drink with him. Mr. Allen being naturally obliging had no hesitation in complying with the request of the stranger. Mr. Boscawen (who was incog.) took an occasion to enquire the news of the neighbourhood and day; and the election being then most prominent, the subject was immediately introduced. After conversing in a

died at Prior-park in 1764—in which year we observe the product of the inland and foreign post-offices was £432,048.

In a note below, will be seen a codicil to Allen's will, which proves the friendship which subsisted between Allen and Pitt. The merits, indeed, of our Allworthy were acknowledged by great as well as little men; and his conversation universally cultivated and his countenance and support esteemed an honour by many who moved in the higher circles. To him Warburton, who married his niece, was indebted for a bishopric. With a sister of Allen, Mrs. Elliot, who lived at Truro, I was well acquainted. And I remember various stories with which the old lady used to entertain me when a school-boy, about Pope and herself making verses together at Prior-park, and Pope and Martha Blount occasioning much uneasiness to Allen in consequence of what Dr. Johnson calls "her indecent arrogance." According to Mrs. Elliot's statement, the quarrel to which I allude, lay between

more cursory manner, Mr. B. began to enquire into the general opinion of the private characters of the candidates, which Mr. Allen as freely gave him. Mr. B. then enquired who this Boscawen was, and what Allen thought of him? Allen observed, "he is much respected I believe in his neighbourhood, but in his public capacity we all suspect him to be unsound." The conversation having proceeded thus far, several of Mr. Boscawen's attendants came up and addressed him in his proper form. Mr. Allen felt abashed and apologized for the freedom which he had ignorantly taken. "Give me your hand my honest friend" (cried the gentleman) "you have given me no offence, here is your money for the beer. I hope soon to undeceive the country, and prove that Boscawen is not unsound." It was not long after this that Mr. Allen removed to Bath, where I need not pursue him; and some relation of his succeeding him in the public-house, (some say his son-in-law, named Tucker) his name and family have long been forgotten in St. Blazey. See Hurd's Warburton for a further account of Allen.

‡ A codicil to ALLEN's Will, dated November 10th, 1760, contains the following bequest:—"For the last instance of my friendly and grateful regard for the best of friends as well as the most upright and ablest of ministers that has adorned our country, I give to the Right Hon. William Pitt, the sum of one thousand pounds, to be disposed of by him to any of his children that he may be pleased to appoint for it."

Mrs. Allen and that insolent lady. But § Dr. Warton attributes Martha Blount's behaviour to Mr. Allen's having refused to lend his coach to carry her to a mass-house, at Bath, during his Mayoralty. Be this as it may, we cannot but lament the conduct of Pope in breaking off all connexion with a person whom he professed to love and revere, from the bad influence of a female friend of rather a suspicious character.

## SECTION II.

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### PHYSICS.

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In *Physics* or *Physiology*, we see opening upon us more extensive fields of speculation and of action.

To pass over BORLASE, though the first natural Historian of his day, and PRYCE, the Mineralogist—(by no means the first,) I come at once to those, whose scientific researches or discoveries have drawn all eyes to this extremity of our island.

To the originalities of STACKHOUSE, in *Botany*, and of RASHLEIGH, GREGOR, DAVY, and GILBERT, in *Geology* and *Chemistry*, we hasten to direct attention.

The name of Stackhouse stands high among the learned. Dr. Stackhouse, Rector of St. Erme and pos-

§ See Warton's Pope, II. 336.

essor of Trehane, in the adjoining parish of Probus, was the father, and the historian of the Bible was the uncle, of JOHN STACKHOUSE, Esq.\* The Rector of St. Erme had a fine commanding person. I remember that when a child, or fancy that I remember his dignified air and deportment: and I am sure my memory does not deceive me in the recollection of my father's exclamation, on once seeing Dr. Stackhouse walking at some little distance in his gown and cassock——

“The beauty of Holiness!”

The elder son of the Rector, William † Stackhouse, Esq. of Trehane, (who married a Rashleigh, of the ancient house of Menabilly) is still vigorous in body as in mind, though he hath almost reached his ninetieth year. In him we recognize the country-gentleman, from whose influence, in all the relations of life, his neighbourhood hath experienced substantial advantages; such indeed as few places can boast. There are few places thus happy in the long and continued residence of men, whose attachment to home is rendered venerable by “simple truth and old fidelity.”

The second son, JOHN STACKHOUSE, Esq. from his more active energies—reading men as well as books—will enable us to delineate the results of genius, taste and science. The virtues of rural retirement are of “great price.” But to a wider range through the living world and the world of literature, society unquestionably owes its advancement in urbanity of manners and enlightened

\* Natives of a distant county, the Rector had become in a manner naturalized here by his spiritual preferment and his marriage of Williams an heiress, through whom Trehane came into his family. And it was at Trehane the Bible-Stackhouse (whose portrait may there be seen) composed various parts of his biblical disquisitions.

† His sister, Mrs. Mary Stackhouse, died at Bath, Sept. 26, 1829, at the age of almost 91. And if ever longevity be the effect of a placid state of mind—and of a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man,—to such may we attribute the protracted lives of the Stackhouse family.

intellect. The most prominent feature in this gentleman's literary character, is said to have been his knowledge in *Botany*. But his pursuits in Natural History were not confined to that department. And his truly classical communications discover splendid literary attainments not only in physiology but in Grecian literature. He was a fellow of the Linnean Society. And his studies in Botany were more particularly directed to that obscure part of it, the marine plants. In the investigation of those which are at present arranged under the Genus *Fucus*, and which are found on the shores of Great Britain, he was sedulously employed for many years, and whenever it was practicable in examining them in their places of native growth; for which purpose his residence at his seats of Pendarves and Acton Castle in this county, whence he had the two seas in a manner at his command, must have offered him peculiar advantages.

The result of these observations, he at length published in the year 1801, in a thin but large folio volume, under the title of *Nereis Britannica*, containing coloured figures of all the then discovered British Fuci with descriptions in Latin and English. This excellent work did not meet with the estimation to which it was justly entitled in the author's own country, but was received with high approbation on the Continent, and introduced a correspondence between Mr. S. and some of the continental Botanists, who were engaged in the same, or similar pursuits. Among these I cannot but mention M. Lamouroux, Professor of Natural History in the Royal Academy of Caen, member of several Academies, and author of a work on the Zoophytes. Mr. S. and the Professor were both engaged in an attempt to methodize the heterogeneous mass, all crowded together under the Genus *Fucus*; and to separate the several species into properly distinguished genera according to their natural characters and affinities. Each of these acute observers had made a considerable progress in this arduous undertaking, and though they did not entirely coincide in the

detail, there was no wide difference in the general result of their conclusions.\*

Though every Botanist who has studied the marine plants is perfectly aware of the necessity of separating them, obviously as they differ in form and habit, into several genera; yet none with the exception of Mr. S. and his friend had ever published any actual progress. This almost entirely arises from the difficulty in acquiring a perfect knowledge of the fructification of these plants; and consequently of obtaining proper data, on which to form generic characters; whilst it is evident that such characters made out from form, substance and habit of growth only, must be very uncertain and frequently erroneous. That Mr. S. was not unsuccessful in his approaches to this desirable end, hath been acknowledged by all unprejudiced observers.

In the mean time, (as I have already stated) his classical abilities were of a superior order. Many of his leisure hours had been devoted to the study of Theophrastus on Plants: and his proficiency in the Greek language combined with his botanical knowledge, rendered him well qualified for the elucidation of this Author; as is evinced by his publication of a corrected edition of the Greek text, with a copious glossary and notes, in two volumes, crown 8vo. the first of which appeared in 1813, and the second, with the glossary and notes, in 1814.

In the transactions of the Linnean Society, there are many communications of Mr. STACKHOUSE, which, among the numerous articles, shine with a lustre "velut inter ignes," &c.—And in the Classical Journal, his verbal criticisms and emendations of the text of Ælian have been placed, for felicitous conjecture, on a footing with the annotations even of Toup himself—of Toup, whose name we cannot casually mention without the desire to overleap all bounds in anticipating the notice of a little Cor-

\* The sketch of Mr. S.'s proposed arrangement was published in a second edition of the *Nereis*, in quarto, in 1816, containing the same plates, but not coloured, and the descriptions in Latin only.



nish nook where the most celebrated classic in Europe, lay hid in lonely obscurity.

As a pleasing specimen of Mr. STACKHOUSE's manner of criticising, I will gratify my readers (to whom the Classical Journal may not be instantly accessible) with his "Remarks on an Error in the Periplus." "In reading" (says Mr. S.) "Dr. Vincent's paper "On an Error in the Periplus," I perceive the Dean, from not being a conchologist, has fallen into an error, p. 324, l. 29, calling the *πιννοι* of Procopius "pearl oysters." The shell-fish of the Ancients so called in Greek, and *pinna* by Latin authors, is the *pinna pectinata*, or rather *pinningens* of Linnæus; a species which spins a fine silky glossy lock of fibres, for the purpose of affixing itself to the rock. This is the substance of which garments have been made formerly, and in modern times. They are very plentiful in the Mediterranean, and have been found in Devonshire. The genus *pinna* occurs in Lister, and all conchologists, in Colonel Montagu's *Testacea Britannica*, and in Dr. Matton, &c. in the Linn. Transactions. The reading of *ἐρίον νεῖται* is excellent; but I would prefer to Dr. Vincent's amendment, in the latter part of the sentence, p. 325, the following, *παρ' ἄκτην τῆς Ἠπιοδῶρου, τὸ λεγόμενον πιννικὸν* (sc. *ἐρίον, supr.*) If the word *συλλεγόμενον* is retained, it involves the contradiction that the *ἐρίον* was spun before it was collected.

It may be proper to observe, that the *Σινδόνες Μαργαριτίδες* of antiquity might have obtained the name, not only from their *shining* texture, but, being the product of the silky fibres of the *pinna*, they might likewise be appropriately studded with pearls. If Dr. V. or any other of your readers should be desirous of seeing this silky *byssus*, as it has been called by some, they may be gratified by a visit to the British Museum. I have in my possession a fine lock of it."\*

Here we perceive the scholiast and the physiologist in happy union.

\* See *Class. Journal*, Vol. XI. pp. 154, 155.

Cornwall had displayed to his observation her maritime treasures: and for the latter years of his life, his intercourse with the learned was facilitated by his residence at Bath,§ during the winter-season.

Perhaps, his favourite study was more peculiarly recommended to attention by the elegance of his latinity.

But not less polished were his manners than his language.

With an exterior address the most pleasing, his courtesy was that of the perfect gentleman; whilst a philanthropy not acquiescent in professions, was equally characteristic of the Christian.

And a Christian, indeed, he was; if his delight in affording assistance and support to the poor and necessitous in his own immediate neighbourhood—if a deep interest in all charitable institutions, proved by the most liberal acts of beneficence—if in the bosom of his family the affectionate assiduities of the Husband,\* the Father† and the Friend—if patience and resignation under the pressure of the most painful of the maladies that afflict us; and if (to call down a blessing upon all) a constant observance of domestic prayer, be any test or token of Christianity †

In mineralogical researches, this county has made a rapid progress, from the late Philip Rashleigh, of *Menabilly*, to the Royal Geological Society.

In 1797, Mr. RASHLEIGH published specimens of British Minerals.¶

§ At Bath, he had a house in Edgar Buildings.

\* He married Miss Acton, of Acton Castle.

† Of his son Edward William Wynne Pendarves, Esq. M. P. for this County, I shall only say that a parliamentary conduct the most meritorious reflects honour on those who knew him too well to disallow the justness of his pretensions.

‡ He died, reduced by gout to extreme weakness, on the 22d of November, 1819—his age 78, and was buried at Weston, near Bath. And a monument is erected to his memory in Camborne Church.

¶ Specimens of British Minerals, selected from the Cabinet of Philip Rashleigh, of Menabilly, Esq. M.P. F.R.S. and F.A.S. With general descriptions and 33 Plates, &c. &c. 4to.

But it was objected to this work, that the principal characteristics of amorphous minerals cannot be expressed by the most skilful painter. To give an idea of the various gradations, from transparency to opacity, and of the lustre, the iridescency, the fracture, and the disposition of the component parts; with such a degree of minuteness as to be serviceable to the mineralogist, would certainly baffle the powers of the ablest artist. The Rashleigh Cabinet, however, is a splendid collection.\*

\* "It consists (says Dr. Paris) in the magnificence and variety of the *Oxyd of Tin*, *Fluors*, *Malachite*, and some of the rarer varieties of *Sulphuret of Copper* from mines which have long since ceased to be worked.—Among the more remarkable specimens is *Oxide of Tin* (from Saint Agnes) some of the most interesting varieties of which are the following, very large octohedrons with and without truncations; the crystal described by Klaproth as one of the rarest occurrence, *vis.* the four sided prism, with a four sided pyramid at each extremity: this occurs in its simple form, and also with a rich variety of truncations; a group of four sided pyramids covered with a thin coating of *Calcedony*, which being *hydrophanous* shews the form of the crystal very distinctly after immersion in water. *Wood Tin* forming a vein in a matrix of quartz, to one side of which adheres a fragment of rock, it is hardly necessary to remind the mineralogist of the great importance of this specimen in a geognostic point of view—*Tin crystals*—*Sulphuret of Tin* a mineral which has never been found in any part of the world except at Saint Agnes in Cornwall;—in the collection of Tins may be seen several small blocks of that metal as prepared by the Jews for commerce during the early workings of the Cornish mines, among which is a fraudulent one consisting of a mass of stone covered with a thin coating of tin; among the coppers may be noticed *Yellow copper ore with opal* (from Roskeir). The *triple Sulphuret of Antimony Copper and Lead* in octohedral crystals;—*Ruby Copper* in cubes; *Quartz* containing in its centre globules of water.—The *Hydrargyrite* or *Wavellite* in a plumose form accompanied by *apatite* in a matrix of quartz, (from Saint Stephens) *Topazes* of considerable lustre (from Saint Agnes.) *Green fluete of Lime* in crystals of twenty four sides (from Saint Agnes) a most beautiful cube of *Fluor*, the surface of which reflects a delicate green, but upon being held to the light exhibits its octohedral nucleus of a purple colour.—The mineralogist ought also to notice a superb octohedron of *Gold*, and a mass of *Stalactytes* from the grotto of Antiparos. He ought also to visit the elegant grotto built by Mr. Rashleigh in a beautiful and secluded part of his grounds, near the shore in the port of Polredmouth; it stands at the extremity of a large grove, and

The REV. WILLIAM GREGOR was another Cornish Gentleman of high mineralogical reputation. To him we were obliged for the discovery of a new mineral substance, which he called "*Menachanite*," from its having been found in the vale of *Menachan*. In a letter to me Mr. Gregor thus adverts to the subject: "I discovered the substance, which I called the *Menachanite*, in the year 1790. I pronounced it to consist of iron in a magnetic state, united to the calx of a new metallic substance, and a very minute portion of manganese: subsequent examination has proved me to be in the right. My memoir I sent to a German journal. It was read before the Royal Society; and would have been inserted in the *Philosophical Transactions*, if it had not been previously published in that journal. The new metallic calx is now called *Titanium*. Klaproth has analyzed the *menachanite* sand; and he agrees with me in almost every particular. I have discovered the same calx in a species of *schoerl* in the west of Cornwall, and lately in a species of *adamantine spar* from the distant region of *Thibet*."

is constructed with the finest species of marbles and serpentine, brilliant crystals, pebbles and shells, in the form of an octagon, two of the sides of which are appropriated to the door and the window which front each other, the six remaining sides form receptacles, four of which contain specimens of ores found in the county, and two are filled with organic fossils, polished agates, jaspers, &c. the intermediate spaces are occupied by shells, corralloids, and various other substances; the roof is composed of *Stalactytes* of singular beauty, which produce a very striking effect as seen through the rough formed arch which composes the entrance; in this grotto are preserved two links of the chain which were found in *Fowey* harbour by some fishermen in the year 1776, of a triangular form incrustated with shells and corals, supposed to be a part of the chain which extended from tower to tower for the ancient defence of the harbour; among the mineralogical specimens in the grotto one of *Calcedony* deserves particular notice for its beauty and magnitude; in the middle of the grotto is a table inlaid with 32 polished specimens of granite all found in the county of Cornwall."—See *Paris's Guide to Mounts'-Bay*, &c.—pp. 130, 131, 132, 133.

Dr. Paris notices, likewise, the Cabinet of WILLIAMS, of *Scorrier-House*, and CARNE's and HENNAH's collection of Minerals. In the *Rashleigh* collection, there is the greatest variety of tins—in the *Williams*, of coppers.

In drawing near to the threshold of Sir HUMPHRY DAVY, the chemical enthusiast would exclaim; "Procul, O procul," &c. "It is not for the profane to gain admission to his presence!" But we must fling away our stilts, and at once state, that Sir Humphry was born at Penzance, on the 17th of December, 1778. His father, (who was a carver in wood) was not permitted to witness Sir Humphry's celebrity: and ingenious as was "the carver in wood" in fabricating chimney-piece ornaments, not less ingenious perhaps was one of my classical friends in adducing parallels from Plutarch, who tells us, that "Miltiades lived not to see his son Cimon victorious in the field; nor Xantippus to witness the eloquence of his son Pericles; nor Ariston to hear his son Plato's lectures and disputations:—but many, many fathers live to see their children gaming, drinking, revelling."

Mrs. Davy, however, "who lately descended to the tomb, full of years and good works," was spared by "the grim tyrant" to enjoy the celebrity of her son. Young Davy was indebted for his *Propria quæ maribus*, to the Rev. George Coryton, master of a grammar-school at Penzance; and for his board and lodging to Mr. John Tonkin, a gentleman whose philanthropy and attachment to Mr. Davy's family have been often mentioned and applauded. From Penzance he was removed to Dr. Cardew's school, at Truro; but, after a few years, returning to his native town, he was placed under the care of one of the ablest medical men which Cornwall has to boast—John Bingham Borlase. Here his genius for Chemistry began to show itself; and his sagacity was observed in his varying the experiments of our first pneumatic chemists, and adapting them to vegetables, the product of the sea-shore. It was about this time that his decided character was exhibited in an instance at which his friends could not but shudder, whilst they admired his resolution. Accidentally bitten by a mad dog, he immediately cut out the part affected with his penknife.

We now approach the crisis of our Chemist's life—for the period at which Davy was introduced to Mr. Davies

Giddy, now Davies Gilbert—might well be called the crisis. Mr. Gilbert's attention was, from some trivial cause, attracted to the young chemist, as he was carelessly lounging over the gate of his father's house. A person in the company of Mr. Gilbert observed, that the boy in question was Davy, who was much attached to chemistry. "To chemistry!" said Mr. Gilbert; "if that be the case, I must have some conversation with him." Mr. Gilbert\* soon discovered ample proofs of genius in Davy; and offered him any assistance for facilitating his studies. Other circumstances also occurred, which contributed to bring Davy into notice. Mr. Gregory Watt, who had long been an invalid, was recommended by his physicians to reside in the West of England; and he accordingly went to Penzance. We may readily suppose, that two kindred spirits would not be long in contracting an acquaintance and friendship.

Before the formation of the Geological Society of London, geologists were divided into two great parties,—Neptunists, and Plutonists; the one affirming that the globe was indebted for its form and ar-

\* "It may not be uninteresting to notice the first experiment that gave me a strong feeling of his merit, and which I believe has never been laid before the public.—Davy, then about seventeen, had formed an opinion adverse to caloric, or to the materiality of heat, and he attempted an *experimentum crucis* in the following manner:—Having procured a piece of mechanism set in motion by a spring, he added two horizontal plates of brass, the upper one carrying a small metallic cup, to be filled with ice, revolved in contact with the lower. The whole machine, resting on a plate of ice, was covered by a glass receiver, and the air exhausted. It was then allowed to move, when the ice in the small cup was soon observed to melt; and the conclusion was drawn that this effect could proceed from vibratory motion alone, since the whole apparatus was insulated from all accession of material heat by the frozen mass below, and by the vacuum around it.—This experiment does not, unquestionably, decide the important matter in dispute with respect to an ethereal or transcendental fluid; but few young men remote from the society of persons conversant with science, will I believe any where present themselves who are capable of devising any thing so ingenious."—See Mr. Gilbert's late Address to the Royal Society.

rangement to the agency of water, the other to that of fire. It so happened that the Professors of Oxford and Cambridge ranged themselves under opposite banners; Dr. Beddoes was a violent and uncompromising Plutonist, while Professor Hailstone was as decided a Neptunist. The rocks of Cornwall were appealed to as affording support to either theory; and the two Professors, who, although adverse in opinion, were united in friendship, determined to proceed together to the field of dispute, each hoping that he might thus convict the other of his error. The geological combatants arrived at Penzance; and Davy became known to them, through the medium of Mr. Gilbert.

At that time Dr. Beddoes had just established his Pneumatic Institution at Bristol, and required an assistant in his laboratory: the situation was offered to Davy; and Dr. Borlase, with great liberality, consented to his acceptance of it. Such were the circumstances that first extricated Davy from the obscurity of his native town, and paved the way to an eminence which but very few philosophers in this or any other country have been able to attain.—He went to Bristol, and sometime after published an essay on Light and Heat.\*

\* Davy continued his researches on the nature of heat after his removal to Dr. Beddoes at Clifton in the autumn of 1798, and published them in a provincial collection of tracts. This paper caught the attention of Count Rumford, and became the medium of his invitation to the Royal Institution.—At Clifton, Davy's thoughts were directed to a multiplicity of subjects, many having reference to the main object of Dr. Beddoes's pursuit at that time,—the application of factitious airs or gases to the purposes of medicine. In his system of therapeutics, as in the subsequent theories of electro-chemistry, oxygen, the supporter of combustion, held one extremity of the scale as a stimulus, while inflammable gases occupied the other extremity, as sedatives; various combinations were tried. Carbonated hydrogen was thought to be narcotic. Azote or nitrogen, in its simple state appeared to be noxious only from the absence of oxygen; combined with that active principle, in what has since been named a Dentoxide, it produced instantaneous suffocation. The protoxide had indeed been made, and to a certain degree examined; but it was reserved for Davy to ascertain its exact proportions, previously to the establishment of the atomic theory, and to multiply

Davy was now constantly engaged in the prosecution of new experiments, for the purpose of investigating the medical powers of the different gases; in which he was greatly assisted by Dr. Beddoes; and occasionally by Mr. W. Clayfield, a gentleman whose name is not unknown in the annals of science: To him, indeed, Davy was indebted for the invention of a mercurial air-holder, by which he was enabled to collect and measure the various gases submitted to examination. In the course of these investigations, the respirability and singularly intoxicating effects of *Nitrous Oxide* were first discovered; which led to a new train of research concerning its preparation, composition, properties, combinations, and physiological action on living beings; inquiries, which were extended to the different substances connected with Nitrous Oxide, such as *Nitrous Gas*, *Nitrous Acid*, and *Ammonia*; when, by multiplying experiments, and comparing the facts they disclosed, Davy ultimately succeeded in reconciling apparent anomalies, and was enabled to present a clear and satisfactory history of the combinations of Oxygen and Nitrogen.

These interesting results were published in a volume, entitled "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical.\*"

experiments on the medical qualities of an air supposed to increase present action without inducing subsequent debility, and to act rather by augmenting the power of receiving excitement, than in the usual mode of stimulus. The ingenuity of the chemist who investigated Gaseous Oxide remains upon record, but the panacea has long since vanished into empty space.—Here Davy exercised himself, moreover, in one of the most beautiful departments of analytical chemistry, to which the destructive operations of our predecessors were directly opposed—the ascertaining proximate elements of organic substances. He mainly in these researches separated and distinguished the principle forming an insoluble compound with gelatine, from the gallic acid, to which it is nearly allied. He ascertained its identity in various vegetable bodies, and improved its application to the purposes of manufacture.

\* A little *Jeu d'esprit*, alluding to the "Details of the Effects produced by the respiration of Nitrous Oxide upon different individuals, furnished by themselves," was prefixed by the following observations:—"Among the variety of philosophical improvements, that distinguish the eighteenth century, a few of the discoveries in *Aerology*, have a just



In his earlier days, Davy had invoked the Muses. And during his residence at Bristol, he joined Southey

claim to our admiration. But the dexterity with which AIRS are made subservient to medical purposes, is, really, a matter of astonishment. Dr. Beddoes has lately applied the *gas* of Dr. Priestley—the dephlogisticated nitrous gas—to the uses of medicine; and the success of this experiment, is such as might have been expected from a man who has advanced, in his scientific researches, with an unparalleled velocity; and who, leaving all his contemporaries behind him, has shewn, how far a philosopher may be carried by the force of a flaming imagination.

That Dr. B. hath “contributed to retard the progress of \* aëro-medical science;” is the cry of those only, who feeling their own incapacity to follow him in his career, “*per liquidum aëthera*,” affect to prefer rational investigations to fanciful theories—a dull experiment to a splendid hypothesis. From the “Medical Pneumatic Institution” of Dr. B will probably flow the most substantial benefits to mankind.† In consequence of their intimacy with airs, our modern sages have promised “great things:” but Dr. B. promises greater still. Dr. Darwin thinks,‡ that, from our Pneumatic acquirements or accomplishments, we shall soon be able to regulate the winds of heaven, and the waves of the sea—to “ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm!” Yet the attempt to subjugate the Hellespont, was accounted no less than madness in Xerxes: And even in an English monarch, (apt as he was to give himself *airs*) the poor effort to check a wave or two, was deemed presumptuous. So great is the superiority of the moderns to the ancients—so striking are the advances of man—so rapid his strides, at this illuminated era, towards the perfection of his nature!

In the mean time Mr. Godwin maintains, that we may put off death to as late a period as we please, by means, to be sure, of the *vital air*; though the philosopher does not so express himself. Dr. B., however, combining in his own great and comprehensive mind the theories of Darwin and of Godwin, and applying his dephlogisticated nitrous gas to the purposes of both these philosophers, professes his ability to turn us all into amphibious creatures (as some think, a little out of his own element)—to repair the breaches in our constitutions, whether we have suffered from time or intemperance

\* See Essays by a Society of Gentlemen at Exeter. p. 282.

† See his “Notice of some Observations made at the Medical Pneumatic Institution.” 1799.

‡ With respect to WIND, Dr. Darwin says: “We hope that this, or some future age, will learn how to govern or domesticate a monster, which might be rendered of such important service to mankind.” Botanic Garden, Vol. 1. p. 90. 3d edit. And, as to the SEA, he says: “It is probable, in another half century, it may be safer to travel under the ocean than over it, since Dr. Priestley’s discovery of procuring pure air in such great abundance from the calces of metals.” p. 180.

and several others, in printing two volumes of an English Anthology.\*

—to subdue disease and pain—to renovate in the aged every source of pleasure, and even on earth to render man immortal. “We shall be sadly disappointed (says Dr. B. in the little tract to which I have just referred my readers) if the gas do not sometimes prove the most delicious of luxuries, as well as the most salutary of remedies.—That natural or forced decay may be repaired, and the faculty of pleasurable sensation renovated, is no longer a mere conjecture, supported by loose analogies.—We see the strongest probabilities daily accumulating in favour of the opinion.”—The doctor thus describes the effects of this gas, on several of his friends.

The “Rev. R. Barbauld felt exhilarated, and was compelled to laugh, not by any ludicrous idea, but by an impulse unconnected with thought; lassitude and languor through the day afterwards.”

“Mrs. Barbauld, the children’s friend. At first, pleasurable sensations, occasioning involuntary laughter; some momentary faintness, afterwards. We now understand the regulation of the dose so as, perhaps, to be able to remove Mr. Barbauld’s languor, and to give Mrs. B. the pleasure, without the transitory faintness.”

“Mr. R. Southey could not distinguish between the first effects, and an apprehension of which he was unable

\* “On the sea

The sunbeams tremble; and the purple light  
Illumes the dark Bolerium, seat of storm!  
Drear are his granite wilds, his schistine rocks  
Encircled by the wave, where to the gale  
The haggard cormorant shrieks; and far beyond  
Where the great ocean mingles with the sky  
Behold the cloud-like islands gray in mist.”

A fair specimen of Davy’s poetry.

Davy was much pleased with a sonnet which I addressed to him in 1808.

The jealous Muse, who had thine early youth  
Traverse “the dark Bolerium,” o’er its cliffs  
With fancy ranging (pale where Auster lifts  
The surge) was check’d as Philosophic Truth  
Pruned thy wild wing, yet scarce suspecting ruth  
Pursued thy flights at distance. Quick as shifts  
The vernal sun and shade, She mark’d thy glance,  
And rank’d thy rapid visions in her train  
Illusive, and still hail’d the faery dance.  
But when she saw thy chemic powers advance  
Where mineral nature holds the mystic reign,  
Embodying forms which poets dared not feign,  
Starting at thy discoveries from her trance,  
She owned with many a sigh invention vain!

The Geological Society of London was about this time founded; and Davy was called upon to fill the

to divest himself. His first definite sensations were a fullness and dizziness in the head, such as to induce fear of falling. This was succeeded by a laugh which was involuntary but highly pleasurable, accompanied with a peculiar thrilling in the extremities,—a sensation perfectly new and delightful. He imagined that his taste and smell were more acute, and is certain that he felt unusually strong and cheerful. He has poetically remarked, that he supposes the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens, to be composed of this gas."

To Dr. Beddoes himself, on trying the effects of the gas, the first sensations had nothing unpleasant; the succeeding were agreeable beyond conception. He seemed to himself, at the time, to be bathed, all over, with a bucket full of good humour. A constant fine glow, which affected the stomach, led him, one day, to take an inconvenient portion of food, and to try the AIR afterwards. It very soon removed the sense of distention. Under a certain administration of the gas, he thinks, sleep might, possibly, be dispensed with. His morning alertness equals that of a healthy boy.

Such stores of health and pleasure, has Dr. B. in reserve for his fellow creatures!

And so intense is my gratitude, in the contemplation of a philosopher to whom Newton is an ape, and of a philanthropist to whom Howard is a bear, that I can add no more! expression is lost in sensation!

The *jeu d'esprit* is entitled the "Pneumatic Revellers."—An Eclogue.—Dr. Beddoes; Rev. R. Barbauld; Mrs. Barbauld, the Children's Friend; Mr. Robert Southey.—Scene—The Medical Pneumatic Chambers.

I present my readers with a few playful passages from this poem.

DR. BEDDOES.

My friends! from a world, where disorders are rife,  
I call you to taste of the liquor of life;  
A fluid, to render us nimble and fresh,  
And purge from its drossy pollution the flesh;  
To cherish, each purified body, the blood in,  
The spirit of beef, and the essence of pudding;  
In short, to convey us, ere long, to the portal  
Of heaven, and transform us to beings immortal.

My comrades, if Priestley discover'd the gas,  
He never could bring such a wonder to pass,  
As I just have announc'd:—He could never procure,  
With all his importance, a gas that was pure.  
Indeed, of the sage though I e'er was a lover, he  
Can scarcely be said to have made the *discovery*.

\* Such was the brown loaf in Swift's Tale of a Tub.

chair of the Professor of Chemistry in the new Institution.

I hold it, my friends, a position unshaken,  
That pure vital air was familiar to\* Bacon :  
And, I think, it was known to the poets and sages  
Who liv'd in the classic and fabulous ages ;  
While the tale of old Dis and Persephone shows  
The detection of air in a pink or a rose :  
Nay, the story of Eve and the devil may teach,  
That † Moses found gas in the bloom of a ‡ peach.  
If so, the discovery of gas, from the maiden  
In Sicily ravish'd, we trace up to Eden :  
So, inciting fond Eve to a spiritual revel,  
The very first chemist in air, was the devil.

Yet the substance (alas ! we have cause to be serious !)  
Effervescing in Eve was indeed deleterious :  
And the gas, in my hands, is salubrious, alone :  
By Satan, or Priestley prepar'd, 'tis all one.

Had I been in Eden, perhaps mother Eve  
Would have actually soar'd as she seem'd to believe :  
Albeit, as, instead of ascending, she sunk  
Top-heavy, and all her race since have been drunk ;  
Tho' late, be it mine the mishap to repair,  
And exhibit my pure preparations of air.

But, ere to inhale it your stomachs I urge,  
I'll tell you, in brief, the effects of the purge.

When I tried it, at first, on a learned society,  
Their giddiness seem'd to betray inebriety,  
Like grave mandarins, their heads nodding together ;  
But afterwards each was as light as a feather :  
And they, ev'ry one, cried, 'twas a pleasure extatic  
To drink deeper draughts of the mighty pneumatic.  
As if by the wand of a wizard entranc'd,  
How wildly they shouted, and gambol'd, and danc'd !

\* " The Fable of Proserpine being seized by Pluto, as she was gathering flowers, is explained by Lord Bacon to signify the combination or marriage of etherial spirit with earthly materials. Bacon's Works, Vol. V. p. 470. edit 4to. Lond. 1778. This allusion is still more curiously exact, from the late discovery of pure air being given out from vegetables, and that, then, in its unmixed state, it more readily combines with metallic or inflammable bodies. From these fables, which were, probably, taken from ancient hieroglyphics, there is frequently reason to believe, that the Egyptians possessed much chemical knowledge, which for want of alphabetical writings perished with their philosophers." Botanic Garden, pp. 176, 177.

† This may be proved, indeed, a priori. If the Egyptians were such proficient in chemistry, as Dr. Darwin thinks, and if Moses received his education at their college of the arts and sciences, as some learned men maintain ; it is probable, that he was no stranger to vegetable airs.

‡ The Rabbis have not settled what fruit it was : it might have been the MALUM PERSICUM.

On his removal from Bristol to London, though he gained great accessions to his fame as a man of science ;

Rev. Mr. B. BARBAULD [Drinks.]

Beddoes ! thy living beverage whilst I quaff,  
I laugh—ha, ha—yet know not why I laugh.  
Behold, from these intoxicating vapours,  
Robert, a pickle-herring, cutting capers !  
I can't—I can't—O, Beddoes ! what an elf !  
Spite of my reverence—can't—contain myself !  
Now I've a strong desire for further quaffing—  
Ha—ha—ha, ha—I cannot drink for laughing.  
Ha, ha !—Yet, somehow, in this merry mood,  
Creeps o'er my body a strange lassitude.  
My friaky spirits are all spent, at once,  
And in the sad residuum leave—a dunce !”

Mrs. BARBAULD “the children's friend.” [Drinks.]

Oh, I feel a fine sensation  
Stealing o'er my charmed frame !  
Sweeter far than inhalation,  
Sweeter than the breath of fame.

Banish'd every carking care is ;  
Sick disgust, and anxious fear ;  
This is, sure, the haunt of fairies !  
Pleasure, pleasure, wantens here.

Blithe as when I skipp'd with Lissy,  
Crown'd with many a pretty flower,  
Beddoes ! how I long to kiss y',  
In my trembling moonlight bower.

There, between the opening branches,  
Stars may shed the silent dew ;  
But, upon my heels or haunches,  
Nectar will I taste with you.

Yet with sudden qualms I languish ;  
Struggles in my breast the sigh :  
With my transport there is anguish—  
Doctor ? Oh, I faint—I die !”

Mr. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I am all nerve !—As from the cup of Circe,  
I shrink, suspicious !—I'm a coward !—  
Poh !  
'Tis but an ague-fit that shakes a Cæsar ! [trembles.]  
Gods ! I will drink ! [drinks.]  
My head, my head is dizzy !

yet his friends could not but observe with a sigh a change in his manners by no means creditable to the moral phi-

At my wits end, I totter— I shall fall !  
 No — I am rapt beyond myself — I feel  
 At my extremities delicious thrillings !  
 My every sense is exquisitely keen !  
 My taste is so refin'd, I shall henceforth  
 Disdain all vulgar viands. — So brute  
 My smell, I can, for miles around me, catch  
 The effluvia rolling thro' the shoreless air,  
 One vast mephitic sea ! — These grosser bodies  
 I cannot brook. — Thou smooth mahogany !  
 That with surpassing polish seems't to shine  
 A lustrous plane ; and, O ye plates of glass  
 Scintial ! ye are rougher than the ruts  
 Of waggon wheels ! I tremble, as I touch you :  
 E'en from my delicate fingers-ends, thro' all  
 My frame, too sensitive ! I spurn, I spurn  
 This cumbrous clod of earth ; and, borne on wings  
 Of lady-birds, "all spirit," I ascend  
 Into the immeasurable space, and cleave  
 The clear ethereal azure ; and from star  
 To star still gliding, to the heaven of heavens  
 Aspire, and plunging thro' the sapphure blaze,  
 Ingulph the dephlogisticated floods  
 Of life, and riot in immortal gas !"

The doctor himself [*drinks.*]

Celestials ! — This morning, I own, I was sulky,  
 And at dinner I ate, till my body grew bulky.  
 When-ever, indeed, I indulge in much merriment,  
 And dispatch a sirloin, 'tis by way of experiment.  
 This, therefore, promising, I now have to tell y',  
 That in temper a dove, and a sparrow in belly,  
 To the gas, which in gaining, the members of some ache,  
 I owe my complacence and lightness of stomach.  
 I float in a manner — so easy and placid —  
 The mild milk of kindness absorbs every acid.  
 Or rather, of passion subsides the hot tumour,  
 As all over I'm bath'd with a pail of good-humour :  
 No languid, no crapular feelings have I —  
 But gay as the morn — I'm a boy, I'm a boy !

Such — such is my fluid, the grand panacea :  
 Though the public may form a degrading idea  
 Of my science and zeal, of my labour and trouble,  
 And judge my fine medical airs — but a bubble !  
 And if it be said, that a doctor and parson,  
 In concert together to carry the farce on,  
 Permit all decorum, appearance, and pomp  
 To be lost in a Bacchanal dance, or a romp ;

losopher. From his proud elevation, he seems to have looked down contemptuously on all around him. On

If, perchance, it be told, that the smiles and the graces  
Of ladies, here languish away in grimaces ;—  
My scheme may be spoil'd ; and pneumatics be curst,  
And Beddoes, in truth, like the bubble, may burst.  
Already, 'tis rumoured, I'm blown up with vanity,  
And give myself airs amid chemic inanity ;  
And (names that detraction is puffing abroad)  
I'm, by turns, a chameleon, a moth, and a toad.

Lest, therefore, my friends ! as we scamper and hop,  
The report of this meeting go off in a pop ;  
Lest the business get wind ;—I shall print, with your privity,  
An account of the gas, as no matter of levity ;  
And describe its effects, and their curious congruity  
Experienc'd by authors of rare ingenuity,  
Who never before, I am certain, had cause  
(Tho' long have they liv'd on the breath of applause)  
To rejoice in an air from corruption so free,  
As the gas, my good sirs ! just emitted by me.  
I am sorry, indeed, that a friend in the groupe, here,  
After exhilaration complain'd of a stupor ;  
And that *she*, in her lessons for sucklings, so clever,  
Resembled so much an exhausted receiver.  
Yet, soon shall this potent Nephenthe, I trust,  
My poor fellow-creatures exalt from the dust ;  
Inspirit the weary, and banish ennui,  
And rouse from his languor the frail debauchee ;  
Give muscular power to the palsied and gray,  
Nor let trouble 'turn an old man into clay.'  
Perhaps, in my hands, it may shortly preclude  
The use or of raiment, of sleep, or of food !  
Perhaps, with loud plaudits, the people may own  
A discovery to shame the philosopher's stone ;  
When, as my *rare* luxury to taste I exhort all,  
I shew what a ninny man is—to be mortal !  
What are ye, Rosicrusians ! indeed, with your riches,  
If, throwing away his light 'thin pair of breeches,'  
My volatile pupil each country can cross over,  
Less cumber'd with rags than the shipwreck'd philo-  
sopher ;  
If the slumber so short, my disciples may need here,  
Discredit mattresses, or couches of eider ;  
If the food I create for the palate and paunch  
Debar the fond wish for a slice of the haunch ;  
Bring the gluttons on rich calipashes that revel  
And the soup-meagre cottagers, all to a level ;  
Discovering the grossness of eating, much shame in,  
Quickly dissipate every alarm from a famine ;  
And, as I dispense my pure gas through the nation,  
The corn-business render, a mere speculation !

this subject a late writer speaks more eloquently than justly.\*

[All *drink* again; and *dance* and *sing*.]

Then hail, happy days! when the high and the low,  
All nourish'd alike from this air-hospitality,  
Shall together with gas-born benevolence glow,  
And prove, that true bliss must arise from equality;

When, Britons and Gauls! ye shall revel and sing,  
(Light, lighter than gossamers twinkle and glance)  
Here, thridding a maze, and there link'd in a ring,  
And scarcely touch earth, as ye kindle the dance;

When, finer and finer as waxes your nature,  
Each atom terrene shall fly off from your bodies,  
Each particle gross, and, all purified matter,  
Ye shall smell of ambrosia or gas like a goddess;

Till mounting, as if in balloons, to the sky,  
While pleasure with novel sensations shall strike y',  
Thro' the regions of gas shall ye flutter and fly,  
A Mercury each man, and each woman a Psyche!

\* "His enemies may avail themselves of the circumstance, and we shall not envy their triumph; but we ask in candour, where is a man of twenty-two years of age to be found, unless the temperature of his blood be below zero, who could remain uninfluenced by such a change? Look at Davy in the laboratory at Bristol, pursuing with eager industry various abstract points of research; mixing only with a few philosophers, sanguine like himself in the investigation of chemical phenomena, but whose worldly knowledge was bounded by the walls of the institution in which they were engaged. Shift the scene—could the spells of an enchanter effect a more magical transformation! Behold him in the theatre of the Royal Institution! surrounded by an aristocracy of intellect, as well as of rank, by the flowers of genius, the elite of fashion, and the beauty of England,—whose very respirations were suspended in their eagerness to catch his novel and satisfactory elucidations of the mysteries of Nature! We admit that his vanity was excited by such extraordinary demonstrations of devotion; that he lost that simplicity which constituted the charm of his character, and assumed the garb and airs of a man of fashion;—can we wonder if, under such circumstances, the robe should not have always fallen in graceful draperies? But the charms of the ball-room did not allure him from the pursuits of the laboratory. He had a capacity for both, and his devotions to Terpsichore did not interfere with the rites of Minerva. So popular did he become, under the auspices of the Duchess of Gordon, and other leaders of fashion, that their *soirées* were considered incomplete without



But his affectation of the fine gentleman, placing (as he afterwards did) the homage paid to his scientific attainments to the account of his rank and fashion, was truly absurd and ridiculous.

Davy's first experiments as Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, were made on the substance employed on the process of tanning, with others to which similar properties were ascribed, in consequence of the discovery made by Mr. Seguiet, of Paris, of the peculiar vegetable matter, now called *tannin*. He was, during the same period, frequently occupied in experiments on galvanism.

In 1802, Mr. Davy commenced a series of lectures before the Board of Agriculture, which was continued for ten years. It contained much popular and practical infor-

his presence; and yet the crowds that repaired to the Institution in the morning were, day after day, gratified by newly-devised and instructive experiments, performed with the utmost address, and explained in language at once the most intelligible and the most eloquent. He brought down Science from those heights which were before only accessible to a few, and placed it within the reach of all. He divested the goddess of all her severity of aspect, and represented her as attired by the Graces. It may be said, and indeed it has been alluded to by some modern Zoilus, who has sought only to discover the defects of Davy, that his style was too florid and imaginative for communicating the plain lessons of truth. We admit that Minerva, like the statue of a Lysippus, may be spoilt by gilding; but circumstances must be allowed to modify the acceptation of all such general propositions. Let us consider the class of persons to whom Davy addressed himself: were they students, prepared to toil with systematic precision in order to obtain knowledge, as a matter of necessity? No, they were composed of the gay and the idle, who could only be tempted to admit instruction by the prospect of receiving pleasure. It has been well observed, that necessity alone can urge the traveller over barren tracks and snow-topped mountains, while he trends with rapture along the fertile vales of those happier climes where every breeze is perfume and every scene a picture. But in speaking of Davy's lectures, as mere specimens of happy oratory, we do injustice to the philosopher: had he merely added the festoon and the Corinthian foliage to a temple built by other hands, he might not have merited any other eulogium; but the edifice was his own—he brought the stone from the quarry, formed it into a regular pile, and then with his masterly chisel added to its strength beauty, and to its utility grace."

nation, and was among the most useful of Mr. Davy's scientific labours; for the application of chemistry to agriculture is one of its most important results. So rapid were his discoveries, that in preparing these discourses for publication a few years afterwards, he was under the necessity of making several alterations, to adapt them to the improved state of chemical knowledge, which his own labours had in that short time produced.

In 1803, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1805 a member of the Royal Irish Academy. He now enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished philosophers of the metropolis, and enumerated among his intimate associates, Sir Joseph Banks, Cavendish, Hatchett, Wollaston, Tennant, and other eminent men. At the same time he corresponded with the principal chemists of every part of Europe. In 1806 he was appointed to deliver, before the Royal Society, the Bakerian lecture, in which he displayed some very interesting new agencies of electricity, by means of the galvanic apparatus. Soon afterwards, he made one of the most brilliant discoveries of modern times, in the decomposition of two fixed alkalis, which in direct refutation\* of the hypothesis previously adopted, were

\* It was thus announced to me in a letter from Mr. Davy Gilbert, dated Jan. 1st, 1808. "This discovery (says my friend) is really of the most interesting kind. If it pleases God to grant him health to perfect it, I think few that have ever preceded him will be considered as giving an equally distinct insight into the mysterious laws of nature. By the application of galvanism to potash and soda, Davy has compelled these bodies to divide themselves into two parts, the one oxygen, the other, what he considers as their basis. This is a metallic body, fluid, and apparently similar to mercury, till about the point of the congelation of water when it crystallizes into a malleable metal. This metallic matter is lighter than water. The basis of soda is to water as nine to ten; that of potash six to ten, and the latter rises in a distilled naphæ. It amalgamates with mercury, and renders it hard. It amalgamates also with other metals, but its avidity for oxygen is such, that it does not long remain as a metal in any mixture, but gradually changes into the salt from which it is originally made. Its avidity for oxygen is such, that on being thrown into water, it instantly produces intense heat and flame. The effect is similar to what happens

found to consist of a peculiar metallic base, united with a large quantity of oxygen. These alkalies were potash and soda, and the metals thus discovered were called *potassium* and *sodium*. Mr. Davy was equally successful in the application of galvanism to the decomposition of the earths. On the 22d of January, 1807, he was elected Secretary of the Royal Society. During the greater part of 1810 he was employed on the combinations of oxymuriatic gas and oxygen : and towards the close of the same year he delivered a course of lectures before the Dublin Society, and received from Trinity College, Dublin, the honorary degree of LL. D.

In 1812, Mr. Davy married. The object of his choice was Jane, daughter and heiress of Charles Kerr, of Kelso, Esq., and widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece, Esq., eldest son of the present Sir Thomas Hussey Apreece, Bart. By his union with this lady, Mr. Davy acquired not only a considerable fortune, but a wife capable of appreciating his character and attainments. On the 9th of April, two days previously to his marriage, he received the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent.

We now arrive at the most important result of Sir Humphry Davy's labours, the invention of the SAFETY LAMP for coal mines ; which has been adopted

when a piece of white hot metal of equal size is treated in the same way ; and in an instant the alkali, of which it was formed, is regenerated, and may be recovered from the water of the same weight as the salt originally was. Nothing can preserve it, even for a few minutes, but distilled naphtha. When put into fluid, it attracts a small portion of oxygen, forms a thin pellicle round it, and afterwards remains unaltered.—When Davy was taken ill, he was pursuing his discovery by subjecting barytes to a similar galvanic process ; he had seen the basis of barytes in minute globules, resembling in their general appearance the other basis, but had not yet discovered the means of collecting it. How unfortunate would this young man be, and how much more so should we all think ourselves, were he to be lost to science, at the moment of his having opened so magnificent an entrance into the mysteries of nature, and before he had been permitted to pass through it ! The national institute at Paris has given him their prize of 3000 livres, for his paper on chemical affinities."

throughout Europe. The frequency of accidents, arising from the explosion of the fire-damp of the coal mines, mixed with atmospherical air, occasioned the formation of a committee at Sunderland, for the purpose of investigating the causes of these calamities, and of endeavouring to discover and apply a preventive. Sir Humphry received an invitation, in 1815, from Dr. Gray, one of the members of the committee; in consequence of which he went to the North of England; and visiting some of the principal collieries in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, soon convinced himself that no improvement could be made in the mode of ventilation, but that the desired preventive must be sought in a new method of lighting the mines, free from danger; which, by indicating the state of the air in the part of the mine where the inflammable air was disengaged so as to render the atmosphere explosive, should oblige the miners to retire till the workings were properly cleared. The common means then employed for lighting the dangerous part of the mines consisted of a steel wheel revolving in contact with flint, and affording a succession of sparks: but this apparatus always required a person to work it, and was not entirely free from danger. The fire-damp was known to be light carburetted hydrogen gas; but its relations to combustion had not been examined. It is chiefly produced from what are called blowers or fissures in the broken strata, near dykes. Sir Humphry made various experiments on its combustibility and explosive nature; and discovered that the fire-damp requires a very strong heat for its inflammation; that azote and carbonic acid, even in very small proportions, diminished the velocity of the inflammation; that mixtures of the gas would not explode in metallic canals or troughs, where their diameter was less than one-seventh of an inch, and their depth considerable in proportion to their diameter; and that explosions could not be made to pass through such canals, or through very fine wire sieves, or wire-gauze. The consideration of these facts led Sir Humphry to adopt a lamp, in which the flame, by being supplied with

only a limited quantity of air, should produce such a quantity of azote and carbonic acid as to prevent the explosion of the fire-damp, and which, by the nature of its apertures for giving admittance and egress to the air, should be rendered incapable of communicating any explosion to the external air. These requisites were found to be afforded by air-tight lanterns, of various constructions, supplied with air from tubes or canals of small diameter, or from apertures covered with wire-gauze, placed below the flame, through which explosions cannot be communicated; and having a chimney at the upper part, for carrying off the foul air. Sir Humphry soon afterwards found that a constant flame might be kept up from the explosive mixture issuing from the apertures of a wire-gauze sieve. He introduced a very small lamp in a cylinder, made of wire-gauze, having six thousand four hundred apertures in the square inch. He closed all apertures except those of the gauze, and introduced the lamp, burning brightly within the cylinder, into a large jar, containing several quarts of the most explosive mixture of gas from the distillation of coal and air: the flame of the wick immediately disappeared, or rather was lost; for the whole of the interior of the cylinder became filled with a feeble but steady flame of a green colour which burnt for some minutes, till it had entirely destroyed the explosive power of the atmosphere. This discovery led to a most important improvement in the lamp, divested the fire-damp of all its terrors, and applied its powers, formerly so destructive, to the production of a useful light. Some minor improvements, originating in Sir Humphry's researches into the nature of flame, were afterwards effected. The coal owners of the Tyne and Wear evinced their sense of the benefits resulting from this invention, by presenting Sir Humphry with a handsome service of plate, worth nearly two thousand pounds, at a public dinner at Newcastle, October 11, 1817.

In 1813, Sir Humphry was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and Vice-President of the Royal Institution. He was created a Baronet, Oct.

20, 1818. In 1820, he was elected a Foreign Associate of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in the room of his countryman Watt; and in the course of a few years most of the learned bodies in Europe enrolled him among their members.

Many pages might be occupied with details of Sir Humphry Davy's travels in different parts of Europe for scientific purposes, particularly to investigate the causes of volcanic phenomena, to instruct the miners of the coal districts in the application of his safety-lamp, to examine the state of the Herculanæan manuscripts, and to illustrate the remains of the chemical arts of the ancients. He analysed the colours used in painting by the ancient Greek and Roman artists. His experiments were chiefly made on the paintings in the baths of Titus, the ruins called the baths of Livia, in the remains of other palaces and baths of ancient Rome, and in the ruins of Pompeii. By the kindness of his friend Canova, who was charged with the care of the works connected with ancient art in Rome, he was enabled to select with his own hands specimens of the different pigments that were formed in vases discovered in the excavations which had been lately made beneath the ruins of the palace of Titus, and to compare them with the colours fixed on the walls, or detached in fragments of stucco. The results of all these researches were published in the Transactions of the Royal Society for 1815, and are extremely interesting. The concluding observations, in which he impresses the superior importance of permanency to brilliancy in the colours used in painting, are especially worthy the attention of artists. On his examination of the Herculanæan manuscripts, at Naples, 1818-19, he was of opinion that they had not been acted upon by fire, so as to be completely carbonized, but that their leaves were cemented together by a substance formed during the fermentation and chemical change of ages. He invented a composition for the solution of this substance, but he could not discover more than 100 out of 1,265 manuscripts, which presented any probability of success.

Sir Humphry returned to England in 1820, and in the same year his friend, Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, died. Several discussions took place, respecting a proper successor, when individuals of even exalted rank were named as candidates. But science superseded rank. Among the philosophers whose labours had enriched the Transactions of the Royal Society, two were most generally adverted to, Sir Humphry Davy and Dr. Wollaston; but Dr. Wollaston, who had received from the council of the Society the unanimous compliment of being placed in the chair till the election by the body in November, declined any competition with his friend Sir Humphry Davy. Sir Humphry retained his seat as President till the year 1827, when, in consequence of ill-health, in a great measure brought on by scientific experiments, he was induced to retire to the continent; resigning his seat as President of the Royal Society: and the chair was filled, *pro temp.* by Davies Gilbert, Esq. who at the Anniversary Meeting, Nov. 30, 1827, was unanimously elected President.

From the Continent, Sir Humphry continued to communicate the result of his labours to the Royal Society; and at the anniversary meeting of the year 1827, one of the Royal medals was awarded to him for a series of brilliant discoveries developing the relation between electricity and chemistry. Upon this interesting occasion, Mr. Davies Gilbert spoke as follows:—

“ The particular series of discoveries for which the Royal medal has been awarded, are those which develop the relation between electricity and chemistry.

“ Soon after Sir Humphry Davy had been seated at the Royal Institution by an invitation from Count Rumford, (an invitation founded on his first production,—a paper on the nature of heat,)—our late President began his experiments and investigations on electric chemistry; a most powerful Voltaic apparatus was fortunately placed at his disposal; and in his hands electric chemistry soon became the most important branch of practical science; important from its immediate energies and powers; but

much more so from the general laws of nature, which it has laid open to our view.

“ A new acidifying principle, or supporter of combustion, was discovered, possessing the same negative electric properties as oxygen. Muriatic acid disclosed its real composition. The oxymuriates were transferred to their proper class. The alkalies were reduced into metals; and the earths were proved to be similar oxides. But in the progress of these experiments a discovery was made, surpassing all the wonders attributed to alchemy. Three basins were arranged in a straight line, each containing water, and to the middle basin some neutral salt was added. The three were connected by moistened syphons of asbestos; the opposite piles of a Voltaic battery were then applied to the extreme vessels; and in a short time the neutral salt disappeared from the middle basin, and its constituent parts were found separated; the acid attracted to the positive pile of the battery, the alkali to the negative. This astonishing result, followed up by other experiments, led to the conclusion that chemical energies may be increased, diminished, or even inverted, by the superinduction of electric powers homogeneous with or dissimilar from their own. This metastasis in the hands of physiological inquirers promises to conduct them to discoveries of the utmost importance in the functions of life. I flatter myself that it is now actually in such hands.”

Sir Humphry Davy was an accomplished scholar, and well acquainted with foreign languages. And in all his labours and researches there are a tone and temper, and an enthusiastic love of nature, admirably expressed, and in their influence excellent. The same feeling breathes throughout “*Salmonia or Days of Fly-fishing.*”<sup>\*</sup> Not a few of the most beautiful pheno-

The *Salmonia*, or days of Fly-fishing by an angler, was reviewed in the Quarterly Review, Vol. XXXVIII, pp. 503. (I am almost assured from internal evidence and from several circumstances with which I am acquainted) by Sir Walter Scott. My friend Sir W. had in his younger days



mena of Nature are here lucidly explained. The work is arranged in a series of conversations; and we are told in the preface, that "these pages formed the occupation of the author during several months of severe and dangerous illness, when he was wholly incapable of attending to more useful studies, or of following more serious pursuits.

great pleasure in angling. To his intercourse with two of my friends on the banks of a trout-stream, I owe a correspondence with Sir Walter, which often breaking through the cloud of melancholy could "give a golden hour."—But—for "the *Salmonia*,"—I never met with so powerful a defence of angling, in considering the humanity of the pastime, as the following. We must deem it indeed unanswerable unless we profess ourselves disciples of Pythagoras. "Man (says Sir Walter) is much like other carnivorous animals. To devour them is his natural occupation: and it is only upon reflection, and in the course of a refined age, that the higher classes become desirous to transfer to others the toil and the disgust attending the slaughter-house and the kitchen, Homer's heroes prostrate the victim and broil its flesh, and were, we must suppose, no more shocked with the moans of the dying bullock than the greyhound with the screams of the hare. The difference produced by a degree of refinement is only that, still arranging our bloody banquet as before, the task of destroying life is, in the case of tame animals, committed to butchers and poulterers—while in respect of game, where considerable exertion and dexterity is necessary to accomplish our purpose, and where the sense of excitement, and pride in difficulties surmounted by our own address, overbalance our sympathy with the pain inflicted, we interdict by strict laws the vulgar from interference, and reserve the exclusive power of slaughter for our own hands. The sportsman of the present day is, therefore, so far modified by the refinements of society as to use the intervention of plebeian hands in the case of cattle, sheep, and domestic fowls; but he kills his deer, his hares, his grouse, and his partridges for himself: in respect to them, he is in a state of nature. But if his retaining this touch of the qualities with which

' Nature first made man,

When wild in woods the noble savage ran,  
shall be considered as a crime, it is surely equally inhuman to cause to be killed, as it is to kill; the guilt, surely, of the criminal who causes a murder to be committed, must be the same as that of the actual bloodspiller. My lady, therefore, who gives the *maitre d'hotel* orders, which render necessary sundry executions in the piggery, poultry-yard, and elsewhere, is an accomplice before the fact, and as guilty of occasioning a certain quantity of pain to certain unoffending animals, as her good lord, who is knocking down pheasants in

They formed his amusement in many hours, which otherwise would have been unoccupied and tedious." "The conversational and discursive style were chosen as best suited to the state of the health of the author, who was incapable of considerable efforts and long continued exertion." The volume is dedicated to Dr. Babington,

the preserve, or catching fish in the brook. In short, they that say much about the inhumanity of killing animals for sport, must be prepared to renounce the equally blameable practice of causing them to be killed, lest their delicacy be compared to that of the half-converted Indian squaw, whose humanized feelings could not look upon the tortures of a captive at the death-stake, but, nevertheless, whose appetite was unable to resist a tempting morsel of the broiled flesh, conveyed to her by the kindness of a comrade, as a consolation for her wanting her share of the sport. Our diet, in that case, would become rather lean and Pythagorean, much after the custom of our brahminical friend, the late Joseph Ritson. Of the hundreds who condemn the cruelty of field sports, how many would relish being wholly deprived, in their own sensitive persons, of animal food?

The *Salmonia* was written during Sir Humphry's slow recovery from a severe illness; and the tone of the dialogue reflects throughout what a good and great man's mind might be expected to exhibit under such circumstances: and under the influence of religious feelings, our author displays the true spirit of philosophy.—The following passage, which concludes a train of remarks upon the superstitious belief in omens, coming, as it does, from the author of *Salmonia*, ought to impose a check on that vulgar incredulity which is disposed to disbelieve all which it cannot understand. The passage is highly philosophical.

*Phys.*—In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and, in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.' *Salmonia*—pp. 159, 160.

“ in remembrance of some delightful days passed in his society, and in gratitude for an uninterrupted friendship of a quarter of a century.”

Sir Humphry spent nearly the whole of the summer of 1828 in fowling and fishing in the neighbourhood of Laybach; and it has been told by a gentleman who accompanied him on a shooting excursion, that the relative weight of the various parts of each bird, the quantity of digested and undigested food, &c. was carefully noted down by the observant naturalist. It is believed that he was preparing for a large work on natural history.

He closed his mortal career on May 29, in that year, at Geneva, where he arrived only the day before his death. At Rome he had had an attack of a paralytic nature, from which he was apparently, though slowly recovering; but his most sanguine friends hardly ventured to hope that his life would be much longer preserved. Lady Davy had joined him in Rome, on hearing of his alarming state; as had also his brother, Dr. John Davy, physician to the forces in Malta.\*

\* His will has a remarkable passage or two. It was proved in the Prerogative Court, and probate granted to *Lady Davy*, the relic and sole executrix, under £30,000. It is in the testator's own writing, dated January 3, 1827, when “feeling more than common symptoms of mortality.” He bequeathes to his brother, *Dr. Davy* the sum of £300 per annum, Long Annuities, and £4,000 to be realized by the sale of Stock, English or Foreign, the interest of £3,000 thereof to be applied in the way he may think most beneficial for the interest of his sisters, particularly his married sister, and his godson *Humphry*. He also leaves to his brother all his chemical books, chemical MSS., apparatus, SPORTING TACKLE, medals, and the silver venison dish made from the Rumford medal. There are several legacies of £100 and £50 each to professional friends, among whom are *Drs. Wauch, Babington, Wilson, and Mr. Brodie*.

There are three codicils to the will, dated respectively, Rome, November 18, 1828, February 19, 1829, and March 18, 1829; by the former of which he bequeathes to his “KIND AND AFFECTIONATE NURSE,” JOSEPHINE DELATE, DAUGHTER OF AN INNKEEPER, at Laybach, in Illyria, the sum of £100 or a sum equivalent to 1,000 florins; in a subsequent codicile he revokes this bequest, and substitutes one of 500 florins or £50. To his brother, *Dr. Davy*, he bequeathes the copyright and

The event was no sooner known than his widow received the condolences of the most distinguished individuals of the place; amongst whom were Mr. A. de Condolle, the eminent botanist, and Mr. Sismondi, the historian; both equally beloved for their amiable character, and illustrious throughout Europe for their works. Mr. de Condolle took charge of all the details of the interment; and the government of the Canton, the academy of Geneva, the consistory of the Genevan Church, and the societies of arts, and of natural philosophy and history, together with nearly all the English residents, accompanied the remains to the burying-ground, where the English service was performed by the Rev. John Magers, and the Rev. Mr. Burgess.

Sir Humphry died without issue; and his Baronetcy has become extinct. The "allusive" arms assigned to him by the heralds, engraved above his portrait, are, Sable, a chevron engrailed Erminois between two annulets in chief Or, and in base a flame Proper, encompassed by a chain Sable, issuant from a civic wreath Or. Crest: out of a civic wreath Or, an elephant's head Sable, ear Or, tusks Argent, the proboscis attached by a line to a ducal

profits arising from the sale of *Salmona*, or any other publications of his; with the exception of *My Vision*, which he requests *Lady Davy* to publish, should she and his friends consider it useful or instructive to the public, &c. &c. He also requests rings to be given to his friends, among whom he particularizes *Mr. Knight*, *Mr. Pepys*, and *Mr. Hatchett*; and concludes by DESIRING TO BE BURIED WHERE HE DIES, ADDING, "NATURA CURAT SUAS RELIQUIAS."

Two explanatory papers are appended to this will, by which he requests *Lady Davy* (on whose high sense of honour and justice he places the most implicit reliance) to bequeath on her decease the different services of plate of which he died possessed, including those presented to him by the Emperor of Russia, the committees of coal-owners for the invention of the safety lamp, &c. to his brother if he survive her, and if not, to his eldest child, should he be in a situation to use it. Should, however, such be not the case, then it is to be sold or melted down, and the proceeds to be applied by the Royal Society in founding an annual medal to be awarded for the most useful discovery in chemistry in England or Anglo-America.

That Mr. DAVIES GILBERT, as succeeding Sir Humphry in the chair of the Royal Society, has "caught the mantle of Elijah," was a remark of one who is well able to appreciate Mr. Gilbert's merits.

tures confined by Wire Gauze; with some Observations on Flame. 1816.

Some Researches on Flame; and some new Experiments and Observations on the Combustion of Gaseous Mixtures; with an Account of a Method of preserving continued Light in Mixtures of inflammable Gases, and Air without Flame. 1817.

On the Fallacy of the Experiments in which Water is said to have been formed by the Decomposition of Chlorine. 1818.

New Experiments on some of the Combinations of Phosphorus. Ibid.

Observations on the Formation of Mists in particular Situations. 1819.

On the Magnetic Phenomena produced by Electricity.

Observations and Experiments on the Papyri found in the Ruins of Herculaneum.

Researches on the Magnetic Phenomena produced by Electricity, with some new Experiments on the properties of Electrified Bodies, in their relation to their conducting Powers and Temperature.

On the Electrical Phenomena exhibited in Vacuo.

On the state of Water and Aëriform Matter in Cavities found in certain Crystals.

On a new Phenomenon of Electro-magnetism.

On the Condensation of Muriatic Gas into the Liquid form.

On the Application of Liquids formed by the Condensation of Gases as Mechanical Agents—with Appendix.

Experiments and Observations on the Application of Electrical Combinations to the Preservation of the Copper Sheathing of Ships.

The Bakerian Lecture on the relations of Electrical and Chemical Changes. 1826.

On the Phenomenon of Volcanoes. 1828.

An account of some Experiments on the Torpedo.

To Nicholson's Journal he communicated:

An Account of some Experiments made with the Galvanic Apparatus of Signor Volta. 1801.

Note respecting the absorption of Nitrous Gas, by solutions of green sulphate and muriate of iron. 1802.

To the Philosophical Magazine:

A few additional practical observations on the wire-gauze Safely Lamps for mines. 1816.

Suggestions arising from Inspections of wire-gauze Lamps in their working state in Mines. Ibid.

But this is faint praise. The Royal Society, I venture to affirm, has not had a President so perfectly qualified to fill the chair as Mr. Gilbert, since the days of Sir Isaac Newton.†

In closing this section I have to state, that the last anniversary meeting of the Royal Geological Society was held at Penzance, on the 16th of October, 1829—that Davies Gilbert was in the chair, and that according to the 16th Annual Report of the Council, the Society was considered as fixed on a basis of permanent security.‡

† PRESIDENTS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

*As communicated to me by Davies Gilbert, P. R. S.*

	YEARS.
William, Viscount Brœncker.....	April 22, 1663 14
Sir Joseph Williamson, Knight.....	November 30, 1677 3
Sir Christopher Wren, Knight.....	November 30, 1680 2
Sir John Hoskins, Bart.....	November 30, 1682 1
Sir Cyril Wyche, Bart.....	November 30, 1683 1
Samuel Pepys, Esq.....	December 1, 1684 2
John, Earl of Carbery.....	November 30, 1686 3
Thomas, Earl of Pembroke and } Montgomery.....	November 30, 1689 1
Sir Robert Southwell, Knight.....	December 1, 1690 5
Charles, Earl of Halifax.....	November 30, 1695 3
John, Lord Somers.....	November 30, 1698 5
SIR ISAAC NEWTON.....	November 30, 1703 24
Sir Hans Sloane, Bart.....	November 30, 1727 14
Martin Folkes, Esq.....	November 30, 1741 11
George, Earl of Macclesfield.....	November 30, 1752 12
James, Earl of Morion.....	November 30, 1764 4
<i>James Burrow, Esq. October 27, 1768.</i>	
James West, Esq.....	November 30, 1768 4
<i>James Burrow, Esq. July 7, 1772.</i>	
Sir John Pringle, Bart.....	November 30, 1772 6
Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.....	November 30, 1778 42
<i>William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. June 29, 1820.</i>	
Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.....	November 30, 1820 7
<i>Davies Gilbert, Esq. November 13, 1827.</i>	
Davies Gilbert, Esq.....	November 30, 1827

‡ Among the Members present were Lords Falmouth and De Dunstanville, Sir R. R. Vyvyan, E. W. W. Pendarves, Esq. J. S. Enys, Esq. and G. C. Fox, Esq. An interesting series of organic remains, both animal and vegetable with wood-tin, &c. &c. from Happy Union stream-work at Pentuan near St. Austell, were presented by Mr. J. W. Colenso, in illustration of a paper which was read before the Society.

## SECTION III.

## MEDICINE.

In these sketches I proposed to *draw out* from amidst a numerous assemblage, (perhaps to *decimate* if my poor blazoning be disgrace) those only whose reputation has spread far beyond "the smoke\* of their own chimneys."

I shall, therefore, pass over all our medical men, except GLYNN, BORLASE, and LUKE.

Dr. GLYNN or Clobery, of a family one of the most ancient in Cornwall, born August 5, 1719, at Kelland near Bodmin, and educated at Eton on the foundation, was admitted scholar of King's-College in 1737; B. A. 1741; M. A. 1745; M. D. 1758; and fellow of the College of Physicians, 1763. He first practised physic at Richmond; and afterwards at Cambridge, where he continued till his death February 8th, 1800. Dr. Glynn changed his name to Clobery in pursuance of the will of a relation, who bequeathed to him some property; but he was usually addressed in his paternal name.

His intimacy with the first characters, among whom was the Poet Gray, was a sufficient testimony of his merit. Alas! his prescription for his friend Gray, in July 1771, was of no avail. Mason speaks of him with respect and esteem.

\* Ω πατριδος καπνος, &c. &c.

I allude not to living characters; among whom I might name TAUNTON, CARLYON and perhaps several others, whose reputation will probably eclipse that of Glynn, Borlase, or Luke.

In the Chattertonian controversy he joined his friend Mathias ; fighting totis viribus ; and indeed his strength was almost broken down\* in the conflict. The effluvia from mouldering MSS., as the antiquary ransacked the Rowleian chest, had well nigh overpowered the physician.

I should add, that “ with all his honours thick about him ;” Dr. G. was uniformly mindful of his native county, and (one proof among many others of his attachment to Cornwall) would never take a fee of a Cornish man.

His life was indeed one uniform course of integrity and benevolence. Though for a long series of years his practice was extensive, and his establishment confined within the walls of a college on a plan of most temperate and strict œconomy, his effects scarcely exceeded £10,000 including the bequest of his relation. In what manner he applied the principal part of his professional emoluments is best known to those who were supported or assisted by his beneficence. His faculties were clear and vigorous within a very short time of his decease.

During his illness, sensible of his gradual decay, he expressed nothing but resignation and kindness : and he expired without a struggle or a groan. Agreeably to his repeated directions, he was interred in the vault of the chapel, in a private manner, between ten and eleven o'clock at night. On this occasion, the members of the college only attended. But though, in this instance, it was the laudable duty of his executor to comply with his desire, yet the voice of public gratitude required some more eminent mark of respect to be paid to so bright and unprecedented an example of public virtue.

The Vice-Chancellor, therefore, Dr. Mansel, actuated by a sincere regard to the memory of Dr. Glynn, communicated to the gentlemen of the univer-

\* A portrait of Dr. Glynn, by Mr. Kerriek, was engraved by Facius in 1793.



sity his intention to accompany the friends of the Doctor, in mourning, from Trinity College to St. Mary's church, on the following Sunday. The procession consisted of the heads of houses, the noblemen, and a numerous body of Masters of Arts : and a sermon was preached by Mr. Mitchell, fellow of King's College.

Dr. Glynn bequeathed to his college £9000.

That Dr. JOHN BINGHAM BORLASE was equally celebrated with Dr. Glynn, I would by no means assert. But his practice was confined to the extremity of the island. Of the family of Dr. Borlase the historian (who was his great uncle), he was born at Penzance in 1753. He had practised there as surgeon and apothecary about 30 years ; when he was created M. D. by a diploma from Aberdeen. Of his classical attainments and taste, as well as his surgical skill, I had frequently heard before I had the pleasure of being introduced to him. This circumstance happened some years ago, at the Launceston assizes ; when he displayed such knowledge in anatomy, and spoke in so masterly a manner on the case before him, as raised the admiration of the court. His familiarity with the subject (as Baron Thompson observed to the jury) was in nothing more discoverable, than the ability to divest his language of technical terms. The name of Borlase awakened the hope of information and entertainment ; but the performance far exceeded the promise.

The atmosphere of the Land's-End, I conceive, is not quite 'Bæotian.' At Penzance, likewise, Dr. LUKE was born. His apprenticeship as surgeon and apothecary, he served under Mr. Moyle, of Marazion. He then

+ The following quotation inserted in the Pursuits of Literature, p. 146, note (a), 9th edit. as apposite to the character of Dr. Glynn is but the echo of every heart that has known, and admired, and felt, the exemplary virtues of the "lov'd Iapian."

Ἰατρικῶτατος, φιλοδωρος, και ἀδωροδοκηλος, φιλοπ-  
 ωχος, γενναιος, νεων διορθωτης, ὀσιος, δικαιος, εὐσεβης,  
 ἰεις ἀκρον της παιδειας ἐληλακωσ.

went to London, where he practised as a surgeon; and to Paris, where he attended the Hotel de Dieu. Returning to Cornwall, he entered into partnership with Mr. Zachary Johns, and afterwards with Mr. Head, both surgeons and apothecaries of Helston. After several years, he took the degree of M. D. a rank to which, it is said, he would not have aspired but for his attachment to Miss Vyvyan, aunt to Sir R. R. Vyvyan, of Trelowarren; whom, thus dignified, he approached in form and married; and then commenced his high medical career at Falmouth. And high, indeed, it was. For his elevation above his brethren was so palpable, that his brethren veiled their bonnets to him, "one and all." But he almost sank a martyr to his popularity. Travelling night and day over roads that were all but foundrous—crossing rivers and creeks and harbours with the certainty of a catarrh, though he might escape a watery grave,\* he at length determined upon removing to Exeter.†

And‡ there was he no sooner to all appearance set-

FALMOUTH, SATURDAY, JAN. 1805.

Dear Sir,

I have been twice at Helford Passage this week for the express purpose of coming over to see you, and have been obliged to return re infectâ, the boat not passing—the last time, on Thursday, I caught a very severe cold by waiting on the beach and have been confined ever since.—Your complaints are certainly of the gouty kind. I will, when I see you, which I hope will be in a few days, lay down some rules for your direction, and am very truly your obliged, &c.

STEPHEN LUKE.

† Whilst Dr. Luke was resident at Cambridge, Doctor PEARCE (a native of St. Keverne and Dean of Ely) was seized with apoplexy, and owed his recovery to the Doctor's prompt assistance.

‡ Dr. Luke had a quickness in detecting the cause of a disease, which few possess, even in the capital of the kingdom. The case of the late Mr. Enys, of Enys, may be instanced among others, as a striking proof of his penetration and skill. That Mr. Enys's complaints were owing to a disease of the heart, was perceived by Dr. Luke, and as decisively pronounced; and the various symptoms that would arise in the progress of the disease, till its fatal termination, were foretold with an accuracy astonishing to common observers. To this accomplished Physician I owe the recovery of my wife from a long and dangerous illness. But (much

tled, than to the sore disappointment of that City and its neighbourhood, he flew to London. In London, where great talents and adequate exertions are sure of success, his merits were duly rated: and his whole time was occupied in prescribing the means of health or of recovery from illness to people of all stations who applied to him for advice. His residence was in Cavendish-square, where he died suddenly on the 29th of April, 1829.

more interesting to the public) I was indebted to Dr. L. for observations on the Diseases of Cornwall; in reference to which he writes:—

My dear Sir,

You must consider me long before this either very rude or negligent, and I should scarcely hope for pardon were you not well acquainted with the cause of my irregular conduct.— From the time I received your kind invitation to this day, I have been promising myself the pleasure of spending a day with you and been constantly disappointed. As the summer advances I expect more leisure, when I shall seize the first opportunity to convince you that I am at your service for what I promised. And I am your faithful and obliged friend.

STEPHEN LUKE.

Falmouth, April 5, 1804.

Again, in a letter long after:—

FALMOUTH, MARCH 12, 1806.

My dear Sir,

From the length of time that my promise has been made I can claim no consideration from you for the hasty manner in which I have committed to paper the few observations accompanying this letter. I do not fabricate an excuse however in telling you that I have not had a moment's leisure, that has not been stolen from my meat or my sleep, to accomplish even the ill-digested composition now sent you. You will of course make what you please of it—but do not let it be handed down to posterity in any other form than as a part of the materials, without the maker's name. I am quite ashamed of the trouble I have given you for so inconsiderable a return. I remain most faithfully yours,

STEPHEN LUKE.

My last interview with Dr. Luke was at St. Gluivias; dining at Canon Howell's: where our pleasure in accidentally meeting was, I believe, reciprocal. He was obliged to part from us abruptly. But before he left Penryn, he favoured me with the following note. "It will gratify you to hear, that in Scotland your name (rightly pronounced too—Polwheele) is familiar to many whom I visited. The Ladies, in particular, were well acquainted with your poetry, and repeated stanzas from your poems con amore. This should put to shame a great number of our Cornish Cousins who profess to read poetry but never read yours."





*Engraved by J. L. Meyer.*

( ( Co ) )

MES GIDDY ESQ<sup>R</sup> M.A. F.R.

this Print of his Ancestor

*Attorney General Saye*

*is inscribed by R. POLWHELE.*

## SECTION IV.

## LAW.

The most learned in the Law, whom Cornwall has produced, were Noye and Buller.

**WILLIAM NOYE**, attorney-general in the reign of King Charles the First, was the son of William Noye, of St. Berian. He was born in 1577. In 1593, he entered at Exeter College, where he continued three years in close application to his studies. Thence he removed to Lincoln's Inn, to study the common law, in the knowlege of which he became very eminent. He was chosen to represent the borough of Helston, in his own county, towards the end of James's reign, in two parliaments; in both of which he shewed himself a professed enemy to the King's prerogative. In 1625 he was chosen a burgess for St. Ives, in which Parliament, and another following, he continued the same popular patriot; till at length the court condescended to convince him of his errors, by making him attorney-general, October 27th, 1631.

In order to restore his health, which had been much impaired by continual drudgery, he retired to Tunbridge Wells, in July; where meeting with no relief from the waters, he died in August, 1634, and was buried at New Brentford. The King was much affected by his death, and the clergy more. And archbishop Laud particularly made this observation in his diary. "I have lost a near friend

in him, and the church the greatest she had of his condition, since she needed any such."†

\* "William Noye, (according to *Hals*,) was born at Pendre, in the parish of Berian; and was prevented only by death from building a "noble house here, having brought vast quantities of suitable materials to this place, in order thereto." *Hals's* MSS. in Burian. But it appears, that, at one time, he made Carnanton in Mawgan, his residence. *Carnanton* (says *Hals*) "was lately the dwelling of William Noye of Pendre, Esq. farmour thereof; who was first bred a student at law, in Lincoln's Inn; afterwards having taken his degrees therein, he was chosen Member of Parliament for the towne of St. Iues or Mitchel, in Cornwall, in which capacitie he stood for som Parliaments, in the beginninge of the reigne of King Charles I. and was specially famous for beinge one of the boldest, and stoutest champions of the subjects liberty in Parliament, that the westerne parts of England afforded; which beinge observed by the court party, Kinge Charles was advized by his cabinet councill, that it wold be a prudent course to divert the force and power of Noye's skill, logick, and rhetoricque, an other waye; by giuinge him som court preferment. Wherevpon Kinge Charles made him his Attorney Generall 1631, by which expedient he was soone metamorphized, from an asserter of the subject's liberty and property, to a most zealous and violent promoter of the despotick and arbitrary prerogatiue or monarchy of his Prince; see that like the image of Janus at Rome, he looked forward and backward, and by meansthereof greatly enriched himselfe.—Amongst other things he is reflected vpon by our chronologers, for beinge the principal contriuer of the ship money tax, layd by Kinge Charles vpon his subjects for settinge forth a nauye, or fleet of shippes at sea, without the consent of Lords or Commons in Parliament; which moneys were raysed by writt to the sheriffs of all countys and commissioners, and for a longe tyme brought into the exchequer twenty thousand pound per mensem, to the greate distast of the Parliament, the layety and clergie, who declared against it as an vnlawfull tax. Neuertheless all the twelve judges after Noyes death, except Hutton and Crooke, gaue their opinions and hands to the contrary, in Hamdens case, viz. Branston, Finch, Dauenport, Denham, Jones, Trevor, Vernon, Barkley, Crawley, and Weston. See *Baker's* Chron. printed 1656. Howeuer, out of kindness to the clergie, the Kinge writ to all the sheriffs of England, requiring that the clergie possessed of parsonages or rectorys, should not be assessed aboue a tenth part of the land rate of their senerall parishes; and that regard shold be had to vicars accordingly, by which rule the quantum or sume of this ship money tax by the month may be calculated. But I shall conclude this paragraph of Noye, in the words of Hammon Le Strange, Esq. in the life of King Charles I, viz. Noye became soe seruilly addicted to the King's prerogatiue, by ferretinge

“Sagacious, witty, learned but unprincipled” are the epithets most descriptive of Noye.†

vpold penal statutes, and devisinge new exactions, for the small tyme he enjoyed his power, that he was the most pestilent vexation to the subject, that this latter age afforded, &c. He dyed about the yeare 1635; and lyes burid in the church of St. Mangan, with an inscription on a stone to this purpose: here lyes the body of Wm. Noye, Esq. some tyme Attorney Generall, to King Charles I. This gentleman writ that excellent booke of the lawe, called Noy's Reports. He had issue, Edward Noye, his eldest son, kill'd in a duell soon after his father's death; and Humphry Noye his second son, of whome in his father's will, whereby his estate was settled on those his children, I am told are those express words written—Imp. I giue all my lands and tenements, &c. next, and immediately after my decease to my son and heire apparent Edward Noye, &c.; and for want of his legal issue, to my second son Humphry Noye, and his heirs to be squander'd, or scatter'd, for that I can hope noe better; which foresight or prediction afterwards accordingly came to pass. He married Hester daughter of the Lord Sands of Hantshire, and by her had issue two sons—William Noye still aliue at Salisbury, who married \_\_\_\_\_ and hath issue; and Humphry Noye that dyed without issue male; and Katherine married to William Davies, gent. of St. Earth; Jane to Richard Davies, his younger brother; and Bridgman to John Williams of Rosworthy, Esq. some tyme commissioner for the peace, tempore Queen Anne, in whose right he is now in possession of this barton of Carnanton, but by her he had no issue. After her decease he married Dorothy daughter of Peter Daye, Gent. and by her hath issue, and giueth for his arms, the paternal coate armour of the Williams, of Dorset or Wiltshire; his grandfather cominge from thence a steward to the Arundells of Lanherne. Humphry Noye, Esq. aforesaid, after he had by ill conduct, riot, and excess, divested himselfe of the greate estate left him by his father the Attorney Generall, liued for many years on the charitie of his friends; and by virtue of his beinge a commissioner for the peace, and mostly chairman at the sessions, got severall sums of money by vn-righteous practices, in countenancinge and defendinge, excusinge, or acquitting felons and other criminals at that tribunal, of which at last beinge detected, he was deseruedly

† Noye instructed by Laud to prosecute Prynne, in his speech on the occasion, quaintly says:—“According to Prynne, Church music is as the bleating of brute beasts: Choristers bellow the tenor like oxen—bark a counterpoise like dogs, roar out a treble like bulls, grunt out a bass like hogs: Bishops are silk and satin. Divine's Christmas is the Devil's Christmas. Christ was himself a Puritan.—See Wood's Athen. Oxon, Vol. III. col. 146—and see Rushworth, Vol. II. p. 223, 234.



SIR FRANCIS BULLER, Bart. one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, was born at Morval; the

struck out of the commission of the peace, by John Earle of Radnor, *Custos Rotulorum*; after which growinge scandalous for these and other misdemeanours, he was slighted by his former friends, and put to great hardships; to get a subsistence necessary for the life of man. (His creditors vpon mortgages beinge in possession of his whole estate.) Howeuer it happen'd some time before his death, that vpon puttinge his hand and seale with his creditors, for conveyinge the manor of Amell and Trylly, in Penwith, to his son in lawe Mr: Davies, on marryage with his daughter Katherine aforesaid, he had by them pay'd him in cash £100 in consideration thereof. Soon after the receipt of which money, he sickned and dyed at Thomas Will's house, in St. Colomb Towne; and left £80 in cash, about the yeare 1683; which was more money then he was possess of at one tyme for above twenty year's before; and the last words that he was heard to speake, as his soule passed out of this life, was—" *Lord where am I gbinge now!*" The name Noy, Noi, Noye, (Welsh, as some thinke) doth not signifie after the English, one that is a malevolent person that hurts or anoy's others, as was generally said of the Attorney-Generall Noye; that he acted sutable to his name; for I assure the reader the monosyllable Noye in the Cornish, British, Welsh, and Armorican tongues, from whence it is deriued, is quite of another import and signification; and is the same as nepos, nepotis, nepotulus in Latin, viz. a nephew, brother, or sister's son. See *Floyd* vpon the Latin words aforesaid, and neptis, a neice, in Cornish noith, armorice nises, a shee or female woman soe related. The Attorney-Generall on a day hauenge King Charles I. and the principle officers and nobilitie of his court, at a dinner at his house in London, at which tyme the arch poet Ben Johnson, and others, beinge at an inne, on the other side the street, and wantinge both meate and money for their subsistence, at that exigent resolved to trye an expedient, to gett his dinner from the Atturney Generall's table; in order to which, by his landlord at the inn aforesaid, he sent a white timber plate or trencher to him, when the King was sate downe to table, wheron was inscribed those words:

When the world was drown'd  
Noe deer was found,  
Because there was noe park;  
And heere I sitt,  
Without e're a bitt,  
Cause Noyah hath all in his Arke.

Which plate beinge presented by the Attorney Generall to the Kinge, produced this effect; that Johnson had a good dish of venson sent him back by the bearer to his great content and satisfaction; on which aloresaid plate by the King's

third son of —— Buller, Esq. by his second wife, daughter of Allen, Earl of Bathurst. Sir F. Buller was educated under Coleridge, at Ottery; where he formed a very early matrimonial connection, having married in 1763, Miss Yarde, only child of Francis Yarde, Esq. But matrimony did not impede his study of law, for which he discovered a very early predilection, and he was entered in the Temple, under the pupilage of Mr. (afterwards Judge) Ashhurst. He was soon distinguished for great depth of knowledge, and professional accuracy;

direction, Johnson's rhymes were thus inverted or contradicted:

When the world was drown'd,  
There deer was found,  
Although there was noe park;  
I send thee a bitt,  
To quicken thy witt,  
Which com's from Noya's Arke.

William Noye; anagram; I Moyle in law. He was the blowcoale incendiary or stirrer vp of the occasion of the ciuill wars between Kinge Charles, and his Parliament, by asserting and setting vp the King's prerogative to the highest pitch, as Kinge James I. had done before, beyond the laws of the land as aforesaid; and as counsell for the Kinge, he prosecuted for Kinge Charles I. the imprisoned members of the House of Commons 1628, viz. Sir John Ellyot, Mr. Coryton and others, who after much cost and trouble he gott to be fyned £2,000 each, the others £500 and further to be sentenced, notwithstandinge they payed those fynes, not to be deliuered from prison, without submission and acknowledgement of their offences and security to be put in for their good behaviour for the future." *Hals's MSS.* in Mawgan.—William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. large ruff. Before his *Complete Lawyer*, 8vo. William Noy was for his quick apprehension, solid judgment and retentive memory, equal at least to any of the lawyers of his time. But with all these great, he had no amiable qualities; he was illnatured, haughty and unpolite. He had the principal hand in the most oppressive expedients for raising money for the King, and seems not to have had the least notion of public spirit. He was, in a word, a man of an enlarged head, and a contracted heart. † See an account of his learned and judicious works in the *Athenæ Oxon.* Ob. 9 Aug. 1634." *Granger*, vol. 2, pp. 225, 226.

† Howel informs us, that his heart was literally contracted, that "it was shivelled like a leather penny purse, when he was dissected." See *Howel's Letter to Lord Savage*, vol. 1. p. 241.

and for some years before he was called to the bar, practised with great success as a special pleader. Fashion, and the indiscriminate use of a phrase which is little understood, have occasioned somewhat of contempt to be attached to the reputation of a special pleader. By some, special pleading is understood to mean nothing more than a proficiency in the science of chicane, and a facility of exerting technical knowledge in enabling iniquity and injustice to triumph over candour and good faith. By others, it is considered as a mere accumulation of jargon, without any exact meaning, and without any other result than the increase of expense, and the delay of justice. Special pleading, however, or rather the art of drawing pleas, is founded on the strictest, and, at the same time, most liberal rules of logic. It implies not only a correct but a comprehensive mind; not only a talent for perceiving the shades of difference which are found between the extremes of right and wrong, but a great degree of readiness in applying them to a particular case. The exercise of vigorous and manly eloquence produces a more perceptible effect on the minds of juries: but in vain does the advocate obtain a verdict at *nisi prius*, if the correctness of the special pleader has not laid the foundation on which the superstructure of ultimate success must be raised: nor is the support of the throne of justice, and the final adjudication of the law ordinarily committed to those orators whose talents are most admired at *nisi prius*, but to those who, by their skill in special pleading, have evinced that laborious attention, and precise information, without which justice may be perverted, and the judgment led captive by the imagination.

While Mr. Buller practised as a special pleader, Erskine was numbered among his pupils. In Easter term, 1772, he was called to the bar, and in the same year published his "Introduction to the Law of Nisi Prius;" a work which reflects the greatest honour on his learning, judgment, and ability: it still remains in high

repute; and though we possess, by another author, a successful work on the same subject, Buller's *Nisi Prius* is, and perhaps will always be, a book in high estimation.

Mr. Buller whose progress at the bar was extremely rapid, is said to have owed much of his success to parliamentary connection: but this appears to be one of those fictions by which dunces attempt to depreciate genius when it has met its due reward. Mr. Buller was never in parliament; nor was he ever a conspicuous supporter of any ministers, or their measures. Lord Mansfield, though an active and able politician, was not subject to be biassed on the judgment-seat by his political predilections, at least not in such a way as to make coincidence a motive of personal preference. In Michaelmas term, 1777, Mr. B. was honoured with a silk gown, and in three days after this promotion (27th November) made Second Judge of Chester. In the ensuing Easter term, a vacancy arising from the death of Sir Richard Aston, Mr. Buller was, at the express and earnest recommendation of Lord Mansfield, advanced to the bench. In this court Judge Buller sat for sixteen years: and his conduct abundantly verified the high hopes entertained of his abilities. Lord Mansfield supported his friend's early exertions with all the weight of his authority, all the persuasion of his irresistible eloquence; and when, in the evening of his days, that truly great character was frequently obliged to seek a temporary recess from the fatigues of his station, his place was supplied by Judge Buller, with a degree of ability and integrity which left little room for regretting the absence of the principal. His Lordship is said to have exerted all his influence, and even to have held his office after the power to execute its functions had ceased, for the purpose of obtaining the succession to Sir Francis Buller. This was not the only instance in which a marked predilection was shewn for Buller; who was often deputed by Lord Thurlow to sit in the Court of Chancery; and during the interval between the resignation of Lord Thurlow and the appointment of Lord

Loughborough, Judge Buller was one of the commissioners of the Great Seal.

In Trinity term, 1794, finding the business of the Court of King's Bench too multifarious for the state of his health, he exchanged situations with Sir Soulden Lawrence, who had recently been made a judge, and sat in that court till the end of his days.

Sir Francis was always celebrated for his ready perception of the real point in a cause, his penetration in detecting the fallacies of advocates, and the equivocations of witnesses, and his clearness in explaining his opinions to the jury. The detractors of Buller, (and detractors every man in an exalted situation must expect,) have imputed to him somewhat too much of severity in criminal cases; but this insinuation is not founded on any proof: one case alone is cited, but the public seems long since to have acquiesced in the justice of Donellan's sentence. In the year 1785, Judge Buller encountered much obloquy on account of an altercation with Erskine, on the trial of the Dean of St. Asaph; but the heat of political dispute had considerable effect, and the Judge was unfairly balanced in the public mind against an able and popular advocate in a popular cause. In 1798, he was at the head of the commission for trying the state prisoners at Maidstone, and conducted himself with the most exemplary dignity, prudence, and moderation. This was the last conspicuous act of his public life.

In private he was amiable, gay, and benevolent. His person was handsome; his complexion florid; his eye brilliant. His health, during his latter years, was undermined by continual attacks of the gout; and, at the time of his death, he intended to resign his situation of judge in a few days. His death was remarkably sudden: he fell from his chair while playing a game at picquet, and expired instantaneously. He was in his 55th year.\*

\* He died on Wednesday, 4th of June, 1800, at his house in Bedford-square, leaving an only son, Francis Buller Yarde, Esq. See an account of Buller (except in one or two instances correct) in "Public Characters for 1798," pp. 175, 176, 177, 178.

## SECTION V.

## DIVINITY.

From the days of Charles to the period of the Revolution, we recognise in Godolphin, Granville, Trelawney and Prideaux, the first bright luminaries of the Church amidst clusters of "the lesser stars" that twinkle in our Cornish hemisphere. But the last mentioned, was far the most splendid.

DEAN PRIDEAUX, born at Padstow, May 3, 1648, was the third son of Edmund Prideaux, Esq. by Bridget, daughter of John Moyle, of Bake, aunt to the learned and ingenious Walter Moyle, Esq. He studied three years at Westminster, under Dr. Busby; and then was removed to Christ-church, Oxford. Here he published in 1676, his *Marmora Oroniensiæ ex Arundelianis, Seldenianis, aliisque conflata, cum perpetuo Commentario*. This introduced him to the Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, who made choice of him to superintend the education of his son, and, in 1679, presented him to the living of St. Clement's, near Oxford; and afterwards to a prebend of the Cathedral Church of Norwich. During the reign of James II. when the design of the court was to establish Popery, Dr. Prideaux exerted himself in supporting the religion of his country, with a zeal that will always do honour to his memory. One of the new converts dying at Norwich, the priests were determined to bury the body publicly in the Cathedral according to the ceremonies of the Church of Rome. The Doctor, fearing the ill effects of this proceeding on the minds of the people, sent to inform the

friends of the deceased that, as the person did not die within the precincts of the Cathedral, he would not suffer him to be buried there. Though the notice sent by Dr. Prideaux was a legal one, yet, as the Papists had the higher powers on their side, they were not intimidated, but resolved to bury the deceased in opposition to the Prebendary. For this purpose they marched in solemn procession, but found the doors bolted and barricadoed against their entrance, which obliged them, to their no small mortification, to return with the corpse to their own parish burying-ground. But an information was lodged in the High-commission-court against the Doctor, who lived to see that iniquitous tribunal abolished by the revolution, before he could be called upon to answer for his conduct. After the revolution, Dr. Prideaux was advanced to the Archdeaconry of Suffolk, and Deanry of Norwich, but declined the Hebrew Professorship of Oxford, which was offered him about the same time. When Dr. Trimnel was translated from the Bishopric of Norwich to Winchester, Dr. Prideaux was offered the See of the former, but declined the honour, as he was advancing in years. He had been long afflicted with the stone, and his physicians proposed that he must submit to an operation, which almost deprived him of his life. He was carried to London, where the gentlemen of the faculty did all in their power to restore him to health and strength; but though he lived some years after, yet he was never able to appear in public. During his confinement he wrote his *Connexion of the Old and New Testament*.\*

\* I cannot resist the temptation to quote from that admirable work, an observation of the Dean respecting the Slave-trade—not in his days but in ours (God knows!) a subject agitated by party-spirit and fanatic zeal. "Our holy profession (says the Dean) is so far from having any of the documents of the Essenes in it, that almost all that is peculiar to that sect is condemned by Christ and his Apostles. Such were their superstitious washings, their over rigorous observance of the Sabbath, their abstaining from meats, which God hath created for man's use, their touch not, taste not, and handle not; their will worship in their neglecting

He died at Norwich, 1st November, 1724, in the 7th year of his age, and was buried by his own desire in that Cathedral. In private life, he was truly amiable, and had the meanest opinion of his own ability: In public, he was an eloquent preacher, and a strenuous defender of ecclesiastical and civil liberty. Notwithstanding his zeal against Popery, the Pope with unparalleled liberality presented him with a large gold medal, as a testimony of esteem for his talents and learning. This medal I now, I apprehend, at Place.\*

Of Prideaux's works there is a small 8vo. volume, but so generally read as the "*Connexion*," though its learning and simplicity entitle it, I think, to attention. I mean, "The true Nature of Imposture fully displayed in the Life of Mahomet; with a Discourse annexed by way of Letter to the Deists."† To this work the writers of the Bampton Sermons, preached in 1784 by Joseph White, were obliged, I conceive, for a few solitary hints; though the favour seemed too trivial for acknowledgement.‡

and voluntarily afflicting the body, and other like superstitious practices, which God never required of them. Moreover, contrary to the law of Christ, they forbade marriage, which God had ordained from the beginning; and absolutely condemned *ritualism*, which the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament, as well as the Old, allow."—See Commentary on the Old and New Testament, [Edit. 10] Vol. 111, p. 514.—Dr. Lardner concurs with Dean Prideaux, in informing us that the dogmas of the Jesuits were condemned by Christ and his Apostles. Yet it is more than possible that our "Tea and Bible" gossipers may severate, that both Prideaux and Lardner were fools. And with a sagacious pinch of snuff, and a sneer, and a shrug, and a lifted white of their twinkling eyes, will the prim dames and pretty damsels pronounce on the "*poor biographical Sketch*."—the sentence of eternal reprobation!

\* See Life of Prideaux, 1748, 8vo., from Memoirs, by his son, Edmund Prideaux, Esq.

† I have before me the second edition of 1697.

‡ "What it was put Mahomet on his *Imposture*, the story of his *Life* sufficiently shews.—It was his **AMBITION** and his **LUVR**.—To have the sovereignty over his country to ratify his ambition, and as many women as he pleased to satiate his lust, was the *general design* of that new religion which he invented. But we challenge all the enemies of the only religion which we profess, to find out any thing like this in the Gospel of Jesus Christ; any thing that savours of worldly interest, either in him the first founder of our faith,



The second volume of Moyle's Works commences with "remarks upon some passages in Dr. Prideaux's

or in any of his holy Apostles, who were the first propagators of it." *Prideaux*, pp, 10, 11.

"From every view of the Life of Mahomet, it is evident that AMBITION and LUST divided the empire in his breast. Hence almost every great *design*—hence originated the *grand scheme* of his *imposture*. Far other was the Life of Jesus Christ." *White*, p. 181.

"Had interest or ambition been the guide of his actions, he would certainly have assumed the character to which the warmest hopes and most rooted prejudices of the Jews universally inclined. He would not have opposed alike the pride of princes and the superstition of the people. He would have either courted popularity, or grasped at dominion. The Impostor of Arabia seized the sceptre before it was offered to him. But far different was the conduct of Jesus Christ.—He did not make his doctrine subservient to the gratification of any darling lusts and corrupt affections; but enjoined the practice of the purest chastity." *White*, pp, 211, 257.

"Had our Saviour's design been to seduce the people for his own interest, he must have taken the same course with other seducers. He must have followed them in their humours, and formed his doctrines to their fancies; courted those in the greatest authority and esteem; and studied and practised all other such arts of popularity to serve his purpose, and to obtain the end proposed. Such were the methods, whereby Mahomet first propagated his imposture." *Prideaux*, 12.

"When our Saviour appeared as the Messiah that was promised, had he done it only as an impostor to promote a secular interest of his own, he would certainly have assumed that character according to the notions in which the Jews expected him. According to the expectations of the Jews, the Messiah was to deliver them from their enemies, restore the kingdom of David to Jerusalem, and their reign in great splendour and glory over the house of Israel. And the time of our Saviour's appearance was the most favourable juncture. For then the Jews entertained a notion of the speedy coming of the Mes-sias, under the character of an imperial prince, to deliver them from the yoke of Roman bondage. Yet he taught, that his kingdom was not of this world. He taught them only to worship God in spirit and in truth. Instead of conquest over enemies, or extent of power, he preached to them mortification, self-denial, and repentance." *Prideaux* pp. 16, 18, 26.

"The promise of a Redeemer of Israel had awakened among the Jews the universal expectation of the Messiah. In the person of the Messiah, their promised deliverer, they *sandly beheld* a mighty and glorious King, who should appear

Connexion of the Old and New Testament; in several letters between Mr. Moyle and Dr. Prideaux." The

with all the pomp of temporal greatness, trampling upon the oppressors of Israel, and leading forth his people amidst the triumph of conquest, and splendour of dominion. Every eye now looked forward with anxious expectation, to the moment when the glory of Zion should appear, and Rome herself fall prostrate at the feet of Jerusalem." *White*, Pp. 110, 111.

"The course of our Saviour's life was ill adapted to conciliate the esteem of a people, who were incapable of reconciling a mean appearance with a great design. How could they, who were captivated by the dazzling distinctions of birth and fortune, and rank in the world, associate with one whose companions were of the lowest occupations? The Pharisees and Sadduces were reproved with equal firmness and severity by Jesus Christ. His doctrine was in direct opposition to the tenets of both; and his example involved a constant reprehension of their practice." *White*, P. 118.

"*Mahomet* made use of able manner and insinuation, both with rich and poor, for gaining their affection. But our Saviour had only regard to the faithful discharge of his mission, which, instead of reconciling men to his person, provoked the world against him. *Mahomet*, the easier to draw over the Arabians to his party, indulged them, by his Law, in all those passions and corrupt affections which he found them strongly addicted to, especially those of lust and war. He made it a main part of his religion to fight against, plunder, and destroy, all those that would not embrace it. But *Jesus Christ*, instead of seeking the favour of men by indulging them in their lusts and sinful practices, laid a stricter restraint upon them than was ever done before. *Mahomet*, to please his Arabians, retained in the religion which he taught them, most of those rites and ceremonies which they had been accustomed to under that which he abolished, and also the Temple of Mecca, in which they were chiefly performed. But *Jesus Christ*, without any regard to the pleasing of them, abolished both the Temple and the Law. *Mahomet* when he found any of his new laws not so well to serve his turn, craftily shifted the scene, and brought them about to his purpose, by such alterations as would best suit therewith. And they who lay their designs in order to their interest, must find that emerging changes in the one, must frequently require changes in the other also. But *Jesus* immutably persisted in the doctrines and precepts which he delivered." *Prideaux*, pp. 102, 103, 104.

"The designs of *Mahomet*," says *White*, "were gradually and cautiously unfolded; and, in order to prepare the minds of his countrymen for the reception of his faith, he first artfully persuaded his own relations and domestics, and drew to his side the most powerful of his neighbours. *Jesus* walked forth by the Sea of Galilee, and saw fishers casting their nets. These were his first converts and disciples. He won them

remarks are, in my opinion, that of a superficial, captious critic. Dr. Prideaux shews his candid and amiable disposition in acknowledgeing his cousin's favours. His fourth letter is as follows :

“ DEAR COUSIN,

“ I do most heartily thank you for your kind letter, especially for the observations which you have sent me of my mistakes in the last part of my history. I must confess, that about Octavius's posterity is a very great one. It is a downright blunder of my old head, and I am glad so accurate and learned a reader has not observed more of them. This makes me hope, that no more such have escaped me. I have mended this, and all the others you have taken notice of ; only I cannot make Socrates a Sodomite ; though the place in Juvenal which you mention, reflects on him for his affection to Alcibiades, as if that were a Sodomitical amour. I am past labouring any further, being now past the seventieth year of my age. If I outlive the ensuing winter, it is more than I expect, or indeed desire ; for I have now upon me such decays both of body and miud, as make me fully sensible that

‘ *Gravis est et dura Senectus.*’——

“ Every body cannot live so long as my aunt M. M. though perchance I might have lived much longer, and in full vigour, had not my great calamity come

neither by subtle arguments, nor crafty persuasion. *Jesus* called his hearers to repentance ; but *Mahomet* to conquest. The Revelation of the *Arabian Prophet* was inconsistent, a system of contradiction, continually shifting with the views of his policy, and the necessities of his imposture ; now looking towards Mecca, and now to Jerusalem. But *Jesus* sought not to accommodate his doctrine to fortuitous changes in external circumstances. Every part of his teaching was regular and consistent. In *Mahomet* we behold the destroyer of mankind, riding in triumph over thousands who fell by his desolating sword. In *Jesus* we see the friend and saviour of the world, riding meekly to the Holy City, and hailed with the acclamations and blessings of much people whom he had rescued from sin and death.” *White*, pp. 225, 227.

For other parallel passages, see *Prideaux*, pp. 41, 42, 79, 84, 96. And *White*, pp. 57, 59, 61, 71, 93, 94, 127.

athwart me; considering that, it is much that I have lasted so long. I bless God for all his mercies hitherto.

“ I am, dear Cousin, &c. P.\*

“ *Norwich, Sept. 6, 1718.*

In the library at Place-Padstow I was lately gratified with the sight of various manuscripts, chiefly the works, and in the hand-writing, of Dean Prideaux.—These were, “Eleven small quarto Manuscripts of the *Connexion, &c.*” very neatly written—“A Collection of *Letters on miscellaneous Subjects;*”—and “An Oriental Manuscript,” that belonged to the Dean. This is written on vellum; and on a blank leaf of the book is the following account of its contents:—

‘ Hic codex in linguâ Persica et metricè conscriptus est; continetque amplissimum corpus historiæ veterum Persarum usque ad Mahommadismum. Potest autem dividi in tres partes; quorum prima narrat vitas et gesta illorum regum qui paulo post diluvium usque ad *Cyrum et Hystaspem* duraverunt. Secunda describit sequentes reges usque ad *Alexandrum magnum*, de quo multa narrat quorum apud Græcos Latinosque autores nulla ne vel minima est mentio, ubi de bellis *Caidi et Pori*, regum *Indiæ* tractatur. *Porus* autem vocatur *Fur*, rex *Canugi*, id est *Gangis*. Etiam longus est sermo de amoribus *Alexandri* cum *Roxanâ*, qui *Rusehuak* appellatur. Hæc autem secunda pars clauditur uno capite, in quo mentio summatim fit de omnibus regibus qui *Persidem* tenuerunt ab *Alexandro Magno* usque ad tempus *Alexandri Severi*. Tertia, denique, pars continet vitas regum *Sassanidarum*, usque ad *Jesdægerdum* ultimum regem *Persiæ* ex religione *Magorum*, qui victus est à *Mahomedanis*, aliquot annis post *Hegiram*, regnante *Omaro II.* Califa.

‘ Autor autem hujus tam grandis operis est *Hassan Ebu Scharuf*, cognomine *Fordaussi*; id est, *Purudissiacus*; natus in urbe *Tus* *Persiæ*, omnium apud *Persas* poetarum facile princeps. Dedicavit vero suum opus *Mahomudo* *Subacitino*, regi *Gasnaszidarum*, in cujus laudes plura

\* Vol. ii. pp. 77, 78.

hinc inde capita impendit. Vocatur hoc poema *Schab-nama*, id est, *Historia Regum* ; cujus tamem duæ primæ partes, si ad veritatem exigantur, potius dicendæ sunt fabulæ, quam veræ historiæ. At tertia est utilissima. Vitas Sassanidarum regum historia narrat, quorum exigua admodum est mentio apud Græcos Latinosque ætores, qui post Alexandrum Severum floruerunt.

‘ Consulatur Hatbolitus in vocibus Fordossi Mahmud Sobochtehin et Schanamah ; ut cognoscatur vero ætas auctoris et quod ad eum pertinet.’

In a manuscript of *Carew’s Survey* (lent me by my friend the Rev. Prideaux Brune, the present representative of the family) I met with the following letter :

*Lord Nottingham to Dr. Prideaux, Dean of Norwich.*

“ SIR,

*London, July 5th, 1718.*

“ If extraordinary business had not brought me to London and taken up almost every moment of my time since I have bin here, I should have bin ashamed to have thus long defferd my humble and hearty acknowledgements to you of the favour both of yr letter & the 2d vol. of yr incomparable History in 8vo. and fol. which you sent me. I can only admire so excellent a work, & joyn with all good men in blessing God for preserving ye life of such a champion in ye cause of God & our holy Religion, as you have bin, whilst others impudently & with too much encouragement attack it ; and I am particularly obliged to you for doing me an honour (which I should have bin too proud and vain if I had pretended to it) by mentioning my name in the front of it. The statuary who grav’d his own name upon the idol image he had carv’d, contriv’d very well for his own glory ; you have freed me from this vanity, by publishing to my great reputation, that so great a man as Dr. Prideaux owns me for his friend, and this is a title I will never forfeit, for I am, with great truth and respect, yr most humble & faithful friend.

NOTTINGHAM.”\*

\* *The Prideaux Carew*, at f. 115. In the new drawing-room at Place, there is a picture of the Dean, from which all the prints of him have been taken.

From the reign of Queen Anne to the present time, we have numerous Divines who scarcely deserve a transitory notice. But Collins and Peters, Walker, Vivian, Haweis, Martyn and Drew, Gregor, Trist, Penrose and Cardew, will for awhile detain us.

It were an obtrusion of COLLINS on my readers, to represent him as an illustrious Worthy. When, however, it is stated, that from Collins Doctor Borlase derived stores of antiquarian knowlege, (which is unquestionably a fact) and that in almost all his literary researches he looked up to Collins as his "Guide, philosopher and friend," the public will be disposed to regard with a more favourable eye the theological attainments of my learned ancestor: they were highly respectable. This gentleman, the Rev. EDW. COLLINS, Vicar of Breage and of St. Erth, was the father of the late Rev. John Collins (the friend of Judge Hardinge) and great-uncle of the present writer. His chief studies were in the line of his profession. Many years had he employed in a Commentary on the different parts of the Bible. His papers, however, were in so imperfect a state at the time of his death, that he consigned them to the flames; and the painful task of burning the manuscripts was committed to his eldest daughter, Miss Jane Collins, who, possessing a mind highly cultivated, was but too sensible of their value.

Mr. Collins published nothing, I believe, except two assize sermons. One of these is now before me. It is entitled, "The Obligation of Human Laws asserted and vindicated; in a Sermon preached at the Assizes held at Bodmyn, on Thursday, August 8, 1723, before the Honourable Mr. Justice Eyre and Mr. Baron Page; by Edward Collins, B. L. L., and Vicar of Breage. It is inscribed to Richard Polwhele, of Polwhele, Esq. High Sheriff, and to the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, viz. Sir John St. Aubyn, of Clowance, Bart. Knight of the Shire.—Francis Vyvyan, of Trelowarren, Esq.—Warwick Mohun, of Luney, Esq.—Thomas Trewren, of Trewardrevah, Esq.—Robert Corker, of Trevurder, Esq.—

John Borlase, of Pendeen, Esq.—Henry Darell, of Trevernan, Esq.—John Collins, of Treworgan, Esq.—John Treise, of Lavethan, Esq.—John Archer, of Trelewick, Esq.—John Beauchamp, of Trevice, Esq.—William Ustick, of Leha, Esq.—William Davies, of Trewarthen, Esq.—Hugh Williams, of Trenavisick, Esq.—John Hill, of Lidcott, Esq.—John Prowse, of Truroe, Esq.—Edward Slade, of Verrian, Esq.—Thomas Hicks, of Trenarren, Esq.”—At whose request it was published. Mr. Collins concludes his sermon in this impressive manner:—“Every Englishman that values his birth, every Christian that has a due regard for his Saviour’s injunctions, must detest the doctrine of those wild sectarists, who teach us an exemption from what it is our happiness to submit to. We know that other doctrines, as inconsistent with Christianity, as directly contrary to the word of God, and as plainly repugnant to the Catholick faith, have of late years, to the great scandal of the Protestant name, and unspeakable prejudice of this church and nation, been boldly revived and openly vindicated. We have seen our blessed Saviour treated with indignity, his eternal Spirit impiously blasphemed, his sacred religion, and its most adorable mysteries profanely bantered and ridiculed. Nor would it be at all surprising, should the civil magistrate have his share; should they who affront the master, condemn the servant; should they, who are so fond of confusion in the church, become patrons of anarchy in the state; should they, who despise some of God’s ministers, pay a like regard to all the rest. These things have been, and this nation, as well as others, has sensibly felt it. It therefore certainly becomes the watchman to be upon his guard, to have his antidotes in readiness, lest the poison spread. It becomes every man to assist in opposing the common enemy, to discountenance, to punish, to suppress, as their several stations require and empower them, what, from the just vengeance of God, as well as the natural consequence of things, we have so much reason to dread the effects of. Nothing can contribute more to the welfare of society, to the common interest of mankind, than Chris-

tianity transcribed into the lives of its professors. If it influence the legislators, no laws will ever be enacted that are contrary to the laws of God, no ordinances ever established, but for the benefit of the community. The public interest will be always regarded, the glory of God, and the good of their brethren, will be always aimed at. And if the subjects be guided by the same principles, they will ever distinguish themselves by a meek and dutiful, by a ready and cheerful, obedience. No fears, nor jealousies, no murmurings nor disputings, will be heard of among them; but a mutual confidence, a sincere brotherly affection, will flourish in their stead; and human society be, what it ought to be, a state of peace and love, of unity and friendship. To exhort every man, therefore, to a conscientious discharge of his duty, to encourage the profession, and promote the practice of that religion, which the Son of God has revealed, is no more than exhorting them to have a real regard for what they ought to value most, what they should with zeal and constancy pursue,—the glory of God, their own and their country's interest. For want of this, men will be seditious, turbulent, unjust, cruel. Kingdoms will be disturbed, and private men injured. Our properties will be invaded, our liberties encroached upon, and every thing that is dear and valuable to us, for ever precarious. Let us all, then, make the doing of our duty, in our several stations, a point of conscience. Let us look upon it as a thing we must account for before the Great Judge of men. Let us esteem it, what it really is, the only true and certain way of promoting the welfare of ourselves, and the happiness of our country."

The Rev. CHARLES PETERS, M. A. Rector of Bratton-Clovelly, in Devon, and afterwards of St. Mabyn, in Cornwall, was educated at the grammar-school of Tregoney, under Daddo; and went thence to Exeter-college. During his residence in Devonshire, he became acquainted with the Arscot family; and his unaffected learning, integrity, and piety, were the source of the purest pleasure to his friends, and to the whole neighbourhood in



which he lived. His knowledge of the Hebrew language was very considerable; and in his quiet retirement of St. Mabyn, he enjoyed his studies without interruption; but his sedentary pursuits were regularly relieved by bodily exercise; and it has been remarked, that he was as much a stranger to the diseases of the body as of the mind. In the mean time, he was a friend to the poor, a father to the fatherless. That he was, indeed, a Christian, in whom was no guile, would appear from his private manuscripts—pious reflections, meditations on the Psalms, and rules for the distribution of his charities:—these are papers which are justly held in the highest estimation by his family. In short, he was one of those few, who are allowed, even in this life, to reap the fruits of reason and piety. Blest, through a long life, with health and mental tranquillity, he never knew what illness was till within a few days of his decease: and then he departed without a groan, on February 11, 1774, (1775) aged 84. Of his writings, the “Dissertation on Job,” and “Sermons,” are all that have met the public eye. The Dissertation was first published in 1751. About six years afterwards, a new edition was published, with corrections: and, in 1760, were added “An Appendix to the Critical Dissertation on the Book of Job, giving a farther Account of the Book of Ecclesiastes; and a Reply to some notes of the late D——n of B———l, in his new Edition of the Divine Legation, &c. vol. ii. part ii.” The remaining part of the “Reply” is yet in manuscript. I have read it with great pleasure. The Dissertation is now universally considered as containing a full confutation of Warburton’s Theory. Whilst “The Divine Legation” exhibits, in almost every page, unauthorised assertions, and sophistical reasoning; the “Dissertation” is throughout logical and perspicuous; and he who reads the latter, without prejudice, must necessarily conclude, with the unassuming Rector, in opposition to the supercilious Diocesan, that “a future state was the popular belief of the ancient Jews.” That part of “The Reply” which I have just mentioned as having seen in manuscript, is written with great good

humour; and through its solid learning runs a vein of pleasantry truly amusing. The late Rev. Jonathan Peters, of St. Clement's, (our author's nephew) used to tell me, that he would certainly print it, should Hurd retain the "obnoxious notes in the projected edition of Warburton." The edition has been for some years published: and "the obnoxious notes" are retained. But my friend Mr. Peters of St. Clement's, is dead. His family, however, possess of the MS. had a fair opportunity of shewing the world what self-possession is, as opposed to irritability; argument to casuistry; good-humoured raillery to scurrilous abuse; and truth to scepticism. But let us open these splendid volumes. "Whole bodies of men, (says Hurd) as well as individuals of the highest reputation, were attacked by Warburton: and his manner was, to speak his sense of all with freedom and force."\*

In the Appendix to Notes to the sixth book of the Divine Legation, Dr. Warburton pays his compliments to the Cornish Critic; and in many passages, (from p. 516 to p. 540, Hurd's edition, vol. iii.) treats the country clergyman "with due civility." At p. 517, "*insolence, fraud, nonsense,*" are laid to the charge of the Cornish Critic. Mr. Peters had said, respecting the allegorical interpretation of the Book of Job, that Warburton's "contending for discordant circumstances in the story, was directly annihilating the allegory." "Now," (says Warburton—in the true style of *Sir Fretful Plugiary*) "I understood, it was establishing it." But Sir Fretful had not wit enough for such a retort as the following: "Though the Ass, perhaps, never actually covered himself with the Lion's skin, and was betrayed by his long ears, yet we have an example before us, sufficient to convince us, that he might have done so without much expence of instinct." "An infidel writer"—"his head turned with the rage of answering"—"imposture"—are echoed and re-echoed in every page!—And what arrogance is here?—"Of my magnificent plan, my answerers have no conception! *Their talents* are only fitted to consider *parts*; and such talents best suit their business; which is, to find fault.—I have

\* *Hurd's Warburton*, vol. 5. p. 40.

said enough to expose the silly cavil of our Cornish Critic." Who would imagine, that with such contempt of the Cornish, Warburton was indebted to Cornwall both for his wife and his bishopric? I am hurt at the unchristian malignity of the following passage: "The most patient man alive may be provoked into starts of impatience by a miserable caviller, who, being set upon answering what he does not understand, represents falsely, interprets perversely, and, when he is unable to make the doctrine odious, endeavours to make the person so who holds it." At length, the Bishop says; "I shall take my leave of this discourse on the Book of Job, with declaring, that a more contemptuous, disingenuous, and ignorant writer, never assumed the honourable name of Answerer: yet I would not deny him his station among the learned. I think the same apology may be made for him, that a namesake of his, in his History of the Carthusians, made for their general, Bruno: 'That, doubtless, he could have wrote well if he would; for he printed a Missal in an exceeding fair letter, and delicate fine writing-paper.'"

But what availed all this blustering? Peters was, perhaps, the first Hebrew scholar in Europe. Warburton was one of the Hebræculi—(though, by the way, not in Toup's opinion.)—Peters was addressing himself, simply and unequivocally, to sound sense and sound learning—to reason and † religion: Warburton was straining every nerve in support of a fanciful theory; satisfied with the poor applause that hailed his ingenuity. "Proud Gloucester" shook his plumes; but fleeting was his triumph! By the wit of Lowth, he was transfixed as with an arrow. "Peters" (cried Lowth) has given him a Cornish hug! ‡

\* PETREI, Bib. Carth. fol. 35.

† See the Appendix to this volume: Part II.

‡ I lament the early death of the Rev. Charles Peters, one of the sons of Jonathan the good vicar of St. Clement's. Had he been spared to us, he would probably have revised the MSS. of his great uncle with a view to publication: He was fully competent to the task.

In 1776, the Rev. Jonathan Peters (whom I have mentioned as our author's nephew) published nineteen sermons from his manuscripts, as a specimen of his manner of preaching to a country congregation: and an excellent specimen they are of plain, unaffected exhortation and instruction. The most remarkable part of the volume, is Sermon xvii. on Psalm cix. 16 "This sermon (says the editor) was first preached at St. Mabyn's, Cornwall, October 2, 1748, (as I see noted by the author, on the back of the manuscript) which was about seven years before Dr Sykes \* published his book on the Epistle to the Hebrews, where he takes notice of this Psalm. Had the author lived to complete his work on the Psalms, (which had been his favourite study for many years) it was his intention to publish the above sermon as an explanation of the Psalm."

Not of the same description of Divines with Peters, was Mr. SAMUEL WALKER. This gentleman youngest of seven children, (*Cornish* only I confess from residence and connexions) was born at Exeter, 16th December, 1714. His parents were Robert Walker, of Exeter, Esq. and Margaret, the only daughter of the Rev. Richard Hall, minister of St. Edmund's and All-hallows in that city. Robert, the father of Sam. Walker, was the only son of Sir Thomas Walker, Kut. who (as his ancestors had done) represented the city of Exeter in many successive parliaments during the reigns of Charles I. and II.

\* Dr. Sykes, Dean of Berian, was another of Warburton's opponents: and he also was "whipped at the cart's-tail in the notes to the Divine Legation, the ordinary place of Warburton's literary executions;" as Bishop Lowth expresses himself. (See Bishop Lowth's Letter. p. 4.) For "the Life and writings of Sykes," I refer my readers to Disney's "Memoirs;" whence I cannot but extract one passage, as containing a question which I have often heard discussed. "I was, some years ago, (says Disney) in company with three very learned and respectable dignitaries of the Established Church; when the conversation turning upon Warburton, they agreed in one opinion, that it was (to say the least) a fair question, whether his writings had more served the cause of infidelity or of revelation?"

Sir Thomas's lady was Mary, the only daughter of the Rev. Samuel Hall, A. M. youngest son of Dr. Joseph Hall, bishop of Exeter. Mr. Sam. Walker, at eight years of age, was put to the grammar-school in Exeter, where he continued till he was eighteen; when he was sent to Exeter-college, Oxford, of which Dr. Francis Webber was the Rector. He took the degree of B. A. in 1737, and was ordained and appointed to the curacy of Dодdescombe-Leigh, near Exeter: where he continued till August, 1738; when he was prevailed on, by Lord Rolle, to undertake the charge of his youngest brother's education. With this gentleman Mr. Walker made the tour of France. And after about two years returning to England he accepted of the cure of Lanlivery, in this county, under the Rev. Nicholas Kendall, A. M. one of the canons of Exeter, and Archdeacon of Totnes. On the death of Mr. Kendall, 3d March, 1740, he was presented by Walter Kendall, Esq to the vicarage of Lanlivery, to hold the same during the minority of a nephew of Mr. Kendall; to whom, upon his coming of age, Mr. Walker resigned it.

In 1746 he entered upon the curacy of Truro.\* There, in that town of dissipation, after it had pleased God to bless his ministrations in so remarkable a manner, that, in people of all descriptions, was apparently effected a real change of heart and life, he thought that a

\* *Extract from the Register, belonging to St. Mary's, Truro, begun October 25, 1597.*

William Dawsons.....	Rector.....	1610.....	1624
George Phippen.....		1625.....	1647
John Tingcombe.....		1658.....	
Josias Hall.....		1663.....	1666
Samuel Thomas.....		1667.....	1691
Robert Cobert.....		1692.....	1698
Simon Paget.....		1693.....	1707
Joseph Jane.....		1711.....	1745
SAMUEL WALKER.....	Curate*	1746.....	1761
Charles Pye.....	Rector.....	1661.....	1802
Thomas Carlyon.....		1802.....	1826
Thomas Carlyon.....		1826.....	

\* Mr. Elliot was rector of Truro and Ladock.

new and spiritual relation commenced between him and his flock. Accordingly, it became his settled judgment, that he ought not, on any worldly consideration, to leave them ; unless Providence should open to him a more extensive field of usefulness to the Church of Christ, or he should be removed by superior authority. This may account for his giving up the Vicarage of Talland, to which he was presented in the year 1747, by the Trustees of the will of his late patron, Walter Kendall, Esq. Having the Bishop's leave of absence, he held this vicarage for a time, till, growing dissatisfied in his conscience concerning the justifiableness of non-residence, he resigned it, and could never afterwards be induced to accept of another living, though he had the offer of four.

In April, 1760, Mr. Walker was seized with a fever, which confined him several weeks to his bed-chamber at Truro. When he had in some degree recovered his strength after the abatement of the fever, a cough hung upon him, for which he was ordered to Bristol, in August, where having staid two months to little purpose, he went in the autumn to Kingston, in Warwickshire, with an intention of spending some time with the Rev. Mr. Talbot, Vicar of that parish ; but a bad season of the year coming on, he was ordered back to the Bristol-wells. There he continued till the middle of December, when it was judged proper that he should be removed to some dry healthy spot in the neighbourhood of London, where he could enjoy the benefit of a good air. Upon this, having before been invited by the Earl of Dartmouth to try the air of Blackheath, he went thither a few days before Christmas. In a place so near London, he had an opportunity of the best advice ; but it was not in the power of medicine to stop the progress of his disease. After resigning the vicarage of Talland, the curacy of Truro was the whole of his income. The pay was but small, and his expenses were necessarily increased to a great degree. But in the house of the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, he had all the assistance that his critical situation could require.

He died at a lodging-house at Blackheath, to which

he had been removed a few weeks before, on Sunday, July 19, 1761, in the forty-eighth year of his age. It was his particular direction that his body should be interred in the church-yard of the parish in which he died. He was buried, therefore, in the church-yard of Lewisham, in the county of Kent.\*

The shades of theological difference between Walker † and Vivian were very slight.

The Rev. THOMAS VIVIAN, Vicar of Cornwood, married Miss Hussey, one of the sisters of Counsellor Hussey. He was gifted with a very strong understanding, which lost none of its vigour in his children. But Mr. Vivian possessed, what is more valuable than mental powers, an uncommon sweetness of disposition, partly owing to natural temperament, and partly to the mild influence of Christianity. Of his publications, his "Cosmology" has certainly done him most credit as an author. But in his own line, he published "Three Dialogues, between a Minister and One of his Parishioners; on the True Principles of Religion, and Salvation for Sinners by Jesus Christ, the only Redeemer and Saviour." Of

\* His principal works were :—

The Christian, a set of practical Sermons, 1755; and fifty-two Sermons, on the Baptismal Covenant, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and other important Subjects, &c. To these Sermons is prefixed a Preface, containing an Account of the Author's Life and Ministry.

† He had two brothers, WALKER Rector of *Laxhitton*, who was many years employed in collecting materials and subscriptions for a history of Cornwall, but died, *re infecta*; and WALKER of *Lanlivery*; both good men, whom my father respected and esteemed. A man of a happier temperament, than the Vicar of *Lanlivery* never existed. He delighted in the feeling, that he was at peace with himself and all around him. Uncommonly deformed as he was—his breadth equal to his length, like half a giant if a giant were cut in two with eyebrows black and bushy:—who, conversing with Mr. W. could have thought of his uncomeliness—could not (I had almost said) have imagined him handsome? His habitual good humour, his facetiousness, his kind-heartedness have seldom been equalled. He left one son, the Vicar of *St. Winnow*; for a character of whose late *Essay in Divinity*, see the *Theological Review*.

this little book was re-published in 1788, the twenty-second edition. In 1785, he published "The book of the Revelation of Saint John the Divine explained; in an historical View of the past and present State of the Christian World compared with the prophetic Visions."

*"Dedicated to the Right Reverend John (Ross) Lord  
Bishop of Exeter.*

"MY LORD,

"AN attempt to illustrate a part of the Sacred Writing, in which a spirit of bigotry and persecution is represented in prophetic visions as the just object of detestation, seems in some measure entitled to the patronage of a person eminent for his candour and Catholic spirit; and who has been successful in recommending this amiable temper to the legislature. But your Lordship has a farther right to this work; having supplied me with, what I esteem, the best quotation with which the notes are enriched. I was also willing to embrace this opportunity to express, in a public manner, my gratitude for the honour done to a friend of mine, in distinguishing him by substantial marks of your esteem and approbation; without any other recommendation than his own abilities and industry. Let me add, that the manner of your conferring the obligation was still more obliging than the favour itself. That your Lordship may long continue to preside over us with wisdom and moderation; softening authority with affability, and dignity with condescension; a terror to evil doers, and a friend and father to them that do well, is the earnest prayer of,

My Lord, your Lordship's most dutiful

and obedient Servant,

"THOMAS VIVIAN."

It is somewhat singular, that Mr. Vivian should have foretold, in this treatise, the fall of the unfortunate Louis XVI. from Scriptural authorities. He died at a good age, in 1793. The lines below\* were written in

\* O pious Vivian, may thy ashes rest,  
Till the last trumpet calls thee to the blest!



memory of Mr. Vivian, by two gentlemen of my acquaintance;—the first, distinguished for judgment and taste; the second, for lively wit and fancy.

In Haweis we lose sight of that unaffected piety which in Vivian we could not but love and almost venerate. The Rev. THOMAS REGINALD HAWEIS, L.L.D. and M.D. was of the family of Haweis, late of Kiltfow, near Truro. At the grammar-school, at Truro, he was noticed for his classical attainments, and his superiority over the rest of the boys in the public speeches. And, a short time after he left school, “so early eloquent” was young Haweis, or so deficient were the boys in declamation, that Mr. Conon requested the favour of him to speak on the first public day; though then an apprentice to a surgeon-apothecary at Truro. What occasioned his preference of divinity to medicine, I cannot exactly say—perhaps the consciousness of his proficiency in the Greek language, and of his powers in oratory. Be this as it may: from the apothecary’s shop in Truro, we see him

What tho’ no cenotaph thy worth records,  
No splendid monument, no sculptor’s words  
Preserve thy memory—still, it shall be dear,  
Still lov’d, still cherish’d, by the heart sincere;  
Whomark’d thy life, clear from sinister ends,  
Knew thee the best of parents, husbands, friends,  
Lov’d thy meek spirit, admir’d thy peaceful life,  
Free from all other faults, as free from strife.—  
Oh, that my life and death were like to thine!—  
Oh, grant it, Heaven!—Grant it, O Grace Divine! E. C.

Stranger! whose footsteps thus unhallow’d tread  
Among the rude memorials of the dead,  
Where many a rustic Bard, in couplets brief,  
Marks the pure feelings of unletter’d grief;  
If form’d thy bosom, goodness to revere,  
Shed o’er this sacred earth a sorrowing tear.  
The pious teacher of yon hamlet round,  
Rests from a spotless life beneath this mound.  
To his enlighten’d intellect ’twas given,  
To point the path, which he pursued, to Heav’n!  
Beyond the village train his wisdom shone,  
Nor to the world of science sunk unknown.  
Here many a mind, instructed by his care,  
Breathes for a Pastor’s bliss a fervent prayer;  
Nor breathes in vain:—The God he liv’d to love  
Rewards his virtuous minister above. S. T. 1798.

transported to Maudlin-hall, in Oxford. His preferment in the Church, was the rectory of All Saints, Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire; and he was chaplain to the late Countess of Huntingdon. I have several times heard him preach; but I cannot say with any degree of satisfaction. He married three wives, the last a very young woman. Of his merits as a man and a divine, all entertain not the same opinion. I shall forbear to offer my own. My readers may thank me, however, for referring them to "A faithful Narrative of Facts, relative to the late Presentation of Mr. H. to the Rectory of A.:"—to "The Answer to the Pamphlet, entitled a Faithful Narrative:"—to "Aldwinkle:"—to "Remarks on the Answer:"—to "A Letter to the Rev. Mr. Madan:"—to "The Priest in Rhyme," a Poem:—(all which were published about the year 1767) and to the Anti-jacobin Review for 1799. His principal publications are, a volume of Sermons on Evangelical Principles and Practice: several occasional Sermons: a Scriptural Refutation of the Arguments for Polygamy: Hints respecting the Poor: the Evangelical Expositor, in two volumes, folio: the Communicant's Spiritual Companion: an Exposition on the Church Catechism: Essays on Christianity: and a History of the Church of Christ, in three volumes, octavo. This is an elaborate work, which I have read with attention, and of which I shall make my report at some length. It is a history which can do no good, and may be productive of much evil. That insinuations should be thrown out against the church by corrupt statesmen and modern philosophers, was an event to be looked for, and as natural and consistent as the ribaldry of Paine or the lectures of Thelwall. From such open enemies the church has nothing to dread: it is from the irregular conduct of her wayward sons. The learning of the clergy is abundantly able to defend her doctrines against the rude assaults of Deists and Atheists. But who shall protect her from the machinations of those, who, "having a form of godliness, creep into houses, and lead captive silly women," and silly men, "laden with their sins," persuading them that the

established clergy are in general heretics, whose sermons it is dangerous to hear, and with whom it is sinful to join in worship? That such is the conduct of the *Methodists* has been long known; and there is a large party in the bosom of the church, who countenance these sectaries, and occasionally officiate, themselves, in *conventicles* where the parish ministers are supposed not to teach the doctrine of the thirty-nine articles. Arrogating to themselves infallibility of judgment, these men boldly pronounce the peculiarities of Calvin to be the truths of God and the doctrine of the church; and because many of the clergy think differently from them on these abstruse and unessential questions, they persuade the multitude to open schism shops for such as preach unconditional *election* and *reprobation*, *irresistible* grace, and all the other opinions which are calculated either to plunge men into despair or to intoxicate them with spiritual pride.—It was reserved, however, for Dr. H. to publish a *history* of the church, for the express purpose of proving that the Church of England, in which he enjoyed a rich rectory, has deviated essentially from the original church of Christ in doctrine, in government, and in worship; that *prelacy* is an *usurpation*, and *patronage* contrary to the principles of the gospel; that it is the duty of the people, when the regular clergy preach unsound doctrine, of which the most illiterate clown is a competent judge, to withdraw themselves from the church, which in consequence becomes *schismatical*; that all establishments of one church in preference to another, are the offspring of a corrupt policy; that the alliance between church and state has ever been *meretricious*; and that to contend for the unity of the church in any thing more than a few articles of faith of difficult comprehension, is to be guilty of a sin enormous as that of blasphemy. Instead of attempting to reconcile such opinions with the testimony of the *fathers* of the church, Dr. Haweis represents almost all the Catholic writers for the first four centuries as either so weak or so wicked as to be unworthy of the smallest credit.—He characterizes *Clemens* of Rome, *Ignatius* of

Antioch, and Polycarp of Smyrna, as very mean writers. —“Justin the martyr, Origen, Tertullian, Pantænus, and many others, zealous indeed in apologies for the Christian cause, and ready to die rather than renounce their profession, yet held a Christianity of so equivocal a nature, as to render it very dubious whether they had any real part or lot in the matter.” Irenæus, though he combated all the heresies then subsisting in the church, yet suffered “his philosophic opinions to mingle with and debase the Christian purity.” Tertullian himself affords but a very wretched specimen of Christianity.—Of Gregory Thaumaturgus, so highly praised by Cave and others, our charitable historian says:—“I must be exceedingly hard drove for a Christian, before I can put such men as Gregory Thaumaturgus into the number!” The learning and genius of Origen furnish great cause of offence to Dr. Hæwies. On the same principle he pronounces the labours of Conybeare and Warburton, and Watson, in defence of revelation, useless; and noticing “their elaborate defences of Christianity, and apologies for the Bible,” adds “did these ever convince one infidel, or make him a real convert to gospel truth? I trow not!” Of Constantine the Great, our author thus writes;—“The bounties he bestowed; the zeal he displayed; his liberal patronage of episcopal men;” “the pomp he introduced into worship; and the power invested with general councils,” “made the church appear great and splendid; but I discover not a trace in Constantine of the religion of the Son of God. As an outward professor, and for an outward church, no man more open, more zealous: as a partaker of the grace of God in truth, either in genuine repentance for his crimes, or real newness of life, I want abundantly better evidence than I can see in Eusebius, who like many a courtly bishop is very cordially disposed to exalt on a pedestal the king that patronizes and increases their power, wealth, and dignity!” To Eusebius he allows no merit. “He was a great favourite at court. No good sign for a bishop, under two such monarchs as Constantine and Constantius. Euse-

buis is a miserable voucher: *I am cordially thankful for the more creditable testimony of heathen men.* I fear he knew as little of *real Christianity* as his disciple Constantine. The more I read, the more I doubt the authenticity of his testimony." St. Ambrose of Milan was pious, but superstitious; and "the piety of superstition is awfully equivocal." It cannot, however, excite surprise that the fathers should be deemed insufficient guides to evangelical truth by him who considers St. Paul himself as hardly evangelical. "In compliance with James's recommendation, he was fulfilling a part of the Mosaic ritual respecting vows, in order to show that he continued to observe the law. Whether he owed it such a compliance, I have ever doubted: this and his circumcising Timothy have appeared to me temporising. But Paul probably is right, and I am wrong!" Poor St. Paul! Between Deists and Calvinists thou art indeed unsainted!—With Priestley but erst "an *inconclusive reasoner*"—with Reginald Haweis a Vicar of Bray. In adverting to the Episcopal Government he says: "*In Providence* I received my education, and was called to minister in the Church: Herein then I am content to abide with God." "This (as one of my coadjutors in the Anti-jacobin Review wittily observed) is strange language. All men have been educated under *Providence*. But if he mean that he received his education in the town of *Providence* in Rhode-island, we cannot be surprised at his contempt of the Fathers." Lest we should fancy, that he holds not Bishops in equal contempt, "let no man imagine (he exclaims) that I plead for that Episcopacy which rising on the stilts of prelatical pride and worldly-mindedness, has since overspread the earth with its baneful shadow." In his estimation, Julian the apostate was "almost as good a Christian as Bishop Warburton, and a far better man." Even against Taylor and Horne he pours forth railing accusations: They were Bishops. It was only in the *Huntingtonian* Methodism that he recognized the genuine features of Christianity. The three apostles of Methodism were Mr. John Wesley, Mr. George

Whitfield, and "the noble and ELECT Lady Huntingdon" We have a full account of the birth, life and transactions of each of these servants of the Lord and revivers of true godliness: and it may seem rather singular, that, though Wesley was as zealous an opponent of Calvinism as any of those dignitaries of the church whom Dr. H. calls Semi-pelagians, he is yet admitted to have been "an eminently favoured saint of God." But he had the merit of exciting schism in the established church; which, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. Whitfield had all Wesley's zeal with the additional merit of Calvinistic orthodoxy, and little learning! Hence it is, that "no man since the days of Paul, not even Luther himself, was ever personally blest in the call and conversion of so many souls from the power of Satan unto God, as George Whitfield. Yet the elect lady seems to have been more blest: for she founded colleges, endowed innumerable chapels, and patronised Dr. Haweis! \*

Furthermore, this lady was a prophetess. To Bishop Benson she prophesied that, on his death bed "the ordination of Whitfield would be one of the few ordinations on which he would reflect with complacence."—And "it is worthy of remark," says Haweis, "that Bishop Benson, on his dying bed, sent ten guineas to Whitfield as a token of approbation, and begged to be remembered by him in his prayers."†

\* See Milner's *Animadversions on Haweis's History of the Church of Christ 1800*—and Haweis's "*Reply to the Animadversions*"—1801.

Dr. Isaac Milner was a very eloquent preacher, and a writer of uncommon ingenuity and learning: I lament his Calvinistic severity.

† I am here reminded of the Rev. THOMAS WILLS; who married a niece of Lady Huntingdon. In my younger years, I first knew him as curate of St. Agnes: and I recollect his frequent visits to Polwhele during the life-time of my father, who had a great regard for him. Of Truro-School, Mr. Wills preached at the anniversary of our School-meeting an eloquent Sermon: which my father used to say was the most instructive and impressive he had ever heard on such an occasion. It was suspected that an extempore preacher "of the melting mood" or much given to whimper and whine, he would have made bad

Yet this prophetess, this genuine Calvinist, this elect lady "seldom asked the advice of the ministers who laboured with her; and bore not passively contradiction"—which, I suppose, is related to prove the truth of an old opinion, that Calvinism tends to humb'e the human heart! And many such proofs may be found in the Doctor's account of himself and his brethren of the connexion.

Thus "Whitfield frequently indulged in censures of the clergy, which, however just they might be, seemed the effect of resentment!"—"He and Wesley,

work of it. But his Sermon in my Father's estimation (and a better judge never existed) combined classical erudition with evangelical doctrine. It was preached, not from short hand or notes, but from a fairly written MS. After my good Father's death, I had, several times, opportunities of hearing Mr. Wills preach at St. Agnes, to crowded congregations. Once in particular, when I had slept at his house, I spent an hour with him in his study; where he was looking over the skeleton of a sermon: This he took with him to church. But in the pulpit, his Bible opening (as if to an accidental page or verse) it appeared to his audience (I should rather say spectators) that his text was then first presented to his notice.—Mr. Wills was a pious and benevolent man. Often have I been a witness to his charities. And often have I been pleased and informed by his conversation. When he left the very populous parish of St. Agnes, justly was he followed by the lamentations of his forsaken flock. But he fancied he had a call "to preach the gospel in regions beyond" the tin-mines of Cornwall. And it is a matter of deep regret, that his enthusiasm should have transported him from the church to the conventicle. At Starcross (whilst I was curate of Kenton) Mr. Wills, I remember, drew around him an immense multitude in the open fields: The Methodist-meeting-house had been burnt to the ground.

Mr. Wills made many kind enquiries after the Curate of Kenton—"the son" (he said) "of a true disciple of Christ." Such was the high compliment he paid my Father;—whom, however, 'the field-preacher' would have been ashamed to "see face to face." And, perhaps, he was ashamed to see the son; who might have been found at no great distance from the scene of predication.

After having been long an itinerant Preacher, Mr. Wills returned to this county; and died at the house of his worthy friend F. Paynter Esq.—See "Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. T. Wills, A. B. compiled from the Journals in his own *hand-writing*." An 8vo. vol. of 311 pages. So a friend informed me; I never read, nor had any curiosity to read the *book*.

and all of them were always at their work, preaching wherever they could procure admittance into the churches ; and *not a little flattered by the popularity attending their ministrations*: “they must have been more than men”—(they were the *elect*) “if they had not been so.” “The Methodists” (remember reader, he is a Methodist who is speaking) “live in a state of *greater piety and separation from the world* than the generality of their brethren. They join in none of the fashionable amusements of the age, frequent not the theatres, or scenes of dissipation, and court no favour of the great : their *time and services are better employed* in the more important labours of the ministry, preaching the word in season, out of season, and *counting their work their best wages!*”—Throughout the last volume of this work Dr. H. embraces every opportunity of expatiating on the Christian zeal of the *London Missionary Society*, and pronounces that Society to be “certainly of God.” I cannot help being of a different opinion. The Doctor and his associates may each be actuated by a disinterested desire to carry the light of the glorious gospel into the regions of the shadow of death ; but it would not be easy to persuade us that God is the *author of confusion*, or that the doctrines of Christianity will be successfully preached among the heathen by men differing so widely in opinion as Calvinists and Arminians, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Pædo-baptists and Anti-pædo-baptists!—In vain may the society direct its missionaries to abstain from controversy, and preach nothing to the heathen but the essential doctrines and duties of the gospel. The missionaries are not agreed among themselves what doctrines and duties are essential. One thinks the distinguishing tenets of Calvinism the most important parts of gospel truth ; another detects in those tenets a series of the most shocking blasphemies. One missionary discovers in the New Testament, that the infant children of believing parents should be admitted into the church by the sacrament of baptism ; whilst another is persuaded that no person is a subject of baptism, who



does not actually believe the gospel. The Independent, considering the rights of Christians as common, feels himself bound to "stand fast in the liberty with which Christ hath made him free;" but the Episcopalian and Presbyterian believe that a ministry with the *power of the keys* or the exclusive right of administering the sacraments, is the ordinance of Christ, to which the multitude of believers are bound to pay obedience. Among such heterogeneous missionaries preaching the gospel to the same people, controversies seem to be inevitable; and their labours tend only to increase the prejudices of the Heathen against the Christian faith.

On the death of Willyams, of Carnanton, Dr. Haweis succeeded to that estate; and coming into Cornwall resided there for a short time; during which the symptoms of "the spiritual mind" were not at a glance discoverable. Perhaps, he did not recollect, amidst all his Gospel-recognizances, that "the love of money was the root of all evil." And, possibly, he might have conceived that "he had put off the old man, with his affections and "lusts," when he took unto himself a young and buxom bride. In consequence of certain articles of capitulation which it were frivolous to particularize, he evacuated Carnanton; leaving it in the possession of the late James Willyams, Esq., who, after a long and honourable life, died universally regretted, and was succeeded by his younger son—surely no unworthy representative—the present Humphry Willyams, Esq.\*

Dr. Haweis died at his house in Beaufort-buildings, Bath, on the 11th of February, 1820, at the age of 86.

Though in point of time the chasm between Haweis and Martyn be considerable, yet I would next bring forward MARTYN; as actuated by the same missionary spirit—the same feeling of an extraordinary call, which displayed itself in astonishing energies; with this difference between the two apostles, that Martyn proved him-

\* Colonel Willyams, the elder son (who died at Truro during his Father's lifetime of an epileptic fit) will be noticed among the poets of Cornwall.

self "worthy of Christ" in forsaking all his dearest connexions for Christ's sake. Whilst his indiscretions have been pardoned, his sincerity, we hope, hath met its reward.

HENRY MARTYN was born at Truro, the 18th of February, 1781. John Martyn, the father of our Henry, was originally a Gwennap<sup>t</sup> miner, and (like many of the

† Certainly, "if truth lie in a well," science may be found in a shaft. From the mines of Cornwall have emerged many scientific heads!—The father of Henry Martyn, we observe, was a Gwennap miner. So was his great uncle Mr. *Thomas Martyn*, author of a map of Cornwall: so was *Malachi Hitchins*, nephew of Thomas Martyn. The author of the Map of Cornwall was born in Gwennap, about the year 1695. In boyhood and in youth he was devoted to science. And distinguishing himself as a teacher of navigation (with other branches of the Mathematics for many years at Padstow) he was at length prevailed on by several gentlemen who knew his abilities and industry, to undertake a large Map of Cornwall. This work employed him for about 20 years, and was completed with uncommon precision. Perhaps no tract of ground in Europe, of so large an extent, has ever been surveyed and planned with so much exactness.

Almost every cottage in the County, is shewn in the Map; every river described from its very first spring till it falls into the sea: and not only all public roads are accurately represented, but even many private ways which lead from one estate to another. In short, too much can scarcely be said in praise of this Map, which eclipses every County-Map that existed in Martyn's time.

Mr. Martyn, after he had finished his Survey of Cornwall, began to plan the *County of Devon*; but, pursuing his arduous task too late in the season, he caught a violent cold on Dartmoor, which threw him into a fever and carried him off about Christmas, 1752. His remains were interred at Ashburton. . . . . He was greatly esteemed by every gentleman that knew him—particularly Mr. *Hoblyn*, of Nanswhyden, who, a learned and ingenious man himself, was ever sensible of the merits of others.

In a letter dated Ludgvan, February 8, 1752, and addressed to Dr. Milles, Dr. Borlase does not seem to speak of Martyn in terms of the highest respect. "I am sorry for poor Martyn, and so much the more, because I question whether any person but himself could understand his observations which he made in the field. However, you need not fear of a County-map, and as good a one as Martyn could make, if our County have a mind to give encouragement. Many surveyors are to be got, whose works are extremely good, whose accuracy is unexceptionable, and their apparatus far superior to what Mr. Martyn ever had. The best work I have seen lately of that

labourers in the Cornish mines) whilst he subsisted from the exertions of the body, had opportunities of cultivating

kind, is a map of five miles round Bath; the author of which would have undertaken our County some years since; but Mr. Martyn had advanced so far in his work, that gentleman thought it would have been hard to employ another."

Mr. *Malachi Hitchins* was superior, I think, to his relations the Martyns in talent, and unquestionably in learning. Hitchins, a little of a poet, was much of a mathematician. In early life he translated the "Hero and Leander" of Musæus into English verse, and used to favour the Gentleman's Magazine with his poetic effusions, signing himself "*ultimus vatum*." He was of Exeter College; where Dr. Webber, the Rector, asking him—"Why, *Malachi!* do you take the signature of "*ultimus vatum?*" "You know" (said Hitchins) "*Malachi* was the last of the Prophets." I have heard this poor conceit applauded as wit. It reminds me of the late Jonas —, of Exeter, who flung an air of ridicule over a good sermon which he printed, by a frontispiece allusive to his name—"The Whale vomiting out *Jonas*."—But I should have told how *Malachi*, working underground, arose from the depths of the earth to the high rank of the Academic and the Clergyman.

It appears that to assist Donn in fabricating a Map, far inferior to the Map of Cornwall, he went into Devon; where, amidst his perambulations, he fell in with a lady of some fortune and married her, and through her means was enabled to support himself in College.

Before I proceed with Hitchins, I here interpose a remark, that Donn surveyed and mapped the whole County of Devon, at a scale of an inch to a mile, and that for this Map he received a premium from the Society for encouraging and promoting Arts, Manufactures and Commerce; which premium he little deserved.†

His intemperance was notorious. One evening, he was met staggering homewards; when he said, "he wanted no assistance.—He was directing his course by the light of the "planet Jupiter."—A part of his Survey of Devon was taken, I fancy, by that light.

But for our admirable friend Hitchins..... Acquainted with his mathematical eminence, Keppel, Bishop of Exeter employed him in measuring and estimating the value of the great manor of Cargol, in this County, and on the completion of the work, presented him with the living of St.‡ Hilary.

† January 9, 1766.—The Premium of £100 adjudged by the Society of Arts in the Strand to Mr. Benjamin Donn, Teacher of the Mathematics at Bristol, for his accurate and large Map of the County of Devon; drawn by a scale of one inch to a mile.—ANN. REGISTER.

‡ It lapsed to the Bishop.—In 1762, the rental of the bishopric of Exeter amounted to no more than £587. 10s., according to the Prideaux-Carew, a manuscript now at Place, from which my friend Prideaux Brune permitted me to make extracts ad libitum. The places charged, the tenants' names, and the rents are there specified.

his mind. And his proficiency in the Mathematics was such, that Mr. Daniell engaged his services in the merchant's office at Truro, where as chief clerk he conducted himself greatly to the satisfaction of his rich and generous patron. I knew, indeed, Mr. Martyn. His figure, tall and erect, and his regular peripatetic exercise under the Coinage-hall opposite his house I well remember, and his notice of me when a school-boy. He was one of the "serious people"; though he would sometimes smile, in saying that under a *Martyn's* nest there were *Hoares* and *Bastards!*" Four of Mr. Daniell's clerks were so called. Whether at Church or at Prayer-meetings, John Martyn always attended Mr. Sam. Walker the Curate of St. Mary's, but at Mr. Walker's decease seemed to prefer the Prayer-meetings to the Church. It is much to be lamented, that Mr. W. should have instituted or sanctioned Prayer-meetings; as they were the cause of a schism that destroyed the harmony of a little community, where all before was peace and love. Probably, indeed, Mr. Pye, the rector, would have frightened away many from the Church by levities which all must have condemned. "My pulpit so stinks of Calvinism (Pye would say) that not a century will purge it."

But from Pye's witticisms we must escape to "little Henry Martyn;" who in 1788 was placed under Dr. Cardew's care, at Truro-school, before he was 8 years old; and who, before he was 15, made his appearance at Oxford as a candidate for a vacant scholarship of C. C. C.

But he was rejected in spite of talents beyond his years.

Returning to Truro School, Henry continued there till 1797; and now directing his views to Cambridge, became a Member of St. John's College. It was not,

Bishop Ross, Keppell's successor, had recourse to Hitchins in a similar way, and paid him for his trouble with the living of Gwinear. Hitchins was a man of sound sense, as well as learning—had good conversational talents,—and was a true Christian—not a gospeler—"not on the Lord's-side"—as some, I believe, have not scrupled to say.—Are they Christians?—Hitchins died on the 28th of March, 1808, aged 68.

however, from a predilection for the Mathematics; to which, it seems, he “preferred shooting and travels, and Chesterfield’s Letters.” Yet, “to gratify his father,” (surely the best of motives) “he studied the Mathematics.” “Alas! (cried he) I ought to have studied for the glory of God!” “There is not a dawn of light in my heart!”—No—though he had pleased his father—though he had done his duty! Filial obedience is a religious act: It is the surest evidence of a Christian spirit. But, amidst the pangs of the new birth, all earthly ties are broken, and “the charities of Father, Son, and Brother” evaporate like smoke before the wind. ‘To a sister in Cornwall—a Saint—he paid a visit in 1799—(it was to the Saint he paid his visit)—but “in very bad temper; for he had been second only at the public examination.”

“During my stay at home (said he in a private Journal) the consummate selfishness and exquisite irritability of my mind were displayed in rage, malice and envy—in pride and vain glory—and in the harshest language to my sister, and even to my father.”

At length the death of our hero’s father suggested the reflexion, that there was “a knowledge infinitely more important than any human science.”

I suspect I was rather premature in marking “the pangs of the new birth:” It was now, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Simeon of Trinity-College, that his regeneration was effected.

In January 1801, before his 20th year, the highest academical honours were adjudged to Martyn. He obtained his wishes:—“but he had grasped a shadow.”

Not to put my reader’s patience to the test by circumstantial detail, I shall cursorily observe, that, soon after, in Cornwall, his saintly sister refused to fondle him as a babe of grace.....that in College he was thunderstruck on seeing a gownsman reading a play to a sick man—that he was chosen fellow of St. John’s in 1802—that at Woodbury, near Truro, he passed with his brother-in-law, some of the sweetest moments of his life—and that at the close of this year (a memorable era) he

“ was called by the influence of the Spirit to the work of a Christian missionary—contemplating an everlasting inheritance as purchased for him by the BLOOD of GOD !” \* . . . that in 1803, he was admitted into Holy Orders †—that at Lamorran, in Cornwall, “ he used to take an evening-walk out of the reach of all sound but the ripling of the water and the whistling of the curlew ;” (for “ little Henry” had fallen in love)—that in 1805, a Priest, he prepared to leave England, more than ever persuaded of his call to preach the gospel to the Heathen—that on the 17th of July he embarked at Portsmouth for Calcutta, as chaplain to the East India Company—but, that, the ship coming to anchor at Falmouth, he was enabled once more to land upon the shores where he had sported in his infancy, and mused on heavenly things in his maturer age, and that from the detention of his ship, three weeks at Falmouth, he seized an opportunity of bidding again a long adieu to the maid after whom his “ soul panted as the hart panteth after the “ water-brooks.”

I cannot accompany Mr. M. on his voyage through calms and through storms, amidst evil report and good report, and blessings and execrations. Nor can I compliment him on what I think obstinacy, and contumacy, and folly, in hurling damnation repeatedly around him, to the annoyance of his Captain and the whole crew.

We now greet our missionary at Calcutta, but have no distinct notion of the success of his labours. I will extract a few passages from his journal.

Quitting Calcutta, Mr. M. entered his budgerow, which was to convey him to Dinapore. And thus doth he journalize : “ Shot a bird. *The power of gentleness is irresistible.* Read the Sanscrit grammars. Read, with Moonshee, Genesis and Luke in the Hindostanee. Intending to gratify me, the idolaters presented to me

\* This blasphemous expression occurs once or twice in Sam. Walker’s sermons.

† His high Calvinism, at Helston, was reprobated in the strongest terms.—The Clergyman of that place would not have admitted Martyn into his pulpit, had he been apprized of the tenets of this poor deluded enthusiast.

the front of their goddess: To return the compliment, I presented to her my—bottom!"—Is this gentleness?— "The women fled at the sight of me. When my mouth is opened, I shall preach, night and day. I thought at night of my dear girl. Went on shore without tracts: Oh! may the conviction of the wickedness rest upon my soul all my days! I must quell the tumult of anger and impatience: A missionary is apt to fancy himself an Atlas. Greatly opprest, as I had done nothing in the way of distributing tracts, I left the place without supplying one ray of light, and was burthened with the consciousness of blood-guiltiness."

At Dinapore and elsewhere, Mr. M. seems to have been "kicking against the pricks." From Mirza of Benares and Sabat the Arabian, his coadjutors in the task of translation, he derived some degree of comfort. But Sabat was a notorious impostor.\*

In 1811, "I pass (said M.) from India to Arabia (and Persia) not knowing the things that shall befall me." Arrived at Shiraz, he commenced a fresh version of the New Testament in the Persian language; with the assistance of Mirza Seid Ali Khan. But, day after day, he was broken in upon by curiosity, harrassed by scepticism, and shocked by infidelity. Insulted by Mahometans and Jews, he felt "their sneers more intolerable than the brick-bats of the boys." Not even in Mirza Ali Seid, could Mr. M. discern a Christian spirit.

In 1812, the year which closed his mortal career, he was shocked by a distich which Mirza repeated in conse-

\* We have a romantic story of Sabat and Abdallah in Buchanan's *Researches*—too romantic for belief.—Yet B. has been ill-treated. In 1813, his works were pronounced in the House of Commons, "to be an imposition on the Country, and a libel on India." The Syrian Christians, and their good Bishop were said to have no existence but in Buchanan's imagination!!!

Of his religious sincerity, I cannot but express a doubt. His violation of truth is palpable in his misquotation of Paley about the new birth. This wilful misrepresentation ("rather disingenuous"—said one of his friends) will remain a stigma on his character—never to be erased.

quence of a victory of Prince Abbas over the Russians. The sentiment was—"Prince Abbas had killed so many Christians, that Christ from the fourth Heaven took hold of Mahomet's skirt, intreating him to desist!"—"I was cut to the soul; and told Mirza, thus to hear Jesus dishonoured, was Hell to me!"

On the 24th of May, one year after entering Persia, Mr. M. turned his back upon Schiraz and all its infidel inhabitants, shaking off the dust from his feet. His Persian route was most disastrous—from one town or village to another, shivering with ague, consumed by fever, whirled into frenzy:—till, at Tocat, on the 16th of October, 1812, continuing his journal so long as his trembling hand could hold the pen—"in yonder Heaven"—he incoherently wrote—"that wickedness hath made man worse than the beasts!"—And scarcely had he traced the last words, when he expired. He had not completed his 32d year.\*

\* The Life of Henry Martyn, has been translated into French at Geneva. The author, we understand, is in low circumstances, and the sale of his works has been chiefly promoted by the kindness of a member of the Continental Society. A few verbal retrenchments have been made, while the volume is improved by biographical accounts of Vanderkemp, Abdool Messeë, Carey, Brainard, Schwartz, &c. and some subsidiary extracts and notes. I quote the translation of a little Persian Ode, which Martyn versified in English on the plain of Bushire:

"Think not that e'er my heart could dwell,  
Contented far from thee:  
How can the fresh-caught nightingale  
Enjoy tranquillity?  
O then forsake thy friend for nought  
That slanderous tongues can say;  
The heart that fixeth where it ought,  
No power can rend away."

"Où, loin de toi, mon âme entière,  
Gémit en proie à la douleur,  
Pour la colombe prisonnière  
Il n'est, hélas, plus de bonheur.  
Si des méchans la voix cruelle  
Près de toi cherche à m'accuser,  
Repousse-les; un cœur fidèle  
Peut mourir, mais non pas changer."



Among those who are sanguine in applauding the travels and traving of Martyn, Drew may be quoted by his injudicious friends. But we find Mr. Drew's zeal almost on every occasion tempered by discretion. Of this singular character I am now to speak. In all his writings Mr. D. displays the Metaphysician. His "Remarks on Paine's Age of Reason," shew the native vigour of his mind: But, I think, the "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul," is a still more extraordinary production.\* The writing is forcible, accu-

\* The first edition, published in 1802, was thus noticed in the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, for February, 1803. "This essay is introduced to the world, under the auspices of the Rev. John Whitaker, the great and good rector of Ruan-Lanyhorne; to whom it is dedicated in a very handsome manner. The address, indeed, is well conceived, and well expressed. The preface is elegant and appropriate.

We cannot pretend to decide, absolutely, on the degree of merit which it possesses; or the rank which it will hereafter hold in the metaphysical world. We have discovered, we think, a few errors in the reasoning; but we have found much to applaud, much to admire. Of his subject, in general, the author is a master. Whilst we are struck with a chain of argumentation, strong and beautiful, we are assured that this is the production of no common writer. And in thus connecting the author with his work, we cannot but recollect, with wonder, that he is the untutored child of nature; deriving no advantage from education; indebted only and immediately to heaven for a reach of thought *astonishingly great!*—for a *mind* to which all the matter of the universe seems but an atom; and in himself exhibiting a splendid proof, that the soul of man is *immortal!*"

The difference in the theological opinions of Mr. Drew and me, had been sufficiently manifested to the world, in the course of the controversy with Dr. Hawker. Mr. Drew, therefore, hearing that the critique (from which the above extract is taken) was written by myself, addressed to me the following ingenuous letter:

REV. SIR,

*St. Austle, February 26, 1803.*

If, in the purport of this letter, I have been misled, I hope that both the philanthropy of the minister, and the dignity of the gentleman, will conspire to apologize for this intrusion. I have lately seen the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, in which my late publication is so honourably mentioned, and so warmly recommended to public notice: And it has been hinted, that I am indebted to Mr. Polwhele for the flattering animadversion which it has undergone. To pass by any mark of attention from a superior without an acknowledgement of the

rate and acute ; and the author proves himself not only acquainted with Mr. Locke and other modern writers on Metaphysics, but (what is more wonderful) with Aristotle and Plato, among the ancients. The work, however, seems to contain nothing new, except, perhaps, a longer uninterrupted chain of sophisms than is easily to be found in any other. His most triumphant argument, proving that the soul cannot pass from entity into annihilation, equally demonstrates the contrary ; and, therefore, cannot be conclusive, without admitting an eternal pre-existence. *Mutatis mutandis*, it is, also, no more than the well-known fallacy, adduced to shew the impossibility of motion. The deception lies in considering time as a discreet quantity, instead of continuous.†

obligation, is always more troublesome to me than an expression of gratitude. Be pleased, therefore, Rev. Sir, to accept my warm and grateful acknowledgement of the favour you have conferred on me.

To surmount those prejudices which local differences might have occasioned, is certainly a distinguishing feature of an exalted mind. It is not in my power to make a suitable requital of the service you have done me ; but, it is the want of opportunity which can alone prevent you from knowing, that generous actions are not exclusively confined to exalted stations. Certain as I am, I can only acknowledge my sensibility of your favours, I beg your acceptance of that acknowledgement from one who has nothing but gratitude to bestow.

Should the present letter be misapplied, I flatter myself, you will impute it to no improper motive, and in the confidence of that persuasion, I subscribe myself, with gratitude, your much obliged and humble servant, SAMUEL DREW.

† *Drew* is, in metaphysics, what *Opie* was in painting. In both, nature seems to have done wonders.

In *Drew's* "Remarks on Paine," we see the Divine more satisfactorily exhibited. We here behold a shoemaker of St. Austell encountering a staymaker of Deal, with the same weapons of unlettered reason, tempered, indeed, from the armory of God, yet deriving their principal power from the native vigour of the arm that wields them. Samuel Drew, however, is greatly superior to Thomas Paine in the justness of his remarks, in the forcibleness of his arguments, and in the pointedness of his refutations.

The following account of himself was written at my request:—

*St. Austell, May 7, 1803.*

"To my surprise you have requested me to draw up a memoir of myself ; but for any man to write a narrative of

Of Mr. Drew's subsequent life I am glad to declare, that it is perfectly consistent with his former years. After

himself, is perhaps, a task of no common difficulty. To avoid the imputation of partiality and affectation; to be minute without being tedious, and particular without being dull, requires a pen which has been refined by education, and accustomed to those walks where common footsteps but rarely tread. To be sparing in incident, creates an appetite which the narrative does not gratify, and to descend to trifles rather cloy than satisfies. You have, therefore, imposed a task upon me, which I feel difficult to accomplish, and my mind hangs suspended between the vanity of compliance and the ingratitude of a refusal; I beg, therefore, that you will permit this little apology to operate in my behalf, while I attempt to comply with the request of Mr. Polwhele. My life affords but little variety, and, therefore, can excite but little interest; and such must always be 'the short and simple annals of the poor.'

"I was born on the 3d of March, 1765, in an obscure cottage in the parish of St. Austell, about a mile and an half distant from the town. My father was a common labourer, and had, through mere dint of manual labour, to provide for himself, a wife, and four children, of whom I was the second. One child died in its infancy, and, at the age of five years, I had the misfortune to lose my mother. Surrounded by poverty, and familiar with distress, it was not in my father's power to give me any education, though neither himself nor my mother, when living, were insensible of its value. At an early age I was put to a little reading school, at one penny per week, where I soon learnt my letters, and but little more; this was all the education which I ever received. At the age of about six I was taken off from school and put to work, where, I well remember, I earned two pence per day, in which sphere I continued about three years, when my father, removing to another parish, found it necessary to put me an apprentice. My employment, previous to this, was at the mills, at which the tanners refine their tin.

"My father, being exceedingly poor, felt much embarrassment in finding a premium to give my master, with whom, at the age of ten years and an half, I was bound an apprentice for nine years, which length of time, together with four pounds four shillings, was considered by my master as a suitable bargain. It was at this tender age that I bid adieu to my father's habitation, and, as a place of residence, have never entered it since. The little knowledge of writing, which I had acquired from my father, was almost entirely lost during my apprenticeship; I had, however, an opportunity, at intervals, of perusing Goadby's Weekly Entertainer, and used to puzzle my little head about riddles and enigmas, and felt much pleasure in perusing the anecdotes which were occasionally interspersed through the pages. In this state of affairs things went indifferently on until I left my mas-

having published a History of Cornwall, which he undertook in conjunction with the late Mr. Hitchins, of St. Ives,

ter; and, being now discharged from servitude, I had to grapple with the tide on my own account, and found my freedom far less welcome than my chains. For the space of about four or five years I travelled through different parts of Cornwall, working wherever I could obtain employment; and, during this period, waded through scenes of domestic distress, which can be interesting only to myself. I was now arrived at the age of twenty-four, or twenty-five, scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. *Literature* was a term to which I could annex no idea. *Grammar* I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense. An opportunity, however, now offering me an advance of wages in St. Austell, I embraced it, and came hither to work with rather an eccentric character. My master was by trade a saddler, had acquired some knowledge of bookbinding, and hired me to carry on the shoemaking for him. My master was one of those men who will live anywhere, but get rich nowhere. His shop was frequented by persons of a more respectable class than those with whom I had previously associated; and various topics became alternately the subjects of conversation; I listened with all that attention which my labour and good manners would permit me, and obtained among them some little knowledge. About this time disputes ran high in St. Austell between the Calvinists and Arminians, and our shop afforded a considerable scene of action. My master was *Hudibras* and I was *Ralph*. In cases of uncertain issue, I was sometimes appealed to to decide upon a doubtful point. This, perhaps, flattering my vanity, became a new stimulus to action. I listened with attention, examined dictionaries, picked up many words, and, from an attachment which I felt to books that were occasionally brought to his shop to bind, I began to have some view of the various theories with which they abounded. The more, however, I read, the more I felt of my own ignorance; and the more I felt of my own ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it; and every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other. Having, however, to support myself by manual labour, my time for reading was but small, and to overcome this disadvantage, my usual method was to take a book before me while at meat, and at every repast I read five or six pages; and, although the Providence of God has raised me above this dint of application to manual labour, where I could 'barely earn enough to make life struggle,' yet it is become so habitual, that the custom has not forsaken me to the present moment.

"After having worked with this master about three years, I well recollect, a neighbouring gentleman brought

§ This History is chiefly Drew's. Hitchins was too indolent for so laborious a work.

he went, if I am rightly informed, to Liverpool, where he edited a periodical work ; which certainly did not detract

‘ Locke’s *Essays on the Human Understanding*’ to be bound. I had never seen or heard of these books before. I took an occasion to look into them, when I thought his mode of reasoning very pretty, and his arguments exceedingly strong. I watched all opportunities of reading for myself, and would willingly have laboured a fortnight to have had the books ; I had no conception that they could then be obtained for money. The books, however, were soon carried away, and with them all my future improvement by their means. The close and decisive manner of Mr. Locke’s reasoning made on my mind an impression too deep to be easily effaced ; and though I never saw his *Essay* again for many years, yet the early impression was not forgotten, and it is from this accidental circumstance that I received my first bias for abstract subjects.

“ My master growing inattentive to his shoemaking trade, many of my friends advised me to commence business for myself, and offered me money for that purpose. I accepted the offer, started accordingly, and, by mere dint of application, in about one year, discharged my debts, and stood alone. My leisure hours I now employed in reading, or scribbling any thing which happened to pass my mind. My first attempt at writing was a ‘ Morning excursion,’ in prose ; my second, was ‘ Reflections on St. Austell Church-yard,’ in verse. Neither of these was ever published, nor designed for it, nor is either worthy. In this state, things went on until 1798, when I laid the foundation of my present *Essay*. I had long before this imagined, that the ‘ Immortality of the Soul’ admitted of more rational proof than any I had ever seen ; I therefore perused books such as I could obtain ; but disappointment was the recompence of my exertions : I therefore made notes on such thoughts as occurred, merely for my own satisfaction, without any design whatever of publishing them to the world.

“ While my *Essay* was in this infant state, a young gentleman put into my hands the first part of ‘ Paine’s *Age of Reason*,’ thinking his arguments unanswerable, and designing by that book, as he has since informed me, to bring me over to the principles of infidelity. I had, however, obtained a sufficiency of knowledge of men and things to detect the fallacy of his arguments, and committing my sentiments to writing, I afterwards ventured to publish them to the world. This was in 1799, and was the first thing I ever presumed to publish. This pamphlet was favourably received, and through this pamphlet I obtained an acquaintance with the Rev. John Whitaker. After this I published some occasional pieces, which were received in a very flattering manner.

“ The present ‘ *Essay*,’ which I observed was begun in 1798, went on but slowly indeed. Sometimes I should not touch it for three months together, and entirely abandoned the design of ever completing it ; and at other times should

from his literary reputation. If I live to see him once more, I shall rejoice. We had been antagonists in the field of religious controversy. But Drew made every al-

add a thought or two on any vagrant piece of paper which was at hand.

"One day being in company with Mr. Whitaker, I asked him whether he had any book written avowedly on that subject? And, after answering in the negative, enquired my reason for asking him the question. I told him. And, after having enquired my manner, the outlines of my design, the nature of my argument, &c. &c. he advised me to proceed, promising me (at my request) to examine the manuscripts, when completed, and to give me his impartial opinion on my sheets. Stimulated with this encouragement, I returned home, and began to prosecute my work with unremitting diligence. I revised my old papers, and committed many of them to the flames, and laid the plan of my work as it has since appeared. After having completed it, I presented it to Mr. Whitaker, who strongly recommended it to the world. It was accordingly published in November, 1802; it has met with a very favourable reception in a local sphere; but its fate with the world at large remains yet to be decided.

"During these literary pursuits I regularly and constantly attended on my business, and do not recollect that ever one customer has been disappointed by me through these means. My mode of writing and study may have in them, perhaps, something peculiar. Immersed in the common concerns of life, I endeavour to lift my thoughts to objects more sublime than those with which I am surrounded; and while attending to my trade, I sometimes catch the fibres of an argument which I endeavour to note the prominent features of, and keep a pen and ink by me for that purpose. In this state, what I can collect through the day remains on any paper which I have at hand, till the business of the day is dispatched, and my shop shut up, when, in the midst of my family, I endeavour to analyze, in the evening, such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day.

"I have no study—I have no retirement—I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children—and frequently, when I review what I had previously written, endeavour to cultivate the 'art to blot.' Such are the methods which I have pursued, and such the disadvantages under which I write. The public, however, have overlooked that diversity of style and manner which are inseparable from this motley cast of composition. I have been treated with more respect than my works deserve by the enlightened inhabitants of Cornwall, who have given me credit for abilities which I am not conscious of possessing, and the claims which such favours have upon my gratitude, I hope will never be forgotten by

"SAML. DREW."

lowance, I suppose, for my prejudices ; and we cordially shook hands when first we met, after a contest not invidious though severe. Perhaps my obstinacy in still thinking and writing disrespectfully of the Methodists, may have degraded me too much in his opinion to admit of any future intercourse. Still, I trust, he has discernment enough to perceive, that it is the *madness* of Methodism which I have ventured to expose. Drew has been called “ a philosopher among Methodists, and a Methodist among philosophers.” The former part of this character is indisputably just. We cannot but look down with pity on the frantic revivalist.\*

Yet of a different temperament was the late WILLIAM GREGOR, rector of Creed, celebrated as a chemist throughout Europe, but in his own country, and especially in his own neighbourhood, highly honoured as a Divine.—I may well say “ his own neighbourhood :” He was no itinerant. In him we have lost the faithful parish-priest,†

\* In the “ Traditions,” &c. &c. at p. 599, I have brought into one view a number of eminent persons who had been *shoemakers*. To this list I may add “ GEORGE FOX,” a journeyman shoemaker, and one of the great apostles of the Quakers ; who began to distinguish himself by his enthusiasm, about the year 1650. See *Leslie’s* “ Snake in the Grass,” edit. 1698, p. 331. See also *Fox’s Journal*.

† He published a Sermon preached at Truro, at the Archdeacon of Cornwall’s Visitation, 14th of May, 1798 ;—a Sermon preached at Truro, at Bishop Fisher’s Visitation in 1803, and a Sermon preached at Truro, at Bishop Pelham’s Visitation, in 1809. And “ a letter addressed to a Member of the House of Commons on the Stat. 21. Henry VIII. C. 13. and on the Grievances to which the Clergy are exposed in consequence of it ; with Hints and Observations respecting a new Bill,” from the pen of the same ingenious, elegant, and amiable writer, was printed at Truro, by J. Tregoning, at the Cornish Press, in 1802. I have seen, in manuscript, an excellent letter on the same subject, by the Rev. Jer. Trist, Mr. Gregor’s neighbour and friend. I was particularly pleased with the Sermon of 1798, though it had defects from which the others are free. “ If a Christian minister *forgets* (forget) the dignity of his profession, and the high claim which it has upon him, and *plunges* (plunge) into the follies and vices of the age, he is barely tolerated, even by those, who are the companions of his licentiousness.”—“ If we may judge from the signs of the times, we ought to be on our guard. Modern philosophy has long

the enlightened magistrate, the hospitable country gentleman, the lively companion, the cordial friend. †

been at work ; its illuminated adepts are spread abroad, far and wide. For example ; suppose that we should fall in company with some of the self-named philosophers of the age ; who, from what they may have picked up upon the continent from the conversation of designing and profligate men, or from the superficial gleanings of superficial writers, take it for granted, that Christianity is a mere popular prejudice, and with sneering self-sufficiency assume unto themselves the right of looking down upon Christians as fanatics, and the ministers of the gospel, as interested supporters of an imposture—suppose that these importers of foreign illumination should throw out hints disrespectful of our holy religion, or bring forward any of the common-place objections against the sacred writings—how is a Christian minister to conduct himself upon such an occasion ? Surely, it is his duty to be able, and, if thus called upon, to be willing “ to give a reason of the hope that is in him.”

Mr. Gregor concludes his discourse in the following impressive manner.

“ The seeds of infidelity are spread far and wide. We are apprized of it. The time of indolent security is gone by. The storm lours over our heads ; and we must wrap ourselves up in the truth and dignity of our religion. We know the causes of many of the present calamities ; and by that knowledge are led to the means of their diminution or removal. In the present danger, we, the ministers of Christ, have not a post of indifference assigned to us. Much depends upon our earnestness and zeal. Woe unto us, if we do not preach the gospel of Christ, as faithful servants. Woe unto us, if by any means we *become* necessary to those evils which may yet be *coming* upon the earth ! God grant, that we may take unto ourselves, the whole armour of God, that we may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.”

This Sermon is written with facility ; but, in a few passages, I think it approaches too near to the familiarity of the conversation-style. Voltaire's abuse of the Twelve Apostles (whom he calls twelve scoundrels) is too shocking to be repeated from the pulpit. The anecdote of Diderot ought not to have been inserted in the text ; it might have found a place among the notes. And the bare names of Voltaire, Diderot, Paley, Locke, Wilberforce, &c. &c. are, in our apprehension, inconsistent with the dignity of a Sermon.

‡ Almost the last time I had the pleasure of dining with him, his literary cordiality (if I may so express myself) affected me most sensibly. I have found among my *friends*—as they are stiled—(the common complaint of authors) a promptness in communicating only unpleasant or disheartening intelligence. “ Have you seen the last Quarterly Review ” was eagerly asked me at the Cornwall Library, by one of my old schoolfellows—I guessed at what was to follow.—



In administering comfort to \*Gregor during the progress of the consumption which had reduced him to a

But, asked WILLIAM GREGOR : "Have you seen the A. Jacobin for March 1815?"—I had not seen it. Soon after Gifford's death I had discontinued it. With a flush of satisfaction, he read to me the following passage : "Whether *Butcher's* "Plain Discourses" were to class with the Calvinistic trash which has so often appeared under a similar and equally delusive title ; or whether they were to occupy in the Clergyman's study, the same shelf with a WILSON, a Polwhele, or a GILPIN, was, we confess, with us the subject of momentary doubt."—p. 210.

\* Abstract from Dr. Paris's beautiful Memoir of the Life and Scientific labours of William Gregor ; read before the Geological Society, &c. &c. in 1817.

"Gentlemen, I address you for the last time in my life : there is something singularly congenial to my feelings in the solemn subject which I have thus selected for the occasion. We are told that our greatest painter died happy when he remembered that the name of the master whom he most admired, was the last word which he uttered from the chair of the Academy. Shall I, who have had so much at heart the scientific history, and economical importance of this interesting county, not feel to my latest moments, a satisfaction in remembering that I terminated my humble labours in Cornwall, with an "ELOGE" upon a philosopher, who has so successfully laboured in the same field, and for the same harvest ?

"WILLIAM GREGOR was the younger of two sons, of Francis and Mary Gregor, of Trewarthenick. These brothers were kindred spirits—need I recall to your recollection the splendid talents—the moral worth—the manly independence of the elder brother ? These are traits which most live in the grateful remembrance of every patriotic and virtuous Cornishman ; whose county he represented in Parliament for more than seventeen years, with an ability and integrity, to which even his political adversaries have ever felt satisfaction in bearing testimony.

"It is often essential and always interesting, to become acquainted with the characters and habits of the parents of an eminent man : and upon this occasion, I feel that I should fail in my duty to this Society, and in respect to the family of GREGOR, were I to withhold the friendly tribute\* so justly due to the memory of the father of these brothers. "His countenance was handsome, manly, and expressive ; and from the suavity of his manners, and the dignity of his demeanour, it was difficult to say whether he most engaged confidence, or commanded respect. As a scholar, he was well read in all the

\* Sir Christopher Hawkins has kindly furnished me with the above sketch, which I have extracted from a letter, in which he adds, I was intimately acquainted with this excellent man. "I knew him well, HORATIO," and I feel it impossible to do justice to his great merits.

skeleton, and finally in watching over his dying moments, Mr. TAIST was most assiduous. "Pray for me!" said

classical authors connected with history and polite literature; he was also an able mathematician, and an excellent draughtsman. With an accurate judgment, and great powers of memory, he profited by the observation of others; and by mixing much with the world, he shewed, without any abandonment of his own principles, a due deference to the opinion of others." He received his education at the University of Oxford, and afterwards married the sister of Sir Joseph Copley, of Bake, in Devonshire; this lady died in early life, leaving only two sons, Francis and William. Mr. GREGOR held a Captain's commission in General Woolf's regiment, and served for many years on foreign stations, and in various expeditions, when he retired to his patrimonial estate, to enjoy, in the circle of friends and neighbours, a repose from the labours of a military life; and although in his latter days, gout and increasing infirmities disabled him for much active exercise, yet as a Magistrate, he presided over an extensive and populous district, and discharged its duties with ability and independence. In short the character of Mr. Gregor may be concentrated in a very few words;—he was, in the strict and best sense of the word—AN ENGLISH COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

"The family of Gregor may be traced in Cornwall as far back as Edward the Third, when they lived in Tregew in Feock; they afterwards settled at Truro; but it was not until the reign of Charles the Second, that they resided at Trewarthenick, their present seat.

"WILLIAM GREGOR was born at Trewarthenick on the 25th of December 1761: he was sent at an early age to the Grammar School at Bristol. In the year 1780, he was admitted at St. John's College Cambridge. On taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1783, he realised the expectations which had been formed of his talents, and his name was classed high in the list of academical honours. In 1790, he married Charlotte Anne, only daughter of Edward Gwatkin, Esq. a merchant of the city of Bristol, by whom he left issue, one daughter, the heiress and sole representative of the Gregor family.† Through the interest of his wife, Bishop Ross, to whom she was related, presented him in the year 1793, to the Rectory of Bratton Clovelly, near Ockhamton, in the county of Devon: this was a subject of very considerable satisfaction, not from the revenue which it promised, but as enabling him to obtain, by exchange, the Rectory of Creed near Trewarthenick, the seat of his ancestors, and the residence of a brother, to whom he was most affectionately attached.

"The more refined accomplishments of his mind, were of the highest order. As a painter, he was a master. The beautiful productions of his pencil, which are chiefly landscapes,

† Mrs. (William) Gregor and her daughter ("the heiress") are both dead.

Gregor—his last words on the pillow of death. In losing also, Mr. Trist, I am again left to lament the decease of a dear and valued friend—the friend of my youth, whom I consulted on many a literary—many a religious subject, and from whose delightful conversation I always felt that I was growing wiser and better. But he is departed to that place which, in searching the Scriptures with me, he had instructed me to describe, and where a more immediate sense of the Divine Presence enables him, I trust,

are distinguished by the judicious distribution of light and shade, and the magic of their colouring. He also etched with considerable freedom. In the science of music, he was equally an adept, and performed with taste and feeling the manly compositions of Handel and Corelli.

“The knowledge of these accomplishments, however, and the advantages which attended them, were confined to the circle of his friends and acquaintance. It is of those higher energies I would speak, that have extended the boundaries of mineralogy, discovered new treasures in our county, and assigned to the name of GREGOR an honourable distinction in the history of science.

“His various contributions to analytical Mineralogy, are sufficient to entitle him to a place in the very first class of analysts; indeed it must be acknowledged, that for scrupulous accuracy, and elegant simplicity in his operations, he scarcely had an equal: a talent which rendered him eminently successful in correcting the errors, or supplying the defects of other chemists.

“It was the acute feelings consequent upon the death of his brother, that first undermined his constitution, and sowed the seeds of a fatal disorder. He had naturally a delicate constitution; and a life of intellectual labour was but ill adapted to give elasticity to the frame, or vigour to its functions. It was not long after the death of Mr. Francis Gregor, that the symptoms of a pulmonary disease first appeared; and its ravages soon became so determinate, that every exertion of medical skill was ineffectual in opposing the disorder. In the more advanced stage of the complaint, he visited Penzance, in the hope of obtaining from its mild and genial breezes a pause, at least, from the rapidity of its deadly march. But, alas! how vain the hope! no power could quench

“that fever at the core,

“Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.”

“The day of his life was now drawing to its end; and, as it had been distinguished by unclouded sunshine, so did its evening close with the sweetest serenity. On June 11, at his house at Creed, without a struggle, the Spirit of this good and great man departed.”

to anticipate the glories which shall be revealed to him on that day, when we shall all be rewarded according to our deeds.\*

His Vicarage of Veryan, his family mansion-house at Behan Park contiguous to the Vicarage-house, and the Church and the village, are universally admired as a scene of rural quiet, beautifully picturesque from nature and from art. The irregular disposition of the grounds, the wood and the water, were such as to court the cultivation of the designer. Mr. Trist had too much taste to neglect the invitation. But he required no foreign aid. The most striking features of the scene, are the school-room and cottages in the Gothic stile.

But Mr. Trist must be viewed as looking to higher objects. His Gothic school, whilst it pleased the eye, presented a more agreeable prospect to those who loved to see little children brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

And his watchfulness over his whole flock—the old as well as the young—was that of the "good shepherd who would almost have laid down his life for his sheep."

In the recesses of his family, it were equally gratifying, to contemplate the husband, the father, and the master. After his early ride over his farm, the kind morning greetings as he appeared at the breakfast-table—the prayer offered up in all the spirit of devotion—and the Psalms and Lessons for the day read during breakfast, with comments of his own and observations by his children intelligent and prompt to speak with simplicity and diffidence—and the family dispersing to their different occupations or amusements—all worthily and beneficially employed—form a picture scarcely to be paralleled by the Stanleys of Hannah More. The Stanleys, we should almost think, had their prototypes at Behan Park. To poor Maria, "now in earth so cold," some little tribute is due—"many a tender tear;"

\* See Essay on the State of the Soul between Death and the Resurrection.

such as the Muse, indeed, hath already shed over her grave.\*

As resembling her eldest sister Charlotte in all that could attract or please, conciliate or endear, she was truly the darling of her parents after Charlotte's departure to India.

The spirit of Poetry (if I ever in any degree possessed it) may well be supposed to languish amidst the infirmities of age, and domestic anxieties and sorrows, and the loss of old contemporary friends!—But bailing Charlotte returned, and her husband returning to their native shores (however feeble that "spirit of poetry") my strain of gratulation would have the credit of sincerity.

Of my friend's literature a Sermon preached at Truro at the Bishop's Visitation in 1812, and "A Necessary Doctrine," &c. in four little volumes, are noble specimens. The public have neglected these volumes: But to read them, must be to applaud.†

\* See Recollections, Vol. II. p. 695.

† In his strictures on Lawrence and Morgan there is sound argument enlivened by a vein of humour.

"A word or two (said he) at parting with these profound Materialists:—For a length of time it has been the study of the French Physiologists, to involve the body and soul, the *material* and the *thinking* principle in one common destruction, to annihilate, in fact, the noblest gift of God, the immortal soul of man. These unworthy efforts are the more to be lamented, when they proceed from men of high professional eminence, whose fallacies are not easily discovered by young men of neglected education, nor by older practitioners whose understandings are too weak to investigate the sophistry, and detect the absurdities of their teachers. Sir T. C. Morgan, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, is an humble disciple of this school, as appears from his "Sketches of the Philosophy of Life." On this subject, the grand tenet of his continental preceptors is, "that life is nothing more than an assemblage of functions which resist death." "*La vie est l'ensemble des fonctions qui résistent à la mort.* This material dogma, their obsequious pupil, under some qualification reiterates. "*The sum total of functions, which any individual can perform constitute life,*" says Sir T. C. Morgan. Thence he deduces, that "*good and evil are principles intelligible only as they relate to the laws of organic existence.*" And naturally enough comes to the conclusion, that all our "*ideas must be regarded as changes im-*

In my correspondence with Trist, this is an extract from his last letter.\*

*pressed upon the substance of the brain, by the impact of bodies that are external to its tissue.*†

“As far as we can understand the luminous commentary of Sir T. C. Morgan, our good and evil passions are regulated, not by any mental apprehension, or reflection, our ideas are educated not by any intellectual conception, but by some *argumentum baculinum*, some “material impact,” or blow upon the skull. The great Busby†, an immaterialist, went a very different way to work: he contrived to impress ideas “on the tissue of his pupils’ brains,” by an external impact on their nether-ends. Doctors differ.

“Not but that other great men have thought of brightening their intellects, and of quickening their ideas, by organic action. Pliny tells us of a philosopher, who, upon Dr. Morgan’s principle, that “a violent sensible impression is much more influential; that a blow inflicted during a paroxysm of rage is more likely to subdue a passion, than the best arguments which reason can suggest,” resorted to the organic remedy, “*Adverso parieti Caput ingenti impetu impigit.*”—What was the result does not appear; the “blow either subdued a passion; or “it composed all the feelings in numbness and confusion, fitting the mind no less than the body for the impending process,” scil. death. In either case the “impact” was precisely on the physiological principle of Sir T. C. Morgan. Death, and the terrors of death, are softened down, and represented by sceptical writers as nothing more than a common debt we owe to nature for our past enjoyment of life, which wraps us up in eternal sleep. There are, indeed, a set of religionists who tell us, that vicious writers continue in purgatory so long as the influence of their writings continues upon posterity. For purgatory, they say, is nothing else but a cleansing us of our sins, which cannot be said to be done away, so long as they continue to operate and corrupt mankind. And as the vicious author sins after death, so long as he continues to sin, so long must he expect to be punished. But Dr. Morgan has no great cause for apprehension; the immaterial portion of this Medical Knight will, it is hoped, have nothing to answer for on the score of philosophical speculation in a future state of retribution.”

\* “MY DEAR SIR,

VERYAN, APRIL 18, 1829.

“Take up the present popular subject, as minatory of the hail storm and tempest which you, and all other considerate men, foresee. And take it up as a just visitation on the most Socinian if not Atheistical age that England has seen as a

† Sketches of the History of Life, p. 280.

‡ “As we stood before Busby’s tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, ‘Dr. Busby, a great man! He whipp’d my grandfather: a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead. A very great man.’”—Spect. 280.

Mr. Trist died September 23, 1829, at the age of 75. He had been Vicar of Veryan 50 years.\*

In the same year and month, (September 14th, 1829) died another friend; with whom from his boyhood at Truro, to the end of his days, I had the pleasure of maintaining an uninterrupted correspondence....the Rev. JOHN PENROSE, Rector of Fledborough, and Vicar of Thorney, in Nottinghamshire. He had attained the age of 76.—To his father, the Vicar of St. Gluvias, I was introduced about the time when I began “to lisp in numbers.” But for the notices of the old Gentleman and his children and grandchildren, I send those who may be interested in the subject to “the Traditions and Recollections.”

Christian land. Look at our present Parliament: I dare affirm that by far the majority, (with their wives and children) are Deists at the best. Even the excellent Lord Eldon refers not once to the *Will of God* upon this important subject. But it is well: The brimstone and fire which you predict, will purge us; though I doubt not our city will be preserved for the fifty righteous that are therein; for it cannot be denied that, after all, there is more genuine Christianity in England now than at any former period.

“I seem to foresee also in this scheme of Providence the utter overthrow of Popery, which will swell itself to intolerance, and will I hereby trust to its own destruction, after the storm has brought us to our senses. However you and I may *foresee* such events we shall not *see* their accomplishment. But your prophetic spirit may tend to promote them and finally to warrant your conclusions. Taking it in these points of view, we may even glory in the storm, as *the Will of God*, for perfecting our beloved and highly favoured country.—As it now is, there seems no reference at all in our politics or in our history, to a Divine Providence either in esse, in posse, or in futuro. We are the very harvest field of Socinus.

“I have another scheme for your leisure. I have been again reading over that literary curiosity, Sir Thos. Browne’s “*Religio Medici*,” a most interesting work, as you know. Now, why wont you, on his plan, try your hand at a “*Religio Clerici*?”

• Full half an age, with every good man’s praise,  
Among his flock the shepherd pass’d his days :  
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor ;  
Want never knock’d unheeded at his door :  
Oft when his duty call’d, disease and pain  
Strove to confine him ; but they strove in vain.  
All mourn his death : his virtues long they tried ;  
Yet knew not how they lov’d him till he died.

Of his sons, *John* and *Charles*, the old Gentleman would often say (so often that at length he fancied he had a prophetic spirit,) "In *John* I see a Bishop—in *Charles*, an Admiral!" *Charles* was an Admiral: but *John* (the subject of my present memoir) lived and died undignified, except by his own intrinsic excellence.

*John Penrose* went from *Truro* to *Exeter-college*, superior in Greek to all whom *Conon* ever sent from his school; was admitted B. C. L. in 1778; and was presented to *Fledborough* in 1783, by the late *Earl Mansergh*, and to *Thorney* in 1803, by *George Neville, Esq.*

After having resided for some years at *Constantine*, in this county, *Penrose* bade adieu to *Cornwall*; judging that his flock at *Fledborough* required his personal attentions.†

† His last two letters furnish evidence of his simplicity and godly sincerity.

MY DEAR SIR,

RADCLIFFE, APRIL 29, 1829.

Before I received your letter, I had signified to my brother (*Admiral Sir Charles Penrose*) that as soon as I heard of your life of *Whitaker* being out, I should order it from the bookseller. I hardly need add that I heartily wish success to your undertaking. For those of your family whom we personally are acquainted with, we retain the sincerest regard; and it was not without the warmest interest that we read my brother's most favourable report of your two sons lately returned from *India*. I understand that you have removed your residence to *Polwhele*; a place that must be peculiarly interesting to you; and I never hear of *Polwhele* without renewed recollections of the great kindness and hospitality experienced there by me from your very respectable parents when I was a school-boy.....In addressing this to you through *Lord Falmouth*, I must add that the friends of our Church Establishment in this part of the country are not insensible of his Lordship's strenuous efforts in its behalf during the late important struggle.—With the best remembrances of us all to your good lady and every member of your family, I remain, dear *Polwhele*, your faithful and affectionate Friend,

J. PENROSE.

A very short time before his death, I received the following:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FLEDBOROUGH.

I am very sensible of the kind interest you take in my health. Through the blessing of God on the medical means that have been used, and the assiduous attentions of my good daughters, I have had no very serious return of the attack you

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Whilst Penrose was doing homage to his Alma-Mater on the banks of the Isis, I was still toiling under

heard of, and which created more sensation than it might otherwise be entitled to do, in consequence of its occurring at the time of my officiating in the Church. I am quite aware, however, as you hint, that a frail frame, as mine hath always seemed to be, though supported by the goodness of God to several years beyond the usual term assigned to human life, can at best be expected to be a patched concern. Whenever it shall please God to put an end to my state of trial, I trust I am prepared to submit with resignation, though conscious of such manifold unworthiness that I cannot boast of those cheering consolations that most of my friends give me credit for.

We should have all of us been glad if your letter had contained some particulars of your own health and Mrs. Polwhele's and that of your interesting family. I conceive that you must derive great satisfaction in returning to occupy the residence of your forefathers. I heartily wish you long enjoyment of it, and with the affectionate remembrances of all here to all yours—I remain, &c.

J. PENROSE.

His son, of the same name, was of C. C. C. Oxford, M. A. 1802, and Bampton Lecturer in 1808. He is now Vicar of Bracebridge and Langton in Lincolnshire—the latter by the presentation of his father's former patron, the late Earl Mansvers.

His "Bampton Lectures" and his "Enquiry into the Nature and Discipline of Human motives," place him high among literary characters of this country.—Whilst in the act of writing the very last paragraph, the sudden death of my friend's younger brother, Sir CHARLES VINICOMBE PENROSE, K. C. B., Vice-Admiral of the White, was announced to me. It was on the first day of this new year 1830, that he died at Ethy, aged 70. Educated for the Navy, he was patronised by the Athol family, and served in different ships both at home and abroad, during a number of years, under his friend and patron, Captain, afterwards Admiral Murray, brother to the Duke of Athol. He was made Lieutenant in 1779; Commander, in 1794; and in the same year, was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain, on board the *Cleopatra*. In Ralfe's Naval Biography, may be seen various instances of Sir C. Penrose's love for the service; of his ardent zeal in executing the duties belonging to it, and of his indefatigable exertions to promote the honour and interest of his country. They cannot be detailed here: but an act or two may be mentioned, for one of which he received the thanks of the Admiralty; for the other those of the Commanders of the Army. In the mutiny, which so greatly alarmed the Government, Capt. Penrose commanded the *Cleopatra* frigate at Spithead; and fearful that the spirit of disaffection had reached his ship's company, he called them together, and told them, that he was under sailing orders; but that he would

the influence of “\* the gold-headed cane and sneeze-provoking snuff-box; till on Conon’s retreat to Padstow, I was consigned over to Cardew.

not sail before the night’s tide, when he expected they would show their sense of the confidence he reposed in their good conduct, by weighing with the utmost silence and dispatch. They received his address with three cheers, implicitly obeyed his orders, and he sailed without impediment or difficulty. For this he had letters of approbation from the Admiralty; and a letter from the ship’s company, full of gratitude, “for having,” as they termed it, “steered them clear off the troubles, so many of their brethren had been involved in.” In December, 1813, Captain Penrose was made a Rear-Admiral, and in the following year was appointed to the command of a squadron to co-operate with the army under the Marquis of Wellington. The other act of his, well worthy of recording, is the important assistance he gave to the combined army at a critical juncture, in crossing the Adour. For this he received the following testimony from Sir John Hope, who commanded the troops at the mouth of the Adour. —“I have often seen how gallantly the navy will devote themselves, when serving with an army; but I never before witnessed so bold and hazardous a co-operation; and you have my most grateful thanks.” The Marquis of Wellington, also, acknowledged this service in a public letter, in these terms:—“I am infinitely indebted to Rear-Admiral Penrose, for the cordial assistance I received from him, in preparing for the plan, and for that which he gave to Lieut-General Sir John Hope, in carrying it into execution.” In the autumn of 1814, Admiral Penrose returned to England; but was soon after appointed to the chief command in the Mediterranean, and hoisted his flag on board the *Queen*. During this command, he gave essential aid to the King of the Two Sicilies, who embarked on board the *Queen*, was conveyed to Naples, and restored to the throne of his ancestors; for which his Majesty conferred upon him the grand cross of the Royal and Military Orders of Saint Ferdinand and of Merit. Before he quitted his station in the Mediterranean, his present Majesty, then Prince Regent, conferred on him the title of Knight Commander of the Bath. Thus ended his active and honourable naval career. From the Mediterranean, he returned to his residence at Ethy, and led the life of a country gentleman, respected and beloved. A remarkable feature in the character of Sir C. Penrose was, a placid, and conciliatory disposition, not superficial, but founded in the heart.—His Religion, indeed, truly that of the heart, was the source of perpetual cheerfulness. Living, he shewed, that “her ways are ways of pleasantness,” and dying, that “her paths are peace.”

\* On Conon’s departure to Padstow, the youth and complacency of the new master were contrasted with the age

CARDEW, (P. Pindar used often to tell me) was a man of talent and of taste:—a compliment not to be thought lightly of, as coming from a satirist who was in the habit of “running a muck at all he met.”

This gentleman was without dispute what Wolcot described him ; and as a master superior in my apprehension to every other who had undertaken the arduous task of education. As I have been thought to infringe upon delicacy or propriety in paying my respects to living merit, I shall here suppress my feelings ; stating merely that Cardew, a native of Liskeard, and there educated under Haydon, was matriculated at Oxford of Exeter College ; was a fellow-labourer with Marshall at Exeter-grammar school ; when just in Deacon’s orders succeeded Conon at Truro ; married a Miss Brutton of Exeter ; and a Priest, and Magistrate of the Corporate body at Truro, obtained the benefice of Ewney-Lelant—that losing his first wife, he married a Miss Warren ; that a D. D. he was presented by Wynne to the rectory of St. Erme—that though he had set out in life with but a pittance, he through sagacity and industry hath accumulated a considerable fortune, and that his children

and rigour of the old, in some verses of which I have an imperfect recollection.

.....

“ With what a sweet attraction shine  
 Fair youth and gentle discipline :  
 Whilst to hoar age we bid adieu ;  
 Nor longer its dark furrows rue,  
 Shuddering at old Conon’s frown,  
 Soon as his chequer’d morning-gown  
 In ruddy glimpses met our sight !  
 Then quick surprise and pale affright  
 From the back-handed blow recoil’d !  
 Then glitter’d the gold-headed cane  
 Glancing around portentous light,  
 Then blubbering urchins all in vain  
 To conn lugubrious lessons toil’d,  
 Envelop’d, as he cried : “ what stuff !”  
 In many a cloud of Nation-snuff !  
 Then, briskly-plied, the Busby birch  
 Made, to the bottom, smart research !”

.....

and grand-children have answered (I believe without a single exception) the warmest wishes of a parent.\*

\* Mr. Hogg, succeeding Dr. Cardew in the school at Truro, converted it into an academy. Mr. Ryall, the present master, is disposed to restore it to its classic purity. To strengthen Mr. R. in this resolution, Mr. P. was desired to preach a Sermon at St. Mary's, on Thursday, the 10th of September, 1829.

This was the old school-meeting day: and the following account of so delightful a revival appeared in several Provincial prints:—

“TRURO GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.—On Thursday, 10th of Sept. 1829, the Annual Recitations by the pupils of the Truro Grammar-school took place. Mr. Ryall, the master, with his pupils, attended divine service in St. Mary's church at the usual hour; when an appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. R. P. from Ecclesiastes, ch. 5, verse 11.

After the church service, the recitations commenced at the school-room: and they did credit to the candidates for the medals. The first medal, *dignissimo*, was adjudged to Master Edward Polwhele, the youngest son of the Rev. R. P.

The following beautiful lines were written for the School-anniversary (not by a Cornishman):—

“Tho' at our gates no lofty columns rise,  
No Phidian statues charm an artist's eyes,  
The time has been, alas! how quickly flown!  
When here Cornubia rear'd her Attic throne;  
When *hero, bard, philosopher, divine*,  
Here felt the beams of future glory shine.  
Illustrious DAVY! friend to human kind,  
Here genius dawn'd upon thy opening mind;  
And nations, kneeling to each rising ray,  
With more than Persian homage hail'd thy day!  
When *Science*, midst the din of arms aghast,  
Fell back and shudder'd at the trumpet's blast,  
'Twas thine to raise her with thy outstretch'd hand,  
And lead her fearless thro' a hostile land!  
'Twas here the stubborn *hero* of Algiers  
To Wisdom's precepts bent his tender years,  
The *Nymph's* great captain, *Cleopatra's* foe,  
Who struck the earliest as the deadliest blow.  
Here *Learning* first on pious MARTYN smil'd,  
And ardent claim'd him as her darling child. †

† In noticing poor MARTYN's account of his rapid expedition through Persia, where his life was probably shortened by the hurry of his progress, I thought of the Persian *Αγγαροι*—the King's messengers, who (in ancient as well as modern times uncommonly swift) are said to fly almost on the wings of the wind. The Persian post was called *Αγγαρητον*—(Herodotus VIII. 98.) According to Xenophon, these messengers performed their journey more expeditiously than cranes. (Cyp. VIII. 497.—Hutchinson's Edit.) The modern practice is the same. (See Chardin 1. 257. II. 242.

Dr. C. hath now passed his 80th year ; and fond of society, is still happy in contributing his share to convivial pleasure—enjoying “the feast of reason and the flow of soul.” His literary works are few ; but his readers must regret that they are not more.†

Announcing truths “the soul alive to save,”  
He found a foreign, but a glorious grave !

Polwhele, historian of his native shore,  
Here drank deep draughts of Greek and Roman lore ;  
Here felt the glow of sweet Promethean fire,  
And touch'd with trembling hand the tuneful lyre.

And thou, CARDEW ! dear venerable sage !  
O rich in virtue, as thou art in age ;  
Shall we forget from whom instruction came,  
Which pointed thus to fortune and to fame ?  
Ah no ! As long as Learning shall endure  
Amidst these walls still classically pure,  
So long her sons shall own thy dignity,  
Themselves still honouring, whilst they honour thee !”

If these lines are “beautiful,” there is an unfortunate couplet which greatly detracts from their beauty.—“The *Nymph's* great Captain,” &c. &c.—This reminds us of the “great god of war, Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar !”

† Three admirably well-written Sermons—“A Freemason Sermon, preached at Truro in 1779.”—“A Sermon preached at Penzance at the Visitation of the Bishop of Exeter, in 1782.”—“And a Sermon preached at the Bodmin Assizes in 1796.”—In the Assize Sermon, there are some passages truly sublime. The Judge at the Crown-bar spoke of it in terms, of the highest applause ; and referred to it several times I believe, in his charge and in his addresses to one or two of the felons, in pronouncing sentence of death.

and Hanaway's Travels, I. 262.)—I should almost fancy that *angor*, *anguis*, *anguish* were derived from the distressing word.

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E. Hcard, Printer, Truro.

Michaelmas-day. 1831.

I subjoin the following ; with which I am just furnished.

“ On Sunday Sep. 15th 1831, in the 84th year of his age, died at the house of his son-in-law the Rev. H. Nicholls, Barnstaple, the Reverend Dr. CARDEW, D. D. Rector of St. Erme and Vicar of Uny-Lelant in Cornwall. Surrounded by his affectionate children, and supported by the hopes and consolations of Religion, this accomplished scholar and venerable Divine closed a life of usefulness and piety without a struggle, and calmly resigned his soul into the hands of Him who gave it.”

Dr. Cardew was buried at St. Erme church, in the chancel, this day, [Sep. 29.]

*For the covering Stone.*

H. S. E.

Cornelius Cardew, S. T. P.

probâ et innocuâ  
quamvis humili stirpe editus  
benigno tamen numine  
ab anno MDCCCLXXXII

Ecclesiæ de *Ewny-Lalant* Vicarius.

Regiæ Celsitudini

Georgio Walliæ Principi a Sacris.

Per annos triginta quatuor

Scholæ Grammaticæ apud Truronenses

præsidebat Archididasculus.

Prætorio munere bis ibidem functus.

Ab anno MDCCCLXXI ad annum MDCCCIV

in hac ecclesia Sancto Ermeti dicatâ

Rectoris Luttrell Wynne, L. L. D.

vicem supplebat :

Deinceps

ejusdem, jam Patroni, munificentia

ipse Rector.

Uxorem duxit primo Elizabetham Brutton

Secundò Mariam Lukey Warren.

Quarum ex illâ quatuor, ex hac novem

Suscepit liberos.

Natus decimo tertio die Februarii, anno MDCCXLVIII

Obiit decimo octavo die mensis Septembris

• Anno Salutis MDCCCXXXI ætatis LXXXIV.

Qualis erat

Suprema indicabit dies ;

cui propitius sit Deus Opt : Max :

• (or) vixit annos LXXXII menses VIII dies XVIII.

Delenda, corrigenda, et addenda.

VOL. I.

- For "*pominent*"—read prominent, p. 10. note:  
 Dele "*that when a child*"—p. 13.  
 "*Reginald*"—pp. 80, 84.  
 For "*may be actuated*"—read, might have been actuated,  
 p. 87.  
 "*diminished*"—read disunited, p. 12. Appendix.

VOL. II.

- Dele "*hearty*"—p. 60.  
 For "*has*"—read hast, p. 70.  
 "*done*"—read due, p. 81.  
 "*an accurate*"—read the most accurate, p. 81.  
 "*where grandeur's awful forms, &c.*"—read, And  
 call'd up Druid shapes, or hail'd the black car-  
 ned &c. p. 85, note.  
 Dele "*oscillation or*" p. 115.  
 "*I remember a passage in which*" p. 135. note.  
 After "*repine* add—*if we consider simply their riches or  
 their greatness*, p. 145.  
 For "*a*"—read at, p. 1. Appendix.  
 "*93* read 98, p. 2. Appendix.  
 "*the*"—read the p. 3. Appendix.  
 "*staff*"—read stuff, p. 3. Appendix.  
 "*began*"—read begun, p. 8. Appendix:

VOL. III.

- For "*Lemon*"—read Lemman, p. 12. note.  
 "*asphodal*"—read asphodel, p. 53. note.  
 "*is*"—read was, p. 56. note.  
 Dele "*in short*"—p. 70.

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## APPENDIX.

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*So many of our distinguished characters were educated at Truro Grammar School, that the following Epitome of my School-meeting Sermon (which a great number of my Hearers wished to see in print,) may not be judged inapposite or inappropriate.*

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## APPENDIX.

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ECCLES. v. 7.

*In the multitude of dreams and many words, there are divers vanities: But fear thou God.*

SINCE I had the pleasure of addressing from this pulpit my school-companions and friends;—at an anniversary delightful to every ingenuous mind;—full forty years have passed away! \* \* \* \* \* Within a much less period, we have marked, with regret, innovations often threatening to subvert the whole fabric of civil society. And, among the numerous projects for the instruction of the rising generation, our understanding has been insulted by a “multitude of dreams” more attractive than truth, and by “many words” that are but lying “vanities.” “God made man upright: But he hath sought out many inventions.”

In the fondness for speculation, in the search after novelties, in the ardour of discovery, we cannot but perceive the strongest illustration of an apothegm more applicable to the present, perhaps, than to any former age. And when sound learning—when true religion and virtue are at stake, we look around us with no causeless alarm.

Of the various systems of education, which in numberless places have shaken and even effected the

dissolution of the old establishments, I shall specify two, the most prominent ( though opposite in their character, yet equally protentous ) I mean the seminaries of Fanatics, and the academies of Unitarians.

Of those Fanatics we have the exact prototypes, in the pretenders to inspiration against whom judgement was denounced by Jeremiah and Ezekiel, and even by Christ himself. " Woe unto the foolish prophets, who follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing!" " Woe unto you—Pharisees—hypocrites!"

In the schools of the Prophets, you are aware of the intrusion of false teachers;—self-sent—though they said—" the Lord had sent them!"—seducers of the people; who " saw visions of peace when there was no peace; who made the heart of the righteous sad, and strengthened the hands of the wicked." " Ye, who turn judgment into wormwood ( saith the Lord ) prophesy no more in *Bethel*: but seek ye me, and ye shall live: seek ye me, who created the Seven Stars and Orion—and who will light up the shadow of death into the morning! "

And have we not those amongst us, who seek *Bethel*;—where all is gloominess, like a cloud spread upon the mountain; to obscure the cheering radiance of the Gospel? Have we not those in almost every town and village, who affect to train up children in the way wherein they are to go, whilst they are leading them to the very borders of destruction? These then, are they who decry or deprecate all human learning as futile and even impious—who confidently boast of supernatural aid in the interpretation of the scriptures—who reprobate all amusements and recreations as national abominations—( whilst real abominations stalk abroad,—with " the Lord—the Lord " on the lips of the most depraved, )—and who have no hesitation in classing men of the strictest morality; ( not the hearers only, but doers of the word ) with felons, with traitors, with murderers!

In persons of this description, that principle is wanting, which can alone ensure consistency. In such, there can be no rational belief—no stability. To the fear of God as influencing the conduct, there can be no pretence: their “old men but dream dreams—and their young men but see visions.”

Whilst all that is taught by such enthusiasts, is thus flattering to the imagination and the passions; the doctrines of the other School to which I alluded as of an opposite character, are equally flattering to the reason, or rather to the pride of reason.

There is a Sect, characterized by an excellent Prelate, in his “first principles of christianity,” as a species of Deists calling themselves Unitarians. The exertions which they are making in the spread of their heretical opinions, are almost incredible. And some of their projects have succeeded, I believe, far beyond their expectations. Among these the most, perhaps, to be dreaded because the most plausible, is that of an education so contrived, as to include within its comprehensive grasp an innumerable congregation of young people and to adapt itself to every denomination of christians; since with a sdirit of accommodation worthy of the age in which we live, the projector has substracted from our Religion all those doctrines where opinions are at variance. Nothing, in short, can afford a specimen of more refined policy than this popular institution. Nothing can have a more specious aspect of candour in the projector, than (in excluding religious peculiarities) not even to except his own. But a little reflection will shew us, that for the attainment of his end, he must have stripped our Religion of its characteristic rites and its most essential doctrines. For, (as another Prelate remarked) “if our governors were inclined to frame a new liturgy and constitution, according to such a system, we should have a Religion without a Redeemer, without a Sanctifier and without grace; without a sacrifice, without a Priest, without an Intercessor.”

The sins and infirmities of man requiring a heavenly Mediator and Atoner, are discarded as chimeras: and rewards and punishments appealing to a sense of the dignity of human nature, are held out to the pupils—rewards and punishments, bounded by mere earthly views; since Heaven and an hereafter (such as Christianity promises to our obedience) are shut out from the prospect. In the school of Unitarianism, however, there are Professors who have proceeded one step further, in the exaltation of man and in their addresses to his reason as exclusive of his failings and follies and weaknesses. Of this school, the authors of Practical Education have in some fanciful productions attacked us with the weapons of ridicule, more powerful, perhaps, than most other instruments of warfare. In that large work, Religion is passed over, with indifference if not with contempt.

We have, here and there, indeed, passages that testify the belief in a Supreme Being. But even the moral admonitions are conveyed in a cold and heartless manner;—with nothing to animate us in our duties by reference to the will of God. All relates to Natural History and the Sciences, with an occasional application of the moral principle in a worldly sense or spirit. And the author has been publicly challenged to produce a single line from the beginning to the end of the volumes in the least degree relative to Christianity.

It may be thought, that of those Schools and Academies, the pupils are comparatively few.—and that the old system of education, of which revealed Religion makes a fundamental part, is maintained inviolate—equally unaffected by the tenets of Puritans or of Theophilanthropists. But this is not a fact. In many parts of the Island, the corruptions of which we complain, have spread through all ranks of the people: insomuch that parents have given a decided preference to those who instil into the minds of their children these pernicious doctrines. The chief rea-

son, however, which induced me to animadvert on the two extremes in which the abuses of Christianity are so glaring, was to shew you, as forcibly as possible, what solid instruction is, contrasted with the unsubstantial theories that are afloat around us!— I should add, that ( to complete all ) in the system of human follies, the metropolis hath a new Institution, of a liberality, to claim I suppose our admiration; yet a structure we cannot say, whose builder and maker is God—that flings open its magnificent portals to Calvinists or Deists, Saints or Infidels—to those whom we have seen grasping at the shadow of Religion; though *there* I believe they have not even the shadow to grasp at!!

From such fluctuations and changes—from cunningly devised fables, from philosophy after the rudiments of men, we turn, my friends and school companions! to scenes that must refresh our spirits, awaken our kindest feelings, enliven our taste, recruit our literature, animate our virtue, strengthen our religion. And we congratulate ourselves, in the full assurance that the old paths are not absolutely forsaken—still opening upon seats of Learning that are consecrated to the memory of the great and good!

I am not so blindly attached to the Institutions of our forefathers, as to contend that, models of perfection, they admit of no improvement.

But I am not ashamed to avow my belief that “ whatsoever things are true, or honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report”—we may hail the Seminary of which I would speak as the source of them all.

Amidst the elementary knowlege here inculcated, and all supervening acquirements, Religion is the primary object of regard—the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. In this light, the literæ humaniores have “ more than the sweet influence of the Pleiades”—and the  $\psi\upsilon\chi\eta\varsigma$   $\iota\alpha\tau\rho\epsilon\iota\omicron\nu$  is “ for the healing of the nations.”

As the crowning work of education, our Universities stand first in the whole civilized world; columns of strength and ornaments of glory! From these illustrious repositories of knowledge and of wisdom, we look to the accomplished Ancients, whence that knowledge and wisdom were derived; and mainly to their Athens, the fountain of Grecian and of Roman Literature. It was in this City of Cities appeared in assemblage the brightest characters that ever adorned humanity.

It was there, warriors undazzled by the fame of military achievements, devoted their tranquil hours to the charms of philosophy. There, nobles and statesmen attended the lectures of a Socrates or a Plato; and invoked the Muses on the banks of the Ilyssus or in the groves of Academus. Thither resorted the princes of distant climates, to taste the sweets of learned leisure and to enjoy the conversation and the friendship of refined and elevated understandings. In this meridian of intellectual excellence, we recognize the MORAL VIRTUES, in truly imposing attitudes. To the Lyceum—to the Portico we recur for the most striking exhibition of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance. Yet how ineffectual were their efforts after all, in satisfying the hopes, and quieting the fears of man which extended beyond the grave! How palpable was their imbecillity, till Revelation placed them in a point of view before unknown, and ascertained the due limits of their power; and assigned to them new motives of action, in concert with the CHRISTIAN GRACES, Faith, Hope, and Charity, the heralds of immortality!

Whilst, then our holy *Religion* disdained not to link its *Graces* in friendly union with the *Moral Virtues*;—it by no means declined an alliance with *human Learning*. At Athens we have met Socrates: and if, there also, we meet St. Paul, we shall find the Great Apostle reverting to the altar of the Unknown God; whilst he boldly preached Jesus and the Re-

surection to the sages of the Poroh and to the disciples of Epicurus. And it is of consequence to my argument, that in so preaching he meant not to cavil at their erudition or their liberal arts; but (a high compliment to their genius) quoted from their own poets; and in quoting shewed, that he had not read them superficially, but had committed passages from them to memory, as meriting approbation. It was, therefore, the insufficiency of the noblest human talents or attainments that the Apostle intended to expose (not the absolute inability) their insufficiency in preparing mortals in a probationary state for an hereafter where *every man* will be rewarded according to his works—their inadequacy to that momentous end; at the same time that his familiarity with the Greek authors conveyed no dubious hint, that learning and even taste itself might be brought into the service of religion; and indeed in the conversion of those who believed (of Dionysius, of Damaris and others) proved how useful—how important was even that which has been deemed “a pleasing art at most” when happily applied to the subject.

After the Apostolic age, when the supernatural gift of languages was no longer vouchsafed to the preachers of Christianity, human learning was of necessity called in to supply its place. All the powers of polytheism had been drawn up in array against the new religion. Yet the Christian preachers and writers, eminent for their skill in every species of literature, rose superior to their most formidable adversaries. They had read and they had studied the philosophers, historians, and poets: and they wrote in the Greek and Latin languages, not only with accuracy but with elegance. It was politic, therefore, in the apostate emperor to prohibit all seminaries of learning among the Christians; since he felt that from his own pagan armoury they had been furnished with weapons against paganism. And there is one thing which I cannot but call to your remembrance, that if St. Augustine could



reason with the heathen (as you know he did) from their own Terence;—surely there is a false delicacy—there is an affectation of religiousness, to say (as hath repeatedly been asserted) that plays—the comedies of that very Terence, should be banished from Christian schools.

At the period of the Reformation and in subsequent times, the great defenders of the faith, from their knowledge of the ancient languages, and their intimacy with classic literature, opened to us the holy scriptures, and compiled our admirable liturgy—and from their skill in theology produced works, which have illuminated through its whole extent the christian world. Human learning, then, possessed jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. But its treasures were of little value”—till they were transferred from Egypt to Israel—from idolatry to the true religion. Consecrated to the service of the altar, they shone with new brilliancy: they gained fresh lustre from the beauty of holiness.

Thus have all the higher Schools in this Country been active for ages in interweaving classical knowledge with the rudiments of evangelical truth; enabling one part of our youth to preserve their religious principles uncorrupted by the artifices of hypocrisy or infidelity in their future commerce with the world; and the other part to become powerful defenders and successful dispensers of the word of God.

And thus it should seem they resemble (in their object and their aim) those seminaries which the Emperor Julian was so zealous in suppressing.

Such, I may venture to affirm, is the system of education, in which *we* my friends! must naturally feel the deepest interest.

At the time when those of the first houses were educated at their own provincial school, Cornwall saw her scholars at both Universities possessed of sound learning, such as they who made their boast of royal seminaries could scarcely rival. We had

always reason, indeed to rest satisfied with the plan and process of education; and had cause to exult in the talents and skill of able masters, and the genius and erudition of distinguished scholars; till within a very few years the ancient simplicity was broken in upon; indiscreetly I think,—though with intentions and from motives, which I presume not for an instant to call in question. Far be it from me to draw comparisons in the slightest degree invidious. Yet I cannot but remind you, that *from the moment* of the election—of a very worthy man assuredly—as successor to him, to whose parental superintendance many of my hearers can have no scruple in attributing their success, their eminence or their comforts in the various walks of life—from *that moment* it was no longer a classical seminary; since the project of intermixing scientific with philological learning, (richly garnished with the ornamental accomplishments,) was publicly avowed and adopted. I would by no means attempt to depreciate the Mathematics, or French, or Painting, or Music, or Dancing. But to see our school transmuted into a modish Academy—(glittering tinsel for solid gold,) could not but give pain to those whose taste or genius was formed or fostered there. Ere long “however, (there were some who predicted) the master will so far consult his own dignity and that of the school over which he presides, as to give a determined preference to classical literature.”

My sense of delicacy forbids me to say more, but from my feeling of merit I cannot say less—than that (though the prediction was not immediately fulfilled) we with pleasure own, it is at length verified with every character of a permanent establishment.

Ardently indeed do we wish that our sons and our sons sons may hail this venerable seat of the Muses, “still simply still severely great!” \* \* \* \*

And now, my fellow scholars and friends! it only

remains that we join earnestly in the prayer that as long as this seminary exists, Religion and Learning under its influence may never be diminished; that it may continue as a fortress impregnable by the follies and the vices of the times, or that if reduced to the last extremity its champions may rather fall gloriously like the heroes of Thermopylæ, than submit their banners to a multitude of assailing revolutionists!

Little did I anticipate a moment so pleasant as this; when after an interval (no inconsiderable space in mortal life,) they who were indebted for instruction to several successive masters, should have had the power of meeting in good fellowship,—not only at their School-room but in the house of God; thus manifesting their attachment to the religious as well as to the literary constitutions of our country,—I trust with the feeling, and conviction, that to assemble together merely for the purpose of social greetings and conviviality, (to say nothing of its being contrary to all existing usages at such anniversaries) would be no high compliment to our christian profession. And you will excuse an old man in the liberty he may take in suggesting to you the propriety of a peculiar attention at the close of our classical jubilee, to what the Greeks finely termed the *το καλου και το πρεπον*, and what the wisest of the Romans with supreme elegance defined: “*Decorum quod ita naturæ consentaneum sit, ut in eo moderatio et temperantia appareat cum specie quadam liberali*”—the last beautiful finish of a liberal education—all included in the *σεμνα και ευφημα* of St. Paul.

In the confidence, that our department will be such, as not only a Roman Philosopher but even an Apostle might approve—suffer me to express my satisfaction in noticing so many attracted by a revival—for other in its spirit than what hath usurped its name!—in seeing the aged mingling with the young; and in observing the alacrity of those few, who gray

society, in rallying once more around the scenes of their childhood and their youth, with renovated spirits and happy recollections!

May such cordial brotherhood bear the auspicious promise, that every gloomy apprehension shall prove vain; and that though not honoured by the *immediate* protection of "Kings its nursing Fathers and Queens its nursing Mothers," our school may never want a powerful patronage—and that they of a House whose lineage we revere, (ennobled more by active virtues, than by the splendour of an earldom) may extend to it their guardian care, and under the blessing of Divine Providence may transmit it still flourishing to the latest posterity. \*

\* I wish to say something more of SIR H. DAVY: And as one of Dr. Cardew's scholars I here take occasion to speak of him.

RICHARDS, also, was of Truro school

Nor should I pass MICHELL, another of the Doctor's pupils, in silence.

Prefix I to Paris's Life, is an engraving of Sir H. Davy, by Sir Thomas Lawrence—"one of his happiest efforts; the only engraved portrait I have seen, in which Sir H's features are happily animated with the expressions of the Poet; and whose eye is bent to pursue the flights of his imagination through unexplored regions." So says Paris, in his preface. It is certainly the portrait of an elegant gentleman—But my portrait from the picture by Philipps, is much more characteristic of Davy. It has his features, his manner, his air.

Coryton was Davy's master at Penzance—Owing to an unfortunate aptness in the name to a doggerel verse, Davy had frequently to smart under this man's tyranny.—

Now, master Davy!  
Now, Sir! I have e!  
No one shall save e—  
Good master Davy!"

p 8.

Davy was fond of the marvellous. "Had not his talents been diverted into other channels, who can say that we might not have received from his inventive pen a series of romantic tales, as beautifully illustrative of the early history of his native county as are the Waverley novels of that of Scotland?" p. 4, 5. Davy was in the habit of writing ballads and making fireworks, and preparing and exploding thunder powder. p 5. and in scooping out the inside of a turnip and placing a lighted

to the transcendent merits (unless blind from an excess of light) either of Sir H. Davy or of his splendid biographer. I had, some years ago, the honour of being presented to Dr. Paris at Penzance by our mutual friend, Davies Gilbert: And "si mihi præteritos, &c. &c. could I be restored to former health, and spirits (a renovation not to be expected) how lively would be my pleasure in meeting a gentleman of so much science and so much ingenuity, once more in the west of Cornwall;—especially on that eminence (to which all the Druidical rocks will be as molehills)—where the Geological society have been called upon to consecrate a monument of native granite to the memory of our great philosopher!

The Sermons and Letters by JOHN RICHARDS, A. M. late Vicar of Wedmore, Somerset, and Curate of St Michael's, Bath have much unction. This gentleman was born at Penryn, Aug. 4th 1771, owed his school learning to Dr Cardew, at Truro, and Dr. Jos. Warton, at Winchester; a pensioner of St. Johns College Cambridge in 1781, took his bachelor's degree in 1793; was ordained Deacon at Exeter, by Bishop Buller in 1794—and entered on the curacy of Paul, at Penzance and was admitted A. M. 1796.

In 1799, he married Mary, the daughter of J. S. Wynell Mayow, Esq. of Bray, in this County.

I refer my readers to the memoir prefixed to his Sermons, for various particulars of his Life.\*

I had mistaken Richards for an enthusiast: otherwise I should have included him among the Divines that have done honour to Cornwall. How just and how rational is this: "Our comforts, our assurances, our inward witness to our acceptance are all to be sought in the discharge of our DUTIES—not in our fluctuating feelings!"—(See p. 391)—a sentence, which should be as "frontlets between our eyes"—which should be written "on the posts of our houses and our gates!"—

"Great is the company" of the Poets:—among whom Mr. N. MICHELL well deserves a place. Of his smaller poems, which are very pleasing "Village Bells" much resembles Mrs. Bray's *Page's Song*."

\* Richards, (I believe) had always the following sentiment in his mind—But if attacked by violent sectarists, how it is possible, that the most peaceable man can sit down in silent acquiescence?

Τίς χρεία ζῆτειν καὶ λογομαχεῖν; πιστεῖν  
συμφέρει, καὶ σέβειν, καὶ προσκυνεῖν σωπῇ.

## PART II.

*The first Part* of this Appendix has an immediate connexion with Truro-school, in reference to Dr. CARADAW ; my memoir of whom forms the last three pages of the volume.

*In this Second Part*, I have sincere pleasure in recurring to the venerable PETERS ; of whom, I regret, that from the scantiness of my materials, I could give but a very imperfect sketch. For the following extracts from his *Recollections* and *Meditations*, I am indebted to the kind consideration of a family—worthy of their great uncle. Of all his writings, the *Recollections* and *Meditations* are the most interesting. It is obvious, that they were never intended for publication : but they will do honour to his memory. I had enquired for those MSS. which might have thrown new lustre on the Hebrew Critic and controversialist. But I am better pleased with the papers now put into my hands ; as they beautifully illustrate the life and manners of the pious Christian. Perhaps, to the benevolence which furnished me with these papers, the revival of the controversy in question, would have been revolting. Yet as a literary memorialist, I could not but state facts : Nor was it easy to suppress opinions or avoid reflexions.

December 1, 1747.

“ *Once more, through the mercy of God, ΠΕΡΙΤΕ-  
ΛΟΛΕΥΩΝ ΕΝΙΔΥΤΩΝ, I see the return of my birth-day.—*

“ *Let me bless Almighty God for this, and all his mercies ; particularly for putting it into my heart to apply myself to the study of the Hebrew, of which I have now attained a knowledge, such as (I think) I would not part with in exchange for the best preferment in the world.— This spring, let me finish my Critical dissertation upon Job ; which as it has many things in it out of the common way, may perhaps excite the curiosity of the lovers of learning and men of taste and genius to read it.—And it will be no small good done, if it excite in these a greater esteem for revealed religion and the Holy Scriptures.*

\* \* \* \* \*

In the mean time let me observe a due temperance in my diet, that my body may be always in a proper disposition to serve the ends and purposes of my soul.

Lord ! give me to this, a sincere piety towards thee, an unrestrained charity towards men, a meekness and humility in all my conduct, such as becomes a minister of Christ. Enable me to overcome all my infirmities, particularly those wandering thoughts in prayer I often experience ! *Let me consider the methods proper to be taken as a remedy for this evil, and at my leisure compose a sermon upon the subject.*

\* \* \* \* \*

And O ! vouchsafe to that sick person whom thou hast so greatly afflicted—vouchsafe thy mercy ! Lord ! comfort her and restore her, if it be thy blessed will !—Have mercy upon my friends and relations ; forgive my enemies.

December 14th, 1747.

Yesterday being Sunday, I employ this as a day of recollection upon occasion of the mournful anniversary of my poor mother's death. I have outlived her, seven and twenty years : And how have I managed the time thus graciously bestowed upon me ? I hope not altogether idly, with respect to the improvement of myself, and the edifying of those committed to my charge. But O my God ! I am

sensible how weak and imperfect my endeavours have been, how little my zeal, how negligent I have been in thy service! But thy mercy is infinite!

I bless thy Holy name for giving me this last week a prosperous journey to Falmouth: to see my nephew on a bed of sickness.—Restore him, O God, if it be thy blessed will, to his former health; and touch his heart with a due sense of thy mercy.—And, as he proposes a journey hither, assist me, O thou fountain of all wisdom, to give him such advice as may best serve to the preservation of his health, the peace of his mind, the prosecution of his studies with success, and the everlasting interest of his soul.

December 12, N S. 1752, Bratton Clovelly.

*This being properly the Anniversary of my birth: how can I employ it better, than in endeavouring to fix my resolutions seriously to pursue the great business of my sacred calling for the poor remainder of my life, as far as God shall enable me; and to pray to him for his assistance to this purpose.* Lord, I am nothing without thee, but thy grace is sufficient for me.—As thou thyself encouragedst that great apostle, who laboured more abundantly than all the other apostles, and yet after all confessed his weakness, and his want of strength—what am I then, O my God, who come so far behind an apostle, that I am scarce worthy the name of a pastor in thy Church!—And yet O thou fountain of my being! thou light of my understanding! thou omnipotent goodness! how hast thou enabled me to go through the public duties of my function (though with weak health \* and an unrobust constitution) and so to prosecute my studies as at length to send a book into the world, which I may hope will do some good in it! When I peruse it myself, and find as yet so little in it that appears to want correction; and when I consider that with the best judges, it is well approved; I am filled with admiration of thy good-

\* His health was delicate: But he scarcely knew what sickness was. In the care of himself, it is mentioned as a singularity, that in a winter's walk, he seldom wore his great coat, but returning home put it on—the reverse of the usual mode.



ness, O my God ; who, though I am sufficiently sensible of my own fallibility from a thousand instances; yet have through thy mercy been preserved from any gross errors in this book.—*There is a young man now gone for orders with a title from me to this Curacy.* Grant him O Lord, thy grace, that he may take upon him the sacred function with all due seriousness, and discharge it with fidelity !

January 24th, 1755. Friday.

Last Saturday being the 18th of this month, a day I have reason to remember with sadness, but being passed over without the usual recollections—(for indeed I have already passed the morning in other studies and avocations)—let me consider a little, what use to make of the short time remaining of my life : So as to be someway useful in my generation—and what I have to beg of God on this occasion.

In the 1st place, his assistance to make me more attentive and devout at my prayers—Lord, how can I expect to have my prayers answered by thee, when like a child I often wander in rehearsing them ; (I speak as a child, I think as a child) as if thy great and glorious presence were not always with me.—Oh when shall I put away childish things, and be able to think of thee as I ought ? What shall I do to correct this evil ? Shall I so often lament, without amending it ? I must endeavour at a more composed, energetic way of pronouncing my petitions ; that if possible every word which comes from my tongue may be attended with the understanding of my mind, and the devotion of my heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is indeed a supernatural support, that generally accompanies the chastisements of Almighty God.—And where he is pleased to send affliction, he seldom fails to give strength to bear it.—His “ rod,” and his “ staff” for the most part go together—and if the one be sent to scourge us, the other serves to bear us up and to sustain us under it. “ Thy rod, and thy staff comfort me !”

October 1st, 1755.

A Communion being appointed for next Sunday, how

shall I employ this hour so as to put myself in the best disposition for receiving it? The sin that sits heaviest upon me (I confess it, O my God! with sorrow and indignation at myself,) is a strange absence and wandering in my prayers.—Is there no way to amend this great irregularity; to lessen it at least, if not entirely overcome it?—How could my thoughts thus wander, had I a sense upon my mind of thy Almighty presence? I am sure, I believe it—why then, do I not actually consider it, and represent thee to myself, whenever I bend my knees to address thee in this solemn manner? Alas “thou art a God, that hidest thyself,” as the prophet speaks—though we are as sure of thy being, as our own; yet thou art still invisible to us.—We have nothing fit to represent thee; can form no image of thee; no possible likeness of thy incomprehensible, unconceivable essence.—Is this the reason that our thoughts, our weak, or rather strong imagination ranges after something more equal to its grasp (if I may so speak) more limited, and circumscribed, of which it may form some tolerable idea?—But thou art every where, and yet unseen; we cannot hear thee, touch thee, figure thee, no not in the inmost recesses of our minds.—Assist our weakness then, O God, and the more our imagination fails, let thy holy Spirit enlighten our understandings to conceive thee at least in all thy great attributes, and those relations wherein thou standest to us poor mortals, thy unworthy creatures.—Thou madest us, thou redeemest us; and art always ready to assist us with thy grace, when we set ourselves to perform our duty to thee with a sincere and upright heart.

December 12th, 1755.

My birth day—once more, through the mercy of God, returned upon me—my time, O Lord, is in thy hands. I neither desire to know what portion of it may be yet remaining; nor am solicitous to ask a longer or a shorter term.

My spiritual wants are great: And thou alone, O Lord! art able to supply them. INSPIRE my heart with those fervours of thy grace which may warm and stimulate that coldness and slackness of old age, which I find creep-

ing upon me—let my zeal, however, be conducted with that decent gravity and tranquillity which becomes this stage of life. The nearer we approach the verge of life, and are within sight (as it were) of our celestial habitation; the mind should become serene, like the regions to which it tends. Let those who are yet to bustle through the world, be ever in motion, ardent, anxiously and restlessly employed: The mild and placid state should be the portion of old age.—It is natural to seek rest, as we grow old; but let not this pretence flatter me into an idle useless way of life—I may still, perhaps, be some way beneficial to the world, by prosecuting my studies; and especially by dedicating the remainder of my life to a thorough search and study of the holy Scriptures.

Friday, September 17th, 1756.

Through an unaccountable forgetfulness, I had let August 14th pass, the day of my poor sister's decease, without ever minding to make it as usual a day of abstinence and recollection. A strict fast I seldom keep; and when I do I have sometimes found a dullness creep upon me which has indisposed me for the more necessary duties of what I call a day of recollection.

If I know my heart, I have no views either of avarice or ambition in publishing my book.—Perhaps some vanity might mix with that intention of doing good which I proposed—I own my weakness, O my God; for I am but too sensible, perhaps, of the pleasure that may attend literary fame.—Let me beware, therefore, of every attempt to raise a reputation to myself by lessening another man's.—No one I think has charged me with any thing of this kind in the manner I have treated the author of "the Divine Legation."

As I propose a journey to Bratton next week, I pray God to give me a prosperous one and conduct me safe back again—after having done what is proper while I am there—I have business upon my hands—too much, if it pleased God it might be otherwise. But the calm state of life is not always, perhaps, to be wished. A

little ruffle of the temper, a little vexation in the way of business, may be necessary for my health—Lord ! I submit this and every thing else to thy great wisdom, justice, and goodness !—Teach us to resign our wills to thine in all things !

November 5, 1756.

We are now just going to church : I pray God to give me strength to go through the service in a proper manner. Lord ! we this day commemorate two great deliverances of this land from Popish ignorance and tyranny. Continue, O God ! to watch over thy Church, Oh ! that the Christian world would be persuaded to submit all their controversies to the decision of the word of God, and their hearts to that spirit of meekness which is the true spirit of the gospel—that they might beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks ; and nation might not rise up against nation ! We are all in thy hands, thou great Creator, Lord, and governor of the world ! Teach us to submit with cheerfulness to thy wise Providence—And Oh preserve this nation from its exasperated enemies !

December 13, 1756.

Yesterday being Sunday and my birth-day, I had intended as usual to set aside this day (instead of it) as a day of recollection.

But the morning went by me before I was aware, in considering the chapters read in the family to-day and yesterday---Let me address myself, however, in a short prayer to God, to vouchsafe me the continuance of his blessing and his grace, now I am entered into my Sixty Seventh year, to conduct me through the remaining part of this stage of life called old age, with peace and comfort : that I may live the little time that remains, whatever it be (I humbly submit it to thy wisdom, O my God) to thy glory, the good of others, and the salvation of my own soul.

Lord, direct me happily to finish my preface for the second edition of my book on Job. O preserve me, at least, from dangerous and hurtful errors : and grant the book may have some good effect upon the hearts and lives of

men ; and contribute to the reviving of a due sense of religion amongst us. I have enough (I bless thy Holy name) of the honours of this world ; I ask no more.

January 18, 1757

This being a day which recalls to my mind one of the saddest afflictions of my life, the death of my good father ; let me recollect myself a little, and think how I may improve it to its proper use.

I had his dying prayers and blessing I am sure, as well as those of my good mother, and cannot think it superstitious in me to believe that I have experienced the good effects of it in the course of my life.

Friday August 19, 1757.

Last Sunday being the day of my poor sister's decease I could not hold it as usual ; and shall therefore substitute this day instead of it—to look back upon my past life, recollect my faults, ask the divine forgiveness, and set up good resolutions for the time to come.

My defects are great—let me endeavour to recollect them,—in the first place an unhappy wandering, in my prayers—But Lord ! prepare my soul to approach thee by shedding thy grace on my heart.—What is the next fault I have to lament ? An inactivity in doing my duty.

Lord ! I would feign divide my time betwixt my studies, and my pastoral duties ; together with those other avocations (as I may call them) to which our condition is exposed.

.....  
*I am now in expectation of a young Oronian for my Curate—Let me endeavour to put him in a way of study ; as well as to convince him, that the most solid satisfaction he can ever hope to find from that sacred function wherein he is about to engage, will depend upon his endeavours to do good in it by his example, as well as preaching and instruction.*

I have a family here to take care of—O let me endeavour to do some good amongst these, and particularly to give this honest boy some insight into the main principles of Religion, such as may be of use to him during the whole course of his life—viz the knowledge of God, and of

Christ—of the end for which he was sent into the world. §  
December 24, 1762.

I am now entered into my Seventy Third year ; and this day calls to remembrance the death of my good mother ; forty two years since.

When I call to mind the whole journey of my life, (I should have said pilgrimage) I cannot but adore that Providence which hath carried me thus far amidst all the hazards and temptations of this world, in safety.— Though with a constitution little robust, yet have I been blessed with so much health ; that advanced as I now am beyond the common age of man, I never enjoyed life with more content or satisfaction in its early spring, than I now do in the decline of it.

O my God ! let not this enjoyment of life, however, in my old years, make me covet it beyond the term thy wisdom shall see fit to lengthen it—I resign myself entirely to thy pleasure.—Not my will O Lord ! but thine be done.— I humbly trust in that mercy I have all along experienced from my childhood that thou wilt not withdraw it from me in this last stage, but support me in the hour of death, and vouchsafe me a joyful resurrection through our blessed Redeemer.

My poor mother, whose life fell short of mine several years, yet resigned her soul to thee with piety and patience. May I learn to do the same, when that hour shall come.

March 15, 1763. Tuesday.

Parting with my brother R. P— yesterday I had quite overlooked the day, which for twelve years past, has been to me an occasional day of recollection— I spent the morning in my usual task, considering the chapter read in the family—and to day have repeated the same task : so that I have scarce (after my walk) a quarter of an hour for this annual exercise.

.....

§ In looking over some old papers to day, I met with a letter from Lord Falmouth ; acquainting me with Bishop Blackburn's grant of Bratton Clovelly to me, dated December 10, 1753—four and thirty years ago, next December.

.....

Perhaps my studies may be of use to others ; if I employ myself in composing more sermons. But the world abounds with printed sermons !—and younger men with louder voices are heard with more pleasure, and perhaps more profit—and if they have not the skill to compose for themselves, there is a fair choice before them in the compositions of our best Divines.

Here another thing comes into my mind, which requires some consideration, viz. Whether I shall give up one of my two parishes ?

I am now growing less and less able to superintend them (if I may use so proud a term) and yet if I should give up Bratton, (for instance) it is odds, whether the Rector to whom *this young Bishop* \* should give it, would be resident—perhaps scarce any part of the time which our laws and canons require—and then a curate must still be kept, as I keep one—perhaps a better ; and yet he would still be under the like temptation of supplying other parishes for a little premium. (as mine does) to the neglect of his own.

I thank God, that I was once a curate myself and then thought that I had as much the cure of souls upon me (which seems indeed to be the meaning of the title curate) as the Rector himself—nay more ; as I had all the offices of the sacred ministry to do for him, when he was not resident himself ; which indeed was seldom two nights in a year.

Lord, I feel old age creep on upon me which gives a sort of coldness or listlessness to my spirits and my thoughts, so that I cannot fix myself so intently to my studies, as I used to do : and yet I am fit for little else but study. Assist me, O my God, to put my papers in some order, that I may either publish something in my life time, on the book of Psalms particularly, that may throw some light upon this admirable collection of divine hymns : or may leave behind me something upon the most important Psalm (the prophetic for instance) so well finished as to bear a posthumous publication.

\* Keppell.

December 25, 1765.

We are now going to church to commemorate the birth of our Redeemer, and to receive the pledges of his love in the Holy sacrament.—Lord prepare my heart for this solemn duty—I adore thy goodness in sending thy Son into the world for the salvation of mankind—O give us all a right understanding, and a due reverence for that sacred book which thou hast given us, to make us wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus.—Amen. \*

October 7, 1766.

I am now thinking of a journey to Bratton, to fix a new curate among them, who is just ordained—I pray God, that he may be pleased with them, and they with him; and that he may well consider the nature and importance of his office; and set himself to a serious discharge of it.

As the world goes, it is no easy matter to persuade a young man to stick to his studies and his pastoral duty; and be less fond of the gay and pleasureable conversation of the world, especially as of late years they have got into an expensive way of living at the universities, and cannot

\* I am now finishing a pamphlet in my own defence, in answer to some notes in the D. L. where the author has rather exposed himself than me, in the indecent language he has bestowed upon me. Let this then be his punishment: let me avoid, at least, returning evil for evil, or railing for railing; and still consider him as a christian, and a clergyman, and so answer him in the spirit of christianity—which however, I must consider too is no base or dastardly spirit, but a spirit of power, as well as of love and of a sound mind.

I thank God, I am conscious of the uprightness of my own intentions, which is the best foundation of a sedate tranquillity of mind. And the strangely forward and impotent attack the Dean has made upon me, tends very naturally to lessen my opinion of his abilities, and if I were disposed to be vain, to think better of my own. I hope, however, that I shall still preserve that modest diffidence of myself, which the approbation of some of the ablest judges, as well as persons of eminence in the church and state, and the republic of letters has not yet been able (I thank God) to deprive me of altogether—though (to say the truth) I am afraid it has made me a little proud.—There may be an honest pride, however, if the *Sunt superbiam quæsitam meritis*—be allowed to be good advice.



easily reconcile themselves to a farmer's house (suppose for boarding, when they come into a country parish.

December 12, 1768.

Again, through the mercy of God, I live to see the return of this Anniversary day, wherein I have completed the seventy eighth year of my life.

And O my God ! I bless thee for that measure of health which I enjoy ; feeling so little of the infirmities of old age—O preserve my eyesight and my understanding, if it be thy blessed will ; that I may pass the remainder of my life with the same tranquillity which I have enjoyed for many years—that I may never forfeit thy favour, by doing any thing that may misbecome me either as a Christian or a Clergyman !

## ERRATA, VOL. 1.

For "*spirit*"—read spirit, p. 5.  
" *diminished*"—read disunited, p. 12.  
" *for*"—read far, p. 12.

The following line should have appeared at the  
bottom of the 12th page ;

*" headed and full of years, had almost renounced the  
pleasures of"*



**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES**  
**IN CORNWALL.**

CORNUBIA PULSIT;  
TOT FÆCUNDA VIRIS.—*Jos. Iscanus.*

---

By the Rev. R. POLWHELE,

OF POLWHELE :

*Visar of Newlyn ; and an Honorary Associate of the  
Royal Society of Literature.*

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**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

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**1831.**



# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

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## CHAPTER III. SECTION I.

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### HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, TRAVELS, VOYAGES.

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Referring the reader to my History of Cornwall for Carew, Hals, Tonkin, Anstis, Borlase,\* Pryce and Forster, I notice only, here, (and for the most part cursorily) MOYLE, MILLES, SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS, J. HAWKINS, BLIGH, CARNE and BUCKINGHAM.

Of WALTER MOYLE, nephew to Dean Prideaux, very little seems to be remembered in his native county. Yet Gibbon and other authors of celebrity, speak of him

\* Drew and Gilbert, indeed, have published Histories of Cornwall, containing many valuable documents. Gilbert's errors (not so numerous as hypercriticism has reported) are attributable to his eagerness in printing all he could collect on every topic. After correcting mistakes, and striking out superfluous in his two bulky volumes, he might easily present us with a well-digested work. In the distribution of his materials, he was certainly judicious. And I cannot but think, that his diligence has been ill-rewarded.

with respect, as a man of sound learning and deep research.\*

JEREMIAH MILLES, Dean of Exeter, and President of the Antiquarian Society, was born at Duloe.†

\* "The works of Walter Moyle, Esq., none of which were ever before published. In two volumes. London: printed for R. Darby, &c. 1726. 8vo. pp. 430, 1st vol. 390, 2d. vol. — Prefixed to the first volume, is a Portrait of "Walter Moyle, of Bake, in Cornwall, Esq. obiit. 9th January, 1721, æt. 49.—G. Vertue, sculp." His person is handsome—fair, open forehead—large dark eyebrows, placid eye with a smile; handsome nose and mouth, double chin, long loose wig, velvet coat, long cravat.

The Editor, Thos. Sergeant, inscribes the work to Joseph Moyle, Esq. brother of Walter, who had made choice of Mr. Sergeant to select and prepare for the press his posthumous works. The Dedication bears date 1725.

In letter XV. dated 1719, to *Musgrave*, Moyle says, "I have the favour of your book (*Belgium Britannicum*)—I have read it over with a world of pleasure.—I give you a thousand thanks for this present, which came in a very lucky season, for I am now laid up in a fit of the gout, and it has very agreeably entertained me in my confinement. I have heard of a King of Spain who was cured of a lingering fit of sickness, the spleen I suppose, by no other physic than reading over Q. Curtius! But gout (as you know better than any man alive) is a surly disease, deaf to the charms of eloquence and learning, and may be played with and arrested for a while, but wont be mastered. However, it deals pretty gently with me, my pains being not very acute and violent; but confinement to a man who loves walking and riding, is a great punishment." Vol. 1. page 255, 256. In his remarks on the *Belgium Brit.* Moyle says:—"I fancy the old Danmonian Gentleman you mention, p. 63, was *old Mr. Duke of Otterton*." See p. 63 in the *Belgium Britannicum*.

At p. 263, Moyle says: "I have borrowed Lipsius de Amphitheatro of a neighbour." Moyle had several learned men in his neighbourhood. At present, I know no part of Cornwall, where are five learned men resident within a morning's ride of each other, except the neighbourhood of Ruan-Lanyhorne. There, we have *Whitaker*, *Gregor* of Creed, and *Trist* of Behan-park, Sir *Christopher Hawkins* and *Gregor* of Trewarthennick." Such was a note of mine in 1803.—Alas! they are all gone!

† The *Rev. Isaac Milles*, Minister of Highcleer, in Hampshire, had three sons and one daughter. The eldest Thomas, was appointed Greek Professor at Oxford, in 1706, and Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, in 1708, where he died in 1740. The second, *Jeremiah*, was fellow and tutor of Balliol-College, which presented him, in 1705, to the living of Duloe, in Corn-

As an Antiquary, Dean Milles may be ranked, with propriety, among the worthies of Cornwall. But he was palpably deficient in taste. There is not one of his Antiquarian papers but "smells of the lamp."†

wall. The third, Isaac, was Treasurer of Waterford in 1714, and Treasurer of Lismore Cathedral in 1717.—The daughter was married to Mr. Richard Pococke then sequestrator of the Church of All Saints, in Southampton, and Head-Master of the Free-school in that town.—Jeremiah Milles, of Duloe, had a son.—Jeremiah (the Dean) and a daughter, who was married to Trist, Vicar of Veryan. The Dean left three sons, and a daughter; all possessing talents superior perhaps to their father's. To the eldest son, at Oxford, was adjudged the Bachelor's prize on the thesis, *ars musica*. The younger brother, a competitor for the prize, fell down faint at the intelligence. I possess both Essays; and cannot but think, that the successful Essay though more learned, is less elegant.

There was an admirable whole length portrait of Dr. Richard Pococke, (Bishop of Meath,) in a Turkish dress, in the possession of Dean Milles, his first cousin.—The painting was by Liotard.

† Take a specimen of his Antiquarianism; "in the account of some Roman Antiquities discovered at Exeter:—read Feb. 11, 1779.

"I have the honour to lay before the Society some elegant Roman Penates in bronze, which were discovered last July in digging a cellar under the house of Mr. Upham, situated in the High-street at Exeter, at the corner of Broad-gate, which leads from that street to the close of the Cathedral Church. They were found within a narrow space, and not more than three or four feet below the present pavement of the cellar.

"They consist of five figures, all of them executed in a taste far superior to the generality of statues found in Britain; it is therefore reasonable to conclude that they were the workmanship of foreign artists, and of an early period.

"The first a female figure four inches and a half high, is dressed in a long loose garment covering her whole body; her hair is adorned with a diadem like those which appear on the heads of Livia and Trajan's Queens; her hair, tied behind, falls down her back; Her left hand is broken off; in her right she holds a cornucopia of fruit. The sharpness and folds of her drapery are so corroded with rust, that they exhibit very faint traces of the original elegant workmanship.

"On comparing this figure with those represented in Montfaucon's Collection, one of the Goddess Ceres appears perfectly correspondent to this statue both in the head dress and drapery; she has also a cornucopia, but holds it in her



Had the Deán confined himself to Antiquities, his name would have gone down unsullied to posterity. But

left hand,† her right having a bunch of poppies; both these being emblems of that Goddess.

“But the same volume exhibits a statue and some figures on the reverse of medals, representing the Goddess Fortune in the same dress, and with a cornucopia in her right hand. In fact this emblem is too equivocal to determine the character of this statue. For there is hardly a virtue represented on the Roman medals in the character of a Goddess which does not bear the cornucopia, to represent the plenty which is the attendant or effect of that particular virtue. It appears with the figures of *Salus*, *Pax*, *Concordia*, *Hilaritas*, *Liberalitas*, *Fœlicitas*, *Æquitas*, *Æternitas*, and *Moneta*. The countries of Italy, Africa, and the city of Alexandria, bear it on account of their fertility. But in almost all these figures we find the cornucopia placed in the left hand, possibly because the grace of the figure depending on the attitude of the right arm; the most distinguished emblem, or that which admitted the most graceful extension of that arm, was generally placed in it; but the form and size of the cornucopia seemed to require that it should be placed close to the side, and therefore was put in the left arm.

“Two statues of Mercury, one four inches and a half long, the other only four inches and a quarter, were found at the same time and place. The former is a perfect and well proportioned figure; instead of a bonnet, or *Petanus*, the wings on his head grow out between his hair, as they do in some statues represented by Montfaucon, and he has no wings on his feet. A long loose garment, doubled on his left shoulder, passing under the upper part of the arm is brought over it below the elbow, and hangs halfway down his leg. His left hand, though turned upward, as if meant to contain something, is empty; his right holds a purse.

“This figure bears the greatest resemblance to a statue of Mercury represented by Montfaucon, as well in the attitude and form of the purse, in the wings on the head, and the want of them on the feet, as in the size and folds of the garment, which is there doubled on the opposite shoulder.

“The other statue of Mercury has the *Petanus*, and wings on his feet; he is more clothed than the former figure, his garment entirely covering his right arm and side, and reaching

† Thus Ceres is represented at the conclusion of the seventh Idyllium of Theocritus—

Or did such nectar, at Anapus' stream,  
Rouse to the dance the Cyclops Polypheme,  
(Who hurls the mountain-rocks across the brine)  
As, Nymphs, ye mix'd at CERES glowing shrine?  
Oh may I flx the purging-fan, again,  
(Delightful task!) amid her heaps of grain;  
And, in each hand, the laughing Goddess hold  
The poppy's vivid red—the ears of gold.

in his "Rowley," he betrayed an unpoetical and a prejudiced mind. His "Rowley" was attacked both in†

down almost to his feet. His left arm is in a similar attitude, but the shape of the purse in his right hand is different; there are statues of Mercury in Montfaucon resembling this figure also. The bronze cock found with these Penates is justly supposed to have belonged to one of these statues, as it denoted vigilance, and is represented as an emblem of Mercury in three or four gems engraved in the same volume of Montfaucon. There was also a square and round brass pedestal accompanying these statues, and such we find represented under the statues of Mercury in the forementioned plate of Montfaucon.

"The fourth figure, two inches and half high, represents either Mars or a Roman warrior, completely armed with a high-crested helmet, coat of mail, and boots covering the whole front of the leg. The right arm erect, probably held a sword, and the left a shield, but both are truncated at the hands.

"The last and most elegant of these figures is only two inches and a quarter in height. From the delicacy of its make, the turn of countenance, and the dress of the hair, it seems applicable only to Apollo, for it is undoubtedly a male figure. The right hand is broken off at the elbow; the left holds something like a linen cloth, but so covered with rust that it is impossible to ascertain its form.

"These Penates were found with, or rather surrounded by a considerable quantity of large oyster-shells, which from their size and form are known to come from a village on the sea shore, called Budleigh, twelve miles S. E. of Exeter. There were also in the same mass various fragments of urns, of different forms, sizes, colours, and kinds of earth; some of a dark brown, and others of a bright red; the latter in particular very highly glazed, and much adorned with fancied borders and human figures executed in a very elegant taste. But the havoc made in these urns must not be attributed to the workmen who were employed in digging the cellar; for the space wherein they were confined, and the manner in which they were dug up, prove that the confusion had been at some former period; and Mr. Upham, the owner of the house, was too attentive to their work after the first appearance of the statues, to suffer them to proceed without a constant inspection; he caused them to continue their search, and discovering a large Roman tile, expected to find it the covering of a Roman urn, but to his great disappointment found it lay only on the natural earth; which certainly was not its original position; but it must have been thrown there together with these broken urns; which then lay included within a space too narrow to have contained them if they had been entire. It is also remarkable that no medal or coin of any kind was found with them, though the owner caused the rubbish to be carefully examined and sifted. But on the op-

prose and verse. From Tom Warton's "Enquiry," an extract or two may not be unamusing.† "On that very suspicious Ode or Chorus in the tragedy of Godwyn, (unhappily one of the most shining passages in all the poems) doctor Milles (says Warton) thus expatiates. "This Ode, or Chorus, is undoubtedly one of the most sublime compositions of Rowley's pen.—It scarcely contains a redundant word, or fails in a deficient expression; nor can its powerful imagery be conveyed in more concise or emphatical language. Freedom never appeared in a more original dress, than in her summons to war, in her wild attire, her undaunted spirit, her enduring fortitude; and the effectual manner in which she avenges herself of her enemy. The idea of Power is conveyed in the most lofty images, &c." This hyperbole of panegyric perhaps proves too much. The learned president of the society of antiquaries could not have produced more precise or satisfactory proofs, that this celebrated ode was not written three hundred years ago. It is Chatterton's misfortune to be convicted of forgery, not only by himself, but by his friends. I must observe, that in extenuation of the objection arising from the smoothness and elegance of Rowley, it is pretended that his native asperities have sometimes been softened and modernised, and perhaps the defects of his manuscripts interpolated, by the officious hand of Chatterton. If this be true, where is the value or curiosity of this boasted discovery of ancient English poetry? If a modern corrector has been at work, he has apparently been

posite side of the street, when the foundations of Mr. Dennis's house were dug two years ago, some small remains of a tessellated pavement were discovered, with a few Roman medals, one of them a Trajan in large brass.

"Together with these antiquities were also found some fragments of horns, bones, teeth, cinders of glass and metal, and some quantities of burnt wood, of all which specimens are here exhibited for the inspection of the Society."

† See "Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, &c. &c. with a commentary by Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter, 4to. 1762.

so very busy, as to leave but little or none of the original. His file has worn what it polished. The story of old Cutler's only pair of stockings, I am afraid, will be here inverted : they were originally of silk, but by being often mended with worsted, at last became entirely a pair of worsted stockings. In the present case, we will suppose, we have a pair of good plain stockings, originally worsted, which by being carefully darned with silk, are absolutely converted into a very decent pair of silk stockings. I will not deny, that Chatterton might discover parchments of humble prose, containing local memoirs, and authentic deeds illustrating the history of Bristol. He might have discovered biographical diaries, or other notices, of the lives of Canynge, Ischam and Gorges. Of the three last, who were poets as well as Rowley, various anecdotes are come to light. And the Dean of Exeter seems to speak with rapture of the festive party, which these four poets must have formed. "When we view Canning, accompanied "with these three poets, whose agreeable conversation he "has celebrated in the ACCOUNT OF THE FEAST, can we "forbear drawing the parallel between this party, and "that of Mecenas, with his three friends, Virgil, Horace, "and Varius, united by the similar ties of friendship, "genius, and poetry ! The comparison, however, will "be much to the advantage of Mr. Canning, who not "only equalled Mecenas in liberality, and in the patron- "age of literature, but was also a better man, and a bet- "ter poet." I own, I think the Dean has carried the parallel rather too far. But every man has his favourite authors. Yet that this worthy mayor of Bristol was a better man than Mecenas, I will not dispute. I think however, it may be doubted, whether Canynge was a better poet than Mecenas. If some of Mecenas's poetry had been luckily recovered in the Redcliffe repository with Rowley's and Canynge's, this point might have been decided."

But "the Archæological Epistle" was almost a death blow to the Dean.

*“Epistelle to Doctoure Mylles.*

As whanne a gronfer with arduorous glowe,  
 Han from the mees liche sweltrie sun arist,  
 The lordynge toade awhaped creepethe slowe,  
 To hilde his groted weam in mokie kiste;  
 Owlettes yblente alyche dooe flizze awaie,  
 In ivye-wymped shade to glomb in depe dismaie.

So dygne Deane Mylles, whanne as thie wytte so rare  
 Han Rowley’s amenused fame chevysed,  
 His foemenne alle forlette theyre groffish gare,  
 Whyche in theyre houton spraytes theie han devysed,  
 Whanne thee theie ken wythe poyntel in thie honde,  
 Enroned lyche anlace fell, or lyche a burly-bronde.

\* \* \* \* \*

Deane Percy, albeytte thou bee a Deane,  
 O whatte arte thou whanne pheered with dygne Deane  
 Mylle ?

Nete botte a groffyle Acolythe I weene ;  
 Inne auntyante barganette lyes alle thie skylle.  
 Deane Percy, Sabalus will hanne thy soughle,  
 Giff mo thou doest amate grete Rowley’s yellowe rolle.

\* \* \* \* \*

So have I seen, in Edinborrowe-towne,  
 A ladie faire in wymped paramente  
 Abbrodden goa, whanne on her powrethe downe  
 A mollock hepe, from opper oryal sente;  
 Who, whanne she lookethe on her unswote geare,  
 Han liefer ben beshet thanne in thilke steynact aumere.

O from a Dean’ry “rising in thy trade,”  
 And puff’d with lawn by Byshoppe-millanere,  
 Ev’n glommed York, of thy amede afraid,  
 At Lollard’s Tower with spyryng eye shall peer,  
 Where thou, like Ælla’s spryte, shalt glare on high,  
 The triple crown to seize, if old Cornwallis die.”

Dean Milles’s Collections for a History of Devon were  
 various and voluminous. But his enquiries in the course

of his Researches, exposed him, several times, to impertinence and insult. A query relating to the value or quantity of cider, at the time of the Cider Act, had raised suspicions in the minds of some people, that he was secretly employed by Government in the odious business, though ostensibly collecting materials for a Provincial History.\*

In "the *Observations* on the Tin trade of the ancients," (published in 1811) Sir CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS maintained, that the Mount's-Bay was the Ictis of Diodorus.—But, notwithstanding the ingenuity of the Baronet's arguments, I still fancy I see the Ictis in the island of St. Nicholas. At all events I think St. Nicholas hath as fair a claim to the commercial pre-eminence of Ictis, as the Isle of Wight, or one of the Sylleh-isles, or the Black-rock at Falmouth.—Mr. Hawkins (the brother of the Baronet) with all that courtesy and consideration that characterize him, lately put into my hands a copy of "the *Observations*" with marginal notes by the late Dr. Vincent. I regret much, that the Doctor's handwriting is scarcely legible; And Sir Christopher's annotations are almost as difficult to be decyphered. At p. 23, Sir Christopher observes:—

"Mel, or Melec Carthus, the Phenician Hercules, is said to have been their greatest navigator, and the first who brought tin from the Cassiterides, or the British Isles.

"According to others, he invented the shell-purple, by accidentally remarking that a dog's mouth was stained therewith; and, as both these discoveries are attributed to the same person, we may, thence, infer, that the tin of

\* "I had been favoured, says Lord Lyttelton (see Appendix to Henry 2d) with the sight of some very curious observations made on the great and lesser Domesday books, by the learned and ingenious Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter; which threw more light on the subject, than the world has yet received from any other writer."

Whether the observations which the Dean communicated to Lord Lyttelton, were more copious than those which I extracted from his MSS. with a view of illustrating the Domesday books, I cannot determine. There is a justness in the Dean's Remarks on this and most other subjects; but I do not discover either acuteness or brilliancy.

Britain was an essential ingredient in fixing the fine purple dyes of the Ancients; or, as Mr. Polwhele elegantly expresses it, "Very possibly the purple dye of the Tyrians gained its high reputation among the ancients, from the use of our tin in the composition of the dye-stuff, as the tin trade was, solely, in their own management."

"That its use, as one of the non-colouring retentive ingredients, was known to the Phenicians, will appear probable, when we consider the unfadingness of their purple, which was a leading character in that celebrated colour, produced by the shell-fish, *Purpurea*. It is not likely that the simple blood of a shell-fish, however beautiful at first, could have proved a lasting dye: the addition of some retentive ingredient must have been necessary to secure its brightness, and preserve its beauty. Tin, dissolved in aquafortis, is, at present, a necessary article in the new scarlet dye; and our fine cloths owe the permanence of their delicate colours to the retentiveness given by the finest grain tin; so that the English superfine broad cloths, dyed in grain, by the help of this ingredient, are become famous in all the markets of the known world."

On this Dr. Vincent remarks; "There is a story current in the trade (on what authority I know not) that the art was unknown in London, and that the usage of tin vessels was adopted by Mr. Crutchty Bankside,—who had married a Scotch woman. This lady had often told her husband that his scarlet was not equal to one she could dye—he set her to work:—she dyed a skein of worsted in a saucepan, she used the same materials as her husband, but the colour was far better.—She did not know that it was caused by her using a tin saucepan,—but her husband did, and made his fortune as a scarlet dyer."

"Such were the effects of the mild and equitable government established in the cities of Phenicia, that seventeen centuries before Christ her seas were said "to have been covered with ships, as with a garment."

And that “ships flocked to her as doves to the windows.”

“I think (says Dr. Vincent in the margin) we know nothing of the government but that it was favourable to commerce. Moloch was worshipped there as a God neither mild nor equitable. Query, whether Melck and Moloch are not the same.

The Carthaginians, when besieged by Agathocles offered up 300 of the noblest youths in the city to this Moloch, called Saturn by Diodorus.

“I have always thought that this Moloch of the Carthaginians was the Melck of their ancestors at Tyre—however called Hercules by the Greeks.”

“The Carthaginians, from the foundation of their city, availed themselves of their favourable situation, for exchanging the commodities of the East for the productions of the West, to which two circumstances greatly contributed; first, The Phœnician Colonies, which had been long settled on the coasts of the Mediterranean, and had always kept up a friendly intercourse with each other, and with the mother country, were the agents and factors of the Phœnician merchants;—secondly, the Phœnician language, a dialect of the Hebrew, was common to all those colonies; and was, at that time, the universal language in commerce.”

“The Carthaginians (observes Vincent) obtained oriental commodities from Tyre—Tyrians, Carthaginians and Greeks traded in the ports of Egypt.—Egypt had no ships and apparently no commerce in the Mediterranean, but received all foreign traders.—Egypt was the China of the ancient world. After the conquests of the Persians by Alexander, Egypt became mercantile itself.

“The Cornish (says Borlase as quoted by Sir Christopher) after the tin was melted, carried it, at low water, over to the Ictis in carts. This will, by no means, suit the situation of the Isle of Wight, which is at least two miles distant from the main land, and never, as far as we can learn, has been alternately an *Island*, and a *Peninsula* as the tide was in and out. The Ictis, therefore, here



“ mentioned, must lie somewhere near the coast of Cornwall; and must either have been a general name for any *Peninsula on a creek* (Ik, being a common Cornish word denoting a cove, creek, or port of traffick,), or the name of some *particular Peninsula*, and common emporium on the same coast, which has now lost its isthmus, name, and perhaps wholly disappeared, by means of some great alterations on the sea-shore of this county.”

“ By consulting Cæsar’s war with the Veneti (says Vincent) we find the cities in Bretagne were built on rocks divided from the Continent at high water, and approachable on foot at low water. This is the character assigned to the towns in Cornwall by Diodorus, and it is highly probable that there were then many places like the Mount but which are now joined to the main as is the case with Tyre and Cadiz. On the coast of Kent, Rye was a town of this kind, and I have no doubt that others might be ascertained on other parts of the coast as well as Cornwall. These Cornish marts were the true Cassiterides, for the communication with the main as described by Diodorus answers neither to the Scilly Islands nor Wight. The name is of no weight. Ictis, Wictis or Vecta, are undoubtedly significant as all names of places are when we attain the original language, and this was most probably the Celtic—but Thule was applied by the Ancients to the Orkneys, Shetland and Iceland—and so might Ictis be applied to different islands by different writers.

“ Saint Michael the Archangel is said to have appeared on the Mount, in Cornwall, about the year four hundred and ninety-five; but the French assert, that the appearance of this Saint was on the Mount of Saint Michael, in Normandy. It may, therefore, be inferred, from this tradition, that Druidism was abolished, and Christianity introduced, in this part of England, about the commencement of the sixth century.”

“ The first plantations (says our learned annotator) of religious Colonies—were usually in desert Isles—or

impassable morasses, either for security or mystery. Icolomkill, Landisfarn, Ely, Croyhead, and Glastonbury are instances of this. Westminster was founded in the Isle of Thorney, a morass, in our old writings called *in loco terribili dicto Thorney*. St. Michael's Mount was an exact Landisfarn or Holy Island of St. Cuthbert."

"Cæsar (says Sir Christopher in conclusion) observes, that the great naval power of the Veneti had not been of long continuance; and, after the destruction of this powerful state, we find two other passages were opened through Gaul, besides that of Vannes, to communicate with the opposite coast of Britain; by which means the merchants of Narbonne, and Marseilles, the two great commercial cities of Gaul, carried on trade with Britain, and conveyed tin to the coasts of the Mediterranean.

It would be contrary to the evidence of history, to suppose a religion, like that of the Phenicians, (calculated to excite the feelings, and to gratify the passions, by sacrifices, and splendid shows, of music, dancing, and festivity,) should not attract the attention of an ignorant and barbarous people, like the ancient Britons.

The Phenicians, also, in all probability, introduced a respect for equal and liberal laws, and for improvements in the arts of peace, among a people, who, in after times, appeared civil, courteous, hospitable, and willing to adopt what was recommended, as useful and advantageous. Civilization of manners, therefore, long remained, among the Britons, although the Phenicians, in whom it originated, had ceased to visit their coasts."

"The ships of the Veneti (Dr. V. informs us) are exactly the present Dutch vessels—high head and stern, and low waist. They traded probably to Britain, to the mouths of the Rhine, the Scheld, and the Weser, and to Spain. It is no improbable conjecture, that they carried the tin of Britain to Gades.

"Trade (adds the Doctor) naturally produces civilization, because there can be no trade where there is no security for the merchant. The Arabs have been thieves

and marauders in all ages; but Yemen, Hadramut and Oman are all commercial; and in these provinces the Arabs are civilised. The Europeans have been stigmatised for their encroachments on the natives of India and America; but they could find no security without forts: forts produced power, and power produced conquest."

Sir Christopher died of an erysipelas, aged 71, 6th of April 1829.---He was Recorder of Gram-pound and St. Ives, Fellow of the Royal, Antiquarian, and Horticultural Societies; and at the period of his relinquishing his place as a Senator, he was the father of the House of Commons.

Sir Christopher was a son of Thomas Hawkins, Esq. (Colonel in the Guards, and M. P. for Gram-pound,) by Anne, daughter of James Heywood, Esq. of London. He was first returned to Parliament in 1784 for the borough of St. Michael's; and was re-elected in 1790 and 1796: and in June 1799, vacated his seat by accepting the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. In August 1800, he was elected on a vacancy for Gram-pound; as he was again in 1802 and 1806. In 1818 he was returned for Penryn; and in June 1821, on a vacancy for St. Ives. He was created a Baronet, July 28, 1791. John Hawkins, younger brother of Sir Christopher, married a daughter of Humphrey Sibthorpe, Esq. M. P. for Lincoln.

Not a week before his death, I passed a delightful day with the hospitable Baronet. To draw around him, indeed, the few literary characters of his neighbourhood, was his peculiar pleasure: and at Trewithan, the Clergy in particular had always a hearty welcome. On that day, Sir Christopher spoke of a MS. (similar, he said, to Dr. Paris's agreeable "Guide to the Land's-end") a Vade-mecum to St. Austel and its productions;---which, had he lived, he would have finished for the press.---The Institution at Truro, and other physiological (as well as charitable) establishments have sustained a sensible loss in the death of Sir

Christopher. It was his wish to incorporate that Institution with the Cornwall library.

The contributions of Mr. JOHN HAWKINS to the Geological Society of Cornwall, are of the first order. With him Philology and Science go hand in hand. It has been long ago intimated, that botanists, geologists, and antiquaries have, through him, attained celebrity; and that travellers in Greece have borrowed light from Mr. HAWKINS in throwing a lustre over classic ground.

That Admiral BLIGH was a Cornishman, few are aware. Yet few are ignorant of "*the Bread-fruit Bligh,*" as he hath been emphatically called. Of his merits as an enterprising voyager, and as an author, there exists but one opinion. Of tyranny as an officer, he was accused, I think, unjustly. Against his arbitrary conduct I have heard loud clamours. But amidst these clamours, he was promoted by Government, to higher and still higher stations. \* Bligh (as he himself informed me,) was a native of St Tudy.

As, in adverting to living worth, I have in general been concise in my statement of facts, and reserved in my remarks or criticisms, I shall prefer the claims of Cornwall to CARNE and to BUCKINGHAM—*merely* pointing to Penzance, the birth-place or residence of the Carnes, † and

\* See his voyage to the South Sea, &c. a 4to. volume, published in 1792.

† The Geologist, the Traveller, the Clergyman are all gifted men.

Extract from Carne's "Recollections of Travels in the East."

\* \* \* \* \*

"On the side of Carmel, is the spot pointed out by tradition as having been the scene of Elijah's slaying the prophets of Baal. If tradition should err here, there can be no illusion with respect to the memorable descent of the fire from Heaven. When Israel was gathered together unto Carmel, it was clearly on this side of the mountain, where it descends gradually into the noble plain beneath. The spot was finely chosen by the prophet for the spectacle of his sacrifice; since the multitude of people, coming from the regions of Samaria might stand with perfect conveniencs

thus again the mother of genius ; and to Flushing, which boasts of BUCKINGHAM, (the author of " Oriental Travels" and of those first-rate periodical papers " the Athenæum" and " the Sphinx") —a man, " qui inores hominum multorum vidit" &c. with a quickness of observation possessed by few travellers—a man, perhaps indiscreetly daring, yet courteous benevolent and liberal. †

With Buckingham I had intended to close my review of Travels and Voyages.

But I had passed over two Travellers born at Truro, —my own native place : This may seem unaccountable : I am, certainly, not conscious of any instinct in common with the biographer and the fox, that should send me to plow for prey at a distance from home. The two Travellers before me are brothers—RICHARD and JOHN LANDER ; sons of a respectable person, with whose character I have been for many years acquainted.

RICHARD, the elder brother, was born at Truro, in 1804. There, I have often heard of his Quixotic genius awakened, from his very boyhood, by stories of voyages :

in the splendid and open area of Esdraelon, which is here terminated at the foot of Carmol. The declivity of the mountain looks over a vast extent of country on every side ; From the hills of Samaria, Cana, and Giboa, the miracle might have been beheld ; and to the eager gaze of the Israelites in the plain, the prophets of the groves, their useless altars and the avenging messenger of God, were as distinct as if the scene had been acted at their feet. What a noble subject for a painter—the sun going down on the mountain declivities, while the eye or despair as well as faith was fixed in maddening suspense of triumph on the fading sky ; as the hushed myriads gazed on each dazzling beam and caught every passing sound, as if the coming of the God was there : the infidel king also, with his chariot and armed men, waiting moveless, from morn till eve."

† For a sample of Buckingham. " We directed our course to the great Mosque, where, when we had arrived, we took off our slippers and walked boldly through. By the aid of our beards, white turbans, and a certain conformity to the Turkish or Arabic movements only to be acquired by habit, we passed undiscovered, and without even being regarded, as mere strangers generally are, though known to be of the same faith. ~~The~~ Mosque at the time of our passing through it, was full of

And I am told, that before his 12th year, he sailed to the W. Indies ; and after his return, soon panted for another voyage, and visiting the Cape of Good Hope, explored the country. But the story of Mungo Park had peculiar attractions : And notwithstanding poor Mungo's disastrous fate, our townsman was determined to pursue his steps. Accordingly, Richard Lander seized the first opportunity of introducing himself to Captain Clapperton, and entered into his service, and, the faithful attendant of the Captain, was the only survivor of that unfortunate expedition. In 1828 he returned from Africa ; and after a short interval was engaged by government to proceed upon the track in which so many had perished, and set off, accompanied by his younger brother, JOHN ; whose natural turn seems to have been studious and sedentary. After quitting the Bell-school at Truro, John went to Mr. Gillet, and in the Printer's office devoted himself to literature ; employing his leisure hours in reading and composition. And to Mr. Gillet's ability and taste, he is unquestionably much indebted for his acquirements—an obligation which not only the individual will acknowledge with gratitude, but the community at large ; since heroic achievements, though dazzling for their little day, would be enveloped *longa nocte*—"with no recording muse !" The different disposition and talents of the two brothers, may thus prove advantageous to all parties. From the cultivated mind of the younger, eager in memorizing the enterprizes of the elder, we may anticipate the happiest results. The eyes of the world are upon them. And should they succeed in ascertaining the course and termination of the great African river, Cornwall will hail "*the hero of the Niger,*" more illustrious than even "*the hero of the Nile.*"

people, though they were not worshippers, nor was it at either of the usual hours of prayer. Some of the parties were assembled to smoke, others to play at chess, and some apparently to drive bargains of trade, but certainly none to pray. It was, indeed, a living picture of what we might believe the temple of Jerusalem to have been when those who sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, were driven out by Jesus with a scourge of cords."

## SECTION II.

## STATESMEN—ORATORS.

In the view of our Statesmen and our Orators, the  
 \* GRANVILLES, the GODOLPHINS, the TRELAWNEYS †

\* There is an old saying among the Cornish, that “a Godolphin was never known to want wit; a Trelawney, courage; or a Granville, loyalty.”

† The strong sensation excited throughout England, from that decisive act of bigotry, tyranny and imprudence on the part of James II. by which he committed the Seven Bishops to the Tower, was in no district more manifestly displayed than in Cornwall, notwithstanding the part taken by this County in the Civil War. This was, probably, in a great degree occasioned by sympathy with a most respected Cornish Gentleman, then Bishop of Bristol; as appears from the following song, which is said to have resounded in every house, in every high way, and in every street.

A good sword and a trusty hand,  
 A merry heart and true;  
 King James's men shall understand  
 What Cornish men can do.

and the **ST. AUBYN**† arise with a melancholy splendour to the reflecting mind. They are names that stand high

And have they fix'd the where and when ?  
And shall Trelawney die ?  
Then twenty thousand Cornish Men  
Will know the reason why !

Out spake the Captain brave and bold,  
A merry wight was he,  
Tho' London Tower were Michael's\* Hold ;  
We'd set TRELAWNEY free !

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
The Severn is no stay ;  
And side by side, and hand in hand,  
And who shall bid us nay !

And when we come to London Wall,  
A pleasant sight to view,  
Come forth ! come forth ! ye cowards all ;  
Here are better men than you.

TRELAWNEY he's in Keep and Hold ;  
TRELAWNEY he may die !—  
But twenty thousand Cornish bold  
Will know " The Reason Why."

The Seven Bishops were,

William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, consecrated 1678.

William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, Consecrated 1680.

Thomas Ken,† Bishop of Bath and Wells, Consecrated 1683.

Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely, Consecrated 1683.

John Lake, Bishop of Chichester, Consecrated 1682.

Thomas White, Bishop of Peterborough, Consecrated 1685.

Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, Consecrated 1685. Translated to Exeter in 1689, to Winchester in 1707, Ob. 1721.

† Sir John St. Aubyn was a firm defender of the rights of the people in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. Our Baronet's celebrated speech on the subject of Triennial Parliaments, is familiar to every school-boy.—The late Mr. Collins, of Truthan, who was intimately acquainted with the Clowance family, informed me, that Sir John owed the fame of that speech to Sir John Wyndham, who composed it for him. But he spoke it well. He was a good mathematician, but not a brilliant man.

\* St. Michael's Mount.

† See Bowles's Life of Bishop Ken ; a beautiful specimen of biography.



in our national history. In the chancel of the parish church of Crowan, are deposited the ST. AUBYNs ; with memorials that have all the "boast of heraldry," in sculptured images and storied urns, and other trophies of opulence and grandeur. §

To commemorate more recent merit (not so universally known or acknowledged), I would observe, that within my own remembrance is PITT, of Boconnoc ; and that GREGOR hath not long ceased to illustrate, in his own character, all the virtues of the country-gentleman and the Patriot.

THOMAS PITT,† the first Lord Camelford, and Baron

‡ The monument of Sir John St. Aubyn bears—"Pro patria semper"—a motto descriptive of a long lineage of patriots.

† He was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty in 1363, and advanced to the Peerage in 1783. His mother was sister to George Lord Lyttelton, to Charles Bishop of Carlisle, and to Sir Thomas Lyttelton, who was envoy to the Court of Portugal. Thither Sir Thomas was accompanied by his nephew ; whose observations, on a tour in Spain and Portugal, have been considered as very creditable to his taste and judgment.—Of the unfortunate death of this young Nobleman I scarcely need remind my readers. From Mr. Cockburne's "Authentic Account, &c." I will extract a passage or two.

"Lord Camelford, says (Mr. Cockburne,) was a man whose real character was little known ; his imperfections and follies were often brought before the public, but the counterbalancing virtues were but seldom heard of. He was a stern adversary, but the kindest and most generous of friends. That warmth of disposition which prompted him to great improprieties, led him also to the most lively efforts of active benevolence. He was passionately fond of science, and had of late years acquired a prodigious fund of information upon almost every subject connected with literature ; and Christianity was the constant subject of his reflections, his reading, and his conversation.

"In early life, he had gloried much in puzzling the chaplains of those ships in which he served, and to enable him to gain such triumphs he had read all the sceptical books he could procure ; and thus his mind became unconsciously tainted with infidelity.

"As however his judgment grew more matured, he discovered the fallacy of his own reasonings ; and convinced of the importance of religion, he often applied to me,

Boconnoc, was born March 3, 1737; married July 29, 1771, Anne, daughter and coheirress of Pinkney Wilkinson, Esq. of Burnham, in Norfolk; by whom he left issue, Thomas, the late Lord Camelford, and Anne, the present Lady Grenville. He died at Florence, in 1793.

A Sonnet, written at Boconnoc, I here call to remembrance, in tracing back my past days.

*BOCONNOC.*

Bower'd in Boconnoc's glooms as erst I trod  
 Its quiet vale, I woo'd the dim retreat  
 Of sweet Flfrida's bard, his mossy seat,  
 His coy\* Lerina's brook, and kissed the sod.  
 But, whilst I wander'd, visions of the great  
 Beam'd round, to chase, as wav'd some wizard rod,  
 My sylvan Muse.—And shall not glory beat  
 In generous bosoms, midst the bright abode  
 Where chiefs stalk'd forth, by warlike honor mail'd;  
 Where not in vain had Charles his standard rear'd,  
 While Cornish faith and valour ought avail'd;  
 Where shone high patriot worth in Pitt rever'd;  
 And where in GRENVILLE hath affection hail'd  
 Shades by a consort's sister-sighs endear'd?

and to others, for the best books he could consult upon the evidences of Christianity.

“Many were the conversations I had with him on this subject; and about a week before his death he had dined with me, and staid, as was his custom, till near twelve o'clock, conversing on his favourite topic. He left me, at length, with this important remark: “No sensible and well-informed man can presume to assert that Christianity is false; I do not yet venture to assert positively that it is true; but I confess the probabilities are in its favour.” After the fatal accident, he expressed his hope in the mercy of God, and said he received much comfort in reflecting, that however he might have acted, he had never really felt ill-will towards any man. The contrition which he manifested for his past misconduct, and his dying exhortations to an intimate friend, to live a life of peace and virtue, were calculated to make indelible impressions on the minds of the votaries of dissipation and infidelity.”

\* See note on “The Old English Gentleman,” at p. 85,

Of Mr. GREGOR (who recurs to notice) I am concerned to state, that he died at Trewarthennick, at the early age of 55. He was educated at Cambridge, where his application was rewarded with the first honorary distinctions. For nearly 17 years he represented his native County in Parliament, where he attached himself to no party, although he generally supported Mr. Pitt's measures; but on all occasions he voted to the best of his judgment for the good of his country. His time and talents, during his parliamentary attendance, were wholly

where it is recorded, that Mr. Mason, during a visit at Boconnoc, saw "nothing good in Cornwall but junket and the Weekly Entertainer." In reference to that note, that late Mr. Forster, of Boconnoc, gives us an agreeable anecdote or two of Mason in a letter to the Editor of the Weekly Entertainer, under the signature B. P. "The ingenious author of "The Amusements of Sir Humphry de Andarton" (says Mr. Forster) will not be displeased at being made acquainted, through your miscellany, that he has been misinformed in some circumstances he relates of the late Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason, while in Cornwall, did indeed express a very high approbation of your weekly publication: so highly did he approve of it, that on his return to York he resolved to set on foot and to conduct a work on a similar plan, which from some unknown circumstances did not succeed. But he never either fastidiously or in jocularly, remarked that Cornwall produced nothing good but junket and the Weekly Entertainer. On the contrary, he expressed an admiration of many of its beauties of scenery, and a relish for many of its good things. The rural simplicity of the quiet vallies of Boconnoc, and the manner in which the unadorned paths through them and the adjoining woods were carried by the taste and judgment of their owner, pleased his fancy and met his approbation. Some particularly favourite spots he frequently revisited: these spots are still seen with additional pleasure on this account by the friend who accompanied his walks. The principal brook in these grounds (the Lerryn, which gives name to a village about two miles distant, situated near its meeting with the tide,) he was so fond of, that he lamented to his host his not having seen it before he printed his third book of the English Garden. The Cornish Lerina (he observed) was a much handsomer nymph than his Nottinghamshire Ligea, and had he been earlier acquainted with her charms, should certainly have occupied her place in his poem.

"These are trifles; but every trifle which respects such a man as Mr. Mason is interesting: it is so at least to one, who was honoured with his friendship and intimacy. B. P."

devoted to the service of the State, and the peculiar interests of his constituents.\*

I should bring up the rear with DUNSTANVILLE, and FALMOUTH and VYVYAN: But praise, however merited, may be mistaken for flattery."§ I cannot, however, refrain from observing, that Cornwall had once no public speaker to equal Lord DE DUNSTANVILLE in spirit or in elegance. But who, at threescore years and ten, can stand in competition with the vigour and vivacity of youth? Lord FALMOUTH and Sir R. VYVYAN are both orators. They are both men of superior talents; both, possess of general knowledge; both, well-founded in history and politics; both, thoroughly acquainted with every subject which they attempt to discuss; both, happy in the command of an appropriate phraseology. But Sir R. VYVYAN's fluency of language is unparalleled. In one equable flow of words, and almost without a pause, he speaks for hours; and now and then (not often) mounts up to the sublime, with a magnificence that astonishes from the suddenness of the elevation.

In the mean time, Lord FALMOUTH harangues his audience, with a coolness and collectedness that shew his mastery of the subject: and his solidity of argument is, at intervals, relieved by the playfulness of his wit. We are delighted with his antitheses: and that they appear always natural—never forced or studied—is his peculiar felicity. The slight specimen here presented, may convey some faint idea of his manner. But in my effort to recollect his pleasantries allusive to a late attack on the Charter

\* Saltash, perhaps, will tell us, that the services of Sir EVAN NEPEAN, as a more immediate servant of the Crown, should appear in the pages of the memorialist.—In such characters as Sir Evan and his son Sir Molyneux (far more accomplished than his father) Cornwall must unquestionably rejoice.

§ I was pleased to see in Blackwood's Magazine, such a notice of Sir R. Vyvyan, as seems to imply, that the whole country, must, of necessity, be acquainted with his political knowledge and parliamentary eloquence.

of our ancient borough, I am gratified in thus testifying my adherence to the Noble House of Tregothnan. At the Truro-election-ball on Tuesday the 17th of August, 1830, his Lordship said—"It was indeed kind in the large and elegant assembly he saw around him to console him by such a manifestation of feeling at the present moment: for they must know, that his Recordership was in a state of great jeopardy! Yes! they saw before them, as it would appear, a mere evanescent visionary Recorder—the deluded creature of a still more deluded Corporation—a Corporation which had been dreaming for years—(nay for ages)—that it possest something substantial—that it had some reality! But alas! they and their Recorder had existed only by the forbearance and magnanimity of certain individuals! Their time was come; and they were now to be scattered to the empty winds!"—"But the best remaining use (added his Lordship) I can make of this visionary Recordership, is to *record* in my heart the kind feelings which, under such circumstances, have been evinced towards me!"

With the impression which cannot but be pleasing from such an address, we drop the curtain.

## SECTION III.

## POETRY.

Till within the last century, Cornwall had no genuine Poet. The house of KILLIGREW was distinguished for its wit: But the literary Killigrews had little connexion with Cornwall. If they had property at Killigrew and Arwenack, their chief residence was in distant counties. Conscious of talents to enliven or adorn a Court, they could not endure rustication in their western peninsula. Hatched in their "*Grove of Eagles*," they were scarcely fledged, before they spread their pinions, and soared, "to salute the rising sun."†

Sir ROBERT KILLIGREW, Knight, was Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth. Sir WILLIAM, the eldest son of Sir Robert, was born in May 1605, at the Manor of *Hannworth*, near *Hampton-court*, and was entered a gentleman-commoner at St. John's College, Oxford, in Midsummer Term 1622. Here he continued above three years; at the expiration of which he set out on his travels, and made the tour of Europe. What time he spent abroad, does not exactly appear: but we find him after his return, appointed governor of *Pendennis Castle* and *Falmouth Haven*, and also put in the command of the Militia of the western part of the County.

His next promotion brought him to court, as an immediate attendant on the King's own person, being made

† *Killigrew* means "the *Eagle-Grove*."

one of the Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy-chamber; which post he kept till the breaking out of the civil wars; when he was appointed to the command of the two great troops of horse, that guarded the King's person during the whole course of the war between the King and Parliament. He was in attendance on the King at the time that the Court resided at Oxford in 1642, when he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Soon after, seeing the King's affairs were past recovery, he entered into a composition for his estate with the Committee of Sequestrations.

Though Charles II. was not remarkable for his returns of gratitude to those who had been sufferers in the interests of his family, yet he restored Killigrew to the post of Gentleman Usher of the Privy-chamber, which he had held under *Charles I.* and afterwards on his own marriage with *Donna Catherine of Portugal*, created him her Majesty's first Vice-Chamberlain, which honourable station he held for two and twenty years; when far advanced in life, he retired from Court. He died in 1693, at which time he was eighty-eight years of age.

It was in that retirement he published a "Collection of detached Thoughts and Reflections on the Instability of Human Happiness, when fixed on any other views than those which are to arise from the enjoyment of another State." His Dramatic works received the commendations of Mr. *Waller*, Sir *Robert Stapleton* and others.

*Imperial Tragedy*—*Ormasdes*, tragi-com.—*Pandora*, tragi-com.—*Selindra*, tragi-com.—*Siege of Urbin*, tragi-com.

**HENRY KILLIGREW**, brother of the former, was born in 1612, educated in school-learning under the celebrated *Farnaby*, and sent to *Christ-church, Oxford*, in 1628. In 1638, having taken his degrees in arts, he went into orders, and became a chaplain in the king's army. In 1642, he was created doctor of divinity; and the same year made chaplain to *James Duke of York*, and prebendary of *Westminster*. Afterwards he suffered, as an adherent in

the king's cause ; but, at the restoration, was made almoner to the Duke of York, rector of Wheatamstead, in Hertfordshire, and master of the Savoy hospital in Westminster. He wrote, when only seventeen years of age, a tragedy, called, "The Conspiracy," which was admired by some wits of those times ; particularly by Ben Jonson, "who gave a testimony of it (says Langbaine) even to be envied," and by Lord Falkland. An imperfect copy of this getting out in 1638, he caused it to be republished in 1652, with the new title of "Pallantus and Eudora." He published a volume of sermons, which had been preached at Court in 1685, 4to ; and also two or three occasional sermons. The year of his death does not appear.

THOMAS KILLIGREW, another brother, I apprehend, was first Page of Honour to Charles I. and (afterwards appointed Groom of the Bedchamber to his son Charles II.) attended this Prince during his exile. While abroad he made the tour of *France, Italy, and Spain*, and in 1651 was honoured by his Majesty with the employment of Resident at the Republic of Venice.

After the Restoration he continued in high favour with the King, and being a man of great wit, and having from his long intimacy with that monarch, acquired a freedom and familiarity that even the pomp of majesty could not check, he sometimes, by way of jest, would hazard bold truths at which scarcely any one besides would have dared even to hint. One story in particular is related of him,—a proof of the great length to which he would sometimes proceed in freedoms of this kind. When the King's unbounded passion for women had given his mistresses such an ascendancy over him, that, like the effeminate Persian monarch, he was much fitter to handle a distaff than to wield a sceptre, and for the conversations of his concubines utterly neglected the most important affairs of the state ; *Killigrew* went to pay his Majesty a visit in his private apartments, habited like a pilgrim who was bent



on a long journey. The King, surprised at the oddity of his appearance, immediately asked him what was the meaning of it, and whither he was going? *To Hell*, bluntly replied the wag. *Prithee*, said the King, *what can your errand be to that place?* *To fetch back Oliver Cromwell* (rejoined he) *that he may take some care of the affairs of England; for his successor takes none at all.*

From *Charles's* fondness for pleasure, his Majesty often left the council when met for the dispatch of business, to their own devices. On one of these occasions, the Duke of *Lauderdale*, who was naturally impetuous, quitted the Council-chamber in a violent passion, and, meeting Killigrew, expressed himself in very slighting terms of his Majesty. Killigrew begged his Grace to moderate his anger, and offered to lay him a wager of an hundred pounds that he would prevail on his Majesty to come to the Council in half an hour. The Duke, accepted the wager, on which *Killigrew* immediately went to the King, and, without ceremony, told him what had happened; adding, "I know that your Majesty hates *Lauderdale*, though the necessity of your affairs compels you to carry an outward appearance of civility. Now, if you choose to be rid of a man who is thus disagreeable to you, you need only go this once to the Council-chamber: for I know his covetous disposition so perfectly, that I am persuaded, rather than pay the hundred pounds he would hang himself out of the way, and never plague you more." The King was so pleased with the archness of this observation, that he immediately replied, *Well then, Killigrew, I positively will go; and kept his word accordingly.*

ANNE KILLIGREW, "a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit," as Wood says, was the daughter of *Henry Killigrew*; and born in London, a little before the Restoration. Eminent in the arts of poetry and painting—Dryden seems lavish in her commendation; but Wood assures us, "that he has not said any thing of her, which she was not equal, if not superior to." She

painted portraits of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. and of the Duchess, to whom she was a maid of honour; which pieces are highly applauded by Dryden. She drew several pieces in history, and likewise in still-life. Becket's picture of her in mezzotinto, after her own painting, is prefixed to her poems. These engaging and polite accomplishments were the least of her perfections; for she crowned all with an exemplary piety. This amiable woman died of the small-pox, June 1685, in her 25th year: upon which occasion Dryden's Muse put on the mourning habit, and lamented her death in a very long ode. The year after, were printed and published her "Poems," in a large thin quarto; which, besides the publisher's preface, and Dryden's ode, contains an hundred pages. She was buried in the Savoy chapel, where is a neat monument fixed in the wall, with a Latin inscription, setting forth her beauty, accomplishments, and shining virtues.

There was also THOMAS KILLIGREW, Gent. of the Bedchamber to George II. when Prince of Wales. He wrote one play, entitled "Chit-Chat;" a comedy. Thus were the Killigrews a truly comic family.\*

If we look to the Granvilles, Lord LANSDOWNE, though he sat in Parliament as a Member for the County, had in reality so slight an intercourse with "the extremer west," that, allowing to his Lordship *nominis hujus honorem*, we can hardly rank him among our Cornish bards.

Lord Lansdowne was, likewise, attached to the Theatre. The best of his dramatic pieces, perhaps, is "Once a Lover and always a Lover." But there are few, I believe, at the present day, disposed to applaud the comic wit either of a Granville or a Killigrew.

Far superior in Comedy was SAMUEL FOOTE; though his productions are ill adapted to the closet. That S. Foote was a native of Truro, is by no means certain;

\* For the most part from *Hals's* and *Tonkin's* MSS.

though probable, as he was there baptized.† His family is stated in several memoirs of Foote, to have been "very ancient:" but it was not of long standing in Cornwall. Though not noticed by Cooke or any of his memorialists, it is a fact that Foote was a considerable time at Truro school under the care of Conon. It was there he imbibed his taste for the theatre, discovering a vast superiority over his companions in acting the plays of Terence. But, on his making his first appearance on the stage, Conon greatly lamented, that "a school of morality" should have been the nursery of low buffoonery; nor would ever suffer even the plays of Terence to be acted again in Truro-school. To this purpose, I have often, when a boy, heard Conon speak, in conversation, with my father. In his visits to his native county, Foote never neglected to call at his old school. Conon dreaded his appearance. Foote knew the power of wit over simple seriousness. I remember the hour when Foote dismissed me and my fellows from the school at Truro with his usual jocularly. I was then about nine years old: and I perfectly well recollect his figure, his manner of saluting his old master, and his assumed air of authority; when, waving his hand, he ordered us all to be gone; and, as we obeyed the signal, called after us—"a holiday without exercise!" Foote was a short time at Worcester-grammar-school. Hence he went out in the

† Extract from the register of Baptisms 1720, St. Mary's Truro. "Samuel, son to Samuel Foote, Esq. and Eleanor his wife, baptized January 27. Joseph Jane, rector." Foote's father, Samuel (not John, as in every biographical account of Foote) resided partly at Truro, and partly at his seat of Penkaleick, near Truro, in the parish of St. Clement. What is now the Red Lion Inn, in Truro, and Lambesso, another seat in St. Clement, were the houses of Harry Foote, the elder branch of the family. Foote, therefore, cannot be supposed to have been born, either at the Red Lion, or at Lambesso, as some of the Truro people report. Nor is it likely that he was born at Penkaleick; as he was baptised in the winter; and Penkaleick was the "old Justice's" summer house. The house known by the name of Johnson Vivian's, near the Coinage-hall, was the "old Justice's" town residence.

course of election, to Worcester-college in Oxford. But he unquestionably spent a large portion of his boyism and his youth at Truro and its neighbourhood. He was very young, when he greatly displeased his father ("the old Justice" †) by imitating from an apartment within, the

† Looking by accident into a Parish-book of Kenwyn, almost defaced by time, I observed the old Justice's name in several places. The first article in this book, is a curious one. "Kenwen Parish-booke. Account of what money was collected by the Churchwardens 2nd December 1670 towards the redemption of the captives of Slavery from Turkye. Richard Lobb, Esq. and famyly £00. 15s. 03d. Then follow the rates and names of Justices signing them. Tregoney the 9th of May 1671. Seene and allowed by us De Polwhele, Jo. Verman. April 24th 1673, seen and allowed by us at Grampond, Hn. Pomeroy, Jo. Verman. April 1675, J. Boscawen, De Polwhele. Tregoney, 1676, Jo. Tredenham, J. Boscawen. April 5, 1680, Jos. Sawle, Will. Mohun. Grampond, April 12, 1682, Jos. Tredenham, Arthur Spry. 1684, 1st April, Jos. Sawle, Arthur Spry. Grampond, April 22, 1685, Jos. Tredenham, W. Mohun. Grampond, 31 March, 1687, Peter Killigrew, Jos. Sawle. Grampond, 19 April, 1688, J. Manley. April 8, 1689, H. Courtenay, Jos. Verman. Probus, 24 April, 1690, Ed. Herle, W. Mohun. Grampond, 18, April, 1691, H. Vincent, W. Mohun. Grampond, 31, March, 1692, W. Mohun, C. W. Williams. Grampond, 19, April 1693, W. Mohun, C. W. Williams. April 12, 1694, W. Mohun. April 1, 1695, J. Hickee, W. Mohun. Probus, April 16, 1696, W. Mohun. C. W. Williams. Grampond, April 8, 1697, H. Vincent, C. W. Williams. Probus, April 30, 1698, C. W. Williams, Thos. Johnson. April 17, 1699, Jo. Ennys, Jn. Kestell. Lostwithiell, April 10, 1700, Ca. Grylls, Thos. Johnson. Pollmessick, April 25, 1701, W. Mohun, J. Hickee, Mawnan, May 5, 1702, Jo. Ennys, Jn. Kestell. April 5, 1703, Den. Glynn, John Nance. April 1704, Nic. Kendall, Den. Glynn. Grampond, April 2, 1705, Nic. Kendall, H. Vincent. Grampond, March 28, 1706, Jo. Ennys, Nic. Kendall. April 17, 1707, John Nance, J. Hickee. Tregoney, April 8, 1708, Nic. Kendall, Edm. Prideaux. Grampond, April 28, 1709, Nic. Kendall, J. Manley. St. Austle, April 14, 1710, Nic. Kendall, J. Hickee. St. Austle, April 6, 1711, Nic. Kendall, J. Hickee. April 25, 1712, Nic. Kendall, J. Hickee. April 10, 1713, Nic. Kendall, C. Grylls. March 31, 1714, Truro, H. Vincent, W. Smyth, Mem. The expenses, &c. &c. at the ringing-night of the 5th of November not to exceed 15s. (Signed) W. Michell, Vicar, as mutually agreed by the minister and the twelve-men. April 25, 1715, Sam. Ennys, Sam. Foote. April 4, 1716, Sam. Ennys, J. Robins. April 29, 1717, Thomas Hearle, J. Worth. April 29, 1718, J. Robins, Sam. Foote. April 2, 1719, J. Robins, Sam. Foote. Truroe, April 21, 1720, Sam.

voice of Mr. Nicholas Donnithorne; by which he drew from his father the particulars of a secret transaction between the two gentlemen. His talents of mimicry is said to have captivated, when he was scarcely eighteen, the young lady whom he very soon married—Miss Polly Hickee, not sixteen. This girl lived in Truro in the house opposite to the residence of the late Dr. Gould. She was very pretty, and sensible enough to relish a witticism or a pun, and was educated as young ladies then usually were; and in St. Clement she had a good estate, which Foote sold to the first Sam. Thomas of Tregolls.\* She died early of a consumption. Of Foote's jokes I repeat one for the sake of its parallel. "Dibble Davis, one of Foote's butts in ordinary, dining with him one day at Northend, observed, that, well as he loved porter, he could never drink it without a head." "That must be a mistake, Dibble," returned his host, "as you have done so to my knowledge above these twenty years.†" Similar to this was a witticism which I once heard at the Truro Catch Club, from the mouth of Bennet, the late organist of Truro, who was acquainted with Foote, but was too original a humourist to be guilty of a plagiarism or a *parrotism*. A gentleman in company was complaining of "a tumour on his neck, which had been long gathering;" "Yes (says Bennet), many years; but it will never, I fear come to a head." Not so good as this is a pun of Foote, which a gentleman who sat next him in Truro Church repeated to me. The first lesson related to Noah: "Are

Enys, Sam. Foote. Truroe, April 22, 1721, Sam. Enys, Tho. Hearle. Truroe, March 29, 1722, Falmouth, Sam. Foote. 1723, Francis Gregor, Sam. Foote. April 9, 1724, Sam. Foote, Francis Gregor. Truroe, May 2, 1727, Francis Gregor, Sam. Foote. Truroe, April 25, 1728, Sam. Enys, Francis Gregor. April 11, 1729, Sam. Enys, Sam. Foote. April 11, 1730, Sam. Enys, Thomas Hearle.'

\* For further particulars of Foote, see Cooke's *Memoirs*, and Davies' *Life of Garrick*.

† Cooke's *Life*, II. 84.

these the words of *No-ah*?" Said Foote, "*Ah-No!*" But during the service several better things dropped from this profane jester, which I have forgotten. Of the characters in Foote's play I was acquainted with several prototypes, particularly in "*The Mayor of Garratt*;" but I will not give offence to their children by the disclosure of their names. I possess a tract which was once Foote's. It has the stamp of his name in gold letters. Its title is "*The Man of Manners, or the Plebeian Polished*;" to which, perhaps, many of Foote's witticisms (interspersed through his play) may be traced. There is some humour in "*The Manner of a City Family's sitting at Dinner*;" "*Rules recommended to Preachers*;" "*The Irishman's Caution and Modesty in refusing to look at the Corpee of a Dead Man, on account of his having a stinking Breath when living*;" and "*A Verbal Encounter between two Ladies that deal in fresh Cod and live Lobsters*."

+ "*The Mayor of Garratt*" was intended to ridicule some particular characters in the militia, not then so respectable as the militia of the present hour. In Major Sturgeon we have a simple fishmonger apeing all the gallantries of a lover and a soldier. The heroes of our volunteer companies have at this day, indeed, some resemblance to the Major: they spring in general from as low an origin, and affect as ridiculously the military gait and manners.

"Late, too, the Colonel of a troop he shone,  
To military tactics mighty prone;  
And fond his warrior-genius to display,  
As mock-fights glitter'd to the beams of day,  
Oft from his high-plumed steed the field harangued,  
Or fiercely rush'd where bloodless armour clang'd!  
See, at his beck, young *Pug* the pestle quit,  
Whilst maladies or cease or intermit;  
And at the word heigh-presto! heigh-begone!  
Old *Jack* the grocer start up Captain *John*;  
And Ensign *Bob*, dismissing all the clerk,  
His parchments pale abandon with a jerk:  
No more the slippery brethren of the quill,  
'Midst shrivel'd deeds, in sunless holes, sit still,  
But to their recent coats attention win,  
As each, a sleek young serpent, casts his skin,  
Kindling in burnisht glory, glides along,  
And brandishes abroad his double tongue."

(See *Poems in three vols.*—vol. II. p. 126.)  
*Cadell and Davies, 1806.*

From the Allegro, well we may say, we turn to the Pensive, whilst the Spirit of PENROSE stands before us in the sable stole of melancholy, or helmeted and mailed, in warlike array.

Penrose was indisputably one of "the inspired:" But he was not a native of Cornwall. Yet he was descended from an ancient Cornish family;—the son of the Rev. Mr. Penrose, rector of Newbury, Berks. With a view to the Church, he was sent to Oxford; where (at Ch. Ch.) he pursued his studies with success till the summer of 1762:—when his eager turn to the naval and military line overpowering his attachment to his real interests, he left his college and embarked in the unfortunate expedition against Buenos Ayres, under the command of Captain Macnamara.

The issue was fatal.—The Clive (the largest vessel) was burnt.—And though the Ambuscade escaped (on board of which Mr. Penrose, acting as Lieutenant of Marines, was wounded) yet the hardships which Penrose afterwards sustained in a prize sloop, in which he was stationed, utterly ruined his constitution. Returning to England with ample testimonials of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finished, at Hertford college, Oxon, his course of studies; and, having taken orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury, the income of which, by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, was considerably augmented. After he had continued in that station about nine years, it seemed as if the clouds of disappointment, which had hitherto overshadowed his prospects and tintured his poetical essays with gloom, were clearing away; for he was then presented by a friend, who knew his worth, and honoured his abilities, to a living worth near £500 per annum. It came however too late; for the state of Mr. Penrose's health was now such as left little hope, except in the assistance of the waters of Bristol. Thither he went, and there he died, in 1779, aged 36 years.

Mr. Penrose was respected for his extensive erudition, admired for his eloquence, and equally beloved and es-

teemed for his social qualities.—By the poor, towards whom he was liberal to his utmost ability, he was venerated in the highest degree. In oratory and composition his talents were great.—His pencil was ready as his pen, and on subjects of humour had uncommon merit. To his poetical abilities, the public, by their reception of his “Flights of Fancy,” have given a favourable testimony.‡

‡ Campbell has inserted in his “British Poets,” two noble specimens of Penrose’s poetry; to which I shall add the Carousal of Odin.

Fill the honeyed bev’rage high,  
 Fill the Sculls, ’tis ODIN’s cry:  
 Heard ye not the powerful call,  
 Thund’ring thro’ the vaulted hall?  
 “Fill the meath, and spread the board,  
 “Vassals of the griesly Lord.”—  
 The portal hinges grate,—they come—  
 The din of voices rocks the dome.  
 In stalk the various forms, and drest  
 In various armour, various vest,  
 With helm and morion, targe and shield,  
 Some *quivering launces couch*, some *biting maces wield*:  
*All march with haughty step, all proudly shake the crest.*

The feast begins, the Scull goes round,  
 Laughter shouts—the shouts resound.  
 The gust of War subsides—E’en now  
 The grim Chief curls his cheek, and smooths his rugged brow.

“Shame to your placid front, ye Men of Death!”  
 Cries *Hilda* with disordered breath.  
 Hell echoes back her scoff of shame  
 To th’ inactive rev’ling Champion’s name.  
 “Call forth the Song,” she scream’d;—the Minstrels came—  
 The theme was glorious War, the dear delight  
 Of shining best in field, and daring most in fight.

“Joy to the Soul,” the Harpers sung,  
 “When, ’th embattled ranks among,  
 “The steel-clad Knight, in vigour’s bloom,  
 (“Banners waving o’er his plume)  
 “Foremost rides, the flower and boast  
 “Of the bold determined host!”

With greedy ears the Guests each note devour’d,  
 Each struck his beaver down, and grasp’d his faithful sword.  
 The fury mark’d th’ auspicious deed,  
 And bad the Scalds proceed.



Penrose's Poetry, was passion : and so was Tom WARRICK's. The "*Abelard to Eloisa*" and the sonnets of Warrick,\* have been often quoted. But "the *Rights of Sovereignty*,"† a flighty Pindaric Ode, seems to have been quickly torn into strips and hurried into the lake of oblivion. I here reprint the whole. This piece is inscribed to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, "by his Grace's permission, a small proof of respect and veneration to his Grace's most exalted character, and that of his noble son Earl Percy, with due humility, by his Grace's much obliged and most obedient servant,

"THO. WARRICK."‡

"University College, Oxford,  
"May 15th 1777."

"THE Author, (said Warrick) would think himself deficient in gratitude, should he suffer this little *Coup d'Essai* to see the light, without returning thanks to the Reverend Doctor WHEELER, Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Poetry, for his candid and friendly remarks on some exceptionable passages before its being submitted to public inspection."

(I. 1.)

"MONSTER ! whose unfilial hand  
"Britannia's wrath would madly dare,

"Joy to the Soul ! a joy divine !  
"When conflicting armies join ;  
"When trumpets clang, and bugles sound ;  
"When strokes of death are dealt around ;  
"When the sword feasts, yet craves for more ;  
"And every gauntlet drips with gore."

The charm prevailed, up rush'd the maddened throng,  
Panting for carnage, as they foam'd along ;  
Fierce ODIN's self led forth the frantic band,  
To scatter havoc wide o'er many a guilty land."

\* Warrick, of *Levalsa* ; a fine poetic name.

† Right quarto pages. I wish I could have thus recovered Wolcot's Ode to "the Genius of Britain."

‡ By a strange affectation, he called himself Warwick.

“ At mine and Nature’s dread command,  
 “ Let fall the unhallow’d spear.”  
 Thus mid’ the deepest shades of night  
 From Montmorency’s craggy height  
 Her heav’n-taught Genius—When thro’ fury blind,  
 Ill-trusting to a rebel-blade,  
 America’s rash arm display’d  
 Her standard to the wind :

(I. 2.)

Vainly warn’d—for lo! the Fiend  
 From Acherou hath wing’d her way,  
 Whose steps no common woes attend,  
 Who asks no common prey—  
 Belying now the sacred form  
 Of Freedom brews the civil storm ;  
 Or lifts in well-feign’d Piety her eyes ;  
 Directs to Heaven the false appeal,  
 And views with joy fanatic Zeal  
 To impious Frenzy rise.

(I. 3.)

Rous’d by the proffer’d lures of Guile  
 The headlong Passions hurry to her aid ;  
 Here Avarice grasps a fancied spoil ;  
 For specious palms Ambition burns to wade  
 In kindred gore—with sullen cry  
 Dark Discontent proclaims, “ Revenge is nigh !”  
 Here, while Distrust and mutual Fear  
 Grasp all-irresolute the guilty spear,  
 Starts hell-born Anarchy to giant size,  
 And rears the embattled front amid supernal skies.

(II. 1.)

Fiends, avaunt !—for lo ! profuse  
 Of pardon and parental care  
 The traitor child Britannia sues  
 Her laws, her rights to share :

- " Yet to those arms return," she cries,  
 " That bade in peace thy wealth arise,  
 " That dash'd in war destruction on the foe—  
 " When Bourbon's fleets hung o'er thy coast,  
 " Gave to the winds his scatter'd host,  
 " And laid the Iberian low.

## (II. 2.)

- " Hence in safety thro' thy land  
 " Their heads a hundred cities rear ;  
 " With treasures fraught on every strand  
 " Thy banner'd oaks appear—  
 " To thee my equal rights I gave,  
 " With thee my empire o'er the wave,  
 " And ample wealth, and ampler glory shar'd—  
 " O happy ! hadst thou known to use  
 " What She, who now a suppliant sues,  
 " Had freely thine declar'd.

## (II. 3.)

- " Go now—and crouch to vanquish'd Spain ;  
 " With servile knee fatigue the Gallic throne ;  
 " Acquire new Lords, nor blush to feign  
 " The burthen yet unfelt, and chains unknown.  
 " O ! well-deserving that this hand  
 " Withdraw her shield from an ungrateful land,  
 " Self-doom'd, of foreign arms a prey,  
 " To martial laws, and superstition's sway—  
 " Rent in ill-hour, and propless on the plain  
 " The trampled Ivy seeks her late-priz'd Oak in vain.

## (III. 1.)

- " Breathes her voice a fruitless prayer,  
 " Untaught but to command before ?  
 " Let then, who scorns my love, prepare  
 " Mo feel my rightful power !  
 " Is not this trident still my own ?  
 " Cease I to wear the coral crown ?

“ Immortal pledge, for ages fresh and bright ! ” —  
 She spoke—and with decided air,  
 Gave to the\* ILLUSTRIOUS BROTHERS’ care  
 Her sword of CONSCIOUS RIGHT.

## (III. 2.)

Arbiters of peace and war !  
 Twin-stars of glory ! urge your way !  
 Soon may the Breasts you wish to spare  
 Returning duty sway !  
 But ah ! what horrors strike my sight ?  
 The Rebel-band hath rush’d to fight—  
 The Vulture’s beak is dy’d in civil gore.  
 Britannia, weeping, turns away ;  
 In pity feels her wrath decay,  
 Yet Honour calls for more.

## (III. 3.)

And lo ! a YOUTH, whose eagle-eye  
 Darts martial lightnings on th’ astonish’d crew,  
 Intently from th’ unfolding sky  
 In bright array what kindred spirits view !  
 O ! destin’d to again call forth  
 In noble breasts the seeds of ancient worth,  
 Thee, PERCY ! thy heroic line  
 Have mark’d with transport from their seats divine !  
 Thither, O ! late be thy great soul restor’d !  
 A Father bids thee live, and Britain claims thy sword.”

This gentleman was of University-College ; where his eccentric genius led him far away from academical exercises. Resembling Leach a Cornishman of Exeter-College, he slighted all discipline and almost all decorum. Our good old friend Dr. Wheeler had no suspicion, I believe, of his libertinism. En passant I mentioned Leach ; whose Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee was thought an ad-

\* The Howes

mirable piece of satire on two jarring Professors of Music at Oxford : and we saw the merit of Tweedle-dum in our mathematical Jackson's iron-visage relaxing into laughter. Leach might have done better things. But his career of genius and dissipation was short : and so was Warrick's. Unworthy of his station as a Clergyman, Warrick, when prevailed upon to preach, would sometimes suffer his Sermon to flutter (like his ode)—the disjecti membra. Once at least I witnessed, in St. Clement's Church, its fluttering amidst the congregation in loose fragments. Whirled about, himself, by various follies and extravagancies, he was at length literally whirled out of his earthly existence from his phaeton into the road, in the vicinity of Bath, and killed, almost on the spot.

It has been said that Warrick, from his intimacy with Wolcot, had imbibed before his matriculation at Oxford, the poison of infidelity.

Whether this be true or not, WOLCOT is now presented to our notice. And the accidental discovery of several letters (or rather notes) of Dr. Wolcot (for they were very laconic) has determined my wavering resolution respecting my introduction of him among our Cornish Worthies. For he was a Devonian by birth. Yet from his connexion with several old families in this county, he was considered as a Cornishman. Of my earlier recollections of Wolcot, all that relate to my sister whom he had attended in her last illness, are to me extremely interesting. Nor do I think that I need apologize for any anecdotes in which a kind heart and a liberal spirit are discoverable. Wolcot, with "all his frailties and his sins," had a heart "to rejoice with them that rejoiced, and weep with them that wept." In the innocent pastimes of myself and my beloved sister, he often rejoiced : and in our sorrows at the hour of her death, his sympathy, I am sure, was not affected. On the following effusion, he would have dropped a tear :—

"To my sister Grace, on her name which I cut on a willow near her little garden."

## I

Dear \*Mira ! in thy willow shade  
 On seat of " roots fantastic" laid  
 How oft I sigh for thee!  
 For on this willow† fond to spell  
 A fading name I loved so well  
 I call'd it Mira's tree.

\* So we called my sister Grace, from her fondness for the song: " The world, my dear Mira ! is full of deceit," &c. &c.

† This willow, hoary from age, did literally " part asunder" in a storm: and a trace of it is not to be seen. But a willow of a very different description, which I lately planted, was of a much shorter duration.—*Bonaparte's Willow.*"

" To his little boy, Edward P.; to whom the Author had given a slip of Napoleon's Willow, planted at Polwhele on the 9th of May, 1828."

Say, is it curiosity, or what,  
 Bids thee, my boy ! the double of Paul Pry,  
 Gaze with such ardour on the spot  
 Where your good Indian brother, \*Graves, and I,  
 Have planted with uncommon caution  
 A willow from the distant ocean—  
 From St. Helena !—Gently tread,  
 Nor come too near, my scampering Ned !  
 Be thine its care. Nor purse thy lip,  
 Because it is a sorry slip.

E'en from its skin,  
 (So very thin,  
 The pellicle is scarcely bark,)  
 Spark gleams, methinks, on spark,  
 Till, kindling up, it lightens fiercely round ;  
 And every bud,  
 Drops red with blood,  
 That seems to drench the ground !  
 Nor wonder : for the very tree,  
 Whence sprouted this same scion,  
 Was erst a canopy,  
 Spreading about and high on  
 (Hah ! hah !—in terror, start ye ?)  
 Napoleon Bonaparte !  
 There, in the sombre shade,  
 Full oft the warrior sat  
 Disposed, no doubt, to ruminate  
 On mad ambition, all too late.

\* Captain Richard Graves P.

## 2

Thro' scorching blasts and rushing rains  
 The letters scarce its bark retains,¶  
 Nor long their trace shall be :  
 Yet, tho' it all asunder part,  
 Thy sweet memorial in this Heart,  
 Shall perish but with me !”

And there, amidst the gloom  
 Pavilioning his tomb,  
 The warrior's bones are laid !  
 Yes ! from the willow-tree that waver'd  
 Over Napoleon's self, was sever'd  
 Yon sprig. Dost know, he was a demi-god,  
 Who the whole earth bestrode ?  
 By whom the nations breathed their breath,  
 Whose glance was fate, whose frown was death ;  
 Who, after a tremendous bustle,  
 In a lone isle shut up,  
 And draining to the dregs affliction's cup,  
 Rots on the rock, a poor corpuscle !‡  
 And now, my pretty fellow !  
 Now let us, fancying what may be,  
 Muse upon the destiny  
 Link'd with thy shoot of weeping willow.  
 'Tis overshadow'd by an ancient elm  
 Whose downward branches bend, as if to o'erwhelm  
 The pert aspirer ; and those oaklings red  
 See clinging to their native bed,  
 Their own, unalienable home.  
 And lo ! that waterfall, its foam  
 Flings, sprinkling on the sward fresh green :  
 —Such, little *Edward* ! is thy scene.  
 And if, of future time, we draw the curtain,  
 Concealing various fortune,  
 Thou wilt perceive thy willow-sprig,  
 Among thy father's oaklings mighty big ;  
 To every dew and raindrop weeping ;  
 O'er all incontinently sweeping ;  
 And ever prompt to flaunt or flout,  
 Turning its pale leaves inside out ;  
 With that old vigorous elm, a thousand ways,  
 Weaving its wild intrusive sprays,  
 And aiming into air to launch,  
 Far, far above the topmost branch.  
 But, whilst the veteran elm shall flourish,  
 And the young oaks their seed-bank nourish,

‡ Mors sola fatetur  
 Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula.

My sister and myself had pleasure in a little garden at Polwhele, which from long desertion was overgrown with briars and brambles and ground-ivy. But our hedgerow nook retained its peculiar feature, notwithstanding

For wainscot some, (if not for shipping,)  
 And many for good useful timber—  
 That willow—will it pay for stripping ?  
 Its stem how black, it boughs how limber ;  
 Their shade yet struggling to dispense,  
 Over a vast circumference !  
 And list ! I hear a voice exclaim :  
 “ Go—to its root—go, lay thine axe,  
 “ And give it to the flame !  
 “ The interloper will consume like flax,  
 “ And meet, for glory, shame !”

¶ The following is an impromptu of 1827 on three School-fellows, who had cut their names, about fifty years before, on the bark of an Oak, a Lime, and an Ash, at Polwhele.

What suns have shone, what storms have raved,  
 Since that delicious prime,  
 When on these trees our names we graved,  
 As if to mock at Time !

Full oft did *Pocock*, *Painter*, *Joy*  
 Along this valley dash,  
 Then pausing, each salute, fond boy !  
 His oak, his lime, his ash.

How frolic on his favorite tree  
 Did *Pocock*, *Joy*, and *Painter*,  
 Carve letters doomed, though deep, to be  
 Faint every year and fainter.

I hail Nick *Pocock's* gnarled oak,  
 To find his name ; but—lo !  
 As through its glimmering moss I poke,  
 Time puts me off with—*Po* !

*Poh* ! *Poh* ! on Time may I retort :  
 That ash will serve me better :  
 Thy name, young *Joy* !—In cruel sport  
 Hath Time erased each letter !

And shall I now the lime tree search  
 For *Painter*, all in vain ?  
*Eυρηξα* !—Yet old Time, so arch,  
 Has left me only—*Pain* !



the lapse of more than sixty years. The Snowdrop was here our favourite flower. That the trace of a Snowdrop, however, or of any other flower was here discoverable, I could not conceive. Yet here I found a tuft of Snowdrops in January 1829; and, on finding it, permitted my feelings thus to flow :

“ Yet can I the cold fancies brook  
Which specious fashion links with taste,  
Whilst from this long-forsaken nook  
Starts many a dream of pleasure past ?

Alas ! if, smoothing all the slope,  
I bid the sheltering hedge lie low,  
'Tis but to give an ampler scope  
To the dark West, our dreaded foe.

But, whether the drear eddying West,  
Or North winds howl or grimly\* sleep ;  
A tenderer feeling shall arrest  
The leveller's unrelenting sweep.

Oh ! relic of a sister's bower  
Of all its blooms so rudely shorn,  
Where oft we wooed the fragrant hour  
At evening close or break of morn ;

Where light the warbler of the glen  
Nestled or sung, no longer shy :  
Nor heeded our protected wren  
The jealous redbreast rustling nigh ;

Where hyacinths, the hedge beneath,  
And, midst its briars above, blue bells  
And honeysuckles loved to breathe  
Pure incense from their dulcet cells ;

\* “ Hush'd in grim repose.” GRAY.

And e'en, as now, where sharp the blast  
 Shook from the sprays a glittering shower  
 Of icicles, the spot we traced  
 To spy out the first infant flower.

And is it so? midst moss and fern  
 (Sure, 'tis illusion mocks my sight!)  
 Shall my dim eyes again discern—  
 Type of her soul—their virgin white?

But, are ye, Snowdrops! sprung from those  
 (To pensive memory, oh! how dear)  
 Once clustering—cradled amid snows,  
 Sweet heralds of the purpling year?

Say, are ye to the awakened gaze  
 Of fond affection kindly given,  
 To bring back my departed days,  
 Or lingering still, or dropt from Heaven?

Not pearls for so divine a gift—  
 The pearls of Ormuz—would I take!  
 And lo!—the pleading eye they lift!  
 “ Preserve us for a sister's sake !”

Yes! by that lucid sense—that voice—  
 Its every cadence treasured here—  
 Her hymns that bade my heart rejoice—  
 Her every smile—her every tear—

By every prayer her life to save,  
 When sinking in the arms of death—  
 By all the sighs which o'er her grave  
 Were heaved, as pale I gasp'd for breath;

Oh! by the kindling hope to share,  
 In realms where sorrow hath no lot,  
 Her everlasting love, I swear  
 That I will shield this sacred spot,

Till palsy grasp each trembling limb—  
 With FAITH aspiring to the skies  
 And holy PEACE—the “cherubim”  
 To guard my little Paradise!

I had considered the above as merely an effusion of fancy and feeling; not at all aware that snowdrops could have existed so long in the ground—upwards of sixty years—till in a late Quarterly Review I read the following: “The Snowdrop remains the only memorial of man and his labours, a melancholy flower; reminding us of some deserted dwelling, a family gone, a hearth that smokes no more!”\* Alas!—Polwhele had been a “deserted dwelling”—“the family was gone”—“the hearth smoked no more!”—In visiting this “little nook,” I often fancy my sister by my side, and recollect, not without a sigh, this beautiful passage:

“The time will come perhaps,” said Cowper, “(but death must first come) when we shall be able to visit those well remembered scenes without danger, trouble or expense; and when the contemplation of them will awaken in us emotions of gratitude and praise, surpassing all we could possibly sustain at present. In this sense, I suppose that there is a Heaven upon Earth at all times, and that the disembodied Spirit may find a peculiar joy arising from a review of these places it was formerly conversant with, and so far at least be reconciled to a world it was once so weary of, as to use it in the delightful way of thankful recollection.”†

But to return to no friend of Cowper; though, (as I have remarked) he had some good qualities. I can add little to the Anecdotes of Wolcot already‡ published; except such as the short letters alluded to, may suggest.

“Dear Flaccus! I would not flatter you.—It would be dangerous on such a subject. But I vow to G—

\* See Review of “the Journal of a Naturalist.”

† Cowper’s Private Letters, Vol. 1. p. 109. Edit. 7.

‡ See “Traditions.”

“you have a rod in pickle to make old† Euclid cut  
“capers!—J. W.

We here speak of William Jackson, my mathematical lecturer at Ch. Ch. afterwards Bishop of Oxford.‡

† See, in the Appendix to this volume, “*The Follies of Oxford*,”—with other satiric pieces.

‡ His brother Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Ch. Ch. was a still more austere character. I lately attempted a humorous parody of his well known epigram.

“Si mihi, si fas sit, traducere leniter ævum,  
Non pompam, nec opes, non mihi regna petam.  
Vellem ut divini pandens mysteria verbi,  
Virtute ac purâ sim pietate sacer.  
Curtatis decimis modicoque beatus agello,  
Vitam secreto in rure quietus agam.  
Sint pariter comites Græm Latineque Camœnæ,  
Et lepidâ faveat conjuge castus Hymen.  
Jam satis!—æternum spes, cura, timorque valete!  
Hoc tantum superest—“Discere posse mori.”

*Literal Translation.*

O would my days unruffled glide away!  
I ask nor pomp, nor wealth, nor princely sway.  
The sacred word unsealing, and sincere  
In Faith—a pastor to my people dear!  
From tithes, and glebe within a snug ring-fence,  
Be mine, in rural peace, a competence.  
And whilst the Grecian Muse gives zest to life,  
Chaste Hymen! link me to a cheerful wife.  
Enough!—Far hence Hope, Fear, Anxiety—  
And leave me only, “to learn how to die!”

*Ludicrous paraphrase.*

I’d be, if Heaven would grant my wish,  
I’d be nor Monarch, nor Archbishop.  
But, after ruling—not my whole age—  
The dreaded Dean of Christ Church college,  
O’er many a Marquess, many a Duke,  
(Who’ll find Collections are no joke)  
And after crying (thing how rare!)—“I  
Will not consent *Episcopari*!”  
And then dispensing mitre upon mitre  
From other pericraniums to shine brighter;—  
May I, my trappings flung aside,  
Bid my calm day sequester’d glide  
Midst shadowy dingles, dells, and springs;  
And, loitering oft where saunter’d Kings,  
Take care to deprecate the spleen,  
While all ask, wondering, where’s the Dean?

The other epistolary scrap from Wolcot is just of the same complexion. "Dear *Druid!* You used to

'Till potent Ministers of state  
Shall trace us to our snug retreat,  
Beseeching us, like Cincinnatus,  
(So high e'en royalty shall rate us)  
No more in groves or glens to lurk,  
But come—a lawny Lord—to York!—

Vain pomp, avaunt!—A sober Vicar  
(Tho' Clerks, 'tis certain, love good liquor,  
And Deans have no dislike to wine,)  
So quiet under my own vine  
I'll sit;—while rustics with a grin  
Shall scratch their scalps, and (since 'tis sin  
To cheat the parson) their petitions  
Present, for easier compositions.  
Then will I reckon up my dues  
And Easter-offerings, rents for pews—  
(With some perhaps compell'd in wrath  
To grapple for the after-math)  
And stickle for pigs, geese, and honey,—  
Nor, if no sly intruder see,  
Deem it beneath my dignity  
To course a hare, or bolt a coney.

On Sundays, like the diapason,  
I'll read the first and second lesson  
So solemnly, the deepening tones  
Shall well nigh rouse the charnel bones!

On other days throughout the week  
I'll woo the Muse, and mouth out Greek;  
And tho' I spurn at "poet Hayley,"  
Chant, as I sip my raspberry brandy,  
Sonorous strains that never can die,  
Or hum—"Unfortunate Miss Bailie!"  
Meantime, tho' Pomfret at his peril  
I'ray'd for a "mistress, but no wife,"  
Nor so the less salacious CYRIL!  
A helpmate meet be mine for life:  
Not such as those, o'er half the globe,  
Who scoff and scold, and chafe and chaffer on  
Shewing, in sooth, that Hymen's robe  
Was rather dipt in gall than saffron;—  
But modest, silent, gentle, chaste,  
Yet buxom both at bed and board!  
And, tho' embracing and embraced,  
Like Sarah, may she call me Lord!  
Enough!—Discharg'd my every function,

“succeed better than any of Cardew’s scholars in little translations and epigrams. Pray come to me this evening, and bring with you your version of “*Quæris quo victu,*” &c. &c. &c.

“Sunday morning. P. S. I beg your pardon—Keep the Sabbath-day holy; and the *evening* too. We are no Catholics—Stay at home, like a good boy, and read your Bible to your mother.”

From the fostering influence of this note, sprang forth epigrams upon epigrams, translations and originals; quick as mushrooms in their growth, and as short in their existence.\*

For the last time, perhaps a little mellow,  
I’ll lay my head upon the pillow !  
And, as I always loved high gentry  
At court, in college, or the country,  
The Prince himself shall give me extreme unction !

\* My translation of “*Quæris quo victu*” was liked by Wolcot; as was that of “*Somne levis,*” &c. &c. But the former is irrecoverable. The “*Paraphrase*” was lately written. “*The Justice of Peace,*” and the “*Namby Pamby*” are not of so recent a date.

*Quæris quo victu Cornubia gaudeat ! Artem,  
Qua formes placidas, accipe, Phili ! dapes.  
Erige triticeo Cerealia mœnia farre ;  
Et pandat largum massa rotunda sinum :  
Tum poma in minimas redolentia divide partes ;  
Et carnem pinguis suppedabit evia :  
Cœpe saporato contingat cœtera succo ;  
Sparge tamen parca flebile cœpe manu.  
His bene compositis rebus, te, Phili ! tuasque  
Laudabit mixtas helluo quisque dapes.*

#### PARAPHRASE.

The Cornish folks would back convey us  
For their best cates to Corineus . . . . .  
For many a dainty dish  
Which, certes, is nor flesh nor fish.  
In pie-productions, strange are their expedients,  
From sea and land to get ingredients  
That would appal old Nick !—Not, Tobit !  
Thy son was half so clever in devices !  
The smell, with but a bit—or no bit—  
Were quite enough ! And yet how nice is  
To Cornish palate—Cornish nose,  
Each pretty pie which Cornish cooks compose !

" With Cries, AMERICA's fair Vallies ring,  
 " Where wild AMBITION waves the bloodstain'd Wing,  
 " Where MURDER's Demons madding shout around,  
 " And HORROR heaves to Heav'n the Groan profound :  
 " A Groan, to bid the Tomb's pale Tenants wake :  
 " That bids Britannia to her Centre shake ;  
 " Whilst DANGER's Cloud with Thunder clad,  
 " O'erwhelming, frights the Nation with its shade."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Sweet as the Flowers that deck his honour'd Grave  
 " Is FAME's rich Incense, that embalms the Brave !  
 " Divine the Music of her Song, that flows  
 " How soothing, to the Spectre's pale Repose !—  
 " Who treads the solemn Isles of yonder Dome,\*  
 " Where Warriors, Statesmen, Poets, grace the Tomb,  
 " And looks on those fair Monuments of Fame,  
 " Nor kindles high at each immortal Name,  
 " Feels not his Heart, with sacred Ardors rage,  
 " To live for ever in th' Historic Page."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Think on the Name of Briton, what a sound !  
 " That carries awe to Earth's extremest Bound !  
 " But say from whence the fame of Albion sprung  
 " That glorious rings, and hath for Ages rung ?  
 " Lo! by a Sidney, Dorset, Marlborough, Hyde ;  
 " O'er other Realms she tow'rs with conscious Pride :  
 " Her Locke, her Newton the world's wonder drew—  
 " Far different Gentlefolks—my Lords—from you—  
 " Her Franklin, who the Lightning's Power defies,  
 " And drags to Earth the Tyrant of the Skies ;  
 " Smiles at his Rage, in iron Fetters bound,  
 " And chains his flaming Pinions to the Ground."

\* \* \* \* \*

" Say not that JEALOUSY my Verse inspires—  
 " That Foe to Greatness, ENVY's Demon fires—  
 " No, by the Muse, a Muse of humble Skill,

\* Westminster Abbey.

" Perhaps the meanest of th' Aonian Hill,  
 " Scarce with the other Sisters to be nam'd,  
 " Of whom, like †Goldsmith, yet I'm not *asham'd*,  
 " Whose Smiles when CARE's dark Clouds around me lour,  
 " Break the deep Gloom, to give a golden Hour :  
 " (A Muse so gentle! born without a GALL—  
 " Who never thought as now on *Lords* to call—  
 " In harmless Sonnet, pleas'd amid the Shade,  
 " To sing the Virtues of one fav'rite Maid,  
 " Whose Charms like Spring eternal, cheer the Groves,  
 " The Poet's Pride, and Pride of all the LOVES,)  
 " I swear, my ENVY points not to the Great—  
 " No, 'tis my PITY marks the Fools of State.  
 " Say, Candour, what are Titles ? empty Things !  
 " Oft *Folly's*, *Roguery's* Portion—Gifts of KINGS—  
 " Poor Coin! with *Wisdom* that will never pass—  
 " His Majesty may give 'em to an Ass."

" Who would not rather be th' untitled PITT, †  
 " Content the Pageantry of Courts to quit,  
 " To shine in Solitude, there blest to bless  
 " The suppliant, pale ey'd Children of Distress ?  
 " PITT, whose fair Name (such rev'rence it inspires)  
 " The County's proudest, mean born *Fool admires*."

" The mean-born fool" was Mr. ROSEWARNE, the leading man of Truro in Wolcot's day;—with whom Wolcot was continually at variance. Our Satirist was long in determining when or where to strike this blow at his antagonist : it was done rather awkwardly, after all. He repeated to me the lines, when the other parts of the poem were in a very rough state. PITT of Boconnock, (whom I noticed among our Orators) he was fond of complimenting : and in puffing, he was sometimes profuse. But he plumed himself on pasquinades. He had so quick a perception of follies and absurdities, that he could not resist

† My Shame in crowds, my solitary Pride. Des. Village.

‡ Of Boconnock, in Cornwall.



the temptation to expose them, at the risque of much personal inconvenience.—I not unfrequently called upon Wolcot on a Sunday evening. It was on a Sunday, I recollect, when Wolcot was assisting me in the translation of a Psalm into Latin verse, that a thunderstorm interrupted our classical energies. And seeing him very much terrified, I could not but think on the “*Hi sunt qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent*” :—whilst I expressed my wonder at his fear ; accustomed as he had been, in Jamaica, to lightening at the close of almost every day. “*Yes !*” (said he) “*evening after evening, I have seen the Blue mountains in a blaze ! But such lightening as this, would have killed all upon the island—all that breathed the breath of life.*”—At the other extremity of the bowling-green, there was then a lady, a native of St. Helena, who sat among her friends with “*nerves unshaken.*” This was the first time she had ever heard thunder.

As a physician, Wolcot was uncommonly successful in cases of fever : But, before he entered a room where fever existed, he would take a glass of brandy. Except when tempted by good old Mr. Daniell’s rich punch, he at the time of our first acquaintance was one of the *aquæ potatores* : He was certainly not fond of the juice of the grape. But owing to the precaution that I have just stated, he at length, became a dram-drinker.\*

Wolcot was often disposed to moralize. I wish he could have drawn his moral characters, without descending to personalities. Alluding to two young men (my contemporaries) I have heard Wolcot observe—nearly in these words—for he was sometimes solemnly sententious.—“*They are libertines, that are over nice in conversation ; to all appearance sensitive—“ tremulously sensitive.”*—The chaste in sentiment, and correct in conduct

\* In his last days he had his rum-bottle constantly at his side, and indeed subsisted on no other nourishment than rum.

have no insuperable objection to a double entendre."—This is true. I have often, in the course of a long life, made the same remark. I have known a person every way abandoned,—pretending to shrink with abhorrence from the slightest indelicacy of expression. And I have known a man perfectly chaste in his deportment, not at all scrupulous in calling (as Johnson hath said) a fornicator—"a fornicator." I always, indeed, suspect in those who appear so rigidly strait-laced—I always suspect a vicious imagination.

Of Wolcot's Religion I have somewhere told, he used to lament to my Father, that he "was not, and (with every struggle) could not be a Christian." Yet I never witnessed but once his "jesting with sacred things." It was at the Bethesda in Truro, where Wolcot and myself and all the belles were the fascinated hearers of "the beautiful young Baronet" (as they called him) Sir Harry Trelawney, and when *hallelujah* was chaunted, I believe most devoutly. How were we shocked when we heard Wolcot on the bench behind us, exclaim: "*Halloo—Jack! Halloo—Jack!*" Sir William Trelawney had been his patron; and for Sir Harry he professed a great regard. But neither gratitude nor affection could check the tongue of the blasphemer.

From his satirical propensities, W. found his residence at Truro very uncomfortable. To the Corporation he had given offence by representing them all as mules or asses—by hitching one in a rhyme, and characterising another in a couplet—such as

"Upstarts James Kempe  
With face of hemp,"

and such as

"Warrick! it is thine inditing,  
Thou image of an old dried whiting!"

And indignantly tossing out of window a bolus presented to a patient (by an Alderman) in brown paper; and abusing a surgeon (eke an Alderman) in a ballad, the subject of which it were indecent almost to hint at, but

which was hawked about the streets, he roused a nest of hornets both in the corporate body and in the medical fraternity.

Nor was he, though he had the reputation of gallantry, on the best terms with the female sex;—whilst he hailed two ladies, doubtless of enormous bulk, making their progress down the street—with “Here come Rowtor and Brownwilley\* in petticoats!” or, whilst he compared a third, rather a silent lady, to “Balaam’s ass, that never spoke till she was pushed—yet, when she did speak, whose words were oracular”!

In short, Wolcot was daily losing ground in our little world: and though he was still welcomed in parties of pleasure, there were a greater number who dreaded his witty severity than enjoyed his jocularity. In every company he was sure to meet some, who had smarted under the lash of his satire: and the sufferers were on the watch for opportunities of retaliation. For instance, when he was *ducked* in a water-party to Piran-zabulo (of which I was one) and his wig sent out to sea, there was more of angry asperity than of playful humour in the operation—not less, perhaps, of an avenging spirit, than what he once experienced from a hearty thrashing at Penkalenick, notwithstanding apologies the most humiliating. But his satire was not restrained to Truro—witness “the old dame of the west” and “the candle-end thief!”†

After leaving Truro, Wolcot had a house or lodgings, I think, at Falmouth and at Helston—yet not long before he quitted Cornwall to reside in London.

Of Wolcot’s subsequent life I was no witness; except indeed at Exeter and its neighbourhood; when

\* Two of our Cornish mountains.

† How much is often sacrificed to this talent of Ridicule!—By sending Mr. Price of Penzance to feed his geese on coal and cabbage, Mr. Praed lost the representation of the County.—By punning upon a fool of a Fellow called Wisdom Tom Warton lost the Presidentship of Trinity-College—cum multis aliis.

I made an effort to *shew* him to my acquaintance. It was then, he met at my house at Kenton, the *Alps-Club*—Mr. Prebendary Swete and his lady, Mr. Archdeacon Andrew and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, and Dr. and Mrs. Downman. Before their arrival, he had observed from the windows of the drawing-room, “a ragged boy upon a donkey;” and in less than ten minutes produced an admirable sketch of the ass and its rider. The boy, pale and emaciated, was rotten (W. said) from the bad air we were all breathing--poisoned as it was with marsh miasma. We were much amused with the drawing. Wolcot slept at my house. I had invited a party of my Starcross friends, to join W. and our family, the next day on the water: And we were willing to anticipate a pleasant morning on the Exe; enlivened by the wit of P. Pindar. As soon, however, as I got up, I found a note on the breakfast table to this effect: “Your pestilential air has almost been death to me! Adieu!” The servant said, he had been gone for some hours. We put off the sailing expedition; and I followed W. to Exeter, where I dined and supped with him at Downman’s. And, at supper, in the midst of an animated conversation, Wolcot started up in great perturbation—“Zounds! I’ve dropped a letter in the post without directing it!”—and hurried off, to the music of the glasses that danced at his exit most merrily. By good luck he recovered the letter. It was addressed to a young woman in London, a poor orphan, whose charms, he said, (but we did not believe him,) he had had the fortitude to resist from a regard for her welfare, and to whom he had given much good advice (religious I suppose!)—accompanied with a considerable sum of money to set her up as a milliner.

I have little more to add to this memoir of Wolcot, than that I am sure the conflict between him and William Gifford, has been greatly misrepresented. Wolcot was not the aggressor.—In satire, Gifford was a Juvenal;—Wolcot, a Horace. Gifford, when a Bible-clerk of Exeter-College, was

introduced to me at Ch. Ch. by a common friend. And to my zeal in obtaining subscriptions for his admirable version of Juvenal, he was much indebted. But I never received my book, or even the slightest acknowledgement of my exertions.\*

In humour of a different complexion from that of Wolcot, CHARLES FOX was allowed to excel—the ingenious author of “*the Cornish Dialogues*.” He was the

\* *Music* and *Poetry* are sisters. But Cornwall is not famous for her vocal or instrumental performers. Bennet, an organist at Truro, (contemporary with Wolcot,) was said to possess taste beyond his fellows. And *Inledon*, of St. Keverne, was a celebrated vocalist. It is remarkable, that the *Inledons* were all musical. *Inledon*'s aunt was the first singer of “*Black-eyed Susan*.” When I called, some years ago, on old Mrs. *Inledon*, of Coverack, to get some anecdotes of her son, she could, (or would) tell me nothing. Indeed, she was quite lost. Touching, however, upon the rebellion of 45, I roused her from her trance. She repeated scraps of ballads and songs all about the year 45. I spoke of the French Invasion, of which we were at that moment in dread. To our feelings she was utterly insensible: It seemed that she had not even heard of Bonaparte: and again she recited her “ballads and songs all about the year 45.”—In his “*Retro-spections*,” &c. Bernard tells: “*Rauzzini* had a great contempt for English singing; he had never heard any, he said, which did not puzzle him to determine which was worst, the tone or the taste. On the night of *Inledon*'s debut, at Bath, it was with some difficulty, therefore, he could be prevailed upon to attend. He accompanied Doctor *Harington*'s party, but rather by compulsion than persuasion; and, on entering the box, turned his back to the stage, as was his invariable custom on such occasions. Before *Inledon* had got through three bars of his first song, (as *Edwin* in *Robin Hood*.) *Rauzzini* began to listen; three more turned him round; another six convinced him, and, at the conclusion of the verse, he joined loudly in the applause. When the opera was over, he went behind the scenes, took *Inledon* by the hand, and said, “Sare, I tank you for ze pleasure you af give me; you vas de fus Ingleesh singer I have hear, vat can sing. Sare, you af got a voice—you af got a voice.” *Charles*, at the conclusion of a favourite ballad, one evening, made a beautiful run, in that way which was altogether his own, rolling his voice grandly up, like a surge of the sea, till, touching the top-note, it gushed away in sweetness. “*Coot Cot!*” cried *Rauzzini*, looking up, “it vas vare lucky dere vas some roof dere, or dat feller would be hear by de ainshel in hev'n.”—When he sang at *Vauxhall*, perhaps the reader will say, this obstacle did not exist.

son of Joseph Fox, a quaker; who was a grocer at Falmouth. Charles kept a bookseller's shop; but failing in that business, removed to London and thence to Bristol. He died at Caroline-Buildings, Bath, about the year 1808. He was said to have been well versed in Oriental learning. His Dialogues are proofs of his humour and an accurate observation of character. They have been long circulated in MS. through the West of Cornwall. I have seen several other similar pieces; but (like most imitations with respect to their originals) they fall very short of Fox's in spirit and characteristic propriety.

*Cornish Dialogue between Two Old Men.*

*Job Munglar.*

Loard! uncle Jan Trudle, dost a hire the news  
 How belike we shall stompey in temberen shoes?  
 For the Franchmen and Spangars be coaming, they saey,  
 For to carry us ale from ould Inglant away!

*Jan Trudle.*

Hould tha toang, tha' great toatledum pattick of Newlyn,  
 What becaze the old wemmen be dwaling and druling,  
 And fright'ning one tother with goblins and goastes,  
 And a squaling "The Franchmen be got 'pon the coastes!"  
 Shoar thee beestn'n sich a whit-liver'd saft-bak'd Tim-  
 doodle,  
 As to think they'll titch ground this em side of the poodle.  
 Noa—drat'em! they weant bring thick noashion to bear,  
 While there's bould Coarnish curridge to give 'em a cheer.  
 And trust me, Job Munglar, I'll weage my ould hat!  
 They have too much of slydom to venture 'pon that.  
 Besides, ef they shud, as a body may saeya,  
 Dust a think that we'd let 'em goa deancing away?  
 Noa—Fath! thof I stand here so ould as thy vaather,  
 And thee and thy bastards ale reckon'd togetather;  
 Thof I'm lame in my click-hand, and blind 'pon one eye,  
 Yet by Gambers! Jan Trudle would scoarn to fight shy,

Or stand gogling for gapes, like an owl at an eagle,  
 Or yowling just ain like a Jany Tregeagle!  
 Noa—dost hire ma! Job Munglar, cheeld veane! dest  
 a hire?

There's noa mortal can saey I'm afeard to stand fire:  
 And thee knawst et for sartin, as how, and so be,  
 When the marchants wor sheppin the bearley, dest see,  
 And we run'd off to Padsta to nack their purceedings;  
 Ded I mind the riat-act-man and 'es readings?  
 Noa, I called out the Hubbar—soa hard as I cud,  
 And cried, stand to et boys! tes for bearly or blood!  
 And when ale the soadgers ded loady their guns,  
 I made the purpoashals to dost 'am weth stoans.  
 Soa we cobb'd et away jest like lyants and tygars  
 Till we made am at laste fale a snapping the trigars.  
 And drat em! Job Munglar! I'm bould for to saey  
 That I steev'd down three rud-coats so ded as a draey.  
 But I scorn to stand speeching braggashans and soa,  
 As ale round the Bal here do very well knoaw.  
 Yet in caze, ef so be, as the Papishes coame,  
 For to roust us ale out from our houzen and hoam,  
 Ill be cut up in slivers for meat for the croaws,  
 Ef I doant slam this tamlyn souse into their joaws.  
 Thof I've been ever sence that I noozled the nepple,  
 Durk as pitch a won side, and a hafe of a crepple;  
 Yet I've heart's-blood enow if we chance to fale too't,  
 For to murder five Franch and a Spanjar to boot!  
 But et es noa moar likely to coam unto pass,  
 Than thick moyle to fale talkeing like Balaamses ass!

*Job Munglar.*

Well! that maey be thickey suppoashal's o' thine;  
 But fath! 'tis noa mazedish condudle o' mine!  
 Noa—soa sartin as thickey there place es Kearn Braey,  
 The Franchmen be coaming to car us away.  
 They've five hundred great sheps, and a mashes of men,  
 And sich powars of cannans, as never was sen!  
 But the worstest of ale, (sez a man cum'd from Famuth)

They have swared to burn ale from Tol Ped'n to Plemuth ;  
 And to force ale the people, boath Chrestians and Jews.  
 For to live upon quilkins and pagetepooes ;  
 And moar too than thickey, they'll hitch in a roap  
 Every soual that weant pray to the Devel and Poap !

Thof I beant quite soa rich-like in cuyn as a squize.  
 Yet I've soam little cobshans, Jan Trudle! dedst hire ?  
 Soa for doubting, cheeld lookey ! I've steev'd et, oak farn,  
 And 'fast bind et, fast find et,' weant do one noa harm.  
 Soa for doubting cheeld vean ! (as I tould tha afoar)  
 I've squadg'd et down ninety good fathoms and moar,  
 In a drang, where ould Scratch, ef ha ever inclin'd et,  
 Mightsciau ale his claws off afoar he wud find et.  
 For the outlandish Pagans, in caze they do landey,  
 Will go drifting for cuyn, like excise-men for brandey ;  
 But ef ever they smill out the pleece where I've poat et,  
 May my corps like a pelchard besaleted and goated !

*Jan Trudle.*

Why then zounds ! let em coam, ef soo be they've a mind  
 Thee hast shanks for to skeyce with thy fardle behind.  
 Thee maeyst scamp wi' the wemmen and cheldren, thee  
 goose !

And the oather gret gaukums that take the same coose.  
 But may ale the \*big thunder-bolts up in the clouds  
 Tumble down 'pon my body, and squat am to jouds,  
 May I broyl like grain-tin in a blowing-house fire,  
 'Tell I'm rud as the smith makes the pieces of ire ;  
 Ef I weant be shut ded, afoar enny soap-meagar,  
 Shall slavify me like a blackey-moor negar,  
 And make me ate quilkins and pagetepooes,  
 And woorship the Devel and wear woaden shoes !†

\* At pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,  
 Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam, &c. &c.

† This was nearly the language of our learned countryman,  
 Mr. Moyle, in "A Charge to the Grand Jury at Leskard,  
 April, 1706." "If France (says he) prevails in this war, we  
 shall be dragooned into idolatry, slavery, and wooden shoes."  
 —See Moyle's works, Vol. I. p. 163.



Noa fath ! by the sperit, and soal of my body,  
 I'd rather be toarn'd to a hoddymandoddy !  
 Doant stand, tha' great lutterpooch ! chewing tha thumb ;  
 For they'll get a mayn dousting when ever they coam !

*A Dialogue between Gracey Penrose and Mally Trevisky.*

*Gracey.*

Fath and trath then I b'leve, in ten parishes round,  
 Sichey roage, sichey vellan, es nat to ba found !

*Mally.*

Whots tha fussing, un Gracey ! long wetha, cheel vean ?

*Gracey.*

A fussing aketha ! od splet es ould braeane !  
 Our Martin's cum'd hum, cheeld, so drunk as a beast,  
 So cross as the gallish from Perranzan veast,  
 A kicking, a tottering, a cussin, and swearing,  
 So hard as the stomses a tarving and tearing.

*Mally.*

Naver mind et, un Gracey !—cheeld, put en to bed :  
 Aal slepe ale the lecker away from hes head.

*Gracey.*

I wudden go neast an to fang the King's crown ;  
 For a swears ef I speke t'un, aal cleave my skull down.  
 Thee never in aal thy born days, fath and shoar,  
 Dedst behould sichey mazegerry pattick afore.  
 Why a scatt all to midjans and jouds for the nons,  
 A cloam buzza of scale milk about on the scons ;  
 And a catch'd up a shoul for to steave me outright :  
 And I run'd away ready to fainty for fright.  
 Lord ! tell ma, un Mally ! what shall I do by an—  
 For zountikins ! death ! I'm affeard to go nigh an.

*Mally.*

I know what I'd gee'n, ef sa bee 'twor my caze :  
 I'd scat the ould chacks an, I'd trem an, un Grace !

*Gracey.*

I'm affear'd a ma life to go nigh the ould vellan  
 Else, please father, I bleve I should perfectly kell an,  
 But I'll never no more be so baul'd and abus'd :  
 My arms here like bazam the roage have abruis'd !  
 I made for hes supper a muggetty pye ;  
 But a shant clunk a croom ate, I wish a may die !

*Mally.*

I tould thee, afore that the job was adone,  
 That theedst find out tha odds ate so sure as a gun :  
 But thee wusent hark to me for doubting, for why,  
 Becase thee didst know en much better than I.  
 But I know'd the trem aan before thee hads got an,  
 And tould thee a mashes of stories about an.  
 But thee answered so toytish, and skrink'd up tha noze,  
 A gissing 'twas gret stramming lyes I suppoze.  
 There's one of es pranks I shall always remembar,  
 ('Twill be dree years agon come the ighth of Novembar,)  
 I'd two purty young mabyers as eyes cou'd behould,  
 So fat as the butter, just iteen weeks ould :  
 They were picking about in the town-place for meat :  
 So I hove down some pellase among mun to eat ;  
 When who but your man cum'd a tottering along,  
 So drunk that I thoft he wud fale in the dung :  
 Aleft fale hes hoggan-bag jest by the door ;  
 So I caal'd to the man (as one would to be sure)  
 Says I : " Martin ! dust hire, cheeld ? cum take up tha bag :"  
 " Arra, (sezza) for what art a caleing me dog ?"  
 An a run'd forth, tha roage, an nar better nar wus,  
 Nact the mabyers both stef with a geart maur of fusse.  
 Like anow ef I eadnt got hasty's away,  
 He'd adone as a ded by Jan Rose t'other day ;  
 When a got in his tantrums, a wilful ould devil,  
 And slam'd the poor soal in the head with a kebbal.

*Gracey.*

When the cyder is run'd away every drap,  
 'Tis too late to be thinkene of plugging the tap :

And marriage must go as the Loard doth ordain :  
 Yet ef I'd know'd the coose aan, un Mally, cheel vean !  
 Ef i'd known the coose aan but nine weeks ago,  
 I'd never ha had the ould vellan, I know.  
 But a vow'd and a swared that ef I'd be hes wife,  
 I never should want all the days of my life ;  
 And a broft me a nakin and corn-save from Preen—  
 En ma conscience thoft I, I shall leve like a Queen !  
 But tes plagy provoking, adsplet hes ould head !  
 To be pooted and slopt so! I wish a were dead !  
 Why a spent half hes fangings last Saturday night :  
 Like anow, by this time, tes gone every dyte.  
 But I'll tame the ould deval afore et es long—  
 Ef I caant wa ma vistes, I will wa ma tonge !†

*I recollect a few lines of a Dialogue between two young men.*

\* \* \* \* \*

“ We could hardly scronge room for to stond in the fair :  
 A man in a spicketie jacket was there ;  
 A tould sich a story, as never was heerd,  
 About an ould codger that had a gray beard ;

† Dr. Paris has printed this dialogue in his Appendix to the new edition of “ the Guide to the Mount's Bay ” &c. as the production of Dr. “ Wolcot.” But it is not Wolcot's. It was published by me as Fox's, many years since. It is now reprinted, more correctly. For the explanation of the Cornish words, I refer my readers to my Provincial Glossary.—History of Cornwall, Vol. V.

I observe, likewise, in Dr. Paris's Appendix, at p. 270, “ Carnbreh, an Ode hitherto unpublished, by Dr. Wolcot.” The legitimate “ Ode to the Genius of Carnbre ” by Wolcot, was a very different thing, which I not only copied from Wolcot's MS. (before almost the ink was dry) more than 50 years ago, but published soon after, with a little effusion of my own on the same subject ; and in 1825, republished in my “ Recollections.”

Where Dr. Paris could have met with his Ode, I know not. It certainly is not in Wolcot's stile of writing. It is deficient in simplicity. “ The gloom-delighted muse ”—“ devotion wrapt ”—“ the silent-sleeping string ”—“ the plaintive trembling spirit ”—would have been reprobed by W. who hated what he called “ epithetishness ”—who shuddered at a compound epithet.



And how that a hos once mistook en for haye,  
 And had like to have snapp'd ale the chacks aan awaye.”

\* \* \* \* \*

To Penzance as fruitful in genius, we may give the pre-eminence, perhaps, over most of the towns of Cornwall. But St. Ives has no mean pretensions to our regard; whilst the retiring diffidence of its Poets seems to render its claims more interesting.

“The Sea-shore, and other poems” by FORTESCUE HITCHINS, are inscribed to Samuel Stephens, Esq. of Tregenna-Castle. The residence of the Poet at St. Ives, was favourable to the main subject of his book. Hitchins gained no credit from his “historic partnership” with Drew. But his poetry is far above mediocrity. His affectionate tribute to the memory of an excellent father does honour to his head and heart.

“Yon slender spire, upshooting from the grove,  
 Points out my birth-place; dear, deserted spot!  
 Hilaria! where, in youth’s Elysian days  
 I join’d the rustic striplings in their games;  
 Not dreaming *then* that ever time would come,  
 Or come, alas! *so* soon, when I should call  
 No more by that endearing name of home,  
 The vicar’s well-known roof!—but come *it is*,  
 With sorrow on its wings, like a fierce blast,  
 With’ring, at once, my pleasures and my hopes.  
 Ah sainted parent! if thy blissful shade  
 Hovers, a guardian angel, o’er my path,  
 Teach me thy lov’d example! Let me feel  
 That virtuous impulse, and the force divine  
 Of piety like thine. This humble verse  
 But ill records thy worth; but thou shalt live  
 As long as memory lasts, stamp’d deep in hearts  
 That knew thy bounties,—*guardian of the poor!*  
 Whilst science, drooping o’er thy hallow’d tomb,  
 Sheds many a tear, and consecrates thy dust.

But thine was not that learning which the world,  
 Warp'd by the force of vice unjustly terms  
*Philosophy!*—a system of deceit  
 That lures th' unwary from religion's paths,  
 To stray in dark delusion. Such there are  
 Who, madly trusting to its idle dreams,  
 Would doubt th' existence of a pow'r divine,  
 And shut out immortality from man.  
 No ! tho' 'twas thine to trace, with skill exact,  
 Thro' telescopic tube, th' evolving orbs  
 For ever varying in their heav'nly course—  
 Tho' thou, with judgment deep, didst pore profound  
 On sciences abstruse, nor lose the clue  
 Which penetration gave thee to explore  
 The labyrinth of knowledge,—yet thy heart,  
 By infidelity untainted, felt  
 Conviction strong, that " Christ was all in all,"  
 And all besides, unstable and unmeet  
 To smooth the pillow of departing life.  
 Farewell ! thou much-lov'd village ! thou has lost,  
 For ever lost the power of charming me !  
 Thy peaceful rustics, and thy lowly roofs,  
 And, more than all, half hid with stately elms,  
 My native dome, with garden stretch'd behind,—  
 A second Eden ! all conspire to dart  
 An arrow thro' my soul. Pain'd with the thought,  
 The recollection sad of those gay hours,  
 Now vanish'd like a dream, when, free as air,  
 I danc'd along the meadows, and oft mark'd,  
 At morn and eve, the first and last bright ray  
 Gilding the slender spire—pain'd with the thought,  
 I dare not dwell on memory's mournful page,  
 But bend to happier scenes my tearful eye."

St. Ives was charmed with Hitchins ; but still more  
 with FRANCIS HINGSTON.

" This gentleman's father (says a venerable friend)  
 " was a clerk in the Custom-house of St. Ives. I was well



“acquainted with him ; and knew him to be a very respectable character, and in good circumstances. His eldest son John was sent to Truro-school in 1800, and remained there above a year. Afterwards at sea, he was killed in Lord Nelson’s action off Trafalgar. He wrote a remarkably fine hand.—But you can best learn more of this family from his brother—*the Poet*—now an Officer in the Customs at Truro, who has occasionally gratified his friends with some very pleasing love-verses.” And thus modestly “*the Poet*” speaks, in answer to my enquiries :—“Of myself, one word is enough. I was born in St. Ives in Nov. 1796, [my brother, Dr. Thomas Hingston, in 1799]—and, educated at Truro grammar-school, I had for my school fellows your two eldest sons, now I believe both serving in India. As to my literary productions, they consist simply of the few little pieces already in your hands, (which have been preserved wholly by accident) and some other trifles in prose and verse, which were not worth preserving.”—“They were written only to amuse an idle hour, or to beguile a weary one. I have never made poetry a regular pursuit : and for some years I have laid it aside even as a pastime.” Of Mr. Hingston’s station among the bards of Cornwall, my readers shall soon judge.

It was said of Shenstone, that in his lyric efforts, he was scarcely ever satisfied with himself. And, indeed, after some few exceptions, he had no cause, I think, for rejoicing in his lute of love. Not so Mr. Francis Hingston ; who “breathes melodious sighs” from unaffected feeling—who has the tenderness without the inaccuracies of Collins. Hitchins was called “the sweetest trifier of his tribe” : But here we have “strength with sweetness.”

From many an eye of heavenly blue  
 The full bright tear is starting ;  
 And many a cheek of rosy hue  
 Turns pale at thy departing :—

And many a tender heart beats high  
 From hope and thee to sever,  
 Yet vows, with many a secret sigh,  
 To prize thy love for ever :

And many a warm and ardent prayer  
 From purest lips is breaking ;  
 And gentle words of soft despair  
 Are magic voices speaking—

Yet ladies' love may wither fast,  
 And ladies' vows deceive thee ;  
 But friendship, faithful to the last,  
 Will never—never, leave thee !

---

Sweet Lily ! o'er thy drooping head  
 The morning sun is softly shining ;  
 The ocean-breeze hath mildly shed  
 Its wreathes of dew—yet thou art pining !

Sweet Flower of Light ! no black cloud swells  
 Its stormy breath to blight and tear thee ;  
 For He who holds the tempest, dwells,  
 In love and mercy, ever near thee :

And he who now, 'neath cloudless skies,  
 O'er sunny lands and waves is straying—  
 Where Moslem minarets arise,  
 And where the rosy gale is playing ;

Yes, he in Pera's lordly bowers  
 With golden splendour proudly beaming,—  
 In Syria's balmy land of flowers,—  
 Of home and thee will still be dreaming !

---

She knows it all! Her full dark eye  
 Hath met my looks of fond devotion;  
 And her young heart hath told her why  
 Her glance could give such sweet emotion!

She knows it all! I never spoke  
 A word of love when she could hear me;  
 The softest sigh hath never broke  
 From my full heart when she was near me—

But yet she knows—The closest breast  
 That love hath ever made its dwelling,—  
 The soul that hides the secret best—  
 In vain would keep the eyes from telling!

---

O God!—to Thee—to Thee my heart  
 All silent breathes its contrite prayer;  
 For pure and holy as Thou art,  
 Not my polluted lips may dare  
 To raise that voice to themes divine,  
 Which worships other names than thine!

In midnight gloom around me throng  
 The visions of departed years—  
 Forbidden pleasures lov'd too long,  
 Ungodly hopes, and sinful fears:  
 But will not these, O Lord, remove  
 Before the kindlings of thy love?

Then breathe thy spirit, as at first  
 All hallow'd o'er my soul it came;  
 Ere on my fever'd senses burst  
 The glow of passion, and the flame  
 That burns unseen, unwept, unknown,  
 Save to thy searching eyes alone:



And pour the heavenly balm that heals  
 The wounded spirit—and renew  
 The pure, untainted love that feels  
 No pleasure sacred but the true :—  
 The holy ardour, Lord, that burns  
 Seraphic—when to Thee it turns !

---

Oh, should it be my lot to go  
 Far from my native home away,  
 To muse where distant streamlets flow,  
 And over distant hills to stray ;  
 And hear the wintry billows' roar  
 Sound strangely on another shore ;

And should it be my lot to part  
 From all my soul hath lov'd the best ;  
 To rend the cords that bind my heart,  
 To quench the hopes that soothe my breast ;  
 And from those dear delights to sever,  
 That should have cheer'd my paths for ever ;

And should it be my fate to die  
 Where not one kindred eye would weep,  
 Where not one friendly heart would sigh  
 To see me sleep that last long sleep ;  
 To see me laid beneath the sod  
 On which my footstep scarce had trod :—

Say, gentle lady, should'st thou hear  
 That such, alas, had been my doom—  
 Say, would thy fancy hover near  
 The precincts of my distant tomb,  
 Or think it sweet, when day-light set,  
 To dream my spirit lov'd thee yet ?

Oh, I had hop'd that when my race—  
 My weary race of life—was run,  
 My heart would find its resting-place,  
 Where all its sorrows were begun—  
 That spot, which, as it gave me birth,  
 Is best belov'd of all the earth :

That men would make my lowly grave  
 Where, in the night-wind's breathings, swell  
 The murmurs of that dark blue wave,  
 Whose summer-voice I lov'd so well ;  
 And that the breeze which gave me breath  
 Would sigh around me, e'en in death !

Where, haply, if a weed should spring ;  
 The hand of one who lov'd the dead  
 Would kindly pluck it thence, and fling  
 Upon my sleeping dust, instead,  
 The sweetest flowers, not bath'd alone  
 In Nature's tears, but in her own :

Where those who spoke my name would say,  
 When every error was forgiven,  
 And Death had torn the veil away  
 That hides the mercy-seat in Heaven—  
 Where all would say, my heart who knew,  
 'Twas not unkind—'twas not untrue !

That vain and weak as it had been,  
 It never—never—crouch'd to pride ;  
 That nothing sordid, base, or mean  
 Was to its feelings e'er allied ;  
 And changeful as its fancies came,  
 Its deeper thoughts were still the same !

Farewell, farewell ! my hand can trace  
 But feebly what my heart would say—  
 The thoughts that time can ne'er efface,  
 Nor even absence wear away !

Farewell, farewell ! there's not a bliss—  
 (If ought of perfect joy there be  
 Still lingering in a world like this)—  
 But what my prayers shall ask for thee !

---

Sweet maid ! may Heaven on thee bestow—  
 (And Friendship this fond wish inspires)—  
 The purest bliss that mortals know,  
 That Fancy dreams, or Hope desires !

Serene may all thy prospects be ;  
 Celestial joys may'st thou partake,  
 As bright as *Oman's* pearly sea,  
 And calm as *Cashmere's* limpid lake.

Yes, happier may each moment prove,  
 As Fate the scenes of life discloses ;  
 And balmy peace, and smiling love  
 Bring, every day, a "*Feast of Roses*" !

---

Wolcot had tears and smiles in almost alternate succession. There is a pleasantry in the following little piece worthy of Peter Pindar. "*For the Post-woman at Christmas.*"

Ladies and gentlemen, your faithful drudge  
 Poor *Jenny Post*, who daily through the town,  
 In every sort of weather's forced to trudge,  
 Oft times in dripping cloak and draggled gown,  
 And shivering feet, plash, plashing in her shoes,  
 Trotting about with letters and with news.

Now at this gladsome season, when your houses  
 Are gay with ever greens and song and mirth—  
 Mince pies and eggy-flip—and gay carouses  
 Are ringing joyously round every hearth,  
 Comes Jenny Post to share your jovial cheer—  
 A merry Christmas and a bright new year!

Consider how you long, from day to day,  
 To hear her welcome foot, when on the seas  
 Your friends or lovers wander far away,  
 Braving alike ' the battle and the breeze'—  
 Consider how you long to hear the rattle  
 Of Jenny Post's old pattens, pittle pattle !

And now when all the storms are hush'd and quiet  
 Or only at a pleasant distance grumble,  
 And Jenny Post would gladly mend her diet,  
 For Christmas-time, she thinks, by far too humble,  
 Dip in your well fill'd pockets, not unwilling,  
 And pull her out a sixpence or a shilling.

Alas, she is a widow—and alas,  
 Of that unhappy sort they call *bewitch'd* ;  
 She knows no reason why it came to pass :  
 But he, the rogue to whom her fate was hitch'd,  
 Took to his heels when scarcely out of church,  
 And left poor Jenny Deyson in the lurch.—

Else had she been a *pillar* not a Post—  
 Standing, in fair array, among the people,  
 Who, in their saintly meekness, rightly boast  
 A pious horror of the church and steeple,  
 And carefully make clean from stain and spatter  
 The outside of the cup and eke the platter.—

But now, instead of resting on the shelf  
 Of worldly comfort and religious ease,  
 She is oblig'd to struggle for herself ;  
 And, therefore, Christian neighbours ! if you please

To hear and heed her annual petition,  
'Twill mend at least her bodily condition.

Then give her plentifully cake and wine—  
If mull'd—in frosty weather, 'tis the better ;  
And kindly bid her come again and dine,  
If she should chance to bring a pleasant letter—  
And overwhelm her with your Christmas boxes,  
From Dr. Boase's down to Mr. Fox's."†

Dr. THOMAS HINGSTON is the author of some pleasing poetry ; of which the only specimen in my possession are the Lines on the Picture of a Mother, wounded and dying, whilst nursing her child :

“Take, hapless child—not long the power will be—  
Take the last drop that bosom has for thee.  
She bleeds and sinks, nor fails in death to prove,  
How triumphs then, a mother's living love.”

The Doctor (a physician at Penzance) was born at St. Ives, (as we have seen) in 1799, and was educated in his native town, and at Queen's College, Cambridge, of which he is still a member. His medical studies commenced in the house of a general practitioner : and having availed himself of the opportunities of an extensive practice which that connexion afforded him, he removed to Edinburgh, in the year 1821. During his residence there, he obtained the Prize for a Latin Ode, on the occasion of the late King's Visit to Scotland. In 1824, he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Physic, after publishing an Inaugural Dissertation *De Morbo Comitali*. And in the same year he published a new edition of that celebrated work of Harvey *De Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*.\*

† I am indebted to a little scrap-book for all this elegance and pathos and pleasantry. The public would eagerly hail a volume of such poetry.

\* Had I not at first been wavering in respect to the propriety of meddling with Living Characters, I should have

To complete my Poetic Sketches. . . . . I had almost said that, in defiance of the republic of letters, the Muses are turned aristocrats ; whilst they seem to illuminate with fond partiality the proudest escutcheons of the West.

introduced Dr. Thomas Hingston among the medical men ; as well as Dr. Clutterbuck and several others, who do honour to Cornwall. But it is not even now, too late, to point out the merits (in a note at least) of Hingston's "Harvey." It should be observed, then, that in Hingston's edition the text is purified from most of the errors by which the preceding ones, either by implicitly copying or unsuccessfully correcting the faults of the first, are more or less vitiated. For owing to the greater facilities of publication on the continent in those days, Harvey chose that the book, which was to declare his great discovery, should be printed and brought out at Frankfort ; and as he could not be present to superintend its passage through the press, that office was unfortunately intrusted to a person who was either unwilling or incompetent to fulfil it ; and consequently the book came forth abounding with errors, which the illustrious author had never an opportunity of correcting, and which have therefore been repeated in a greater or less degree in every subsequent edition. And thus it happened, that even in the splendid collection of Harvey's Works, which the College of Physicians published in 1766, many of these blemishes were still retained ; though it is probable that Dr. Lawrence, who contributed the beautiful discourse on the life and writings of Harvey, was also employed to adjust the text of his author, and to direct the publication.--These corruptions, however, it was Dr. Hingston's particular object to remove ; and at the same time, by rejecting such of the conjectural emendations of former editors as seemed to be unnecessary, without venturing to interpolate any thing of his own, he has succeeded in restoring this famous treatise very nearly to its original state.--Besides this, he has furnished some annotations on those subjects which were less perfectly understood when the doctrine of the circulation was new. Amongst these, perhaps, the most curious and interesting is the emptiness of the arteries after death ; and Dr. Hingston proposes a consistent explanation of this fact, concerning which, it seems, the opinions of physiologists are yet contradictory and unsettled.† In addition to the publications now mentioned, Dr. Hingston has contributed to the Transactions of the Geological Society of Cornwall, a dissertation *on the use of Iron among the early nations of Europe*—and occasional papers to some other learned societies.—Besides what he has printed, Dr. H. has written much that is yet unpublished, and amongst the rest some works of considerable research. These have occupied him during many years, wholly devoted to literature and to the sciences connected with his profession.

[† See note on page 93—91.]

We do not pretend to rate BOSCAWEN among the Poets, quite so high as we rated his ancestor among the Admirals. But we may say of Boscawen's Horace when put in competition with other translations :—

“ His star's unrival'd light  
Shines like the radiant queen of night  
Amidst Heaven's *lesser* fires.”\*

His original poetry is equally good. The elegy in memory of Dr. Joseph Warton, is an elegant tribute to departed genius.

“ Soft flow'd the lay, when late, with downcast eye,  
The gentle Muse, by Itchen's verdant side,  
Pensive reclin'd ; while to each struggling sigh,  
In kindred notes the murmuring stream replied—  
Ye once-lov'd haunts (exclaim'd the sorrowing maid)  
Ye scenes, where oft my soul enraptur'd hung  
While o'er th' enamel'd vale my Warton stray'd,  
On the sage lore he taught, the lays he sung—  
No more, alas ! shall joy's inspiring strain,  
Dear to my heart, your sportive echoes fill ;  
When, from yon classic dome, the youthful train  
Bounds o'er the vale, or climbs the breezy hill !

Mute is that tongue which, tun'd by genius, charm'd  
With native eloquence, with sense refin'd ;  
Cold is that heart which genuine virtue warm'd,  
And lost that taste which pleas'd and form'd the mind.

Come bright-ey'd Fancy ! for your favour'd child  
Let kind remembrance prompt th' accordant tear :  
You, on his votive lays who fondly smil'd,  
Now with your grief adorn his sacred bier.

\* See his fine translation of *Crescit occulto*, &c. &c.—  
B. I. Ode 192. A Critic on Boscawen, says : “ We do not  
like *lesser* : why not *minor* ? ”—Still worse, I think.

With air dejected, and in modest state,  
 Invok'd the mighty Mantuan sweeps the string :  
*Rome, Rome (he cries) may well deplore his fate,  
 Who bade in British strains her Virgil sing.\**

We cannot but express our sorrow that Boscawen one of the most zealous friends of the British Constitution, should not have found favour with such a man as Mathias, in "the Pursuits of Literature."\*

To the Rev. ROBERT HOBLYN, of *Nanswhydden* (now residing at Bath) the palm is justly done, for an accurate version (of the first book) of Virgil's *Georgics*. From his acquaintance with practical husbandry, the result of long experience, he was the advantage over the mere versifiers of the Mantuan bard. His translation is in blank verse superior to Trappe's;—accompanied with notes and illustrations.

The Poems of Miss TREFUSIS, of the house of Trefusis, had no fastidious critic in the writer of the following sonnet:—

Sweet maid ! enamour'd of thy witching strain,  
 Full soon would I approach thy gifted shrine ;  
 Should the warm wish be not express't in vain,  
 Or to my ruder song thy taste incline.  
 Whilst other minstrels win thy pleasur'd ear,  
 While Gifford pours his unaffected praise ;  
 My little tribute of applause, I fear,  
 Would ill accord with more melodious lays.  
 But that, in Cornish vales, the balmy light  
 Illum'd our fields alike, our ancient bowers ;  
 That, in these woodwalks, on mine infant sight  
 Gleam'd from the westering wave Trefusis' towers ;

\* See Poems and Tales by Miss E. Trefusis, in two pocket-volumes—1808. Prefixed to the first volume is an elegant portrait of Miss T. by Smith. We have there, "the sleepy eye that told the melting soul."



Thy nicer sense of merit may beguile,  
And promise favor in one partial smile !\*

COLONEL JAMES BRYDGES WILLYAMS had more of the os magna sonaturum, than Boscawen. Yet his "*Influence of Genius*" was received rather coldly by the critics. It is injudiciously spun out to a tedious length ; and it is deficient in invention : But it has many stanzas, of† which Beattie would not have been ashamed.

\* The death of Miss Trefusis was announced, just after the author had addressed to her the above Sonnet.

† A friend lately pointed out to me several passages in this poem, which seem to have their prototypes in "*the Min-strel*," and "*the Grecian Prospects*"—to say nothing of "*the Local Attachment*."

Thus to the youth, his listless mood to chide,  
The tutelary spirit inward spoke,  
Nor spoke in vain : contending shame and pride  
O'er his ingenuous cheek in blushes broke,  
And soon with fervour urg'd him to invoke  
The sister band in lov'd Eugenia's name ;  
For, priz'd by her, their witching arts awoke  
A double charm : thro' *Love's* impassion'd frame,  
Zeal kindled all its fire, and Genius felt the flame.

And first he sought, in *Painting's* magic school,  
On varied scenes the pencil to exert ;  
With faithful outline, and perspective rule,  
To each fine feature aiming to impart  
Its just expression—with distinctive art  
Contrasting, yet combining, objects bold  
And graceful—bidding them projected start  
With light and shade, as if from Nature's mould,  
And clothing them in tints rich, clear, and manifold.

Lo ! on the dawning blank, cloud, hill, and main  
In soft gradation glow ; and in the beam  
Obliquely flung upon the distant plain,  
Romantic forms in light succession teem—  
Forts—cities—forests—lakes.—The glassy stream  
More near reflects the cot, the bridge, the tower—  
While rocks, falls, ruins, catch the broken gleam  
Of brighter day ; and plant, and leaf, and flower,  
In rival verdure bloom, and hail the plastic power !

Colonel Willyams, several years before his death, had planned an Epic, under the title of King Arthur, if I

Transcendent art!—by thee, from Fancy's loom,  
In living colours are her works array'd ;  
By thee preserv'd, the charms of Nature bloom,  
When thy faint pictures, fleeting Memory ! fade.  
Exchanting power!—by thy true touch portray'd,  
Does Hope her form of absent love retain,  
Does Love hang fondly o'er the faithful shade  
Of life departed, while the godlike train  
Of ancient Truth, and Worth, and Genius live again !

With rival ardour did the youth aspire,  
Celestial Harmony ! thy spell to gain ;  
As emulous he wander'd with the lyre  
Thro' all the mazes of thy magic reign,  
List'ning enamour'd to thy varied strain,  
That trouble, pain, and sorrow could control,  
And rage, revenge, and each fell passion chain,  
Could bid the tide of love and pleasure roll,  
And win—compose—delight—and elevate the soul !

But chief, by ardent zeal and genius warm'd,  
He woo'd of Poesy the art divine ;  
And in that art, a hope he fondly form'd,  
The charm of song and picture to combine ;  
And tho' not yet the intellectual mine  
Could boast of judgment deep or lore profound,  
The Muses' fire had yielded many a sign  
Of promise bright ; as from metallic ground  
Of bursts the meteor flame, where hidden ores abound.

*See Influence of Genius, pp. 76—78.*

E'en such his hope, when, with romantic thought,  
Amid his native rocks wild wandering,  
He first in unambitious numbers sought  
The rude but witching scenery to sing ;  
Or, when he rang'd on Fancy's playful wing,  
Tuning the light and fairy note, or aim'd  
To wake pathetic strains, or bade the string  
To passion vibrate ; but whate'er he fram'd,  
His fix'd and fond regard still Love alluring claim'd.

*See Genius, p. 80.*

“ Yet, midst the light leaves of yon purple birch,  
“ I see that finch her pert pursuer fly ;  
“ Now, flirtish, on a trembling osier perch,  
“ Now hop away, or petulant or shy,  
“ As if she were averse from vernal joy !  
“ But soon shall she relent and hail him blest !  
“ Soon, though she flutter, a coquet so coy,  
“ Steal the soft moss to weave her genial nest,  
“ And twitter love for love, and pant to be carest !”

understood him rightly. For the loan of Whitaker's quarto edition of "the Manchester," he thanked me most

He ceas'd, and struck his harp. Spontaneous strains  
 Along the chords instinct with amorous fire  
 Express'd the lover's fears, the lover's pains ;  
 And in the chaster'd dalliance of desire  
 As the tones swell'd, to languish and expire,  
 He deem'd the effect for mortal hand too much ;  
 But when across the wave some answering wire  
 He caught, the ravishment of sound was such,  
 His arms he rais'd & clasped, entranc'd at every touch.

" Ah ! 'tis but echo sporting with a grief  
 " He cannot feel, in sooth,—he cannot cure !  
 " Thus the world's hollow friendship brings relief,  
 " Specious in sighs of sympathy, to lure  
 " The heart, then bid it keener pangs endure."  
 Such was his sombron thought.—Again, a treasure  
 Of sounds, to lap the soul in bliss, so pure  
 Came wafted on, that each delicious measure  
 Seem'd fraught with fadeless love, and ever-blooming  
 pleasure.

*See the Minstrel, pp. 54, 55.*

Divine the product of pictorial art,  
 Wak'd by young love when genius prompts our aim :  
 Then lives in each expression all the heart ;  
 Each stroke is radiance, and each colour, flame !  
 How glow'd, how thrill'd with transport Edwin's  
 frame,  
 When, as a wizard work, he saw portray'd  
 His charmer's form, her mien, her look the same !  
 The impassion'd picture he once more survey'd,  
 Then thro' the trellis dropp'd, and plung'd amidst the  
 glade.

*The Minstrel, p. 59.*

" But from that moment I was all the bard,  
 " Tho' scarce twelve years had e'er me wing'd their  
 " flight !  
 " I look'd on nature with a fond regard ;  
 " And every scene was bath'd in lovely light !  
 " New was each murmur,—recent every sight,  
 " Wild as I flung my rapid glances round !  
 " Sparkled the living streams, as crystal bright ;  
 " Wav'd the fair trees with flowers ambrosial crown'd !  
 " And all was clear blue sky, and all was fairy ground.

" Whilst others with cold apathy the blooms  
 " Of spring perceiv'd—the first fresh breath inhal'd ;  
 " I met soft roses thro' the breaking glooms,  
 " And with glad heart on every sweet regal'd !

cordially: whence I conclude, that he had made a poetical use of it—greatly to his satisfaction. His MSS.

“ Or, if the summer fruitage glow'd, or sail'd  
 “ The thunder in careering horrors red ;  
 “ If odorous zephyr sigh'd, or Auster wail'd ;  
 “ Delighted still, I rov'd where fancy led,  
 “ Where grandeur's awful forms, its flame where  
 “ beauty fed.

“ Whilst others heeded not the linnet's loves,  
 “ 'Twas mine, thro' all the warbling woodland maze,  
 “ To trace the growing passion of the groves ;  
 “ Or, thro' some hollow of a glen, to gaze,  
 “ Where the dire eagle, prompt her prey to seize,  
 “ Unsheath'd her claws, and plied her bloody beak ;  
 “ Then view her mount into the solar blaze,  
 “ And, north away, on rapid pinion break,  
 “ Where her vast eyrie hung across Benarvon's peak.

“ But what are vernal smiles, or lightning storms,  
 “ The warbler's loves, the impetuous eagle's wings ?  
 “ Are there not fairer features, finer forms,  
 “ To strike the thrilling heart's harmonious strings ?  
 “ Voluptuous fire where female beauty flings  
 “ To touch with transient glow the vulgar breast,  
 “ 'Twas mine, as circled by some wizard's rings,  
 “ To flutter, haply for a moment blest,  
 “ And gaze, and tremble still, and find, alas ! no rest !

“ Yet, tho' I glanc'd a more impassion'd look,  
 “ And breath'd, too tender, more enamour'd sighs,  
 “ Where the light virgin toss'd her careless crook,  
 “ With love and joy and frolic in her eyes ;  
 “ Yet could no sylvan maid with sweet surprise  
 “ Allure me by a charm before unseen :  
 “ The simple air was oft a poor disguise ;  
 “ Nor was there meekness in the modest mien !  
 “ No sympathy of soul inspir'd the village green.

“ And say, no bosom by some secret bond  
 “ To this poor heart attacht, doth heaven incline ?  
 “ No moral music to my soul respond ?  
 “ But am I doom'd in lonesome shades to pine,  
 “ No whisperings breath'd, no sighs to answer  
 mine ?  
 “ O ! I have heard—not seraphs—sooth to say—  
 “ Heaven's harmonies could warble more divine !”  
 Sudden his wild notes sweetly died away  
 Upon the trembling strings ; and ceas'd his lovesick lay.

*The Minstrel, pp. 66, 67.*

were by a midnight irruption into his study at Truro, stolen from his writing-desk ; and various articles of

In fancy's warm and magic colours drest,  
Such were the hopes that Albert lov'd to raise ;  
That pictur'd her who all his heart possess'd,  
Delighted, list'ning to his future lays :  
Thus Nature that inherent bent betrays,  
Which does the soul of Genius ever move,  
That bent to please, that fond desire of praise :—  
And who a richer recompense would prove,  
Than such sweet praise to win from beauty and from love ?  
*Genius, p. 89.*

— Where the simple bosom owns no stain,  
" Shall not the chaste, the ingenuous virtues find  
" A heart of heavenly sympathies ? In vain,  
" Say, shall that bosom seek its kindred mind ?  
" Ah no ! congenial souls to meet their kind,  
" Tho' born where gothic piles superbly rise,  
" Not seldom hath impartial heaven inclin'd :  
" And soon, these aspirations taught to prize,  
" Some Marian may impart her moral harmonies !"  
*The Minstrel, p. 71.*

Ah ! sad in sooth ; for, echoing from the strand,  
No more the voice of Freedom glads the wave ;  
No more exulting, Hellas ! o'er thy land,  
It wakes to honour and to arms the brave ;  
Fear, ignorance, and sloth, and vice deprave  
The soul by baleful tyranny o'erborne ;  
Foul treachery awaits ; and the pale slave,  
Of viler slaves the victim and the scorn,  
Weeps o'er his native soil, robb'd of its fruits forlorn !

Ah ! sad in sooth— for now is heard no more,  
Thy pastoral cadence—thy heroic song—  
Thy hallow'd streams their numbers cease to pour,  
Thy sacred mounts those numbers to prolong ;  
Silent the tuneful tongue, and mute the throng,  
That swell'd their acclamation to the skies ;  
Thy walks of science, and thy groves among,  
'Mid ruin'd arts the lurking robber lies,  
And starts when in the wind the shade of Genius sighs.

Isle of Apollo ! e'en thy splendid fane  
And (wonder of the world that worshipp'd there)  
Thy matchless altar, which, alas ! in vain  
Aw'd the proud Mede, and taught him to forbear,  
Those beauteous relics which e'en Time could spare,  
That Art erelong her ling'ring beam might shed—  
E'en these the brute and gross barbarian share—  
O'er the rank sod in shatter'd fragments spread,  
Or, shap'd by hands profane, rude pillars for the dead !

value from his house. But he regretted only the loss of the MSS. which, after a diligent search, were found in a

There, Delos ! from thy solitary steep,  
As pensive he beheld, on Ocean's bed,  
Those once-fam'd isles that now degen'rate sleep ;  
Ah ! where, he cried, are all your glories fled ?  
Where are the fleets that once the wave o'erspread—  
The sacred bark—the consecrated band—  
The festive train that to the temple led,  
With hallow'd off'rings from each pious land,  
While clouds of incense rose, and perfum'd all the strand ?

Land of Praxiteles ! is there not left  
One breathing image of the Parian stone  
To rival Phryne's grace ? art thou bereft  
Of all of Phidias but the name alone ?

With these he wander'd thro' each classic scene,  
Each isle that bloom'd beneath Ægean skies,  
Where breath'd their fragrance thro' the clime serene,  
Gay flow'rs that sprang from Zephyr's balsmy sighs.

Thus Albert, as he saw the dawn illumine  
The dun horizon, and from ocean's swell  
Gradual dissolve its melancholy gloom,  
Save where the deep'ning shades of Athos fell.

Thence o'er the wave that Persia's blood had dy'd,  
As straight to Salamis he bent his way,  
Warm'd with remembrance of her ancient pride,  
Would he the impulse of his zeal obey ;  
To sing your triumphs, Greece ! would he essay,  
And e'en, fond dream ! to classic praise aspire :  
But ah ! how undeserving seem'd his lay,  
How oft dejected he renounc'd the lyre,  
And felt, as Fancy soar'd, how weak the Minstrel's fire !

Fled are those festive scenes ; fall'n are those walls,  
Which once contending Wealth and Genius grac'd ?  
Their storied sculptures, pillars, pedestals,  
By Turk, and Goth of modern time defac'd.

Here, where the Turk's rude battlements ascend,  
Rais'd on the wreck of ages let us pause ;  
And o'er thy ruin, Athens ! as we bend,  
Still think with wonder on thy weal that was,  
Thy golden age of piety and laws,  
Thy glorious æra, when, with justice arm'd,  
Valour and Virtue won in Freedom's cause ;  
Thy brilliant days, when Art and Science charm'd,  
By guardian Genius woo'd, by rival Beauty warm'd !

ditch at a little distance from the town.—The Colonel had  
 “wit with a satiric sting;” though he was by no means

Musing on these, shall not the heart expand,  
 Albeit the eye o'er Desolation rove,  
 And mark the last proud relics of the land,  
 The crumbling fanes of Pallas and of Jove?  
 Albeit the pale of Justice, nor the grove  
 Where Science nobly labour'd to illumine  
 The halls where wit, and taste, and genius strove,  
 The warrior's column, nor the patriot's tomb,  
 Are longer now beheld amid thy olive bloom!

*Genius*, pp. 96, 97, 98—100—102—115—117, 118, 119.

Thro' a bold opening of the mountains, gleam'd  
 The deepen'd azure of the Egean wave;  
 And, far off, where the western radiance stream'd,  
 The isles, as all in motion, to deceive  
 The eye, with every surge appear'd to heave  
 Their flushing cliffs, now faded from the sight;  
 When from the dream poetic fancy gave,  
 The bard awoke—a dream of short delight—  
 And view'd the illustrious scene fast sinking into night.

“So, (cried the poet) so, imperial Greece!  
 “Thy closing honors vanish'd into shade;  
 “Tho' not, alas! so calm'd by halcyon peace,  
 “With not a tint to soothe the soul, array'd!  
 “No! as thy proud effulgence 'gan to fade,  
 “The sick day struggled o'er a lengthening waste;  
 “Thy marble fanes in one wide ruin laid;  
 “Mingled with common earth each work, that grac'd  
 “Or wisdom's solemn lore, or fine pictorial taste.

“Once, where the Pallas of high Athens view'd  
 “Each massy tower, each decorated dome;  
 “See the rent arch, the hoary cornice strew'd,  
 “As sculpture moulders in Cimmerian gloom;  
 “Tho', yet a moment, where thro' meadowy bloom  
 “Ilyssus, murmuring, wash'd the bowers below,  
 “The sage, in sighs, may paint his sweetest home,  
 “Still o'er his path as planes their umbrage throw,  
 “And streams, to fancy dear, in lingering lapses flow.

“Lo, where o'er-canopied in Doric state,  
 “Her Phidias' art the Athenian goddess crown'd,  
 “And thro' revolving ages sternly great,  
 “Thro' all her shadowy pomp of columns, frown'd;  
 “Till cold neglect to briars that twin'd around  
 “Each fretted base, resign'd her temple's fame;  
 “Till late, the blacken'd fragments smote the ground,

ill-natured. I remember a little jeu de esprit with some caricature sketches—a fair specimen of his talent for ridi-

“ As jealous Adria, with ill-omen’d aim,  
“ Whirl’d thro’ the shivering walls, the fierce sulphureous  
flame.

“ And lo ! the dome that crumbles into dust,  
“ Whose Parian whiteness lur’d the glowing skies ;  
“ Which breath’d from every animated bust  
“ That dasht amid Corinthian foliage lies,  
“ The hero-spirit of some great emprize !  
“ And, featur’d with the traits of grandeur past,  
“ While thro’ its fractur’d roof rank weeds arise,  
“ See to the Winds of Heaven their temple cast ;  
“ Its monumental voice, re-echoing every blast.

“ Majestic Athens ! Who, thy ruins pil’d  
“ In awful heaps surveys, nor drops a tear ?  
“ Who dares approach, by fancy unbeguil’d,  
“ That space, where Genius wont its scene to rear,  
“ And dart thro’ horrent crowds the illusive fear,  
“ As torches trembled, or as daggers bled,  
“ And sounds not human met the shuddering ear ?  
“ Who, thro’ the pictur’d porch, unheeding, tread,  
“ Nor conjure up in sighs the philosophic dead ?

“ Fall’n city ! hear’st thou, as of midnight hosts,  
“ The voices of the dead in every gale ?  
“ Fall’n city ! seest thou not the sullen ghosts  
“ That o’er thy desert streets in silence sail ?  
“ Start not thy people from the warrior’s mail,  
“ The patriot’s crown, the sage’s sweeping train ?  
“ Dost thou not see thine Orator, yet pale  
“ With indignation, launch the lightnings ? Vain  
“ Is that terrific arm that shakes all Greece again !

“ Where Delos trembles on her desert wave,  
“ Rose there a rock, but breath’d religion round ?  
“ Hath ancient Echo murmur’d from her cave,  
“ Nor inspiration swell’d the sacred sound ?

“ Not but the semblance of the Grecian mien,  
“ The Grecian face, arrests the poet’s eye,  
“ Whilst o’er the busy strand, the silent green,  
“ Apollo’s form still glides, unconscious, by :  
“ Not but a Homer’s head we oft descry  
“ In many an aged peasant, silver-grey :  
“ Yet where, alas ! that spirit mantling high,  
“ That genius flashing an immortal ray,  
“ That independent soul which spurns despotic sway ?



cule. Never idle for a moment, Colonel Williyams, when not at the desk, was employed in some active pursuit;

" E'en now where Phidias breath'd from every nich,  
 " Where Myro sported in creations chaste;  
 " In the soft folds of lucid drapery rich,  
 " Where Polygnotus charm'd ingenious taste,  
 " And Zeno wisdom's sterner form embrac'd;  
 " Light spirits their diurnal visions share:  
 " Yet erst, as each the paths of glory trac'd,  
 " I spied a son of treachery skulking there—  
 " Amid the unweeting tribe, I mark'd his sullen air."  
*Grecian Prospects, pp. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13—15, 16—26, 27—30, 31.*

" Ye lone dark cliffs! what tho' each wave-worn groat  
 " May bar the smiles of Nature from my view,  
 " Can solitude conceal from bleeding thought  
 " The sad remembrance of the bliss I knew?  
 " No!—still relentless mem'ry will pursue,  
 " And mock with parted moments of delight—  
 " Moments, alas! how fleeting and how few!  
 " Like moonbeams in a wild and wintry night,  
 " When from the passing cloud they gleam upon the sight .

" E'en as that cloud along the drear expanse,  
 " By stormy blasts impell'd, by lightning riven,  
 " Thro' a wide world of mourning and mischance,  
 " With rended heart, Eugenia! am I driven.  
 " O to my prison'd spirit that 't were given  
 " To burst its mortal bonds, and, unconfin'd,  
 " Trace the bright lustre of thy course to heaven,  
 " O'ertake thee with the swift wings of the wind,  
 " And earth, with all its ills, for ever leave behind!  
*Genius, p. 139.*

" Ah! stay (he cries) ye dear illusions stay,  
 " Too prompt, alas! to flatter and to fail!  
 " Sparkling and melting in the fervid ray,  
 " I see, along the cowslips of the dale  
 " Yon crystal drops, that erst were bolts of hail,  
 " How sweet their incense, and how rich their glow!  
 " I see where frown'd the welkin dark and pale,  
 " Painting its cloud, the vermeil hills below,  
 " With various colours gay, yon faery-featur'd bow.

" Alas! we note them, but they fleet the while!  
 " So transient, female favour oft we rue!  
 " Cold icy pride relenting to a smile,  
 " And blushes scatter'd like the rainbow's hue.  
 " But, (my fond heart perhaps may tell me true)  
 " Thro' fluid ice behold the breathing flower!  
 " And, the sweet vernal promise to renew,

and, if debarred by the inclemency of the weather from bodily exercise in the open air, would sometimes produce

" The rainbow glitters in the sunny shower,  
" Fair harbingers to hope, of many a golden hour !"

*Minstrel, p. 62.*

" O Being born for wisdom and for peace !  
" When will thy folly and thy madness end ?  
" When with thy fellow-mortal wilt thou cease  
" For tyrants and their minions to contend ?  
" Did war, and war's vain triumph, ever mend,  
" By spoils or pow'r, the lot of human kind ?  
" No ; they but serve the social ties to rend,  
" To swell the pride of despots, and to bind  
" In chains thy native rights—thy freedom of the mind.

*Genius, p. 144.*

And is it thus man tramples upon man ?  
Shall tyranny break down, or fraud betray  
That spirit which far beyond life's little span  
Soars where high Genius points the empyreal way ?  
Shall treachery mar its course, or blot its ray ?  
No ! can aught human quench the heavenly flame ?  
No ! the' immur'd where faints unheard the lay,  
Young Edwin in disdain suppress'd the strain  
Of lordly birth, and grasp'd the Minstrel's nobler name,

*Minstrel, p. 82.*

Then, Genius, was thy triumph—then the voice  
Of Virtue and of Reason whisper'd sweet :  
True son of Science and the Muse, rejoice !  
Thy task is done—thy trial is complete !  
Of Nature gifted, thou, with ardour meet,  
To win the meed of knowledge well hast striven,  
Improving still, with unabated heat,  
The noblest, proudest attribute which Heaven  
To wake immortal hope, to mortal man has given.

*Genius, p. 150.*

Conscious her glance met his !—She thought, and sigh'd,  
His dumb reserve had prov'd a twofold bane :  
Then, like a blaze of light, his mystic pride  
She saw unveil'd, and own'd its generous strain ;  
And joy'd, that mantled e'en in throngs profane,  
The' for a while obscur'd, baronial blood ;  
Yet, (not of her ancestral honours vain)  
View'd Genius, first of every earthly good,  
Rise paramount o'er birth, in its own hardihood !

in his work-shop a tea-chest, or a tea-cadé, finished beyond the utmost art of any cabinet-maker in Cornwall.

And Edwin! where, where lurks the peasant lad!  
 Clans, earldoms, wealth, and beauty, all thine own!  
 Born the low peasant of the uncultur'd shade,  
 "Thy proud inheritance"—thy harp alone!  
 But, from the cot evolving to the throne,  
 As, nature, men, and manners meet thy views,  
 Shall not the sister-arts in loftier tone  
 Through life, delight and dignity diffuse;  
 And, feeling well their worth, the million bless thy Muse?

*Minstrel, p. 80.*

Friend of my joys! companion of my woes!  
 My lov'd and faithful lyre—whose soothing strain  
 So oft has lull'd my sorrow to repose,  
 And calm'd my fever'd pulse and throbbing brain,  
 Still to a heart where warmest passions reign—  
 Where anxious hope and doubt alternate sway—  
 Where beat the wild extremes of joy and pain—  
 Still to my heart thy wonted charm convey,  
 And cheer my wand'ring steps thro' life's uncertain way.

*Genius, p. 161.*

And cried: "Hence reptile! from my sight! Avaunt!  
 "Haste from these walls, and seek thy wildwood haunt,  
 "Nor here again thy peasant dreams advance:  
 "Thy freedom on such terms alone I grant.  
 "Go! and in other groves indulge thy trance!  
 Thy patrimonial harp, thy proud inheritance!"

"Yes!" (Edwin cries) "this harp is worth a throne!  
 "Poor are thy castles to one Minstrel lay!  
 "Yes! there are claims that grandeur dares not own!  
 "For I have elaims (his full heart seem'd to say)  
 "That, where the warrior's plumage fades away,  
 "And conquest her vain ensigns hath unfurl'd,  
 "Shall to the soul aspire, the bosom sway,  
 "And from their bloodstain'd heights where despots hurl'd  
 "Roll in dishonest dust, shall rouse a vassal world!"

"Go then, my boy!"—the mocking Cranstoun spoke—  
 "Go, with a power to thee reveal'd alone,  
 "In suffering clanships break the ignoble yoke!  
 "Besure, enchantment lives in every tone!  
 "And, with a sorcery to thy sires unknown,  
 "Thy strains shall kindle slaves to arms, to arms!  
 "Go then; and pictur'd beauty be thine own!"

That he died suddenly in an epileptic fit, I have elsewhere, I believe, intimated.

If I am not mistaken, Wilyams and TREVANION were friends. And "*the Influence of Apathy*," may be placed on the same shelf with "the Influence of Genius." In "*the Apathy*," indeed, there is more originality. Among "*the Miscellaneous poems*," there are love ditties, that might have won a "Myra's ear." Our poet, HENRY, is a son of John Trevanion Purnell Bettesworth Trevanion, of Caerhayes-Castle. We trace the pedigree of Trevanion to Sir John Trevanion, who was of Trevanion, in Caerhayes, six generations before the reign of Edward IV. This family, who acquired the manor and barton of Caerhayes by marriage with an heiress of Arundel, became extinct in the male line by the death of William Trevanion, Esq. in 1767. His two sisters, co-heiresses—the elder married John Bettesworth, L. L. D.—the younger, Admiral Byron, grandfather of Lord\* Byron the Poet. The present J. T. P. B. Trevanion, (grandson of Dr. Bettesworth) assumed the name and arms of Trevanion in 1801.

It might well have been expected, that HENRY should offer the "selectest sweets" on the shrine of his *inspired relation*.

"Go, waken thro' a groaning land alarms !

"The original thy meed—no less than Marian's  
"charms !"

*Minstrel, p. 72.*

\* "Lord Byron, the Poet, before he could take his seat, was obliged to procure affidavits in proof of his *grandfather's marriage with Miss Trevanion*: which having taken place in a *private Chapel at Carhais*, no regular certificate of the ceremony could be produced. At length, all the necessary evidence having been obtained, 18th of March 1839, he entered the House alone;—and, abashed and pale, passed the woollack without looking round, and advanced to the table to take the oaths: After which, the Chancellor quitted his seat and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand in a friendly manner to welcome him. But he made a stiff bow, and only touched with the tip of his finger the Chancellor's hand, when Lord Eldon immediately returned to his seat."—*Gall's Life of Byron, p. 54.*

———— " One whose soul hath fled  
 Stricken—but not polluted—to the dead ;  
 The slave of feeling—but too proud to show  
 That feeling to a world esteemed a foe ;  
 Barred from his native land—compelled to roam—  
 Adored of nations—yet without a home ;  
 No kindred arm his fevered head to rear,  
 No fond attention his last hour to cheer ;  
 Not one to light that moment's awful gloom  
 And gild with hope the darkness of the tomb ;  
 To read the wishes of his life's last page,  
 His wants supply, his agony assuage ;  
 To picture future scenes of new delight,  
 And sooth the struggling spirit ere its flight ;  
 Seal the cold eyelid with affection's tear,  
 And to his child a parent's blessing bear ! "

P. 26.

*From " the Miscellaneous Poems : " :*

FLY—fly,—we must not meet again,—  
 Another hour like this will throw  
 A cureless phrensy o'er my brain ;  
 Alas ! 'tis half bewildered now.—  
 Why stay we here ? These moments bring  
 To our lost souls a deeper sting,—

When stars like these shall sadly light  
 Thy steps to scenes to memory dear,  
 Those eyes will gaze until thy sight  
 Shall picture mine reflected there—  
 But no,—'twere better not to think  
 That there is left one burning link  
 Of that dear chain we now must sever,—  
 But part,—aye ! even in thought,—for ever.—

See,—see yon pitying breeze from heaven,  
 Sweeping across thy feverish brow,  
 Tells thee thy crimes are all forgiven,  
 For this last victory o'er thy woe ;—

This last sad earthly struggle o'er,  
 Thy friends,—thy God,—can ask no more,—  
 The world again will shine before thee,—  
 To which I now—thus—thus—restore thee.

*P. p. 84. 85.*

OH ! say not so,—by all that 's dear,  
 By the loved hour when last we met,  
 By memory of thy love's first tear,  
 And thought of meetings happier yet,—

I will not leave thee ;—we may rove  
 Like bees to every fresh blown flower,  
 But from the one which most we love  
 We hoard the sweets for future hour.

Oh ! poison not a time so blest  
 With such a thought,—oh ! does this tell,  
 This lip which now to thine is prest,  
 That it can ever say farewell ?

Words—words are nothing,—we may say  
 Far different thoughts from what we've felt ;  
 May kneel and swear to love to-day,—  
 To-morrow—laugh that we have knelt.

*P. p. 102. 103.*

OH ! say not love hath never grown  
 But from the icy womb of Time !  
 One feeling glance, one gentle tone,  
 Will see him glowing in his prime.—  
 Cold is the love that slowly rears  
 His throne upon the wreck of years ;—  
 Like frozen streams, that in the day  
 To wintry suns thaw half away,  
 But in the absence of their light,  
 What melts by day, congeals at night.

When, after beating long and lone,  
 Like bark upon a wide sea thrown,  
 To the worn, desolate heart appears  
 The haven it has sought for years,  
 The rocks of Disappointment past,  
 On which, for long, it has been cast,  
 It gains the port—a wreck at last.

Oh! no—the fire one moment caught  
 From glowing cheeks, and smiling lips,  
 Bright as a radiant meteor, brought  
 To earth after a cold eclipse,—  
 A warmer, deeper thrill will dart,  
 And draw, more fondly, heart to heart,  
 Than a whole age of passion crost  
 By doubts, even in the doubting lost.

A way!—I hate the sapient page,  
 That leads us from a rapturous dream,  
 To bid us hesitate an age,  
 And found love's basis on esteem!—  
 Phœbe! if such must be the task,  
 Thy heart from mine can calmly ask,—  
 Then fare thee well!—I leave to those  
 Who o'er Love's brimming cup can doze,  
 And gravely pause upon the brink,  
 Till from the lips the nectar shrink,  
 A love that can so coldly shine—  
 A heart that cannot feel like mine.

*P.p.* 110—112.

My good friend VALENTINE LE GRICE, has scattered amongst his acquaintance numerous little impromptus, from his carelessness and their negligence mere ephemerals. But they deserved a better fate. Their wit, their poignancy, their poetic spirit, had they been collected into a volume, would have ensured to them immortality. "*The Daphnis and Chloe*," from Longus, could have been so translated only by a Poet.

“ The *Petition* from an old uninhabited House in Penzance to its Master in Town,” will do us more good than all the *Petitions* with which we are pestered in the spirit of bitterness ; if “ to laugh (as Wolcot would say) is better than to cry”—if to enliven the spirits contribute more to our health, than to “ make us sad by croaking and foreboding.”

Since Atoms, Guineas, Frogs and Mice  
Can take their pen up in a trice,  
And fill the Novel-vender's sale  
With merry, or with mournful tale,  
Don't be surpriz'd, my honor'd Master,  
If your Old House in sad disaster  
Should find a tongue to lay before ye  
Its upper, lower, middle STORY—

In zig-zag ruin on my brow,  
Of tottering rails\* a rotten row  
Cry out, “ Take care,” to all below ;  
Nay, sparrows, with admonitory pecks,  
Warn off their young ones, lest they break their necks.  
My mould'ring walls in many a hideous chasm  
Require some healing Mason's cataplasm :—  
From side to side, so crack'd my ruins are,  
That, if you will not grant them some repair,  
Pray, on each gap inscribe “ This is no Thoroughfare.”

The Passengers, who daily pass,  
Peep through my broken panes of glass,  
But cobwebs with a friendly veil  
My inward solitudes conceal.

\* These rails have fallen down, since the first edition of this epistle. Part of Stonehenge has fallen, since Dr. Stukeley's last description of it ; and Athens is by no means in the state in which it was when described by Wheeler and Wood. Such must be the consequences attending all “ Writings on ruins.” Etiam periere ruinae.



Alas! Arachne, tho' no sweeping broom  
 Brush down the labors of thy loom ;  
 Where there's no sugar, cream, or pie,  
 To lure the scent of wand'ring fly,  
 Thou'rt doom'd a slower death to meet,  
 And thine own Web's thy winding-sheet :  
 Thy tap'stry clouds my shatter'd panes,  
 Waving, like banners, o'er thy starv'd remains.  
 My Scrapper's gone, for none my threshold needs ;  
 My Steps are strewn with emblematic weeds ;  
 To thund'ring knocker, and to tinkling bell  
 My moveless Door has bid a long farewell ;  
 For who would knock, or who would ring the bell,  
 To hear the hollow echoes sadly tell,  
 " There's nobody at home :—'tis Desolation's cell !"

Once the firm Guardian of the racy wines  
 Against the wall my Cellar door reclines  
 Unlock'd, unHING'd ; while thro' the dark profound  
 The empty Pipe emits a mournful sound.  
 Of cork-less Carcasses a dreary row  
 Moulder in catacombs, that gape below,—  
 Sons of the social hour, shed sorrows here !  
 If e'er ye wept, weep o'er the Bottled Bier.†—  
 Why starts my Muse ? why trembling turns her head ?  
 Views she some friend amid the mighty dead ?  
 She views thy corpse, O Port, and mourns thy spirit fled.

† I the author do positively assert that "BIER" is the right word. If empty bottles are called "dead men," surely it is not too bold a metaphor to style the shelf, which supports them, a Bottled Bier. If I had not made this positive declaration in my lifetime, it is pleasant to imagine what would have been the conjectural emendations of those learned, but yet unborn Doctors A. B. C. D. &c. if my Epistle should have been found in the corner of an old chest some centuries hence. "Bottled Bier." A mere mistake of the printer: for "Bier, read Beer." Bottled Beer was a common article in the cellars of Gentlemen in the 19th century. Dr. A.

The reading proposed by Dr. A. is certainly right: Bottled Beer, or Porter, was not only a common beverage in those days, but it was an article of exportation; as appears

If Penzance, like Bodmin Town,\*  
 Look'd like one great Tumble-down,  
 Where the buildings, "one and all,"  
 Bend in sympathetic fall;  
 In such a fellowship of grief  
 My sorrow might find some relief:  
 But now, from BACK to BETTY'S Lane,  
 From MORROP stile to PONSENDANE;  
 From north to south, from east to west,  
 Where Jennies spin, or Hides are drest;

by the Registers of the Custom-house, which by the kind permission of those patrons of Literature, the Lords of the Treasury, I have been permitted to search. It is strange how "Bier" should be found in three editions! Dr. B.

I agree with Dr. A. and Dr. B. in their happy emendation of the text. Had they attended to the Association of Ideas, they would not have been at a loss to trace the origin of the error. The words "carcasses" and "catacombs" occur in the preceding lines, and the Editor's mistake of Bier for Beer, was natural: it is evidently not a mistake of the printer. Dr. C.

I am at all times willing to pay every respect to the acuteness of a Dr. A. the sagacity of a Dr. B. and the profundity of a Dr. C. but as Bier is the reading of every edition, three of which were published in the Author's lifetime, I must think that it is right, and that Bier was the name of some liquor then in vogue, though now unknown. I am informed that upon digging near the spot, where the Old House stood, a bottle has lately been found with wires twisted over the neck of it: no doubt with an intention to confine the cork: and perhaps the "Bier" (for I never can consent to think it was "Beer") was contained in such bottles. Dr. D.

Dr. D. is certainly correct. I have seen the bottle; it has an E. upon it, the initial of the owner of the house, and is now in the British Museum. The cork was not quite destroyed, and a little liquid was still remaining in the bottle. That never to be sufficiently admired chemist Dr. G. is engaged in analysing it: and there can be little doubt of his discovering what were the ingredients of that (now unknown) liquor called "Bier." Dr. F.

Oh! Shakspeare, Brother Bard! if thou hadst used my precaution, Thou wouldst not so have suffered by Commentators!

\* A learned Judge on the circuit observed to the Mayor of Bodmin, that the whole town appeared to have been built at one time. Why do you think so? said the Mayor: because it is all tumbling down together, replied the Judge.

Elliott's Square, and Will Toll's Bakehouse,  
 Humphry's Shop, and Phillpott's Cakehouse ;  
 Woolcock's Back-let, Market-jew street,—  
 Every where, 'tis like a new street.

Nay, Michael Angelo, thy Art  
 Finds in our SIGNS its counterpart ;  
 And Admiration cries, Odsnooks ! is  
 This by Apelles done, or Zeuxis ?

Swoll'n with its tributary rills,  
 Devolving from the Maddern hills,  
 The Shoot, which at its foamy spout  
 Wash'd all the filth of Rabble-rout,

Now—

Purely sweet, a crystal stream,  
 Sparkles in the solar beam.

Beneath the canopy of deep calash,  
 Our Dames of old defied the torrent's dash ;  
 And as no Lamps upon the night  
 Then pour'd a galaxy of light,  
 Maid Betty's lantern, trim with scollop'd paper,  
 Shed the tame twinkling of a tallow taper,  
 To guide the cautious toe, in patten neat,  
 Through the wet horrors of the muddy street :  
 But now, than Phaeton much madder,  
 Cracks his loud whip the Jehu Dadder ;

—His glowing axle burns :

From eastern to the western Green

Mingled Beaux and Belles are seen

Dashing in the KITAREEN :

To Dinner, Supper, Tea, and Dancing

The HORSES OF THE STORM are prancing

In quick successive turns.—

Some Wives and Matrons more sedately go,

In stately ease, majestically slow,

Pois'd on the balanc'd Poles of KITTY BEN ROSCROW.

Our Ball-room too has few compeers :  
 See, see those blazing Chandeliers !  
 What Music ravishing the spheres !  
 And ah ! what pretty little HOURS,  
 Whose charms are more than ample dowries,  
 Lightly thread the mazy dance !  
 —Say, say, ye Gods, is this Penzance ?  
 Yes, Master, yes, and more my Muse could tell  
 Of Justice Dinners at the Grand Hotel ;  
 Of crouded News-rooms, where in stern debate  
 Some stir the nation up, and some the grate.†

But what have I with them to do ?  
 Houses warm, they're made for you.  
 Once on a time I had my heyday ;  
 But now from Michaelmas to May-day  
 I hear no Music, see no Lady,  
 Nor know what 'tis to have a gay day.  
 Oh ! then, my ever honor'd Master !  
 Have pity on my sad disaster,  
 And call for mortar, brick, and plaister.

The following elegant little Poem, was “ composed  
 for the Ladies' Charitable Bazaar at Penzance.”

What ! in these wonder-working days,  
 When upside down all things are turning ;  
 When steam the rapid car conveys,  
 And lamps without their oil are burning ;

When led by Davy's guardian blaze  
 With safety through the fire we walk ;  
 And lithographs to our amaze  
 Can make the very stones to talk ;

† The spirit of reform is never more troublesome, than when it has a pyrotechnical turn. Furor arma ministrat. The fire-reformer seizes the poker, and chokes those who were previously comfortable, (tho' in a news-room, as in the world, all cannot have front seats near the fire,) with dust and smoke and ashes.

Shall *Charity* alone be far  
 Amid these wonders left behind ?  
 If you will enter this Bazaar,  
 She deals with magic too, you'll find.

Around the tables gaily spread  
 See all that Fancy can bestow :  
 Of sparkling stars and roses red,  
 And pictures fair, a splendid show !

Wave but a gold or silver wand,—  
 That fillagree shall thatch a cottage ;  
 Obedient to the same command  
 That urn becomes a mess of pottage.

That silken cushion stuff'd with bran  
 Shall be a basket full of bread ;  
 And what appears a cooling fan  
 Shall as a blanket warm a bed.

The parasol shall form a ceiling  
 To shelter from the wind and rain ;  
 Yon butterfly shall speed with healing  
 Upon its wings to soften pain.

That vase is full of balm and honey,  
 Transparent tho' it seems to be :  
 The empty purse shall pour out money—  
 Those chains shall set a pris'ner free.

Thus trivial toys to outward sense,  
 That glitter but a useless store,  
 Touch'd by thy wand, *Benevolence* !  
 Are food and raiment for the poor.

In a Sonnet on visiting the School at Bristol, in  
 which the Poet Chatterton was bred, we are pleased  
 both with the Poet and the Christian.

I've view'd the pit, where as in scorn were thrown  
 The bones of Chatterton ; and here I see,  
 Where first the Muses mark'd him for their own  
 Emerging from the dawn of infancy.—  
 Children ! He once was blithe as now ye are,  
 The life-beam glitt'ring in his ardent eye :  
 But Guilt and Melancholy and Despair  
 Pointing their future prey, pass'd darkling by.  
 Ah ! what is Genius ! 'Tis a burning brand  
 Like that the Cherub bore to guard the way  
 To Paradise. If Grace support the hand  
 That welds it, then it's radiant flame shall play  
 In glory round ; else shall it's lightnings burst,  
 And strike their victim down—scath'd and accurst.

Le Grice, though not a Cornishman, is the possessor of Trereife, and perhaps the most acute and active justice of this county ;—which should seem no trivial praise, when it is considered that Cornwall has of late years been distinguished by the shining talents and effective energies of its magistrates.

We may attribute, I believe, to Mr. DAVIES GILBERT this translation from a passage in Synesius, inscribed by a Father over his Child, in East-Bourn Church Sussex.

Λιβας Ουρανια  
 Κεχυμαι κατα γας,  
 Παγα με διδου,  
 Οθεν εξεχυθην,  
 Φυγας αλητης.

Give me, released from matter's chain,  
 To seek, O God ! my home again :  
 Within thy bosom to repose,  
 Whence the stream of Spirit flows.  
 Libation of celestial birth,  
 Behold me pour'd on nether earth :  
 Then give me to that parent Well,  
 Whence thy fitting Wanderer fell.

I have reason to think, likewise, that " Gentle Delia" was Mr. Gilbert's.

In the autumn of 1791, Mr. I. E. managing partner of the Cornish Copper Company, having taken possession of his new house at Reviere, a dance was given on the occasion. Among the company were Miss M. J. Dr. Beddoes a visitor at Tredrea, and Mr. Davies Giddy, now Gilbert. Dr. Beddoes, dancing with Miss J. sportively pinned to her bandeau some ribbons, emblems of Liberty, which had been given to him as curiosities, by a gentleman recently come home from an excursion on the Continent.

Dr. Beddoes produced these verses on the next morning at breakfast.

Sweet Maid ! whose joy-diffusing smile  
Can Sorrow's burden'd heart beguile,  
Whose festive mien, and sunny glance  
Shed lustre o'er the lively dance ;

May Freedom's Garland, still as now,  
O'ershadow Beauty's radiant brow !  
And, stealing thence resistless grace,  
Spread wide her empire o'er our race.

May Health thine airy steps attend,  
And modest Mirth his measures blend ;  
As Time leads on thy social hours ;  
Thou Rosalind of Cornwall's bowers !

And may what e'er thine eye surveys,  
Array'd in ruby-coloured rays,  
Return to thy delighted sense  
'The same soft joys—thy looks dispense.

Some time afterwards, was circulated

### GENTLE DELIA.

Why should gentle Delia wear  
That baleful ribbon in her hair.....  
Emblem of rebellious strife,  
Of war, and all the ills of life ?

Misguided Fair ! that pledge disclaim ;  
The pledge of murder, vice and shame !  
The pledge that wrought the fierce decree  
Which drives far off sweet Liberty.

Oh Liberty ! thou goddess fair,  
And Innocence thy sister rare !  
We know the haunts, wherein ye rest—  
“ In Britain’s Isle, and Delia’s Breast.”

The author of the following very beautiful lines,  
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, a son of Serjeant  
Praed (who is a cousin of Praed of *Treveltho*,) was  
Editor of the Etonian, and gained many prizes at  
Cambridge.—Mr. Praed has the happy art of blending  
with a gracefulness peculiarly his own, the playful and  
the pathetic, the gentle and the satirical, the serious and  
the ludicrous.

### BEAUTY AND HER VISITORS.

I look’d for Beauty :—on a throne,  
A dazzling throne of light, I found her ;  
And music pour’d its softest tone,  
And flowers their sweetest breath around her.  
A score or two of idle gods,  
Some drest as peers, and some as peasants,  
Were watching all her smiles and nods,  
And making compliments and presents.



And first young Love, the rosy boy,  
 Exhibited his bow and arrows,  
 And gave her many a pretty toy,  
 Torches, and bleeding hearts and sparrows :  
 She told him, as he pass'd, she knew  
 Her court would scarcely do without him :  
 But yet (she hoped they were not true)  
 There were some awkward tales about him.

Wealth deem'd, that magic had no charm  
 More mighty than the gifts he brought her,  
 And link'd around her radiant arm  
 Bright diamonds of the purest water :  
 The Goddess, with a scornful touch,  
 Unclasp'd the gaudy, galling fetter ;  
 And said—she thank'd him very much—  
 She liked a wreath of roses better.

Then Genius snatch'd his golden lute,  
 And told a tale of love and glory ;  
 The crowd around were hush'd and mute,  
 To hear so sad and sweet a story.  
 And Beauty mark'd the minstrel's cheek,  
 So very pale—no bust was paler ;—  
 Vow'd she could listen for a week ;  
 But really—he should change his tailor.

As died the echo of the strings,  
 A shadowy phantom kneel'd before her,  
 Look'd all unutterable things ;  
 And swore, to see was to adore her.  
 He call'd her veil a cruel cloud,  
 Her cheek a rose, her smile a battery :  
 She fancied it was Wit that bow'd—  
 I'm almost certain it was Flattery.

There was a beldame finding fault  
 With every person's every feature ;

And by the stare, and by the halt,  
 I knew at once the odious creature :  
 " You see," quoth Envy, " I am come  
 To bow—as is my bounden duty ;—  
 They tell me Beauty is at home ;—  
 Impossible, that CAN'T be Beauty !"

I heard a murmur, far and wide,  
 Of " Lord ! how quick the dotard passes !"  
 As Time threw down at Beauty's side  
 The prettiest of his clocks and glasses :  
 But it was noticed in the throng,  
 How Beauty marr'd the maker's cunning ;  
 For, when she talk'd, the hands went wrong,  
 And, when she smil'd, the sands stopp'd running.

Death, in a doctor's wig and gown,  
 Came arm in arm with Lethe thither,  
 And crown'd her with a wither'd crown,  
 And hinted, Beauty too must wither !  
 " Avaunt !" she cried, " how came he here ?  
 The frightful fiend !—he's my abhorrence !"  
 I went and whisper'd in her ear,  
 " He shall not hurt you ;—sit to Lawrence."

WILLIAM PETER, Esq, (the worthy representative of the families of *Harlyn and Chiverton*,) who some years since attuned the Grecian lyre to warlike measures, has lately awakened in his " Sacred Songs," a spirit more congenial with Christian sensibility. Lord Byron's Sacred Melodies, (I had almost said Bishop Heber's,) are inferior to Mr. Peter's psalmody.

#### PSALM CXXXVII.

Whilst pining for our native Land,  
 By Babel's waves we sat and wept,  
 And tuneless on the willow'd strand  
 Our Harps, in mournful silence, slept ;

Insulting o'er his Captive's wrongs,  
 Heard ye not then the barbarous Foe ?  
 He ask'd for Zion's sacred songs—  
 For strains of gladness in our woe !

Oh ! how shall we, in distant lands,  
 God's songs to notes of triumph sing ?  
 How shall these weak, these trembling hands,  
 In bondage, wake the joyful string ?

O SALEM, lost but cherish'd spot,  
 If I forget thy hallow'd name,  
 If, in my joys, I love thee not,—  
 May Sense forsake this withering frame !

In a critique on "the Mysteries of Udolpho," Mrs. Radcliffe was contemplated as "a first rate poet." And, surely, in Romance there is an ample scope for the display of Imagination and Passion. In many instances Romance is equally allied to "Poesy and Picture."

In noticing, therefore, "*Fitz of Fitzford*," and "*De Foix*," and "the *Whitehoods*," and "the *Protestant*,"\* at the conclusion almost of this chapter on the Poets, I shall pass, by a natural transition, to the next on the Painters of Cornwall. During the perusal of these volumes, I was not at all aware, that I was reading the productions of a lady originally Cornish. And on the intelligence, that† her Father's name

\* Mrs. Bray's other works are "Letters written during a tour through Normandy and Brittany in 1818," and "Memoirs of the late C. A. Stothard, &c. &c."—and "the Talba, or Moor of Portugal," now in the press.

† This lady, Anna Eliza Kempe was first married to C. A. Stothard, F. S. A. author of the *Monumental Effigies of Great Britain*, and secondly to the Rev. Mr. Bray, Vicar of Tavistock, her present residence.—One of her family writes: "John Kempe who possesses our ancient ancestral house and land of Crugallick, came from an elder son—we, from a younger. Some Kempes settled in Cornwall, I imagine about the time

was **KEMPE**, one of the ancient family of the Kempes of Crugsilick in Veryan, it was even with the ardour of youthful feelings, that I hastened to express my interest in so elegant an accession to our Danmonian literature.

No longer a "British" or an "Anti-jacobin Reviewer," it is not for me to criticise my authors minutely. It were easy to point out blemishes in the most perfect works. But "non his locus." For Mrs. Bray, I shall observe (after suggesting to her. . . . luxuriantia compescet) that I am highly pleased with delineations of character, as well as descriptions picturesque and grand; particularly in "*Fitz of Fitzford*,"—where, similar to Sir Walter Scott's, almost every description has its original in real scenery. I find, for instance, in the "History of Devon," a slight notice of Morwell. "In a wood at a short distance from the house, we suddenly emerge from a gloomy path, upon Morwell-rock; which projects almost perpendicularly over the Tamar: when at once opens upon us a most romantic scene, such as in the opinion of good travelled judges is not to be equalled even in Europe. It is tremendous, yet beautiful, several hundred yards under our feet."\*

In Fitzford, the picture of Morwell-rock, kindled up, (if I may so say,) by human intelligence, unites the rich colouring of Claude with the terrific grandeur of Salvator. And from amidst numerous characters well discriminated, I am prompted by family-feelings to select Judge Glanville; whose "countenance" (I observe, speaking of his monument in Tavistock church,) "is so expressive and animated, that spectators have

of James I. from whom we come. But our stock may be much earlier derived from Sir Thomas Kempe, who had the fine old demesne of Olantigh, parish of Wye, in Kent, temp. Edward III. His son, Cardinal Archbishop Kempe founded a College there of Ministers Ecclesiastical to serve the parish-church of Wye.—We find him associated with Archbishop Arundel in the trial of Sir John Oldcastle."

\* See Hist. of Devon, III. 441.

often started, at first sight, as from a living personage.\*

My readers will resort to Fitzford for a more intimate acquaintance with the good old Judge.

In the mean time, if versification be required in proof of familiarity with the "tuneful Nine," here is evidence the most pleasing.

"What though, fair France! thy warmer skies  
 And purple blushing vines  
 May bid our mounting spirits rise,  
 While the full goblet shines;  
 Yet suns, nor vines, however bright,  
 Can so rejoice my breast,  
 As the pure streams, and colder light,  
 Of thee, my native West!

For there, within thy sea-girt isle,  
 I played, a careless boy;  
 There in my heart a mother's smile  
 First woke the pulse of joy.  
 Our little home, midst woodland dells,  
 Look'd out, as from its nest;  
 The village spire, while peal'd the bells,  
 Rose, glittering in the West!

Though, far from my own woodland dells,  
 Through mountain scenes I roam,  
 While torrents roar; I hear those bells  
 And think upon that home.  
 Nor mountain scenes, nor blushing vine,  
 Can cheer my lonely breast:  
 Mid foreign lands, one thought is mine—  
 Yon isle within the West!"

\* I possess a Picture of this venerable Judge, (and his lady,) exactly resembling the monumental representation.— One of the children of the Judge, was "Dionysia nupta Thomæ Potwheile, Ar."

Glancing back upon this assemblage of Cornish or Cornu-British Bards, we should scarcely persist in the assertion that the "hoar Meneg" or "dark Bolerium" has been soothed by no other music than the wild murmurs of the wave. And if we compare the Poets with the Divines, or with any other groupe of our western Worthies, we cannot but do homage to "the Sons of Song," as possessing a decided superiority in quick perceptions, in lively associations, in keen sensibilities. In the observation of NATURE in particular—in the apprehension of her finer forms, who will not acknowledge their peculiar susceptibility? There is a delicious feeling—an exquisite sense of the beautiful, inseparable from the poetic mind. And, if I may be allowed to *sing* what I meant to say—to repeat what Wolcot once read and approved, without incurring censure for "the vain repetition;" such are my closing numbers:\*

"Tis not for vulgar souls to feel  
 Those sacred sympathies refin'd,  
 That o'er the Poet's bosom steal,  
 When Nature to his raptur'd mind  
 Each varied form, each colour gives,  
 Where bright the bloom of beauty lives.

For him, the lawn's luxuriant green  
 In contrast with yon craggy steep,  
 Hath charms by common eyes unseen;  
 As o'er the turf with airy sweep  
 That oak's extensive foliage flows,  
 And to the summer-sunbeam glows.

With joy how chaste his eye perceives  
 New lustre in the tranquil stream;  
 That to the rose's full-blown leaves

\* Extract from an Ode, long ago published, but never, probably, to be reprinted.

Reflects a crimson-tinctured gleam,  
 And gurgling wanders down the glen,  
 And slumbers in the willowy fen.

For him yon fawns in many a maze  
 The splendor of the morning court ;  
 Or group'd, enjoy the genial blaze,  
 As satiate of their frolic sport ;  
 And, mark'd with pleasure but by few,  
 The setting glory still pursue.

He sees some faery power illumine  
 The orient hills with richer light,  
 Chasing the mist's departed gloom :  
 He sees, upon the mountain-height  
 Some faery power the pencil hold  
 To paint the evening-cloud with gold.

There, as the deep and silent shade  
 Along the horizon seems to rest,  
 And from the glimmering azure fade  
 The last cool tints that streak the West ;  
 He heaves—though others wonder why—  
 He cherishes the pensive sigh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! if a livelier passion move  
 The Poet's breast, to Nature true ;  
 If in such scenes, with looks of love,  
 He trace a more attractive hue ;  
 His heart what extacy inspires,  
 The FEMALE FORM when beauty fires !

Light, as on air, her steps advance !  
 Others may gaze with sparkling eye—  
 He casts a more enamour'd glance ;  
 He breathes a more delicious sigh !  
 Others may hail the enchanting sight—  
 He faints with tremulous delight !

That graceful negligence of mien,  
 And, mantling as the emotions rise,  
 The blush of languishing Sixteen  
 To win the soul by sweet surprise ;  
 Those shadowy tresses wild, which rove  
 To kiss the heaving bloom of love ;

And, melting o'er the accordant keys  
 Touch'd by her rosy fingers fleet,  
 Those tones which, like the dying breeze,  
 Mix with a voice divinely sweet—  
 Others unwonted ardours boast ;  
 But, O LETITIA ! he is lost."

\* \* \* \* \*

## SECTION IV.

### PAINTING.

In Painting, Cornwall, remote as it is from the great nursery of genius, is by no means an unproductive soil ; especially St. Agnes, the birth-place of several artists or amateurs.

The Opies, in particular, are worthy of "the recording Muse."

Of JOHN OPIE's early days I have little new to relate : His subsequent career has had many a memorialist.

In his "Lives of the British Painters," Mr. Cunningham is an amusing author. His stile is, in my



opinion, the true biographical stile. But my concern is with Opie; to whose pencil Cunningham has done justice. In the notice of our Painter, ere he had "cast his Cornish skin, and come out sleek and shining," my personal acquaintance with himself and his friends, enables me to correct some errors, or misstatements, not, perhaps, very material. But truth is our object, in trivial as well as in important matters. I shall have no scruple, therefore, in pointing out mistakes; though I am so little of a connoisseur, that I shall not pretend to controvert opinions.

Running over the pages of this pleasing writer, I find Mr. Cunningham is right in stating,\* that "John Opie, born (at the Blowing-House† near Mithian,) in St. Agnes in 1761, was the son of a carpenter." His father was a house-carpenter and a wheelwright.‡ His grandfather was, likewise, a carpenter: and they had skill and ingenuity far above their brother-artificers. But the claim of our limner's mother|| to "high provincial descent," is, to me, perfectly ridiculous: I cannot be quite ignorant of Cornish pedigrees.

The Tonkins, doubtless, ranked, for several generations, with the *little* gentry of Cornwall.§

It is a fact, that (when about ten years old) he said: "I can dra a buttermlee as well as Mark Oates," (another

\* See in the "Family Library," Vol. II. pp. 180, to 212.

† The "*Blowing-House*" ill-suited to London ears.—Opie's first wife, therefore, on a visit to St. Agnes, changed the name to *Harmony-Cot*.

‡ Dr. Paris is mistaken in asserting, that Opie was a parish apprentice to a person of the name of *Wheeler*. Opie was never a parish-apprentice: But his father (whose occupation he followed,) was a *wheelwright*.

|| At his birth, Mrs. Opie was fifty-two. And, going to be church'd (to be "upris," she would have said,) she shrank from the prying eye!—I dont know, that she "laughed;" though like Sarah, she had "waxed old." And she died at an age not many years short of Sarah's.

§ Tonkin's MSS. relative to Cornwall, are in the hands of Lord De Dunstanville, who published in his "*Carew*," a large portion of them; but not before a much larger was published in the Cornwall history. In the unprinted residue, there is little curious or interesting.

St. Agnes painter boy), and that he was delighted with his mother's approbation of his performance.† The picture of the Farm-yard mentioned by Cunningham, was not at Truro, but at Mithian in St. Agnes; the house of Mr. Nankivell, father of the present James Nankivell, Esq. of Truro. The Nankivells and Opies almost "contiguas habuere domos." And Opie was often seen stealing into Mr. Nankivell's parlour: where hung this Picture. And not Pyramus and Thisbe's whisperings through the cranny in the wall that divided the lovers, were more secret than our young painter's furtive glances. The servants of Mithian had observed him frequently gliding from the kitchen to the parlour, and looking slyly at "the Farm-yard," and retreating, and after a little while timidly returning, and looking again, and "snatching a fearful joy." And, as they thought it very bold in the boy, they mentioned it to their mistress; when he obtained full permission to copy the Picture at his leisure. I dont recollect seeing Opie's painting: It probably exists at St. Winnow; as Mrs. Walker (the good mother of the Vicar of St. Winnow,) was happy in the purchase of it for five shillings.\* And it is said, that Opie, rich in "splendid shillings," danced about "like mad," crying out "I'm set up for life! I'm set up for life!" His father on this occasion (as on many others) told the spirited young urchin—"he would come to hanging as sure as a gun!"

A lady this moment informs me, that Opie, not long after the Farm-yard encounter, borrowed of her half-a-

† Mark Oates's pictures, in after life, were in features hard, and stiff in drapery. Oates had boasted to Opie, that he could paint as well on board ship, as on shore. "Better, perhaps," said Opie. . . . . meaning, I suppose, that the oscillation or rolling of the ship might give an easy flow or a felicitous effect, as from accident, to what were otherwise laboured and unnatural. Opie had not then heard, I believe, of the Grecian Painter's happy hit; though he was himself a *dashing* fellow.

\* I have seen the original at (Richard Hoskin's, Esq.)—Carennis; where it now is.

crowd to buy paints ; but that at Redruth-fair, on the same day, he spent it all in gingerbread ; and that, after he had dispensed with his fairings, he was almost beside himself, and trudging homewards with desultory steps, had serious thoughts, for a few minutes, of throwing himself over a bridge into the river.

The story about Opie's painting his father, is not exactly true. It is certainly true, that (about eleven years of age) he, one Sunday-afternoon, whilst his mother was at church, fixed his materials for painting in a little kitchen, opposite the parlour where his father sat reading the Bible—that, when he came to the head he often ran into the parlour, and looked up in his father's face ; interruptions enough "to provoke a Saint." But I am told by Opie's relations, that they are sure he never deliberately tried to "put his father into a passion, that he "might paint the eyes of the old man lighted up and "sparkling with indignation." It was not at all necessary for such a purpose, that Opie should "try to put his father into a passion." Often might we have seen the "iratum Chremen tumido ore,"—the industrious carpenter very angry from the persuasion, that his son was wasting time day after day. And, to be sure, when he noticed the boy calmly eyeing him thus excited or agitated, the trial to a parent's feelings must have been severe. I have somewhere met with an anecdote of Ariosto and his father ; which illustrates a trite observation, that under similar circumstances a similar conduct (with no great variation) may be expected. If I recollect rightly, it is upon record that Ariosto, on his father's charging him with some offence in a tone of high displeasure, instead of endeavouring to exculpate himself, very coolly contemplated the wrathful parent (still more incensed, I suppose, by such seeming indifference)—and that a friend who happened to be present, surprised at his calmness, asked Ariosto "what is meant ?"—when the Poet answered : "I am composing a comedy in which I have introduced a parent in a passion with his son ; and

to enable me to copy nature with accuracy, I was noticing the features and gestures of my angry father, without regard to his accusation." Had Opie really been worked up into such a state of savageness, as designedly to put his father into a passion, we might almost compare him to another Italian,—a brother-artist.—We might assimilate such an intensity of imagination to the barbarity of Giotto, who is said to have crucified a poor wretch, that he might paint to perfection a man hanging on the cross.\*

That Opie was drawn from his obscurity by Wolcot, I need not repeat. It was Wolcot's exhibition of genius associated with vulgarity, that brought all eyes upon the "Cornish boy in tin mines bred:" And "the Cornish boy" could never have been sufficiently grateful to his foster-father. But that Wolcot took Opie into his family "to clean knives, feed the dog, and do other menial services"—to save the boy from the penalties his father would now and then inflict upon him for chalking the saw-pit all over—is mere badinage. Opie never lived on such terms "in the Doctor's family." All "the Doctor's family," was one old female servant, who had seldom any knives to clean. For Wolcot seldom dined at home. And, when he did, his dinner was more frequently a basin of "girty milk,"† or sour milk (for he loved sour

\* I am a little inclined to think that at the moment when I was writing the above, some gnome or sylph, or little sportive deity, of kind domestic habits—perhaps a Brownie.... interposed!—though I beg his pardon: There are other household gods more frolicsome, if not more familiar. Certain it is, that the leaves of "Cecilia" flew open—I almost fancied, that I heard the fluttering of wings!

Seriously, however—the volume was then opened by mere accident, at the following passage:—

"There are some, to be sure, who, with Lady Honoris, take great delight to see any body in a passion." "When my father has been angry with me, I have been obliged to pretend I was crying by way of excuse for putting my handkerchief to my face." "Amazing!" cried Cecilia—"Your Ladyship can indeed never want diversion, to find it in the anger of your Father."—Cecilia, [Edit. 4.] 111. pp. 236, 237.

† So the Cornish call groats or oatmeal, and milk.—I allude to the koumis of the Tartars. Pliny speaks of

milk like a Tartar)—than any animal food.—I am sure, whilst living in Mr. Daniell's house, on Truro bowling-green, he kept no dog.—The only dog kept in that house, for many a year, was poor Fidelle ; whilst my mother, after Wolcot's departure, resided there. In honour of " Cecilia," just " come out," I had got a Fidelle ; the favourite companion of my first wife.

It is said, that at the age of twelve, Opie had made himself master of Euclid—and that he had engaged in teaching his brother peasants to write and cypher. But, judging from the specimens of writing which I have before me, I cannot much applaud his skill in penmanship. Opie's, indeed, is a bold hand indicative of his character. His mathematical teaching must have been of short duration. The *πατριδος καρπος* was but a little while within his view, after the discovery of the powers of his pencil. I may safely assert, however, that he never " wandered" from town to town in quest of employment ; recommended by Wolcot, as he was, to the first houses. To have their portraits drawn by Opie, was the wish of many of our principal families, long before it could be gratified.

Of his performances before he left Cornwall, the most noticeable (though possibly not the most meritorious) are those of Prideaux of Place near Padstow ; whence, after having " taken off" (as we say) almost every living creature, he strutted homewards in splendid habiliments—with a coat, not velvet, I believe, but superfine broadcloth at least, and certainly with lace-ruffles and silk stockings.\* His mother thought him crazed :

the acor jucundus of the Danmonians ; and Herodotus—of the Scythians. I do not mean to say, that in Cornwall as in Tartary we have sour mare's milk. But we have sour milk so nutritive, that it fattens our largest hogs, sometimes without the addition of either barley or potatoes.

\* This is brought to my recollection by some doggrel lines which I lately found in an old school *scrap-book*—then called a *foul-book*. They cannot but engage the attention of few contemporary friends ; as they represent with accuracy a " *Truro-week*" (diversified enough, but I confess, rather of

But, whether crazed or not, she saw he was still a dutiful son ; when, running up to her, he presented her with

a dissipated character) and as they remind us of our merry-hearted townfolk in the days of our youth.

*Sunday*, at thy proud church, St. Mary !  
 Mark'd me, amidst the body corporate,  
 Provoked by BENNETT'S voluntary,  
 (That carried off the indecent farce on,  
 Running a rig upon the parson)  
 And wonder'd at my sudden qualms,  
 I own—the effect of Sternhold's psalms ;  
 And more admired my soaring high  
 When, just awaken'd from a nap,  
 And up the mountain, pull'd by PVE,  
 I view'd whole kingdoms in a map  
 (According to the Rector's story)  
 Which Satan shew'd in all their glory.\*  
*Monday* emerging from the vapors  
 Inspired me with a rage divine ;  
 As hastening Claudian to translate  
 In verses which might vie with Tate,  
 Hoar Dis o'erpowering Proserpine  
 I seiz'd in triumph, and cut capers.  
 And its mild evening sun, I ween,  
 Cheer'd me victor of the green,  
 When, in his white assembly gloves,  
 With nose erect and strutting mien  
 And a horse-laugh that shook the alooves,  
 TOM . . . . . slapp'd me on the back  
 I had hit off the glimmering jack.  
 'Twas on thy night, *Tuisce ! ROGER*, †  
 And *MUN* who loved not water-gruel,  
 Taught boys and grey-beards how to badger :  
 When things were said—insulting . . . cruel—  
 I fear'd the inevitable duel !  
 Yet all was badinage—all fun ;  
 The quips of *CROKER*, *KEMPE* or *MUN* !  
 Tho' *Woden* thunder'd, at Calenick  
 Young *RALPH* and I essay'd to win  
 Sweet *BETSY DICKENSON* and *PENNICK* . . .  
 His beef-steaks smoking on the tin.  
*Ther* roused me to pursue poor puss—  
 (The Truthan-hounds were never fleet—

\* Alluding to a "top-shelf" Sermon of Mr. Pye, who after having described the Devil on the "exceeding high mountain," and exhibiting all the Kingdoms, &c. &c. used quaintly to conclude—"it might have been on a map!"

† Notwithstanding vintun and badgering, the Tuesday night's Club was a most respectable assemblage of town and country gentlemen ; with the lord of Tregothnan for their president.

In this year he produced five pictures; an old man's Head, a country Boy and Girl, a Boy and Dog, an old Woman, and a Beggar. The next year he removed to Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and continued, for several successive years, to exhibit portraits of various persons. In 1786, his first exhibition in the higher walk of painting appeared in the picture of James the First of Scotland assassinated by Graham at the instigation of his uncle the Duke of Athol: and, the next year, we find him Royal Academician Elect, and exhibiting his picture of the Assassination of David Rizzio. In 1788, he was elected a Member of the Royal Academy. And when Alderman Boydell was planning his magnificent edition of Shakspeare, with prints engraved

to see the town, as it is cold and very dirty, and so full of smook and fog that you can hardly see the length of your nose, and I should not be able to stir any where out by day nor keep them company in doors, by reason of the quantity of business. I would advise them to come up in June, when they may see every thing in fine weather, and probably I shall not be so busy then as I am now, because most of the quality go out of town at that time, and then also they may see all the great houses, &c. but now the familys are in town, they'd not be able to see one. As to my stay here, it will depend on circumstances, as the continuation of employ and the encouragement I may meet with. If I have time and money I shall certainly come down in the summer.....  
 ....Many have been in town, years, and have had nothing to do, whilst I who have been here but two or three months, am known and talked of by every body. To be known is the great thing in London. A man may do ever so well, if nobody knows it, it will signify nothing and among so many thousand and ten thousand people, it is no easy matter to get known. I cannot think what gave rise to that report which you heard, as I have never had a present from any body in my life. Money is very scarce among every body, and I only desire to get paid for what I do. I have taken a new method, and make them all, or most of them, pay half as soon as I begin the pictures, wich is a very good method. Brother E. and his wife are very well and will be very glad to see Brother and Betty up at the time I mentioned, they join in their duty to you and Father, and love to Uncle, Brother and Sisters, &c. with your affectionate son,  
 J. OPIE.

Direct to me at Mr. Riccard's, Orange Court, Leicester Fields, London. March 11, 1782.

from pictures by the most eminent artists of the times, Opie was employed to paint several; which contributed to the success of the undertaking, as well as to the extension of the artist's own fame. It is intimated that his popularity was now on the decline. "Lords and Ladies" ceased to swarm around the "Cornish prodigy." But the gaze of wonder is transitory: that was past. Yet our Painter's reputation was too firmly established to be for a moment shaken.

An unhappy connexion, however, had well nigh scared the Muses from his threshold.

Fascinated by the pretty black eyes of a pawnbroker's daughter (a Miss B——) he had no sooner married her, than he found others were fascinated also. In short, he sued for a divorce: and a separation took place. A lady of my acquaintance informs me, that happening first to see Opie's marriage announced in the public prints, she mentioned it to Wolcot; when the Doctor whispered. . . . "Miss B——! a B—— indeed!!" —and added no more. It appeared to her, that the Doctor had been no stranger to the levities of "the pawnbroker's daughter." We are told, that one day passing St. Giles's church in company with a reputed sceptic—"I was married at that church," said Opie. And "I was christened there!" said his companion. "They make unsure work there, then—It holds neither in wedlock nor in baptism!"

'That Opie was himself given to talk rather lightly on religious subjects, I have heard, I fear, from unquestionable authority. It was no proof of his respect for our Saviour, that he would sometimes ask: "Am not I the Carpenter's son?"

To cultivate a strong intellect, Opie was sedulous in frequenting the society of literary men, and in reading the best English authors and our translations of the classics. And he remembered all he read. Charles Fox, Horne Tooke, Sir James Mackintosh, and others, whose "praise was fame," thought very highly of Opie's talents.



"He crowds more wisdom (said one of them) "into a few words, than almost any man I ever knew." Of his alienation from his patron, I have heard many stories from their friends—some imputing the blame to one, and some to the other. Wolcot, when I last saw him—at Exeter—was shy on the subject. He did not say expressly, "Opie had not been so good as his word."—But, I believe, "You and I go snacks"—was assumed as the motto to our Painter's arms; not to be obliterated unless by mutual consent. However he might have affected the contrary, Opie suffered much from this breach with Wolcot; though the infidelity of his wife was doubtless a sorer affliction;—for which, as soon as circumstances would permit, he wisely sought and found a remedy in a charming woman; and, at the age of 37, married Miss Alderson, the only daughter of Dr. Alderson, M. D. of Norwich.\*

Mrs. Opie never appears in a more amiable point of view, than in her biography of her husband. In her vindication of Opie from the charge of speaking his mind too coarsely—"my temper," she says, "and patience have often been on the point of deserting me, even when

\* Of Mrs. Opie's poems in the Annual Anthology, one of the most pleasing is this Sonnet to her husband, on his having painted the Picture of Mrs. Twiss.

Hail to thy pencil! well its glowing art,  
Has trac'd those features painted on my heart.  
Now, tho' in distant scenes she soon will rove,  
Still shall I here behold the friend I love;  
Still see that smile "endearing, artless, kind,"  
The eyes mild beam that speaks the candid mind,  
Which, sportive oft, yet fearful to offend,  
By humour charms, but never wounds a friend.  
But in my breast contending feelings rise,  
While this lov'd semblance fascinates my eyes;  
Now pleas'd, I mark the painter's skilful line,  
Now joy, because the skill I mark was thine:  
And while I prize the gift by thee bestow'd,  
My heart proclaims, I'm of the giver proud.  
'Thus pride and friendship war with equal strife,  
And now the FRIEND exults, and now the WIFE."

*Amelia Opie, 1799.*

Mr. Opie's had not undergone the slightest alteration . . . a strong proof that he possessed that self-command which is one of the requisites of good breeding."\*

From this accomplished lady, Opie (as we were told) received considerable assistance in the composition of the Lectures which he read at the British Institution. But Mrs. Opie, it is asserted, "had no finger in the pie." Whether this lady was equally clever in the structure of a pie, and of a poem, I cannot say. In applying this vulgar adage to Mrs. Opie, no insinuation is intended, to the discredit of her cookery or her poetry. The Lectures were, certainly, "works to wonder at," as coming from a person so *fresh* in the fields of fashion and of literature. I dislike one expression in a very fine passage: "strait is the gate (to excellence) and narrow is the way: and few there be, that find it!" And, on a review of the whole, I cannot but think the late Bishop of Durham's praise of the Lectures somewhat extravagant. "You were known before, as a great painter, Mr. Opie! You will now be known as a great writer!"

In the mean time, it should be remembered, that Opie had many estimable qualities. He was a good son, and a good brother.†

\* Edward Opie, our young limner, now at my elbow, informs me, that his great uncle's temper was one day put severely to the test, by the ignorance and officiousness of a servant maid; who finding his painting-chamber unlocked, took advantage of his absence "in righting up the room"; when among other cleanings, she cleaned, as she thought, several of the freshly painted portraits;—rubbing away their roughnesses, and in particular, picking off the white specks under their eyes. Opie, giving her credit for meaning well, laughed amidst sore vexation. "The Antiquary," under similar circumstances, was not thus candid or forbearing. He had not, indeed, Opie's attachment to "woman kind."

† The two following letters are truly characteristic of our Painter.

"Miss Opie, St. Agnes, Truro, Cornwall, March 4, 1800.

DEAR BETT,

I am pleased to hear you take so much care of poor Mother, and I hope she will get better as the weather becomes warmer. I should think port wine the most strength-

Cunningham sums up the character of Opie as a painter, in the following manner :

“ He is not a leader, perhaps, but neither is he the servile follower of any man, or any school. His original deficiency of imagination, no labour could strengthen, and no study raise. His model mastered him, and he seemed to want the power of elevating what is mean, and of substituting the elegant for the vulgar. Opie saw the common but not the poetic nature of his subjects : he had no visions of the grand and heroic. His pencil could strike out a rough and manly Cromwell, but was unfit to cope with the dark subtle spirit of a Vane, or the princely eye and bearing of a Falkland or a Montrose. His strength lay in boldness of effect, simplicity of composition in artless attitudes, and in the vivid portraiture of individual nature.”

I shall resort to Cunningham, likewise, for a description of his illness and death. “ He was attacked (says C.)

ening for her, but whatever you find does her good, let her have every day. I will enquire shortly and let you know what is most proper. Pray take particular care not to let her be left by herself at any time while she is in this weak state, and tell her how much we were concerned to hear of her accident, and also, that I hope both of us, or at least that I shall certainly make a point of coming down to see her this summer, and that I hope to find her quite set up again by that time. Be sure let her be well clothed, and not want for fire. Comfort her and keep up her spirits by all means, and say every thing kind for me, you cannot say more than I feel for her. I am very sorry that the distance makes it next to impossible at this time of the year for me to come down, which I should do oftener than I have done, but that I fear the parting does her more harm than the seeing me does good.

God bless you both, and believe me ever most affectionately,

Your brother,

J. OPIE.”

“ DEAR BETT,

November 20.

What the devil is the reason that thou art in such a fright, indeed what should make thee suspect the contrary ? My not having written is the very thing that ought to have kept thee quiet, for if any accident had happened to me thou certainly would'st have heard of it by me and by many others, henceforth I desire thou wilt remember the old

by a consuming illness which baffled the knowledge of five skilful doctors : Pitcairn and Baillie were of the number. His friends came round him with affectionate solicitude ; among whom was Henry Thomson ; to whom he confided the finishing of the robes of the Duke of Gloucester's portrait. The picture of the Duke was placed at the foot of his bed. A fit of delirium had subsided : He lifted his head, and observed : " There is not colour enough in the back-ground." More colour was added ; when Opie said with a smile : " Thomson ! it will do now. If you could not do it, nobody could."—The delirium returned, and took its hue from the picture he had just looked at : And he continued painting in idea, till death interposed on the 9th of April,

saying "*no news is good news,*" and not fret thyself because I am lazy and dont like to write when I have nothing to say.

My dearest Amelia was not so fortunate in coming to town as myself, she was overturned in the mail about 30 miles from town, and so bruised as to cause her to be lame for a fortnight or three weeks after, but she is now I hope perfectly recovered, she desires me to give her kindest love to you and mother and to thank you for your presents..... Keep up mother's spirits and tell her I am very well and hope to see her again next summer, and my wife hopes the same, give my love to Mary James, &c. &c. and believe me ever

Affectionately yours,

JOHN OPIE.

Let brother's picture be sent off as soon as possible, and I will take care the other shall be sent down as soon as I have time to paint one of Amelia to go with it."

Mrs. Opie had a great dislike to have her picture drawn. Her son, therefore, painted her surreptitiously. And he marked her features and her character much more at his ease in "gazing" on her, when asleep, than when in her waking moments.—Mrs. Opie's is a fine portrait. It is said there are two: But the picture with which I am acquainted, was painted when Opie was about thirty. It may be seen at the *Blowing-House*—I beg pardon—at *Harmony-Cot*.

Betty Opie was a sensible woman. Strength of intellect, shrewdness and sagacity, are traits in the character of all the Opie's. I have often wished, that I could have caught from her lips, every word, her admirable narrative of her journey to London, and of the sights she saw there. In drollery and shrewd remark she was unequalled. Poor Betty died suddenly at *Harmony-Cot*. I had a pleasant conversation with her, not a week before her death.

1807. On dissection, the lower part of the spinal marrow and its investing membrane were found slightly inflamed, and the brain surcharged with blood. On the 20th of April he was interred in St. Paul's Cathedral, near Sir J. Reynolds."\*

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As they "bow to salute the rising sun," the Cornish are now lavishing their praises on young EDWARD OPIE. Of the same parish with John his great uncle, and the son of a carpenter, he was brought up by his father to the trade. But from a boy a limner, and equally quick and sure in hitting likenesses, he soon overstepped the limits of his handicraft occupation. In each of these particulars, he is the exact counterpart of his uncle. In Edward, however, we see no traits of rusticity. As at Place, we hailed the opening genius of John Opie, under the patronage of Prideaux; so at Clowance, under the auspices of St. Aubyn, (whose taste and attachment to the fine arts can only be equalled by his munificence) Edward was happy in producing the portraits of Sir John and Lady St. Aubyn and the Miss St. Aubyns, and others of the same distinguished house. Of his family-piece at Scorrier, consisting of four children and a dog, I have heard the grouping much commended.

Of his other portraits, I shall notice three only—Dr. Cardew's and Mr. James Nankivell's (both considered as worthy of John Opie); and *one* in this house, the merits of which, had I been an amateur or an artist of the first order, I should not have presumed to appreciate. The husband's partiality to a beloved wife, must necessarily preclude the inquisition of the critic. Yet shall I venture to say, that, I am sure, the graceful resemblance of this portrait to the original in feature and expression,

\* pp. 210, 211.

cannot but endear it to our children. And may it descend to our children's children amidst the few family-pictures that are yet preserved to us, the most valuable and valued of all!

What Edward's pencil may create hereafter, we know not. He is only, as yet, a portrait-painter. But he wants not, I conceive, (what, according to Cunningham, his uncle wanted) "the power of elevating the mean, and of substituting the elegant for the vulgar." His colouring is natural and harmonious. Yet it remains to be proved, whether he possesses an imagination to awaken every subject into vivid life—whether his genius be of that bold character, which authorized his relation to cry: "In eternum pingo!—I paint for immortality!" Has he the strength or energy to draw a beggar, with his uncle—to produce such a specimen of native simplicity and the magic force of the chiaro-scuro?—In his portraits, he is always correct. He hits likenesses (as we have said) with great facility: and his pencil is equally true to the complexion and the cast of the countenance, from his accurate attention to the living originals.

There are some, I am aware, of a different opinion. But I would advise our young artist to keep in mind that

"Vain self-love, in every age the same,  
"Will fondly urge some visionary claim;"  
and that often

"The luckless Painter, destined to submit,  
Mourns the lost likeness which he once had hit;  
And, doom'd to groundless censure, bears alone  
The grievous load of errors not his own."

If he attempt historical painting, we shall see beautiful combinations of Nature, and characteristic features, and costume represented with fidelity. But shall we hail the fire from Heaven—the strong illuminations—the kindling up of heroes, amidst the terror of their march, and the glory of their conquests? Far be it from me to in-

sinuate, that such may not exist. Our limner has ambition. . . . laudable ambition. And one circumstance is greatly in his favour, that at Mrs. Amelia Opie's at Norwich, he is kindly acknowledged as "the relation and the friend."

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It is remarkable, that a third Cornish painter, who will, probably, arise to eminence, is likewise the son of a carpenter; who was a workman at this house, and a tenant of one of the Polwhele-estates, for several years—I mean ANDREW STEPHENS, of Truro. It was some time since, that Stephens was pleased to amuse us with miniature sketches, for the most part caricatures. . . . felicitous in design and execution. His figures, animated with life and spirit, were extremely well grouped; and the characters brought to view with much correctness of discrimination, and often with much genuine humour. In London, Stephens is already ranked, I believe, with artists of considerable merit.

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Mr. J. B. LANE is another Cornish painter, son of an exciseman who, I understand, resided at Helston. A protegee of Lord de Dunstanville, he went to Italy in 1815. Whilst at Rome he painted a very large picture, which made some noise in England, and still more at Rome; the subject, the Angel warning Joseph to fly into Egypt with the Virgin and Christ: \* it was an attempt to unite the drawing of the Roman school with the colouring of the Venetian. It must have faults (for what human work is faultless) but it is a work of great merit. The

\* The critics who tell us, that "this picture is full of anachronisms—overloaded with figures, and faulty in the distribution of light," allow that Lane is "a great painter, and that his works will one day exalt the character of the British artists, and bear a comparison with the best of the Italian school, if he does not adhere too mechanically to the antique."

bigotry of many in the Court of Rome, was shewn by an objection taken to the placing of Joseph and the Virgin on the same bed. In consequence of this unreasonable objection, Lane was not allowed to exhibit his picture at the Academy of St. Luke; a permission generally granted to works of any eminence. Mr. Lane was lately engaged in painting portraits of Mr. Davies Gilbert, Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. and Mrs. Pendarves, Mr. Le Grice, and of his noble and generous patron.

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BONE, one of the Bones of Probus, has carried the painting in enamel to high perfection. I shall particularize only a fine miniature-head of the late King (Geo. IV.) enamelled by Bone; who had the honour of placing it in her Majesty's hands at Windsor, the year before her death.



## SECTION V.

## CRITICISM.

As our two illustrious Cornish critics, I ought to have brought Peters and Toup together; the first, the critic in Hebrew, the second, in Greek. But the criticism of Peters has been anticipated under the topic of Divinity. It remains, therefore, to notice Toup only: and Toup was himself an host. I shall state, then, "in order due and as in duty bound," that JONATHAN\* TOUP, born at St. Ives, in 1713, (and there baptized 5th December, in the same year,) received the first principles of his education at a grammar-school in that town, and was afterwards placed under the care of Mr. Gurney, master of a private school in the parish of St. Merryn: whence he was removed to Exeter-College, Oxford; where he took his degree of A. B.

\* Though baptised *Jonathan*, he signed himself in his later works *Joannes Toup*.

The family of Toup appears to have been of some respectability in the County of Dorset: and in the church-yard of the church of the Holy Trinity at Shaftesbury, there is this monumental inscription: "Hic jacet corpus Roberti Toope generosi qui obiit decimo octavo die Septembris anno Domini, 1671.—Onesiphorus Toup, Clerk, of Dorset, between 16th January, 1682 and 1690, was a man of good property. He left issue by his wife Grace, a lady of Bristol, three sons and three daughters.

1, Onesiphorus Toup, of Taunton, who died in 1719, had issue a son, Onesiphorus who was in the Guards, and died s. p. and a daughter Grace, who married Matthew Talbot, a tucker of Taunton, and was living in very

He was ordained a Deacon, 6th March, 1736, at which time he was of Exeter-college.† On the 9th of March, he was licensed to the Curacy of Philleigh; which he relinquished for the Curacy of Burian, 29th of May, 1738. He was ordained a Priest, 28th May, 1738.

reduced circumstances at Taunton, in 1773. She had issue whose descendants are presumed to be now living.

2, Jonathan.

3, Joseph, of Bridport, who died at sea s. p.

4, Mary, who married, but died s. p.

5, Grace died unmarried.

6, Susannah died unmarried, 29th May, 1783, aged about 90.

Jonathan Toup, the second son, entered into Holy Orders, and was lecturer of St. Ives, in Cornwall, where he died, and was buried, 4th July, 1721. He married Prudence, daughter of John Busvargus, of Busvargus, in Penwith, Esq. by Mary, daughter of John Usticke, of Botallack, gent. By her Mr. Toup had issue

1, JONATHAN.

2, Mary, who married Charles Worth, of St. Ives, in Cornwall, gent. but died s. p.

Prudence, the widow of Mr. Toup, married, secondly, the Rev. John Keigwin, Rector of Landrake, and by him had several children, all of whom, excepting two daughters, Prudence and Anne, died unmarried. The said Prudence married Charles Worth, Esq. the late husband of her half sister, Mary Toup, and left issue. The said Anne married John Blake, (who died in 1762,) and dying in 1814, left by him three daughters and coheirs; Phillis, who married Nicholas Harris Nicholas, Esq. Captain in the 44th Foot, and Major of the Royal Fencible Cavalry, but died in 1799, s. p. Anne, who married Paul Harris Nicholas, of East Looe, gent. and is now living a widow without issue; and Margaret, who is now living, the wife of Captain John Harris Nicholas, R. N. by whom she has five sons.

1, John Toup Nicolas, Esq. Post-Captain of the Royal Navy, Companion of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, and a Knight Commander of the Royal Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand and Merit, who is married and has issue.

2, Paul Harris; 3, William Keigwin; 4, Nicholas Harris; 5, Charles Henry.

† Mr. Upton was elected Fellow of Exeter College in the year 1728; proceeded M. A. in 1732; and (what perhaps may be considered as not the least material piece of intelligence relating to Mr. Upton,) Toup became his pupil in the same year, and during the whole of his residence in the University had no other tutor. The extract from the Register of Cautions in Exeter College is as follows:

“ Mar. 15th, 1732-3. *Pro Jonathan Toup, de St. Ives, in com.*

On the 28th of July, 1750, he was presented by the Bishop of Exeter, to the Rectory of St. Martin's, near Looe.

It is told, (and I believe it is a true anecdote,) that Bishop Keppel, not aware that such a man as our critic existed in his Diocese, was one day very abruptly asked by Warburton, whether he had taken care of Toup?" Toup (said Keppel) who is Toup? A poor curate in your Diocese (said W.) but the first Greek scholar in Europe. Nor did Warburton drop the conversation, till he had obtained a promise from Keppel to give Toup a living.—And Keppel was as good as his word.—No great clerk himself, his Lordship of Exeter had but little respect for learned men.

For his degree of M. A., Toup went to Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1756:\* where, of course, he was not rejected; though I have not heard that he was gratified by any peculiar marks of attention.

He was installed Prebendary of Exeter, 14th May, 1774.† He was instituted to the vicarage of St. Merryn's, 9th July, 1776, and was appointed Chaplain to Richard (Hurd) Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, 20th of July, 1776. This is dry detail! and I fear a great part of the philological notices may be thought equally jejune; though I always endeavour to escape as soon as possible, from dates to opinions; from verbal corrections to enlightened sentiment; and from controversial jargon to moral illustration.

*Cornub. Batt. jam nunc admisso.*" Subscribed by the then bursar, Mr. Cosserat, and Mr. John Upton as tutor.

\* Toup on his return from Cambridge, A. M. was not long before visiting the shop of his old friend Fletcher in the Turl; where he bought an unpublished Greek Dictionary in MS. for two guineas—"which (says my informer) by the use the great critic appears to have made of it in his works, must have been a pennyworth."

† He had succeeded in 1773, to the estates of Busvargus, under the will of his mother; who inherited the same as sister and sole heiress of William Busvargus, but who died s. p. June, 1751.

The Suidas, the Theocritus and the Longinus of our Author, require no recognizance of their excellence or their celebrity.

Mr. Toup published the first part of his "*Emendationes in Suidam*," in 1760; the second part in 1764, and the third, in 1766.

In 1767, he published his "*Epistola Critica ad virum celeberrimum Gul. Episcop. Gloc.*"

In the literary contest between Bishop Warburton and Dr. Lowth, Mr. Toup sided with the former; to whom he addressed this Critical Epistle. By adroitly apologising for himself, if he should in his haste, "currente rotâ," have said any thing disrespectful of the great Bentley, "quem nemo vituperare ausit nisi *fungus*;" he clearly marks out whom he aims at. Dr. Lowth had spoken of Bentley as a subaltern pioneer in literature, "*caprimulgus aut fossor*;" which evoked (I should rather say *provoked*) a severe expostulatory pamphlet from the poet Cumberland, grandson of celebrated critic.\*

In 1771, the learned world was favoured with Warton's admirable edition of "*Theocritus*;" in which appeared numerous annotations and corrections from Toup's pen.

Our critic's correspondence with Warton may here be interposed with good effect. Without farther preface, therefore, I shall submit to the perusal of the learned, several Letters; not the most edifying, perhaps, or amusing—but they are Toup's Letters.

\* In the contest with Warburton I remember a passage in which Lowth, for the sake of a laugh at the expence of his antagonist, applied to him the passage in which the Psalmist introduces the Creator of the universe as saying, "Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe." This, in Voltaire, would have been called *pre-fano ribaldry*.

MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

*St. Martin's, April 21, 1767.*

DEAR SIR,

I had the favour of yours of the 7th February last, concerning the MS. but it has not yet come to hand. I suppose you have put your amanuensis to work again. I am sorry I should give you so much trouble.—I am glad to hear of your edition of Theocritus. I had some thoughts once of publishing that author myself. But I wanted that assistance which the Bodleian will amply afford you. I have been looking over my papers, and find Mr. Reiske† has been before me in some of my suspicions. However, I hope, I shall find some things which may merit your attention, and be no discredit to the University, of which I was once a member. What I have to say on one or two of the Idylliums, I will draw up in the form of a letter, which you may add to the foot of your notes, or preface, just as you think fit. It may contain perhaps seven or eight pages. So that you will let me know when you put your notes to the press, that I may send it up in season. I should be glad to know, likewise, what MSS. of Theocritus you have consulted, and what other assistances you have met with in the libraries of Oxford. Have you consulted Dr. Askew about it? He wrote me lately that he had in his library 300 Greek MSS. but whether any of Theocritus I know not. I wish he would give us a catalogue of them. He is a learned man; and I hear, my late friend Dr. Taylor has left all his papers to his care, in order to finish his edition of Demosthenes; but I fear Dr. Askew has something else to do.—I shall thank you for a letter at your leisure; for really I am in pain about the Epigrams, not on your part, but for fear they have miscarried. I am, Rev. Sir, with great respect,

Your most obedient servant,

JO. TOUP.

† Reiske complained bitterly to Dr. Askew of Toup's illiberality. And the Doctor offered to get any thing printed in London against Toup. Reiske, however, died without retaliation.

You will be so good to add the Scholia and Notes to the copy : and I should be much obliged for a further account of Mr. St. Amand, whom I am quite unacquainted with.

MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

*St. Martin's, July 30, 1767.*

DEAR SIR,

I had a letter from Mr. Nourse the bookseller, dated the 20th instant, in which he wrote me that he had sent you a copy of my Critical Epistle ; so that I hope you have received it by this time. I suppose Mr. Fletcher had the care of it. It contains a good deal of Greek learning, which will be entertaining enough to such as have any taste for these things and to such only. When you have read it, you will give me your thoughts ingenuously about it. I was in hopes Mr. St. Amand might have collated afresh the Paris MSS. of Longinus, which Bishop Pearce chiefly follows. It is wrote in such a character that I much question whether the former collection may always be just and accurate. I wish we had one from St. Amand, whose ability and fidelity might be depended on. When you write me next, I should be obliged if you would favour me with your thoughts of the late pompous edition of the Oxford Marbles ; how many volumes, at what price, by whom sent out. If well executed, I should be willing to purchase them. I wonder the University has never thought of republishing Hudson's Geographi Minores. They are become very scarce, and so scarce that I never was able to procure a copy, though I have seen them in some libraries. They might be reprinted with additions, according to the method pointed out by the late learned Mr. Wasse. I must beg your pardon for being so tedious, and am, with great respect, sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,

JO. TOUP.

P. S. I shall take care to send my notes on Theocritus in season.

## MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

March 9, 1770.

DEAR SIR,

By yours of February 28th, I apprehend that you had reprinted the leaf, and consequently should have omitted the Postscript, which made me write you about it. But by your last, of March 2d, I find all is well, and that the two concluding notes will be added to the postscript. —I make no doubt but you have likewise taken care of my last note on Epigram 3, either by inserting it, or adding it as a detached article. It is, I think, a certain emendation. When you send the book, be pleased to send it by the Plymouth machine from London, to be left with Mr. Robert Haydon, bookseller in Plymouth, for conveyance to me. As soon as I have it, I shall draw up an index to my Addenda; and if I observe any mistakes shall set all things right, as in my notes on Suidas, &c. When I receive the copy, I will write you again. In the mean time I am, with great respect,

Your obliged and affectionate servant,

J. TOUP.

P. S. The alteration of *lepusculus* into *lepuscula*, of which I wrote you last post, I suppose came too late. However it does not signify, for *βίη λεπυς* and *lepusculus* are of *the common gender*.\* Neither can I find *lepuscula* in any of my dictionaries.

## MR. TOUP TO MR. WARTON.

April 10, 1771.

DEAR SIR,

I received a letter from Mr. Holmes the 11th of March, since which Mr. Ruhnkein sent me a Dissertation “*de vita et scriptis Longini*,” which, as it contains some things new, if the gentlemen of the University think pro-

\* There certainly is not such a word as *lepuscula*. *Lepus* and *Lepusculus*, strictly speaking, are both masculine, nor will they be found, on any classical authority, with a feminine epithet: they cannot therefore be termed common, but *epicene*.

per, I would have printed before the text, by way of Prolegomena. It is a pamphlet of 46 pages in 4to, and will make an useful and elegant addition to the work. If the Delegates approve of it, as I make no doubt they will, I will write to Mr. Salgas, the Sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, and desire him to send his copy to the University, which may be printed off while the index is forming, which Mr. Holmes will take care of. I wish you would take the first opportunity to talk with the Delegates, that this affair may not be neglected, but every thing may be got ready in season for the work. As soon as the notes are printed off, I would desire Mr. Holmes to send me a copy by Mr. Elmsly, to be forwarded to me by Haydon, bookseller at Plymouth, when I will form the index, and send up the rest of the apparatus. I beg your pardon for giving you this trouble, and am,

Dear sir,

Your most affectionate servant,

J. TOUP.

P. S. I have wrote to Mr. Holmes this post, but have not mentioned the Prolegomena ; so you will advise him of it.

In 1772, he published his celebrated "*Appendicula notarum in Theocritum.*"

These Appendicula are dedicated "Illustrissimo viro Frederico Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi." The pamphlet before us is rendered peculiarly interesting, by the allusions to a controversy which arose from a note in the Theocritus, on the word *υποκολιος*\* in the 14th Idyllium.

\* *Αλλος και γλυκιων ΥΠΟΚΟΛΙΟΣ αλλον ιοισα  
Θαλπε φιλον*

And "mischief" (said I,) was I right in my fears?

Begone, nor insult me! a curse on thy tear! I

Begone, since a sweeter thy bosom possesses;

Go, cherish his love with thy wanton caresses."

Both Fawkes and Creech have overlooked the passage; Elton would have translated it. This gentleman has done justice to the Syracusan gossips; and has caught indeed the spirit and manner of Theocritus most happily in his "Classical Specimens."



I need not inform the learned world at least, that Lowth, Bishop of Oxford, had taken offence at the note in question; and justly so, I think, if any regard to decency or decorum be thought necessary in a critical annotator. The sheet where the obnoxious note appeared, was cancelled; though a few copies of Warton's Theocritus were in circulation, before the Bishop of Oxford had an opportunity of interposing. Warton, it seems, alleged in his vindication, that 'the note had entirely escaped him;' which (as he was the publisher of Toup's communications) hath been thought a very unsatisfactory excuse. Yet a single note might have been easily overlooked, amidst a vast variety of voluminous annotation; especially as WARTON had no suspicion of any thing improper in his friend's criticisms. The substance of the cancelled sheet was republished in Toup's *Appendicula*. In the preface to this publication Toup observes:

*Quod vero scripsimus ad XIV. 37. de verbo Υποκολπιος verum est et honestum. Sed rem pro singulari sua sagacitate minus ceperunt nonnulli OXONIENSES; qui et me sugillare haud erubuerunt, homunculi eruditione mediocri, ingenio nullo; qui in Hebraicis per omnem fere vitam turpiter volutati, in literis elegantioribus plane hospites sunt. Sed de hoc viderit Academia. Nos uberius, infra et in suo loco.* Let us turn to the note, page 24th.—

At the conclusion of it, we meet with the same contemptuous language: '*Idem autem υποκολπιος et εν τω κολπω. Quomodo loculus est D. JOANNES XIII. 23. Ην δε ανακειμενος εις των μαθητων αυτου ΕΝ ΤΩ ΚΟΛΠΩ. &c. In gremio vocat JUVENAL, II. 120.*

————— *ingens*

*Cæna sedet, GREMIO jacuit nova nupta mariti.*

*Quod perinde est. Sed de toto hoc commercio, quod antiquissimum est, et neutiquam indecorum, consulendus omnino vir illustrissimus et cui sexcenti Hebræculi non sunt pares, eruditissimus POTTERUS in Archæol. Græc. Lib. IV. cap. 20. Quod in primis notabit homo male sedulus, et qui nec me nec mea satis intellexit. Sed parco homini, qui nemini pepercit.*

In apology for Toup's offensive commentaries (for he frequently indulged his imagination in a display even of the grossest obscenities) it hath been intimated, that he was not writing *ad populum*—that he was employing a language understood (comparatively speaking) but by a few; and that those few were not in danger of corruption. But let it be considered, that he was addressing himself to the guardians of morality and religion—to the most eminent characters in the church—to the highest of the episcopal order. In consequence of his dedication of the *Appendicula* to the Archbishop of Canterbury, it was shrewdly said, 'that he had hung up the ensigns of *PRIAPUS* in the chapel at Lambeth.' An epigram on this idea (of which Dr. *LOWTH* was the author) long circulated in MS. was first printed I believe in the notes of my translation of *Theocritus*.\*

In his 'Notes on *Longinus*' (as well as *Theocritus*, *Suidas*, &c.) Toup discovered the same prurient fancy—the same indecency of allusion.†

His next work was "*the Appendiculum notarum in Suidam*," published in 1775.

In 1778, he printed his "*Longinus*," at the Oxford press, in 4to; and afterwards a second edition in 8vo.

In the course of these publications, he had opened and carried on a correspondence with men of the first erudition, abroad as well as at home—such as *Ernestus*, *Kuhnkenius*, *Valknaer*, *Brunk*: assisting them materially in the progress of their different works.

In the mean time, Toup had not been inattentive to his church.

The two following letters (for which I am indebted to the kindness of Toup's learned relation, *Nicholas H.*

\* See Vol. II. 126. 8vo. Edit.

† See page 287, where he quotes what he calls an elegant passage from the *Satyricon* of *Petronius*, full of libidinous description—and then places by the side of it (in pursuance of his illustration) a verse from *St. John's Gospel*.

Nicholas, Esq.) exhibit an independence of character as rare as it is estimable. The one was written to the Bishop of Exeter, and the other to Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter, under circumstances which I beg to explain, to enable the Letters to be the better understood. The parish of St. Martin's in Cornwall includes the borough of East Looe, in which is a chapel of ease : and it had long been a disputed point whether the Rector had any jurisdiction over the chapel, or whether it solely belonged to the Corporation. The patrons of the Borough always maintained the latter ; whilst Toup strenuously insisted, that the right was exclusively vested in the Rector of the parish ; and on one occasion to assert it, actually locked up the chapel for some weeks. At the Bishop's Visitation, in July 1765, his Lordship piqued Mr. Toup by asking for his induction to the Rectory of St. Martin's ; and from this, and some other circumstances, he was induced, though I believe unjustly, to suspect Dr. Milles of misrepresenting his conduct about the chapel of Looe to the Bishop. The letter to Milles was in reply to one, in which the Dean denied having given his Lordship a "disadvantageous idea of any of his Clergy," or having ever repeated a conversation which took place between Mr. Toup and himself respecting a letter, which contained what Milles called "an offensive paragraph" about Bishop Pearce.

Mr. Toup's high eulogium on Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, is an exception to the fault generally imputed to him, of being unwilling to admit of merit in his contemporaries : hence it is of some value.

It cannot be denied that in the Letter to the Bishop, as well as in the subsequent one, Mr. Toup displays a full consciousness of his own merits. But we must remember that his feelings were roused. And I hope I am far from singular in considering, not only that this eminent scholar had much cause for being satisfied with his literary exertions, but that this self-complacency, which is too often the companion of high attainments, is, in the instance before us, well redeemed by that sturdy and uncompro-

missing independence of spirit which was incapable of deviating from the path of duty.

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*St. Martin's, Looe, July 2, 1765.*

MY LORD,

Inclosed is my induction to the Rectory of St. Martin's. Your Lordship will see that it never was exhibited before, which was the reason of my not carrying it yesterday to Bodmin.

I dare say the person that gave your Lordship that unfavourable account of me with respect to Looe Chapel, is the same man that talked pretty free last summer of some conversation which passed between him and me relative to the Bishop of Rochester. He is a person greatly distinguished in your Lordship's Church of Exeter. But, my Lord, I will never prostitute the rights of my Church to oblige any party whatsoever; and I hope I shall be handed down to posterity, not in the character of a Borough-jobber, which I utterly detest; but what the whole world will allow me, the character of a scholar, and one that has done some service to antient Literature in general, and to the New Testament in particular.

I am, my Lord, with great respect, your  
 Lordship's most dutiful and most  
 obedient servant,

JO. TOUP.

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*St. Martin's, August 9, 1765.*

REV. SIR,

I had the favour of your Letter last Tuesday. I never suspected that you gave the Bishop any *disadvantageous idea* of me; far from it, as I think it rather an advantageous one, it being my duty to assert the rights of my Church, which every incumbent is obliged in justice to maintain.

As to that Letter to me, I am not answerable for any passage contained in it, nor did I ever mention the *offensive paragraph* as you call it, either by letter or in private conversation, as far as I can recollect, to any person whatsoever. I am not capable of dealing roughly or at random with the character of any man, especially a man of such distinguished ability as Bishop Pearce. I know the Bishop, and the Bishop knows me. He is one of those few, and few, God knows, they are, that study the Holy Scriptures in earnest, and endeavour to do honour to letters, as letters have done to them. I am sorry there should be room for any suspicion or misunderstanding between us. I have neither leisure nor inclination to enter into any dispute about such sort of things. My time and thoughts are generally taken up with matters of a different kind, and thank God! I can sit with as much pleasure in my study as any of my brethren in their stalls.

I am, good sir, with due regard,  
yours, &c.\*

Never married, our critic lived for the latter years of his life, with his half-sister by the same mother. His habits differed little from those of other literary men in retirement; whose world is their study, and whose seclusion engenders ideas of self importance which some-

\* I wished much for some extracts from Toup's MS. Sermons. But his relation tells me—"I am sorry I cannot comply with your request. His sermons are not calculated to increase his reputation. They were addressed to a country congregation, and are only remarkable for plain truths, in very simple language." The Sermons which (our great Hebrew critic) addressed to his flock at St. Mabyn, were likewise remarkable for plain truths in simple language." The same, however, which his nephew, (the Vicar of St. Clements,) published, as a specimen of those sermons, reflects credit both on the author and the editor. My friend and Guardian shewed his judgment in the selection of Discourses which discover in their simplicity (more, I suspect, than Toup's could have done) the kind pastor speaking from the heart.

times render them ridiculous ; since they too often conceive that their own pursuits alone are worthy of regard. This, I fear, was Toup's case ; as he certainly estimated himself very highly, and was consequently sometimes obstinate and discourteous, though his conduct to his friends would have justified his exclaiming—" *humani nihil a me alienum puto!*"

His chief characteristic was an uncompromising independence of mind and a hatred of servility. As a scholar, sensible of his vast superiority to his Diocesan, and deeming erudition all in all, he never omitted an opportunity of asserting his pre-eminence : and this may account for his not attaining to a higher rank in the Church. To his relations he was liberal and affectionate. His half-sister (who made an imprudent marriage,) and her daughters found a home under his roof during his life time : and he settled his property on them at his decease.

I have little more to add, than that for a considerable time before his death, he was reduced to a state of extreme imbecility

That, on some occasions, the rich, the great, should thus be brought low, is a circumstance in which we ought rather to rejoice than to repine ; since it admonishes us, that such distinctions are of trivial value, and points our views beyond this world.

But to see genius the most powerful, and learning the most exalted, enfeebled and drooping—the brightest mental excellence at once enveloped in darkness—throws a shivering damp over the spirits, and even prompts a momentary scepticism, whilst we wonder at the ordinations of Providence ; taught, as we are, to believe, that the mind and the soul are ever gaining new accessions of strength, and (when this mortal scene shall close) will exult with more than wonted vigour, and shine with more than former brilliancy. The weakness, however, at which we were startled, was but a fleeting faintness—the dimness, but a short eclipse.

In this "obscuration" of his faculties, Mr. Toup (as I have intimated) lingered for some years;—dying at the age of 72—in 1785.\*

\* He was buried under the communion-table, in his church at St. Martin's.—The following inscriptions to his memory (the one engraved on a tablet of statuary marble, the other on a medallion of gilt brass, enclosed in black marble appendant to it) are to be seen on the south-wall of the church:—

"Near this place lie the remains  
of Jonathan Toup, A. M.  
Rector of this parish 34 years,  
Vicar of St. Merrin's,  
and Prebendary of Exeter.  
His abilities,  
and critical sagacity,  
are known to the Learned throughout  
Europe :

His virtues,  
from the retired privacy of his life,  
were known but to few :

To those few  
they have endear'd his memory.

J. T. was born December 1713:  
died Jan. 19, 1785.

*Underneath is this inscription.*

"The Tablet above  
was inscribed to the memory of her  
uncle,

By Phillis Blake :  
The charge of it was afterwards defrayed  
by the Delegates of the Oxford Press,  
as a small testimony  
of their respect for the character of Mr.  
Toup ;

and of their gratitude  
for his many valuable contributions."

For additional notices of Toup, see Biogr. Brit. Nichols's  
*Lit. Anecdotes* ; *Archæologia*, XIV. 244—*Hist. of Cornwall*.  
Mr. Nicholas thus writes to a friend :

"*Tavistock Place, London, July 15, 1829.*

"It is unnecessary for me to assure you how happy I must feel in contributing to the fame of Mr. Toup, or of the readiness with which I will assist Mr. Polwhele, not only respecting my distinguished relative, but in any way in my power towards his intended work. I had hoped that Mr. P. meditated a publication similar in contents, if not in title, to the "*Worthies of Devon*," and am quite sure there are ample materials for such a volume. *It is not true* that Cornwall is destitute of the merit of having produced great men, and I doubt much if the contrary is not the fact, and that she has given birth to *more eminent persons than any other County.*"

## APPENDIX:

IN TWO PARTS.



### PART THE FIRST.

In my enquiry after Wolcot's Poetry, I have at length obtained a mutilated copy of "*The Hall*." That in this piece, which is merely of a local nature, his caricatures are well executed, they only, who were acquainted with the real characters, can testify. But few, I believe, will be inclined to look fastidiously, on the heroes or humourists, who composed, in Wolcot's days, the Corporate Body of Truro. The natural features of those happy personages, without a single touch of the caricaturist, would have attracted crowds to the Haymarket. Wolcot was very incautious in his censures. But such was his conciliating manner, after having given offence, that in some instances he succeeded in soothing the irritation of the party with whom he had made too free. Of the Truro Corporation the most implacable was Rosewarne. Though Warrick and Kempe "let the sun perhaps, go down upon their wrath," their anger never settled into unappeasable resentment. I have often laughed with my worthy friend Kempe on the subject of "*the Hall*;" repeating to him the more harmless personalities, but not those scurrilities which, (however amusing the satire), I should disdain to print. Among others, of whom Wolcot had spoken slightly, was General (then Captain) M'Carmick: And the noble Captain at once sent the Doctor a challenge. The appointed scene of action was the bowling-green; at one corner of which Wolcot resided. And, at an early hour, M'Carmick appeared, walking on the terrace; when the Doctor, throwing up the sash, invited him in—"It am at breakfast, Captain—It is a cold morning!"—said Wolcot, with that insinuating softness of voice for which he was at times remarkable. M'Carmick accepted the invitation, and dropped his pistols; and soon pleased with delicate

*Appendix, vol. II.*



flattery, recurred to a favourite subject, Dr. Johnson's "*Idler*," of which (affecting a literary character) it was his "wont" to entertain us with anecdotes, and in the production of which he even pretended to have had himself no inconsiderable share.—"Take care, Doctor!" we cried—when Wolcot, adverting to this affectation, said he was "*a lyar and a fool*."—"A second challenge may not end in smoke."



*The following are LETTERS alluded to in the POEM.*

Truro, November 28th, 1779.

SIR,

*I'm ordered by the Mayor and Deputy Recorder of this Borough, to acquaint you that there will be a regular drawing for apprentices to-morrow morning by ten o'clock, at the Vestry-Room, within the said Borough, where you are desired to shew cause, if any, why you should not have an apprentice.*

JOHN BUCKLAND, Overseer.

To Mr. Wolcot.

Truro, November 23, 1779.

SIR,

*I have just received your official note. Be so good as to present my most humble and respectful compliments to his Worship the Mayor, and also to the Deputy Recorder of this honourable Borough, and inform them that their blunderbusses have missed fire. You will let the Worshipful Gentlemen know, that tho' I can by no means accept of their well meant favour, I'm truly sensible of the intended obligation. As my house is taken by another tenant the furniture except a few immaterial articles removed to Helston, and the servant discharged, I'm tolerably certain that I do not come within the description of a person entitled to that good fortune. I must, therefore, desire them to transfer their favour to some dearer friend. Should they however, through violence of affection insist on placing an apprentice*

*on the House (for the Mayor and Deputy Recorder of the honourable and independent Borough of Truro are almost omnipotent) be so good, Mr. Buckland! to attend the aforesaid gentlemen to my door with the apprentice, and desire them to thrust him through the key-hole.*

WOLCOT.

*To Mr. John Buckland, Overseer of the honourable and independent Baraugh of Truro.*



### THE HALL.

The Sages met in full divan,  
 To wreak dire vengeance on the man,  
 Who to John Buckland wrote Epistle  
 Bidding the Aldermen go whistle,  
 And eke the Mayor and huge Recorder\*  
 The mightiest of that awful order!  
 A man with nose erect, and eyes  
 For ever pointed to the skies!  
 But to my subject.—This Divan  
 Assembled to concert a plan  
 To trounce the Doctor, who could dare  
 The grand Recorder mock and Mayor.  
 Up rose the proud colossal staff  
 Big as bull's beef, as Ajax bluff. v/  
 His swelling gills were all on fire!  
 Red-hot indeed he was with ire—  
 Red as a turkey cock so proud  
 That gabbles to his feather'd crowd.  
 At length, what for a speech was meant  
 (Like sour small beer long wanting vent)  
 Breaks furious, spurting up— its froth;  
 And so that Oration ran, in troth:  
 "Sirs!—Gentlemen!—Attend, I pray;  
 "Something of consequence, I say!"  
 And did he then? I'll swear 'twas more  
 Than ever he had said before.\*  
 "Sirs! Mr. Mayor! I beg attention  
 "To what I am about to mention.

---

\* Mr. Rosewarne.

“ We’re all disgrac’d (t’will plain appear)  
 “ And Buckland too the Overseer!”

Ye speakers of St. Stephen’s Chapel!  
 Do you with oratory grapple,  
 (With oratory such as this is)  
 To tear a Minister to pieces?”

But lo! upstarts the little KEMPE,  
 With foam of toad and face of hemp;  
 The sweat from off his forehead rubs,  
 And struts, the very knave of clubs!  
 Now up jumpt WARRICK, and aloud  
 Bade echo thro’ the marvelling crowd  
 A voice that would e’en Stentor’s drown—

“ Sit down James KEMPE! James KEMPE! sit down!”

Like a good boy—(tho’ Mr. Mayor)

In duty to his father dear,  
 Down son in law at once did sit:  
 And on his legs stood father KITT;  
 With mouth all full, and brains inditing,  
 The image of an old dried whiting.

“ This letter vile, Mr. Recorder!

“ That ’mongst us breeds so much disorder,

“ The culprit Doctor soon shall rue;

“ For sirs! I’ve read it thro’ and thro’;

“ And (though I can’t on learning brag)

“ I do pronounce it all *scan mag.*

“ We’ll make un sing as sweet’s a lark;

“ Or I’m not christen’d ’squire of Park.

“ He flung (could man a greater sin do?)

“ My bolus fairly out of window;

“ And threaten’d if I had been by,

“ To make me keep un company.

“ He says I rob the turnpike clear

“ At least of seven score pounds a-year.

“ But that’s stale news—alas! and stinking—

“ Say is it not my neighbour JANKIN?

“ He says, my female patients dread

“ To see my phiz approach their bed;

“ Declares, I beat the very leeches,

“ And calls me an old goat in breeches!

“ For which I’ll glut my lov’d revenge;

“ Or hell shall have my head and linge!”

Thus ending—Mr. Mayor with grace

For speech prepares his pretty face;

Sneezes to clear the idea-pot,  
 And coughs the cobwebs from his throat ;  
 The quid from his wide forceps slips,  
 And licks his tapping leather lips ;  
 That all his words may smoothly run,  
 And safe without a broken bone ;  
 Just as the stocks the shipwrights grease  
 To make the vessel launch with ease.

MR. MAYOR.

“ Pray Mr. WARRICK ! have you done ? ”

MR. WARRICK

“ I have JAMES KEMPE ! so pray go on. ”

MR. MAYOR.

“ Well sirs ! as I was saying to'ye,  
 “ 'Tis a clear case as case can be.  
 “ Asses and owls and bulls of Bashan,  
 “ The rascal paints our Corporation !  
 “ Why, Mr. WARRICK ! look, d'e see,  
 “ The things that he hath said of me  
 “ Are more than what he said of you,  
 “ Supposing all he said was true.  
 “ He swears, he thinks I'm not a true man,  
 “ And that my head is scarcely human ;  
 “ Swears that a dog (in what's the place?)  
 “ Is wondrous like me in the face—  
 “ A Camborne bull dog !—Rude Philistian,  
 “ To say a dog is like a Christian !  
 “ He says, (his oath he'll freely take it)  
 “ That if a dog in coat and jacket  
 “ Was drest, forsooth, the beast would be  
 “ A ten times better Mayor than me ;  
 “ And vows, that if he were a maid  
 “ A pretty black-faced brazen jade,  
 “ And we (that is the dog and I)  
 “ Should for her love together vie,  
 “ That I by far the doleful'st fellow,  
 “ Most certainly should wear the willow.  
 “ He asked me, Sunday afternoon,  
 “ As up the church to Bennet's tune  
 “ We marched (by way of being arch)  
 “ If what was play'd was the pig's march ?  
 “ He says when strangers come to town,  
 “ My wife trick'd up in silken gown,  
 “ And I together pad the hoof  
 “ For flowers to give them, as a proof

" How kind we are—a poor stale trick  
 " To get their custom when they are sick !  
 " Thus bidding baits of tempting roses  
 " Catch them like mack'rell by the noses.  
 " He also like a heathen swears,  
 " We wrote to David Haweis for hares,  
 " That strangers, pleased by such a treat,  
 " Our pills might take like dainty meat :  
 " So parents often bribe the gums  
 " Of physick'd brats with sugar plums.  
 " Now this is false, or false am I—  
 " The only tale that is no lie—

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" On this I bid my favorite dine,  
 " And in five minutes lost my swine.  
 " We'r'nt it for decency odd's life !  
 " I'd rather it had been my wife ;  
 " Since wives for nothing may be had !  
 " But 'tis not so with pigs, egad !  
 " Thus gentlemen ! I've laid before ye  
 " My grievances, in dismal story.  
 " And to return to that same man,  
 " I wish a punishment to plan  
 " To make succeeding rogues beware  
 " Of cracking jokes upon a mayor."  
 His Worship bow'd. Again uprose  
 The man of elevated nose,  
 And thus in sentences he said,  
 Like old friar Bacon's brazen head :  
 " My friends !" the man here made a pause,  
 Wip'd his two eyes, and shook his jaws—  
 " My friends of this fair Corporation  
 " Known thro' each crevice of the nation !  
 " The man, who now stands strait before ye,  
 " Beholds with tears the Borough's glory  
 " All tarnish'd by the Doctor's jokes,  
 " Who laughs at Corporation-folks !"  
 On this he raised his crest upright,  
 And swelling look'd as big as Blight ;  
 Whose waistcoat in a ballad fair  
 Is seen with elephantine air  
 Buttoning, its wondrous cave within,  
 Seven sturdy rascals up to chin !

" The letter to John Buckland sent  
 " My worthy friends ! needs no comment ;  
 " 'Tis very plain to every eye,  
 " The Mayor is mock'd as well as I.  
 " When Mayors are mock'd, my worthy friends !  
 " When riot reigns and order ends,  
 " What virtuous man would wish to live !  
 " On me his sarcasms I forgive :  
 " E'n let the Doctor, if he will,  
 " Display his ridiculing skill  
 " On me—I'll not be madly wroth  
 " Tho' he should christen me a Goth ;  
 " Call me a bear, my house a barn ;  
 " Let him crack jokes upon ROSEWARNE ;  
 " Swear that of Lords I lick the spittle,  
 " And thrust my head in tail of title ;  
 " Name me at last a cart horse blind,  
 " An empty pop-gun charged with wind ;  
 " And vow no egotising elf  
 " E'er talk'd so much of coxcomb-self.  
 " Thus let him—but the Justice spare,  
 " And eke the honour of the Mayor !"  
 At this his Worship made a bow ;  
 And look'd—why faith ! I can't tell how !  
 A kind of face he made,—God bless it !  
 Our language has not words t'express it.  
 The Justice thus went on :—" My friends !  
 " Whose voice so oft my deeds commends,  
 " I tell (as heretofore) this hall,  
 " I mean to represent you all,  
 " When my Lord Falmouth takes his flight,  
 " And bids his Truro friends good night.  
 " The Mayor, there, says he's sure a fit  
 " Must knock him soon as dead's a nit ;  
 " For apoplexies seldom stand,  
 " To Lords or Dukes with cap in hand,  
 " Asking the peers in suppliant tone  
 " If now they'd choose to be knock'd down,  
 " Or wish to stay a little longer ;  
 " But strike 'em staring like a conger ;  
 " With less respect I do suppose  
 " Than Dunstan to the Devil's nose.  
 " In short, not one of all his breed  
 " Shall to the Borough e'er succeed !

" Grant each may well be call'd a rogue ;  
 " Why perjuries are quite in vogue.  
 " Tell me, if any body knows  
 " Where honesty dares show her nose ?  
 " For my part I'll be bound to swear  
 " I've seen her not for many a-year !  
 " And Mr. WARRICK ! the world says,  
 " You never saw her all your days.  
 " Some time ago, my friends ! I told  
 " Lord Edgcumbe, you were to be sold—  
 " That he should have you soon's another :  
 " If he'd show one man,—I'd be tother.  
 " But lately he has roused my pride,  
 " By putting brother-law aside.  
 " So Gentlemen ! if you accord,  
 " I'll traffic with some other Lord—  
 " By which to honours I shall clamber,  
 " And blaze a meteor bright as Bamber !  
 " As therefore, Gentlemen ! I hope  
 " To be one day your Borough-Pope,  
 " To walk with people of authority,  
 " And join St. Stephen's wise majority,  
 " To see King George, kiss hands and so,  
 " And speechify as we do now ;  
 " 'Tis fit this Borough, too, should shine :  
 " Be that, I say, a care of mine.  
 " For justice, therefore, virtue's sake  
 " The Doctor's mittimus we'll make.  
 " Send him to jail on bread and water—  
 " I warrant that will blunt his satire.  
 " The example of this bold Physician  
 " Will nip the bud of all sedition ;  
 " Teach minion villains to beware,  
 " How Justice they offend, and Mayor ;  
 " And prove a scare-crow to the rabble  
 " Who dare with men of Worahip squabble !"  
 He finish'd with extended jaws !  
 The *Mayor* and WARRICK grin'd applause.  
 A length, amidst discourse so big,  
 Old honest JEWELL scratch'd his wig :  
 And like a moderate man began :  
 " Why zounds ! why damee ! 'tes but fun !  
 " What—hey ? what es there in the letter ?  
 " A crumb of fun, nor worse nor better.

" Why Mr. WARRICK ! fie for shame !  
 " Why zoundrickims ! you're much to blaine.  
 " Now Mr. WARRICK ! prave confess,  
 " Is'n't this 'prentice, more or less,  
 " A bastard of your own begetting,  
 " Which for the Doctor you've been fitting ?  
 " If so, please God ! it is not civil—  
 " You must be wicked as the devil !  
 " What harm, pray, hath the Doctor done ?  
 " Why, as I say, a crumb of fun.  
 " Tell me the harm in't, if you can—  
 " A clever worthy Gentleman !—  
 " Hath one among you half the skill here ?  
 " Remember how he cured George Miller ;  
 " And raised un fairly from es bed,  
 " A long time after a was dead !  
 " Be quiet Mr. Mear ! be quiet ;  
 " And make not such a devilish riat !  
 " Zounds ! bye and bye, I do suppose,  
 " That if across his Worship's nose  
 " A mouse at night should chance to creep,  
 " And only wake 'en from es sleep,  
 " Next day, egad ! behold the house  
 " In judgment sit on Mr. Mouse ;  
 " To make his mittimus for jail  
 " If the poor devil could find no bail.  
 " Fie, fie for shame ! go seek your homes,  
 " And let John Buckland mind his combs ;  
 " And let me tell you what I think,  
 " The more 'tis stirr'd, the worse 'twell stink."



## PART THE SECOND.

## I

## THE FOLLIES OF OXFORD. \*

---

*Age—libertate Decembri*  
(*Quando ita majores voluerunt*) utere : *Narra.*

Well,—since my Henry bids me trace  
The manners of the College-race ;  
Such as it is, my verse shall chime  
Or classic lays, or runic rhyme !  
To thee, perhaps, these lines may haste  
Unpolish'd by the hand of taste :  
Yet shall a partial friend peruse  
The sketches of an Oxford muse.

And, not in vain, the muse may try  
To shoot the follies as they fly !  
For here, the motley brood display  
Their plumes so boldly to the day ;  
That, wing'd by no finess of art,  
Speeds thro' mid air the unerring dart !

First, stuck around with fancied bays,  
Behold the cormorants for praise !

---

\* Of the "*Follies*" &c. &c. and the subsequent poems I have, for the most part, preserved the panegyric, and expunged the satire. All the persons, indeed, who figure there, have long been dead; and most of their sons and sons sons. "*The Follies*" were written in 1780. In the course of 50 years what wonderful improvements have taken place in the manners, learning, discipline of Oxford—and in every college—every hall !

Tho' few, amid these Gothic spires—  
 Tho' few the Bards, whom fancy fires,  
 See Vanity their works proclaim—  
 How grating to the ear of Fame!

Ye, who (your heads with nonsense cramm'd)  
 "Soar in pindarics and—are damn'd"  
 Or in soft elegy complain—  
 (A very lamentable strain).  
 Why will ye massacre your time  
 Fond boys! by many an idle rhyme?

And ye too—say—whose early youth\*  
 A Warton gave to taste and truth;  
 What envious power your steps misleads  
 Frowning thro' Rhedycina's shades?  
 Hath not his classic wit refin'd  
 Mid' Wickham's groves your opening mind?  
 O Warton, sweet enthusiast, hail!  
 Who lov'st the visionary vale!

But lo—yon troop, whom no degree  
 Hath stamp'd, from Aristotle free;  
 Who yet, amid these seats of science,  
 Hold sense and learning at defiance!  
 A troop, that oft' in hostile show  
 In madness aim the rebel blow—  
 And led by wild caprice appear,  
 With discipline denouncing war!

\* In the literary contests of this University, the Gentlemen of New-College seem to stand the fairest chance for success: but owing to the indolence and dissipation which obtain in that Society, their talents are either unexerted, or employed in no very commendable pursuits.

The Prizes for the most successful composition in the poetical line, have for these late years been adjudged to the Students of Christ Church; a College, which by the influence of its very worthy Dean, Dr. BAGOT, hath divested itself of the sophistry and nonsensical jargon of logic, and the absurdities of ancient customs. Academical studies are here regularly pursued, and emulation powerfully excited; for here, merit is rewarded with distinguished honours.

When now, the frowning pedagogue  
 No more can persecute, or flog ;  
 The raw, unfetter'd boy behold  
 With soaring hopes of freedom bold !  
 And yet the poor misguided elf  
 (Alas ! who thinks not for himself)  
 Gives to the statutes (nothing loth)  
 The prostitution of an oath !  
 And, pleas'd, subscribes by custom led  
 To articles, he never read !\*

From loungers of a listless day  
 Learning flies ridicul'd away !  
 Enough—if learnt the logic rules  
 For disputations in the schools !  
 See crowds, high-vested with degrees  
 Just qualified—to pay the fees !  
 Ah ! think not ye, whose sons consume  
 In college-rust their early bloom—  
 Think not, these sons with purest flame  
 Kindle at learning's awful name.  
 Oh think not, while an Athens rises  
 Again upon the banks of Isis—  
 That here, as wild enthusiasts dream,  
 “ Wave the hoar shades of Academe !”  
 Will not the youths, whose pulses beat  
 High-mettled with equestrian heat,  
 Who burn to run the olympic round,  
 Scorn the dull race, on classic ground ;  
 And place, amidst a nobler course  
 Their summum bonum in—a horse ?

Yet the poor servitor, whose mind  
 Droops in its narrow cell confin'd,  
 By no wild wishes led astray,  
 Preserves the tenor of his way.

---

\* Subscription to the Articles of our Religion is a subject of the first importance. The very supposition of its being previous to a conviction of the truth of them, carries with it an absurdity. While school-boys, in a manner, are thus obliged to give their assent to what they do not understand ; Religion appears a mere ceremonious institution. See debates in Parliament on subscription, in 1772, and 1773.

How oft o'er pots of beer he smiles,  
 The bright reward of all his toils,  
 And cheers his soul with golden dreams  
 Of declamations, and of themes !  
 —The minister of tarts and cheese,  
 With joy he pockets paltry fees,  
 And in his purse, for all his pains  
 “ A splendid shilling ” still retains !  
 To his fond hopes indulgent heaven  
 Perhaps a chaplainship has given—  
 Some refuge from the frowns of care,  
 Some shelter from the world's broad glare f

While such, to-servile fortunes born  
 Are doom'd to feel the shafts of scorn,  
 That wound full oft the ingenuous heart,  
 Till, callous, it defy the dart ;  
 Lo, yonder, Liberty (with pride,  
 And vacant Folly by her side)  
 Cries—“ to the velvet cap give place  
 And to the silk gown's fringed grace ; ”  
 And bids it rustle in the breeze,  
 A sanction to the sons of ease f

Bold Florio sees—(his only pride  
 The chariot's rapid wheel to guide)  
 Spurn from his phaeton and four,  
 The fasces of proctorial power ;  
 And wildly act the knowing part,  
 Too light of head, and light of heart !

His idle whirl of transport past,  
 He feels solicitude at last :—  
 The terrors of the velvet sleeve  
 Ah soon—too soon his sight aggrieve :  
 And lo—the fury Rustication  
 Threatens the loss of reputation !  
 At length he hears announc'd his doom,  
 To pine amid the college gloom :  
 And he, who erst derived alone  
 Importance from his phaeton—  
 Is sentenc'd one long moon to pore,  
 Cheerless, o'er antiquated lore.  
 Yet, than the musty tome still worse,  
 His schemes perhaps make work for Nourse !

Gay pleasure now has lost the power  
To wing with speed the lagging hour!

What now can every wish avail,  
To guide, as erst, the spreading sail,  
Or ply, amid the jocund roar,  
On Isis' flood, the dashing oar!  
Around where glows the varied scene  
In soft diversities of green—  
Where float, by nature's hand pourtray'd,  
The blended hues of light and shade—  
While many a sun, with chequer'd dyes,  
At eve illumines the summer skies,  
In memory's eye he views the day,  
Light as his skiff that danc'd away;  
When bent to Medley's lov'd retreat,  
Or Binsey's shade surrounded seat;  
Or antique Godstowe's mouldring walls,  
Where oft' the hoary fragment falls;  
Where wild, o'er buried beauty's grave,  
The hollow trees their branches wave,  
And, all in gloomy dirges, hail  
The passing genius of the gale.  
Away on wings of rapture borne  
He hears in dreams the hound and horn:  
But ah too high his transports rise;  
He wakes—and all the vision flies;  
While chapel bells, for matin prayer  
Re-murmur in his startled ear!  
See, as he sits in moping mood,  
With soft sly pace, a dun intrude!  
Curs'd monster! whose vindictive strain  
With horror thrills the freezing vein;  
Who threatens, clad in frowns, alas—till  
He whirls his debtors to the castle;  
There doom'd to sigh, in durance drear—  
Far distant every friendly ear.

O Ticking, what a train of woes,  
Too oft thy lavish favours close!  
Yet thoughtless gownsmen, by thy care,  
Breathe freely academic air;  
By thee display, though pennylesse,  
The *kick* in fashionable dress;

And quaff the sparkling bowl by thee,  
 In all the roar of social glee!  
 And such, "when free from college rules  
 And lumber of the lying schools,"  
 Court the keen pleasures of the chace,  
 Though destin'd for a holy race;  
 And shew—(to carry still the farce on)  
 How riot sublimates the parson!

Yet are there some can waste their whole age  
 Amid the dullness of a college.  
 Heav'n's! of how cynical a nature  
 The school-taught race of Alma Mater;  
 Whose learning only proves of use  
 To vitiate reason or traduce;  
 While dark Smiglecius frowns away  
 Each unsophisticated ray.

And should, my friend! a pedant fool  
 Like clock-work, breathe by stated rule;—  
 In all the sourness of grimace  
 Distort his curvilinear face,  
 And strictly to mechanics true,  
 Walk mathematically too;  
 Till haply (if no flapper plies,  
 With rousing strokes his ears and eyes)  
 In the wild maze of problems lost  
 He bounce his head against a post;  
 Or while in theories his brain  
 Draws forms of solids on a plane,  
 Stumbling (though singular the fact is)  
 Prove stereometry by practice;  
 Who could, in such a learned bustle,  
 Keep unrelax'd a single muscle?\*

But should he act the cynic's part  
 With deep malignity of heart,  
 And, studious to diffuse o'er all  
 Perverted nature's bitter gall,

---

\* Jackson, our Mathematical Lecturer, deserved not this character. He was a convivial man.—This we never could have suspected.

Swell with dark triumph to survey  
 The rose of pleasure fade away ;  
 Should he (though oft' constrain'd to lower  
 The paltry fasces of his power,  
 To bold assurance pressing near)  
 Treat modest merit with a sneer ;  
 Insulting wound the ingenuous breast  
 By taste and sentiment impress'd,  
 And while his heart the vultures tear,  
 Feel not a single virtue there ;  
 Say—would not indignation hiss  
 At such a character as this ?

Though with a self-important air,  
 While Learning's borrow'd plumes they wear,  
 Such pedant brutes devoutly join  
 In sacrifice around her shrine ;  
 And, since their dignities respect her,  
 Pour out libations in a lecture ;  
 Yet must each student try his fate in  
 The wisdom of the Greek and Latin ?  
 Is every student doom'd to read  
 Plato's, or Aristotle's creed ?

All, with a view to bless mankind,  
 Behold for different fates design'd.  
 While that asserts his country's laws,  
 This vindicates the christian cause ;  
 A third exerts the healing trade,  
 While this must preach, and that must plead :  
 Yet, with no lessons to prepare  
 Or for the pulpit, or the bar,  
 Here all must tread the same dull round  
 To gather weeds on classic ground.

Yet are there some, we own, ev'n here  
 Lov'd by the Muse—to Wisdom dear ?  
 Yet are there some, a chosen few,  
 Whose steps the paths of Truth pursue.

Who can like polish'd Scott explore \*  
 The secrets of historic lore ;

---

\* Camden Professor of History.

And, tracing to its distant springs  
 The fair variety of things,  
 Observe, like him, with eagle eyes  
 How all in due connection rise—  
 With penetration deeply scan  
 Like him, the mighty maze of Man—  
 Like him compare the various ways  
 Of heroes, fam'd in elder days,  
 With characters of modern times  
 In all their virtues, and their crimes ?

Who but admires a Randolph's taste\*  
 In diction classically chaste ;  
 Randolph, whose easy pen displays  
 The modest charms of ancient days ?  
 Sure, in her Attic robe attir'd,  
 Such charms simplicity inspir'd ;  
 Breath'd o'er his soul her genuine thought,  
 And all the force of nature taught.  
 But lest in fiction's note thou sing,  
 O check, my muse ! the plausible string !  
 For here, how few with ardor hail  
 Thee, Science ! 'midst thy cloysters pale—  
 For here, what numbers vainly waste  
 Their moments, unchastiz'd by taste !

† Ye Fellows, who demurely doze  
 Blest with stupidity's repose,  
 (And sure, unless the poet lies,  
 " 'Tis arrant folly to be wise" )

---

\* Poetry Professor. His public orations, lectures on Poetry, and his College Lectures are written in a style of the most beautiful simplicity.

† The Fellows of Colleges (the author is sorry to observe) are too justly the objects of satirical reflexion: yet there are a few (he hopes) in most colleges, whose characters deserve that praise which is considered as a tribute due to excellence. The fellowships of Wadham College are resigned, after the expiration of twenty years. But in general, a fellowship is, in some sort, a provision for life. From this cause, among others, arises perhaps, that habit of indolence, which hath been so justly imputed to a university education; and hence our ways are crossed by those pedantic beings, who trifle away, in all the wearisomeness of leisure, a ludicrous existence.



Say, should the muse hold forth to view  
 Your pictures, drawn severely true—  
 Say, would not shame in blushes rise,  
 Off' as the colours caught your eyes?  
 Ah no—so bronzed o'er with brass  
 Shame never ting'd a Fellow's face!  
 What boots it, then, my muse! so long  
 To waste, in whipping posts, a thong?  
 What though we lash the fools, behold  
 Still in the paths of folly bold,  
 With all the glare of impudence  
 They rove, secure from shame or sense:  
 Still, listless in the common room,  
 They dream of happiness to come,  
 And, weary of their learned life,  
 Sigh for a living, or a wife!  
 Still, when their reverend heads incline,  
 Fill'd with the drowsy fumes of wine,  
 They haste to Baggs's, void of grace,  
 (I've mark'd their desultory pace).  
 And there, Reflexion! far from thee,  
 Nod o'er the nation's news and tea;  
 Or cups of fragrant coffee sip,  
 (Coffee, the curer of the hyp—  
 Coffee, that makes ev'n Fellows wise,  
 And see, like owls, with half-shut eyes.).  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Yet in the rear, a reverend train  
 Demand a tributary stain;  
 Since fortune whimsically sheds  
 "A cruel sunshine" round their heads.

Perhaps my muse may rue the hour  
 She dar'd to censure fools in power;  
 Perhaps she's doom'd to sue for pardon  
 To master, principal or warden,  
 In convocation on her knees,  
 For ridiculing high degrees.

But when a Helluo stuffs the stall,  
 Or 'mid the lofty-window'd hall  
 Waddles in robes that, full display'd,  
 Diffuse around an awful shade—  
 When, as each gandy marks the year  
 And gives the day to festal cheer,

In scarlet pomp the sage carouses,  
 Full of the dignity of houses ;—  
 When great in paunch, in honours great,  
 At Golgotha the Doctors meet,  
 And launch abroad their mighty balls  
 In thunder, from the place of scalls ;  
 The muse would bid, to swell the straits,  
 A terræ-filius rise again ;  
 And stor'd with many a tragic rhyme,  
 Eke out the ludicrous sublime.

What though a Randolph, strictly just,  
 Supports with steadiness his trust ;  
 And in a milder, lovelier sphere  
 An Adams spreads his influence here ;  
 Though in a Bagot pleas'd we prove  
 True classic taste and christian love ;  
 Yet here, y'clad in lion's hide,  
 Asses but ill conceal'd preside.  
 Lo, such by sinecure allur'd,  
 Lo such maintain the written word ;  
 While full of rottenness within  
 In doctors robes they cloak their sin ;  
 And, fat pluralities their aim,  
 Thrive in their heavenly Father's name !  
 For them, the tottering church may nod,  
 Thus pamper'd, in the name of God.  
 For such, in solemn notes and slow,  
 The deep cathedral organs blow.  
 But can the chaunt, the blaze of lights  
 And all the pageantry of rites ;  
 Can these the humble breast inspire  
 With Piety's ethereal fire ?  
 Ah, who displays with ardor there,  
 The meek simplicity of prayer ?  
 Lo, where St. Mary's antique tower  
 Crowns in proud state the classic bower,  
 A motley mercenary herd  
 Ordain'd to propagate the word.  
 These with peculiar grace impart  
 Religious comfort to the heart.  
 Oft' while their stuff may raise a sneer,  
 Or draw from pity's eye the tear,  
 Morpheus lets fall his gentle dews ;  
 And slumbers creep along the pews.

Go, shameless tribe! and walk the town,  
 Vile hirelings in the draggled gown;  
 Or, seiz'd with a religious quailm,  
 At Merton sing the hundredth psalm,  
 With scouts the chorus join, or hail  
 Their Warden with—a pot of ale;  
 The liturgy for half-pence read,  
 Or bury for a groat a head;  
 While (congregations staring round)  
 Ye reel o'er consecrated ground,  
 And, thus prepar'd your souls to save,  
 Totter into the yawning grave!

Around this spot a hundred fanes,  
 • (Unvisited by rural Deans)  
 That strike with awe the roving eye  
 Scatter'd in mournful ruin lie.  
 Yonder, in solitary guise  
 Mantled with flaunting ivy, rise  
 Walls, whose hoar front at distance seen,  
 Gleams thro' their veil of darksome green.  
 See, as thy steps approach the tombs,  
 Damp with the yew's ungenial glooms,  
 The rye-grass on the crumbling wall,  
 Tremble, prophetic of its fall!  
 And hark—the shrilly blasts pervade  
 Each chasm that hoary time has made.  
 And now, thy fear-struck fancy faints  
 At the drear images she paints!  
 At the dim forms that glide within,  
 Such as in charnel vaults are seen!  
 But a voice says (or seems to say)  
 “Lō, spectres grimly guard the way,  
 “Hence, hence profane!”—It murmurs, hark,  
 Come, come not hither carle or clerk—  
 Yonder, by fancy's magic might,  
 † Dances, before the dizzy sight,

---

\* The Churches round Oxford are miserably neglected; which in truth, is a most melancholy reflection: for what can be more disgraceful to a civilized country, than to suffer the places of public worship to lie in worse than gothic desolation?

† This singular circumstance really happened in an old ruinous Church not very distant from Oxford. Perhaps the whole

A mutilated shape—there fled—  
 There vanish'd, no ideal shade !  
 And there again the monster came,  
 The gorgon, and with eyes of flame !  
 Gods ! why with such a fault'ring tread  
 Thus shudder at the mystic head ?  
 And kneel so piteously—and stare  
 With horror, bolt upright thy hair ?  
 A calf's head in the parson's pew,  
 Zounds—is the ghost that blasts thy view !

• • • • •  
 What wonder flocks disorder'd stray,  
 When ev'n their shepherds lose their way—  
 When ministers ordain'd to preach  
 (Without ability to teach)  
 Are quite unanxious to impart,  
 One precept to amend the heart ;—  
 And hurrying breathless through the pray'rs  
 Reach glad the goal, and bless their stars !

Such rise to honors in the church,  
 And leave true merit in the lurch.  
 Thus are the mercenary herd  
 Of cringing sycophants preferr'd !  
 How many blest by learning's ray,  
 Pass in sequester'd shades the day !  
 Unheard, how oft' the poet sings ;  
 Neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.

Pensive around the common room,  
 While Warton “snuffs his pipe's perfume,”  
 See many a doctor grave, whose name  
 Will never grace the rolls of fame,  
 Strut dignified—with not a sprig  
 Of bays ; to deck or cap or wig !

---

description may be thought an unwarrantable digression ; for though not entirely foreign from the general subject of the poem, it does not appear to be very closely connected with it. The author, however, could not resist his own feeling ; and the original air of the picture he has drawn, may in the idea of some spectators excuse the exhibition of it.

" Lo there" (indignant Genius cries)  
 " •In yon clipt shade, a Warton lies !  
 " How oft, ' while Eve her landscapes drew,  
 " He hail'd my steps to yonder yew !  
 " For him I wove, in fancy's loom,  
 " A texture of perennial bloom !  
 " For him, with joy th' assembled Nine,  
 " Their amplest wreath conspir'd to twine !  
 " Yet what, alas ! but idle praise,  
 " Rewards my sweetest minstrel's lays !

" Thus droop my sons with scorn repaid,  
 " Listless amid the sombre shade !  
 " What though I raise the Muse's flame  
 " With ardent hopes of deathless fame,  
 " Yet cold neglect's severe controul,  
 " Chills the warm current of the soul !"

And see the silver slipper'd Maid,  
 Her robes of glossy verdure fade !  
 See, in the wildest anguish prest,  
 To yon pale urn her heaving breast !  
 Still Nature's hand, her streams around,  
 Scatters with simple flowers the ground ;  
 But, mark'd by no poetic eye,  
 Their hues in sickliest incense die !

Well may the faded virgin glow,  
 With varied energies of woe.  
 Long has she deem'd her " Triumphs" vain,  
 Though her own poet fram'd the strain.  
 Haply ev'n he may breathe ere long  
 The spirit of despairing song,  
 And own, reclin'd his pensive head,  
 The " Tears of Isis" justly shed.

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\* Trinity Garden, which, (with many others in this University) is laid out by the rule and line. The trees, (as Addison hath observed of many of our English gardens) rise mathematically, in cones, globes, and pyramids. This false taste is exposed to just ridicule in the " Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers," and in " Mason's English Garden."

Such was this juvenile poem, and such the notes written more than half a century ago.

## II.

## AN EPISTLE

FROM THE

REVEREND WILLIAM MASON,

TO THE

*RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT,*

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER :

PETITIONING FOR THE VACANT LAUREATESHIP ;

*April 23, 1785.*

High patriot son of Him whom Britain placed  
 To reign sole master of the subject waste,  
 Hear, son of Chatham (if perchance thine ears  
 Drink other homage than of new-made Peers)  
 O ! whether fervid in Ierne's cause,  
 Or fir'd with images of Indian laws—  
 Or big with projects of Reform, the throng  
 Thou whelmeest with the torrent of thy tongue ;  
 O hear a bard, by no wild wishes sway'd,  
 The pensive bard of " Aston's secret shade ;"  
 Who, crown'd with no fair meed, drags life along,  
 The jest of fools, that parodied his song ;  
 And butt of pilf'ring booksellers, that cite,  
 (Yet not unpunish'd) from his copy-right !

But ah ! I never knew, like some, to fawn—  
 Like some, now strutting in the Prelate's lawn.  
 Not that I envy their proud pageantry,  
 For I, like Balguy, would have scorn'd a see ;  
 Content, while " harpies tear Britannia's breast,"  
 " While cringing Bishops bow and bless the feast,"

Here, in these solitudes to wooe the Nine,  
 " 'Midst huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine."  
 Yet oft, when Memory to my soul pourtrays  
 The picture of irrevocable days,  
 Where Hurd and D'Arcy bore so large a part,  
 The fond admirers of my tuneful art—  
 Alas ! full oft I feel the rising sigh,  
 When Hurd, who erst could flatter, now looks shy ;  
 And still—still more embitter'd my distress,  
 To lose my once warm patron, Holderness !  
 Oh ! that my Gray were yet alive to raise  
 The pealing anthem of his Mason's praise !  
 How long we chanted, true to friendship's cause,  
 Responses of reciprocal applause !

But come, propitious Muse ! aspire to fill  
 The noblest station of the Aonian hill,  
 And in the transport of thy Sybil fit  
 Purchase for D'Arcy's frowns, the smiles of Pitt !  
 Come, with the high distinction flush'd, presume  
 To light anew the Laureate's blasted bloom,  
 And, in the splendor of the regal rays,  
 Weave the fair wreath, and consecrate the bays !

And sure, if ever happiest genius glow'd  
 Thro' the rich structure of a birth-day ode,  
 Or, soothing to a Monarch's prick'd up ear,  
 Hail'd the first blushes of the new-born year,  
 For five long lustres changing still the note,  
 In all the fine varieties of thought—  
 That genius shall illumine my every line,  
 And all those fine varieties be mine !  
 Witness my ode of true Pindaric strain,  
 That sings or says, "'Tis May's meridian reign ;"  
 And " proud, O Pitt, to celebrate thy spring,  
 " Sighs, that no daisies blow, no cuckoos sing !"  
 Thus then, how easy on the fourth of June,  
 To deprecate the feverish flame of noon,  
 While the cool metaphor so softly plays,  
 Caught from " the first of April," thro' the blaze !

And oh ! if smiling on thy Poet's prayer  
 Thou stick the Laureate-bayleaves in his hair,  
 To sound thy name my odes shall never fail,  
 Or at the head, the middle or the tail ;

And bid "thy father's heaven-wove robe" embrace  
 Thy members—whether in or-out-of place ;  
 Whilst o'er thy sinking fund, "by seraphs roll'd,"  
 He rains æthereal chink—from "clouds of gold."  
 Yes!—tho' thou fail to pay a nation's debt,  
 Thy presence shall adorn the cabinet.  
 And glow, while brother-brains feel leaden night,  
 New-moulded to a minister of —— light !  
 E'en, tho', "ingenuous boy!" thy destiny  
 Doom thee in dark Ierne's gulph to die.

Tell, then, thy Sovereign (if his will incline  
 To let the Laureate's luxury be mine,  
 Assur'd with Horace, that no bard shou'd lack  
 The sweet enjoyment of a butt of sack)  
 Tell him—that if I soar not like a Pindar,  
 May lightning blast my pinions to a cinder !  
 Tell him—that blazoning the high new year's day  
 My Muse shall more than Whitehead's worth display ;  
 And with a flight, to shame the trivial themes  
 Of war-worn armies, or a nation's dreams,  
 Triumph, as oft she pictures to his view  
 "That work to wonder at"—imperial Kew !  
 Tell him—her heart shall glory, thro' her lays  
 Associate of his hunts, to trace the maze !  
 Tell him, in fine, his favors to repay,  
 Her zeal shall tear Macgregor's mask away,  
 And crush the monster, who shall dare asperse  
 Scenes, that shall flourish in my living verse—  
 While Genius hastes to hang with fadeless flowers  
 "Thy throne, O Albion, and thy laureate bowers !"



## III.

*Frank Epistle to a Friend*

FROM

ROGER O'RANGER,

OR,

*EXMOUTH ANIMADVERSIONS.*

A place of machines for the sea-bathing tribe,  
 As I promis'd, I snatch up the pen to describe—  
 There are some, by the bye, who would snatch up the pencil  
 To delineate—tho' strangers to such an utensil.  
 But (whether the pen or the pencil, no matter)  
 Here I am, on a sudden, set down by the water.  
 For to Exmouth, as chance brought me news of a ball,  
 I posted, defying wind, weather and all.  
 And how could a warm Amateur such a show miss?—  
 To describe it, I fear, I was rash in my promise.  
 But, come, maid of Helicon, borne on bright wings,  
 And plunge me pop into the middle of things!  
 O tell, as the carriages rattled and rumbled,  
 How quickly the people together were jumb'l'd ;  
 All ready to caper, or saunter, or sup,  
 At an Inn, for the Jubilee fresh furbish'd up—  
 An Inn amidst buildings decaying and patch'd,  
 Brick-houses half-slated, cob-cottages thatch'd ;  
 Where my organ olfactory, soon as I halted,  
 Was with odours—the otto of Exmouth—assaulted.  
 The streets were wash'd clean, I confess, by a flood ;  
 But the Sun, scalding hot, had drawn forth from the mud,  
 And dispatch'd to my nostrils effluvia so rank,  
 That not e'en the charms of the opposite bank  
 Though with all the rich colours of nature it glows,  
 Could compensate this sordid attack on my nose.  
 On the landscape, indeed, I have look'd with delight ;  
 But my head is too full of the noise of last night,  
 Too full of the dancers, whirl'd over again,  
 That cruelly kicking the boards of my brain,

E'en now to the drums and the horns of the bandskip,)
 To trace the soft tints that repose on a landskip.  
 Yes—swiftly the whirligig whizzes! And, up here  
 Swims about, in my poor pericranium, the supper.  
 If then, at a venture, I try to arrest  
 Of the ball-entertainers a few of the best;  
 Perhaps, I may catch, as they pass in the dance,  
 And copy a fugitive feature, by chance;  
 Or hit a resemblance or two, as more quiet  
 Their attention is sweetly engaged by their diet.  
 For the features are fine, or in supping or lunching:  
 And I like to approach a grave personage munching;  
 By his countenance, whether tale-telling or mystic,  
 Cock-sure to detect his chief characteristic.  
 Heigh presto! Behold, what a motley collection—  
 Nice subjects that seem to solicit dissection  
 From the moral anatomist; such as invite us  
 To ope our eye-slucices with sad Heraclitus,  
 Or, rather, my friend, right and left as they cross over,  
 Shake sides and wag beards with the other philosopher.

If, first, on the radiance of riches we gaze,  
 See a Viscount come forward, involv'd in a blaze!  
 And doubtless my Lord hath high personal merit,  
 A compassionate heart, a magnificent spirit:  
 Yet I cannot but own, tho' no vices are his—  
 He has all the light airs of a boarding-school miss:  
 And, instead of the pleasures that flow from the flask,  
 He loves to swim round in the maze of a masque.

And lo! as her haughtiness passes quick down  
 Ten couple at least, with a toss and a frown,  
 Observe, how her eye-balls insultingly flash  
 On the poor etiquette-man, a sort of Beau Nash.  
 Her vacant Lord, blustering, damns ev'ry decorum;  
 And virtue, grace, modesty vanish before 'em.

But I start as they enter—a couple abhorr'd!  
 In nothing so prompt, as in scenting a Lord.  
 'Alas! for the better we change not a note  
 As we turn to the tyrant of Twadledum-cot  
 Who, where he has fix'd his far-menacing banner,  
 Maintains that his tenants are slaves of the manor;  
 Who summons, in fury, the horrors of hell on  
 The head of the miscreant, the dark-visaged felon

That disturbs the repose of a partridge, or dares  
 Intrude on the holy retreat of his hares.  
 Indeed, we are told, he wants only the juice  
 Of the blood-stirring grape his deserts to educe ;  
 Since nothing his harlequin-humour surpasses,  
 As he nimbly skips round amidst bottles and glasses,  
 On the wine-floating table a wonderful tricker !  
 But say, his full veins effervescing with liquor,  
 Does his bosom no flush of benevolence feel ?  
 His merits, alas ! are they all in his heel ?

As we look'd in his face Major Harry was hurt—  
 And next came a little squat figure, so curt ;  
 Then flutter'd a queer sort of girl, and, to match her,  
 Jumped and grinned like a monkey the butterfly-catcher ?  
 While most perseveringly joined in the hop  
 The little quack doctor we dubb'd Dr. Slop.  
 In his partner, he shewed indeed, exquisite taste—  
 Flaxen tresses, that finely flowed down to her waist ;  
 A soft glow of crimson, that dawn'd on her cheek,  
 Like the beautiful tints of a summer day-break ;  
 A complexion more fair than to Hebe is given ;  
 In the veins of her temples the azure of heaven ;  
 A bosom of snow, that voluptuously heav'd ;  
 The moist ruby lip that from love had received,  
 Full pouting, of sweets a delicious supply ;  
 The blue lustre, that beamed from a languishing eye,  
 And two pretty ancles, so round and so neat,  
 Peeping out, in the dance, as light twinkled her feet—  
 —Such a damsel—no wonder she warmed, in the hop,  
 The little quack doctor we dubb'd Dr. Slop.  
 Here, also tripp'd lightly the sweet Fanny Gilbert,  
 Who cares not for insolent station a filbert ;  
 Whose spirit and sense and good nature unite  
 To place her young bloom in a ravishing light !  
 But the beaux, that throng'd round her, were quite dis-  
 concerted,  
 And the rest of the company strangely diverted ;  
 Whilst with Adjutant Thiekskull, wit, patriot and duellist,  
 Danced Fanny, of Devonshire damsels the cruellest !  
 And who is that creature ? his limbs tho' athletic,  
 His rotten face operates like an emetic !  
 The symmetrical grace of his members may all see ;  
 But he staggers, as struck by a fit of the palsy !

Yet, remember his virtues!—No virgin so chaste—  
 And, certes, this pride of a youth is—strait-lac'd  
 Lo, he bows to a nymph who hath shewn us how nice is,  
 The magnetist's art in producing a crisis!\*

It is high time, however, to close my epistle;  
 Though Doctors and Sirs, and full many a Miss, till  
 Their powers were call'd out by the savour of soup,  
 Were lost, or but dimly discern'd in the groupe.  
 Whilst some on the chicken, and some on the ham prey,  
 And some own the stronger attraction of lamprey,  
 I cannot but mark the slim shade of a surgeon,  
 In converse remarkably thick with a sturgeon,

—And a fine lady laboured, with many a rub,  
 To the ope of her mouth to convey syllabub.  
 And while, to prepare for each spoonful, she prest  
 The swell of her handkerchief down to her breast,  
 Mr. Chitterlin, sitting beside her, the canon,  
 To the wonder of ev'ry one round, put the man on;  
 And presumed, in a soft civil squeak to address her,  
 Presenting his hand in the post of a presser.  
 But that he might briskly her bosom adapt  
 To her mouth, it appear'd that the sage should be flapped;  
 So the canon was voted her chin-understrapper,  
 If the Lady would, now and then, act as a flapper.

Here, also, her airy plumes waving, and wincing,  
 And many a vocable prettily mincing,  
 Miss Varnish seem'd ready to faint, and all nerve  
 Sat fluttering as if for a shock in reserve—  
 A shock, to lay open a treasure of charms,  
 As she panting sunk back in her Daffodil's arms!  
 But chagrined that no stir of alarm could afford her  
 The slightest pretence for a beauteous disorder—  
 Disappointed to see all her brethren in unity,  
 She languish'd in vain for a fit opportunity.

---

\* A young lady who shared with the author and many wiser folks the imputation of weakness in giving credit to animal magnetism. Being, at one time, thrown into a crisis, the company, which was very numerous, called for water to recover her. But a gentleman present, observed that they need not go far for water, and pointed under her chair. She had been actually transported to so high a pitch, that she could not "contain herself for affection."

And here (I must close my long narrative) supp'd  
 A little fat parson, who seem'd newly pupp'd ;  
 Who eager in eating, look'd round for assistance,  
 As a dainty he happen'd to spy at a distance,  
 And whisper'd, in vain, to a brother beside him —  
 His brother, as eager in eating, defied him ;  
 And tuck'd up his napkin, still carrying the farce on,  
 With a grin of contempt on the little fat Parson :  
 The little fat Parson shrank back from the grin,  
 That was render'd more fierce by a great double chin.  
 But a truce to the battle of knives and of forks—  
 To the clash of the plates and report of the corks.

Still other odd characters colour'd the night,  
 Some heavy and grave, others airy and light.  
 But floating in various disorder along,  
 Whether gay volatility guided the throng,  
 Or seriousness never relaxing a muscle,  
 In truth they appeared all alike in a bustle ;  
 All alike on some matter of consequence bent,  
 On a vague indescribable something intent—

Which seems by the bye, my dear friend, to suggest  
 That life is by no means a station of rest.  
 If it be, there was never a man in more danger  
 Of death for desertion, than ROGER O'RANGER !

## IV.

*The Visitation of the Poets,*

IN EIGHT CANTOS.

1800.



## CANTO I.

The Muses, who always survey'd with a smile,  
 Of proud satisfaction the wits of our isle ;  
 And who ever delighted to fire into rage  
 Their Britons, from Chaucer to Cumberland's age,  
 Had of late caught in whispers the startling opinion,  
 That on this happy spot had declined their dominion ;  
 And determined, one day, half in jest and half-serious,  
 To come down and see, whether aught deleterious  
 Had render'd the births of the brain so abortive :  
 Thus the visits of gods in old Naso are sportive.  
 'Twas now, when the Poet, relax'd and quite moody,  
 Had just for his arbour forsaken his study,  
 To the Laureate these ladies directed their flight,  
 And hover'd above in the regions of light.  
 Deep silence—(it was the beginning of June)  
 Had hush'd into quiet the hot burning noon.  
 Not a wing—not a footstep was stirring abroad ;  
 And the Laureate respir'd from the toil of his ode.  
 'Twas all in this stillness inclining to doze,  
 He had sought in the coolness of shadow, repose.  
 Fresh over his head waved a sycamore tree ;  
 And humm'd to his laurels the wild yellow bee.  
 But carel'd no longer each shrill summer bird ;  
 Save the buzz of the bee not a murmur was heard :—  
 When lo ! as his eyelids were closing in slumber—  
 In the clear azure heaven a pavilion of amber  
 (Far other was Jove's black pavillon of storms),  
 Seem'd to steal a soft light from nine beautiful forms !

And towards the sage Poet now slowly descending,  
 And their looks of complacence deliciously blending,  
 Distinct the fair Sisters beam'd over his bower,  
 And lavishly scatter'd of roses a shower.  
 Thro' tremulous blushes *Euterpe* shone forth,  
 As if eager to give some sweet pastoral birth :  
 And the ether was charm'd with so dulcet a tone,  
 E'en Pan with his reed would have deem'd it his own.  
 But scarce had the soft echo died, when all lightness,  
 Like the gossamer floating her vesture of brightness,  
*Terpsichore* struck a brisk air from her lyre,  
 Then bade her strain languish to love, and desire :  
 And *Erato* look'd thro' each eyelash's shade ;  
 Tho' mute was her tongue, what an eloquent maid !  
 And, diffusing her smiles in a luminous track,  
*Thalia* encounter'd the Poet of sack—  
 Now mirthful, and splenetic now, as she cast,  
 (Transform'd to a spirit of darkness) a blast ;  
 And *Clio* the grandeur of long-sounding measure  
 Drew out from the depth of her lyrical treasure :  
 And sad as the muse of chaste Reynolds appears,  
 The pensive *Melpomene* smil'd thro' her tears :  
*Polyhymnia* join'd to *Calliope's* voice  
 Her silent expression applauding the choice ;  
 And *Urania* (her robe, one blue wave of the sky)  
 Whilst kindled as if into lightning her eye,  
 Bent forward, and with a majestic regard  
 (Now more and more awful) address'd the old Bard :  
 " Hail thou, whose fair bayleaves, in lieu of thy barton,  
 " Tho' greener than Cibber's, yet fade before Warton !  
 " Go, vindicate Britain that sinks into gloom,  
 " To the wreath of each brother restoring its bloom.  
 " 'Tis said (and too many will credit the tale),  
 " That the smiles of the Muses no longer avail  
 " To support in your isle the poetical fame  
 " Which the nations once witness'd with shouts of acclaim  
 " Go then, and survey—'tis the Muse's behest—  
 " Go, look to the Bards, from the shores of the west,  
 " E'en where the Bolerium its dark billow swells,  
 " To the region sublime of my lakes and my fells !  
 " To meet thee, without or a fee or a bribe,  
 " I will quickly stir up the poetical tribe.  
 " Thy approach shall they hail on the banks of the *Esse*,  
 " To thy presence sage *Wykeham* shall pay his respects :

" The founts of old *Bladud* with more than gas-spirit  
 " Effervescing, shall murmur applause to thy merit ;  
 " And silver-shod *Isis* thy visit receive,  
 " And roll with new " triumph" her emulous wave ;  
 " High homage to thee e'en *Augusta* shall pay,  
 " And *Lichfield* her myrtles strew over thy way ;  
 " Till *Windermere* greet thee, ambitious to shroud  
 " My own proper sons in her faery-wove cloud."  
 She said ! And, the last pretty words as she spoke,  
 Herself and her sisters all vanish'd like smoke.  
 The Bard started up ; and strait rubbing his eyes  
 With a shrug and a yawn, look'd abroad with surprize.  
 " 'Tis a dream"—he exclaim'd—" tis a vision ! Yet clear  
 " The forms struck in sight, and the voices my ear !  
 " The hint of the Nine will I certainly take,  
 " And the tour of the Isle most religiously make ;  
 " And try, if the Bards in their woodlands or cities  
 " Will salute an old greybeard with bows and with ditties,  
 " And first for the West.—I shall run no great risque  
 " If I travel post-haste to the banks of the *Isc*.\*"

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## CANTO II.

Sonnets, Songs, Didaetic Poems, Pastorals, Translations.  
*The Banks of the Isca ; (or Exe.)*

To the banks of the *Isca* was quickly whirl'd *PYE* ;  
 When the towers of *St. Peter* were all in his eye :  
 And now, as the noon was announced by *St. Peter*,  
 In the *Close* were assembled the children of metre ; †

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\* The *Exe*—its ancient name *Isca*.

† It is an undoubted fact, that many important occurrences in literature are left unnoticed by the philological annalist, from their familiarity at the present hour ; though at some future period they may excite curiosity, and become the subjects of conjecture and alteration.

For the sake of the *Belles Lettres*, therefore, let it be recorded, that (notwithstanding that infinite number of sonnets with which we have been gratified for the last ten years, legitimate and illegitimate, in every variety of shape,) a sonnet in blank verse was first submitted to the public eye, in the year



And also their brethren, whose flights never rose  
 To the hill of Parnassus, plain dealers in prose ;  
 To discuss, at the president's instance, a topic  
 Which to all (not obscur'd by a cloud misanthropic,  
 Or by prejudice led away captive in fetters)  
 Must appear of the greatest importance to letters.

The president slowly got up from his chair ;  
 And roll'd his eyes round with a horrible glare ;  
 And, hemming awhile, thus began with a brogue  
 Half English, half Scotch, to call rascal and rogue :  
 " I am sorry, my friends, such a rogue, such a rascal  
 " As might have provok'd the meek spirit of Pascal,  
 " Was e'er by this hand introduced to the Globe ;"

1795 ; and that though the stores of poetic invention are said to have been long ago exhausted, the sun and moon shining in contrast first appeared in the self-same sonnet. It is as follows :—

## SONNET,

*Written January 3, 1795.*

" While in the cold blue sky the whitening moon  
 Hangs like a fleece, and scarce across the deep  
 Whence it hath far emerg'd, a pale ray flings ;  
 Amid yon westering cloud the solar beam  
 Descending, streaks the hamlet-trees that clothe  
 The hill-top, with a line of liquid gold.

Yet, ere the poet's eye can mark the scene,  
 To the chaste lunar orb the waves reflect  
 A placid lustre, and the cottage-clump  
 Fades into darkness.—It is thus, in life :  
 Joy, for a moment, lights one little spot,  
 While sober Melancholy, more diffus'd,  
 Gleams with faint influence ; till, the glory past,  
 She comes confest, and the bright spot is gloom."

A certain gentleman, however, a president at a literary club, having written a blank sonnet on the same subject, had the confidence to assert that his own was the original : which circumstance suggested a little *jeu d' esprit* ; here introduced with the addition of a few lines prefatory and concluding as the second canto of the poem.

\* The Globe Inn, Exeter.

" Where poesy clothes her own sons with a robe  
 " Of amaranth bright and immortal asbestos—  
 " I am sorry, my friends ! that his arts should arrest us  
 " In the midst of our triumphs ! when lo, we unfurl'd  
 " Our sails to proud science embracing the world.  
 " But (to drop metaphorical strains, if I can)  
 " You remember, that, erst, a most pestilent man,  
 " An original child of Minerva,\* fie on it !  
 " Took upon him to dictate the rules for a sonnet ;  
 " Insisting, that every true sonnet was built on  
 " The model of Italy furnish'd by Milton.  
 " And, you know, tho' I frequently call'd him to order—  
 " Tho' all of you, ready to kiss e'en the border  
 " Of my garment, united, so cordial, with me  
 " In asserting a stanza more easy and free ;  
 " He still, in contempt of despotic dominion,  
 " Continued to urge his decided opinion.  
 " In short, you remember, we bade him withdraw,  
 " An example to those who scorn president-law—  
 " When I enter'd this note, as the sense of the meeting :  
 " Whereas a weak petulant fellow's conceit in  
 " The structure of sonnets in one sort of rhyme  
 " So awkward and cramped, was determin'd a crime ;  
 " Lest into his error unwitting we fall,  
 " Let sonnets be written with no rhyme at all.  
 " And, gentlemen ! see, you have sign'd the record ;  
 " Consenting, without the drawback of a word,  
 " (Except Flip and Trottlehem, both absentees—  
 " The first very busy in touching his fees,  
 " And Drywit, with locks o'er his visage so lank)  
 " That sonnets, hereafter, be written in blank.  
 " Now, Sirs, I conceive, you must all understand,  
 " That I was expected to first try my hand  
 " At a species of verse, by the gods so uncommon,  
 " That, before, it was surely attempted by no man.  
 " 'Twas a compliment due to my age, to my rank,  
 " To my character, first to write sonnets in blank.

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\* " i. e. One of the original members of the club under the  
 " auspices of Minerva." *Phutatorius. Scriblerus* is of a  
 different opinion. " An original child of Minerva (he says)  
 means obviously an *original genius*"—a term strictly appli-  
 cable to the gentleman in question ; whose enthusiastic at-  
 tachment to the sister arts is sufficiently known, and whose  
 exquisite poetry is read with delight.

" But, behold ! I'm assail'd by a mean interloper  
 " (Tho' he rise far above " a mere elegy-moper")  
 " Who, before I could squeeze out three lines, is come forth  
 " With the very first sonnet in blank upon earth.  
 " But this is not all. He has seiz'd on an image  
 " Which none but myself could discern in this dim age ;  
 " Which (quite unprepar'd for a trick so indecent,)  
 " I fondly suppos'd from my pen would come recent.  
 " You often, indeed, must have heard me make mention,  
 " That I meant to come out with a double invention ;  
 " Viz. *my sonnet in blank*, and a glorious display  
 " Of the *sun and moon shining* at once, at *noonday* !  
 " He, too, must have heard me, a dirty poltroon !  
 " Or how could he else have arrested my moon ?  
 " Thus clearly, my brethren ! I think I have stated  
 " A business that cannot too highly be rated.  
 " Yet I would not the least animosity foment,  
 " Whilst your thoughts I entreat on a thing of such moment.  
 " The person, 'tis true, whom I thus must accuse,  
 " I long have esteem'd, and long foster'd his muse !  
 " For years have our bosoms in unison beat !  
 " And now, buried deep in his Cornish retreat,  
 " An exile in solitude many a mile hence,  
 " He doats on my letters—he grieves at my silence.  
 " And, I grant, in the critical case now before us,  
 " He writes with an earnestness not indecorous ;  
 " Professing in all the plain language of truth,  
 " And not in the strain of false spirit uncouth,  
 " From my sun and my moon that he stole not a feature,  
 " But drew the like images purely from nature ;  
 " And, as to the blank, where I thought he was bitten,  
 " That such sort of verse he had, long ago, written.  
 " So little, in short, does he seem of a braggart,  
 " That by his simplicity, zounds ! I am stagger'd.  
 " But avaunt foolish pity ! to speciousness turning,  
 " And moving my bowels with womanish yearning.  
 " To expressions of friendship I listen no more—  
 " He has touch'd me, compeers ! where, I own, I am sore.

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\* Quære: What says the president to the following passage?  
 " Sun ! stand thou still upon Gibeon: and thou Moon ! in the  
 valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still; and the moon  
 staycd."

“ I have done—on the subject 'tis vain to enlarge—  
 “ But, I beg, you'll consider each separate charge ;  
 “ And, if guilty you judge him, in spite of repentance,  
 “ Of expulsion at once we proceed to the sentence.”

He said : and, fast-rolling his eyes in fine frenzy,  
 Sat down by the side of his brother Morenzi :  
 His brother Morenzi look'd sheepish and shy,  
 And the president only address'd with a sigh.

Not so a prig parson. Though squat on his breech,  
 He, grinning, then sputtering, replied to the speech :  
 “ As, doubtless, my friend, you've asserted with spirit,  
 “ Of sonnets in blank the original merit ;  
 “ Dear doctor ! as first you have touch'd on a theme  
 “ Such as never was heard by the Helicon-stream ;\*  
 “ (My idea that streams have got ears is well known—  
 “ Which I'll boldly maintain at the risk of my own),  
 “ I feel at my heart not the slightest revulsion,  
 “ When I vote for the man that forestall'd you, expulsion.”

Then started another fierce son of the cloth,  
 Of port more majestic, and foaming with wrath ;  
 (Not one of the nine that first met at the Globe)  
 And cried——(of his lungs as he strain'd a strong lobe  
 So manfully, that to his countenance flush'd  
 You would think all the blood of his body had rush'd)  
 “ I conceive, Mr. P. by such anticipation,  
 “ Good doctor, hath justly incurr'd castigation.  
 “ 'Tis true, I am printing, this moment, a sheet  
 “ On a subject young P. must professedly treat—  
 “ The cromlech I mean, and druidical column,  
 “ Which will occupy, soon, a large part of his volume.  
 “ But yet, my good Sirs ! in such cases as these,  
 “ Men of consequence, surely, may act as they please.  
 “ However, the name of young P. I insist,  
 “ It behoves us, at once to expunge from the list.”†

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\* According to this gentleman, “ Streams” have ears !!!

† Thus might an egotist exclaim :

“ I, who uprear'd at flint-ribb'd Haldon's foot  
 The house of O——, where I fondly strut  
 In admiration of my own keen Ness  
 That fram'd the model of so fine a house ;  
 I, who along the dale to Zephyr's sighs  
 Bade a delicious streamlet serpentine ;

Strait another arose, who, sarcastic and sly,  
 While contempt of the question deep lurk'd in his eye,  
 Begg'd leave, with respect to the moon, to suggest  
 What, perhaps, might appear an infallible test  
 To determine the matter of plagiarism,  
 That had made in the meeting so hideous a schism  
 " Now, my friends ! (he observ'd) I am greatly in doubt  
 " Whether e'er such a moon at Manaccan shone out !  
 " If not, why, besure, there's no question upon it—  
 " We are meanly fobb'd off with a second-hand sonnet.  
 " No more, then, to throw out conjectures at random,  
 " In my humble opinion, hoc est demonstrandum,

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I, who have oft, where o'er the golden bloom  
 Of mountain-ash, my gateway flings its gloom,  
 Observ'd with rapture every rustic elf  
 Admire the ruin which I built myself—  
 Indeed, tho' critics the deception flout,  
 Not one in fifty would have found it out—  
 Monastic pile ! that nods its ivied wall  
 To the neat stucco of my spacious hall !  
 I, who amid the hollies of yon hill,  
 Rais'd a sweet summer-shed with gothic skill,  
 Whence I (or else Incognita the mix)  
 See " thro' the trunks of oak" with eyes of lynx,  
 Each town, each hamlet, and each vill that decks  
 In all its winding course the banks of Exe ;  
 I, of my varnisht drawings justly vain,  
 Who pencil'd the clear landscapes after Payne,  
 And with rich views the Arcadian cot adorn'd ;  
 I, who the sly Incognita suborn'd  
 To blaze abroad those fair creations chaste  
 That speak my fancy and my classic taste,  
 And from above the door with erring hand  
 To copy verse " she did not understand,"  
 Who thus, thro' too much artifice betray'd  
 The phantom of an evanescent maid,  
 Or shew'd (as wicked wits stoed grinning by)  
 Too plainly, that Incognita was I ;  
 Behold ! " to learning and its friends a friend,"  
 Still to oblige the world I condescend ;  
 While with unrivall'd excellence I draw  
 Devonia's cromlech proud without a flaw,  
 And set it on Drewsteignton's awful height,  
 So easy—say, so elegantly-light,  
 The girls assert—(I've overheard their chat)  
 It looks exactly like a habit-hat !

- " That a bard, in a corner by nature forsaken,  
 " Could never have seen such a moon at Manaccan."  
 With quick interruption, another, nam'd Petre,  
 " Cried aloud : My dear friends, now a word for the metre.  
 " On verse your ideas tho' high I must rank,  
 " My opinion on rhyme is against you point-blank ;  
 " And, (I trust, I may say, with no danger of treason)  
 " Blank verse on the moon is without rhyme or reason :  
 " And many, I judge, who are fond of lampoon,  
 " Would refer our sage counsels forthwith to the moon.  
 " I, therefore, at once would the question dismiss,  
 " Lest the foes of the muse at the lunatics hiss."  
 " Besides, (said the feeling Morenzi) 'tis wrong  
 " That friendship be sacrific'd thus—for a song.  
 " Sure, candor, attributing this little piece  
 " (Admit 'tis a copy) to spleen or caprice,

Tho' when, in transport at my writing-desk,  
 I struggled for expression picturesque,  
 It seem'd that I had little else to do  
 But dress old notions in a garb that's new ;  
 Yet I affirm, in spite of gibes or jokes,  
 In spite of all the scoffs of carping folks,  
 That I discover'd—what's, indeed, enough  
 To give impertance e'en to Chapple's stuff,  
 What might disarm a critic of his frown,  
 And bid at once the Armenian dream go down !  
 Yes ! tho' those wits so long o'er cromlechs hover'd,  
 I first, ye antiquaries ! I discover'd  
 (O would my druid tongue but run as glib as  
 Old Chapple's) that the cromlech is — not gibbous !"

See the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. 63, pp. 593, 594, where  
 a certain person under the signature of Incognita, says or sings :  
 " In a sequestered valley, at the eastern foot of Haldon, is  
 " seated O — House."—"There is an old arched gateway.—  
 " I have called this old ; and there is not one in fifty who  
 " would not have judged it so ; though it hath not been erected  
 " above two or three years."—"A summer-house, encircled  
 " by oaks, through the trunks of which I was able to trace the  
 " Exe"—"An inscription over the doorway, which, though  
 " I did not understand, I literally transcribed." See, also,  
 the Essays by a Society of gentlemen at Exeter ; where we are  
 presented with a laboured description of the cromlech at Drew-  
 steignton. That "the covering-stone of the cromlech is not  
 " gibbous"—is the only novelty which here occurs ; but which,  
 unfortunately, wants the support of truth.

" Will ask, if the man, in the scale of regard,  
 " Be sunk very low, by one freak of the bard ?  
 " But a notion of mine I've no scruple to own—  
 " A brother too nearly approaches the throne."  
 Quoth Flip, " from the question, my brethren, you wander,  
 " Perplex in the midst of an idle meander.  
 " But, to banish all strife, let us wave our debate  
 " On the culprit, and leave him within his retreat ;  
 " And abstractedly look to the sonnet and image  
 " Which the doctor discover'd alone in this dim age.  
 " You know the decision, or crazy or crank,  
 " That sonnets, in future, be written in blank :  
 " And damme, if any one dare interpose,  
 " We'll resolve, that all sonnets be written in prose.  
 " To conclude—I now move for an instant decree  
 " That my friend of blank sonnets be sole patentee ;  
 " While we publish the fact far and near, that at noon  
 " In the sight of the sun, he was struck by the moon."  
 He ceas'd—his last words like the water-fall's lapse ;  
 And the chamber re-echoed with hisses and claps ;  
 When the bard who the sceptre would never usurp—(he  
 Who had wooed the lone shade but for madam Euterpe)  
 Stepp'd forth from his corner, a figure so risible  
 Where Madam Euterpe had made him invisible,  
 And cried : " What a shame, that resembling the rabble,  
 " You, sons of the Muse! should delight in a squabble ;  
 " That you, who the sweets of Parnassus would rifle,  
 " Should thus, so tenaciously proud, to a trifle  
 " (All the same whether falsehood or matter of fact) stick—  
 " O ye, who pen past'ral, and poems didactic !  
 " Nay, poems didactic ye frame passing well—  
 " So Monthly Reviewers, and Journalists tell.  
 " But that *Æ* should build epics, with just enough rhyme  
 " In a tale or a fable to decently chime—  
 " With just enough metrical power to dispense  
 " Of Maro or Naso in numbers the sense—  
 " For instance, to sing of the Centaurs and Lapithæ—  
 " Must awaken to wrath e'en the bosom of apathy !—  
 " Go then, and in peace as each finds out his level,  
 " May harmony smile on your spiritual revel !"

## CANTO III.

Elegies and Descriptive Poetry.

“ *Wykeham shall pay his respects.*”

PUE, heartily sick of the strange coalition  
 Of dullness and wit on the banks of the Exe,  
 Where he heard of male pangs and of male parturition\*  
 'To the utter confusion of science and sex,  
 Flew off to the East, nor stopp'd short, till bewitching  
 In her musical murmurs, meander'd the Itchin.  
 There he (and he scarcely had cut capers faster  
 If escorted by Fellows and Warden and Master)  
 All unceremoniously scamper'd, just under  
 The statue of Wykeham, munificent founder ;  
 When struck like a shuttlecock, strait did he dart on—  
 To the bench of that classical wizard, JOE WARTON !  
 Alas ! Joe no longer could charm with his lay, us—  
 No longer could pipe like his own Melibæus !  
 But ravish'd from earth to effulgence Elysian  
 He was gliding a shade to poetical vision.  
 To his mem'ry, lo ! busily building a shrine,  
 Two Poets appear'd ; and each call'd on the Nine.  
 Fantastic the monument rear'd in a trice is ;  
 And its sides are embellish'd with various devices.  
 His skill the vain Artist endeavour'd to try had  
 In the figures of Pan and a young Hamadryad :  
 And his rival in sculpture had carved out a glade  
 Whither ran from his ravishing godshop the maid.  
 The poor breathless maid, whether mortal or goddess,  
 In the hurry of flight had burst open her boddice ;  
 And—(vestments beseeming the pulpit and hassock)  
 Hoar Pan was trick'd out in a gown and a cassock :  
 Pan look'd in his cassock, as seiz'd by the cramp ;  
 When, sudden, a wild multitudinous tramp  
 From the youth whom to feats of agility joy stirs,  
 Was mingled with many a voice in the cloysters ;

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\* Alluding to an Epigram on the Club, which ends : *parturientique Viri.*



And the boys rushing in, without quibble or quirk,  
 Cried down (in sharp terms of derision) the work,  
 And, to mark more than words their dislike of the plan,  
 (Very captious indeed!) flung their caps at "hoar Pan!"  
 The artists, no other than *Hayley* and *Rogers*,  
 Tho' smooth were the tongues of the pleasant old codgers,  
 With oil-of-fool aiming in vain to cajole  
 High striplings that breathed the republican soul,  
 Slank away from a scene of confusion and din,  
 And rejoic'd at their happy escape in whole skin.

But scarce had sheer'd off the unfortunate couple,  
 To the Manes of genius and learning so supple,  
 Ere a poet indeed! to his prototype just,  
 Appear'd—twas the elegant *Bowles*—with a bust;  
 And *Crows* waved a chaplet deliciously chaste,  
 The beautiful product of fancy and taste.  
 On the delicate wreath, like the morn's ruddy break, a ray  
 Illuming its hyacinths, beam'd from *Terpsichore*!  
 Not *Flora*, in springtime, so pencils the bowers!  
 'Twas the tint of the rose on the fairest of flowers.

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#### CANTO IV.

##### "*The Founts of old Bladud.*"

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amœnis.

'Twas thus like a whirligig hurried about  
 Was he forc'd to perform each unmerciful route;  
 And a new expedition our poet now made had,  
 Arrived at the beautiful city of *Bladud*:  
 And scarce had he time to recover the shocks  
 From a rumbling machine, and comb out his grey locks,  
 Ere—"over the island, thou bard! in a crack sent  
 "To the pump-room haste, haste!" cried an audible accent.  
 The pump-room seem'd all as alive to swim round;  
 There were faces that grinn'd, and more faces that frown'd;  
 There was laughter relaxing each risible muscle,  
 And the guttural harsh discords of folks in a bustle,  
 And the soft sound of silks that more pleasantly rustle;  
 And the creaking of boots, and the flapping of fans,  
 And the whisper—"were I that agreeable man's!"

(A whisper so gentle—to friendship aside)  
 The toss of contempt, and the strutting of pride;  
 And the pale convalescent, that wriggled her rump,  
 As she drank off a glass steaming hot from the pump;  
 When sudden, a terrible panic appear'd  
 To arrest the pert prig and the puling grey beard,  
 And the rustic and cit, whether artist or squire,  
 And the mfnx and the damsel of fashion and fire—  
 A squeaking voice uttering “O bless me, I shant stay!”  
 And it glided off quickly, affrighted by *Anstey*!  
 It seems, she was one of the Blunderhead progeny,  
 Whom, cruelly ferretted out from her lodging, he  
 Had resolv'd through the circles of fashion to hunt,  
 Another Miss Jenny, or Tabitha Runt!  
 And away rush'd Miss Fubby Fatarmine, and chubby  
 Master Marmoset, all by the side of Miss Fubby,  
 Mrs. Danglecap's boy, and Miss Carrot Fitzoozer,  
 Afraid Master Anstey again would abuse her;  
 And the widow Quicklackit, the bombazine lady,  
 Whose husband did die—O did die in the heighday  
 Of gaiety leaving the fair summer blossom!  
 How swelleth—from sorrow—that lily-white bosom!  
 Meantime, from a couple who led arm in arm,  
 It appear'd a few Parsons betray'd an alarm.  
 And, 'tis said, of disciples of Galen a few,  
 At the sight of the cynical couple look'd blue:  
 To the cynical couple the muse was no drab;  
 For, behold and bow down! they were *Cowper* and *Crabbe*.  
 Nor long, ere with hostile demeanor, a groupe here,  
 Drew off the attention from Crabbe and from Cowper.  
 And, foaming out vengeance against a poor wight,  
 Thro' every gradation of shadow and light  
 They caper'd and stamp'd, and, right prominent figures,  
 Advanc'd with their canes, as if pulling their triggers.  
 There was Gainsborough and West and Rigaud, who cried  
 “hic est!”  
 And a female, who making her way thro' the thickest,  
 “Of vengeance” exclaim'd, “now beginning the work is!  
 “Full soon the grey caitiff shall rue his cock-turkies!”  
 To the back ground they slowly retreated; and *Peter*  
 Was left for awhile to his scurrilous metre.

But hardly the echoes of anger and pride  
 In the ears of the poor sneaking Peter had died,  
 Before a deep groan, a fierce glance and a hiss,  
 And a titter, as if from a boarding-school Miss,

And a half smother'd scream, and a die-away languish,  
 Betray'd agitation or hatred or anguish.  
 Della Crusca dropp'd tremulous the gossamer tear,  
 And Anna was "icicled over with fear;"  
 And Laura's pulse flutter'd, like "zephyrs of gauze;"  
 And Adelaide stood in "a petrified pause;"  
 And Emma, her eyes lighted up were, as beryls,  
 That shot, all on *Gifford*, their "liquified perils!"  
 At length, Phœbus' sons, after bearing the brunt  
 Of the menacing throng who had taken affront,  
 Were left all alone: and one musical brother  
 Seem'd awaked from a trance, just to grin at another!  
 'Twas a meeting so strange. Now, to close up the matter,  
 To *Pye*, gleaming forth, said her museship of satire—  
 (Her museship at times young and frolic and light,  
 Now solemnly serious, and sable as night)  
 "Tell *Anstey*, I love his good humour and wit  
 "That the foibles of Fashion so finely have hit!  
 "Tell *Crabbe*, that his strictures are just and are pleasant,  
 "Tho' too low he descends, hand in glove with the peasant!  
 "Tell *Cowper* his laurels have lost half their bloom  
 "In the damp of a sad puritanical gloom!  
 "Tell *Peter*, tho' gross and profane, yet his Odes  
 "I hail with high glee!—There, he soar'd to the Gods!  
 "Tell *Gifford*, with joy I his numbers embrac'd,  
 "When from Folly he rescued the regions of Taste!"  
 She spoke; and expanding her raven-black wings,  
 Like the joints of a rattle-snake, rattled her stings!  
 And she shed forth a light as she mounted the skies,  
 She shed forth a light, like the basilisk's eyes!

In order, the Laureate each poet address'd;  
 The sweet things repeated, nor cancel'd the rest.  
 But scarce the satirical gentry the whole heard,  
 Ere *Pindar* and *Gifford* each other had collar'd!  
 Ah me! that the Bard should his province profane  
 By the smack of a whip, or the crack of a cane!  
 Lo *Pye*, turning round him to scenes more quiescent,  
 With *Anstey* in haste stole away to the Crescent!

## CANTO V.

## LYRIC POETRY.

## "Silver-shod Isis."

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri, &c.

As the springs of hot Bladud lay smoking behind,  
 PVE, on Pegasus mounted, to rival the wind,  
 Now posted away : and fair Isis her stream  
 Bade murmur his coming to high Academe !  
 Ah then !—if fond fancy could wander at will,  
 She rov'd in a tranport o'er Faringdon-hill !  
 To the theatre strait did the poet repair :  
 And he felt himself proudly exalted in air,  
 —As he took, Muse-impell'd, the Vice-Chancellor's shair !—  
 In order—at that most particular crisis—  
 Arrang'd on his right, were the lyrists of Isis ;  
 And, all in the area, the velvet-sleeved proctors,  
 And, scarlet or crimson, the pomp of the doctors ;  
 And a croud of square-caps, and gowns shabbily dusk,  
 To envelope the many light shades of subfuse !  
 With precipitation, as if to intrench  
 Upon time he was sorry, *Holmes* rose from his bench,  
 And waved a large scroll ! From the ruins of Greece  
 He declared he had rescued a fugitive piece :  
 But his musings, in sooth, he much wish'd to impart, on  
 The death of their sweetest of minstrels, *Tom Warton* !  
 And *Maurice* was eagerly conning his verse,  
 To deck the Professor's poetical hearse ;  
 And *Lipscombe*, presuming, for "Inoculation"  
 He nigh *Aganippe* had gain'd a snug station,  
 Stepp'd forth ; the fond warbler tho' *Clio* look'd bitter on.  
 And beckon'd him off to his\* "shade" of sweet "citron ;"

---

\* In his prize-poem on Inoculation, there were two good lines about a "citron-shade," and a "fond maid."

Since that, he has publish'd what has exposed, too notoriously, the sterility of his muse.

And with hottest impatience, now all on a fret,  
 That aper of odes!—was poor *Trinity-Kett* ;  
 And *Richards* a stanza or two had now hit on,  
 Sublime as his own “*Aboriginal Briton* ;”  
 When open the doors of the theatre flew,  
 And five poets from Cam appear'd awful in view.  
 “ Ah! *Maurice* ! (said *Holmes*) see the mighty *Matthias*  
 “ Come hither, alas ! from his Cam, to defy us !—  
 “ And Sir *Egerton Brydges*—how dreadful the critic,  
 “ As one dash of his pen is a stroke paralytic !  
 “ And *Dyer* and *Pott*—and—the destinies rot her !—  
 “ The demon of tragedy hands in her *Potter* !”  
 Thus muttering their sorrows, they ceased ; as ascended  
 From the lyrists of Cam in soft symphony blended  
 So varied a strain, of so dulcet a tone,  
 That *Isis* ne'er hail'd such a chorus her own.  
 To *Gray* and to *Mason* the minstrelsy flow'd ;  
 And *Clio* bade \**Pembroke* re-echo the ode.  
 Impartial with blushes the Laureate resign'd  
 To Cam a rich chaplet that *Clio* had twined.

---

## CANTO VI.

### THE DRAMA.

“ *High homage Augusta shall pay.*”

Hurl'd along, as fumed up the poetical fury,  
*PyE* found himself strait in the precincts of *Drury*.  
 And, the theatre opening, there glanced thro' the door,  
 A tall shadowy form, and still glided before,  
 Till now in the green-room and now on the boards,  
 He saw in strange attitudes Ladies and Lords,  
 And others so rueful—all held by constraint—  
 Their looks of dejection no pencil could paint—  
 Each bearing a burden (from which he must part,)  
 On his shoulders or back, tho' it clung to his heart.  
 Dear as to *Æneas* was father *Anchises* !  
 Of our works, to ourselves, how enormous the price is !

---

\* *Pembroke*, *Gray's* and *Mason's* college.

At that instant a Being tripp'd forth, debonnaire,  
 And laughing and arch, with a frolicsome air,  
 Leading briskly a troop, on the opposite side,  
 A troop oddly drest, particolour'd and pied.  
 These too, with a burden attach'd to the back,  
 Went wriggling along, as if put to the rack.  
 The \*two Muses then seized, each a female, whose vanity  
 (From childhood to age) had spun verse from inanity,  
 And, above the mixt multitude, set them on high ;  
 And, as they accepted their thrones, nothing shy,  
 Crown'd *one* with a glimmer (so feeble her lyre is !)  
 With a glimmer just caught from the bow of an Iris  
 Whilst the raindrops Cyllene was penciling, tho' fair  
 Yet all evanescent and fainting in air ;  
 Then weaving a tissue of scarlet and yellow,  
 Plung it up, to encircle the head of her fellow ;  
 Assur'd, that no garland more aptly would fit her,  
 Than the tiny web glistening—the gossamer glitter.  
 The Lady, indebted to Luna, engross'd  
 The care of a dramatist, certes a host ;—  
 Of *Sheridan*, who had condemn'd her not wholly,  
 But in tenderness view'd her, and pitied her folly !  
 Bright *Hannah* of Bristol, (the maid Iris-crown'd)  
 For some one to prop her, look'd wistfully round :  
 Her vanity-feeder, her Garrick was gone !  
 How "cruel" alas ! was her seat on the throne ;  
 Till *Cumberland* who was too late to escort her,  
 Now bustling came forward, no pigmy supporter !  
*PyE* stared ; and at once by the Muses provok'd,  
 To the bards of the stage, whether buskin'd or sock'd,  
 Utter'd words not his own, highly season'd with satire,  
 Not his own—for poor *PyE* was the milk of good nature.  
 "Come ! each of you quietly lay down your care,  
 "To many a burden too grievous to bear !  
 "To thee, *Dr. Downman* ! (perforce I am brief)  
 "To get rid of thy load would be, sure, a relief—  
 "Tho as friends of stern virtue, perhaps it may suit us,  
 "To speak a kind word in behalf of thy "*Brutus*."  
 "And thou, tho' thy liver, my *Lord of Carlisle* !  
 "May possibly swell with poetical bile,  
 "Down, down with thy works, or my hands shall arrest all—  
 "If rich, rich alone from the pencil of Westall !

---

\* The Muses of Tragedy and Comedy.

" And *Hayley!*—we value the lays of thy youth,  
 " Embellish'd by talent—exalted by truth!  
 " How couldst thou, not deeming thy "Triumphs" enough,  
 " Manufacture of late such combustible stuff?  
 " And (tedious it were to address each by name)  
 " You vile poetasters, who think to raise fame  
 " On an elephant's trunk, or on any sea monster—  
 " Fling away your abortions!—Hence, hence shall not one stir,  
 " His shoulders unless he shall quick disencumber  
 " From his \*melos, and all such theatrical lumber!  
 " Now—dear madam *Cowley!* descend from thy height,  
 " Archpriestess of Comedy, frothy and light!  
 " Tho' more of the tragedy-queen in thy looks—  
 " Descend, madam *Cowley!* and build up the books.  
 " Yet first—(thro' thy tears I perceive a faint smile)  
 " With thy own pretty pieces embellish the pile.  
 " And as, to set fire to this soul-breathing pyramid,  
 " Apollo's self bade us provoke and bestir a maid,  
 " Devoted Miss *Hannah!* of vestals the purest,  
 " Of saints or of methodist-maidens demurest!  
 " Thy books bring together—come, toss in thy "*Percy;*"  
 " Nor on thy "*Inflexible Captive*" have mercy!"  
 Whilst with Deans so familiar, and Bishops we rank her,  
 Can *Hannah* still after the theatre hanker?  
 " No!" contracting her brow into furrows full risible,  
 (As a torch met her hands from some spirit invisible)  
 " No—no!" (scream'd Miss *Hannah*) "all hail! *Benedicite!*"  
 And thus made a virtue of savage necessity;†  
 Then, (her visage with zeal or malevolence flush'd)  
 To the heap of high wit, like a Bacchanal, rush'd  
 And dash'd in the torch. Strait ascended the smoke,  
 And feeding on goblins and giants and joke,  
 From the pyre, a fine blue, the flame crackled and broke.  
 And certes! or nourisht by matter bituminous,  
 Or nonsense or wit, it was very *voluminous!*  
 When rising, and flying more subtle and bright,  
 Than it e'er has aspir'd on a Benefit-night,  
 The wit or the flame was now curling aloof,  
 Till suddenly all in a blaze was the roof.  
 Away scamper'd the crowd: And the Muses upflew  
 To their *Sheridan—Cumberland—bidding adieu!*

\* Melo-dramas.

† Sæva necessitas.

## CANTO VII.

## MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

" *The Blue Room.*"

Now, snorting forth lightnings his snowy-wing'd horse,  
 To Lichfield the Laureate directed his course.  
 His Pegasus, not as at other times wayward,  
 Flew strait to the Close, the fair mansion of *Seward* ;  
 And, invisibly rein'd by the muse Polyhymnic,  
 On the roof, safe and sound, and then plump thro' the chimney  
 In "the Blue-room" of Genius the Poet let down ;  
 Where, to the surprise of her parents, a crown  
 Of myrtle or bays, to delight or to bore us,  
 Was said to be woven by no less than Horace.  
 In the Blue-room so meet for the blue-stocking ladies,  
 And others their mimics, whose pleasure or trade is  
 "To talk sentimentals," as if they were fuddled,  
 What a crowd of strange beings together were huddled !  
 Miss *Seward*—her fingers all blacken'd with ink—  
 (On such indecorums in merit we wink)  
 Just then was devoutly engaged, after Flaccus,  
 In pouring libations to Venus and Bacchus ;  
 While whispering and sighing, in spite of all cavil,  
 Beside her was seated her silver-toned *Saville* !  
 He, tho' to digest her sweet nonsense but ill-able,  
 Each little word swallow'd, and every dissyllable !  
 Miss *Seward* voluptuously roll'd her dark eye :  
 And *Opie* perceived the effect, very sly,—  
 The wife of the Painter—her cap all awry.  
 There was *Hardinge*, to faults and to beauties awake ;  
 And that fine philologist, good *Dr. Drake* ;  
 Lady *Burrel*, in verse that so often hath made a trip ;  
 And *Manners* whom, likewise, we christen' her ladyship ;  
 And *Mundy* so pleasant—so meltingly soft—  
 In poetical landscape ;—and poor Capel *LOFFT*  
 Tho scarce in the proynce of sonnets a tetrarch,  
 Yet vaunting his prowess, as if a new Petrarch ;



And *Cartwright* ; and \**Helen* exalting a varlet  
 To the rank of a lord ; and monotonous †*Charlotte* ;  
 Mrs *Radcliffe* romancing, and eke *Montolieu* ;  
 And some looking buxom, and some looking blue.  
 From his task as a President (*Pyx* was no Hector !)  
 The Laureate recoil'd. But (instead of a lecture  
 On verse or on prose) with bright wine-cups of nectar  
 The board, that had groan'd beneath *Flaccus*, shone rich :  
 And from Polyhymnie a pinch or a twitch  
 Bade *Pyx* rising briskly around him dispense  
 To talent and taste, to wit science and sense,  
 And to folly—(tho' not with contempt or in malice,)  
 The fluid contents of the cup or the chalice.  
 The nectar, it seems, to the liquors that suited  
 Their characters, was in a moment transmuted.  
*Lady Burrel*, instead of the nectar divine,  
 Had only some weak and insipid Cape-wine :  
*Lady Manners* was angry,—presuming to rate her  
 So low, as the Laureate address'd her with water.  
 To *Radcliffe* the claim of desert, and no favour,  
 Of Frontinac was adjudged the high flavour—  
 Its ‡lusciousness somewhat allay'd by pale §sherry ;  
 To *Helen* champagne—tho' perchance it was perry !  
 But it sparkled and cream'd with the tint of Aurora ;  
 And ¶*Montolieu* relish'd the light Alba Flora ;  
 And O the sweet *Charlotte* ! metheglin to sip  
 (How shè took it to heart !) was the lot of her lip ;  
 While not brooking a rival, and prompt to deride her,  
*Madam Opie* was sentenced to cocagee-cyder !  
 As her cocagee fumed, like herself effervescing,  
 To see how she fretted was truly distressing !  
 And *Seward*—for bounce ! it was gone to a drop—  
 Was regaled with a goblet of Ashburton-pop !  
 Mellow mountain was *Cartwright's*—which soon changed to  
 Bronte  
 Diluted a little with aqua de fonte ;

\* Helen Maria Williams.

† Charlotte Smith.

‡ Richness of description, and verisimilitude and truth.

§ Author of "the Enchanted Plants" and "the Festival of the Rose."

¶ A delicate Dinner-wine.

Whilst *Mundy*! thy modestly beckon'd to pass  
 To another, of Chateau margaux a small glass;  
 And, catching the scent as of something grown stale,  
*Capel Lofft* was astonish'd to find it hard ale;  
 And *Hardinge* drank off a full wine-cup of rhenish;  
 And look'd with an eager desire to replenish;  
 And last, tho' not least, where the Muses resort,  
*Dr. Drake* was delighted with generous old port.  
 PVE rubb'd his eyes—left on a sudden, alone—  
 The Blue-room and all the bright vision was gone!

---

CANTO VIII.

THE EPOPEIA.

“ *Windermere, greet thee!* ”

To determine this wondrous poetical warfare,  
 Away to the north was PVE whisk'd in a car, far  
 As he ever had travel'd thro' half a moon's age;  
 In a minute—a truly miraculous stage!  
 Urania, in sooth, over mountains and glens  
 Over moorlands and rivers and vallies and fens,  
 Over castles and hamlets, and manors and glebes,  
 Now bears us to Athens, now wings us to Thebes.  
 She can waft e'en a temple across the wide ocean—  
 The shrine of Loretto was thus set in motion!—  
 And lo! in our Isle, 'midst the fells and the meers  
 Her bidding the fane of Minerva uprears!  
 'Twas eve. O'er a lake frown'd a fell ribb'd with rock;  
 And burst from broad chasms the wild ash and the oak.  
 Now gradual the fell a rich purple o'erspread,  
 Where the sunbeam had tinted its azure-girt head.  
 Of crag and of woodland now deepen'd the mass;  
 And the lake slept beneath like a mirror of glass:  
 When slow from its bosom a dense cloud arose,  
 That parted, a fabric sublime to disclose—  
 The fane of the goddess Minerva at Athens—  
 (Tho' perdie there was moved nor a stone nor a lath thence)  
 Its features from old time were hoarily solemn;  
 But the Doric grace breathed in each fine fluted column.  
 Shadowy figures at once gliding quickly were seen  
 To its portals, and then to a chamber within;

Where *Pyre*, by his office compell'd, to a crowd  
 Of *Epic*-competitors, awkwardly bow'd,  
 As if he would every pretension disclaim  
 To decide, where such wranglers were fighting for fame.  
 Moreover, a feeling unpleasantly lurk'd  
 In his heart, that himself in heroics had work'd :  
 And, as he was hemming, *Urania* cried : " *Pyre* !  
 " Come, be of good cheer ; nor the scrutiny fly !  
 " Tho' not rank'd with Bards, whom we deem \* *Boanerges*—  
 " Thy numbers are smooth—thou art better than *Burges* !  
 " What tho, as they jeer, with a joke or a gibe, us,  
 " The wicked wits couple thee often with *Pybus* ;  
 " Sir *Bland* ! thou shouldst rather have labour'd to whistle  
 " To *Dunning*, another † heroic epistle,  
 " Than have climb'd up, and roll'd down the rock to thy  
 breech hard,  
 " In struggling to grasp at the shade of King Richard !  
 " But see how he snivels and sneaks behind *Helen* ;—  
 " Tho' neither in rhyme nor in reason a felon :—  
 " Secure from the charge of a theft as of treason,  
 " His own is his rhyme, and his own is his reason !  
 " Up *Pindus* tho' creeping to carry the farce on, he  
 " Still labour'd, too weak for one poor petit larceny !—  
 " Such metrical monsters ah ! why do I mark,  
 " While beams in my presence the " Poet of Arc ?"  
 • • • • •  
 " Full soon great *Eliza*, tho' tragedy lend her  
 " From one bard all the blaze of poetical splendour,  
 " Shall yield to an era fast opening ; and *Anne*  
 " (Tho' a race her prime poets so gloriously ran,)  
 " Shall veil to a *Coleridge*—a *Southey* her bonnet—  
 " Compared to a *Pope*, like an ode to a sonnet !"  
 She said : And the temple with *Southey*—ascending,  
 And the grandeur of trumpets with dulcimers blending,  
 On the broken cloud—each seem'd to cling to a flake—  
 Sir *Bland* and poor *Pybus* sank down in the lake ! ‡

\* " Sons of Thunder—having the os magna sonaturum."

† Here, unfortunately for Sir J. B. B. we are reminded of that admirable poem to Sir W. C. which may be emphatically called the Heroic Epistle.

‡ These levities were originally designed as pegs (if we may so express ourselves) to hang critical notes upon. Tho' the notes are cancelled as out of date, yet the levities may not be altogether unacceptable—trifling as in many respects they unquestionably are.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

IN CORNWALL.

CORNUBIA PULSIT,

TOT FECUNDA VIRIS.—*Jos. Iscanus*

---

By the Rev. R. POLWHELE,

OF POLWHELE:

*Vicar of Newlyn ; and an Honorary Associate of the  
Royal Society of Literature.*

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

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*My readers will perceive that I have adopted Mason's plan in his Memoirs of Gray;—introducing or concluding the Letters of Whitaker and others with the statement of facts and occasional observations, and illustrating the whole with Notes.*

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# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

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MEMOIRS OF REV. JOHN WHITAKER.

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## CHAPTER I.—SECTION I.

IN our Biographical Sketches we have contemplated Intellect and Talent of the highest order and in every variety. Would it be extravagant to say, that all this Intellect and all this Talent may be recognized as concentrated in WHITAKER? In him may we be allowed to affirm that the scattered rays which we beheld undazzled, thus brought to a focus, have a brilliancy and an intensity almost overpowering? Such an assertion may possibly be deemed extravagant. But if, noticing the energies of the MIND, we look also to the sensibilities of the HEART, we must see in Whitaker a superiority to excite admiration. This, I think, will not admit of a question, that of the Worthies, who have passed in review before us, though some make near approaches to Whitaker in genius, others in learning, others in religiousness; yet in him were genius and learning and religion associated with a distinction to place him above all. The vigour, the liveliness, the ardour of his imagination, his acuteness in penetrating, his unweariedness of research, and his decisiveness in judging, were not surpassed even by a Davy. But between Whitaker and Davy we draw no parallel. After some excursions in the regions of Fancy,



Davy alighted upon solid ground. His muse was like the fluctuation of the flood that raged for a while and subsided; and he found his resting-place the "everlasting mountains:"—his Ararat was science.—Whitaker was no philosopher. In the mean time Davy had neither Whitaker's learning nor religion.

In classical erudition and critical acumen, Toup was great: but to the historical knowledge, the antiquarian skill, the devout religiousness of Whitaker, Toup had no pretensions. In Penrose the life of the Christian was not less conspicuous than in Whitaker: but Penrose had not either the strength of his intellect, or the vivacity.

Whether we have respect to the mind or to the heart, we can set no Cornish Worthy upon a level with Whitaker, in *conversing*, in *writing*, in *acting*.

In conversation, we have heard many fluent as himself; but none at once so rapid, so energetic, so commanding. In his writings, we shall acknowledge the same animation—the same tone of paramount authority: and in the commerce of life, we hail with pleasure, amidst a conscientious discharge of every domestic and social and religious duty, a generosity that spurned at detraction, even "hoping against hope;"—an independent spirit tempered by humility.

It is true, he had his faults; for he was a man. He had invincible prejudices: and with an impetuosity that would break down every obstacle in his way he ran his career; despising the pusillanimous sentiment—"Non mihi res, sed me rebus submittere conor."

Such was Whitaker:—as we shall perceive in the gradual development of his character, for the most part from his own unstudied letters.

We proceed then to state, that John Whitaker was born at Manchester in 1735. In the register of baptisms at the Collegiate parish Church of Christ, in that place, we find he was baptised on the 11th of May in that year. Before he was ten years of age, he was entered a scholar of the Free Grammar School at Manchester:

and we may judge of the character of that school, when we are informed that the late Lord Alvanley and the late Colonel Stanley were his school-fellows and contemporaries.\*

In 1752, he was "made Exhibitioner to Oxford, at Ten pounds per annum." He was elected Scholar of C. C. C. 3rd of March 1753; and Fellow 21st of January, 1763.†

In 1759, February 27, he was admitted M. A.; and in 1767, July 1st, he proceeded B. D.

It appears that he was a young man of "great peculiarities." He associated with very few; not from fastidiousness I conceive, though "very few" there are within the walls of a college, whether boys or "boys grown old," who in conversation are capable of affording pleasure to a deeply reflecting mind. The frivolous and the vain but ill consort with the studious and contemplative. The early religiousness of our friend was apparent in his regularly keeping the fast of Lent and that of every Friday throughout the year, till supper time. In this observance, I am certain there was no affectation; if the uniform simplicity of a long life will authorise such an assurance. "At supper-time" it seems, after so severe a fast, "he used to draw attention from all who were at table with him, by eating:

"I feel anxious" (says a friend distinguished in rank and in literature) "to put you into the way of procuring the best information respecting the early life of the late Mr. Whitaker; and yesterday I had some conversation with a man of considerable literary attainments, whose father was at school with that Gentleman. This school was what is called the Free School, at Manchester; and you may judge of its character when I inform you that the late Lord Alvanley, and the late Colonel Stanley, were Mr. Whitaker's school-fellows and contemporaries."

† Among the scholars of Brazen-nose, was the Rev. John Whitaker, B. D. Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, the learned author of the History of Manchester, &c. &c., who entered this College in 1752, and continued about twelve months; after which he was elected Scholar of Corpus."—History of the University of Oxford, by Alexander Chalmers;—p. 257—260, 1810.

double or treble commons.”—This information comes from a gentleman exalted in rank and venerable for age and erudition. But I suspect that in making his report of Whitaker, the learned Doctor had not divested himself of prejudice. Piqued at Whitaker’s fancied incivility in not shewing the regard which several occasions might have prompted, to C. C. C. he was very concise in his communications :—for he said nothing more to me in his account of Whitaker, than that “in College from the first to the last Whitaker. “ was a hard student.” In the eye of candour, Mr. Whitaker’s “peculiarities” would be adduced as evidence of a mind determined to think for itself; and though not contemptuous from the feeling of its power, too firm to have recourse for support to any adventitious assistance. The character, however, of his mind was soon decided in literary composition.

In pursuing my biographical track, I shall occasionally use the vehicle of epistolary correspondence through which (as already intimated) my readers may become familiarly acquainted with a man on whose “like they shall seldom look again.”

In this section we have a solitary letter; and that poetical. It is entitled

#### A POETICAL JOURNEY

From Manchester to Derby, in November 1763, addressed to a Lady.

When that sad eve I breathed my last adieu,  
 And the door closing, snatched you from my view  
 Plunged in the depth of silence and of shade,\*  
 The streets I traverse, and retire to bed.  
 But all in vain; the shrill-voiced clock below  
 Long finds me sleepless as the quarters go.  
 High round my limbs no feathery softness swelled,  
 But the hard mattress spread a level field;  
 Not half asleep, the rousing call I hear,  
 And to the chamber of the coach repair.

\* The hour being late and the streets not then lighted with lamps.

Now o'er the town soft shines the lunar light,  
 And tips with silver every building's height;  
 Now lock'd in sleep each son of Commerce lies,  
 And dreams of *Touchet* and of bankruptcies;  
 While o'er the stones the coach its burden bears,  
 Of men and woodcocks, of a belle and hares.

First of the four, a lady takes her place;  
 A taste for books inform'd a handsome face:  
 Blue round her neck a tippet twined its down,  
 Blue round her hands a muff of feathers shone.  
 Full in her front appear'd a Cambridge man;  
 The female finish'd what St. John's began:  
 He the fond title of her husband chose,  
 And a large plaister bridged his pimply nose.  
 Close by her side your reverend Damon sat,  
 In his bob grizzle and his beaver hat.

Young L——r last, on *Hodson's*\* generous port,  
 Resolved with A—— and I—— B—— to sport;  
 But fate forbid; the knight and squire we met,  
 And Jack returned the next day with regret.

“Jumping high o'er the rocks of the rough grounds,  
 Rattles the clattering coach, and the shockt axle bounds.†”  
 Thus rough we roll, where Stockport hangs with pride,  
 Prone from its steeps o'er Mersey's infant tide;  
 Thus rough we roll, where Disley's hills we scale.  
 Strain up the hill, and lumber to the vale.

Now a wide range of mountains meet the eyes,  
 “Alps peep o'er Alps, and hills on hills arise.‡”  
 “Late o'er these heights when Lincoln sent her host,§”  
 From their low levels of her own smooth coast;  
 Wondering, the soldiers saw the hills appear,  
 And stopp'd and gazed, and half inclined to fear.  
 'Mid this rude rumble oft in vain I try,  
 Propp'd on my stick, in sleep to close my eye.  
 Now then I talk; now letting down the glass,  
 Catch the wild landscapes living as they pass.  
 Art ne'er to littleness reformed the scene,  
 Still great in native majesty of mien.

Thus, as your squire in dreams of taste is lost,  
 The stopping coach invites to tea and toast;  
 Where Buxton, bearing o'er her dreary vale,  
 Calls from the hills her tintured springs to heal;

\* The inn-keeper then at the Bath Inn. † Pope.

‡ Pope. § The Militia.

And the gay sick, beneath the wax-lights blaze,  
Swim through the minnet's ever graceful maze.

Next we roll heavy o'er the smoother roads,  
And in four hours reach Ashburne's mean abodes.  
Tired with the tedious stage we light in haste ;  
And our keen stomachs hope a good repast.  
Fools as we were, though innocent of blame,  
The ——— always had a starving fame.

And more, some hungry peasants from the fair  
Had rudely ravishd half our slender cheer.  
Forced by our fate, on goose alone we dine,  
But try in vain to drink the nauseous wine.

Fretted again we mount, again we roll ;  
Down streams the rain, and night steals o'er the pole.  
For the first hour we all in silence move,  
To the rain's rattling on the coach above.

But raised by chance, the converse freely flows,  
Now swells in poetry, now glides in prose ;  
And Shakespeare, Jonson, Otway, Steele and Young,  
Rise to receive their sentence from our tongue.

But critic converse can't for ever please ;  
Tired, we dismiss them to enjoy our ease.  
Shrunk in our corners, we attempt to doze,  
And wait impatient for the journey's close.  
Till through each glass the lamps of DERBY glare,  
And the loud curfew tolls us to our fare.

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## SECTION II.

If we were warranted in exclaiming, as we drew near to the threshold of Davy the philosopher “*Procul, O procul!*” — at least with equal reason may we so express ourselves, in approaching Whitaker the Historian.

Our Author's literary life was now commencing. It was in 1771 that Mr. Whitaker published the first volume of *the History of Manchester*, in quarto ; a work which, for keen research, bold imagination, original sentiment and correct information, has scarcely its parallel in the literature of any country. Nor does its compo-

sition less deserve our applause; whether we have respect to the arrangement of the materials, the style or the language. In some passages, there is much elegance; in others, a magnificence of thought, a force of expression, a glow of diction truly astonishing. The introduction of Christianity into this island, in particular, is described we had almost said with the pen of inspiration.\*

In 1773, Mr. Whitaker published an octavo edition of the First Book of the History of Manchester, in two volumes.†

\* From Preface to Vol. I. Quarto.—“The Author wishes to catch the general appearance of the *Island*, the *County* and the *Town*, as it varies in the several stages of their histories. He designs to delineate the gradual progress of the arts, and to trace the successive growth of civility in all. The most striking facts of history to a philosophical spirit, are the annals of the human mind. To design all this is certainly bold. To execute all this is probably impracticable. But to design boldly is absolutely necessary, either in morality or in literature, in order to execute tolerably. We always unavoidably sink below the standard, in practice. And a great plan frequently kindles a new spirit in the soul, calls out unknown powers in the mind, and raises the writer and the man superior to himself in the execution.”

“Though thus excursive, the author was cautious of distracting attention by a confused variety. Every opening is made to carry an actual reference either mediate or immediate, to the regular history of Manchester. And every vista is employed only for the useful purpose of breaking the stiff straight lines, of lighting up the dark, of heightening the little, and of colouring over the lifeless.”—pp. viii, ix.

† For the “*Introduction of Christianity into Britain*,” I turn to the second volume of this Edition, pp. 182—187, where the Author has pruned away some trivial exuberances occurring in the “*Introduction of Christianity*” in the Quarto, Vol. I. pp. 307—309.

“Amidst the wild wanderings of disordered religion, the two primary institutions of God, priests and sacrifices, and the three principal doctrines of a superintending Providence, the world’s final destruction, and the world’s continuance in a future period of existence, were all carefully retained by the Britons. The great incident of the Fall occasioned the institutions at first. And it was still pointed out by the observances. If the Deity had not known man to have sunk from his original

In 1775, Mr. Whitaker published the second volume of the Manchester in quarto.

perfection, and if heathenism had not believed a corruption to have stained his original purity, the former could not have enjoined or the latter have retained these particular observances at all."

"But there was something in the Druidical species of heathenism, that was peculiarly calculated to arrest the attention and impress the mind. The rudely majestic circle of stones in their temples, the enormous Cromlech, the massy Logan, the huge Carnedde, and the magnificent amphitheatre of woods, would all very strongly lay hold on that religious thoughtfulness of soul, which has been ever so natural to man amid all the wrecks of humanity, the monument of his former perfection.

"In this state of religion among the Britons of Lancashire, the Romans entered the county. And their own system was fully as wild a combination of human vice and folly, more splendid, and less cruel; yet less retaining the illustrious doctrines of God's superintendance, the æternity of the soul, and the transitoriness of matter; and, less adapted to touch the religious string of the heart. But the Britons, on their imitating the manners of their conquerors, would naturally adopt their Theology; and as readily class the Roman with the British deities, as the Roman incorporated the British with their own. This strange conduct of exchanging divinities, so common to them and all the other heathens, was the natural result of a conscious want of satisfaction in a right worship, and a mis-directed desire of supplying the place of the one by multiplying the objects of the other. And yet it would become subservient to the more ready introduction of both within the pale of the Christian religion. Both must, in consequence of it, have been less addicted to either. And the Britons half-romanized and the Romans half-britonized, in their idolatry, would necessarily lose all that attachment to their national religion, which is merely the servant of prejudice, and yet the strongest barrier generally against a conversion."

"In this state of the national faith, Christianity was brought into Britain. This had happily prepared the islanders for a more favorable attention to it. And it was a religion that drew aside the curtain of heathen ignorance, and laid open to the view the genuine nature of God, the genuine nature of man, and the duties and rewards resulting from both. It placed a true and real Divinity at the head of the creation; a Nature, æternal in duration, unlimited in power, and unconfined by space; an Intelligence, unerringly wise and unweariedly provident; and a Will, infinitely just, unspeakably kind, and inconceivably pure. And it represented man to have been once exactly fitted to his sphere of action, all moral harmony within,

With regard to the general subject of the Manchester, Mr. Whitaker was unquestionably the first writer who could so light up the region of antiquarianism, as to dissipate its obscurity, even to the eyes of ordinary spectators: and his Manchester is perhaps the only book in which the truth of our island-history has been elucidated by the hand of a master. It is rather singular that we have to rate this admirable work in the order of merit, as well as of time, the first of Whitaker's publications.\*

and all natural order without, the central point of this lower creation, and a probationer for a happy eternity in a higher. It then reversed the glass, and shewed him no longer moving in the orbit of duty, and receiving light and warmth from the Divinity, but voluntarily stooping to sin, and necessarily subjected to wretchedness; his body diseased, his understanding darkened, and the little empire of his passions and appetites all risen in rebellion against his reason. It found his mind perplexed with doubts and his soul distracted with fears, conscious of weaknesses that required the assistance of some kind intercession, and sensible of guilt that needed the aid of some friendly atonement: but vainly casting a wishful eye for one and the other through all the compass of created nature; sinking therefore under the weight of sin, and shuddering with horror at the world unknown. And it displayed this kind interceder, it pointed out this benevolent atoner, to the eye of despairing man; One fully qualified to mediate from the purity of his will, and One absolutely enabled to atone from the dignity of his nature; a man interceding for the ruined manhood, and a God appeasing the offended Godhead; a Friend descending from the throne of Heaven, and a Saviour conducting us to the happiness of it. Such a system of religion, sanctioned as it was by precedent prophecies, and authenticated by accompanying miracles, must carry conviction of its divinity to the soul, melt even the obstinacy of prejudice, and proselyte even the profligacy of guilt.

“This then, the genuine religion of our nature, which echoes the sentiments of every feeling heart, and reflects the ideas of every thinking mind, was introduced into Britain as early as the period of the apostles. There, has it ever continued since, exalting the intellect and refining the passions, the parent of many a genuine saint. And may it ever continue there, the enlivening ray of our reason, and the purifying principle of our conduct, till creation shall sink in the final flame, and probation be succeeded by the final allotment!”

\* In Napier's Supplement to the Encyclopædia Brit., Vol.



“The Genuine History of the Britons Asserted,” an 8vo. volume (first published in 1772, and then a second edition corrected in 1778) may be accepted as an appendage to the Manchester. It contains a complete refutation of the “*unhappy Macpherson* ;” whose “Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland,” is full of palpable mistakes and misrepresentations.\*

vi. we have a *Memoir of Whitaker*, signed W. W. W. written with much acrimony. “His History of Manchester—his rambling manner—his impatience and vivacity rendered him incapable of selecting his topics, and condensing his thoughts.”

Dr. Aikin is more candid.—“The lively style, varied matter, learned research and ingenious conjecture of this performance, raised the Author to literary eminence.”

“In his 2nd Volume (Quarto) he has framed a connected story of Prince Arthur; inferring from a few scattered notices, a series of actions which might have happened, though there be no evidence that they ever did.”—See Aikin’s Biography.

Bishop Bennett and Mr. Lemon, both first rate Antiquaries, used to speak of “the Manchester” in terms of unqualified applause.

\* “I have constantly charged him home upon the leading particulars of the question. And when I have shewn the insufficiency of any argument as to its principal end and design, I have then endeavoured to point out its subordinate mistakes. I have endeavoured to break its phalanx; and when the rout was begun, I have studied to improve the victory, by pursuing the runaways. These troops indeed were more formidable in their appearance on the field than I have found them in the day of battle. The gaiety of their attire, and bravery of their aspects, promised a much greater resistance than I have met from them. And I, who entered upon the contest with a dubious spirit, and a tremulous exertion of courage, soon warmed with my own success, and became assured of the victory.”

“Blest by nature with the power, but not borrowing from the schools the habit of thinking, the turn of his argumentation is continually irregular, and the general force of his reasoning weak and feeble. He is admirably adapted for the brisk essays of a skirmishing war. But he has unwarily entered into a battle, where heavy armour and practised evolutions are sure to gain the day.”

“He does not examine his arguments severely; throwing himself out in a rich irradiation of language: as the birds under the tropics have their superior gaiety of plumage deducted to them by the deprivation of almost all the powers of harmony.”

“It is not the unhappiness of Mr. Macpherson that he is

In 1773 we find Mr. W. in London, the morning Preacher of Berkeley-Chapel. To this office he had been appointed in November, by a Mr. Hughes, but in less than two months was removed from his situation. This gave occasion to "the case between Mr. W. and Mr. H. relative to the morning preachingship of B. Chapel:"—in which Mr. W. declared that he "was unalterably determined to carry the matter into Westminster-hall."—But (as no friend of W. informs us) the fervor of his resentment threw him off his guard; and he expressed himself so indiscreetly, that his case was considered as a libel by the Court of King's Bench.\*

During his residence in London, Whitaker had an opportunity of conversing with several of our most celebrated writers; among whom were the author of the Rambler, and the Historian of the Roman empire. I designate Johnson as the author of the Rambler; because the Rambler was preferred by Whitaker to all Johnson's other productions.

mistaken in some unimportant circumstances.—It is not his unhappiness, that he has misrepresented several incidents of importance. And it is not his unhappiness, that he has failed occasionally, or yet frequently in essential incidents—in arguments of the first magnitude. But it is his singular infelicity, that he has almost regularly failed in all; that scarcely a circumstance, a fact, or a reasoning, however slight, is just or apposite, that nearly every important circumstance and every essential argument, are either frivolous in their nature, or useless in their application; and that each capital and leading topic of the work, is generally one great chaos of undigested materials, arguments without shape or form, reasonings heterogeneous and repugnant, and darkness brooding over the face of the whole! This is such a delineation of a work of learning and genius, that my benevolence is hurt, while justice urges my hand to draw it." pp. 295—300—303.

\* "He thought proper to communicate his grievances to the Public, in the "State of the Case between Mr. W. and Mr. Hughes, relative to the Morning Preachingship of Berkeley Chapel."—Lond. 1774. 4to. Napier's Supplement.

It is very possible, that aggrieved as W. considered himself, he might have been intemperate in his expressions of resentment. I have in vain made enquiries in London for this pub-

It does not appear, indeed, that Johnson was much attached to our author. Both strong in understanding, equally tenacious of opinion, and equally impassioned in conversation, it is not probable, that they should amicably coalesce on all occasions. In the Ossianic controversy they were decidedly hostile.

With Gibbon, Mr. W. was intimately acquainted: and the MS. of the first volume of "the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was submitted to Whitaker's inspection. But, what was his surprise, when, as he read the same volume in print, that chapter, which has been so justly obnoxious to the Christian world, was then, for the first time, introduced to his notice! That chapter Gibbon had suppressed in the MS. overawed by Whitaker's high character, and afraid of his censure. And, in fact, that the Deist should have shrunk from *his* indignant eye, may well be conceived, when we see his Christian principle, and his manly spirit uniting in the rejection of a living of considerable value, which was at that time offered him by a Unitarian patron: He spurned at the temptation, and pitied the seducer!\*

This was an interval in which some admirable letters passed between Whitaker and Gibbon.

lication; as I had a strong wish, (putting curiosity out of the question) to be enabled to judge of the merits of the case, unbiassed by the representation of friends or enemies.

\* "In order to render this anecdote intelligible (says Napier)—some further information seems to be required. Were his principles so pure and rigid, that he could only accept of preferment from a patron of confirmed and approved orthodoxy? Or did this nameless patron offer him the Living, under the condition, express or implied, that he should become a convert to the Unitarian creed?—With respect to the first question, it is evident, that many pious Divines have accepted preferment from patrons who had apparently no religion;—and with respect to the second, it is equally evident, that no patron possessing common sense, could expect a benefited Clergyman to make an open avowal of opinions which the Church has formally condemned as heretical."—On this subject, the patron wished merely to silence Whitaker, as a prime Minister has been known to silence many on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. My friend was expected only to "stop his fluent pen" and to "hold his audacious tongue."

The first from Manchester, July 20, 1773, relates to Ossian and Prince Arthur, and the Divinity of Tithes.\*

## LETTER I.

*MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.*

•     •     •     •

“ Your judgment concerning any attempt to rescue the character and actions of Arthur from the accumulated shade of 1200 years, as it is the result of a careful and attentive perusal, has gratified the spirit of authorship about me very much. As you have shewn by pointing out some of the faults in the work, that you are superior to the usual mode of treating authors, I lay the greater stress upon it; and as you had taken a different route in your own work, I lay still greater. You think, however, that I too peremptorily censured Dr. Hurd with regard to his asserted origin of chivalry, and that indeed my origin of it, is not so just as his. As to the former, I am ready to own, and I do voluntarily acknowledge, that there is a vein of presumptuousness and decisiveness running throughout the whole of the first as well as the second volume, which (after I had published the first) I stood amazed at on a review; and can only account for my being betrayed into it, by the natural sanguineness of my temper, heightened by the real or supposed discoveries that I had made, and venting itself uncorrected in the solitude of a study. And I corrected it in my second edition of the first volume, that I published last winter; and have also corrected it some weeks ago in that copy of the second which I am re-preparing for the press. But the censure itself (if it may be called a censure) seems to me to be just. You think that the whole argument for my placing the origin of chivalry in the age of Arthur, rests upon this, that his warriors shared with him the dangers of battle and the feast of victory: but I apprehend that it does not. I have noted, that a military order appears to have existed among Arthur's knights, from the continuance of it near 100 years after his death (p. 533 and 536); and this, I think, entirely precludes your objection and Dr. Hurd's hypothesis.

\* See Lord Sheffield's *Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*, Vol. III. 587—593. quart.

“What you observe concerning the enthusiasm of my style and sentiments in the religious part of the work, is more just, I think. That of the style is the natural operation of my over-vivacity when I wrote it, near five years ago, raised and coloured by what (I hope) I shall ever retain, my unbounded admiration of the Christian system. But I had mellowed and softened both in my corrected copy, before I received yours, and have thrown in some additional softening since. I wish to write like a man who is deeply impressed with the sensibilities of religion; and I have even the fond desire of speaking usefully to the heart, when I am generally writing only to the head. But I do not want to counteract my own purposes. I know the philosophic air of coldness with which the present age affects to receive any notices of religion: and some prudential deference must be paid to the irreligious humour.”

“With respect to the clergy and their tythes, I own that my work would have been better adapted to the taste of many in the present time, if I had, with one of Mr. Hume's superior airs, treated the clergy very freely; inveighed against ambition in them, and yet considered it as the great stimulus to virtuous actions in the laity, and branded them for an avarice which was founded only in the surmises of an ungenerous suspicion. But surely it does not become any man of sentiment and spirit to write in the strain of popular prejudice, and to sacrifice the praises of future generations to the applause of the present. The time will soon come, when this momentary vapour will give way to others, be lost and forgotten in the common mass, or be remembered only for a while, because of the odd and fantastic shapes that it assumed. And this will serve equally as my apology for the assertion which seems so striking to you, that of the divine institution of tythes. They appear to me as divine now, as they are acknowledged to have been at first: and I see not how the argument that is urged in the text for their divinity, can possibly be overthrown.”\*

\* “It is no small reproach to the human understanding, that a man of Mr. Whitaker's abilities should maintain such opinions. It was supposed, to the credit of the English clergy, that scarcely one of them in this enlightened age believed in, or insisted on, the *divinity* of tythes. Their divinity is surely now no more acknowledged than that of all those laws of Moses contained in the Levitical Code, which were abolished on the introduction of Christianity.” S,

Here we have Gibbon's opinion of Ossian.

LETTER II.

*E. GIBBON TO J. WHITAKER.*

*Bentinck-street, Oct. 16, 1775.*

DEAR SIR,

Though the hurry of a thousand avocations will not allow me to make you a long epistolatory visit, they shall not prevent me from making a short enquiry into the present state of your health, your business, and your intentions, with regard to London, for the ensuing Winter.

For my own part, about February next, I intend to oppress the Public with a quarto of about five or six hundred pages, and am only concerned that the happy choice of the subject will leave no excuse for the feebleness of the execution. I do not say this from any false modesty, but from a real consciousness that I am below my own ideas of historical merit. In a few days our political campaign will open, and we shall find ourselves engaged in carrying on the most serious business, perhaps, that the Empire has ever known. A dark cloud still hangs over it, and though it may be necessary to proceed, the contest will be difficult, and the event doubtful, Your municipal glory is however secure, and Mancunium, in sounding the alarm, has displayed the zeal which generally succeeds a sincere and recent conversion. With regard to your old friend Ossian, the dogmatic language of Johnson, and the acquiescence or indifference of the Scotch, particularly of Macpherson, seem to have given the bard a dangerous, if not a mortal wound. It appears at least to be the prevailing opinion, that truth and falsehood, the Highland ballads, and the fancy of the translator are blended together in such a manner, that unless he himself should condescend to give the clue, there is no power of criticism capable of untwisting them.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

E. GIBBON.\*

I shall print the remaining correspondence of Whitaker with Gibbon, almost entire.

\* This letter was communicated to me by Whitaker, which I possess in Gibbon's hand writing.

## LETTER III.

*MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.**Saturday, Feb. 24, 1776.*

DEAR SIR,

I have just now received the favour of your History, and I would not delay the acknowledgment. I expect equal information and entertainment from it. In that expectation I shall sit down to it next week; and when I have gone over the whole, you shall hear from me again, without flattery, though not perhaps without partiality. In the mean time, if I thought I might trouble you so soon after my late tax upon you, I would send you a dozen of covers, and beg you to take the trouble of addressing them to Miss Holme, of Brownhill, Rochdale, Lancashire. She is not a mere goddess in Platonic vision. And, if you knew what an elegant, sensible, and spirited correspondence betwixt her and a Welsh lady you would promote by the flourish of your pen, you would run it over a few half-sheets with pleasure.

Your history found me engaged in another History, a work long designed by me, but now executing on a new plan, and therefore with a new title. It is to be called the Military History of the Romans in Britain, and will consequently take in all their military transactions here, and endeavour to place them in new points of view. I have already finished two chapters upon this model, and have gone through the two expeditions of Cæsar in them.

I hope your anti-American spirits, Sir, are in a higher flow than they were when I had last the pleasure of hearing from you. Manchester has taken a decided part against the Americans. And, having beaten the petitioners out of the field in action, we are now attacking them in the London papers, and driving them from their last refuge there.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your most devoted and very humble

Friend and Servant,

J. WHITAKER.

## LETTER IV.

*MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.**No. 29, Fetter-lane, March 26th.*

SIR,

It was not till yesterday, that I knew to whom I was indebted for your obliging communication of last week. It was, before, a sort of fairy favour. And I supposed, with regret, that it was in vain to inquire after the invisible hand which had reached it out to me. But yesterday, casting a casual look upon the outer cover, I there saw what I had not observed before, a note from Mr. White the bookseller. This naturally led me to inquire of him. And from him I had the satisfaction to learn, that my unknown and friendly correspondent was Mr. Gibbon. To Mr. Gibbon therefore I return my cordial thanks for the obliging manner in which he speaks of the History of Manchester, and my more cordial for his two remarks upon it. These have pointed out a track of thinking, with which I was but little acquainted before. And I should be glad to enter upon it in company with such a guide, and pursue it to its termination. Cannot Mr. Gibbon and I, therefore, contrive to spend an hour together upon the subject? I shall be very happy in waiting upon Mr. Gibbon at his own appointment, and either in Bentinck-street, Fetter-lane, or a Coffee-house. And I shall be glad to cultivate the acquaintance of a gentleman, who seems to be, what few even of our professed scholars are, very conversant with the earlier history of our country.

In the meantime I have the pleasure to subscribe myself  
Mr. Gibbon's

obliged and most devoted  
humble Servant,  
J. WHITAKER.

## LETTER V.

*MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.**Manchester, April 21st, 1776.*

DEAR SIR,

I have just finished your History: and I sit down to thank you for it a second time. You have laid open the interior



principles of the Roman Constitution with great learning, and shewn their operation on the general body of the Empire with great judgment. Your work therefore will do you high honour. You never speak feebly, except when you come upon British ground, and never weakly, except when you attack Christianity. In the former case, you seem to me to want information. And, in the latter, you plainly want the common candour of a citizen of the world for the religious system of your country. Pardon me, Sir, but, much as I admire your abilities, greatly as I respect your friendship, I cannot bear without indignation your sarcastic slyness upon Christianity, and cannot see without pity your determined hostility to the Gospel. But I leave the subject to beg a favour of you. After so open a declaration, I pay a great compliment to the friendliness of your spirit, to solicit from you any favour.

I have inclosed you a printed paper, written by myself, and relating to a Bill for this town, which is now in the House. It was drawn up with the utmost plainness, in order to be level to the comprehensions of the persons to whom it was addressed. And I take the liberty of sending it to you, to inform you of the nature and complexion of the Bill. You may depend upon all the facts in it. And if you think the arguments convincing in themselves, and the cause for my sake worthy of your interposition, you will perhaps think it requisite, either by application to the Committee or by an overture to the House, to get a couple of restraining paragraphs inserted in the Bill; that shall make every subscriber to the improvements a commissioner under the Act, and oblige the commissioners to finish all the improvements in a limited time. In doing this, you will check a spirit of tyranny, that has shewn itself very powerfully in this region of mercantile equality, and confine it within proper bounds. And you will particularly oblige your friend, who, with a great promptness to submit to the authority of his legal superiors, feels a greater reluctance to truckle to the assumed dominion of his equals.

I write to Sir Thomas Egerton by this post, and upon this occasion. But, as his friends here are divided upon the matter, I am doubtful whether he will choose to interpose in it. I shall write also to one or two other friends of mine in the House. But as I have not the same claim of friendship upon them, which you allow me to have upon you, I rely principally upon your interposition. And if you can serve the thinking part of this town, if you can oblige me, you will (I am convinced) do both.

Let me add to this favour, which is merely a public and political one, another of a more private and tender nature. Will you make some of your servants fold me up a dozen covers, and inscribe them yourself to Miss Holme, Brownhill, Rochdale, Lancashire? If you will, you will heighten the former favour, and make me still more

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

J. WHITAKER.

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LETTER VI.

MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, Esq.

*Manchester, May 11th, 1776.*

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your franks. And I thank you still more for your friendly return to my last. You received my application to you about the business in Parliament with your usual kindness. I wrote to others of my friends in the House at the same time. And I carried the great point which I aimed at. You also received my animadversions upon your History with candour. I was particularly pointed, I believe, in what I said concerning the religious part of it. I wrote from my feelings at the time; and was perhaps the less inclined to suppress those feelings from friendliness, because I had two favours to beg of you. I hope I shall ever be attached, with every power of my judgment and my affection, to that glorious system of truth which is the vital principle of happiness to my soul in time and in eternity. And in this I act not from any "restraints of profession." I should despise myself if I did. I act from the fullest conviction of a mind that has been a good deal exercised in inquiries into truth, and that has shewn (I fancy) a strong spirit of rational scepticism in rejecting and refuting a variety of opinions, which have passed current for ages in our national history.

With regard to what I said concerning your British accounts, I meant not to blame you, for not saying all that you knew concerning our island. I blamed you only for not noticing some particulars, that made a necessary part of your narration, and are mentioned by the best authorities.

These, however, if never so true, are but trifles light as air in my estimation, when they are compared with what I

think the great blot of your work. You have there exhibited Deism in a new shape, and in one that is more likely to affect the uninstructed million, than the reasoning form which she has usually worn. You seem to me like another Tacitus, revived with all his animosity against Christianity, his strong philosophical spirit of sentiment, and more than his superiority to the absurdities of heathenism. And you will have the dishonour (pardon me, Sir) of being ranked by the folly of scepticism, that is working so powerfully at present, among the most distinguished deists of the age. I have long suspected the tendency of your opinions. I once took the liberty of hinting my suspicions. But I did not think the poison had spread so universally through your frame. And I can only deplore the misfortune, and a very great one I consider it, to the highest and dearest interests of man among all your readers.

These must be very numerous. I see you are getting a second edition already. I give you joy of it. And I remain, with an equal mixture of regret and regard,

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

J. WHITAKER.

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It is much to the honor of Lord Sheffield, that his Lordship calls this "a manly and spirited declaration in favour of the principles of the Established Church, and against the perversion of those opinions which constitute the greatest comfort and consolation of the Christian world."

Would that *Warton*, and *Vincent*, and *Cooke* and *Robertson* had written in the same strain!—"I presume you have heard that offence is taken at some passages that are thought unfavourable to the truth of Christianity!—May I hope for the honor of seeing you at this place?"—So says Dr. Joseph Warton.\*

"I have not yet read the last two chapters, but am sorry he has taken such a tone in them as will hurt the sale of the Book!"†—"The tone you take with your adversary in the *impar congressus*, appears to me perfectly proper.—Davies's book never reached us here.

\* See Sheffield's *Gibbon*, Vol. III. p. 601.

† Dr. Robertson to Strahan—Sheffield's *Gibbon*, Vol. I. p. 499.

We hear sometimes of the worthless things that float for a day on the stream, but we never see them.”\*

In a most scornful manner Dr. Robertson asks: “Who is this Mr. Hayley? His Whiggism is so bigoted, and his Christianity so fierce, that he almost disgusts one with two very good things!”†

Such is Robertson.

Vincent apologises for “Professional prejudices”!!!‡ and Cooke speaks in rapture of the “precious volumes”!!!

Bishop Watson is too courteous. He writes to Gibbon “with every sentiment of respect”!!! a Christian Bishop to an insidious unbeliever.§

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### SECTION III.

In 1777,¶ Mr. Whitaker succeeded, as Fellow of C. C. C., to the Rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne, one of the most valuable livings in the gift of that College; and into Cornwall he came to reside upon his Rectory.

Here it might have been expected, that retirement and leisure would greatly favour the pursuits of literature. But Ruan Lanyhorne was for several years no tranquil seat of the Muse. That pleasant seclusion was now the scene of contest—a contest, however, absolutely unavoidable. Mr. W. had proposed a tithe composition by no means unreasonable, as all have been long ago convinced. The compositions, indeed, with the present Rector (much higher than with Whitaker) are

\* Robertson to Gibbon.—Sheffield, Vol. I. p. 539.

† Sheffield, Vol. I. p. 539.

‡ Sheffield, Vol. III, pp. 669—677.

§ Sheffield, Vol. I. p. 537.—For Gibbon's remarks on his antagonists, see Sheffield Vol. I. at pp 153, 154, 155, 156 159, 160, 161, 162.

¶ July 16th, on the death of Mr. Henchman.

universally admitted in proof of Whitaker's moderation. His parishioners rudely rejected his terms: marshalled by Captain Luke, they at once entered the field of contention with a front of daring defiance. And it was vainly attempted to meet the violence of the selfish and the illiterate with an appeal to equity, to candour, or to reason. The *Ruanites* had not the most specious pretence for their resistance. It was no season of scarcity: agriculture had not suffered the depression which it hath since, at several periods, sustained. But there is a cupidity, an obstinacy, an insolence in many of our farming gentry, which has more and more, indeed, increased with the march of intellect. It was not from Ruan Lanyhorne, but from a parish in Cornwall not twenty miles distant from Ruan Lanyhorne, that we saw "insolence" enough in an answer to the following question in 1804: "What is the cause of the scarcity?" The answer was: "Parsons, proctors, rats, and sparrows."

But to return to our subject. The Rector was steady to his purpose; the tithes were demanded in kind; disputes arose upon disputes; animosities were kindled; and litigations took place.

That he was finally victorious afforded pleasure to the friends of the Rector, and to the friends of justice and truth: yet it was long before harmony was restored to Ruan Lanyhorne.

That his literary schemes had been interrupted so soon after his arrival in Cornwall; where, in a quiet retreat, he had anticipated those luxuries of mental enjoyment "most native to his soul," was with the *Author* a disheartening subject of regret. But the conscientious *Pastor* looked with a deeper concern to the spiritual welfare of his flock. With sorrow he saw their aversion from his preaching, their indifference to his instruction, their repugnance to his authority; and "he laboured more abundantly;" till, after a few years, he had the satisfaction to perceive a visible alteration in the behaviour of the principal parishioners. With the poorer families, indeed, who were not implicated in the contest, he lived

on terms of perfect amity. The cottages appeared like so many appendages to the Rectory: and there was a good neighbourhood between all—an intercourse resembling almost that primæval simplicity which the poets describe,

“When the friendly shade  
Of night, unmark'd by prowling rapine, bore  
No pale suspicion on its darksome wing  
To hover at the unbolted gate; where Truth  
And Confidence unlimited could boast  
The unalloy'd delight that freely springs  
From happiness reciprocally shared.”

In short, that cordial—that familiar manner, which was a strong feature in his character, was always pleasing to those whom prejudice had not armed against him, and conciliatory to many who from misrepresentation were disposed to think ill of him. And in proportion as his people became acquainted with his kind disposition, the transitoriness of his resentments, and after injuries his promptness to forgive and anxious wish to be forgiven, they endeavoured to cultivate his friendship, and at length loved and revered him as their father.

Nothing can more fully display the warmth of his affections, his zeal as a minister of Christ, or his impassioned style of eloquence, than those addresses from the pulpit; some of which selected for the press we shall shortly have occasion to characterise.

But, before we converse with the Theologian we shall contemplate the *Historian* and the *Antiquary* taking refuge in the recesses of his study, and reposing, after many a painful struggle, secure from insult or impertinence.

The “*Mary Queen of Scots*” was published in 1787 in three 8vo. volumes.\*

\* From Preface to Second Edition, dated Ruan Lanyhorne, 1788.

“I have used” (says W. apologising for a weakness too apparent in his character) “a quickness of language at times, of which my more gentle reader may be hurt in his feelings. But let the gentlest of my readers reflect, that such a manner is unavoidable, from the nature and circumstances of the controversy. All controversy is in the literary world, what all war is in the political—an evil necessarily incident to the wretchedness of our present state. In war, such acts are law-

"Of Mary Queen of Scots" (says Napier) "he published an enlarged edition in 1790; and he seems

ful as would be criminal out of it. Blows and wounds then become licensed outrages. Just so, in controversy, a harshness of reprehension and a provoking pointedness of triumph, are as lawful as blows and wounds in war."—p. xv.

"I should have thought myself honorably matched by an opposition from Dr. Robertson or Lord Hailes. But his lordship has explicitly declined the contest in a letter to myself. The Doctor, also, I hear, is so little disposed to refute "the Vindication," that he has declared his resolution not to read it. He is thus practising the arts of generalship, which many a veteran has been obliged to practise before him. WARBURTON, when he found himself attacked by LOWTH, similarly refused to read what he feared he could not answer; and with a child's simplicity of cunning, imagined he should escape the lightning of his adversary's wit, by shutting his eyes to the sight, and evade the thunder of his adversary's argument, by stopping his ears to the sound."—p. xvii, xviii.

From Chapter 1, Section 2.

"Young, beautiful and accomplished, already had she sat upon the throne of France. She there became a centre to a large circle. She appeared in it with a propriety that was acknowledged, and with a gracefulness that was applauded by all. She was the peculiar ornament of one of the politest courts in Europe."—p. 24.

"From that scene of admiration in France, she was soon called away by the death of her husband, to her own kingdom in the North. She was now to pass from elegance and splendour, to incivility and turbulence!"—p. 29.

From his partiality I suppose to his beautiful Queen, Mr. W. used to prefer the following stanza to any other in "the Local Attachment:"—

"Thus Scotia's lovely Queen dissolv'd in tears  
 "Mused, a fond mourner, o'er receding France:  
 "T'was the sweet nursery of her infant years,  
 "The gay, the courtly, region of romance!  
 "Farewell" she cried "ye landscapes that entrance  
 "My careless bosom—farewell, happy shore!  
 "What tho' to mount a throne be mine, perchance  
 "My days of bright serenity are o'er!  
 "Ah! land of bliss, farewell! to meet these eyes no more!"

From Chapter 11., Section 4.

ELIZABETH.

"Women (I speak it with great respect for the sex) are ordinarily more apt to take refuge in lies than men. Bred up in some necessary habits of dissimulation; and urged by the

not to have been a little mortified that neither Lord Hailes nor Dr. Robertson could be induced to print a single page against him."

sense of their weakness, to make up in cunning what they want in strength, they are more prone to the little arts of evasion. Yet the well educated and well principled part of the sex, is, to the full, as much superior to these arts, as the same part of our own. And for bold untruths, for lies told with grave deliberation and vouched with cool confidence; their natural delicacy, which keeps them from many improprieties in life, keeps them also, from this. ELIZABETH, however, was profligate enough for such daring flights of falsehood. She had the boldness of the worst of our sex, superadded to the evasiveness of the worst of her own. She therefore loved to try her strength in this masculine exercise of profligacy."—p. 90.

At the conclusion of the first volume—

"ELIZABETH thus appears in a light that must shock her numerous admirers. The low adulations of her own age, and the consenting flattery of succeeding times, have united to throw a blaze of glory around the head of this political saint; to which she hath as little claim as many of the religious saints in the calendar of Rome to theirs. I admire her abilities. But I despise her principles. I admire her sagacity of understanding, her comprehensiveness of policy, and her vigour of resolution. But I detest her habits of swearing, her habits of hypocrisy, her rancorous jealousy, and her murderous malignity."

"The interests of VIRTUE should be the object of every writer. And one single grain of virtue is worth more in the estimate of reason and of God, than all the mass of intellect, that is diffused through the universe."—pp. 370, 371.

From Vol. III., p. 301.

"It is painful to a generous mind, to see such arts sustained by such credulity, and both triumphing so long over the fame of Mary. But "this world was made for Cæsar." The Elizabeths and the Murrays, the children of artifice and violence, will generally be the heroes and heroines of the mass of mankind. But a period may come, *such as has now come*, when facts will be weighed against assertions, when characters will be ascertained by the standard of history, and when the villain will be exposed and the worthy be vindicated. Yet, should it not come, we may wait in holy hope for that hour of universal judgement, which the sufferings of Mary have repeatedly pressed upon my mind. Then artifices can no longer fabricate calumnies, and credulity can no longer continue them. Then the Marys, the Murrays, and the Elizabeths will pass once more in review before us! The examination will be made by HIM, who cannot be baffled in his sagacity! the sentence will be pronounced by HIM, who cannot be mistaken in his judgment!"



And "he went" (says Dr. Aikin) "beyond any former writers, in defending the unfortunate Queen, and in criminating her enemies—Elizabeth, Cecil, Morton, and Murray."

Napier is illiberal; Aikin is affectedly candid. To make an abstract of the main argument in this place, is out of the question. But that the *eight Letters* which had been for two centuries the foundation of calumny against Mary, are satisfactorily proved to be forgeries, all who read these volumes with attention must I think agree. In the notes I subjoin specimens of much fine writing. And our friend's religiousness recurs, wherever we turn, refreshing to our spirits, and animating to our hearts.\*

"*The Course of Hannibal over the Alps*" has been read almost with rapture, by many who assented not to the positions which Whitaker was labouring to maintain.†

\* Extract from Glassford Bell's *Life of Mary*, 2 vols., Constable's edition, 1828.

"The praise of ardor not of judgement belongs to Whitaker." Preface. "In his indignation at the virulence of others, he often becomes more virulent himself."

"Whitaker describes the House of the Kirk-of-Field as larger than it really was; and misled by the appearance of a gunport which still remains in one part of the old wall, and which Arnot supposed had been the postern-door in the gavel of the house, he fixes its situation at too great a distance from the College and too near the Infirmary." Vol. II. p. 31.

At pp. 90 and 91 we are referred to Whitaker vol. III. pp. 112, 120, 127, 128. Here Whitaker is applauded.

In many other passages, Whitaker is quoted and highly approved.

† The opinions on this subject seem now to be narrowed to two: that here maintained with so much learning, ingenious concatenations of circumstances the most remote from each other in place and time, and fervent eloquence, by Whitaker; and that espoused and defended by General Robert Melvill, an antiquary, and a critic, as well as an accomplished and very distinguished military officer, who in 1775 went on a tour through the Alps in order to investigate the course of Hannibal on the spot. Allowing the authority of Livy (whose inaccuracy is candidly admitted in the work before us in many instances), we are almost compelled, by the reasoning of Whitaker, to adopt the opinion, that the route of

“The Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall” is in my opinion one of his happiest productions as an Antiquary.\*

Hannibal lay by Lauriol in Dauphiny, Lyons, Geneva, Martigny, and the Great St. Bernard. But if we prefer the authority of Polybius where that author differs from Livy, we shall be inclined to the opinion of General Melvill, who brings him by Chamberri, along the vale of the Isere, and the Little St. Bernard. The General and Whitaker meet together in the vale of Aosta. The route taken by the General has been found practicable again and again; and it certainly led more directly to its object. It was proper that Hannibal should go up the Rhone, in order to avoid his enemies, but not farther than was necessary for that purpose. The General's route, strongly supported on the whole by the dates and distances, and some other circumstances mentioned in the Greek historian, is also that which would appear the most eligible to a commander. But, on the other hand, when we attend to the arguments of our friend and particularly what he says, Vol. I. p. 272, on the subject of the White Rock, and to the retrograde motions in Hannibal's army, in consequence of the treachery of the Salassi, our opinion will be not a little shaken. It is to be observed, at the same time, that if strong facts are sometimes urged by Whitaker with much energy and effect, he helps out weaker arguments, in other instances, by a peculiar talent for happy conjecture. On the whole, Whitaker is, in some respects, to General Melvill, what Livy was to Polybius.

\* *Whitaker's Course of Hannibal, &c.*—On this ground he was encountered by the late Lord Weddehouselee, who published a critical examination, &c. &c. London, 1795, 8vo.”—*Napier*.

\* “The history of man, so voluminous and bulky at present, is very slight and slender in all the early periods of it. Either the writing of history was an employ unpractised by the first ages; or time and war have united since, to sweep away the writings. Thus man even knew not his own origin, before the Hebrew scriptures disclosed the secret to him. The world, therefore, might well be ignorant, before, of the origin of the nations within it. The history of the world and of man, indeed, stood then like a colossal statue of antiquity, that had accidentally lost its head. Even since the divine history has given a beginning to the human annals, and so has replaced the head upon the statue; much darkness still spreads over the particular origin of nations. The head of this statue, like the head of the Nile's at Rome, is still wrapped up in a veil. Nor do we know, with any degree of accuracy, the primary period of the history of any one nation in Europe. This is apparently the case in our domestic annals; and in that very period of them too, which is not prior to the Romans. We know nothing almost of the early transactions of the Wætan or of the

But in the *Supplement to my Outline of "The Antiquities of Cornwall,"* there is more of philosophy

CORNISH, before the Saxons came to invade them, and so united their history with their own. Thus two large communities of Britons, which had been composed each of united tribes of Britain, and enlightened all by the rays of the literature of Rome, even more enlightened still by the bright beams of the Gospel, sank back into the darkness nearly of their original history; and owe the main knowledge of their own annals immediately after the Roman departure, to those rude barbarians who had come from the shores of the Baltic, and whom they had half raised into knowledge, while these had wholly depressed them into ignorance. So much heavier is the scale of ignorance in man, than that of knowledge! This we see strikingly exemplified in the early history of CORNWALL; with which in general we can begin only where the annals of its Saxon invaders begin; and for which, as the sun of history was then set among the Cornish themselves, we can derive an illumination only from the very moon that was then shining with the rays of the sun, faint, indeed, in the reflection, yet serving to dispel the darkness.

Having repeatedly mentioned the late Lord Elliot with honour in the text, I must here do justice to him and to myself in a note. He was my original instigator for writing the present work. In a visit to him, solicited by myself, I threw out some remarks as I viewed the church concerning the age of it; which my Lord politely questioned, and I deliberately maintained. This led me to put my sentiments upon paper, and my Lord exulted probably in his fineness of drawing me out. But when the ardour of my mind, kindling like a chariot-wheel with its own movements, pushed me on to prosecute my survey, and my essay had swelled into a book; my Lord began to foresee the consequence to himself. *He apprehended a design upon his finances.* Nor would he spare money for literature, for literature even concerning his favourite church. He therefore refrained from all intimations that would cost him any thing, while the work was under my hands. Even when I had finished it, he expressed no wish for perusing it in manuscript; he put forth no finger to push it into publication. He abandoned it to its fate, without one solicitude felt for it, I believe; without one inquiry made about it, I know. The solicitude was suppressed, and the inquiry was precluded in a cautious delicacy for his purse. *He wished to be a patron without any expense of patronage.* Nor would this work, so abandoned by him, have ever been published by me. If my Lord had not died, if my indignation at such treatment had not been buried in his grave, and if at the same time I had not accidentally become rich enough to risk the expense myself. About a quarter of a mile to the north-east of Grade church, is a noted well, from which is fetched all the water used in bap-

mingled with antiquarianism than we meet with, in all his other works.\*

tism at the church. It has also a saint and a hermit belonging to it, being denominated St. Grade's well; this "Sancta "Grada, alias Grade," settling at it in some later period. when the parishes of Ruan Major and Minor had been both laid out in one, so superseding the name of Rumon and even occasioning a new parish to be formed out of fragments of both, with Landwednack as a chapelry afterwards to it, now equally a parish-church itself. But it proves its own relationship to St. Rumon, by lying *very near to Saint Ruan village*, close on the left of the road, at the head of a little hill, and fronting the village. It is walled up at the back and sides with dense black iron-stones; but the front, and particularly the arched entrance, is composed of coarse granite. The water is very fine and pellucid, exactly answering therefore to Ausonius's description of the fountain at Nismes.

..... Vitrea non luce Nemausus  
Purior.

The water too, which is always up to the brim of the basin, is remarkably cold in summer; and thus answers exactly again to Martial's description of his fountain in Spain;

*Avidam rigens Dercenna placabit sitim,  
Et Nemea quæ vincit nives.*

So faithfully represented do we discern the Nemausus and the Nemea of the continent, in the Nemea of our own Cornwall! And so judiciously had our St. Rumon selected the waters of this fountain for his own beverage! His hermitage, however, was not immediately upon the brink of it, but in what is now the village, pleasantly situated upon a little hill, like the well, and distant about a stone's throw, or rather more, from it. The village consists only of about half a dozen houses, all mean, except one on the right hand, just as you ascend the hill. This has a ruinous fence before it, denominated the court-wall, and built with iron-stones enormously large. The house itself was nearly all in ruins about forty years ago, was therefore rebuilt, but had originally windows and a doorway, all arched like the well. Some of the moorstones that composed the doorway and windows, are still upon the ground; while the other stones are like those of the court-wall, iron-stones enormously large. Here then we have the very hermitage of St. Rumon; afterwards converted into a chapel, like St. Mawes; but latterly, though built of materials so strong and so massy, sinking under the weight of its own antiquity, and crumbling into ruins."

For the above description, I am responsible.—Mr. Whitaker desired me to visit the spot for him; and I believe my report is accurate.

\* "That the whole mass of the Sylley Isles, of the shores of Cornwall, and (as we must add) of the opposite shores of

It is very possible that the geologist may affect to hold our friend's philosophy in contempt. But, as Mr. Hawkins justly intimates, (in one of those elegant papers which do honour to our Geological Society,) it is only the geologist will ridicule such conjectures as Whitaker's: men of more liberal education will at least give them a patient hearing. I am acquainted with several philosophers (not of Cornwall in particular) who, ignorant of the learned languages, and possessing no accurate knowledge even of their own vernacular tongue, commit strange blunders in pronouncing the very terms in chemistry with which they boast a perfect familiarity. Yet I have heard them speak slightly of Whitaker. Perhaps his Christian humility provoked their choler: religiousness like his could expect no quarter from the pride of scepticism.

Even here his antiquarian stores were far from being exhausted.

Normandy, should all be depressed by any one shock of an earthquake below the level of the sea adjoining, even sixteen or more feet perpendicular below this level: is a supposition so ponderous, massy, and gigantic, as to stagger the stoutest faith. The earthquake, that could produce such a mighty convulsion, must have shaken all Britain to its centre, and been recorded indelibly in the published terrors of the whole nation. Nor is the cause, however portentous and incredible in itself, at all adequate to the effect produced. This effect is not merely a sudden inundation made some centuries ago, but the gradual encroachments of the sea in consequence of that. For these we must account, as well as for that. A subsidence, therefore, that is competent to the generation of both, must be actually at work in the present moments, actually depressing the ground at this very moment, actually sinking it under our very feet now. This argument reduces the supposition to the last extreme of absurdity; and compels us to seek out another cause, even the natural, the obvious, and indeed the only remaining cause, in the violent bearing at one time, and in the silent pressing ever since, of the ocean upon our shores. Occasioned, perhaps, by some slight inclination of the globe, that threw its aqueous parts in a sudden projection to the east, and that keeps them tending to the east still; the Atlantic has been for ages withdrawing from the shores of America. I believe, and for ages encroaching certainly upon the shores of Europe. We know when it began, from its ravages then made upon the coast of Cornwall particularly; and we feel it operating in its correctness upon the coast of Cornwall, to the

“*The Life of St. Neot,*”\* the History of Oxford, and the History of London were all at once projected,

present period. This hypothesis satisfactorily accounts both for the present and for the past, for the facts that occur in history, and for the appearances that salute our eyes.”

“\* ST. NEOT.” It is thus Mr. W. commences his history of the princely saint.

“A Saint, however related, and however renowned, will hardly be expected to furnish materials in his life, either attractive of themselves, or important in their consequences; yet the present, I think, with proper management, *will*. It is my business, therefore, to use this management, to note the connection of his opinions with our national manners, and to mark the bearings of his actions upon our national annals. I hope thus to render even the biography of a Saint, concerning whom little is told, and less understood, even concerning one who is new, for the first time, referred to history by the hands of criticism, useful enough to challenge the curiosity of many in the beginning, and interesting enough to engage the attention of more to the end.”

“But before we enter upon the life of a Saint, so replete with miracles ascribed to him, we must stop a moment to ascertain the origin of the miracles so ascribed, and to explain the quality of the facts so magnified into miracles. Such an operation is requisite, antecedently to any prosecution of his biography; in order to divest the history of all that appearance of incredibility which at present surrounds it, and to bring it down from the high æther of romance to the sober level, the *respirable* atmosphere of reality. For this purpose we must examine the original biographers of St. Neot, find the author by whom the miracles were first attributed to him, and so mark the matter as well as the manner, *in or on* which they were attributed. We shall thus come to see clearly how common incidents in the Saint's life were worked up into marvellous contingencies, how the very mode of their relation originally shewed them to have been merely common incidents only, and how the very relater of them at first appears to have been the very probater of them afterwards.” P 1, 2.

I must here be excused in drawing off attention from the matter to the *manner*; whilst I remark, that this short extract exhibits the author in all his peculiarities of style; discriminated as it always is by vigour and perspicuity; at one time, by elegance and force; at another, by negligence. To proceed with the history.

“The very memorials that imposed upon Ramsay at first were not the fabrication of wilful falsehood; rioting in a wantonness of fiction, and imposing studied forgeries upon the faith of the world. This is too dreadful an extreme of guilt for the generality of mankind; and especially for the sequestered few who

and no sooner projected than executed in imagination, and more than half executed in reality.

love to dwell upon the actions of a saint, to revere the graces of heaven really resplendent always in his conduct, and to contemplate the powers of heaven supposedly displayed in his words at times. Such men are too good to be deceivers, but are very apt to be deceived; to mistake the meaning of names or the quality of circumstances; to consider every common incident in a saint's biography as a miraculous one; to suppose the Deity equally present with the saint in visible powers, as he certainly is in invisible graces; and to fancy those communicated, in order to give a kind of visibility to *these*." P. 16.

The author's integrity, simplicity, and piety, are here most apparent. He now examines the marvellous acts of St. Neot one by one; and is successful, I think, in proving, that at the bottom of each fiction lies the truth. The sixth miracle is well illustrated by the manner of carrying corn in Cornwall.

"The tenants were once driving the lord's wains loaded with corn in their usual manner, to the usual places. They had *scarees* begun to move when, wonderful to be seen, a vehement wind came rushing among them. So great was its vehemence, indeed, that it forced wains, and oxen, and men suddenly to turn and go back. All go back together to the field from which the corn had been taken, as with the force of a dart from a hand."

"The incident is certainly very probable in itself. A sudden wind arose as the wains were beginning to move, and in a direction opposite to their movement. We know from our own experience in Cornwall at present, where we still carry our corn on wains, and still draw it with oxen, piled artificially in rows upon rows of sheaves, raised to a considerable height, and bound down by a rope in several directions; how readily such a tall structure catches the force of those rushing winds that frequently annoy us from the south-west. This was such a wind assuredly. The rising stories of sheaves could not stand the violence of it; the whole mass tottered from side to side, and all will instantly be thrown to the ground. The attendants feel the distress, run to support the load at the sides with their protended pikes, and goad on the oxen. But their labours are all vain; the oxen are not able to advance against such a torrent of air so obstructed; and the sheaves begin to fly. In this extremity, no resource is left but to turn, to move before the wind, to seek the field in which they took up the load and there to lay it down again. Such an incident as this may have happened to many, and is likely to happen to all; our Cornish mode of forming our sheaves into round mows within the field, and there leaving them saved (as we naturally presume to speak) till the weather permits us to carry them into our rick-yard, being calculated equally to defend them against the wind as to protect them from the wet."

To recur to our Author as a Divine of the Church of England.—We have already, by copious extracts from

Let us next view St. Neot in his retirement.

“ In an eager desire (notes Leland) for the life of a hermit, he went into Cornwall. Yet in this eagerness he acted prudently, by not burying himself alone amid the wilds of St. Gueryr; but taking a companion with him, and settling near to a church with its priest. From this conduct, solitude smoothed her rugged looks for him; a hermitage lost its dreariness of aspect; and by the irradiations of social religion,

“ There did a sable cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night,

And cast a gleam over these tufted groves.”

But the grand magnet to the lovers of solitude was always a fine fountain of water: and at St. Neot's is a well of high celebrity, about a quarter of a mile from the church.

“ At this well (which is to the west of the church, lying in what is called a meadow under a wood at present) St. Neot resided as a hermit with Barius, and communicated that reputed holiness which still adheres in part to its waters. That there was a good arch of stone over it, with a large oak springing from the arch, and with doors to the entrance, is well remembered now. “ This beautiful spring,” says a late author, (who has happily caught some descriptive touches concerning it) “ with a rill issuing from it, that constantly supplies the neighbouring village with water, is yet to be seen at the foot of a steep wood. About thirty (now forty) years ago, a very large and spreading oak, which grew almost horizontally from the bank above, and overshadowed the well” in a fan like form, “ was cut down by the tenant of the estate for repairs,” when it had been spared for centuries, probably from a principle of religion. Weakly children used also, within memory, to be brought from a distance, even from the distance of Exeter itself, to be bathed in the waters on the *three first* (we should have written, *first three*) mornings in May. Even now the parish clerk resorts to it in all weathers, as his predecessors in office have immemorably resorted, to fetch from it the water for the baptismal font in the church. The water itself is very fine to the eye, and very pleasing to the taste. Here, adds Ramsay, St. Neot “ was daily wont to repeat the whole psalter throughout;” thus going through a length of private prayer, to which our faint and languid spirits in devotion could never extend. But our spirits in devotion are not to be compared with a hermit's. When the soul is constantly engaged in contemplation of that awful important point of time on which it stands; is tremblingly alive to its destiny in heaven or in hell, for the whole round of eternity; THEN SEES ONLY THE SIGHT TRANSPARENCY OF LIFE, RISING UP BEFORE BOTH; and is continually breathing forth its supplications to God, its



his works, laid open to our readers his antiquarian sagacity and learning.

We now do homage to him as a Divine.

hopes or its fears concerning both under this habitual discipline of devoutness, what must be the intensesness, the fervidness, and the ardeny of prayer? Infinitely superior must they be to those sensations of devoutness, which the man of business, or the man of studiosness, even if very devout, can ever feel in his bosom. The latter can be no more to the former, than THE FUGITIVE CORUSCATIONS OF AN AUTUMNAL NIGHT, TO THE STEADY RADIATIONS OF A SUMMER'S SUN. St. Neot, therefore, might well indulge himself in such a length of prayer, as to go through the whole psalter every day; by the frequent recurrence of his prayers in the day, and by the continuance of them for a long time at every recurrence."

I have given in capitals two fine illustrations which occur in the above beautiful passage. In the hands of such an author, no subject, however dry in itself, can be either uninteresting or unedifying. Of *Wolstan*, who was made præcentor of Winchester, on account of his fine voice and skill in singing, the following is a curious memoir.

"Wolstan, a monk of Winchester cathedral, in the tenth century, (says Leland) was not without a voice finely musical, or without any very great skill in singing; on both accounts he became much esteemed by his fellow collegians, and was thus at last made even præcentor, a kind of magistrate in high honour among the monks formerly," in high honour among ourselves still, and the leader purely of the chaunts in our cathedral services.

"But in the eleventh century, when Edmund Ironside, in the year 1016, engaged Canute and his Danes within the county of Essex, we behold an amazing picture of devoutness in the midst of a camp, in the open field, and in the heat of a battle; Ednod, bishop of Lincoln, "chanting the communion service there," even while the battle was at its very height, being overtaken by the close of it before he had concluded; and, while he was praying with lifted hands, having one of them cut off by the victorious Danes. So early do we find (what we do not find in our cathedrals at present) the prayers of the Eucharist chaunted! Yet still earlier do we perceive the chaunted prayer in private. In those illustrious moments of death, when the celebrated Bede shone more than ever he had shone before, and was placed by the altar at which he had used to pray, there "he chaunted," even with his expiring breath, "glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;" but as soon as he had invoked the Holy Spirit, "he breathed his own spirit out of his body;" and thus, as the narrator concludes, he was singing "glory be to the Fa-

And first, of his parochial discourses he published

ther," with some other spiritual sentences, as long as his soul was in his body." P. 118.

After examining the claims of St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, to the remains of this Saint, and giving some account of their supposed removal to that place, Mr. W. triumphs in the refutation of that hypothesis; and then tells us, what remains actually existed there.

"What then were the remains of St. Neot that Huntingdonshire really had? At this very epocha it pretended to exhibit only two articles, but two that were totally extrinsic to him, and had merely been once possessed by him. Leland himself was curious enough to note what they were. They were "the interior tunic of St. Neot, made of cloth of hair in the Irish fashion;" and "the comb of St. Neot, made of a small bone two fingers in breadth, but having the teeth of fish inserted into it, so as to appear like the jaw of that river-fish the pike."

"Huntingdonshire thus shewed to Leland all that it had of St. Neot. This all was merely the comb and the interior tunic of the Saint. Nor did the monks there pretend to have any thing else of his. All proves them to have possessed none of his bones, yet to have owned some remains of his, which in the undistinguishing talk of the times among others, in the studied obscurity of language among themselves, and in the bold eruptions of partial fondness into positive falsehood at times, were vainly estimated to be bodily relics."

It was worth while to insert the above, for the reflections that follow.

"Nor let my reader smile at this long and successful labour to appropriate the bones or the dust of an ancient saint to Cornwall. The fondness for sainted relics is now passed its meridian indeed; and the human mind exercises itself at present upon what it supposes to be the grandest objects of attention. Yet, even with these objects before it, the genius of learning is not more usefully or more vigorously employed than it was before. Antiquarianism particularly, one of the favourite studies of the day, has equally its relics, and its fondness for them. The impassioned part of all studies must have them: only as religion has less hold upon the mind or the affections, that sober rational enthusiasm, which is properly fond of relics, is transferred from theology to literature; and a coin, an altar, or a tessellated pavement, takes place of the comb, the tunic, or the bones of a saint. The same taste prevails, but the objects are changed. Yet the antiquary smiles at the objects of the devotee, while the devotee has greater reason to smile at the antiquary's. The sepulchre of such a saint as Neotus, is surely more worthy of our affectionate attention, than the grave-stone

"*Sermons*" in 1783: and doubtless he had preached them to his parishioners, with a voice and a manner calcu-

of a Roman soldier, or the tomb of a Roman officer, of either of whom we know no more than that he lived, and that he died, or else we know that he was brave, successful, and destructive. And as the truth of history required me to ascertain the permanent place of St. Neot's interment, I felt enough of the fondness of antiquarianism for such a king, and of the reverence of religion for such a saint, to draw aside the curtain that has hung so long before his tomb, and to shew it in all its dimensions to the eye of my readers. His dust has been always preserved at our St. Neot's; and the casket of stone continued to our own days the faithful repository of it, while those remains of his, which were conveyed away into Huntingdonshire, have long since been destroyed by neglect or by wilfulness. The shrine containing them is equally gone, and nothing remains but a few letters upon a broken pedestal." P. 269.

Among the incidental notices, which will stamp a value on this book, in the opinion of many who have no regard for the history of St. Neot, or any other saint, Mr. W.'s account of some wild animals, no longer existing in these islands, is not the least interesting.

"Little has been done," says Mr. W., "to ascertain the continuance of our wild beasts among us. Thus at what time even that well-known native of our woods once, the wild-boar, became extirpated from them, no one has endeavoured to ascertain.

"It roamed in our woods very late, even so late, could one think it? as the sixteenth century. In the same woods roamed that much more astonishing animal, the moose-deer, or elk. Of this fact I can produce an evidence that is very obvious, but has never been noticed; that is incontrovertible in its nature, and that actually demonstrates the animal to have been an inhabitant of our own isle, to have been currently denominated an elk among us, to have even continued under that denomination so late as the middle of the sixteenth century. To our astonishment we find the breed mentioned by one of our first game laws, as the 38 Henry 8. c. 6. section 33. kindly extends its protecting arm to the last remains of the wild-boars and the wild-elks of our country. It allows the inhabitants of certain places to use their guns, "so that it be at no manner of deer, heron, shoveld, pheasant, partridge, WILD-SWINE, or WILD ELK, or any of them." This extraordinary intimation from so respectable an authority, I am happy to call out in public notice. It forms a very important addition to the history of our original beasts. It completes, particularly, the accounts which have been formerly given by myself of our boars and moose-deers, the latter of which are either contend-

lated to penetrate the conscience, and to strike conviction into the soul; to awaken the tears of penitence, and

ing still with incredulity for their very existence, or have this existence thrown back into the morning twilight of antiquity," beyond the reach of all "written tradition." They are now shewn to have existed among us, and to have been universally known to exist, even within a couple of centuries from our own times." P. 294.

On reconsidering this extract, I am rather disposed to think, that the recital of the names of the Wild Swine and the Wild Elk, among other animals, in an Act of Parliament of Henry VIII. (merely in a clause of exception) does not furnish quite incontestible proof of their existence in the reign of Henry. I could quote similar recitals, to which little or no meaning can be affixed. We should be cautious in turning the ordinary phraseology or forms of law, into historical recognitions. The author thus concludes the volume.

"I have thus laid open the whole history of St. Neot, have shown who he was, have explained why and whence he came into Cornwall, and ascertained what befel him or his afterward. By all this I have endeavoured to do justice to a Saxon Saint, whose settlement in our country seems so strange at the first view, whose reputation is so considerable among us even at present, but whose real history was little understood, even by ourselves or our Saxon neighbours. And I have equally endeavoured as I proceeded, to catch every call that judgment would allow, for occasional migrations from a local subject, to turn aside into the open ground of general history, and to settle doubts of moment, or to correct errors of importance, in the annals of the nation at large." P. 314.

Of the painted windows in the church of St. Neot, Mr. W. has given us a very entertaining account in his "Arianism," at pp. 329—334. These windows have been recently restored to more than ancient splendour through the munificence of my friend, the Rev. R. G. Grylls: his artist, the celebrated Hedgland, whose sixteen beautifully coloured plates (just published) how many will be gratified in contemplating, not able to get access to the windows themselves!

Tom Warton's fine picturesque poetry here recurs to memory. And I am sure the poet would himself allow (relapsing into his antiquarian prejudices so unwillingly renounced) that, however Gothic imagery may be superseded by "strokes of art with truth combined," in the painted window at New College, it is restored in all its brilliancy at St. Neot's. Nor would he again exclaim, without much hesitation:

"Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,  
More pride than humble poverty display;

to elevate the hopes of the Christian to the abodes of immortality.\*

Ye angels that from clouds of gold recline,  
 But boast no semblance to a race divine ;  
 Ye tragie tales of legendary lore,  
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more ;  
 Ye martyrdoms of unenlightened days ;  
 Ye miracles that now no wonder raise,  
 Shapes that with one broad glare the gazer strike,  
 Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike ;  
 Ye colours that the unwary sight amaze,  
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze ;  
 No more the sacred windows round disgrace,  
 But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space."

\* Sermons dedicated to Bishop Ross.

"The genius of our nation," says W. in his admirable Dedication, "has been repeatedly remarked to have a stronger tincture of phlegm in it, than that of our immediate neighbours to the south. This ruling bias of our temper we may trace, if we please, with an author of more celebrity than merit, to the nature of our climate ; and so build up an hypothesis that is directly contradicted by facts. We may therefore refer it, with a more philosophical conjecture, to the well-known incidents of our history ; to that large transfusion of German blood into our veins, which was made at the settlements of the Saxons and Danes among us. But these or any other schemes of accounting mechanically for the discriminating temperament of kingdoms, are all, I am convinced, chimerical and vain, fabricated merely by the fanciful part of our understanding, and rejected by the severer the moment it examines them: strictly. The different characters of nations result from the same principle as the different characters of individuals ; from those deep and strong lineaments of soul which are impressed upon it at first by the hand of its Almighty Former. He has thrown a shade of thoughtfulness into the original texture of the Romans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Germans, and the English ; while he has drest up the ancient Athenians, and the present French, with a mixture of livelier colours. And he has done both, no doubt, for those mysterious purposes of his providence, for which he so wonderfully diversifies the personal tempers of men, and which can be comprehended only by the ALL-WISE MIND that suggested them. But, whatever is the cause of our phlegm, the effect is too obvious not to be seen by foreigners, and too powerful not to be felt by ourselves. And it has had a particular influence upon the sermons of the island.

"That some, that several of our later sermons do indeed touch the string of the affections at times, it would be unjust to deny. But that they touch it frequently, that they touch it

That he should have published so little in the line of

powerfully, that they sink deep into it, so as to make it vibrate strongly to the heart and soul; it would be more unjust to allow.

"They are all of them didactic, from the radical coldness of our national spirit. And they are some of them sentimental lately, from the more airy and philosophizing-taste of the times. But they are not affectionate.

"Even in towns, even in the capital, even in the inns of court there, three-fourths of our hearers are necessarily employed upon the lower arts of life, with minds wholly estranged to religious speculation, and with spirits wildly afloat after pleasure and after interest. And are these the beings to whom we should address ourselves in a high-wrought delicacy of sentiment concerning religion, and in deep and laboured disquisitions about the heart of man? No, surely! Such reasonings may be the ambrosia and the nectar of the gods; but they are too unsubstantial food for mortals—for fallen, corrupted, sinning mortals.

"We studiously avoid to enter the high regions of eloquence, and to grasp the bolt, and to dart the lightning of the Gospel there. We keep ourselves in a lower kind of atmosphere. We love to amuse ourselves and our congregations, with catching the meteors that dance and glitter in it.

"The eloquence that is adapted to the mixed numbers of a congregation, is of a mixed kind itself. It consists, I apprehend, not in elegance of language, not in refinement of thought, and not in both together; but in observations that lie level to the common intellects of mankind, in addresses that go directly to their feelings, and in a bold, pointed, and popular language to convey them. This is the kind of oratory which in all ages has played its magic slights so successfully upon the heart of man. This is the kind of oratory with which Christianity so effectually arms its preachers."

And this is the kind of oratory which Whitaker has, in these Sermons, successfully adopted. Take a few specimens.

"The body we are obliged to put under the earth, to save ourselves from being shocked at the sight of that remainder of the sentence of sin, which is executed upon us after death. Then all that once was healthy, fair, and sparkling, is no more. The bloom of beauty on the cheek, the liveliness of meaning in the eye, and the flush of health in the whole countenance, are all lost and sunk in one common mass of corruption. The brow, on which the concerns of empire sat, the arm, which could direct the storm of battle, or the lips, that could do what is much more important than either, that could touch effectually the hearts of a congregation with the feeling eloquence of the Gospel, could shake them with its terrors, and could soothe

his profession is perhaps to be lamented.

them with its comforts ; all lie reduced to the same level with the common children of the earth ; all lie enduring the same punishment of the Fall, and all lie expecting the same deliverance from it."

With respect to the recognition of our friends : " As the same body is to be raised from the grave that is laid there, it must *appear* the same to the eye of all beholders. That, which makes it appear the same through life, must equally make it appear so in the Resurrection. The same fixed and unalterable parts remain. And they must continue to give it the same air, the same turn of countenance and look, as it had before. The whole man, therefore, must be as easily distinguishable by every eye that knew him, as ever he was in life.

When " the rocks were rent and the graves were opened" at our Saviour's crucifixion, and when " many bodies of Saints " which slept arose, and came out of their graves, after his " Resurrection ;" " they went," says St. Matthew, " into the " Holy City, and APPEARED unto many."

" Their faces were yet well-known to many of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. And, when they rose from their graves at a little distance from the city, they took their well-known way into it, they repaired immediately to their relations and friends there, and they were fully known and acknowledged by them. Had they not been known to have died and been buried, had they not been evidently and plainly the very persons that were remembered to have died and been buried ; they would not have been any proof of a miraculous resurrection to the Jews, they would not have appeared as men risen from the grave at all.

" And to place the point (if possible) in a still stronger light for you, let us observe the *Person* of our Saviour himself after his resurrection.—He was just the same man in aspect, in air, in manner, that he was before. His hands and his feet were even still marked with the print of the nails, And his side even still shewed the scar of the wound, which had been made in it by the spear. His countenance also was exactly the same, and as readily known by his disciples as ever it was. And he had even the same peculiarities of voice and action, which had distinguished him before his Death.

" But there is also another fact, which is perhaps still more particular. On the same day of the Resurrection, and towards the evening, two of our Saviour's disciples went from Jerusalem to a neighbouring village, when our Saviour joined them on the road, and began to discourse with them. " But," says the Scripture, " their eyes were holden, that they should not " know him." They would have known him by his look and voice, ye see, if a miracle had not been exerted to prevent it.

His "*Origin of Arianism*," however, is a large

And, when they had reached the village, they pressed their unknown Saviour to go in and spend the evening with them. He went in accordingly. And, on sitting down to supper, He said Grace before meat so exactly in his old manner, the extraordinary force upon their senses being now withdrawn, as made them immediately recollect and know him. "It came to pass," says St. Luke, "as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them; and their eyes were opened, and they knew him;—and he was known unto them in breaking of bread."—Our Saviour, therefore, was just the same in his looks, in his tone of voice, and in his peculiarities of action, after his Resurrection, as he was before it. And, consequently, we shall all of us be equally the same.

"Ye may yet be happy for ever. But perhaps to-morrow ye cannot. Oh, think of this, and resolve to become religious to-day. Those Blessed Spirits, which were once on earth and are now in Paradise, are all earnestly wishing you to resolve upon this, are all earnestly praying that ye may, and could they be allowed, would all come from their seats of joy to exhort you to do so. And let your Preacher's voice supply the want of theirs. Oh, hear *them* as speaking in *me*, and calling to you by every solemn and every tender tie, to trifle no longer about religion, but to seize the present moment, and to be as happy as they are. They are some of them, no doubt, your particular friends, they are some of them your dearest relations. The Father calls to his Children, and the Child to his Parents; Sisters call to Brothers, and Brothers to Sisters; Wives call to their Husbands, and Husbands to their Wives; they all call from Eternity to you, to be religious in life, and so to be blessed afterwards. They want your company, to add even to the happiness of Paradise. For their sakes, as well as your own, they beseech you to bethink yourselves, while ye have time for thinking, and to make your decisive choice for Heaven immediately. Their souls yearn with more than mortal tenderness towards you. They feel a generous concern for you, superior to what they ever felt on earth. Their thoughts are frequently flying back with a meltingness of affection to you, and are hovering (as it were) about the objects of their dearest regards on earth. They are infinitely desirous of your happiness. They long to see you among them. And they would spring forward with rapturous exultation, to greet you on your arrival there."

Sir H. Davy's ideas of the soul in another state of being, seem to be modified by his philosophy. "It is the law of Divine Wisdom," says Sir H., "that no spirit carries with it into another state of being any habit or mental quality except those which are connected with its new wants or enjoyments;



volume. It is a controversial tract, full of erudition,

and knowledge relating to the earth would be no more useful to these glorified beings than their earthly system of organized dust. There is, however, one sentiment or passion which the spiritual essence carries with it into all its stages of being—the love of knowledge or of intellectual power, which is, in fact, the love of infinite wisdom and unbounded power, or the love of God.”—Sir H. Davy’s *Consolations*, p. 57.

Sir H. Davy’s *VISION* has been ridiculed by our Infidel materialists. For my own part, I can see nothing absurd in his persuasion that the female figure which he described, had been *preternaturally* visible to his mind’s eye; and that at length he actually met the representative of his visionary friend. I do not enquire why a vision might not have appeared to “Davy, as well as to Paul:” for this were to adopt the phraseology of the tabernacle, which I abhor:—But the “*οραμα δια της νυκτος*” in the Troad, might, in a similar manner, have re-appeared in Macedonia.—A critic hath asked, with great acuteness of discrimination “though events may be prophesied because they are foreseen, how can the identity of the figure in the Vision with the Female be so explained?”—See the *Consolations*, p. 71.

Under the sanction of Sir H. Davy, I will venture to recapitulate what I had urged, many years ago, on the subject of our intercourse with the spiritual world.

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One of the arguments against the probability of spirits appearing to us, is, that in every country the stories of apparitions are less numerous and less currently received, in proportion as its civilization increases; and that the greater number have been discarded at first sight as absurd, or have been proved, however specious, to be false, in consequence of a close investigation. Allowing this argument its full force and scope, it by no means tends to prove that spirits never appear. All we can reasonably grant to it, must be, that the greater part of the narratives of spirits have owed their origin to fancy, their propagation to credulity. And, as credulity is proportioned to ignorance, unenlightened countries must be more fertile than the civilized in superstitious inventions. This must be invariably the case. A vast diversity of phenomena which were thought supernatural in the darker ages, are now generally known to arise in the common course of nature. But it does not follow, (as Sir H. Davy rightly observes) that there is nothing supernatural. On this ground we may reject the miracles of Christ as illusions. There are a variety of false religions in the known world; but we are not hence to conclude that all are fictitious. Nor, because most apparition stories are fabulous, does it follow, that all are fabulous.

clear in its historical deductions, convincing in its rea-

Again, it hath been argued, that in most tales of this sort there is wanting *Deo dignus vindice nodus*—that the matter is too frivolous for supernatural interposition. But are we competent judges on the subject? Perhaps, an affair apparently trivial may involve some important event in futurity. Is it not presumption in us to say, that the errand of a spirit was frivolous? Or, admitting the truth of the observation in many cases, shall we assert that nothing can possibly happen to require or justify such an interference? Shall we presume to fathom the counsels of God, or determine the ends of his providence?

That spirits somewhere exist, after their separation from the body, I assume as a point allowed by the philosophical believer. But, where they exist, is a question not easily resolved. Conscious of our actions, our departed friends may be supposed to guard us from danger; may pitch their tents around our beds. It was Seeker's opinion (and the Archbishop was never accused of credulity or superstition) that "our spirits, when separated from the body, shall be sensible of what is transacting on earth—shall be witnesses of the conduct and sentiments of the friends we leave behind us."

But how, (it is asked,) can a spirit be visible—an immaterial being to our corporeal eyes? I have always considered this question as ridiculous: for it can never be solved, nor ought it to be asked, before we know how spirits exist. But, granting that they are essentially invisible, the Deity has surely the power of investing a spirit with matter, in order to produce visibility. I hope it is not unphilosophical, to talk of the soul and the body, as united in one person. A spirit, then, by the superinduction of the slightest shadowy substance may be rendered visible to the eye, though still impalpable.

In short, I will venture to assert, that he, who truly believes the scriptures, must believe in the *Appearance* of spirits.

That they were once accustomed to manifest themselves to the eyes of man, is a truth which we cannot possibly gainsay. The Apparition of Samuel, conjured up by the witch of Endor, is strong scriptural evidence in point. I know it hath been doubted whether Samuel really appeared or not: but it hath been doubted only by those who would pervert the plain meaning of scripture. The sacred historian positively asserts that it was *Samuel himself*: the Son of Sirach credits the assertion. Let us refer, however, to the gospel of Christ. In St. Matthew, we find that our Saviour's disciples, when they saw Jesus walking on the sea, "were troubled, saying, *It is a spirit*." And our Saviour, after his resurrection, appearing to his disciples, was dreaded as a *spirit*: but he said—"Handle me and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Now it is not to be supposed, that our Saviour

sonings, beautiful in its illustrations, and pathetic in its

would humour notions absolutely false and groundless. If spirits could not appear, he would have removed the terror of his disciples, much more effectually, by informing them that what they imagined, was impossible. But he affirms, that he is not a spirit, with this very remarkable observation, that "*a spirit hath not flesh and bones.*" We have here even a definition of a spirit. We learn, from the mouth of our Lord himself, that a spirit, though impalpable, may be rendered visible. If there was no such thing as a spirit, Jesus Christ has here imposed a falshood upon the world.

That spirits have appeared, then, is plain from scripture. And what should prevent their continuing still to visit us? It hath indeed been supposed, that, from our Saviour's time all Apparitions have ceased: but I see no reason to support the conjecture. To collect instances of Apparitions is beside my purpose; which is merely to represent the absurdity of rejecting as false and unfounded, every account of our intercourse with the world of spirits. As I am in possession, however, of a story which seems well authenticated, and which, I believe, was never published, I shall beg leave to present it to my readers.

When Admiral Coates was commanding a squadron in the East Indies he met with this extraordinary incident. Retiring one night to his lodging-room, he saw the form of his wife standing at his bed side, as plainly (he used to say) as he had ever seen her in England. Greatly agitated, he hurried from the room, and joined his brother-officers, who were not yet retired to rest. But willing to persuade himself that this appearance was a mere illusion, he went again into his bed-room, where he again saw his wife, in the same attitude as before. She did not attempt to speak to him; but then slowly waved her hand and disappeared. In the last letters he had received from England he was informed, that his wife was perfectly well: his mind, in short, had been quite composed. Of this very singular occurrence, however, he immediately set down the particulars in his memorandum-book, noticing the exact time in which it happened. He saw also a minute made to the same purpose, by several of his friends on board. The ship had begun her voyage homeward; so that before he could receive any intelligence from England, he arrived there: and on enquiry for his wife, he not only found that she was dead, but that she died at the very same hour of the night, when her spirit appeared to him in the East Indies. This account the admiral himself has often given to a near relation, who had seen indeed the memorandum on the admiral's pocket-book; and who more than once related to me the above particulars.

I would only remark in conclusion, that we should check

appeals to every Christian sentiment.\*

every propensity to dismiss as untrue what we cannot account for by the rules of short-sighted reason. Such a disposition, which is founded in vanity and presumption, may materially affect our happiness; since it generally terminates in pyrrhonism—often in infidelity. The belief in spirits, which I have here professed, hath, doubtless, a religious tendency. There are some, it is true, who would not believe, though one rose from the dead: yet on most minds, the ideas I have suggested concerning spirits might produce a beneficial influence. The circumstance of apparitions includes the existence of the soul: it implies a future state: it intimates our connection with the world of spirits: it brings departed friends around us: it even secures to us the endearing satisfaction of a parent's care, though that parent be no more seen: it bids us "rejoice with trembling:" and it inspires us with clearer and livelier ideas of the omnipresence of our God.

These observations may be taken as a corollary to my "Essay on the Soul in an Intermediate State."

Expressing their approbation of this Essay, I have letters from Bishop BURGESS, from Bishop PELHAM, from the Archdeacons SMORT and NARES, and from Mr. RENNELL. Mr. Rennell had written on the same subject. "Your Essay," said Bishop Burgess, "will, as I conceive, not only be interesting to all sincere Christians, but afford a substantial answer to the materialists, whom Mr. Rennell has ably combated upon other grounds."

\* *Origin of Arianism*, dedicated to Bishop Horseley.—

"With abilities much less vigorous, and with learning much more contracted, I have here engaged in assertion of the same cause. But I have acted differently from your Lordship. I have entered directly into the heart of the controversy. This you declined to do, because the arguments on both sides had been repeatedly canvassed, you thought, and nothing new could be advanced upon the subject. I flatter myself, that I have advanced something new and just upon it; and have introduced a train of historical argumentation, which is at once novel in its direction, comprehensive in its scope, and decisive in its efficacy."

"The Logos is thus the Providence of God. The rises and the falls of cities, kingdoms, and empires; all that has marked the public fortunes of man, with many and awful revolutions, and

billowed high

With human agitation,

the public history of man; result from the controuling superintendence of this God at the pole of the universe. He there, with his strong hand, turns the globe as he pleases. New one

It has been said, that Horseley and Whitaker were congenial spirits. But Horseley condescended not to

side is uppermost, and now another; as he sees will be best, for his general plans of wisdom. And he makes his sun of prosperity to shine upon this side; then to resign it up again, to the darkness of adversity; and so to pass and illumine another: just as easily, just almost as regularly, and only not in so short intervals of continuance, as he causes the returns of day and night.

After an extract and translation from the poems of Orpheus, he says: "With equal concern and admiration we see the old bard, searching out for his Redeemer amidst the clouds of Heathenism, catching a strong and lively glimpse of him at times, and then losing him again in the gathering thickness of his atmosphere. We see him very naturally exulting in the view; calling on his son Musæus, to share it with him; yet considering himself in the act, as presuming to undraw the curtain of the sanctuary, and to disclose the solemn secrets of God; and so standing forth the venerable prophet of the Messiah, to the early ages of Heathenism. His historical knowledge concerning the great Chaldæan, induces us the less to wonder at his theological acquaintance with the Logos. He had access to some sources of information, which have been long useless to the world, and have therefore been lost by it. And the current from them runs with an amazing clearness and force through the pages of this poet.

"Such is the astonishing delineation of the Grand Saviour of mankind, by the very early pencil of this respectable Heathen! It is very like the delineation of him given us by Virgil before. Both are, no doubt, copies taken from the same primitive original. This copy by Orpheus, is awfully pleasing and agreeably striking. The veil of Heathen ignorance, indeed, has thrown a shade over some of the finer features of the face. But the figure comes lively and boldly forward, upon the canvas. We hail with religious rapture the Evangelical Restorer of man, we gaze with devout fondness upon our Patron and our Benefactor, in this antient portrait by the hand of Heathenism. And in reverential silence we contemplate, the dignity of the Godhead on his brow, the lustre of the Godhead in his eye, and the majesty of the Godhead through all the lineaments of his face. Such is the *Jove* of the Christians, as formed by this *Phidias* of little fame! It serves wonderfully with Virgil's, Epicharmus's, and all the other accounts before, to shew us what an insight many good men had, in the early ages of Heathenism, into the great counsels of Heaven for the recovery of man. It particularly shews us in conjunction with them, with what a strong effusion of light they saw the *nature* of Him, who was to be the agent in carrying those counsels into ex-

thank Whitaker for his present of the "Arianism." The praise of Van Mildert, however, is sterling praise.

cution, and in effecting that recovery by them. And it finally unites with all, to shew us the three grand divisions of past and of present mankind, Heathens, Jews, and Christians; all concurring to ascribe the plenitude of derivative Divinity to their common Logos; and all in concert acknowledging him with pious awe, as their *Brother* by a material birth, as their *Instructor* and *Exhorter* by office, and yet, under the Father, as their *CREATOR* originally, their *GOVERNOR* and *PRESERVER* at present, and their *LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT* for ever."

At the close of this noble work, Mr. W. thus speaks of our most notorious Socinians;

"Even at Socinianism did Mr. Chillingworth stop in all probability, only because his life was suddenly terminated by accident. Had it been continued to its natural length, he would have gone probably to the very point at the bottom, to which Mr. Whiston shows us two of his own acquaintance actually going. We have already seen Mr. Chillingworth "by degrees grown confident of nothing, and a sceptic at least in "the great mysteries of Faith." All Arianism originates from Infidelity. The Jewish, as we have already seen, resulted from their Sadduceism. The same spirit, which makes a man question the language of his God, rejects its obvious meaning, and wrests it into one, that common sense proclaims could never be intended, by such language from such a Being; in a single effort more, tortures the language into Socinianism, and in another, rejects the revelation that needed all this. Infidelity thus easily becomes, at once the womb and the grave of Arianism. "From dust thou art," is written by the hand of God upon the brow of Arianism, "and unto dust thou shalt return." There are only three stages of declension, from Christianity into Deism. Mr. Whiston showed himself very ready for the second, when, with all the anticipated blasphemy of the most savage Socinian, he dared to charge the scriptures of God with weakness and absurdity. Mr. Chillingworth had finished two of them, when he died; and was ready, I fear, for the third. Chubb too, whose name was formerly of some notoriety in the lists of infidel fame, but is nearly lost and forgotten in the crowds upon the rolls at present; was first an Arian, then a Socinian, and finally a Deist. Morgan also, another phantom of unbelief, that once stalked about formidable in its nothingness, was a Presbyterian minister, who commenced an Arian, and concluded an Infidel. And Dr. Priestley, as we may fairly conjecture from the past to the future, in the history of his own mind; and as we may reasonably infer, from these dreadful examples of others; having not stopped, as his obvious original Mr. Whiston stopped, but having gone, as Mr. Chillingworth

Even had Horseley's silence implied censure, the applause of the Bishop of Durham would have more than counterbalanced it.\*

went before, from orthodoxy down through Arianism into Socinianism; is even now rolling on with Morgan and with Chubb, and will at last be engulfed with them, in "that Sebornian bog" of Deism. The Doctor is already come—I tremble while I repeat it—is come already to intimate—what?—the very fallibility even of our Blessed Redeemer himself.—“Some are now unreasonably apprehensive,” he cries in one of his later pamphlets, “that those who disbelieve the miraculous conception, or the plenary inspiration of Christ and the Apostles, in cases with respect to which the object of their mission did not require inspiration; are in danger of rejecting Christianity.” Dr. Priestley thus takes away from our Saviour, as he had antecedently taken from his apostles, that plenitude of inspiration in preaching or writing about Christianity; which alone can preclude the intrusion of error, and ensure the presence of truth. He reduces Him “in whom were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,” to the same level of lowness in illumination, to which he had reduced his apostles and evangelists before. He consequently ranks “the Lord from heaven,” in that line of inconclusive reasoning; in which he had previously ranked the principal of his human agents. And the only excuse which can be made, for such a deistical flight of impiety, is what I have pleaded in favour of Mr. Whiston; what is seemingly suggested to us here, by the Doctor's overleaping all the intermediate operations of his own mind, coming at a bound to the conclusion, and even speaking of this as known to be adopted and avowed before, when no adoption appears, and no avowal is noticed; and what, I would fain hope, will prove a valid excuse in that day, when the Insulted Saviour shall become an Avenging Judge, and an eternity of fortune shall be suspended on his tongue. At least the Doctor has, with a melancholy usefulness to the whole world of Christianity, shown us the regular progress of Arian infidelity consummated in his own history; and appears before us at this moment a striking and solemn evidence himself, that to deny the Divinity of our Saviour, does, by the necessary impulse of endeavouring to vindicate the denial, by the judicial curse of God upon the redoubled impiety, and by a precipitate gradation of absurdity from both, draw the mind, at last, to deny the very inspiration of all our scriptural writers, to deny even the very inspiration of our grand and oral Teacher Himself, and consequently to charge both with Folly and with Falsehood in their instructions; so to shelter finally from refutation, in the blasphemies of Judaism, of Heathenism, and of Hell.”

\* See Van Mildert's Boyle Lectures.

In a Sermon preached at Topsham at the Archdeacon of Exeter's Visitation in 1794, on a text peculiarly applicable to Arianism (viz. 2. St. John 9. 10. 11.) I referred to an incident, which has been illustrated by Whitaker. This Sermon the late Archdeacon Moore was pleased to notice with high approbation. He read the MS. with avidity; and he pointed out the following as well narrated and reasoned upon:

“ At the time when St. John composed his Gospel, and probably when he wrote his three Epistles, he was resident at Ephesus. At this juncture, one of the apostle's greatest enemies was Cerinthus; who was strenuous in preaching to his followers in that city, what we now distinguish by the doctrine of Arianism.

Now we have it on the authority of Irenæus, that St. John published his Gospel, in order to check the growth of those dangerous errors which Cerinthus had propagated with so much industry.

That St. John wrote his three Epistles, also, with the same view, is extremely probable. The second Epistle (from which the text is taken) addressed to a certain honourable matron and her children, was admirably well calculated for this purpose.

And the text itself refers to the Arians, and possibly to Cerinthus himself; at the same time that it suggests a hint to the disciples of Christ, with respect to their behaviour towards heretics.

In the text, St. John observes, “ He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, hath both the Father and the Son.” Here, it should seem, the divinity of Christ is held forth in opposition to the Arian heresy. The apostle then proceeds: “ If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him *God-speed*: for he that biddeth him *God-speed*, is partaker of his evil deeds.” From these words it appears, that those heretical seducers, who, in the earliest days of the Church, denied the essential doctrines of Christianity, were considered as objects of detestation, and excluded from all communion with the true believer. And the prohibition *bid him*



*not God-speed*, seems to have been borrowed from the Jewish form, or to allude to the Jewish practice towards excommunicated persons; who were not only cut off from all intercourse with their brethren, but even marked out as unworthy of common-place civilities.

If the text be pointed at the Arian, with regard to the Arian, also, it furnishes a rule of conduct. The apostle directs the honourable lady and her family, to whom the Epistle is addressed, not to receive an Arian into her house.

The rites of hospitality practised in those days are well known. The rich considered it as a duty incumbent on them to pay every attention to the traveller, to receive him into their houses, and to furnish him with proper refreshments on his journey. And during the more simple ages, the stranger required no introductory formalities to secure his welcome. But, in the politer eras, when the manners became refined; both the appearance and the character of the stranger were particularly noticed.

Such must have been the state of manners at the place where St. John's female correspondent resided; since he exhorts her to be always on her guard against the Arian, not to receive within her doors a person so obnoxious to the Church; and, having denied him admittance, not to bid him *God-speed*.

This, though in the common acceptation a term of mere ceremony, was yet considered by the apostle in a serious light. To bid a man *God-speed*, was literally to wish him success in the name of God. And to wish such a heretic success in the name of God, was, in the apostle's idea, no other than to sanction his heresy; and in truth to become "a partaker of his evil deeds."

If merely to receive an Arian as a traveller, were unworthy the sincere believer, it would have been much more indecorous to treat him as an acquaintance, agreeably to the usual modes of intercourse. Perhaps this is the true meaning of the text—in which case, the apostle cautions the elect lady against entertaining an

Arian in her house. And he might have pointed to some notorious Arian, possibly to Cerinthus himself.

That this explanation is just, is probable from several circumstances. But what more particularly illustrates the text, is the conduct of St. John himself, at an accidental interview with his grand opponent.

Cerinthus had revolted from the Church, controverting its received doctrines even in the face of the venerable apostle, and seducing the multitude from the genuine faith of Christ.

And so extremely obnoxious was this heretic to St. John, that the apostle one day meeting him at the bath, rushed from the bathing-house with the strongest expressions of antipathy. This anecdote, though there be every reason to believe it true, hath been often represented as apocryphal.

If, however, it be unfounded, the greater part of our historical records both antient and modern, must be discredited on the same grounds. But if we receive it as authentic, we shall see in the most striking light, "what a great object of aversion an Arian was to an Apostle."

I shall first state the fact exactly as it is related.\* Irenæus informs us, that "at the time he wrote, there were people living who heard Polycarp declare, that John, the disciple of our Lord, entering a bathing-

\* *Βίβω οτ ακηκοοις αυτη [Πολυκαρπου], οτι Ιωαννης ο του Κυριου μαθητης, εν τη Εφισω πορευθεις λυσασθαι, και ιδων εσιν Κηρινθον, εηλατο τη Βαλανειω μη λυσαμενος, αλλ επικειθον, "σφυγγμεν, μη και το βαλανειον συμπτειη, ενδον ογτος Κηρινθου, και της αληθειας εχθρον."* Irenæus, *Adv. Hæc.* iii. 3. p. 204. For a more complete account of this incident, see Origin of Arianism, pp. 439, 442. At the conclusion of Whitaker's learned and ingenious note, we are forcibly struck with the following observation: "The faith of the generality of scholars, in the early and human history of our religion, is like the rocking-stone of our Heathen ancestors; a something thrown into a tremulous agitation, by the stalk of an asphodel touching it; while even the arm of a giant cannot really unsettle it from its centre!" What an admirable illustration is this! worth volumes upon volumes of cold phlegmatic reasoning.

house at Ephesus, and seeing Cerinthus there, abruptly withdrew without bathing, and at the same instant exclaimed: "Let us fly, lest the roof fall down upon us whilst Cerinthus is within, that enemy to the truth."

Irenæus tells this curious anecdote on the positive authority of some then alive, who had received it from Polycarp. And Eusebius cites Irenæus for the incident, as relating to Cerinthus.

In the mean time, it cannot be dissembled, that Epiphanius had applied the fact concerning the bathing-house to Ebion. But it appears, that Ebion preached his heresy equally with Cerinthus, in the place of St. John's residence. They were contemporaries: and both might have met the eyes of the apostle, at the time when he rushed from the bath. And as they were both preachers of Arianism, whether St. John had fled from Ebion or from Cerinthus, is of little consequence to the main point; since he thus expressed, in either case, his indignation against the doctrine. Instead, therefore, of doubting the truth of this incident, from this variation of Epiphanius, I should rather consider it as more fully confirmed by a collateral evidence:

In recounting the transactions of our Saviour's life, the four Evangelists differ much more from each other, than Epiphanius from Irenæus. But this difference is generally accepted as a proof of their historical independence; and serves, therefore, to corroborate their testimony with respect to the more essential points, in which they all agree. From daily observation, indeed, we are sufficiently assured, that the narratives of two distinct persons very seldom correspond in the subordinate circumstances of any transaction. This variation, then, of Epiphanius, seems an additional proof of the reality of the incident in question. The objection, therefore, of a celebrated writer, that it rests only on the testimony of Irenæus, is false; since, in this case, we have the testimony of Epiphanius also.

Admitting, however, Dr. Middleton's objection, that it rests only on the testimony of Irenæus, shall we, for

this reason, refuse our assent to the truth of it? If such an incident may not be received on the credit of *one* historian, what is to become of the general history of mankind? What shall we say to the histories of Thucydides, Polybius, or Tacitus?

But our objector still further urges, that it is told by Irenæus, at second-hand, or from hear-say. Yet it is founded on the evidence of Polycarp, a witness of the highest credibility, a disciple and companion of St. John, at the very time it happened. What evidence in history can be superior to this, but that of an eye-witness? And how was this testimony conveyed to Irenæus? Not by one relator, but by more—by persons actually alive at the time of Irenæus's writing; who had received it from the lips of Polycarp himself, and who had, themselves, recited the testimony of Polycarp to Irenæus.

If this evidence be not admitted, a Livy or a Suetonius, whose proof of facts prior to themselves, can be evidence only at second, third and fourth hand, must be no longer ranked with historians."

We have read no other work of Mr. W. in Divinity, except the "*Real Origin of Government*," expanded into a considerable treatise from a Sermon which he had preached before Bishop Buller, at his Lordship's primary Visitation;\* and "*the Introduction to Flindell's Bible*, together with *notes and illustrations*."

\* It was indeed a long winded discourse; resembling one of the Cromwellian times (which W. so much abominated) not in spirit or sentiment, but certainly in length. One glass had run down, and another was almost at its last sand, when frequent yawnings betrayed the lassitude of the Diocesan and his reverend brethren. And on the next day our good Bishop was pleased to whisper to me, (the preacher for the same year) on our way to Helston Church—"Be more laconic than your friend Whitaker.—At Truro, yesterday, he put to the test the patience of us all—I am sure of the ladies, to whom he vouchsafed no quarter! And so highly was he in *alt*, that at the conclusion he forgot the presence of the Bishop, and pronounced "the Peace of God," like "a son of thunder!"

Flindell's proposals for publishing this Bible were introduced by the following Address to his Christian readers, which I drew up at his request.

"In addressing "the Christian Reader," it seems perfectly unnecessary to enlarge on the value of those sacred Scriptures, which can alone afford him hope and comfort in life and in death: his Bible, he is assured, is the best gift of God to man.

Without the assistance of the Book of Revelation, we shall vainly attempt to read the Book of Nature. In the latter, it is true, we observe the strong characters of a Deity; we discover some scattered hints of connexion between that Deity and ourselves; and we meet with a few faint intimations of a future state. But, in the former, we are introduced to our Creator and Preserver—the Universal Parent; "Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant;" "to Life and Immortality!" Conscious of our ignorance, infirmities, and sins, we look up to the God of nature with doubt, anxiety, and terror; but we approach the God of Revelation with gratitude and humble confidence: to him "we draw near" "in full assurance of faith;" and, though "trembling," we "rejoice." Well, therefore, might our Redeemer enjoin us to "search the Scriptures:" "for those (says he) are they which testify of me."

That all the passages in the sacred volume which respect the moral conduct are intelligible even to the meanest capacity, is confessedly true; and we can never be sufficiently grateful to God, for addressing us in so familiar a manner, on points the most essential to salvation. But there are many "things" in Scripture "hard to be understood:" and it becomes every Christian to make himself acquainted with his Bible, as far as he hath opportunity. For the sake, therefore, of their brethren and themselves, it is expedient that the more learned and enlightened should endeavour to re-

See in the letters of the late Mr. Reeves, an encomium on Whitaker's "Origin of Government."

move difficulties, to reconcile apparent contradictions, and to illustrate obscurities: and if the "Annotations" proposed, in any degree answer the wishes of the Compiler, it will be no trivial satisfaction to reflect, that his labours shall, one day, meet with a sure recompence."

I was unwilling, for many reasons to affix my name to the Proposals.\*

\* The following Letters refer to the subject.

Helston, July, 23, 1798.

Reverend Sir,

I cannot but think that the want of your name in the Proposals will be a great disadvantage to the work. Whatever may be the merits of your compilation they cannot be known at the commencement of it; and even after I have made some progress in the publication, they will only appear to the discerning few. But the weightiest consideration is, that I shall lose the Gentry and Clergy, who would countenance the work in compliment to your name, and whose subscription would give a kind of fashion among the lower ranks.

These are weighty considerations with me; and, doubtless, the reasons that govern you are no less weighty on your part. Cannot we then hit upon a medium that may obviate the difficulty, in some measure, on both sides, as thus:—Suppose I print a kind of circular letter which may be sent under seal to the *Gentry* individually soliciting their patronage, and giving them to understand that the work is compiled by you?

T. F.

Helston, January 9, 1799.

Reverend Sir,

As it will not be convenient for me to wait upon you on Sunday next, I take the liberty of dropping you a line, which will answer the purpose equally as well. I am nearly ready to go to work with the Bible, and hope, as soon as Mrs. P's recovery will allow you to return to your studies, that you will begin the Annotations, and prepare half a dozen numbers; as, to prevent any kind of interruption in the publication, and to have time for revising the copy, it will be absolutely necessary that we always keep some distance before the press.

When I last talked with you on this subject, I think you proposed to leave the *Introduction* till the work should be completed; but it appears to me much better that we commence with it; as it will make a greater show of original matter, tend to swell the first number, and give an opportunity of apologising for the delay in publishing the first No. (so generally complained of)—it will also give scope for a deal of fine writing.

That I did not comply with Flindell's request to write the "INTRODUCTION" I have often rejoiced: for the Introduction was afterwards written by Whitaker himself.\*

tending to raise the expectations of the subscribers, and prepossess the public with a high idea of the abilities of the Editor (Annotator). I don't know, Sir, whether you may approve of this trade finesse; but, without some *management* few speculations succeed; and as the Annotator's name is unknown, mine only is responsible to the public; and not my *name* only, but *entre nous* my *existence* at Helston:—for if it fails, the weight of my expensive preparations will infallibly break my back.

T. F.

\* "In the Literary Anecdotes of the 18th century," says a correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, "we have an interesting memoir of the celebrated Historian of Manchester. The article is well written; and came, if I mistake not, from the pen of a Poet and Divine resident in Cornwall. In enumerating the various productions of Mr. W. he tells us, that W. was the author of the Preface to Flindell's Bible. Mr. P. I am sure, will forgive me for telling him, through the medium of your Magazine, that there is no Bible extant under such a name; and as I have heard the enquiry often made, he perhaps will be so polite as to acquaint me through the same channel, what name, in correction of his error, should be substituted for that of Flindell?—I will avail myself of this opportunity to express my regret that Mr. P. has not favoured the public, as was his intention some years ago, with a more extended Life of Mr. Whitaker. Such a work, I trust, for the credit of our day, would be eagerly received, and widely read. The learning of W. was immense, his industry untiring, his fancy highly poetical, and his spirit of antiquarian research ever active, acute, and perspicacious: but most of all, he is to be held in honoured remembrance for his unblenching reverence for the Gospel of Christ, and for a love of his Redeemer's glory, which held such a sovereignty over his heart and his affections, that he disdained even for a moment to compromise these precious sentiments, but immolated instantaneously on their altar his long-established intercourse and friendship, (knit together by kindred pursuits) with the renowned author of "the Decline and Fall," so soon as the cloven foot of Infidelity betrayed itself." See Gent. Mag. for Dec. 1827, pp. 499 and 500.

The following is my answer. "I have to state, that Flindell's Bible was published in numbers, first, at Helston, and then at Falmouth in 1799 and 1800, by Mr. T. F. (to whom Cornwall was indebted for an excellent weekly Newspaper); that the "Clergyman of the Church of England" under whose

Whether as a *Poet*, our friend deserves high consideration, may possibly be questioned. I was once inclined

superintendance (as the title page sets forth) the Bible was conducted, was your humble servant; that in consequence of Mr. Flindell's having taken improper freedom in interweaving his own notes with mine, I withdrew from him my assistance; and that, in 1800, Mr. W. furnished him with an "Introduction," some parts of which are equal in vigour and luminous description and elegance, to any production of our celebrated antiquary.—From Whitaker's notes, likewise, or rather dissertations on Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, this Bible is a treasure; doubtless not sufficiently appreciated, and little known beyond Devonshire and Cornwall.—Among the works which I have often projected, are the New Testament, with notes, to complete Flindell's Bible, and a Life of W.—I possess very interesting papers by W., in antiquities and theology and various criticism. And though at the end of well nigh seven decades, I labour under so many infirmities as to render me quite incapable of performing my Church duties without occasional help, I have not even now abandoned every thought of a revision of numerous annotations on the Four Gospels, scattered among my papers; and also of memoranda illustrating the life of a friend, whom (I had almost said above all others) I loved and esteemed. And I know not how my time could be employed more usefully or pleasantly than in paying such a tribute to Friendship, or in presenting such an offering to Religion!"—See *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1823, p. 10. The publication of the New Testament must be a matter of future consideration.

I shall here bring forward, under Whitaker's wing, our honest and spirited Printer and Editor of the Bible, as a theological reasoner.

Flindell was, doubtless, a man of strong understanding, tho' by no means polished or refined. And original thinking appears almost in every page of "the Philosophy of Reason and Revelation."

"I have found" says Flindell, "that the *inspired* writers, differ radically from their *learned* commentators. The former view, with the comprehensive and combining powers of what in other sciences is called, "a professional eye," the divine scheme of Revelation as one vast but simple whole. With them, the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, the book of Job and the Gospel, all teach but one and the same lesson, and are all but so many various means of obtaining the same end—namely, the healing of that breach in the order of the creation, which was occasioned by the Fall; an event but for which the present fabrics of society could not have existed, because present principles of action could not have actuated. Nor, but for that Fall, could the present Revelations have existed, either in their



to the opinion, that his poetical pretensions were respectable, and that, had he courted the favour of the Muses,

principles and theory, nor that body of history, by which those principles and that theory are so clearly demonstrated. *Learned expounders* of the Bible have not so comprehended it, as a whole; because they have viewed it through the spectacles of the Greeks, to whom it was not revealed, and who could not, without its aid, comprehend the mental power they exercised."

Before I take leave of Flindell, I cannot but repeat that my opinion of his integrity and fidelity, remains unshaken.

To his correspondence with the Jacobinical MARY HAYS respecting my "*Unsexed Females*," I have more than once, I believe, alluded. This lady had thrown out a lure, to tempt him to furnish her with some anecdotes of my character which she might turn to my disadvantage. But he shut his ears to the voice of the charmer. These were the offensive lines—

—— "Veteran Barbauld caught the strain,  
And deem'd her songs of love, her lyrics vain;  
And Robinson to Gaul her fancy gave,  
And trac'd the picture of a Deist's grave;  
And Helen, fired by freedom, bade adieu  
To all her broken visions of Peru;  
And Yearsley, who had warbled, nature's child,  
Midst twilight dews, her minstrel ditties wild,  
(Tho', soon a wanderer from her meads and milk,  
She long'd to rustle, like hersex, in silk)  
Now stole the modish grin, the sapient sneer;  
And sippant HAYS assumed a cynic leer;  
While classic Kauffman her Priapus drew,  
And linger'd a sweet blush with Emma Crewe."

The "*Letters and Essays*," by Mary Hays, were thus reviewed by myself in the English Review.

"The author intimates, in her preface to this work (which is inscribed to Dr. Disney) that 'her *Essays* might, with greater propriety, have been entitled *Sketches*; as they are rather 'outlines, than finished pieces.' To the truth of this remark we do not deny our assent. The question is, whether the world has much reason to be obliged to the lady for her outlines. Perhaps a mere whisper from Mary Hays may be gratifying to the public ear. The fair author thus proceeds, abruptly withdrawing our attention from herself to the great advocate for the rights of woman: 'Impressed with sentiments of the sincerest reverence and esteem for the author of a work in which every page is irradiated by truth and genius, I cannot mention the admirable advocate for the rights of woman (rights founded in nature, reason, and justice, though so long degraded and sunk into frivolity and voluptuous refinement),

he might have ranked among their votaries—not “ the

‘ without pausing to pay a tribute of public respect in the name of my sex, I will say, of grateful respect, to the virtue and talents of a writer who, with equal courage and ability, hath endeavoured to rescue the female mind from those prejudices by which it has been systematically weakened, and which have been the canker of genuine virtue; for purity of heart can only be the result of knowledge and reflection.’ We have here a full display of the style, the manner, and the sentiments, of Mary Hays, who stands forward one of the boldest beneath the standard of Wollstonecraft. And yet she laments the sacrifice of all ‘*the graceful sensibilities.*’ ‘A reformation of manners (she tells us) is wanting; the fountain is poisoned at its source; sensible and virtuous individuals vainly struggle against the stream, which continues to draw down the majority with destructive force.’ But how is this reformation of manners to be effected? We are partly informed by Mrs. Wollstonecraft herself. This pure and perfect female (from the simplicity\* of her heart) declares that, in order to lay the axe to the root of corruption, it would be proper to familiarise both sexes, from their earliest youth, to an unreserve in discoursing on those topics which are generally not introduced into conversation from a false principle of modesty; and that she sees no reason why the organs of generation should not be mentioned or called by their proper names, in promiscuous company, just as we should speak of our eyes or our hands. Mrs. Wollstonecraft adds, if we recollect rightly (for we report this from memory) that her opinion, though apparently singular, had received the sanction of a very sensible man, whom she ranked among her most intimate friends.

The particular pieces which our author notices in her preface are, a Fragment in the Manner of the old Romances; an Eastern Tale; and Poems, ‘written at an early period of life, as exercises of fancy.’ These performances have unquestionably all the marks of youth ungifted by genius and unformed by taste. ‘The Invocation to the Nightingale (she adds) has been inserted in Harrison’s Collection of British Poetry. The Ode to a Bullfinch, one of the Sonnets, and the Eastern Tale, have made their appearance in the Universal Magazine.’ They were, doubtless, well adapted to the soil where they sprung up; and, thus cruelly transplanted, they must quickly fade away and die!

We proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts that may facilitate their judgment of this pretty miscellany.

In the first number Miss Mary Hays ‘conceives—that the Wakefieldian controversy is a question of some importance.’

\* In an introduction to a book published professedly for the use of young ladies!—Blush, blush! Miss Mary Hays.

sweetest warbler" but melodious enough to win the ear

—But her conceptions are *indigesta moles*. The whole of this paper is a mere abortion.—‘I am not contending about the propriety of public worship—I should apprehend no danger from priestcraft if the state would not interfere about the manner of it.’—‘Whether preaching, debating, singing, praying—better have any religion than none at all.’—‘Christianity, kept distinct from civil policy, will fall like a rich dew, fructifying and fertilising.’—‘Priestcraft is a creature of the state.’—‘I love the gospel.’—Such are our author’s decisions and opinions.

In number the second she insinuates, first ‘it needs little of the spirit of prophecy to predict, that the present just and liberal notions on the subject of civil government, which, like a flood of light, irradiate Europe, will, in future periods, produce certain, though slow effects;’—most devoutly prays, ‘that a wise reformation of the gross corruptions and abuses which deform the present system of government in this country, may preclude all dreadful extremities;’—observes, ‘that all monarchical and aristocratical governments carry within themselves the seeds of their dissolution’—exults in the idea that ‘posterity will reap the benefit of the present struggles with France’—and closes her triumphs with the prediction, that these struggles will, ‘sooner or later, bring on a total dissolution of all the forms of government that subsist in the Christian countries of Europe.’

But it cannot be expected that we should pursue the lady through all her wanderings. That her political ideas are diametrically opposite to ours, is sufficiently obvious; yet a difference in opinion would not operate to prejudice our minds against good sense, or taste, or genius. In the work before us, however, we have nothing to commend: it every where excites our contempt. We despise dogmas that originate in affected wisdom—we are disgusted by flippancy and frivolousness that betray all the conceit of a half-educated female. In vain may Mary Hays exhibit her lucubrations to prove, that ‘woman possesses the same powers as man’—that (as she modestly expresses herself) ‘there is no sexual character’—and that ‘the name of Wollstonecraft will go down to posterity with reverence;’ whilst, we suppose,

‘her attendant sail  
Pursues the triumph, and partakes the gale.’

Is it for woman (or for man either) we cannot repress our indignation—to despise authority—to speak evil of dignities—to scoff at priests and kings—to point her sarcasms at the best of sovereigns, ‘who, with paternal solicitude (she says)

of the most fastidious. There is certainly much poetic

endeavours to guard his people from light and knowledge by royal proclamations—and, to complete the climax of impertinence and malignity, ‘by dragging the usurper to punishment, the victim of his usurpation?’—But we are as one that beateth ‘the air:’ the thing is too weak to be dangerous. In conclusion, however, we shall leave it to our readers to comment on the following passages: ‘Numbers of women I have known, whose studies have been confined to Mrs. Glasse’s Art of Cookery, and whose time has been spent in the kitchen, altercating with and changing of servants; who have muddled away their time and money in the disorderly management of hands without a head.’—‘The vindicator of female rights is thought incompetent to form any just opinion of the cares and duties of a conjugal state, from never having entered the matrimonial lists.—What nonsense this! From such notions (most devoutly I repeat a part of the Liturgy), good Lord! deliver us!’—‘I am no advocate for cramping the minds and bodies of young girls, by keeping them for ever poring over needle-work.—I doubt whether there will be any sewing in the next world! How then will those employ themselves who have done nothing in this?’—‘A goodmother forsooth, must oblige her children to say their prayers, and go stately to church.’—‘In some minds there is a congeniality—were I not a materialist, I should say a recognition of souls.—Young women without fortunes (who do not marry) have scarce any other resource than in prostitution.’—‘Women are designed for higher purposes than the drudgery of bearing and suckling children!’

Such are the crude effusions of Mary Hays, to whom we cannot but acknowledge we have paid a greater attention than our duty to the public may strictly warrant. Yet we have been sedulous to bring forward into full view every female politician and philosopher that meet us in the paths of literature; since to render these characters conspicuous, is generally speaking, to expose them to the contempt and ridicule which they deserve, by detecting their affectations, their vanities, and their follies. And thus the pupils of Mrs. Wollstonecraft actually invalidate, by these specimens of themselves, the very doctrines which they are labouring to establish. Proudly to vaunt their intellectual powers, and to exhibit, at the same instant, the most ‘damning proofs’ of mental imbecility, has (providentially, we had almost said) been the fate of these literary ladies. And soon will it appear, that, to be a skillful housewife, just as well accords with the female character, as to be a quibbling necessitarian; that to be clever as an economist, is not less creditable, than to be wise as a republican; that to instruct her family in those good old maxims by

imagery, bold or beautiful, interspersed in all his works:

which 'her whiskered sires and mothers mild' had regulated their conduct, may be as amiable in a woman, as to give lessons to the world at large, on princely domination and popular resistance; and, that it may be no derogation from her dignity even to manage her needle with dexterity, though there be "no sewing in the next world."

The following letter displays Flindell's character in almost all its bearings.—

"From Prison, Exeter, Sept. 28, 1821.

REV. SIR,

Accept my sincere thanks for the kind interest you have taken in my misfortune. It is very gratifying to me to find that, however negligent of the means by which favour is usually conciliated, I have still a few friends, and those of the best.

Mr. Bastard and his confidential friends have repeatedly assured me, that he owed his last election to me. Ebrington and Acland had both canvassed the county over and over again, whilst Bastard had not asked a single vote. I saw that there was a vulnerable point in the yeomanry body, which had not been stirred in the two former contests, out of delicacy to Sir T. The yeomanry retain a strong prejudice against the Roman Catholics. I took the opportunity of the County Meeting to address the King on his accession, to distribute a handbill, which stung young Clifford to commit himself; and, *the cat once out of the bag*, I resisted menaces, and laughed at promises, from Lords and Ladies, who would have silenced me. I filled the county with handbills, songs, and caricatures, at my own risk. *This* shook the canvassing books of the Lord and the Baronet (but I knew the latter was safe at his full tide of popularity); the Anti-Catholics came over in crowds. "Never," said Sir John Rogers to me, at the close of the poll, "never was there such a *glorious scramble*." By G—, Flindell, you have won us the election." Now, my dear Sir, *the enemy* is taking time by the forelock: *two new newspapers* are announced to start in Exeter before Christmas—*both Radical*. Tucker will continue to edit the Alfred; one of the new ones will be edited by N. and the other by Mr. J. who has been figuring at our County Meetings of late, in favour of the Catholics and Reform. And, from what I have experienced of Radical opposition in Cornwall and Devon (for it is every where the same thing,) I have a comfortable prospect before me.

The kind offer of your "Recollections, &c." I would accept very thankfully; for your terms are liberal on the whole,

and so there is in the oratory of Cicero.

though there are some objectionable points. Three years! Are not the chances in favour of one or both of us being transferred to another world by that time? I remember our revered friend Mr. WHITAKER telling me once, when I had the honour to sit at his table, that he had still two great works in reserve—a Commentary on Shakspeare, and a Commentary on the Bible, the latter to be his last work. I ventured to hint at the uncertainty of life, and whether it might not therefore be better, as the Bible was of the greatest importance, to set about that first. “No, (said the venerable man) Shakspeare is the “greatest of mortal writers, and I shall *climb up* from him to “the divine.”

But are you aware, Sir, that there is a life of W. already on the carpet? About ten weeks ago, I was honoured with a visit in this strong hold of justice, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Rector of St. P. Manchester. He is the master of the Grammar School of that town, at which Mr. W. was initiated, and had come to Exeter to see the tomb of a Bishop in our Cathedral, who was the founder of that school, of which the Rev. gentleman told me he was writing the history. He said that the life of Whitaker would make a prominent feature of the work, as he was the most distinguished man bred at the school; and, having heard that Mr. W. had condescended to know me, he was come to beg I would give him any anecdotes I might know of him. I was glad of the opportunity of relating every thing I knew that was honourable to a man whom I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance, as one from whom I had learnt to do my duty to God and my King, at all hazards, letting the consequences to take care of themselves. That you know, Sir, was his bold doctrine.

As it did not appear to me that Dr. Smith knew Mrs. Whitaker or her excellent daughters, I will relate to you a little matter told me by that gentleman, which may be interesting in Truro. Mr. Whitaker had a brother in Manchester (an attorney, I believe;) and an unfortunate misunderstanding long subsisted between them. “That brother,” said Dr. S., “I was intimately acquainted with: *I attended him in his last hours.* Their quarrel was simply a misunderstanding, heightened and too long confirmed by the warmth of minds at the bottom both honest and affectionate, and my friend died in charity with his excellent brother.”

Whitaker was very attentive to the gradations of rank in society. With Flindell, for instance, he never conversed but as his patron. One day delighted with a highly seasoned paragraph in Flindell's paper, W. sent him a guinea. Flindell would have spurned at the present from almost any other man;

In *Criticism*\* (where writing anonymously he would probably have written with the less restraint) we find him candid and good-natured; not sparing of censure, yet often lavish of applause; and affording us in numerous instances the most agreeable proofs of genuine be-

but he pocketed the affront. Flindell's loyalty was not always so rewarded. Refusing admission to a letter in vindication of a republican, from "a man of high consequence," he received this note from "His Highness." "Thou pander of corruption! Thou tool of the Vicar of Manaccan!"

\* From the *Cornwall and Devonshire Poems* to which our friend was a contributor—(pressed however into the service by the Editor,) these extracts will not be thought contemptible:

“ To thee, bright daughter of the *Eternal Mind*,  
To thee, bright Empress of the angelick kind,  
I raise the raptur'd strain:  
When first creation wak'd her plastic powers,  
And rising angels wing'd the ethereal bowers,  
Soft-smiling VIRTUS rose, congenial with the train.

Low at thy throne, fair Deity,  
Flush'd as thou art with every grace that warms,  
The Seraph's fire-clad pomp, the Cherub's milder charms,  
Each blissful brother of the sky  
In never-ceasing homage bows,  
In never-ending numbers glows:  
While o'er the Heaven's immortal bounds  
The rose-lip'd partner of thy regal sway,  
PLEASURE, thy twin-born sister, rounds  
The laughing moments of eternal day.

And when the Looos, bent on Nature's birth,  
Look'd wild Confusion from her old domain,  
And bad Perfection spread the smiling earth;  
Goddess! with joy you saw your growing reign:  
With joy you mark'd this orb to rise,  
The future seed-plot of the skies;  
While strong Devotion kindled o'er your mind,  
With joy you hail'd the genial hours,  
Big with the deed eternally design'd,  
And wak'd with warblings of the heavenly powers:  
Then Man up-rear'd his form sublime,  
The cause, the crown, the center of the whole;  
Proportion liv'd in every limb,  
And God's high image stamp'd his never-dying soul.

nevolence. Even in the instance of Gibbon, where he has been thought severe beyond all former example, we have a large mixture of the sweet with the bitter.

Though beauty brightens in yon evening beam,  
That gilds all nature with a lively gleam ;  
Though beauty dances on the sparkling rill,  
That steals sweet-wandering round yon eastern hill ;

Though beauty cloaths the velvet lawn below,  
And bids yon fleecy clouds with golden edgings glow :  
Though music warbles from that night bird's spray,  
Swells the wild trill, and soothes the dying lay :  
Though fragrance wantons o'er this opening flower,  
This whitening hawthorn, or this woodbine bower ;  
Or rides on every balmly gale  
That sweeps the blowing beans in yonder vale :  
In vain to vice the radiant landscape glows,  
The night-bird warbles, or the woodbine blows.  
For thee, for thee alone,  
Blest parent of each joy  
That to the heart is known,  
Eve spreads her scenes in faery majesty.

For thee, for thee, Night's planet mounts the skies,  
And gives a softer glory to our eyes ;  
Where, with a robe of silver splendour bound,  
A shadowy radiance sits on Nature's smiling round.

Nor less for thee the brighter Morning spreads  
The lustre of her dewy meads :  
For thee she wakes each modest grace,  
That crimson on her maiden face ;  
For thee, her warbler tempts the aerial way,  
Rides on the dawning clouds, and pours his living lay.

See ! Melancholy, love-lorn maid,  
Nymph of the streaming tears and bursting sighs,  
That bids the visionary sorrows rise,  
And hovering haunt her shade,  
Starts at thy wakening power,  
Nor more with folded arms and clouded brow,  
Laid at the foot of some o'er-hanging tower,  
Listens the widow'd turtle's tuneful woe !”

My late lamented friend Sir Hardinge Giffard had written some verse at my request for a third volume of the “*Cornwall and Devon Poems*” which was once in contemplation. And Lady Giffard has found among his papers two little pieces intended



It was his critique \* on Gibbon which principally contributed to the reputation of the *English Review*; in which Whitaker was the author of many valuable articles.

To his pen also, the *British Critic* and the *Anti-Jacobin Review* were indebted for various pieces of elaborate criticism.†

But the strength of his principles is no where more evident than in those articles in which he comes forward armed with the panoply of Truth, in defence of our civil and ecclesiastical constitution.

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#### SECTION IV.

From 1777, when Mr. W. made his entry into Cornwall, to take possession of his Living,‡ to within a

for me, "a ballad of Courtenay and Carew," and "Giffard's Leap," which would do honour to any collection of poetry.

\* Whitaker's Review of Gibbon's History (vols. IV. V. VI.) originally appeared in the *English Review*. It was published separately by Murray in 1791—8vo.

† He certainly detects errors and exposes inconsistencies, but a writer of his cast of mind was not likely to form an impartial estimate of Gibbon's real merits."—NAPIER.

‡ "Of the *British Critic*" says Archdeacon Nares in a letter to me "he was the regular coadjutor in antiquarian and other lore, from the beginning of 1797 to the very end of 1801;—when a refusal to admit his opinions on the subject of Ossian, caused a separation between us, though by no means any irritation or quarrel. I saw him in his last visit to London with great satisfaction and increase of regard."

§ In this, his only preferment, patronage had no share. Many years before, he had declined the acceptance of a living, for the reasons which I have already stated. Alluding to this circumstance, I have been accused of having thrown out

hinc incoedita—

— Studio jactabat, inani !

#### TO WHITAKER.

What tho' the splendor of thy genius draws  
From Europe's letter'd sons the acclaim of praise;  
Yet, with new energy to nerve my lays,

year or two of his decease in 1808, we cannot but observe (and I should think, admire) his unintermitting activity;—whether his exertions were *clerical*, or *literary* or *domestic*.

Hitherto we have viewed him chiefly as a clergyman and as an author: we looked but superficially on the pater-familias. Curiosity, or a worthier motive will now lead us to the bower, where he wished to “quaff” (“mild” as he could) the “October of a private life.”\*

In possession of “a Living,” he had, in course, to go in search of “a wife.” And the pursuits of the lover were equally ardent with those of the Antiquary.

How to set off his person to the best advantage, was, I suppose, his primary consideration. His person he had never neglected; as, seeing him almost absorbed in literature, we might be apt to conceive. And preparing for a matrimonial expedition, he was more than usually attentive, I trow, to the arts of “*tivitation*.” Hard-featured, with a dark complexion and with light-coloured eyes (rather greenish) in repose; but sparkling when kindled up in conversation, or flashing fire when the subject was of an impassioned nature, or melting in tenderness when “the tale was of sorrow”—he had a strong muscular frame of body, that well answered to his powerful mind. That he had an eye of glass and teeth of ebony, was the common report. I can vouch for a squint at least in one eye; and I am sure he used false teeth, “upon occasions” as we say. When attiring himself for company, he would take

I gaze not on those gifts that gain applause.

No—I survey thee steady in the cause

Of thy religion, in these faithless days!

I venerate that strong unshaken mind

Which for the Saviour-God, the atoning cross,

Such patronage as lures the weak, resign'd;

Counting the treasures of the world as dross!

I love that soul which no mean cares engross,

Which melts in sympathy for human kind!

O may I never live to mourn thy loss,

But by thy soothing aid thro' life's dark valley wind.

\* “The mild October of a private life.” T. WARTON.

from a little case (which he was not shy in shewing to his friends) a set of dusky teeth—which he called ebony. To a young lady, who asked him, why he preferred ebony to ivory, he once jocularly said: “ivory would ill suit the gravity of an antiquary!”

But, be this as it may. With every adventitious or artificial aid to which he could decently resort, he bowed a humble suitor, (I am told within a month) to “fifty fair maids” (among whom was Sukey Luke) but “breathed his bosom-sighs in vain;”—till making St. Columb in his voyage of courtship, he was presented to Miss Tregenna, a lady of an ancient Cornish family; who shewed her good sense and discernment in admitting his addresses without the struggle of doubt or the coyness of affectation: nor could our friend have chosen a helpmate more felicitously adapted to his disposition and situation. Had Mrs. W. been one of the “Blue- stocking” sistshood, she might have been a rival to her lord: and he, of all lords, would least have borne a rival. She ranked with a description of females far more useful and estimable—amidst other wise and thrifty dames—with Solomon’s good-housewife. To her husband’s high intellect, she looked up with reverence. Yet, conscious of her mother’s-wit, she assumed to herself the full regulation of her household, and even the care of an extensive glebe; on which her husband used, at the periods of hay and corn harvest and the hop gathering, to mix with his people in their work, even as a day-labourer among his fellows. In short, to his wife’s prudential management he owed his prosperity. From pecuniary embarrassments he was relieved by her economy: and the recovery of a considerable property at Manchester, which was in great jeopardy, is attributable to her sagacity and exertion. In short she was an excellent domestic character: and it was not the least of her qualifications

———“tho’ she could boast no charms divine,  
That she could carve, and make birch wine.”

It may be deemed flattery, but I speak honestly in saying, that Mr. W. had three daughters who seemed, as far as I could judge, to unite in themselves the talents and good qualities of the father and the mother.

The Letters that follow, will notice them frequently—will recur to the one, I believe, who her father's amanuensis, was proud in assisting him in his theology and his antiquarianism; and to another, over whose sickness he sorrowed bitterly, and whose death he lamented with all the feelings of a fond tho' not disconsolate parent. Of the two surviving daughters one was married to Dr. Taunton, of Truro; who may be ranked with the most skilful and approved physicians of the West of England, and who is unquestionably a first-rate man in various Science and Literature. The other daughter remains unmarried.

From his miscellaneous correspondence throughout this period, describing the progress and completion of the several works of which I have given specimens, and referring us to numerous incidents in public and private life, I have made selections which, if I am not mistaken, will be judged superior to the Letters of Gray, by all who prefer energy and pathos to florid description and cold phlegmatic expression.

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## LETTER I.

MR. WHITAKER, to J. W.

*Ruan-Lanyhorne, 1785.*

MY DEAR SIR,

You will see here the rhapsody I promised to send you on my approach to "that ancient river, the river" Tamar.

Your's in haste,

J. W.

## LINES

*On entering CORNWALL when the Author went to take possession of his Living in 1777.*

—————Hail, TAMAR, hail !  
 And thou, sequestered corner of our isle,  
 "Receive a new possessor, one who brings  
 "A mind not to be changed"\* by thy remoteness,  
 From all that Learning in her London mart,  
 Holds up attractive to the studious eye,  
 Or all that nature urges to the heart,  
 From early love—from kindred charities !  
 O take me quick to thy adopting arms,  
 And be a better mother than my own.†  
 I come, dread Genius of this distant land,  
 Soured by no ills,‡ by no false hopes misled ;  
 But beckoned by the hand of Providence ;  
 And taught by mild experience and by Grace,  
 E'en in the full meridian of my days,  
 To know the only scope and end of life,  
 And seek its only solid happiness ;  
 In this lone nook, as in the capital,  
 To mix in gay good-humour with mankind,  
 But still superior to the modes of earth,  
 Live to myself alone, and careful court  
 Th' ennobling friendship of THE FRIEND OF ALL.  
 Thus that soft bliss, which "goodness bosoms ever,"§  
 And Goodness only can, shall still be mine ;  
 Breathe a new warmth o'er every Cornish sky,  
 Throw a new grace o'er every Cornish scene,  
 Beam in my breast, and radiate in my eyes.  
 And when the hour, "that general horror sheds"  
 "O'er the low level of th' inglorious throng," ||  
 Shall come to me ; I then may firmly trust,  
 Here on the sea-beat bounds of LANYHORNE,  
 To greet its coming, thank its near approach,  
 Burst from the bonds of Nature and of Sin,  
 And spring into the bosom of my GOD.

\* Milton.

† Than his native county had been.

‡ To retreat from the world.

§ Milton.

|| Young.

## LETTER II.

J. WHITAKER to T. CLUTTERBUCK, Esq.

*Ruan-Lanyhorne,  
a Quarter past three, Wednesday afternoon,  
Aug. 2, 1786.*

DEAR SIR,

I return you enclosed the list of the special jury. I have already struck out the names of twelve, and I send Roger over with it immediately, that you may return it by this night's post. That you should do this, seems of considerable importance to me, because I would have you direct the trial for the road to be entered directly. Mr. Luke is scheming to bring on his action for the road and for the assault together, but this intention will be defeated by bringing on our trial for the road first. And I beg you will just write a line by this night's post, to direct our trial to be entered instantly; remaining, in great haste, dear Sir, Yours, J. W.\*

"Mr. Canon Grant succeeded Mr. John Dell in the Rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne, in 1715. Mr. Grant, in 1745, was succeeded by Francis Henchman, B. D., as Henchman was, in 1777, by John Whitaker, B.D., both of them Fellows and Nominees of C. C. C., Oxford. Canon Grant was a man of sense and spirit, and proved a great benefactor to this living. He improved the parsonage-house considerably. One instance of his conduct in the management of his tithes, which is still preserved by tradition, deserves to be recorded in writing. He invited his parishioners to his house, in order to ascertain their compositions, when he put into their hands a little paper containing the rate at which he meant them to pay, and said he would walk into his garden for half an hour, that they might deliberate upon it. This demand was a composition of two-sixths in the pound, I believe. In half an hour he returned, and found his parishioners with one voice refusing his terms. He coolly took up his paper, delivered to them another, and walked out for half an hour again. This paper, I believe, contained two-ninths. On his return, he found some wise enough to accept these terms, though they had rejected easier, merely because they were apprehensive of still worse if they refused these. But the greater part of them refused both. Mr. G., therefore, took up the second paper, said those who had acceded to the terms of it should have them, and for the rest he had another paper. And he obliged the rest to pay one-third, though they had refused two-sixths."—From Whitaker's MS. Tonkin, Vol. II. p. 78.

\* It is melancholy to consider, that Whitaker was now en-

## LETTER III.

The SAME to the SAME.

*Wednesday afternoon.*

DEAR SIR,

I send you, as I promised, some more instructions for the Assizes. I could have sent you all, as I have at last completed them; but I have detained the two last sheets of instructions for Mr. Luke's action of assault against me and Anne Peters. I want to shew the questions intended to be asked to the witness of whom they will be asked. By reading them over to him carefully, some notions may be revived in his memory, and he may speak to some main points more decisively. The collateral circumstances often help out the main facts.

The instructions for Mr. Luke's action are very large. They are made so, in a great measure, by the cross-examinations, and by drawing into the questions so many particulars. But this seems to me to be quite necessary. The counsel can have no notion of the many little points that are requisite to be dwelt upon in a cause like this, and that appear so to a man actually engaged in the quarrel; and it is better to overdo than underdo in questions.

But, after all, I cannot think Mr. Luke is such an idiot as to try either of these actions for assault. His conduct is so plainly malicious and cowardly in both, that he must be an idiot indeed to have a title of his conduct exposed. But what is the latest day for giving notice of trial? I thought the time was three weeks before the Assizes; your clerk thinks it is eight days: and what is the real time?

Mr. Luke, as far as I can hear, is making no preparation for trial at all. He is examining no witnesses, and Mr. H. has never been yet to view the road.

What have you done about the *Non Pros*? If Mr. Luke did not file a declaration against Mrs. W. and Mary Benny,

tering on the arena of a contest with his parishioners; a contest which was, doubtless, unavoidable. Of all his prosecutions he was himself the conductor: his attorney was, in a manner, his clerk. The following are selected from a bundle of sixty or seventy letters, all written with breathless anxiety. They are addressed to Mr. Clutterbuck, his attorney, of Truro, a gentleman of sense and honour, and high classical attainments. Mr. C. would have gladly corresponded with his friend Whitaker on any other than professional subjects.

before the last day of last term, as I understood from you, you might have a *Non Pro.* against him, and so make him pay a few shillings to us.

I write by the bearer to Mr. Mitchell, and desire him to come over hither on Friday or Monday, and plan the road with its accompaniments; and on Thursday I mean to come over to Truro myself, and bring the rest of the instructions for Mr. Luke's action. I shall then send for a young fellow in Truro, who was present at the second skirmish, and see whether his testimony will be of any moment. And I beg to hear by the bearer, if you do not think that the evidence for the road, as sent you last week, very strong and powerful.

But I wish one argument and one address to be suggested in the brief concerning it. Mr. Luke's witnesses can be but negative; he therefore fights to great disadvantage. He can only prove that persons have gone through and not been stopped; but fifty such witnesses cannot stand against one positive witness of people asking leave, or of people being stopped. And this may be strikingly exemplified by a fact.

In towns it is not very uncommon for ways through entries or courts to be open, and for people to pass through them without asking leave, on every day in the year except one. Upon one day the passage is shut up, in order to assert the private nature of it; and this does assert it. Here, therefore, is the testimony of 364 days superseded by the evidence of one; because *that* is negative evidence, and *this* is positive.

The address which I mentioned is to the jury, farmers, &c. upon the loss that would ensue to them, in having their farm-yards made into public roads, their poultry-courts to be run over with carts and horses, their gates left open for strange pigs and other animals to come and trespass upon them, and at last, perhaps, their very right to straw their farm-yards contested and denied.

Since I wrote the above, I find that Mr. Luke's hind, Francis Dungay, has been saying on Sunday and Monday, in the neighbourhood of St. Columb, that *Mr. Luke has given up the action for the assault*, and that *I have given up Mary Benny's*. This comes from such a man as must know his master's mind; and it comes to me by Mary Benny herself, who has been equally in the neighbourhood of St. Columb, and is just returned. I have, therefore, kept back all the instructions for the assaults, and I hope to hear from you that this is true. If I do not, I shall bring them all with me on Thursday next.

I remain, dear Sir, your most obedient servant, J. W.



The distance from home to Bodmin is about 17 miles to many, and about 22 to some, or about 20 generally. The witnesses in all the causes reached Bodmin about six on Monday evening. The action for the road was heard by three on Tuesday afternoon, and all the witnesses on that point might then have gone home. Some of Mr. Luke's, R. Stephens and C. Williams, and all of Mr. Whitaker's actually did.

Mr. Luke's action for the assault was tried about nine on Tuesday night\*.

Mary Benny's action for the assault was tried about eleven on Tuesday night.

I, John Whitaker, Bachelor of Divinity, and Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, Cornwall, do depose, &c. that my maid-servant, Mary Benny, having been ill used by John Luke, Esq. I did furnish her with money and credit for bringing an action against the said John Luke. That she having subpoenaed myself, Mrs. Jane Whitaker my wife, Anne Peters one of my maid-servants, and Richard Phillips a carpenter employed by me, to appear at Bodmin as her witnesses, I did hire a double horse for carrying the said Richard Phillips and Anne Peters to the said town of Bodmin, at the rate of 2s. 6d. the first day, 2s. 6d. the last day, and 1s. the intermediate day or days, and did supply them with money for their expences to and from and at Bodmin. That I myself and Mrs. Jane Whitaker did also go to the said town of Bodmin, attended (as usual) by one man-servant, upon my own horses. That we all reached Bodmin on Monday evening, and the said cause was not decided till about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. That I paid for the said double horse, being out three days, six shillings. That the said Anne Peters and Richard Phillips cost me at least fifteen shillings each in these three days. That for my own horse and Mrs. Whitaker's, I think I may justly charge eight shillings, &c. &c. &c.

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#### LETTER IV.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have a thousand apologies to make you for not attending to your two favours before the present moment. But circumstances I trust will absolve me completely with you. When your first favour reached my hands, I was in the midst of my har-

\* This action was tried by a special jury; but the Judge declared in Court, that Mr. Luke should pay for the jury, as he, the judge, would not certify it was requisite.

vest, pushing on in instant expectation of my brother and his family, on a long visit to me from Manchester. When your second came they were actually with me. I was then so fully engaged with them, after a separation of 10 or 11 years from them; and my friends around me came in so politely to welcome them into the neighbourhood; that I was not able to command a moment's leisure for any thing important. I was therefore constrained to defer all reply to both, to the departure of my friends and the moments of my returning studiousness. These did not return with their departure. The spirit of dissipation, which this whirl of visits had raised, was not soon allayed. I fancied, indeed, that your letters would require a deeper consideration than I now believe to be requisite. I, therefore, still deferred what I wished to consider fully. And at last I sit down to the work, resolved to confine myself strictly to your questions, and seeing little difficulty in giving you my replies to them.

To your *Prospectus* I know not what to say. I cannot pretend to judge of your plan so comprehensively as either to applaud or to condemn in the whole, to approve or to correct in part. And I can only say, that in the *historical* parts of it (for with the *physical* I have no acquaintance,) if you can point out any special points on which you think I can assist you, you may command me to the fullest latitude.

You accordingly point out some in your second letter. And I now address myself to the work of answering it, hoping I may be able, not to *compromise* the difference between Sir G. Yonge and you, in the idle way of the world's half-reasoners, who think nothing more requisite in such a case than to take the middle point betwixt two opposite opinions, but to decide it effectually. My own opinion is a decided one; and which way it decidedly goes, will soon appear.

When the Phœnicians traded here, who were the inhabitants? I answer, the Belgæ, who came thither from Gaul about 350 years before Christ; and the Aborigines, who came thither from the same country about 1,000 years before Christ. As to the Saxon Chronicle and Bede, they are wholly incompetent to decide upon the point. They know nothing of those early times but what the Romans and Greeks transmitted to them. To these, therefore, we must appeal. Cæsar is our earliest author, and is himself also our best. "*Britanniæ pars interior ab iis insolitur, quos natos in insulâ ipsâ memorîâ proditum dicunt; maritima pars ab iis, qui, prædæ ac belli intulendi causâ, ex Belgis transierant,—et bello illato ibi remanserunt, atque agros colere cæperunt.*" These

lines form the grand distinction of our island fathers. *When* the Belgæ and the aborigines came successively, Cæsar does not inform us. He only says in another place, "Plurosque "Belgæ" of Gaul "esse ortos a Germanis, Rhenumque antiquitus transductos, propter loci fertilitatem ibi condisse, Gallosque qui ea loca incolerent expulsiſſe." This incident is evidently too nearly connected with that above, to leave any doubt upon our minds; but it was nearly cotemporary with it. The Belgæ of Germany invaded Gaul, seized all the north-east of it to the Marne and the Seine, [Cæsar, "Gallos—a Belgis Matrona et Sequana dividit,"] and then progressively passed over into Britain. As posterior colonies, they inhabited the line of the coast; having dislodged the prior colony from it, and confined them to the interiors of the island. And *when* either of these colonies came hither is pointed out to us very happily, and with a full conformity to collateral history, by that little commentary of Richard of Cirencester in the 14th century, which had been strangely smuggled out of Britain into Denmark and which returned back to its native country about 30 years ago. "A.M. MMM. circa hæc tempora cultum et habitatum primum Britanniam arbitrantur nonnulli;" where we observe his actual reference to some ancient author or authors, and their dubiousness concerning the precise year of so remote an event. But concerning the second colony, as coming in a period much nearer to the line of Roman history, he speaks from his authors thus positively: "A.M. MMMDCL. hæc terras intrarunt Belgæ."

Having thus settled the points by historical documents, I come now to consider your moral probabilities.

If the Britons came in the course of progressive migrations from east to west, from Asia into Europe, and from Gaul into Britain; you think they would have lost the character of their original country in the long interval of successive movements; and yet they did not, you apprehend; as their religion, dress, and language bore a very near resemblance to those of the Asiatics. — I know of no such resemblance. There is only a resemblance that was sure to arise where the origin was common, and that exists between all the nations of the globe, in consequence of their common origin—"qualem decet esse sororum." The most striking part of this resemblance between the Asiatics and the Britons, is the use of military cars. Yet the use was equally common to the Egyptians, to the Gauls, and to the Britons. And, in these arguments from resemblance, we deceive ourselves

(I think) by taking general similarities for particular, by considering human characters (if I may so express myself) as national characteristics, and by so proving an origin to be analogically true which is historically false.

"The Druids," you say however, "in many particulars resembled the Magi." That is, they both pretended to magick. And so did the priests of Vitziliputzli, I believe, &c. &c. "Our Druids," you add, "according to Cæsar, were senior to the Druids of Gaul; and the latter used to consult the former on important occasions." Cæsar says only, "*Existimatur reperta.*" This was plainly derived only from the succeeding fact: "*Et nunc, qui diligentius eam rem cognoscere volunt, plerumque illo discendi causâ profisciscuntur.*" This is always the case in islands, as opposed to continents. Secluded from innovations, they retain their primitive principles more firmly. *Mona* was to Britain what Britain was to Gaul—the repository of their original theology. And then those who had no light of history to lead them, began to conclude what was accidentally the repository, was originally the fountain of it.

When mankind dispersed from the plains of Shinar, they marched along the face of the large continent of Asia by movements gradual and progressive. Nothing was done "*par saltum.*" In their migrations towards the west, they would find themselves at length obstructed in their advance, by those waters that divide this continental isle of Europe from Asia and Africa. This would check the forward steps of civilization; and Egypt, by means of that little junction of land which connects the continental isle of Africa, was probably peopled before any part of Europe. Navigation at first must have consisted solely in occasional exertions for crossing small arms of the sea. A voyage from Asia to Britain, even so low down as the voyages of the Phœnicians, would have been a most miraculous effort of the human mind: it would have been as unnatural as miraculous. The land was all before them, where to choose

"Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Why then should they attempt long voyages, to go they knew not whither, and to seek unfruitful regions near the pole, when they had all the soft climes of Asia, &c. before them, equally uninhabited, and directly inviting them? Nor could they, if they would, have taken such voyages. The Phœnician voyages are no proof to the contrary. They were in a much later age, whatever Richard has said (p. 50,) who

makes the "Græci Phœnicesque mercatores" to have come hither about the original plantation of the island; as the Phœnicians came hither only a little before Herodotus; he mentioning the Cassiterides and their tin, but not knowing where those islands lay; and as the Græcians came long afterwards. But we deceive ourselves on these points, by using the words *Græcians* and *Phœnicians* at large. The men who came trading to our Cassiterides were not proper Phœnicians or proper Greeks: they did not come from Tyre and the Morea. The Greeks were the Phœnicians of *Marseilles*, and the Phœnicians were the Tyrians of *Carthage* settled at *Cadiz*. And, thus considered as *Cadizians* and *Marseillois*; these bold voyagers can lend not a shadow of a pretext to a voyage from Asia to Britain; much less of a *colonial* voyage.

But let me farther observe, concerning these voyages. It is a common opinion, which I see you have adopted, that those mis-called Phœnicians came to *the south-western parts of this very island* Britain. They came only to the *Cassiterides*, to islands, which Strabo shews us were ten in number. And the idea that Cornwall, and perhaps Devonshire, were considered as islands, is all a dream of romantick antiquarianism. When Devonshire and Cornwall were so well known to the Romans as Kent or Somersetshire, they still distinguished the little islands of the Cassiterides from the great isle of Britain.

As to "the southern" being "the first inhabited part of all the island," I cannot conceive whence you derived the idea. On your own *Stukeleian* and *Irish* plan of a voyage of the first inhabitants from Asia to Britain, the Cassiterides would be the first. Then, as they either entered St. George's or the British Channel, Cornwall would certainly be the next, and either the north or the south of Devon would be the third. This is said on the supposition they pursued that progressive motion which you reject in the first instance. If they did not pursue it, then Ireland or the Scythians, the Isle of Wight or Lundy, Cumberland or Kent, Cathness or the North Pole, might be the next. When these Neptunes take such strides, I would say with Longinus, the earth would hardly be sufficient for a stride more.

As to etymons of local names, my dear Sir, remember they must *follow* history. Etymology is a saucy gipsy. She is merely a menial, and yet would act the mistress. But, pray, keep her down. And Armington is only Arman-ton or Arme's house, the *ing* or *an* so placed being only the marks of the possessive case.

I have thus given you my sentiments, dear Sir, with great frankness to you and a special regard for you. I consider you as a man of parts brilliant and strong, spirited, enterprising, and laborious. You have therefore all the elements of a great local historian in you. And I most heartily and cordially wish you all imaginable success.

As you have never seen (I believe) a work which I formerly published on the history of the Britons, and against Macpherson; I have looked for a copy, and beg your acceptance of it. It will be more full than I can now be upon this subject. And I shall send it, with your *Prospectus* inclosed in it, to Mr. Buckland's, bookseller, in Truro, in hopes he may transmit it soon to you for Exeter. This I consider as a very trifling acknowledgment, for the compliments which you have paid me in your additional sonnet.

When you come into Cornwall, I beg I may see you here; and I beseech you to bring Mrs. P. with you. I shall thus see you with double pleasure. So will Mrs. W. You have done so much honour to wedded lives, that we both honour you and Mrs. P. for it. And I shall think myself very happy if I can lend you any assistance in your present enterprise. You are in a road as to the historical part of your enterprise, over which I have walked "with painful steps and slow" very much formerly; even yet I have not done with it. I mean, as soon as ever I have published the 2d edition of *Queen Mary*, which is all ready for publication; and finished what is nearly finished, an historical account of the *Origin of Arianism*, which I mean to publish before Midsummer next; and transcribed a large dissertation which I have completed, on the *Course of Hannibal over the Alps*; then to complete a military history of the *Romans in Britain*, and to involve in it, of course, all the points of history here noticed.

Your friend,  
J. W.

R. Lanyhorne, Nov. 19, 1789.

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#### LETTER V.

Mr. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR, *Ruan Lanyhorne, May 29, 1790.*

Your first step towards acquiring a knowledge of Roman Britain, is to make yourself well acquainted with Richard.

This alone will make you "wiser than the aged." And I assure you there is a mine of valuable ore in him. I found the treasure, like the treasures of the ancient Gauls, all open to every hand, yet all untouched. I seized the spoils without delay and without sacrilege. And, on the strength of them, I set up for myself. The title of the book "Ricardi Corinensis Commentariolum," printed at Copenhagen in 1757, together with Gildas and Nennius, and selling at times in London for five or six shillings. I have been intending these 14 years to reprint it. I wish you was nearer to me, and I would lend it to you.

I have at length induced "my good neighbour," as you may justly call him, Mr. Trist to apply his lively and brilliant talents to something beyond the entertainment of an hour. He has written a pamphlet, and has sent it to London. It is to be anonymous. And I am not at liberty to announce its title. But you will be pleased when you know it.

I have lately been revising your version of the Hymn of Orpheus. I had been struck with it, when I read it as poetry. Mr. Trist recalled it to my memory, when I was reading the original as theology. It is so fine, that you suppose it derived from the Scriptures. But it is finer in my opinion, in its own real condition, as not derived from the Scriptures, which were then in an unknown language; but as derived from that great source of religion to all mankind, without the Patriarchal or Jewish pale, the first unwritten revelations.

The hymn all refers evidently, I think, to the great Redeemer who had been promised to all ages. But it is a glorious proof of the Heathen belief in the Divinity of that Redeemer. I shall publish a translation of it, but literal and in blank verse. Yours will shine at my expence in splendour of poetry; but mine will beat yours in accuracy and fidelity.

Yours, &c. &c.

J. W.

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## LETTER VI.

W. to R. P.

*Aug. 19. 1790.*

DEAR SIR,

I was exceedingly hurt at the receipt of your last favour, to find you had been so near to me, and I had not seen you. I should have been very glad to have talked over the sub-

ject of our letters, personally with you under this roof. And I can only regret my loss, in your departure without it. But I catch at the promise which you make me, though you say not when, of coming with Mrs. P. to see us. And let me hope it will not be long, before you come.

With regard to your noticed plan, of a collection of Fugitive Poetry for Devonshire and Cornwall; I am quite surprized at your calling on the heavy Historian of Manchester, for effusions of poetry. His taste lay, as his work shews, in quite another hemisphere, and not a ray from the Muse's sun could penetrate to him, through the thick cloud of Historical Disquisition, in which he had wrapped himself round. I have however, a few morsels of poetry by me, composed by a friend of his, and which I am at liberty to communicate. These I shall be ready to communicate if I can find a moment for the revisal of them, if I shall find any worthy of transcription, and if I can procure time for transcribing. I shall be at liberty, I suppose, in a month more; and you shall hear then from me on the subject.

Mr. Thomas,\* the Vicar of St. Merrin, near Padstow, was with me a day or two after I received your letter. I therefore communicated the plan of a collection to him. I considered him as a very likely contributor. And I knew that, as such, he would be a very useful one. He is an excellent poet. You know well his Country Curate, I presume. It is a poem full of spirit and sense. And he is a sound scholar, a lively converser, and a man of elegant manners. I am very intimate with him, and am using my influence to make him sit down in studiousness. This alone is wanting to render him a bright and substantial scholar. And he has promised me to revise a poem which I had seen, and to throw it into the Bath Treasury. But like me, I believe he wants leisure, though from different causes; I from over-much business, he from overmuch company. He is now going or gone, I fear, to meet the Marquis of Bath and Lord Weymouth in Mercershire, on a shooting party. If he is, his poetry will vanish with his shot, and be left with the partridges in Mercershire.

I am much flattered by your and Dr. Downman's praises of my remarks upon my old friend Gibbon in the English Review. I originally intended to have put my name to the concluding part of them. But a project which Lord Lansdowne suggested to me, of re-publishing the remarks in a

\* The late Archdeacon Thomas.



pamphlet, prevented this. And I have never been able to find time for revising, in order to execute the other. What I received for the remarks from the proprietor of the Review, was so much as induced me to think of purchasing a piece of plate with it. I dwelt long enough upon the idea to determine upon a cup, and to meditate this inscription for it:—

This vase I owe to GIBBON'S genius bold,  
Extracted silver from his spurious gold.

And then I abandoned the project, and bought books with the money.

This, however, with the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*, is all that ever I reviewed. I have not leisure enough from my own works to review the works of others. I returned some months ago several volumes, that had been sent me for reviewing. And I have now had two quartos by me these eight or nine weeks, waiting for my perusal; but I shall not be able to look at them till I have sent off my *Origin of Arianism* to the press. This will plead my excuse sufficiently with you, for declining to review your *Discourses*, and your *English Orator*, book 4th. I never yet reviewed any work but at the request of the proprietor.

I am very much obliged to you, however, for the present of your *ORATOR* and your *Discourses*. I had read both with great pleasure. Only your *Discourses* appeared to me to want what I should never expect to be wanting in a poet—a little more of the affectionate. Popular addresses should always be directed at the close, to the most active part of us all, our passions.

I shall be very glad to see your *Delineation of Roman and British Monuments in Devonshire*. I will then give you my full sentiments upon them.

The Major Drewe whom you mention was of our College, I apprehend, and the younger brother.

Dr. and Mrs. and Master William Cardew are coming here on Monday, to spend, alas! only three days with us.

On revising what I have said about the poetry, I add without affectation, that you may depend upon receiving some petty pieces of mine in four or five weeks.

Yours, &c.

J. W.

P. S.—The following were the passages in your *E. Orator*, which struck me most forcibly:—

In these avenues that erst  
O'er-arch'd a BAGOT (proud to embower such worth—  
Such virtues in their venerable shade:)  
There, musing oft on future scenes, he form'd

The prospect of ideal good—to flow  
 From his impassion'd preaching. Nor unmark'd  
 His decent fame, nor unreview'd his charge;  
 That not at distance from his natal spot,  
 Beyond the woody Tamar, Fancy trac'd;  
 And, as she spread the glowing tint, it seem'd  
 No fairy picture: For young Hope reliev'd  
 With golden rays, each figure Fancy drew.  
 'Twas then, with honest independence flush'd,  
 Oft would he cry,—‘Ye visions, tho’ so fair,  
 ‘Perhaps ye promise vainly! For the mask  
 ‘Of dark deceit, too often worn for you,  
 ‘Shall never hide one generous feeling! Far  
 ‘From this untainted bosom be the lure  
 ‘That leads through Flattery’s maze the cringing crew.  
 ‘If my sincerer aims be frustrate all;  
 ‘Whilst the corrupt, the versatile ascend  
 ‘To rich preferment through the path whose dust  
 ‘I would disdain to tread, or, treading, shake  
 ‘Indignant from my feet; if every wish,  
 ‘Urg’d by no mean ambition, should arise  
 ‘Unsanction’d; then, not sorrowing, would I hail—  
 ‘Then would I hail thy bowers, paternal seat!  
 ‘Where I might yet retire, and “eat my bread  
 ‘In privacy and peace.” There might I rest;  
 ‘My slumb’ring hopes of honour undisturb’d  
 ‘By those who, prone to adulation, pour  
 ‘With a deceitful smile the cold applause;—  
 ‘Happy (the hollow sycophant unknown  
 ‘To those pure shades) as there, where dawning age  
 ‘First weav’d its wayward fancies, I review,  
 ‘Through the dim vale of years, each mellow trace  
 ‘Of childish joy and youthful bliss serene.  
 ‘There, where the veteran umbrage of the beech  
 ‘O’erhangs the cressed brook that gurgling laves  
 ‘Its wreathed roots, or the long waving limes  
 ‘Have darken’d their broad shadows, may I oft  
 ‘Attune the pastoral song; or, pondering o’er  
 ‘The ruthless times when Cromwell’s hosts oppress’d  
 ‘My loyal fathers, hail in many a tone,  
 ‘Pensive and deep, the visionary forms  
 ‘Of ancestry, that with majestic air  
 ‘Swim by the moon-beam, through the glimmering trees.”  
 Such his fond thought: and may his heart retain  
 Its youthful fires! But tho’ the willing Muse  
 His sacred labours may relieve, and chase,  
 With a benign serenity, the gloom  
 Which settles on the melancholy brow;  
 Never may indolence inspire the dream

That, first, in a delicious languor creeps  
 Through the dissolving frame, yet gives it o'er  
 To qualms and ceaseless heart-akes! Then return,  
 Ye Hopes, fair promising, that only wing  
 The soul to vigorous action! Then return  
 The preacher's energetic toils! And come,  
 Digressive Muse, to note them as they rise."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Then deem not (as my previous strains have taught)  
*Religion* a cold metaphysic form,  
 Musing o'er moral problems, and confin'd  
 To Wisdom's eyes alone.—Behold, she sits,  
 While *Faith* unveils her to the vulgar gaze,  
 Streaming cherubic effluence o'er her heaven  
 Of spotless azure! To the dazzling light,  
 Her everlasting robe the asbestos floats  
 In vivid folds. Around her emerald throne  
 The Passions tremble at her awful beck—  
 "Her ministers as-flaming fire," to waft  
 Into the mortal bosom the pure spark  
 Æthereal, that refines our thought! Hence fly  
 The words that burn; while her impulsive power  
 Imparts an oratory only less  
 Than what inspir'd the Apostles, when of old  
 They spake all tongues, and saw Confusion's reign,  
 The curse of jarring Shinar, disappear."

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## LETTER VII.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

Amidst your attentions to Parliamentary objects, I hope you will have leisure to peruse a new dissertation from me, in favour of my former heroine Queen Mary. You will see what has given occasion to it—a present from a gentleman whom I knew only from this act. He has done himself the honour of bestowing his original miniature upon one of Mary's vindicators; and he has done me the honour of making me that one. I am very proud of the compliment, and very happy in the miniature. The contemplation of it has suggested the remarks which I have here drawn up, and which form a little kind of new vindication of her. But my principal aim, I own, has been, to dwell on the circumstances of her murder; to throw in new circumstances, additional to the well-

known; and to point from all the rising indignation of the publick against Elizabeth. And I now inclose the whole to you, for the perusal of you, Mr. John Hawkins, Mr. Lumisden, and Mr. Chalmers.

The donor of this original miniature, in his letter to me, has with great delicacy *hinted* to me, that he had refused considerable offers for it. Even one of the best modellers in this or perhaps any other country, he says, gave him a bust of Cardinal Wolsey made from the famous picture of the Cardinal at Oxford, merely for being allowed to see the miniature. These are two particulars which enhance the value of it highly.

Mr. Lumisden, I fancy, will be particularly glad to peruse the account of it inclosed. I have therefore addressed a few lines to him, in your cover; as I have addressed a letter to Mr. Chalmers, on that and other subjects. When you have satisfied your curiosity, you may transmit the Dissertation to them. And, when they and Mr. John Hawkins are satisfied, you may then send it to the quarter for which it is addressed—Mr. Nichols, printer, Red Lion Court, Fleet-street; who is the manager of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It will make me happy to hear that you have been pleased with it; being, dear Sir, with great regard, and with my compliments to Mr. John Hawkins,

Your most obedient,

JOHN WHITAKER.

*Ruan Langhorne, Feb. 24, 1791.*

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## LETTER VIII.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS to Mr. WHITAKER.

MY DEAR SIR,

I think you have completely elucidated the dress of your Queen as well as vindicated her character. You have veil'd her remains from the indecent curiosity of the vulgar, and the savage ferocity of the servants of Elizabeth. And you have made your Queen die with the becoming dignity suited to the greatness of her mind as well as of her family.

You have described what was not seen: had you unlaced and unbuttoned what you have so well described, it might be said you had taken liberties. Unlike the modern beaux

eager to place their mistress in *cuerpo*, and not availing yourself of the liberty allowed *pictoribus atque poetis*, you have exhibited her beauty by clothing her, and proved the dignity of her mind by the propriety of her dress.

Yours, &c.

C. H.\*

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LETTER IX.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

A few days ago, I did myself the pleasure of transmitting to you a little dissertation on an original portrait of Queen Mary, now in my possession. But I must beg the favour of you at present, *not* to send it as I had originally destined it to go, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Chalmers, by this morning's post, has made me think better of it than I did, and induced me to think of having it printed as something accidentally additional to my *Vindication*. I therefore mean to put a new head and tail piece to it, and to enlarge the body of it with some new matter. And I request you to return it to me, as soon as Mr. Lumisden has done with it; remaining, in great haste,

Dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

J. WHITAKER.

Sunday Noon, March 13, 1791.

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LETTER X.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have just received your favour, and reply to it instantly.

I am sorry to hear from you (for I never heard of the fact before) that you have been wantonly and malignantly attacked in the supplement to the *Gent. Magazine*. I feel for you. Much depends, in a work like yours, upon the repu-

\* This is an elegant letter.

tation that you keep up in the county. You have also a large portion of envy to encounter, from the honour done you in singling you out, so young in years and so much a stranger, for writing the County History: Every man has;—who steps out of his rank in society, and leaves his equals and contemporaries behind him. I feel it even now myself, at this advanced stage of my authorship. More probably your antagonist is Mr. I——, who has been long attempting mischief against you, was silenced by your bold attack in May last, but has now begun to spit his venom against you again.

Whoever he is, I will grapple with him for your sake, and am glad you have invited me to do so.

I am just now in the right humour for panegyriizing you. I have been reviewing your Poems and Discourses. I finished the review of the latter only yesterday. When they will be published, I do not know. I am now publishing a Review of the Archæologia, Vol. IXth, and of Berington's History of Henry II. I shall send, when these are published completely, a Review of Lodge's Illustrations of British Biography, &c. in 3 vol. quarto. And your works will come next, I suppose, or perhaps with Lodge. I have written so much more upon the Archæologia than the Review can take, that I believe I shall print the whole in a pamphlet without a name.

I am almost sorry to hear that *our* POEMS are ready for publication. I have been repeatedly vexed with myself, that I did not withdraw my share of them last Visitation. I was inclined to do so, but did not act decisively. To go in company with you as an antiquary, might not disgrace me; but, as a poet, you will be ashamed of your partner. This, however, I say very unaffectedly; and so leave the peer and the pedlar to move on together.

In my review of your Discourses and Poems, I have taken care to do the full duty of a friend; and not, with extorted praises and cordial censures, stab the man that I was pretending to caress. I have, however, used the prudent policy of blaming you in some petty and incidental points. I thus throw a slight shade over the glare of my panegyric colours. And I conclude in a full radiation of praise.

In this and in every other point, I shall always be happy to shew you, how much I esteem you. Perhaps I am the more ready to say so, because I know experimentally the spy that must beset you in every movement, and would rejoice to strangle your rising lamp of day with darkness. I have accordingly taken the liberty of giving a *Scotch* hint

through the press to my Lord of Exeter, that he ought to prefer you.

And I remain, with great regard, dear Sir,  
Your most obedient friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1792.

Mrs. W. joins me in kindest compliments to Mrs. P:

N. B.—A gentleman in this neighbourhood, who has lately been in Oxford, wrote me word on his arrival, that my Arianism met with “great applause” there. I replied, that he flattered me very agreeably by the intelligence. This, I suppose, made him alter his note. A few days afterward, he called, suppressed entirely the “great applause,” and mentioned only what was an implied and general censure. I saw the meaning of all this. And the same gentleman has now assured me, that the great applause was true, and that the censure was only to one single point, to the manner too, and not to the matter—to the manner in which I expose Mahomet’s\* paradise.—But I have encountered more envy just at this moment, I believe, from a story that is in circulation here, and that I hear from the *lady*—of a nobleman in administration speaking very handsomely of my writing, and saying The King must do something for me. This, you will think, is enough to set up all the little souls about me, in open sedition against me. But “something too much of this.”

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## LETTER XI.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I threw aside all my own studies, and set to work upon answering D. H. I was busy at it, when the Bishop of Derry in Ireland, Earl of Bristol in England, came and spent a day with me. I thus lost the only post left me, of having my Vindication even noticed in February Magazine, and promised for March. I sent it, however, by the follow-

\* The picture of Mahomet’s Paradise is certainly glowing to a degree of voluptuousness.

ing post, and believe it will be inserted in the next. I wrote it hastily under all these circumstances of delay, put the initials of my own name to it, and have spoken as warmly in your favour as friendship itself would dictate.

Mr. Nichols seems, by your account, to have rather taken part *with* you than *against* you. He will also do you the justice, I doubt not, of inserting my Vindication. The interest of his Magazine, which is, of course, the pole-star of his movements, will put him upon this conduct. A reciprocation of attacks and defences, if not protracted to tediousness, will lend a new life to his miscellany.

I remain, in great haste,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

J. WHITAKER.

*Friday Evening, March 9, 1792.*

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## LETTER XII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

*Monday Evening, May 7, 1792.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received the two volumes of poems. I did not mean to open them immediately; but the impatience of my girls opened them unawares to me, while they were on the quest of pictures. I then looked at the preface, and thank you for the very friendly manner in which you have mentioned me.

You ask me, in which of the English Reviews I shall have any of my criticisms. I answer, that some are now in publication there; and that you, who know my style so well, ought to have known me there. The criticisms on Berington's History of Henry the Second, and those on the Archæologia, Vol. IXth, which have now continued for three or four months past, were written beneath the shade of this academick bower. The criticisms on Lodge's Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners, in 3 vols. quarto, which were published (I believe) for the first time on the 1st of this month, and will be continued for two or three months; are equally shots from the demi-culverin of R. L. But, in saying this, I say what few know and none must tell. When these and remarks upon your Orator and your Dis-



courses are finished, I shall not have any thing more till next winter.

I embrace your proposal with pleasure, of exchanging works for works. I shall write to one of my booksellers in three or four weeks, with some more of my remarks upon Lodge. I shall then order down a set of my works. And I shall wait with impatience for your History of Devonshire. Only you shall send me in the mean time, if you please, the last edition of your Theocritus.

As to the Parochial History of Cornwall, I certainly shall not undertake it. I never intended to do so. I was only prompted, in a paroxysm of local antiquarianism, to put a few notices together that related to general history and that of my own parish; and to superadd a few detached observations, that chance presented to my hand. All these I still reserve for you, when Devonshire shall have received its history from a Cornishman, and when the fugitive shall return to his native land. If I should ever leave this county before you return into it, I shall be happy to deposit my papers in your hands, as a pledge of my regard, a legacy of antiquarianism, and an incitement to undertake the history.

Your health, indeed, I apprehend from your account, is at times precarious. You should attend to this, my dear Sir. You are yet young, and have probably a long race of usefulness to run. You should not abridge this, by too great sedentariness. Your poetical nerves will not bear the continued application that we prose-men can undergo. "The Nemean lion's hardy nerve" can do feats of energy and strength, that the fine-formed antelope cannot pretend to do. In other words, strain not your health too much. Remember that, next to Religion, the prime blessing of life is Health.

I am going on, thank God, perfectly in health, yet wonderfully sedentary. My *Private Life of Queen Mary*, which I meant only to transcribe, I have been greatly enlarging. One volume I finished last week, and the other I shall begin in a day or two. I would gladly send it up to London before Michaelmas. But, though three-fourths I consider as already written, yet I believe I must not think of pushing on so rapidly. I love to write rapidly, and to revise leisurely.

We have had a singular character with us—the Bishop of Derry. He is ingenious, lively, and a man of great taste in sculpture, painting, and architecture. He came and took a bed here, then went to Plymouth Dock, returned two or three weeks afterward, and came professedly to spend two days in talking Greek with me. "I have been devouring Polybius

“these three days,” he said in his premonitory letter, “and “want to chew the cud of it with you.” He came accordingly; we talked over Polybius; and I have written to him since. He is not convinced, and I am not converted.

Dear Sir,

Your obedient friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

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LETTER XIII.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

*Sept. 20, 1794.*

MY DEAR SIR,

A man who has been an author so long as you have been, must have experienced a reciprocation of praises and censures, and be seasoned to them both. A circumnavigator of the globe should smile at the gales, that may justly alarm a fresh-water sailor in the channel. And surely any blasts that can blow from either of those quarters, are not tornadoes to sink, or hurricanes to sweep away the vessel; are not even the equinoctial storms of the moment of my writing; are merely the scented winds of Cotton's Eolus. Do you think the impertinence of such a man ever moves me? No, truly! And shall it move you? Not if you are just to yourself, just to your friends, just to the dignity of literature. The man is too “impudent” not to be noticed, but too insignificant to be noticed with vexation by either you or me. As to the other writer, I have always supposed him to be that puppy P., and could have given him a hearty kick upon the breech, had he been present when I read his remarks. This man has been also upon me, repeatedly upon me, and in his native manner of vulgar coarseness upon me. But do I fear him? Sooner than I would do so, I would cry out with one of the heroes of Homer,

Open, thou earth, and hide a warrior's shame.

And shall you fear a man who is a blackguard by education and a scoundrel in life, an infidel, and a blasphemer?

• • • • •

For 12 years was I engaged in law-suits about tithes, had all the laity against me of course, had all the clergy deserting me, both clergy and laity depressing my character; the clergy, to humble a man who presumed to speak, to write, and to

print, as if he was superiour to them; the laity, to beat down a bold asserter of clerical rights against their usurpations; even the very Bishop turning against me, and *once* the laity proclaiming I should be *degraded*, the clergy expecting I should be *openly admonished* by the Bishop at the Visitation. In this situation, Mrs. W. trembling for the consequence, and therefore (though under another pretence) resolving to go with me, I set out for the Visitation, was thrown from my horse, taken up senseless, and carried back to my house. Mr. ——— was sent for, to carry my apology for non-attendance to the Bishop. His look convinced me he thought my hurt only a pretence to avoid an attendance. This cured me instantly. I had a plaister applied to my head, re-mounted my horse, went to the Visitation, had more talk than any other man at the table with the Bishop, and returned to the grief (I fear) of some of my brethren, to the amazement of all the laity, in good health and in high spirits. I mention all this, to shew you how I have weathered much greater difficulties than any which you can have to weather. Religion, indeed, was my support. “Et me qui sidera ful-  
“cit” was my maxim. And at last I triumphed over all opposition, over-awed the Bishop, subdued my parishioners, and now have my parish in a better state of subjection and amity towards me, than any of the parishes of my neighbours are to them. “Go and do you likewise.” Trust in God, exert yourself with vigour; and you will succeed finally.

I have thus written a long letter to you, in the midst of some domestic afflictions. My second girl and Mrs. W. were ill for weeks in the winter, of a putrid fever; and, about three weeks ago, Mrs. W. was obliged to fetch away from school at Falmouth the oldest and the youngest, both ill of the same disorder. They have been ever since in bed. The physician says that the crisis is past with the youngest; and it seems, since he was here, to be equally past with the eldest. Yet they are both very weak in body, and very low in spirits. And I fear for Mrs. W. so much about them as she is and so often called up to them in the night. “If I am bereaved of her, I am bereaved *indeed*.”

I beg my respects to Mrs. P. Mrs. W. begs hers to you and her. I may perhaps be permitted by that sickness, to take some rides, and travel into your neighbourhood. If I do, I will certainly wait upon Mrs. P. and you, and profess in person how much I am,

My dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

## LETTER XIV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Nov. 14, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

I believe I never told you that General Melvill, who *did* keep a plentiful table in Brewer-street, London, and had (I believe) Pinkerton on a Sunday to eat his good dinner and hear his frivolous talk; referred me to *Magazines* and *Reviews*, to shew it *was a drawn battle between us*. This shewed me what he expected from his countryman Pinkerton when he had not struck one stroke; and the battle was therefore all upon one side. Yet such was his fear of me, I believe, that he left London after my hearing from him, and retired into Scotland, with a resolution of visiting London no more.

Yet one countryman of his, to whom I sent a copy of my *Hannibal*, has just written to tell me, that he has now in the press, and shall publish this month or the next, a pamphlet upon my work, agreeing with me and applauding me in general, only differing from me in one or two particulars. The author of this is one who has been much applauded for one publication, but has so much of simple modesty about him as not to prefix his name to this work or to that.

Mr. Pownall also, I hear, is fretting and fuming at what I have said concerning *him*. I know him personally, and know him to be a man of genius. He has been some time menacing to publish against me; but this week I have heard that he is to publish in one of the magazines. If he publishes in any but the *Gentleman's*, I shall not see him; and if he publishes in the *Gentleman's*, I suppose I shall not answer him.

I preached at the Visitation a sermon, upon the origin of government. The idea is not novel, but founded upon the everlasting pillars of the Scriptures, and subversive of all the common theories at once. I concluded this with as pointed a description of the present state of France as my pen and my zeal could compose; and I am now going to publish all, as a pamphlet; in opposition to French anarchy and French Atheism. I fear no censures, no contradiction, no malice. Even the guillotine is nothing to him who would be proud to die a martyr for the religion of the Gospel.

The dreadful wetness of the weather precluded me from all excursions in the month of October. I should otherwise have called upon you, had I gone west.

Yours, &amp;c.

J. W.

## LETTER XV.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am glad to find "you are preparing your MS. of your first volume for the press." You should pursue this work, I think, as fast as your health and avocations will admit. Other subjects, especially poetical, I apprehend, should be superseded by that. When these are completed, and your engagements with the publick performed, then you will certainly be at full liberty to turn to any other. Nor will the stream of poetry in your soul, I suppose, be destroyed by the delay. It will only rise and swell the more from the obstruction, and burst out afterwards in a fuller torrent. This is apparent to me from the very return which your letter shews you had been making at the moment, to your historical poem on Sir Francis Drake. I shall be very happy to see this, and to mark your new machinery for it—a machinery rising to my mind at this moment, that seems at once Christian, philosophical, and poetical. But I would rather attend to your "Roman and Saxon papers" at present, and am glad to hear you have finished the former. At the same time I must add, that you are right surely to dispel the gloom of a moment, and to irradiate your mind by indulging your fancy, when antiquarian studies will not do the business.

The *Furry-day*\* at Helston I have had formerly described to me, and have made some remarks upon it which I cannot now find. But your account is more full than my former, as far as my memory can tell me. I particularly remember nothing of the Fadi Dance, but thank you for your whole account. I have been just transcribing it into my collection

\* The following songs were written in 1796 for the *Furry* of Helston, which (in spite of puritanism, hypocrisy and cant) is still celebrated on the 8th of May, by the innocent gaiety of the young and undesigning.

## APRIL.

No longer the goddess of flocks shall seem  
 To rekindle the blooms of the year ;  
 Then scatter around us the wreck of a dream,  
 And resign us to winter austere.  
 To its promise yon delicate child of the shade—  
 The primrose—is never untrue :  
 Nor the lilac unfolds, the next moment to fade ;  
 Its clusters of beautiful blue.

of Cornish notices. I can therefore explain every point but one, which is in the first line of the 6th stanza, "Aunt Mary "Moses;" a reading so strange, that I strongly suspect it to be a vicious one. When I hear from you whether this is the true reading, I will hope to tell you my explanation of all. In the mean time, I will just add, that when in your Devonshire Views you derive *Furry* from *Fer* (Cornish) a *Fair*, and now suppose the *Fair-o* of the song to confirm your conjecture; I thoroughly concur with you, and see by my notes which I have this moment found, that I derived the name from the same source. Only I never considered *Fer* (Cornish) as the word "whence [comes] the Latin *Feria*." The Latin is the original term, and the Cornish only a derivative from it, *Fer* (Cornish) being the same with *Foire* (Irish,) and so forming *Fair-o* or *Furry* in pronunciation.

Tho' weak be its verdure, ere long shall the thora  
 The pride of its blossom display,  
 Where Flora, amid the mild splendor of morn,  
 Unbosoms the fragrance of May.

THE EIGHTH OF MAY.

Soft as the sigh of zephyr heaves  
 The verdure of its lucid leaves,  
 Yon lily's bell, of vestal white,  
 Moist from the dew drop, drinks the light.  
 No more in feeble colors cold,  
 The tulip, for each glowing fold,  
 So richly waved with vermeil dyes,  
 Steals the pure blush of orient skies.  
 The hyacinth, whose pallid hue  
 Shrank from the blast that Eurus blew,  
 Now trusts to May's delicious calm  
 Its tender tint, its musky balm.  
 And hark! the plumed warblers pour,  
 Their notes, to greet the genial hour,  
 As whispering love, this arborous shade  
 Sports with the sunbeam down the glade.  
 Then say, ye nymphs! and truly tell,  
 If ever with the lily's bell,  
 Or with the tulip's radiant dye  
 Young poets give your cheeks to vie:  
 Or to the hyacinth compare  
 The clustering softness of your hair;  
 If e'er they bid your vocal strain  
 In silence hush the feather'd train;—  
 Beat not your hearts with more delight  
 At every "rural sound and sight,"  
 Than at such flattery, to the ear  
 Tho' syren-sweet, yet insincere?

But let me ask you, in return, an heraldical question. The present arms of the see of Exeter are, a sword in pale, and two keys in saltier. Yet I suspect the sword to have been, about 250 years ago, not in pale, but in saltier with the keys, or (to speak in more technical language) a sword and two keys endorsed in saltier. Have you seen any monument confirming this? I wish you would consider the point for me.

This question refers to my Historical Survey of St. Ger-

#### THE FADE.

White-vestur'd, ye maidens of *Ellas* draw near,  
 And honour the rites of the day :  
 'Tis the fairest that shines in the round of the year ;  
 Then hail the bright goddess of May.  
 O come, let us rife the hedges, and crown  
 Our heads with gay garlands of sweets :  
 And when we return to the shouts of the town,  
 Let us weave the light dance thro' the streets.  
 Flinging open each door, let us enter and frisk,  
 Tho' the master be all in a pother—  
 For, away from one house as we merrily whisk,  
 We will *fade* it, quick thro' another.  
 The nymph who despises the furryday-dance,  
 Is a fine, or a *snical* lady—  
 Then let us with hearts full of pleasure, advance,  
 And mix, one and all, in the *Fade* !"

#### THE SOLITARY FAIR.

Perhaps, fair maid ! thy musing mind,  
 Little to festive scenes inclin'd,  
 Scorns not the dancer's merry mood,  
 But only longs for solitude.  
 Thy heart, alive to nature's power,  
 Flutters within the roseate bower,  
 Thrills with new warmth, it knows not why,  
 And steals delirium from a sigh.  
 Alas ! tho' so averse from glee,  
 This genial hour is felt by thee :  
 The tumults of thy bosom prove,  
 That May is but the nurse of—love !

#### BEWARE OF THE MONTH OF MAY.

Then, gentle maid, whos'er thou art,  
 Who bid'st the shades embowering, veil  
 The sorrows of a lovesick heart,  
 And listen to thy pensive tale ;  
 Sweet girl ! insidious May beware ;  
 And heed thy poet's warning song !  
 I.o ! May and Venus spread the snare  
 For those who fly the festal throng !

men's Church, which I have transcribed fair, but with so many corrections that I must have it transcribed again. I hope particularly to lighten up the dark history of commenting Christianity in this angle of the island; covered as it is with a thick fog raised by that Druidical wizard Borlase, and appearing whenever it does appear in a form totally dissimilar from itself. I have been very fortunate, I flatter myself, in breaking up some new springs of intelligence, that have long been buried and choaked up under the rubbish of time. But I shall not publish till next winter twelvemonth, as I must make some excursions to the Lizard, &c. &c. before, and as I must procure good drawings to be taken of the church of St. Germans, &c. Mr. Bonner, I fear, is too distant for my purpose.

But we will talk of these things when I see you. This I hope to do very soon. I hope to pay my respects to you and Mrs. Polwhele on Monday sevennight, to be with you by two, and to spend the rest of the day with you. The next morning I shall leave you for the Lizard, Helston, &c. But I despair of bringing Mrs. W. with me: she will have her three girls at home with her, and could not be wrenched from them, I believe, by Archimedes's screw itself.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

Tuesday, May 19, 1795.

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#### LETTER XVI.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

Hoping to find you at leisure from electioneering business,

Find you un-circled by the venal tribe,  
Smile without art, and win without a bribe;

I write to thank you for your attention to my literary wants, in consulting General Melville upon my objects. That attention was peculiarly kind in you, and has gained me the very intelligence which I wanted.

General Melville's inquiries concerning me do me great honour, yet do himself greater. His is a mind truly dignified. And his remittance of my inquiries to a proper answerer, is a proof of great kindness.



But I did not know before, and am very happy to know by experience now, that Mr. Lumsdaine, the worthy, the friendly Mr. Lumsdaine, is so comprehensively learned. His account of the classick remains at Rome must prove a rich fund of delight to the classick antiquary, whenever it comes out. I am only sorry to find that it is not likely to come soon.

In his full and satisfactory answers to my questions, he refers me to "*Anneau, Bague*, see that article in the Encyclopedie Methodique, Dictionnaire des Antiquités, Mythologie, Diplomatique, des Chartres, et Chronologie, par M. Monger. Vol. I. page 128." But is this a reference to one book or two? I suppose it to be only to one, Encyclopedie Methodique, and to a particular set of volumes in that one. And this I beg to borrow from you; remaining, dear Sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient,

JOHN WHITAKER.

*Tuesday Morning.*

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#### LETTER XVII.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

Amidst a thousand reports concerning your electionary business at Tregoney, which generally prove false in the event, one is, that your brother is arrived from his second course of travels, and is coming with you to Tregoney. This, I hope, will not prove eventually false. Yet I am very doubtful of the truth. I therefore send over to inquire, whether he is returned or not. If he is, I beg my respects to him, and shall be happy to pay them in person to him and you at this house. I long to hear his account of the Tomb\* of

\* In 1796, the famous controversy began respecting the very existence of Troy, and of the Trojan War, which had been opened by the learned and excellent *Jacob Bryant* in two quarto tracts. One of these was entitled "Observations upon a Treatise entitled, 'A Description of the Plain of Troy, by M. Le Chevalier:'" the other, "a Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Greeks, as described by Homer; showing that no such Expedition was ever undertaken, and that no such City of Phrygia ever existed."

Achilles, and his proof of Chevalier's mediate or immediate forgery concerning it. At present, I range on the side of Chevalier, and know nothing yet to impeach his honour; though I hear, but do not believe, the Duke de Choiseul Gouffier has published a caution to believers in his work.

This most ingenious man, who had been long employing his very uncommon learning and talents to support an ideal history of his own creation, by the most fanciful and impossible etymologies, now undertook to obliterate all the traces of genuine history which had always been supposed to exist in the writings of an ancient bard, who had been appealed to in all ages, as the most undeniable evidence of facts that formed the ground-work of his poems. This attempt occasioned an immediate alarm in the learned world: and several able opponents quickly started up to dispute the positions of the veteran Etonian. Nor was he at all overlooked in the British Critic.

It was not possible that Dr. Vincent should be inattentive to this contest, or indifferent to the subject of it; but, at the time when it commenced, he was too much occupied by his own objects to take up the pen. The Review had then its most learned contributor in WHITAKER; who furnished two powerful articles on *Bryant's* first Dissertation.\* It was not till *Mr. Morritt's* able *Vindication of Homer* appeared in 1798, that Dr. Vincent began to take an active part in the controversy. He then entered the field with spirit against the venerable, but paradoxical mythologist; and though assailed by rather unfair weapons, never afterwards receded from his ground. He fought with vigour, but with a strict regard to the laws of literary chivalry. His first critique, upon the subject of *Homer and Troy*, appeared in the *Brit. Crit.* Vol. XII. p. 639, in a Review of *Mr. Morritt's* work, which he there describes as "common sense employed against a mass of erudition; and a collection of evidence from the most approved authors, placed in opposition to the capricious judgment of the few and the most obscure—forty—forty-three authors (and the number might be greatly increased) in opposition to three names quoted at second hand, to three writers in *propria persona*, to an epigram, and to *Mr. Bryant* himself, the only author who ever imagined that the scene of the *Iliad* was in Egypt."

A sentence so decided, supported by strong reasons, was too much for the patience of a veteran little used to meet with vigorous opposition; and called forth *Mr. Bryant* in an angry "*Reproposition addressed to the British Critic*," in which he so far forget himself as to term his unknown opponent "an assassin."

\* See *Br. Crit.* Vol. III. pp. 535 and 591.

You have such electionary irons in the fire yourself, that you can hardly attend to the antique tale of Troy. Just as you had reached the tomb of Antilochus, perhaps, a message from Tregoney would call you away, to meet and encounter Captain Eliot, the son of the old Nestor of St. Germans; and, in the moments of ransacking the barrow of Achilles, you would be whirled away with the intelligence of one like Achilles being busy in breaking the heads of your voters. Perhaps too, your brother may prefer for a while the bustle and hurry of electionary matters, to all classical concerns; and, instead of running with Alexander round the tombs of the heroes, may chuse to run the gauntlet through drunken burgesses and their more drunken wives. I can only say, therefore, that, if Mr. Hawkins be come back from the East, I congratulate him on his return, and shall be happy (after next week, in which my daughters return to school) to wait upon him and you under this roof; remaining, with great respect, dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

*Saturday Morning, Jan. 23, 1796.*

I beg to borrow from your library, that volume of the *Encyclopedie Francoise*, which has the title *Mitre* in it.

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### LETTER XVIII.

J. WHITAKER to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for sending me your brother's letter. It has afforded me equal pleasure and information. I feel much of his spirit of historical enquiry; but I love to indulge it in a less hardy and adventurous way. I mount my Alps in my study. Yet, while I follow this way, I admire the other.

—————*Laudato ingentia rura,*  
*Parva tene*

is my line of practice; yet surely a very humble one for him. And I beg you will present my best compliments of esteem and admiration, when you write.

I was busily employed most of last week, in something similar to his operations; fixing the site, and ascertaining the form of the famous temple at Ephesus. What induced me to

take such an excursion, you will wonder; as neither Hannibal nor St. German could have any possible connection with it. But I took it from a promise which I made some months ago, and to the performance of which I was not able to sit down before last week; of reviewing the eleventh volume of the *Archæologia*. This however is a secret, which I confide with you. But the first article in that volume is a dissertation on the temple of Ephesus, by Mr. Falconer, of Chester; which I meant to applaud before I began, as I knew him to be a man of great talents, but which I have been forced to oppose, and believe I have refuted from end to end. My paper I finished late on Saturday evening, and hope it will come in time for the next publication of the *British Critick*. If there you see it, you will have previously known the author. But you must keep my secret.

Your brother's travelling companion, Dr. Sibthorp, I knew well, and am sorry to find he has returned in so poor a state of health. He was never a man of robust and vigorous health. His design to winter in Cornwall, I suppose with you, has been altered from the uncommon mildness of the weather. I should otherwise have been very happy to see him here.

I thank you for your printed answer to Mr. Barwell's printed paper. My attachments are all personally to you, in the contest between him and you. I have no acquaintance with him, and you are both ministerial men. I have therefore said repeatedly to Mr. Harington, who is almost the only gentleman of Tregoney whom I see, that, was I a Burgess, I should certainly vote for you. And the predominating sentiment of my heart for you has been this, that the contest could be closed, or at least that you and he should agree to give no more money. Those leeches of Tregoney will suck you both, while there is one drop of blood behind.

I have been lately thrown into a very awkward predicament with Lord Eliot. In September last I wrote to tell him, how nearly completed my *Historical Survey of St. German's church* was, with how many plates and in what form I meant to publish it. To this letter he did not reply. I therefore about a month afterwards, being upon a visit a few miles from him, never went near him or his church. He heard of my visit, and wondered at my absence. I accounted for it to my correspondent, from his omission of writing to me. My correspondent assured me, that the omission was occasioned merely by his lowness of spirits, at the present posture of national affairs. Yet neither the good news from the Cape of

Good Hope, nor the success obtained at Trincomalee, have had any influence upon his spirits since. The glass has not risen, and the answer has not been sent. In this low state of the glass, he objected to a Mr. Bentley whom I was engaging to take some drawings of the church and abbey, because he meant to entertain him in his house, and he was a drinking man. I was thus shut out from the only draughtsman in the neighbourhood, but with a promise of a drawing made by Miss Eliot formerly, and of procuring me a draughtsman from Plymouth. Of the drawing I have never heard since, and believe I shall hear no more. But luckily a gentleman has come forward, to offer me three drawings taken by himself of the church. They are very fine ones, I understand, and I shall make them serve, I believe, without troubling my Lord ever more.

I return you the two volumes of the "Encyclopedie Methodique." I found them much more replete with intelligence, than I expected. I particularly found that very mitre, which I wanted. But this is like the air-drawn dagger in Macbeth; and when I say "come, let me clutch thee," it vanishes from my hand like his! However, it "marshalled me to my purpose;" which was, to prove mitres of the present form much older by ages than Montfaucon has said. And for the same "purpose" I beg to borrow the 3 volumes, containing "Anne, and Corbie," and "Theodulphe."

I thank you for your information concerning Mr. Gibbon's posthumous works. Have you got in the country his sketch of Hannibal's course? For a sketch, I see from you, it merely is. From Mr. Temple's letter to me some months ago, I was led to expect some notice of my review of his history. But I suppose you hear nothing of this.

If you do not return to London soon, I shall be happy to see you at this house. I dare not call upon you, lest I should be surrounded with bargesses and the wives of bargesses. "Pœcal, O procal, este profani!" With Mrs. W's compliments, however, I remain,

Dear Sir, Your most obedient servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Monday, Feb. 8, 1796.

## LETTER XIX.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

*Wednesday, May 25, 1796.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter and present found me so deeply engaged, that I could but just gratify my eager curiosity by reading the one and dipping into the other. I then laid the latter on the shelf, close to my eye, and ready for my perusal, when the hour of vacation should speedily come. But the *term* proved longer than I expected, much longer indeed; and the vacation was consequently thrown to a great distance. It came not till this morning. I then sat down to your poem regularly, having already read it over by piecemeals at intervals; and read it with satisfaction. I would then have gladly dispensed with writing remarks upon it for the *British Critic*; as, to say truth, I am just now tired of reviewing, having been employed in the work, with some interruptions, for ten or twelve weeks past. But I saw you requested me to do it; and I was unwilling to refuse you. I therefore took a sheet of paper, and have just filled something more than half of it with extracts.

Having done this, I go back with the full bent of my soul to my Historical Survey of St. German's Church. This I begin to-morrow to transcribe fair for the press. My last copy was so intended, but has received additions so large, and corrections so numerous, as to be unfit for a compositor's eye. I have particularly discovered in the very act of reviewing, and by means of it, that a church built by the Romans in this island about the year 312, and mentioned by Bede as existing in his time, is still in great part existing at this day. A very recent history has been published of it, which enabled me to see what the author saw not, the general identity of his church with the Roman. I saw not this myself at first, though I had read the work very carefully, and had even written remarks upon some positions in it. Yet, being called upon to review the author, I then saw his re-construction of the church to be a mere reparation, and three-fourths of the old to remain still. This discovery, in those circumstances, delighted me so much, that I threw aside my reviewing pen, and took up my historical. I inserted a dissertation upon the church in my Survey of St. Germans, to correct the error of the historian, to prove the antiquity of the present building, and to state my reasons at full length.

Stimulated by this discovery, I instantly determined to try for another. Of four churches mentioned by Bede as built by the Romans and existing in his time, I had now traced the form of one that has been long destroyed, from a description hardly known to the publick; a second is well known to exist at present, but very petty in size and very plain in style; and a third I had now discovered. The fourth was in Galloway within Scotland, in a region visited by no travellers, and at a town that never bred an historian. Yet I wished and longed to know what was become of it. As a cathedral of the Romans, it could not be lost in obscurity, though it might have been destroyed as a cathedral by fanatick folly. I therefore wrote a long letter to the unknown minister of the town, and sent it away. And about a fortnight ago I received a long reply, from a Dr. J. Davidson, full of civility, recognizing me as the Historian of Manchester, and giving me all the information which he thought I wanted. He even solicited a correspondence with me, and begged to be instructed by me in the history of his own town. I thought the request for information very fair, in return for my request of information from him. I have accordingly written him a long letter back, telling him all that Bede tells me, and asking for some farther particulars concerning the cathedral. It is now in ruins; but eight arches are remaining, some round, some peaked. And it is well remembered to have had that very form of structure, for which I peculiarly wished to appeal to it.

These, indeed, will seem to you (half antiquarian as you are, but a poet in the *better* half) the mere dreams of sleeping antiquarianism, woven of such light stuff as your poetical dreams are, but—not half so ingenious, half so ravishing as they. Yet dreams they are very pleasing to us heavy-headed antiquaries, that sometimes “lap” even “us in Elysium.” But these dreams have been, I cannot say disturbed, only interrupted, by the much less pleasing realities of the world. I know not whether you saw me noticed in the House of Commons, by Coustelay and by Sheridan, for my *Real Origin of Government*. I heard of the fact, but could not see it in my newspaper for some time, and was vexed I could not. I saw it at last, and rejoiced. And, at the instigation of the Archdeacon, I drew up a reply by way of note to my present work, treating them with high contempt for their reprehension. But I afterwards received certain information, that Starr, the member for Bridport, and the introducer of Reeves’s pamphlet into the House, had declared openly my

pamphlet was then before a committee of the Whig Club—Erskine, Sheridan, &c., to see if they could find any scope for prosecuting the author. This intelligence so little affected me on the receipt, that a month afterwards, when I came to answer the letter containing it, it appeared quite new to me. I enlarged my note, however, and gave a defiance to the whole host of opposition. But, during this threatened prosecution of me, I sent a message to Mr. Reeves, encouraging him to stand up against the prosecution, and censuring Mr. Pitt for his mean desertion of him. This induced him to write to me, and ask me to make a common cause with him by writing a pamphlet in his defence. I began accordingly to project one,—one that would have doubly enraged the democrats of the Commons. But Mrs. W. was alarmed, and I was very busy about other studies, undetermined how I should act, yet inclining to peace because of the desertion. Then Mr. Reeves wrote again to me, and said a brief would be of more use than a pamphlet. A brief required no length of time or labour. I sat down to write one, with the first volume of the Statute-book before me; and in eight or nine days sent him four or five sheets, calculated for speaking, and well seasoned with *cayenne*. He has since desired me to enlarge it, which I declined to do; and to let him publish it, to which I have consented. Only he is to publish it as an intended brief, it being too spirited for any thing else. Last Friday his trial came on, and he was acquitted. The publication, therefore, of this and other things, will now come triumphantly forward, I suppose. The most obnoxious position in this pamphlet of Reeves's, is one which I maintained against Dr. Johnson in the autumn of 1761.

Mr. Gregor comes not among us here. I have not seen him for more than a twelvemonth. Parliament and the militia entirely engross him. But, whenever I see him, I will endeavour to remember you. Yet, as seeing him is all uncertain, I will write to Mr. W. Gregor, state your complaint, and desire him to communicate it to his brother.—We are involved in all the noise of Tregoney election. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ has behaved so ill in it, with such a regular system of perfidy, and has so plainly betrayed all his perfidy in one of those drunken periods which are very frequent with him; that the fool has counteracted the knave. Mr. W. Gregor and myself do not speak to him when we see him. Yet I go not to the other party in Tregoney, though Mr. W. Gregor has gone once, and though Lord and Mr. Eliot came hither to ask me. I will not fly in the face of my old friend Sir C. Hawkins.



The Baronet will carry the election, I believe; but must finally lose the borough, I apprehend. And Mr. —— will either be killed by Sir Christopher's table, or be ruined by Mr. B——'s law.

When shall we see you and Mrs. P. here? Mrs. W. sends her compliments and hopes. And I am, my dear Sir, with great affection,

Your friend and servant,  
JOHN WHITAKER.

P. S.—Mr. Gregor is now at Trewarthennick. Mr. W. G. and myself unite to advise you, to write to Mr. G. yourself directly. Pray, is the "Bishop Bennet" of your last, a Bishop of Ireland?

*Thursday Evening.*

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## LETTER XX.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter, note, and present successively reached me, in the very heat and hurry of my personal attendance upon my harvest, on Tuesday and Friday in last week. On Tuesday I began my attendance, having excused myself on Monday in order to finish an addition to my Historical Survey, upon which my mind was keenly bent; a history of Tregoney, in four or five pages folio. From that day to Saturday included, I was in my wheat-field the whole of the day, from nine to seven. On Saturday evening I finished reaping, and had all the work-folks into the kitchen at night, to drink, dance, and sing. Such was my week of work—a little literary, and the rest all farming! I could therefore, just read over your letters, &c., lay them down, and refer them to an hour of leisure for consideration and answer. That hour is now come. This morning I began to take up my barley, but I do not attend upon the operation. The labourers are too few, to require my oversight.

In this employ I have been so much engaged, that I have not yet had time to send my man over to Truro for the British Critick. You have therefore an advantage over me, in having read what I have not—my review of your excellent poem. I am glad, however, to find that you like it.

And I shall always be happy in any opportunity of shewing my regard for you. I am proud to be considered by you as your first friend.

I had not heard till you told me, of the publication of *Essays* by your club at Exeter. I am glad to find that there are some of yours in it. Your essay on Falconry is on a curious subject; and I long to read it as soon as I have leisure. Your essay on Benevolence I anticipate in fancy; and your ode to the Genius of Damnonium, I prophesy, will prove better than both to my taste. That the tincture of your antiquarian ideas should colour over the last, is very natural; and the ideas, I must say, are peculiarly calculated for the regions of poetry. You "poets do best in *action*." As soon as I can break the chain that ties me up to St. German's shrine, I will endeavour to procure the work, perhaps to review it.

I am sorry to find that you have been ill used by the society. But managers of publications always consider themselves first. Such is human nature, from the superinduced principle of corruption very selfish and very vain! With Downman's writings I am very little conversant; but I have always considered him as a man of genius and taste. Swete is a little crow, walking erect in a gutter, and showing his littleness the more conspicuously by his strutting. Such a man's essay on *Cromlechs* must be frivolous and petty indeed. If I remember right, you had written well upon the subject in your *Historical Views*. And, if I review the *Essays*, I will do you justice upon the whiffler. What a sop to "furnish decorations for adorning his essays!" But you have really been ill used by the editor, if "many of the best parts of your essay" on Falconry have been "left out." To take such a liberty with an essay, is an unpardonable act of presumption in any editor. It is worse than the omission of other essays of yours; because it is *not* within the province of an editor so to act, but to omit, *is*. The publick, however, have reason to resent the suppression, if the suppressed essays are "much superiour to this on Falconry." Yours were suppressed, the publick will have reason to say, to make room for Sir Vanity and his decorations.

I have read over parts of the magazine sent me, and like it much. I find the author to be what you call him—a friend to the Constitution. I heartily wish him, therefore, all success; and I will endeavour, whenever I can throw off the incumbrance now pressing heavy on my shoulders, to write

something for him. But I beg he will not put himself to the trouble of sending me one of his monthly numbers.

I thank you for the pleasure which you intend me, of giving me your company here. I shall be happy to receive it. But I fear the second Thursday in September (the day of the school-meeting) will be too close upon my harvest to find me quite disengaged. I have two days more of hard work to bear—the two carrying-days for wheat and for barley respectively: in these I am busy within my mowhay, from five in the morning till eight at night. This day next week I mean to carry my wheat, and this day fortnight to carry my barley. The Monday following, therefore, allowing for any delays that may occasionally intervene, and for a visit that we expect will then be over; even on Monday the 19th of September, I shall see you, I trust. A Monday is more convenient than a Thursday; because it permits what I hope from you, a visit of several days. I shall then be able to shew you what I am now transcribing for the press, and to talk over parts of it at our leisure. And I shall therefore depend upon seeing you on that day, unless I hear to the contrary; remaining, with mine and Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. Polwhele,

My dear Sir, your friend,

J. WHITAKER.

Monday, Aug. 22, 1796.

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### LETTER XXI.

MR. WHITAKER TO R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I am setting out with Mrs. W. to-morrow morning, on a visit to our girls at Falmouth; I take up my pen in haste, to trouble you with a little kind of antiquarian commission in your peninsulated region of Meneage, and to send my letter to you by some of the marketers of Tuesday.

In all excursions of an historical nature, one is so apt to unite visits of duty and of pleasure, that the latter swallow up the former almost entirely. This was the case with me, in my incursion into your Meneage last year. My grand objects stood still, while I conversed with Mr. James or disputed with Mr. Sandys. I did not visit the place, that I fully meant to visit, and that I peculiarly wished to see.

I beg leave, therefore, to visit it by you. Will you be so obliging, while the weather continues mild and soft, to take a ride to *Saint Ruan*, a house or village pretty near to Grade church, and to observe what traditions you can catch concerning St. Ruan's residence as a hermit there, or what objects you can discern as the remaining memorials of it. I would wish you to be as particularly tenacious of the traditions, as if they were to be your *neck-verse*, and upon your faithful recital of them depended your preservation from the gallows. Yet the remains, if any, will be still more important. There was once a chapel here, the hermitage-chapel of the Saint. And there is still, I believe, a fountain of water by it, the hermit's own fountain, and (if I rightly divine from the "*augratio antiquariana*") one like Horace's *Blundusia*, "*splendidior vitro.*" Take particular notice of this circumstance, its clearness, its brightness. For thereon hangs my whole etymon of the name of the forest.

Mr. Kempe, the rector of Grade, will readily assist you in your investigations, I believe; but I would rather recommend you to any prating old-man or old-woman. These never mix their own fancies with the traditions, or rather have none to mix with them. But the Divine may have just learning enough, to mar the tradition by his bad telling it. You may, however, want his introduction to some such prater, the genuine and fair-voiced herald of tradition. And, if you do, you may present my compliments to him, if you do not know him yourself. I have been very busy since I saw you here, in transcribing my *Historical Survey*, and in correcting or enlarging it. On Friday I inserted an account of my own parish, in an account of the Saint of Meneage. And yester afternoon I finished my last chapter but one, my sixth. The seventh, and a large appendix, will however take me up till Christmas, or the end of January. That or this will be the earliest period, at which I can send my MS. to London; I believe, I shall then print through the spring and summer, having every sheet down by the post, and publish about this time next year. You must go on, I suppose, in the same mode of dilatory cautiousness. Only you have begun already, but then have more sheets to print than I, and in a larger size.

I have never yet heard from the Archdeacon. He is too busy, good man! to attend to those among his clergy, who are not weak enough to be as idle as the generality are, and who are setting an example of studiousness in private with usefulness to the publick, that even an Archdeacon may blush not to imitate. When I trouble him again with a letter, I will

say as much. A poor prude in a cassock, and a prude without the religiousness attached to the character !\*

As you have never read (I believe) my course of Hannibal, and as I have one copy now at Falmouth, I will lend it to you, and perhaps may send it with this. At all adventures, I will direct it to be transmitted to you, by the person or persons to whom I have lent it. And you may keep it till the spring.

The enquiries concerning St. Ruan's well, recur upon my mind. If you find it, pray take your own descriptive pen to tell me its beauties, and then I can say again with Horace,

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium  
Me dicente.

And to your obligingness in doing this, add that of doing it speedily. Let me hear from you in the course of a few days, while your mind and mine is set upon it, and the weather invites you to such an excursion for the morning. I have your Historical views now upon my table, ready for my perusal now my chapter is compleated, and open for the selection of some passage as the ground of a just compliment to the author. I always feel happy, when I can either speak or write in compliment to an author, of whom I entertain so high an opinion; remaining in hopes of hearing from you soon, my dear Sir, and with Mrs. W's. respects, Mrs. Polwhele's and your  
obedient friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

*Sunday Evening, Oct. 23, 1796.*

I open my letter to copy a note which I have just written about you. "In this opinion unites with me one, with whom I am always happy to be united, as a very ingenious writer and my particular friend—the Rev. Mr.

\* No one could have thought more highly of Whitaker than Archdeacon Moore. And Whitaker momentarily piqued at the Archdeacon's neglect in not answering a letter, thus slightly spoke of our common friend; in direct opposition to the prevailing tenour of his sentiments. Not "to answer a letter," indeed, is almost an insult to the writer of it. I scarcely ever knew a GENTLEMAN, who, at any time—under any pretence, omitted "to answer a letter" from a GENTLEMAN. But Whitaker's letter (we found upon enquiry) had been mislaid. Our truly venerable Archdeacon ranked high, even among distinguished characters, as a finished gentleman, a man of talents, taste, and learning, and a Christian in heart and in practice.

“ Polwhele, now Vicar of Manackan, in Cornwall; in his  
 “ Historical Views of Devonshire, p. 91—92. There the poet  
 “ appears in the antiquary ‘like some earth-born giant’ la-  
 “ bouring under the load of a mountain, turning from side  
 “ to side for greater exertions of his powers, and shewing  
 “ both in numerous flashes of fire from below.”

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LETTER XXII.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

As Mrs. Whitaker is going to Falmouth to-morrow, in order to bring home her daughters for Christmas; I take this opportunity of writing to you as it were from Falmouth, and of replying to your late with your former letter.

For the trouble which I gave you, and for the kindness which you shewed me, in searching for the residence of Ruan at St. Ruan, I thank you. Your account also answered my expectations, and gratified my wishes. You saw the very well of my saint, and found it as I supposed it was—clear and cold. You saw also the very hermitage of my saint, changed into a chapel after his death, and lately re-built into a dwelling-house. You thus did all that I wanted you to do. And I have entered your account into its proper place in my work.

With regard to the miscellaneous production of your Exeter club, I have never yet opened it. I have recollected that I had received it. I should not, perhaps, have recollected it at all, if you had not mentioned it in your favours. So much am I engaged in my own work! So absorbed and englutted am I in any stream into which I plunge! This

—————“ Curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.”

I now, however, promise you, that as soon as I have finished the present chapter, and so finished the work itself, having then an appendix only, though a very large one (and I shall finish it, I trust, next week;) I will then open, peruse, and review the work. And I doubt not but I shall with strict justice vindicate what you have said, and bring it forward into publick approbation or publick applause. Yet allow me to observe, that I think you should be less anxious concerning what reviewers do or will say of you. I think you

owe this to your own character and to your own ease. Your own character calls upon you to act with dignity about what they may or do say. Your own ease equally requires you, to wait with a calm consciousness for any thing they do or may say. You are a reviewer yourself. In what are they superiour to yourself? "Are their sides ribbed with steel, that they are not as vulnerable as we?" Or rather, as far as we know of their names, are they not inferiour in every estimate of power and strength? And shall we not therefore be inclined to dash our iron gauntlet in their chops, rather than crouch or tremble before them? I would assuredly dash it much rather. I have thus delivered myself long since from that aguishness about fame, which would keep me continually in a hot or cold fit, and thus reduce my vigour into weakness.

In this spirit am I proceeding, with painful steps and slow, up the hill, with my Historical Survey. I am ever labouring in the advance, yet mount only by inches. I have now fixed February next for my goal of rest, but begin already to doubt whether I shall repose at it by that time. For my own part, I feel easy about the event. I shall be glad to finish, because to finish presents a pleasing idea to the mind. Yet I shall not repose, I know. As soon as this work is done, I shall fly to another. I shall set a new bowl to run its course upon the green, and move with its *leaden* bias towards the jack.

Et globulus globulum velut unda supervenit undam.

I have lately had an overture made me, of writing in another Review. The premium is three guineas a sheet. I am staggered by this, as at present I write in the British gratuitously, and merely to support it as an orthodox and constitutional journal of literature. I had indeed resolved to write in none but this. Yet to retrieve a Review peculiarly unconstitutional and unorthodox, in some measure, from the hands of our domestick enemies, would be a glory worthy of any man to gain. I will therefore consider it. But, after all consideration, I believe I shall hardly engage, as I have so much to do of my own, and have so strong a desire to escape into higher studies and Biblical writings.

Mr. Trist has at last, under the remonstrances of some common friends, begun a kind of preparatory reconciliation, by sending me his Magazine and Review. Mr. ——— also was the bearer of them, as he had been (I believe) the inflamer of the quarrel. The latter convinced me, by a foolish speech which he made at the moment, that neither he nor Trist did it with a good will.

I had a visit from Dr. Wolcot a few weeks ago. He spent an evening and took a bed with me. I liked him much. He has certainly strong talents and a vigorous genius. He laughed at me for supporting the Ministry, yet getting nothing from them. Turn against them, he cried, and they will pension you. They pensioned him with £300 a year, on the bare stipulation of silence; then quarrelled with him for not writing, and offered him the half-year then due upon the pension. This he refused to accept; and is now writing a severe satire upon George Rose, of the Treasury. He read me some strong, bold lines in it. I read him one or two little notes in my *St. Germans*. And one of these, that which I read to you concerning the ready patronage of merit by the bishops, struck his imagination much. It even has given rise, I surmise from what I hear by the way of Fowey (to which town he went from this house,) to a projected satire upon bishops from his pen. Such, says my Fowey intelligence, he was there talking of writing; and he certainly had no such project in his head when he was here.

I am glad that Hannibal has at last got into winter-quarters with you. May you like the soldier in the historian! When you are tired with him, pray turn him over to Mr. James, of St. Kevern, with my kind compliments. And he will remit him to you again.

With Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P. and yourself,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours and hers affectionately,

JOHN WHITAKER.

*Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1796.*

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### LETTER XXIII:

MR. WHITAKER TO R. P.

*Feb. 4, 1797.*

DEAR SIR,

In my last I promised you that I would in the first week of January sit down to the *Essays of the Exeter Society*, and review them for the *British Critic*. But the first of January arrived, and found me still entangled in the web of *St. German's*. Yet I had reason to hope, that in a day or two I should still be able to perform my promise. In this manner my hope dallied with my pen for a week. I then



was resolute for marching from St. German's to Exeter. But I accidentally met at the moment some notices in M. Paris, that I had never observed before, and that laid open some unknown points of ecclesiastical antiquarianism. I could not but notice the novelty, and could not but convey it into my repository. Nor was I able to turn over the essays till last week. My daughters were then on the wing for their return to school; their mother was fluttering her wings to fly with them, and I was fluttering in my spirits at the prepared, the actual departure of all. My wife returned, my spirits rose, and on Monday I sat down seriously to lash you with your anonymous associates.

The vindication of the character of Pindar I praise much. The remarks on the early population of Europe I condemn severely. The more remarkable British monuments in Devon, I "applaud with civil leer;" or rather, condemn harshly in one point, and praise moderately in the rest. The historical outlines of Falconry, I censure in the reasoning, but praise in the notices. A chronological essay on Ptolemy's mode of computation I praise. An essay on the contraction of the Iris, I leave to other critics. But, to leap over all the intermediate, an essay on Benevolence I praise highly; and the ode, called the Genius of Danmonium,\* I at once praise

\* Ruminating on the following address from that admirable Classical Scholar, HAYTER, I conceived the first thought of the ode to the Genius of Danmonium; in which are various allusions to Hayter's verses.

#### DANMONIUM.

" Anglia quâ sole hesperio jam angusta tepescit,  
 Atque unda oceani refugit lambentis utrinque  
 Oscula, terram olim sceptro et ditione tenebant  
 Infecti Britonum reges: his sanguine ab alto  
 Cimmerium genus Japeti, nec fabula longas  
 Mentitur cæca ambages. Ibi nocte dieque  
 Per nemora ardebant saxosa altaribus ignes,  
 Placebatque humano obscenas hostia quercus.  
 Prædo nihil metuens nocturno hyemumque procellis.  
 Stramineas tecti latebras in vallibus imis  
 Incola ponebat, tutâ felicior umbrâ.  
 Danmonio hinc illi nomen. Mox Roma feroces  
 Indigenas mansueta armis cultuque subegit.  
 Hinc et mos, et lex, quæ religionis avitæ  
 xuit horrendas immani carmine lucos.  
 quanta hæc Britonum, fuerat si Roma superstes,  
 ratia—Deis aliter placuit—namque Itala virtus  
 Dilapso tandem imperio, signisque revulsis.  
 Ipsa sibi est trepida, et perituros linquit amicos.

and cite. On the whole, I have endeavoured to act with impartial justice to every writer. Yet I wish to know, who

Dimoveat Romana acies—non pignora cara  
 Aspicias ut obstantes eternum abitura Britannos  
 Osculave aut gemitus, lachrymave merentur euntem.  
 Tum demum fera gens septem subjecta trioni  
 Irruit, et nudatâ arctoi littoris orâ  
 Aggreditur facilem bene nota per æquora prædam.  
 Nec solûm avulsas devicta Britannia plorat  
 Artesque et jura, et vinculis succumbit iniquis.  
 At ne quid demum miserandæ dulce supersit  
 Aut patriæ, aut una exigui solaminis umbra,  
 Ipso etiam excidit spoliato nomine laudis  
 Antiquæ et rerum vestigiis. Sed tamen hosti  
 Vis cœli ingeniumque hominum et cum nomine virtus  
 Accepere, et gestorum haud oblita priorum est  
 Anglia. Tu, quot mille luis perjuria, mendax  
 Gallia, tu testis, quid possint vindice dextrâ  
 Angligenæ, sive Anglo-Britanni. Testis Iberus  
 Submisso porrecta pavens per littora fastu.  
 Ipsa inter glacies ignotas frigoraque alta  
 Volvitur in præceps tremefacta Borysthenis unda,  
 Et Georgi auspiciis mansuescit Sarmata victor.  
 Scilicet his patriæ plus justâ parte triumphis  
 Devoniam, O felix, plusquam sociata periculis  
 Dant tibi fata frui! Salve, O sanctissima mater,  
 Tu salve, natalis ager, foecunda virorum,  
 Tu, segetumque parens, tu diis præsentibus artes,  
 Tu simul arma colis, famæ spes magna Britannæ.  
 Nec te adeo tacitum Musa, O Polyele, relinquet  
 Qui prima tandem repetens ab origine pandis  
 Res Danmoniacas! Stirpis obscura remotæ  
 Evolvit monumenta; soli tu viscera cæca  
 Thesaurusque imâ reseras tellure latentes;  
 Temperiemque doces cœli, quo cultu habituque  
 Quoque viget regio, renuit quid quæque feratque  
 Aut arbusta, herbarumque aut genus omne animantum.  
 Occultos nec te morum recludere fontes  
 Penituit, feu forte volenti grata Minervæ  
 Devonii sua sacra ferant, seu magnus Apollo  
 Delon sæpe suam dulci mutaverit Iscâ.  
 Quippe et Devonix prolem miratur Eoam  
 Asia, et Armeniæ tecum jam nacta receptos  
 Agnoscit nostro exultim sub sidere natos.  
 Hinc gaudet duce te ipse sui, ignarusque suorum,  
 Nec rursus proprios patriâ velut hospes in ipsâ,  
 Ineola perlustrat fines, et jura penatûm.  
 Tu salve precor, O merito dilecte camænis,

is the confused contradictory remarker on Europe's early population; and on the mythology and worship of the Serpent? He is one man obviously, the most learned fool, with the semblance of wisdom, whom I ever met before. Shakspeare's fools are all wits; but this is a fine scholar, giant-like rearing his head to the skies, and scarcely deigning to rest his tip-toe on the earth. Had I not been unwilling for your sake, to tell him who I was, I should have cut him for the simples with a gashing knife, on account of what he says about me.

I have thus thrown off a load that had lain heavy upon my mind for some months past. I love reviewing when I have got into it, but I love not to get into it. My own studies so engross me, that I hate to relinquish them. Yet surely this is wrong in one who has been a professed Reviewer so long, and is likely to be one, longer. I have lately had a solicitation to engage in another Review, but declined to engage because of my connections with the British. Yet the British has no other claim upon me, but that of congeniality of sentiments and views. I will therefore consider this offer more soberly than I have done, and may perhaps be flourishing where you would least expect me. The offer would have tempted a Johnson, who avowed, you know, he had no other temptation to writing. Yet I do not believe him. I profess, at least, to act upon very different principles; to review for profit, and for consequence; but to write in my own name for consequence and praise. If I can buy the books that I want for the year, at the expence of reviewing for a few weeks, I obtain all that I want, except the pleasure of praising the meritorious, and of scourging the coxcomb or the fool.

When I was last at Falmouth, I met there Dr. —; but so, I recollect, I told you in my last. Have you read, let me therefore ask, Burke's pamphlet on a Regicide Peace? I have read it twice, with wonderful pleasure. It has all the fervour, all the fancy, of his best of days. It has a rapid sale; mine is the *eleventh* edition. And it will therefore have an electrical effect upon the spirits of the nation. May it have all the effect there, that it has had upon me; pre-

Tu salve! Nec te tristis malatædia eurae,  
 Insomnisque labor, nec TELUM IMBELLE MINACIS  
 TERREAT INVIDIÆ: tibi circum tempora lauri  
 Vis teget intactos famæ crescentis honores.

J. HAYTER, 1794.

viously thinking with him in general, yet willing to believe that the King's Ministers were better judges than myself, and now convinced they humbled their King and their Country too much in stooping to sue for peace.

Your friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

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LETTER XXIV.

J. W. to R. P.

*Wednesday, July 26, 1797.*

DEAR SIR,

I received your present of the Sketches on Thursday last, and your letter on the Sunday following. For both I thank you, but especially for the former. The poetry and the prose I admire, yet the prose, I think better than the poetry. Such is the effect, that a habit of reasoning has upon the mind! I had heard some indistinct hum from those who are ready to pull down authors, because they cannot become authors themselves; of your essay on spirits. Yet they could not tell me, and I could not guess by myself, in what form or manner you had written about spirits. Some however laughed, who could not reason; and I was obliged to suspend my opinion, till I could hear further. Your present has enabled me to do more than hear, to read, to approve, and to applaud. What you have written is in my opinion at once scriptural and rational.

I had however seen the *British Critic*, before I received your present. This had informed me in general, of the contents of your elegant volume. It had particularly announced to me, your sonnet addressed to me; and announced it with an eulogium, that startled me. But, till I received the Sketches, I supposed your compliment was paid in the usual manner to my head. I was agreeably undeceived on the receipt, to find it was paid to a much better part. I did not however understand your allusion at first, even till my wife's soberer genius reminded me of a fact. For your compliment on that fact, for your general compliment to my heart, and for your concluding wish so honourable to me; I feel myself much indebted to you. May our friendship be as lasting, as it is warm!

I am glad you liked the review of the *Exeter Essays*. By

the British Critic of last month you have already learnt, that the essayist on the population of Europe has written an angry letter to the reviewer, and that the reviewer has answered it with spirit. The essayist is not Dr. Downman, I hope, as (amid much genius and much erudition) he is weak in mind and confused in judgment. But, what is more astonishing than all the rest, he plainly points at you as the reviewer; though many compliments were paid *him*, and though one of *your* pieces was slightly blamed. Conscious that he had offended you, whoever he is, he thought you was now retaliating upon him. I therefore saw myself obliged, to free you in as peremptory a tone as I could use under the existing circumstances, from all suspicion of being the writer.

In my last, short and hasty as it was, I believe I hinted to you my writing the two articles on Bryant's *Plain of Troy*, not that on Bryant's denial of Troy's existence. I was particularly desired to review *that*, and to make a strong article of it. I sat to work therefore with eagerness, soon caught fire with my own movements, and at last found myself inclined to blaze away in a *pamphlet*. What I had written, I could easily have dilated with some remarks that I had in reserve, into such a publication with my name to it. I should thus have gotten more money and some fame. I should have appeared in a new walk of literature, and have acquired an addition of credit as an author. These reasons staggered me for a moment. But honour set me steady again. That honour, which cannot "set a leg," set me firm upon my legs. I had engaged to review the work, and I could not retract with honour. I therefore sent my paper to the British Critic, and only mentioned the temptation as I proved I had overcome it. I had been much delighted in writing the articles, but I was more on the acknowledgment of their receipt in London. The acknowledgment was very complimentary indeed. And to *their* sense of my honourable conduct do I attribute in some measure, *their* compliment to me, in reviewing your sketches, perhaps *their* speed in reviewing them so quickly.

Last winter an offer was made me, of writing for a rival Review. I instantly replied, that I was engaged to the B. C. The offer, however, was a handsome one, a third higher in rate than what I used to require from the English. This therefore put Mrs. W., who knows the value of money in a family of children, upon advising me, not indeed to desert the B. Critic, but to require as good terms from the latter as the former had offered me. I thought the suggestion very reasonable, and followed it. Hitherto I had written for the

B. C. without one farthing of a fee; and with only the detention of the books sent, *when books were sent*, as frequently they were not. I had thus acted for four years, and therefore thought I had contributed my full share of assistance to the support of the Review. The answer returned was exceedingly complimentary, begging I would not leave them, apologizing for not offering before to pay me, and offering to give me even one fourth more than what the other Review had offered. They even laid open to me all the secrets of their management, their expenditure, sale, and profits. I found therefore, that they could very well afford to pay me; and I replied, that I would not leave them, yet they should pay me only what the other Review had offered. I have accordingly reviewed, and shall review, several books for them. I am waiting only at present, to finish my own work about St. German's; before I resume my reviewing pen.

That work I am now revising *a second time*, finally for the press. I have been particularly un-burdening a cumbersome appendix, of a part of its load. I have thrown out a dissertation upon St. Neot. I have also cut off the antient *Valors* for benefices in Cornwall. These I design for two separate publications hereafter. The latter has many notes and some dissertations; while the former is a regular history, or rather a regularly historical disquisition. With both these abscissions, however, the survey of St. German's will be more than 500 folio pages in my writing. In that extent I mean it to set out on its travels to London, by the middle or end of September. When it has passed through the press, I will take care to send you an early copy.

I am expecting Dr. Wolcot down at my house, for a week this long vacation. We correspond a little, and shall more. — I beg to hear from you soon, and in a letter not half a sheet in size, but a whole and a large sheet. And let me receive your letter to-morrow fortnight at Falmouth, as I shall be there in Mr. Gwennap's house for a few days that week. To-morrow I shall put this letter into some market-hand at Falmouth, for you; as I am then going with my daughters to school, and return the same day. Mrs. W. is so ill with the remains of an erysipelas, as not to be able to go. My eldest daughter is now freed from school. With Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P.

I remain, Dear Sir,  
Hers and yours affectionately,  
JOHN WHITAKER

## LETTER XXV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Sept. 30, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR,

Till this moment I have not had leisure or inclination, and inclination frequently creates leisure, to read over with care your obliging communications in your last. I have had cares and anxieties, and terrors, that you un-farming divines can hardly conceive. I have been out early and late, urging on the tedious work of the harvest. I have been beaten out of my fields and beaten out of my new hay, by the descending rains. I have twice despaired of saving my corn; yet I have saved it, thank God, very happily. My hops alone have suffered, and are suffering now; but they form only an inconsiderable object in my plan of farming.

I have been just perusing your poetical essay on the origin of the Blank-verse Sonnet, for the second time; my first was a hasty one, upon its first arrival. I like it much, and advise you to follow up your intention of publishing it. Your "Sonnet in Blank-verse," I particularly admire: it is a choice piece of poetical landscape-painting, short in itself, but vividly picturesque, and happily moralizing at the close. Your *Jeu d'Esprit* also gave me great pleasure of a lower kind, indeed, yet great in ridicule. Many touches I lose of course, by my ignorance of characters and names.

But now to business.—It will always give me particular pleasure if I can serve you. I have therefore wished ever since I received yours, for leisure to write to the manager of the British Critic upon your offer. I would not write to the rival Review, because I would not have you, willingly, against us. But I will write by this post to London, and urge your offer upon the British Critic. No urgency, indeed, will be requisite, unless a writer in that department is already engaged by the manager. But I apprehend from all my experience with the Review, that no one person is engaged regularly and invariably for any one department. I shall speak of you as a Critic for poetry and for essays. Yet they, and all the literary world, know your general abilities as well as I do. I need, therefore, to mention only your offer, and I think it will be accepted with readiness.

Your friend,

J. W.

## LETTER XXVI.

MR. WHITAKER to J. H. Esq.\*

Sept. 1797.

DEAR SIR,

“ I was not able to read over your work on Predestination before this day. I then sat down to it, turned down leaves in abundance as I read, and meant to have refuted it from end to end; but I find my time too short for a course so long; I therefore throw aside what I had begun to write, and shall only make two or three observations in general upon it. The doctrine of eternal election and reprobation, comes with such a sound to the ears of even uneducated reason, that the mind receives it with aversion, and dwells upon it with increasing disgust. The doctrine indeed, is so pregnant with consequences both to God and to man, that nothing in the whole circle of demonstrations could possibly prove it. Not an angel speaking it from Heaven could possibly reconcile the intellect of man to the belief of it. If a decree has been made for the absolute salvation or damnation of any man, then all other modes and means are utterly useless, the Redemption itself is a nullity, and the Bible a mere mockery.

“ Nor is the case mended, even if we take the only novelty that occurs in this book, and extend the decree of salvation into a decree also of religiousness. The same objection still remains in full force. The religiousness that is *decreed*, cannot possibly be religiousness at all. But *sin* must also be *decreed* upon the same principle, in order to carry the decree of damnation into effect. And as a rule of action given from Heaven is an errant superfluity in itself, if a decree determines at once the religiousness or sinfulness of the party; so all the calls of God, frequent as they are in Scripture, to repent and be saved, are adding insult to injury on the heads of the already reprobated.

“ The doctrine, indeed, is so horrible in itself, so blasphemous to God, and so noxious to man, that the Lutherans have justly reproached the Calvinists with turning God into a devil by it.

\* About this time, Whitaker was engaged in a correspondence with J. Harington, Esq. (son of Dr. Harington, of Bath) on various literary and theological subjects. With respect to theology, Mr. Harington had the goodness to communicate to me the above curious letter.



“What then, you will ask, is to be done with the passages in Scripture, that seem to announce such a doctrine? The same, I answer, that has been always done by them among the great body of Christians; by interpreting them with latitude, by understanding them to mean any thing (I had almost said) rather than this, and by keeping their meaning at least within such bounds as shall not render the very book in which they are found, a mere cipher.

“This may seem to give too free a rein to interpretations merely human. I will therefore exemplify the proper, the necessary use of it. ‘All things shall work together for good to them that love God.’ ‘All things.’ would a reader, reasoning like a Calvinist, repeat, and therefore Sin itself. He would thus turn a single sentence of the Scriptures against all the rest, and annihilate every promise, every threat, every exhortation against sin.

“This shews you, as in a mirror, the necessity of recurring to such interpretations of single passages, as reconcile them with the whole, and carry on one regular systematic plan with all, for the rescue of a fallen world from sin and destruction.

“And I subscribe myself in haste, dear Sir, yours,  
J. WHITAKER.”

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#### LETTER XXVII.

J. W. to R. P.

*Monday, Oct. 16, 1797.*

DEAR SIR,

Some days before I received your last from the post-office of Penryn, I had sent you what was a full answer by anticipation to it, and was to go by the marketers of Manaccan from Falmouth. In it I inclosed also your papers, and I informed you, that I had written to the manager of the B. C. upon the subject which you had mentioned. I am now to inform you, that I have received the following answer. “With the highest respect for the character of Mr. P.,” says the manager to me, “I cannot but “fear, that it is wholly out of our power to find him any “employment that may be worthy of his acceptance. With “critics competent and willing to give a very good account “of poetry, or any thing connected with belles lettres, we

“are amply stocked. If there are any matters of more peculiar and difficult research, which he is competent and willing to undertake; we might indeed be able to employ him. But otherwise I do not see, how such a plan could be made to answer to either party. I am much obliged, however, to you for the proposal, and should certainly pay every attention to any suggestion from you, with which it was practicable for me to comply.”

I am afraid I hurt my own application for you, by specifying your critical excellency in Poetry and in Essays. Yet I specified these as the strongholds of your character. But in these, it seems, the Review is “amply stocked.” The manager however, asks in effect, if “there are any matters of more peculiar and difficult research,” which you would undertake to review. You must suggest to me, what I shall say in reply. But suggest it by the post, as all transmission privately from Falmouth is uncertain and tedious.

From the manner, in which the B. C. *turned off* your compliment to Nares, in your sonnet below your text; I suspect Nares himself to be the reviewer of poetry.

I write in haste, as I am preparing to *embark* for Falmouth, and shall take this note or letter with me. There I hope to hear from you, and to add a few lines to this.

It will give me a very sensible pleasure, to be capable of serving you. Let me, therefore, suggest one thing to you. A late report, which was false, impressed it strongly upon my mind. Mr. Pye of Truro was reported to be dead. The living is in the gift of Lord Mount Edgecumbe and Lord Mount Edgecumbe is your relation. The idea prevailing here is this, that Charles Rashleigh, as agent for my Lord's boroughs, will have the bestowal of this living. Yet, as my Lord makes no pretensions to the borough, this agent can have no claim to the patronage. Think of this, Dear Sir. It would bring you into my neighbourhood; a circumstance, for which I wish much, as being with Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P.

Dear Sir, your friend and servant,  
J. WHITAKER.

Nov. 1, 1797.

P. S.—My letter was mislaid. I now open it, to say, that yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Swete of “Oxon House, near Exeter,” remonstrating with me on my supposed review of *his* essay in the essays by a society of gentlemen at Exeter. “By mere accident,” he says, “it was

discovered at the Bishop's table, a week or two since," that I was the reviewer. Conjecture had previously fixed upon me, he remarks, but now the crime is too plain. "The opinion I had entertained of Mr. W. from a repeated perusal of his publications, gave me much higher conceptions of his erudition, candour, and urbanity, than seemed to be possessed by the author of the critique, and it was with the utmost reluctance, that at length I suffered myself to be persuaded that it absolutely originated in him." Does not the gentleman make a fine bow, before he advances to close combat? But he makes a still finer just afterwards. "For I will ingenuously own to you, that your whole character, as a man of letters, a gentleman, and a christian, had placed you so high in my estimation, that I was loth to have the charm burst, and to find that a part at least of this appreciation," a choice word this! "was ideal." He then draws on his white gloves, and pulls out his maiden sword, for a *bloodless* encounter. Yet he flourishes with his sword, and seems to admire the glitter of it for the feint. At the close he makes this desperate *lunge* at me. "But I have done, and I beg leave to assure you, that what I have thus done, has been more to express to you the regret I have felt, in your having so much descended from the exalted height of your literary character," (did ever feather strike more softly?), "as to censure a club of Essayists, and to endeavour by your thunderbolts of criticism to annihilate it, than to show you that I have been hurt by your strictures." Poor man! He has not been hurt at all, at all; though he wriggles so, like an eel under the murdering knife. But he takes more courage at last; speaking of "those who, though their brows have been wreathed by Fame" "*quæsitam meritis*," "yet have prostituted their genius and learning to satire and anonymous criticism." There is a dash of boldness for you. But he gives me another instantly. "It would have given me considerable pleasure," he finally says, "if (what *with sincerity* I could lately have done) "I now could subscribe myself with respect, your obedient servant, John Swete."

What therefore shall I say or do to this *sweet* gentleman? To go to fisty-cuffs with this dish of *whipt* cream, I cannot condescend. I will therefore turn him over to you, I think. Tell him I am sorry too much vinegar was put into the bowl, but your hand dashed it in.

In sober sadness, I am sorry he is hurt. His feelings

are too acute, and my lancet was too rough. I feel for him, because I see he feels for himself. But I shall not answer his letter, for that very reason.

The intelligence, however, will be nuts and almonds to you. He was one of your principal adversaries in the club, I think. And I have revenged your cause by my pen.

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### LETTER XXVIII.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter found me in the midst of embarrassments, that claimed all my attention at this moment, and left me unfit for correspondence at the end. I have been obliged to put my only brother, an attorney, into chancery; and now find myself compelled to refute his answer there, by examining his own letters to me. In this investigation I have been successful enough, however distressing it was to me, and however I feel the painful sensation from it still hanging upon my nerves.

Before this time, however, I suppose the parcel from Mr. Nares has reached your hands. To have had it conveyed with one to me, and then transmitted by me to you by our market people, as you propose, would have been impracticable in itself. The parcel had most probably set off, before you wrote. Even had it not, I did not know when I might desire to have a parcel for myself. Even had I known, I could not have sent you your part of it by any certain conveyance from hence. We have no market people going to Falmouth. We send only by a boat, that may chance to go, or by our servant man, that we may chance to send. To-morrow fortnight we thus propose to go ourselves, and that day fortnight we thus intend to send.

I sent away my manuscript of St. German's four months ago, yet have not received a line from the bookseller about it. I imprudently took a recommendation, diverted from the man that I meant to select, and went to one who is too busy to do business. He promised my recommender, a month ago, to write by that post; and has never written yet. But I hope this week to rectify my mistake, and to recover my proper path.

I have had a fresh application, and from another Review, to engage in writing. This was a Review, from which I less expected such an application than from the former.

The Review has been particularly opposed to my principles and me. And I was solicited expressly to write, as an Antiquary and Historian.

Do you know the exact fate of the English Review? If not, I can perhaps tell you. Dr. Thomson formed an union between his and the Analytical Review. He writes the Political Reflections at the end, as he used to write before. And the two booksellers of the English are tacked to the bookseller of the Analytical. I think that Thomson should have carried you with him into the latter. But perhaps you would not go.

I have just planned a new work, a small one, under no very promising title, and calculated for the *denkomes* of Cornwall; "The Valors of Cornwall with notes and dissertations." I mean it to embrace all that I have written or shall write, of matters merely local; with many openings, however, to the general history of the island. For such a work I have ample materials provided, I think; and hope I shall be able to shape them into form, in the course of a few months. And then I long to begin my military History of the Romans in Britain, with all my powers collected to a point.

I have lately been re-perusing your last publication, the Sketches, with new pleasure. I then saw allusions and felt strokes, that I neither felt nor saw before. Your T. T. and your V. I now recognize with much satisfaction. You think and you write well in both those characters; and you wished very reasonably, I believe, to make those shrink under your lancet who had behaved with impertinence to you.

But I am wasting your time and my own. I therefore hasten to send Mrs. W.'s compliments to Mrs. P., and to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,  
JOHN WHITAKER.

Monday, March 12, 1798.

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LETTER XXIX.

J. W. to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

I could not possibly answer your late favour, as you desired, "by the return of the post," even if my own

business would have permitted me, to lay it all aside for so sudden a call. But the weather was too bad to allow my humanity to send a servant through such snows three miles to the office. And I knew what I hinted in my last, that we meant to be at Falmouth ourselves next week. This meaning has indeed been altered, in consequence of that weather, and in consequence of the relapse of my youngest daughter. We fetched her home last November, through turbulent seas; we had the pleasure of seeing her recover, under our domestic management; but we have the mortification at present, to find her falling back again. Her we meant to have taken to school, next week; and are now obliged to defer her return, for a few weeks, even till the weather becomes much warmer. We therefore send our man to-morrow, to carry some provisions to our second daughter there, to bring home two ankers of brandy that have been some time purchased for us at the Custom-house, and to take this letter for one of your market-women.

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You have so often entered the lists, so often ran over the course and so often borne away the prize; that I cannot but think you degrade yourself, by carrying the flutters of boyhood into the experience of manhood. At least I can safely say for myself, that, whatever I felt at my first publication, I feel no longer the solitudes that you seem to feel so exquisitely. I have no apathy indeed, but I have a concern moderated and subdued. My pride buoys me up above fear, above acknowledged fear at least. And I refused when my bookseller advised, to ask Mr. Trist to review my Arianism in the English. I even pretended not to understand him, when he offered himself; and, in consequence of both, he mixed some pert censures with his praises. Yet I would rather have encountered more of his censures, than have asked or permitted him to do, what I did not want and he could not perform.

Your account of not having yet received either a letter or a parcel from Mr. Nares surprises me much. After his express promise, I had no idea of his receding. And I should rather suspect the promise to have slipped his memory, as lately slipped one to me, about making an extract from a manuscript in the B. Museum. Yet such a slip as yours is rather of a magnitude greater than mine. But he has now delayed for three weeks past, to acknowledge the receipt of a large packet from me. I begin to be anxious about the fate of this, as I have no copy of it, and it covered several pages in folio. But he is engaged very busily, I suppose, in

making the extract that had been neglected before, and in preparing this month's complement for the press.

The packet, which I sent Mr. N. lately, was a review of Pinkerton's History of Scotland 2 vols. quarto. This, my old antagonist, I have treated with great generosity. I have blamed him, where he merited blame; and I have praised him, whenever I could. But, upon the whole, I have praised him much; though I have reason to believe, that he is not now at least what I used to think him, the historical writer in the Critical Review. This work, and Bryant's Philo Judæus are the only pieces that I have reviewed lately. But I mean to review several soon; as, like you, I have from pride or patriotism, or both, declined to reduce the sum of my triple assessment, by an appeal upon the ground of income. I hope indeed to settle soon my differences with my brother, and so recover possession of my own estate; remaining in that hope, my dear Sir, and with Mrs. W.'s respects as well as my own to Mrs. P. your affectionate

Friend and servant,  
JOHN WHITAKER.

Thursday, March 22, 1798.

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### LETTER XXX.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I wrote to you a few days ago, by my man going to Falmouth. I then told you, that I expected to hear from Mr. Nares the next morning. I did not hear, however, till yesterday morning. Mr. Nares then confirmed what I suggested in my last, that his delay in sending the parcel to you was merely the result of his being over-busy. "I have not yet been able," he says concerning you, "to set apart any books for his revision; but I expect ere long to receive a fresh supply, when I will endeavour to make due provision for him and for you."

He also adds, what anticipates any application from me about reviewing your new publications. "I have received from Mr. Polwhele," he writes, "a thin volume containing a part of his History of Devonshire:—if he wishes this to be reviewed before the rest of the volume appears, (which will not be quite regular, according to our general practice) you perhaps will be kind enough to undertake

“ it.” I shall write to him in a few days, and agree to this ; remaining in great haste and with best wishes,

My dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

*Saturday, March 31, 1798.*

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LETTER XXXI.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I was glad to see your letter, and I shall be glad to see your person. On Thursday the 1st of November I trust to be at home with all my family. I mean however to set out this morning for Falmouth by land, together with Mrs. W. We meant to have gone by water ; but the rough winds that still prevail prevent us. We are going to fetch home our two youngest daughters from school finally, and our eldest from a visit. But for this purpose we must have a boat, and when the weather will permit a boat, we cannot say. As I propose to send you this from Falmouth, your receipt of it will assure you of our arrival there. And this morning, in the next week, I intend to send you a letter, by a private hand ; to announce to you our safe return, and to tell you how happy we shall all be to see you ; especially,

Dear Sir,

Your Friend and Servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Mrs. W. sends her respects to Mrs. P. and you.

I shall direct my letter on Monday next, to you at your mother's.

*Monday Morning, Oct. 22, 1798.*

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LETTER XXXII.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I sent you a letter from Falmouth last week, to tell you I was then there, but hoped to be at home before this day ; and to assure you, if I reached home, you should



hear from me again by a letter addressed to you at your mother's. This promise I now fulfil, having been detained at Falmouth by the weather till yesterday; but having then returned with all my family by water. And I just proceed to tell you, that I shall be happy to see you here on Thursday next for the whole day, and that I shall take care to keep up the day in store for you alone; remaining with the respects of Mrs. W. and all my three daughters to Mrs. Polwhele,

Dear Sir, her and your  
Friend and servant,  
JOHN WHITAKER.

*Sunday Evening, Oct. 28, 1798.*

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LETTER XXXIII.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have at last found leisure from business of a disagreeable nature, that yet demanded all my attention, as being a suit in chancery with my only brother, and him a lawyer too; to read over your papers manuscript or printed. And I thank you for the perusal of all.

Your "Letter to a College Friend" already printed, and your postscript to it in manuscript, I have read with particular attention, because of the dispute with the Doctors Downman and Parr. The Archdeacon (you told me) dissuaded you from publishing either;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

The Archdeacon is undoubtedly a very prudent man, and could not well with such a character give any other advice. He is also connected with the very persons attacked, by occasional meetings, occasional conversations, and occasional friendlinesses. And he (as I have always suspected) was the person that informed Mr. Swete at the Bishop's table, of my writing the review of the Exeter Essays in the *British Critic*. The Archdeacon himself inferred this, I suppose, from my conversation once at Dr. Cardew's, or perhaps was told so by the Doctor privately, from my own acknowledgement to the Doctor. But, from Mr. Swete's manner of mentioning the information, I fancy that the Archdeacon made the information in an invidious manner. But, whether

he did so or not, or whether he gave the information or not, I care little. Only, if he did, he would be sure to advise the suppression. And, with a spirit just opposite to his, I advise you to publish both. You will find too, I suspect, that Mr. Swete, in his timidity at chastisement received and feared, has told what is not true; and he will thus be properly exposed by your publication. Publish; and I will review; ready to acknowledge my part, and willing to confront them all.

Your poem, "The Unsexed Females," is written much in the style of the author to whom it is addressed; the poetry a peg for the prose. But the poetry is good, and the prose is necessary. The design of both, however, demands praise of a higher quality than what the execution can claim. It is of an exalted nature, calculated for the best interests of society, and sure to promote the best of causes—religion. I like all very much; and would have urged the publication, if you had not already begun to print, and had not inserted a compliment to me in the manuscript.

Both these manuscripts, with the printed page of one, I return you by my man, who is going to Falmouth, and will leave it all with Mr. Gwennap for one of your parishioners on Saturday.

I have read also your discourse on two melancholy events, and like it well. But I am most agreeably surprized at your "Old English Gentleman." This is in a style of composition new to you, comick and humourous. The man of observation, the keen characterizer, the antiquary, and the poet; are happily blended together. Some of your antiquarian touches, the *Arish* note, the *Geese-dance* note, I shall contest with you. But many strokes of humourous portraiture, I suspect, are taken from real life, from existing characters in your ancestors or your contemporaries: Some you expressly attribute to the latter; and others have so much of particularity in them, as to shew they are derived from the same source.

On the whole I stand surprized at the versatility of your talents, and the range of your publications. But should not you give the name of Mr. H. at full length, like that of Downman, Parr, and Swete? I think you should; as even I do not know who is meant by that initial letter except Mr. Hole. The orators in your society, indeed, had best be kept as you have given them, under general descriptions or allusive names; as their speeches are only flourishes of

the muse. But in all real actions, I think, real names should be given.

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you here, I have heard from Mr. Nares. But his letter was written only to tell me, that two publications, which I had very lately offered to review, Dallaway's account of Constantinople and Morrit's answer to Bryant on the Troade, had been already reviewed; the former even were printed a few months ago, the latter in M. S. now ready for printing. He seems afraid of my going off to a rival review. *En passant*, what makes you think Dr. Parr writes in the Critical? I was offered a part in it, but declined to take it. Dr. Thomson now writes in the Analytical; writes at least the Epilogue on Politicks, and assuredly many articles. He is a believer, whatever the subordinates may be.

I beg to hear, that you have received your manuscripts safe; and with every good wish for your happiness, and Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P., remain

Your assured Friend,  
JOHN WHITAKER.

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#### LETTER XXXIV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Feb. 14, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I had the pleasure to see you at this house, from the shortness of your stay and the company of other visitors I forgot to tell you, that I had resolved, in consequence of your request so repeatedly made, to review your "First Part" for the "British Critic," and had agreed with the manager to take only the historical half, leaving the physical to some other person.

I have now executed the plan; but I found some difficulty in doing this. I wished, of course, to notice such passages alone as would do most justice to my own feelings, and do most honour to your name. I have accordingly noticed several. Yet the Armenianism of your opinions compelled me, at times, to blame; though only to blame with the tongue of a friend. And your adoption of some of Borlase's reveries, about rock-idols, rock-basons, &c. which, indeed, all our brethren of the antiquarian family have equally

adopted, but which I had previously refuted, I think, in my review of the twelfth volume of the *Archæologia*, obliged me gently to notice them. I even went the more willingly into those slight censures, because I had formed a design in your favour, which I thought such censures would greatly strengthen. At the close I cite some passages, that plainly point at Sir G. Yonge's failure in patronizing you, and the insufficient encouragement which you have received from the gentry of Devonshire in general; and I take the liberty to add, that, if the gentleman particularly meant, if the gentry in general, suffer you to pursue the *History* at a loss, which I understand you will incur, of several hundred pounds, it will reflect eternal disgrace upon him and them. For this bold declaration, so probably useful to you, so certainly (I believe) necessary for you, I take upon me to be answerable. I will avow it if requisite. Nor have I suffered you to know any thing of it till it is done, gone to London, and half printed, perhaps, by this time. If it serves you, I shall have an ample reward. If it does not, I shall have attempted to do what I feel myself warmly inclined to do at all times—to promote your reputation, and to further your interest.

Whether my article on your Devonshire will be actually published at the end of this month, I do not certainly know; my critique on the *Archæologia* undoubtedly will. The first half will make the first article of this month; and the other half the first of the next. In both, as far as I now remember, they having been gone these six weeks, I have attacked several notions to which our Borlase first gave circulation, concerning Druidical monuments. I have particularly exposed Mr. Hayman Rooke's account of some in Derbyshire, &c. But I squint in my views of him, much at your friend Mr. S. The views and the squint, I doubt not, will excite the attention and inflame the hearts of some. But I care not. I close with exposing Mr. Rashleigh, of Menabilly, about his Druidical book; and Mr. Gough comes in with him for a castigation.

•        •        •        •        •        •  
Your friend,

JOHN WHITAKER.

## LETTER XXXV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

May 7, 1799.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

With your letter of April 8, I received your *Unsexed Females*. I had read it with pleasure before, and I re-read it with satisfaction now. I wished immediately to review it. But the hour of sickness was not calculated for the work; nor could I go to the work as soon as the sickness left me last week at liberty for it. I had had a publication on my shelf these four months, which I had promised, and yet did not like to review. It was a singular production: "Specimens and Parts, containing a History of the County of Keat, and a Dissertation on the Laws, from the Reign of Edward the Confessor to Edward the First by Samuel Henshall, Clerk, M. A. Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford." This undertaking was so magnificent in itself, and dealt in erudition so extraneous to all my own, that I dreaded to execute my promise. Last week, however, I engaged in the business, found it much more agreeable than I expected, and finished it much more quickly than I had even hoped.

When this was done, on Saturday, I sat down to your "Letter to a College Friend;" or (as you call it in your letter to me) your "Epistle to the Exeter Society." For whom I should review it, the British, or the Anti-Jacobin, I could not determine. The British I expected, from his very cautious wisdom, to decline accepting it; as the history of a private quarrel, better suppressed than published. The Anti-Jacobin, I feared, would consider it as moving out of the orbit of his course. But, in the act of reviewing, chance threw a couple of suggestions in my way, that determined me to send it to the Anti-Jacobin, as they brought it directly within his sphere. Stating from your pamphlet the first ground of the quarrel, the frivolous vanity about the two blank-verse sonnets, I added thus: "If this representation be true, as, from the character of the author, we believe it to be, and as in common justice we must believe it to be till it is contradicted, Dr. Downman of Exeter is the petty dictator of a petty republic, actuated with all a republican's jealousy of the merit around him, and acting with all a republican's lust of power to make himself the monarch of the whole. Dr. Priestley exclaims, in the agony of his American repentance, that "Republics are less free than Monarchies!"

I have thus endeavoured to give an anti-republican tinge to my review, to procure it an admission into the Anti-Jacobin. Yet I am not certain that it will gain admission after all.

Having done this, I turned to your *Unsexed Females*, and I have formed a fair abstract of your text and notes, by citing such passages only in both as relate to the females censured. I conclude with their sighs of repentance around Miss More. "We have thus given," I say at the close of all, "a fair and full abstract of the poem. We find it at once politically useful and poetically beautiful. The satire is ingeniously conceived, and judiciously executed. And we are happy to see a poet who ranks high for richness of language, vividness of fancy, and brilliancy of imagery, employing his poetical talents at this awful crisis of Church and State, in vindication of all that is dear to us as Britons and as Christians." This, I have no doubt, will be inserted in the Anti-Jacobin. But you have impaired the force of my praises of you, by not prefixing your name to your work. I therefore could not mention your name, and could only glance at it.

Yours, very affectionately,

JOHN WHITAKER.

P. S. I am highly pleased with all your Satiric pieces. But I want keys to them. In your *Follies of Oxford*, at pp. 19, 20, 21—I meet with a description of "a Pedant-fool."—Who is this "Pedant-fool?"\*

In "*the Epistle from Mason to Pitt*," there are passages worthy of Peter Pindar.

In the "*Animadversions*"—incedis per ignes! But to come to your last satiric strokes, I again advise you to publish your "*Visitation of the Poets*."†

\* Jackson; afterwards Bishop of Oxford, our Mathematical lecturer. But he deserved not this character. To be sure, he used often to call names.—"A set of illiberal undergraduates," he would sometimes denominate our whole class. We trembled at his frown. Stern however, as he was,—his heart was good. He had convivial talents of which few were aware. More than one pleasant evening have I passed with Jackson.

† See APPENDIX to the second volume of these Biographical Sketches; where I have made extracts from "*the Follies of Oxford*," from "*Mason's Epistle to Pitt*," and from the "*Animadversions*;" and where I have printed "*the Visitation of the Poets*," entire. In a fugitive pamphlet it appeared before in fragments only—the *disjecta membra*.

man" appears also in it; and your "Sketches in Verse  
Prose Illustrations." Both are praised, but with a  
of blame. You are blamed, under the former, for a  
over-minuteness of circumstances, and for a too great  
ilarity of language at times; but you are praised for  
description of the knight with his old roan horse; for  
account of Misa Prue, Rachel, and Avice. And the e  
sion runs thus: "We have been thus free in our observ  
because we cannot overlook in Mr. Polwhele what  
safely be suffered to escape animadversion in bards of i  
note; but from great powers we are authorised to  
great effects. The "English Gentleman" has certainly  
merit; but attention to the maxims of Horace would,  
persuaded, have supplied the means of improvement."

"——— Luxuriantia compeescet," &c.

Of the "Sketches" It is said that, "they exhibit  
strokes of a master-hand. Of the first Ode to the  
Wales, the beginning is highly poetical," and is quoted  
the Highland Ode, the imagery, derived from the  
and superstitious of the country, is appropriate and etc.  
Then some are said to be "greatly inferior to those  
'Professor,' the 'Saint,' and 'W——— Lodge.' The  
to Lord Dunstanville' is of a much superior cast, and  
with bold and beautiful personifications." They  
from it:

"Yes, when insulting"

I have that gives you an abstract of  
to the "Monthly," I have nothing to  
I write for the "Monthly" I  
less time, he said he would

pect. I am deeply engaged, and have been for weeks, in enlarging and correcting my "Essay on St. Neot." I enter into general history, and endeavour to settle some points of moment in the annals of King Alfred.

When this will be published, or when my much larger work concerning the Cathedral of Cornwall will, I know not; but I shall be glad to see your "Essay on Calvinism." You write and publish at once; while I am slow in writing, and slower still in publishing. If you go into Calvinism at large, you have had a copious subject. But you rest, I suppose, upon a few points, the wildest and the weakest in that region of follies.

Yours, &c.

J. WHITAKER.

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LETTER XXXVII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nov. 13, 1799.

After a second perusal of your "Letter to Dr. Hawker," I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of your two favours, and to give you my free opinion upon all.

When I wrote to you with some hesitation of doubt, about the nature of your intended work, I supposed (as you have expressly cited me for saying) that you meant to go into "the follies of Calvinism," to expose them. I never imagined that you meant to attack the very point in Dr. Hawker which has always made him respected and revered in my eyes, what a world of fools denominates his Methodism. I have lived too long in the world, and felt too much of the world's hatred of all vital religiousness, not to know the term as merely the former's nick-name for the latter. I have been through life, and so (I believe) has every man who was seriously bent upon the promises of Christianity, marked with the appellation of Methodism. All my zeal for Orthodoxy, all my warmth for the Church, which you yourself have, at times, apprehended to amount above the cool atmosphere of charity, have not been able to save me from the appellation. This alone will show satisfactorily to every man, that Methodism has not been, and is not, opposed in general from any zeal, any warmth, for either Orthodoxy or the Church, but from a very different principle—from a dislike to the seriousness of spirit, from an hostility to the devoutness of life, in the persons branded as



Methodists. And I see this to have been always the case with Dr. Hawker; a man whom I know not personally, whom I know as an author by one work, and whom I have heard repeatedly abused at the bottom for his Methodism, his sanctity, his hypocrisy, or whatever else irreligion chose to lay upon him.

I was, therefore, much hurt, when I found you had joined with the herd of the world's *naturals* in assaulting his Methodism, for the sake of religion and the Doctor.

I still reprobate "the follies of Calvinism." But, in the name of common sense, do not confound the doctrines of the Gospel with Calvinism, and reprobate them as such. Yet this you do, in some measure, by that improper language of yours concerning regeneration, p. 11: "According to this doctrine, our regeneration depends not upon ourselves." To which Dr. Hawker has wittily replied: "no more than our very generation." But you both use the term absurdly. You both mean renovation by it. The real regeneration of the gospel is what is done to the soul by the Holy Ghost in baptism: "Except ye be born again of water and of the spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Here God, even God the Holy Ghost, is the sole agent, and the effect certainly "depends not in the slightest degree upon ourselves." But in the renovation of our minds to religiousness from heedlessness, though the Holy Ghost is the *causa efficiens* of the change, yet our own concurrence with him is the *causa sine quâ non*. You have thus taken up a Methodistical abuse of a term as your own, and then insulted an evangelical doctrine by mistake for a Methodistical one. And would you banish from the code of Christianity that supernal principle of assistance, which we denominate the grace of God, for which we pray continually in our churches, and in our closets, and without which we know we cannot think one good thought, or do one good action?

Having said so much upon these points, I can only add a couple of observations more. "According to Dr. Clarke," the father of Arianism in England, "and other *rational* divines, the only way to understand the Scriptures rightly is to explain one text by another, and so as that none shall contradict the 'great law of nature, which is likewise the law of God.'" The principle here laid down is the very essence of infidelity and folly. For where is this "law of nature" to be found? Among the heathens? There we have a something beyond the law of nature; even sacrifices, even vicarious sacrifices. And to refer to a law thus invisible, to refer to it also

as a standard for explaining what is actually visible, as actually written, is such a sophistry of reasoning as is too ridiculous for refutation. It is like the fanatical appeal of the Quakers, from the Word of God to their own spirit. It was intended, probably, to sweep away the doctrine of the Trinity, and is calculated to sweep away every mysterious doctrine of the Gospel.

"I am assured," you add, p. 60, "that Methodism has, from its first rise to its present state of insolent boasting, been alarmingly injurious to the community." This is a most pregnant falsehood. It has been amazingly beneficial. It has turned the wretched heathens in the forest of Dean, and thousands of heathens as wretched in the collieries all over the Kingdom, together with the profligate rabble of all our great towns, into sober, serious, professed, and practical Christians. And I should be happy to see my own parishioners all Methodists at this moment. But you endeavour to make Methodism appear otherwise, by coupling it with schism and sedition. In the days of John Wesley, whom you, whom even Methodists abuse, and who appears a glorious character to me, no schism could take place among his Methodists, as he kept them strictly to the church. As to sedition too, in the time of the American rebellion the King thanked John for a pamphlet which he wrote in favour of Government, and which was circulated with great success among John's followers. And, for the present times, you are more unhappy still in your charge of disaffection; as the very man whom you condemn so much, the very man who has "acquired a portentous influence over the Calvinists of the West of England," p. 84, has actually published, I find, in favour of the Government.\*

In haste I subscribe myself, still and for ever,

Yours,

J. W.

\* Of Dr. Hawker's judgment or probity I was led several years ago (said Archbishop Moore) to entertain a suspicion by reading his Book on the Divinity of Christ. And if you will give yourself the trouble to compare that Treatise with the Letters of Ben Mordecai on the same great argument, I am apt to think you will see reason to conclude either that Dr. H. was a snake in the grass (which by the way I do not believe he was) or that he did not understand the tendency of the arguments he employed. He wishes to be thought quite orthodox, and he fights with the weapons of Arianism. I am not possessed of Ben Mordecai's book; but our learned friend at Ruan Laughorne who is thoroughly furnished with the celestial panoply, may

## LETTER XXXVIII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

*Jan. 8, 1800.*

I have been mournfully employed for some weeks past in attending a dying daughter. My eldest, you know, has been long ill in a consumption. The disorder terminated on Monday the 30th of December; and the event has thrown us all into a depth of sorrow, that has only the happy alleviation of her religious end. My mind is just beginning to emerge from this "sea of troubles;" I therefore write to thank you for your poetry and your prose, which you kindly sent me, but which I have never yet been able to read; remaining with regard,

Yours, &c, J. WHITAKER.

## LETTER XXXIX.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

*Jan. 31, 1800.*

I thank you for your kind letter on the death of my daughter. That death was a heavy blow to me, but a heavier to my wife. We are both, however, rising superior to its stunning effect, though we shall ever retain a lively impression of it on our minds. Religion will keep up the impression, as it is religion that is making us superior to the stun. We dwell, in

probably have suspended in his temple of victory some trophies of a more unsound temper. As Dr. H. is so forward as to throw articles and homilies at our heads, it is but fair war to call his orthodoxy to the same test. I write upon memory, and mine is too much time-worn to be depended on. I beseech you therefore, to see with your own eyes, and by no means to mention my name, if you see occasion to avail yourself of this hint.

At the same time with your letter and Dr. H.'s answer, there was put into my hands a wretched illiterate performance by a person who enters the list as second to the Dr. The thing would be beneath notice but for the man's impudent assertion that Bishop Lavington in his latter days repented of his writings against the Methodists; which I know to be without foundation, as far as his conversation could afford assurance of the contrary. To the very last he always spoke of them as a fraternity compounded of hypocrites and enthusiasts."

thought and in talk, upon the religiousness of her life and the devoutness of her death. We thus feel a holy balm distilling over our souls from both. We particularly rest upon one point, because of its reach and range. Soon after her sickness begun, she told her mother that she had been praying to God a little time before, to send her something which would make her more serious, and that she now considered her sickness as a return to her prayer from God. It is soothing to my soul to dwell upon this. Even then she was so serious as to be praying for more, and to be praying for it at the expense of a visitation. Even when it came in the formidable shape of sickness, she was not startled at its appearance, but welcomed it as the messenger of God, sent for the gracious purpose of making her more serious, and she continued in the same happy frame of spirits to the very last; re-mentioning the prayer and the return, only a few hours before she died. But my tears compel me to leave the pleasingly distressing subject.

I am thus unfit to discuss with you any points at present, of your controversy with Dr. Hawker; nor do I know what you mean by "Wotton's Letter," which is to convince me that the Doctor is not one of us. I can only say, that I still wish you had not published against him; or published with more care as to facts, and more attention as to doctrines. Only this moment have I ended a re-perusal of your "Second Letter," and have much to say against it. But I withhold my pen.

Your anecdotes of Methodism, I fear, will be exposed to more objections. The lie of the day, the jest of the evening, or some revived tale concerning the Puritans in the last century, will compose (I suspect) the motley mass of scandal, and religion will suffer from all, I apprehend.

"As to the cantos on Methodistical Jumpers, or on Jumpership," you say, "I will remand back the MS. from London, where it has been for months, and shew it to you. If you think any part of it, or all, exceptionable, I will commit it to oblivion, in deference to your judgment, and in regard to you." I thank you for the compliment, but I must decline the acceptance of it. The compliment indeed is too great, in my opinion to be paid to any one. You must be the sole judge of what you think to publish, especially in a case like this, when confessedly the suppression "will be really a sacrifice of your poems." Who would devote to the cord such a bantling as this? Who would wish the father himself so to devote it?

Your "Grecian Prospects" I read yesterday, and like them

much. I have even reviewed\* them for the British Critic.

I am sorry to find that Mrs. Polwhele's health is so very precarious. God preserve her life for the sake of you and yours! I know not a man who would be more forlorn under such a loss than yourself. The best wishes of my wife and daughters, (the latter, alas! now *two* only) for her and you, accompany these of

Yours, &c.

JOHN WHITAKER.

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### LETTER XL.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

To your letter without a date I am now at liberty to reply at last. But I was so *engulfed* in my Original History of London critically stated, that I could not mount up into day and reply before. I have thus been waiting week after week, in hopes that the next would terminate my long labour upon one point—the Origin, &c. of Southwark, but still finding the termination fly before me. Last week I had finished in my own fancy this point at last, when the Lock Hospital closed me in its wards, and kept me in its infected company. And, when I had escaped, I recollected a part in a prior chapter, in which I had long meant to prove a passage of Ovid's *Fasti* had no reference whatever (though one writer of celebrity has asserted it had a direct one) to the history of Sampson. And, when I had done this, I devoted two or three of the weeks following to letter-writing and to reviewing. I accordingly began this week; and your History of Cornwall, with your letter or letters to me, of course challenged my first attention. But I have spent all the days till this in examining some papers that I wished to send you, in diverting

\* I had illustrated my Grecian Prospects with notes from Thompson's *Travels* which I afterwards suspected to be spurious. Mr. Hawkins lately confirmed my suspicion; and soon after our conversation, informed me in a very friendly letter:

"On my way home from your house I recollected the name of the fabricator of *Thompson's Travels*; it is Sir John Hill, the author of a great botanical work and of a well known attack on the Royal Society, besides a variety of other publications.

I had this information from the late Mr. Pennant."

from my pursuit by perusing some pamphlets that thrust themselves into my hands, and in hunting for others that I could not find. And, just as I had finished my eighth line above, my man brought me your last letter of Nov. 4.

I have thus at length selected for you two folio MSS., entitled on the cover, I see, "Local Notices, vol. 1st and 2d," and containing dissertations on St. Michael's Mount, on Penzance, on the Land's End, and, what I value more than all together, on the Scilly Isles. To these I have added a MS. by the late Mr. Collins, who died at Penryn, being a copy of those observations which I had formerly written on the blank pages of Tonkin's MS. when I believed it to have been given me by that unscholarlike divine, the late Rector of Truro, but which I took care to erase with my pen before I returned the MS. itself. To these I have added a MS. entitled "St. German's, vol. 8," but containing only "The Antient Valors of Cornwall," with notes. Some loose papers concerning Veryan and Probus, &c. I have put between the folds of a plan of the Coyt near St. Columb. The two drawings of an inscription on the doorway of the porch to St. Austle church, are done by two different persons. The larger one is by Mr. W. Gregor, the smaller by Mr. Briton. On the back of the former are some notes of mine. To all I have subjoined the pedigree of the Connocks historically unfolded, which I drew up at last, after repeated solicitations from Mrs. Connock; but which, when read to her by myself, she shewed evidently she did not like. I had swept away the wild dream with which, it seems, this widow of the last male Connock had flattered her vanity, of their descent from the Counts of Bretagne; and she would rather have dreamed on. I gave her a more honourable descent for them, even one from the Kings of Cornwall; but she did not like this a thousandth part so well as the other. So little has she of a Cornish soul within her! And at the close, when I expected the old lady, rich and liberal, would have put a bank-note of fifty pounds into my hands, she *would* have given me three guineas. I resisted the offer, not wholly because I would take nothing, but because I considered the offer—as nothing. I *felt* the guineas, and felt their *fewness*.

With all these I send you what I borrowed some time ago—your Peters on Job. I have not read it, but just glanced over what he says about the Leviathan, and found it was nothing.

I had once intended to have published myself all that I now send you. The essay on the Land's End and the Scilly

Isles I particularly intended. But "art is long and life is short." And at sixty-eight I begin to cut short my plans of publication. I therefore threw off every thing Cornish for your pen, except my St. German's and my St. Neot's. My corrections of the histories of London have drawn me off from Cornwall, as a history of London is more generally attractive, and therefore more likely to be popular. Yet I have so much of the vanity of authorship about me, as to wish you would publish my account of the Land's End and of the Scilly Isles, in an appendix to your History of Cornwall, and avowedly as mine.

Your history I have not yet read. I have been too much immersed in my own ideas concerning London, to turn off for only a day into yours. I will, however, as soon as I have written a few letters that have been long waiting for my answers, and looked over some accounts that have been long wanting my examination, I will go over your History with attention, and will review it for the *Anti-Jacobin*. I wish to write to Mr. Gifford, as he has three or four months ago met with some dreadful misfortune, and I have not even had time to inquire how or what it is. He has also been very ill recently, and yours is the first account which I have received of his being better. This his writing to you seems to intimate. But his Summary of Politicks, which was suspended expressly in September by the writer's illness, has not been resumed (I see) in October.

Your warlike Ode to Faithful Cornwall I have not yet seen. I see it, however, by extracts in the *Anti-Jacobin*; and I will send for it by my man, when he goes with this letter and the parcel to-morrow for Truro—the letter to reach you by the post, and the parcel by the carrier. My daughters say they promised you the View of St. Keyne's Well, if Mr. Briton, the drawer, consented you should have it. Where he now is, I know not. But five months ago he received a miniature of me, which Mr. Bone drew of me some years ago, in order to send it from Mr. Bone\* to my daughters; and they have never yet received it. Only he wrote to me about four or five weeks ago, to tell me this, and to request I would revise the Cornwall, as I had formerly promised I would, and send him my remarks. He added, that he had sent the miniature by the coach or the carrier: he did not say which, and he did not say when; nor have I yet received it. And of course I have not revised his Cornwall; having, indeed, never looked into it.

\* In enamel, a first-rate artist.

"The reluctant submission of Cornwall," says Gibbon, iii. §17 quarto, "was delayed for some ages." So says the text. "Cornwall was finally subdued," says a note, "by Athelstan, A.D. 927—941, who planted an English colony at Exeter, and confined the Britons beyond the river Tamar. See William of Malmesbury l. ii. in the *Scriptores* post Bedam p. 50. The spirit of the Cornish knights was degraded by servitude; and it should seem from the Romance of Sir Tristram, that their cowardice was almost proverbial." All this I had forgotten, because it was published before I had any connection with Cornwall. But you had transcribed it, I see by the terms of your account, and now wish me to answer it. He says very truly, I think, in stating the final reduction of Cornwall to have been made by Athelstan. I have dwelt upon this particularly, in my account of St. German's church. I dwell again in my account of the Land's End, here sent. Nor do I know any the slightest shadow of cowardice in either. Gibbon was a mere coxcomb in history; he read much, he fancied more, and he erred splendidly in both. The tale of Sir Tristram I do not recollect circumstantially, though I am familiar with his name. The general story is in *La Morte d'Arthur*, I suppose, and only as old as that, some time (I think) in the 14th century. And what an historian must that be, who founds a censure of cowardice against a whole nation upon what he thinks a feeble resistance, without once weighing the comparative strength of the assailants and the assailed; yet reinforces his hasty censure by a sarcasm, personal certainly, absurd probably, in a mere romance, a romance too later by some centuries. In a fair estimate of the comparative strength of a county against a kingdom, Cornwall behaved with exemplary courage in opposing Athelstan at first, and in not yielding at last without another battle. Gibbon's establishment of an English colony at Exeter, results only from Malmesbury's assertion of Athelstan's obliging the Cornish to give up their part of Exeter to the English.

As to your and Mrs. Polwhele's fears, I am rather surprised at them. I see some in my wife and daughters. But I fear nothing myself, and have always calmed their fears hitherto. I *pray*, I exhort them to *pray*; and then, with a confidence in HIM who has the reins of the Creation in his hands, we fear nothing. What He orders, is right in itself, and right with regard to us. Why then should we fear? "Is not God in Heaven?" asked my youngest daughter many years ago, "Why then should we fear, papa?" she re-asked. All this I am obliged to recall to their minds, for the support



of their spirits. Yet, in a human view, I consider all fear of a French invasion\* in *Cornwall* as supremely ridiculous. The aim of the scoundrel, who has now usurped the power of all the scoundrel usurpers before him, is to terrify by appearances, is to wound by realities, to aim at London and to land in Ireland. And in all probability his aims or his landings will be defeated completely, by his landing and his defeat, or, what is still more likely, by the extinction of him and his host (like Pharaoh and his) in the waters of the sea. Then only will the world be freed from its disturber. And then only can it "rest from off the tossing of those fiery waves" which have so long disturbed and inflamed it.

In this spirit of confidingness upon the Highest Wisdom and the Highest Goodness, I am pursuing my studies without one atom of fear. I see the danger, and I face it. I consider all as a trial from God, of our reliance upon Him; and upon Him will I rely to the end. I will act prudently; but I will never leave my reliance upon God. The more trials I have, the better; because I am sure I shall have the more rewards. In short, I fear nothing but God; and Him, I hope, I shall ever fear most reverentially.

We shall be happy to see you both, when you have got over your fears as we have done, and find all the designs of the French pointed as they formerly were, and as they evidently are now—at *Ireland*, that land of strong disaffection formerly, and that region of feeble rebellion very lately.

With the kind compliments of my wife and daughters to Mrs. Polwhele, and with my warmest wishes for your success in the *History of Cornwall*,

I remain, my dear Sir, yours affectionately,

Nov. 11, 1803.

JOHN WHITAKER.

\* I had told Mr. W. that our family were taking flight—and that I had cried out "give me the sword which was my father's in the year forty-five!" &c.—It is remarkable that Sir W. Scott has put almost the same words into the mouth of his antiquary, upon the same emergence.

"Give me (said the Antiquary) the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five. It hath no belt or baldrick—but will make shift." p. 324. *The Antiquary, Waverley Novels*. Vol. VI.

Such is the sword now before me, a handsome silver hilted sword—certainly without belt or baldrick and even a scabbard; which Lord Mount Edgcombe had presented to my father in 45; when he had the conduct of a new-raised regiment as far as Exeter; where they stopped short, on receiving intelligence of the battle of Culloden.

## LETTER XLI.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

I would have replied to your favour immediately on the receipt of it, as I was so glad to hear from you; if I had not been expecting to be at full liberty for the work in the course of two or three days. These days, however, have run out successively into many in number. And then your mother's illness came after all. But, as the sale of your mother's furniture calls you this week to Truro, I take up my pen to greet you there.

In my late visit to London, I was taken very ill, at least so ill as to be deprived of my appetite and to lose my flesh. The air of London (in the crowded parts of it especially) is so loaded with sulphur from the fires, as to be almost pestilential to a short-breathed man. I was always sensible of this malady, and now felt it for the first time in the atmosphere of London. I had now been just thirty years absent from the city. My native malady had increased in the period much. And I soon began to feel I could not walk, and could not breathe so freely as I used to do. My stomach, generally active and vigorous before, began to lose its elasticity and to languish in its vivacity. I fancied meats, but could not enjoy them. I could drink, but could not eat. I thus began to shrink in the size of my corpulence, and to fade in the colour of my cheeks. And I was soon made sensible myself that my life would be in danger if I did not soon return into the country. Yet my spirits were lively and steady; I enjoyed the conversation of scholars who came to see me, very much indeed; I saw numbers about me in my lodgings near Covent garden, that I had known only by correspondence before; I found them all very pleasing, very complimentary, and very friendly; I even felt myself raised above myself whenever I was conversing with them, and forgot my increasing malady for the time entirely. But, above all, I was very unwilling to take my daughters abruptly away from London. It was their first visit; and I should have been cruel to cut their visit short. I could not attend them myself; and to procure substitutes for me required time. And I was therefore very desirous to stay with them in London as long as ever I possibly could. I accordingly staid to the last line of my assigned period, having allowed one week for the journey up, two weeks for the journey down by Oxford, and

the intermediate period to residence in London. I had thus reduced myself so low in health and aspect, that I was in no little danger from my kindness. When, however, I left London, I flattered myself, from the briskness of my spirits and from the enjoyment of my mind, that I should feel myself well again as soon as I had turned Hyde Park Corner, or at least that I should leave my cough behind me on Windsor Terrace. Yet I turned Hyde Park Corner without losing my cough, and even walked the Terrace without leaving my cough behind me. I actually took it with me to Oxford. I even carried it away with me out of Oxford, after two days stay in it. My malady still stuck close to me, my lungs being still loaded with a *mucus* from the air of London, and my only relief being by expectoration. My stomach thus had no power of expansion; and my appetite thus had no possibility of exertion. In this manner I went on amid all the recollections and re-visits of Oxford, all the exercises of the road, and all the enjoyments of a surviving friend there; not recovering myself, yet not receding in health. At last I found my long lost appetite at Bath, where we met by agreement with a family of this neighbourhood, that had repeatedly called upon us in London, and that consented to spend a Sunday with us in Bath. I there, after the service of the afternoon, sat down at four to a dinner, and, for the first time, relished it very much. I consider this as the crisis of my complaint, and went on improving in health till I reached home. Yet my improvement was so little in reality, that a lady of my parish has since told me, as she looked at me mounted into my pulpit on Whitsunday, she thought me fitter for my bed than my pulpit. I grew better, however, and better and better still. My spirits settled into steadiness; my appetite gained an addition of strength; and my harrassing cough ceased by degrees. Yet during all this interval of recovery itself, I felt my mind so weakened by the illness of my body, that I was actually *afraid*, while I was reading my own Original History of London, of encountering any difficulties in it, or of starting any doubts concerning it. Both these I left to be started by myself, or by myself to be encountered at a future time. But by degrees I had the boldness to start the doubts, and to encounter the difficulties, from which I had turned or fled before. And I have been, ever since I came from London, employed wholly in correcting or enlarging what I had written before, intending for many months past to resume the series of my history, yet still diverted from my intention by new objects in the past parts. I have of late

been particularly busy in the Norman period of my History, which has been very wretchedly told by the only historian of London who has told it at all; yet it is pregnant with notices, general and useful and curious. But I have resolved at last and determinately, to resume my series next Monday, and to begin what alone remains for the completion of my whole work—my 8th chapter.

“Before you left Cornwall,” you tell me, “you spoke of some notes on Bodmin and other towns, which you had in reserve for me.” I had forgotten that I promised you any notes upon Bodmin. I have since promised them, I find, to another writer; as an intimation from this other has reminded me some time ago. But I had promised you, I see, before he was promised; and yours is for the County at large. I shall therefore transcribe what I have written, and send it to you at Truro in the course of the present week. “On this and the success of your literary expedition, I expected to have the pleasure of hearing from you; especially as, having got rid of your great work, I supposed you tolerably free from learned cares.” By my “great work” I suppose you to mean my Antient Cathedral of Cornwall. But this I did not send to my printer till I had returned home; and then my malady disabled me from attending to any thing very closely. I even thought of this work with so much indifference, that I parted with it in a perfect apathy almost about its fate. I left it all to my bookseller. And, as I have recovered my ancient spirit, I never was more burdened with literary cares than I have lately been. For a fortnight past, I have been deeply engaged, in particular, by what I mean to insert in my very next publication—The Origin of Oxford as a Town before the University. I have a clergyman employed in Oxford at present, in examining some points that I have seen, but neglected at Oxford formerly. In the mean time, however, you fancy you catch me under a new publication. “Some communication, indeed, I have certainly had with Mr. Whitaker every Saturday. But this was in common with others. “And, to my regret, it is now ceased.” You was thus deceived, as even I was myself. In the first paper containing what you mean, I read over one paragraph with pleasure. I then began to think the author writing just as I should have written. I then suspected these were my own sentiments and my own expressions. I even turned at last to my own preface of Flindell’s own Bible. And you might well recognise myself in myself, the prefacer of a Bible is the essayist of a newspaper. “So perfectly,” as you add, “am I acquainted

"with your style and manner, that I am sure I am obliged to you for the sacred columns of the *Truro* newspaper."

"In consequence of Overton's attack upon me, which has kept alive the memory of the Hawkerian controversy, I have been repeatedly urged by a Staffordshire friend (a truly Christian believer) to publish in some shape or other my vindication of my religious principles." In that controversy I took part against you, I remember, by a private letter to you. You had not, if I remember, distinguished properly between the principles of the Church of England, that is in my estimation, the very "Pillar and Ground of Faith" within this island, and the opinions of the Methodists either as wildly Calvinistical under Whitfield, or as adhering, with some erroneousness about Justification, to the doctrines of the Church. Yet I have more lately thought worse of *these* Methodists than I once thought. The strange tergiversation of Wesley himself towards the close of life, has undeceived me in a particular manner. I remember to have formerly seen in the hands of Mr. Baldwin, then at Manchester, a letter written by Mr. Samuel Wesley, the Master of Tiverton school, and the brother to James as well as Charles, predicting, if they went on in the manner which they had then begun, "they would come at last to lick the spittle of the Dissenters." This prophecy has been latterly accomplished in full form, to our ears and to our eyes. Wesley himself had the unwary presumption to assume the powers of the Episcopate to himself, though a Presbyter only, and so to begin a second succession of usurping Presbyters in the Church. And, as the Rev. Mr. Nott, in his Bampton Lectures, has lately shewn this part of the history of Methodism in a strong light, in a fuller form, and with convincing circumstances; so has he particularly displayed the versatility of John's judgment, in proving him whom I remember to have been at first a favourer of the American Rebellion, to have been converted very ingenuously by Dr. Johnson's pamphlet against it, to have then published his abstract of this as his own, to have made many converts by the abstract, and to have been thanked for it personally by the King himself; yet, at the close of all, when Rebellion had prospered, to have written in favour of Rebellion, and to have openly disowned all that he had said before. Such a poor creature was he in reality, when he came to be fairly tried! And such poor creatures were those simulators of our communion, who confounded religiousness with Methodism, who, having no life of religiousness in themselves, fancied all was Methodism, and thus did all that they

could do to make Methodism that "vital spark of heavenly flame" which can alone save any Church or any Christian from final reprobation.

But I have dwelt so long upon this point, that I have hardly time to notice even the others in your letter. I saw Mr. Gifford repeatedly at my lodgings. Mr. Gifford is now, or has been, in distressed circumstances. *He was obliged, before I reached London, to sell his library.* I therefore feel for him, as I equally feel for your large family. The views of interest through a borough, indeed, might probably have proved a blessing to you. So it has proved seemingly to ——. Yet it almost always produces a meanness of mind that is a disgrace to any dignified spirit. And even our friend, I understand, is frequently talking with all his successes in life, that he has not been rewarded sufficiently; even frequently, I see and feel, enjoying and disliking those who are content with their own, yet are happy and rich without being preferred.

As you will now be at Truro for this week, I wish you could come with Mrs. P. and spend a day with us. Mrs. W. has no right to expect a visit from Mrs. P., as she never paid one; but then a visit from her will be the more kind, and Mrs. W. will think herself the more obliged by the kindness. You can come on Friday, I suppose, take a bed with us, and go round by the passages on Saturday. Think of this, Sir and Madam, and do this. I will even trust you will. And in that trust I subscribe myself, with the respects of my wife and daughters to Mrs. Polwhele,

My dear Sir, your Friend and Servant,

*Monday Evening, Feb. 5, 1805.* JOHN WHITAKER.

N. B.—If the sale will not allow you to come this week, and should force you to return next week, we shall be happy to see you and Mrs. Polwhele then. One day in that week we have fixed our minds for receiving some neighbours. We mean to give them Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday for their selection. And we will apprise you what day they choose, if you think you can favour us. On Thursday my wife and daughters mean to be at Truro, in order to attend the last assembly for the winter; but to reach Truro about eight in the evening, and return home about three in the morning.

*Mem.*—I must require you to let me have the two folio apex-books concerning the Scilly Isles. I want only to make a few extracts from them, which will not interfere with your use of them.

*Wednesday, Feb. 6.*

## LETTER XLII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your two last letters found me visited with a sickness that I cannot call a paralytick *stroke*, but must call a paralytick *affection*. In consequence of it, a numbness seized one half of my body, and I was afraid was stealing over my mind. But, thanks be to God! all fear of the latter is gone off, and all feeling of the former is much lessened.

I remain, with a pen apparently faltering from my late attack, but likely to recover I hope, by continued and moderate exercise, my dear Sir,

Your Friend,

J. WHITAKER.

*Wednesday, March 27, 1805.*

## LETTER XLIII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

*Saturday June 16, 1805.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Attention to my health, has prevented my replying to your letter. I beg you will put me down for one of your subscribers for two copies.

I see with satisfaction, that your third volume is published already, and that you mean to publish speedily another volume on the Civil and Military History of Cornwall, from Edward I. to the present time.

I had resolved to send you a Dissertation which I thought I had lent you before, on Pope Nicholas's Valor. Had I found it before, I should have inserted it in the Appendix to my Ancient Cathedral; and to you it is useless now, unless you can insert it with propriety, and wish to insert it in your Civil and Military History. You can best judge of this, as you see your proposals favoured or discountenanced. That they will be discountenanced, I have no notion; that they ought not to be, I am clear and certain; and, if they are, I shall think it a disgrace to the whole county. Yet I know too well the spirit of the world, even of the world of scholars, not to be sure of success for you. Even scholars have their

vanity so coloured with their selfishness, that this unites with that to discourage such undertakings as yours. I have felt the spirit myself in others, where no selfishness could stimulate, and only vanity could instigate.

At present I am very busy in completing my History of London; it takes up much of my time and thought; yet I move very slowly in finishing it. I have long been in the concluding chapter of it, and was hoping to rest at the goal before this day; but the goal flies before me as I advance, and I am still in the course; so I shall be for some time to come; I foresee; yet I have lately been cheered in my labours, by recollecting what I had pointed out more than forty years ago to a friend, yet had nearly forgotten of late, a passage proving a church in London to have been Roman in its origin; and, as I have yesterday drawn up my recollections in form, I am particularly pleased with them.

In so writing, I have anticipated part of your second letter of May the 22d, and the other part I shall now answer. "From your attendance at the Visitation," you say, "and your good spirits through that day," as announced to you by the Archdeacon, "I infer that you are considerably improved in your health." I am, I thank God, much recovered from the kind of paralytic touch which I received about nine or ten weeks ago. This benumbed my limbs, and weakened my mind considerably for a time, but I betook myself directly to the exercise of a chaise, and have even lately purchased a pair of lively horses for the purpose: with these I go out three times a day, and move so rapidly, that some envious simpletons in my neighbourhood fancy I move for parade; not for health. By this means I am recovering, though but slowly; yet, by persevering, I hope to recover more to my own feeling, and more to the feeling of others. My spirits have always been the promptest instruments of my mind, and will continue to be the promptest (I believe) to the day of my death.

"The fourth volume of the Cornwall," you add, "will be immediately put to the press; but I wait for the Bodmin notes, &c. which you so long ago promised me." I shall therefore send them with the Dissertation hinted at before; they shall go off to Truro next week with a note inclosed to you, and I am happy to find that they will be of any service to you.

"Have you heard any thing of the threatened invasion of the Lysons, or their Cornwall? They are said to be formidable gentlemen." I know only Samuel Lysons, whom I



saw personally in London in my lodgings; he is so great a talker, that I said to myself of him when he was gone, after hearing him alone for two hours,

The rattling and audacious tongue  
Of saucy Eloquence.

He talked incessantly and eloquently, but therefore allowed me not to talk with him. Of him I have never heard, but am expecting every post to hear; when I hear, you shall hear from me. What his "Cornwall" is, in execution or in design, I know not; when I do, you shall hear also.

Yours, &c.

JOHN WHITAKER.

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### LETTER XLIV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

*Monday, June 24, 1805.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote to you this day week, and then promised to send you some papers in the course of the week by the Helstone carrier, supposing him to reach Helstone on Saturday, and intending to send to him at Truro by Thursday; but vain are the promises of busy men about sending papers. On Thursday a new game started up under my feet, and I was busy all the week in pursuing it. This being now done, I shall turn to you before a new hare starts up. This morning I have found out what I thought I had sent before, what I originally intended to have printed, and what I have therefore, I see, written out fair for the press; only I must observe what the Archdeacon told me at the Visitation, that Pope Nicholas's Valor has been printed.

This and all you are at liberty to publish with my name to all; I objected to this part of your conduct before, but now consider it as most dignified in you; you assume not to yourself the merit of any thing meritorious, and you leave them to answer for any thing otherwise.

I also send you the account which I drew up of Bodmin, for my journey last year through Bodmin to London.

I thank you for reminding me that I had promised you my Antient Cathedral of Cornwall.\* I will write to Mr. Stockdale about it this evening.

Yours, &c.

J. WHITAKER.†

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LETTER XLV.

J. WHITAKER to Mr. HARRINGTON.‡

Nov. 3, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

With a hand still affected sensibly by my late illness, I return you thanks for your kind letter to me. That illness was the severest which I ever remember to have had. It was brought on merely by my over studiousness. This you have long known to be the striking propensity of my life. It is indeed an honourable one, and I glory in it; but on this occasion I indulged it rather too freely. I wanted to finish a work which I had been engaged upon for some years—a History of London; I fancied I could free it from a multiplicity of errors and mistakes, which I saw repeated and renewed in every history that I consulted. The thought was certainly a bold one, especially in one living so far from London, and at an age so far advanced as mine; but boldness is the true sign of an enterprising genius. In the execution of this bold plan, I had proceeded very far, to the injury of my health, last spring. I therefore resolved to go to Cheltenham at Whitsuntide with my wife and daughters. They meant to

\* In the "Ancient Cathedral" is completely demolished the old historical fabrick of the Western Bishops. I consider the new edifice as for ever immoveable. Among several little errors, however, I think I have detected one which should not pass unnoticed. "Even Probus (says W.) is of so much value of itself, that Bishop Ross got £8,000 for the renewal of a lease upon it." p. 261. The fact is, Bishop Ross got £8,000 for adding two lives on a lease of Cargol. Probus is, comparatively, a very small estate.

† It was about this time (perhaps writing this very letter) that he fell from his chair upon the carpet. His duteous daughters re-placed him at his desk; and he resumed his pen, perfectly unconscious of what had happened.

‡ Son of Dr. Harrington, of Bath.

drink the waters; but so fearless was I of all maladies, even from my long-continued over-studiousness, that I, who meant to go for no complaint whatever, should be puzzled. (I said) what to do with myself while I was there, and was aiming merely at a long interval of idleness: yet my spirits, I recollect now, were loaded with a great weight of depression upon them.

Even at Bath, when I was in company, I felt surprized I could engage with so much briskness in conversation; but I was soon seized there with my grand complaint. I was seized there, on the Saturday following my arrival, with a paralytick affection. I was obliged to take shelter in my bed, and I was confined to my bed for several weeks: there I was cupped and scarified, blistered and tormented, even pronounced to be in great danger of my life once. Yet, I thank God, my spirits were so firm in themselves, and so founded in confidence upon God, that I did not believe I was in danger except once, and even then did not fear the danger. I remember only to have thought of my expected death, as what would cut short my publications, and deprive me of the honour I expected from them. So faithful was my soul to her favourite passion, as even in death to preserve my attachment to it! I prevailed, however, upon my physician, Dr. Archer, of Bath, then upon his annual excursion of a few months to Cheltenham, to let me set out for Ruan. I therefore did set out with great satisfaction, got to Bath that evening not very much fatigued, but furnished with written directions from the Doctor for Mrs. W.'s management of me in future. At Bath we staid four days, visiting our friends, shewing them how much I was pulled down by my late sickness, and hearing one of them report that I looked worse when I went through before to Cheltenham, than I now did on my return from it. In my way back, I just called upon Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, stopping at their gate, and announcing by my appearance how ill I had been. I then turned away to examine the new road over the marshes, a few miles off, which were the very marshes that concealed King Alfred once, and of which I had taken only a slight survey on going. I now took a full one on my return, and I made out all that I wanted to know concerning it.

On my return home, I found I had been given up for a dead man. Mr. Bedford, who had kindly acted as my Curate in my long absence, and received letters from my wife or daughters, in the extreme moments of my illness, had very wisely ordered my men to cut down my hay, in order to secure it for

the family. This circumstance flew of course, and made all the neighbourhood conclude I was dead. So happily was the hay saved from the very wet weather that ensued; and so convinced were all the gentlemen round that I had been in a dangerous way, that they could hardly believe I was yet in a safe way. Many came to call upon me who had not called upon me for years before, and perhaps will not call for years hereafter.

My looks, however, soon recovered themselves, and I appeared as full and fresh in the face as I used to look; but my limbs were still languid, particularly my legs, and (as my writing even now shews) my fingers; yet, in spite of all, I quickly got to my History of London, and was intending to finish it, but as I was very cautious from my late illness, I soon found it requisite for the sake of my health to desist; yet I only desisted to change my object. Before I had undertaken the History of London, I had written much upon the History of Alfred. With a view to this, I had turned aside to examine the marshes of Somersetshire; and I now resolved to substitute this history for that, as much easier in the execution, and to be executed much sooner. In this, therefore, I have been employed ever since. Yet even this I have enlarged so much by mixing with it the History of Oxford, that I know not when I shall be able to finish it; I mean, however, to finish it at my full leisure. My experience of the past has taught me not to be too eager for the present. And I therefore look forward for the future as what will properly fill up the remainder of my time.

I am glad to find from your letter that you have been able to fix your son in the Marines, that he is now on board the fleet, in that thirty-six gun frigate the *Penelope*, and that he behaves extremely well, being not extravagant. I am also very glad to hear your father is well, enjoying the charms of musick at 78. I saw him in my two passages through Bath, but was latterly too ill to stop his chair for talking with him.

In my first pass through Bath, I sent up to inquire after Mr. Thomas, and found he was not at Walton; when I saw him at Walton, I could just note he did not look well, any more than Mrs. Thomas; but I was so ill then as not to be capable of getting out of the chaise, and yet——of making many inquiries concerning Alfred's road in the marshes adjoining.

I have seen Mr. Trist several times since I came home. I called upon him the last time, hearing of an express arrived at Tregoney, with the news of the dissolution of Parliament

determined upon, and supposing he had not heard it. He had not heard, though I had; and we each of us made use of the intelligence as we liked.

I am sorry I have not been able to write to you more fully than I do. But we have been waiting in expectation of hearing, every day, for three weeks past, of the death of Mrs. W.'s sister, Miss Tregenna. You have seen her at this house, I believe. Mrs. W. has been to visit her in her sickness repeatedly at St. Columb. She has been with her, particularly about ten days ago; and every morning brings us the mournful expectation of her departure. My daughters have been repeatedly with their mamma there. Miss Tregenna has much to bequeath; but what she will leave to my family, I cannot say. I am not so much in her favour as I should have been if I had been less a dissembler. What she has, however, I want not, being quite satisfied with what I have got; and very much with my kindest compliments to Mrs. H. my dear Sir, hers and your friend and servant.

JOHN WHITAKER.

## CHAPTER II.—SECTION I.

In my *anticipation* introductory to this little sketch, it has appeared, I conceive, from WHITAKER'S WORKS and LETTERS that my judgement was not erroneous.

And now, on a *retrospective view* of his LITERATURE, I would linger yet awhile. There are many who with me, will linger; unwilling to let drop the curtain: And there are many, on whose minds is, assuredly, left the most pleasing impression; whilst they feel, likewise with me, that in their conversation with Whitaker, they have had an intercourse of rare occurrence, even in this age of intellectual excellence.

We have hailed him in the several departments of the HISTORIAN, the ANTIQUARY, the DIVINE, the CRITIC, and the POET. It is seldom, we are gratified by such versatility: And still less so, by the splendor of original genius exhibited in walks so various.

In characterising the several persons who have passed under my observation, I have always aimed at individuality. And no literary censor, I presume to hope, will object to the manner in which I have represented our author; whilst I pointed out his discriminating qualities—acute discernment, and a velocity of ideas which acquired new force in composition; with a power of combining images in a manner peculiarly striking, and of throwing the strongest light on every topic of discussion.

If we borrow expression from picture, we may sum up his character in saying, that his style—and that his sentiment is as the mountain torrent; amidst shaggy precipices and romantic glens, illuminations bold and broad, and depths of shadow magnificently gloomy; abrupt-

nesses often repulsive to the spectator; and scarcely in any instance the harmony of gentle transitions.

That men of genius have not always the merit of patient exertion, is a trite remark. And certainly splendid talents and studiousness are far from being inseparable. But in his learned labours, Mr. W. was indefatigable, from his youth—even from his boyhood.

Nil reputans actum, &c. &c. might well have been chosen for his motto. Notwithstanding all he had done, I heard him speak not many months before his death, of “*Notes on Shakspeare*,” and of “*Illustrations of the Bible*.” But he wished to finish his “*Oxford*,” his “*London*,” and his “*St. Neot*” (already mentioned as projected publications) before he resumed his “*Shakspeare*,” on which he had occasionally written notes—and to lay aside his “*Shakspeare*,” before he took up his “*Bible*.” To the Bible he meant to withdraw himself, at last, from all other studies. It was “the Holy of Holies,” into which he longed to enter, and when entered, there to abide.

All this, he intended to do. And all this, if some few years had been added to his life, he would probably have done.

With a view to the last three Antiquarian productions (but chiefly to “the *London*”) he determined “to visit the metropolis.” And thither he travelled with all the ardour of youthful spirits. But, even for his athletic frame he had a mind too restless, too anxiously inquisitive. Amidst his remarks into the antiquities of the city, his friends detected the first symptoms of bodily decay. His journey to London, his daily and nightly sallies whilst there, in pursuit of objects started every now and then to the eye of the antiquary, and his energetic and diversified conversation with literary characters, brought on a debility; which he little regarded, till it alarmed him in a stroke of paralysis. From this stroke, not long after his return into Cornwall, he recovered so far as to be able to pursue (though not many hours in a day) his accustomed studies. And it was “the *Life of St. Neot*,” that chiefly occupied his attention.

At the time of his death, *St. Neot* was in the press; and the preface prefixed to the volume by Mr. Stockdale the publisher, contains two letters of Whitaker, in the last of which he still writes with confidence as to his further plans—alas, never to be completed!

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## SECTION II.

This much for our friend's literature. Still, in recollecting anecdotes of his *MANNERS*, his *MORALITY*, and his *RELIGION*, I must detain my readers;—still, whilst with pleasure and regret

“ We cast one longing, lingering look behind ! ”

In the survey either of his public or his private character, it is only for stupidity, or prejudice, or depravity, to disclaim such a feeling of delight.

His greatness as a writer, no one can question. And that he was *good* as well as *great*, would appear in the review of any period of his life; whether we saw him abandoning preferment from principle, and heard him “ reasoning of righteousness and judgment to come ” until a Gibbon “ trembled ; ” or whether among his parishioners we witnessed his unaffected earnestness of preaching,\* his humility in conversing with the meanest cottagers, his sincerity in assisting them with advice, his tenderness in offering them consolation, and his charity in relieving their distresses. It is true, to the same

\* Yet a wealthy farmer of Ruan Lanyhorne told me (it was before the march of intellect had commenced) that “ Maister mouthed it out enough, and that, after he had talked about tithes till all were tired to death, he took up a text on which he had been preaching for many months.” I asked the farmer, “ What was the text ? ” He appeared a shrewd sort of man, but scratching his head, said, “ I caant bring et to moind, for the life o’ me ! ”



warmth of temper, together with a sense of rectitude, we must attribute an impetuosity that but ill brooked opposition.

This precipitation was, in part also, to be traced to his ignorance of the world ; to his simplicity in believing others like himself—precisely what they seemed to be; and to his abhorrence of that dissimulation or hypocrisy which had imposed on his credulity.

But his general good humour, his hospitality and his pleasantry were surely enough to atone for those sudden bursts of passion—those flashes which betrayed his human frailty.

That such *simplicity* and *sincerity* and *quickness* of apprehension, and feeling alive at every pore, with a *kindness* of heart, and an *ingenuous promptness* in confessing an offence (the result of a sensibility too rapid for discretion) were the leading traits of his character, several anecdotes just recurring to memory will serve to convince us.

Of his artlessness, one of the most pleasing proofs was his conversing most affably “with very young people,”—his playful talk, indeed, with little children, to whose level he loved to descend. Nor, in that familiar intercourse was there any indication of a *sense* of the eminence from which he stooped—any appearance of conscious greatness ; such as we have perceived in persons, who seemed to exact a tribute of gratitude for the honour conferred on their inferiors.

Notwithstanding his *stentorianism* in the pulpit, he had an odd squeaking voice when reading in a private room. It was an under-tone ; a sort of chaunting : so that his hearers would be apt to suppose, he was intentionally burlesquing or ridiculing what he read. And I remember hearing, that the young ladies (who were visitors of his daughters) and in whose light and trivial talk he had pleasure, could not help tittering at this strange sort of recitative. But they well knew their good humoured friend ; who would rather have joined them in the laugh, than have resented it.

Yet, in serious conversation, whether at his own house, or elsewhere, he often betrayed an impatience of contradiction; and especially when the fashionable modes of education or the philosophical mania of the day, were commented upon or discussed. For instance, he could by no means tolerate an *academy*. The very name kindled up his anger. On hearing that that ancient Classic Seminary—Truro-school—had become an “Academy”—“What!” (he exclaimed) “an Academy! an Academy!” And he was so choaked with indignation, that for some time he could not utter a word more.\*

\* I am here reminded of a letter which, in July, 1818, appeared in the *Literary Journal*, on a coincidence between Colman’s “*Eccentricities for Edinburgh*” and “the *Family Picture*” on the subject of Academies. “To point out,” says the writer, “resembling passages in contemporary poets, is not only an agreeable amusement, but is, sometimes, on a higher principle, the proper task of literary criticism. Coincidences of thought or language are, I confess, frequently incidental; yet there occur imitations, which authors ought to acknowledge—imitations which, passed by in silence, look very much like plagiarisms.”

Whether the writer of that admirable Essay on “the Marks of Imitation” would have considered the resemblance in the following passages as fortuitous or otherwise, an attention to those “Marks” would enable us in some measure to determine: there is certainly a strong similarity in sentiment and expression.

In his very humorous performance, “*Eccentricities for Edinburgh*,” Mr. G. Colman thus satirises “the Academies:”—

“Some, too, for gain establish their abode,  
In perking mansions on the shadeless road;  
Exhibiting (right rural to behold)  
The word ‘ACADEMY’ in glittering gold!  
“With all of these on money-getting plans  
Mix rustic shopkeepers and publicans,  
And manufacturers from London poked,  
Indicted thence for having stunk and smoked!  
Hail, regions of preparatory schools,  
Of strict economists, and squandering fools—  
Ye tallow-chandlers, who retired to gaze  
At Paul’s near dome, still sigh for melting days!  
Ye demi-gentlemen!”—p. 97.

This poem was published so lately as 1817.

Of some recent geological discoveries he could not bear even a whisper. And I once heard him attack with the accusation of rank infidelity, a geologist who spoke of a world of beings (of which relics more and more came to light) antecedent to the Mosiac Creation of Man.\* That he was equally averse from the science

In a strain equally satirical, Mr. Polwhele had, many years before, exposed the Academies to ridicule in a poem, entitled "*The Family Picture.*" The last edition of this poem was published in 1810:—

"In hamlets oft, green rails adorned with red  
Point out the spot where female minds are fed;  
Or some pale nunnery, nigh the impending wood,  
Where in old time its refectory stood,  
In golden gleams exhibits the burlesque  
Of Education, from its walls grotesque!  
"To every gaping lout the letters stare,  
And broad 'THE ACADEMY' for girls declare;  
While teachers, new from Town, each pathway cross,  
And in low curtsies lose the London-toss:  
Smart milliners, who trick'd their friends in trade,  
The cast-off mistress, or my lady's maid!  
"Thither, as humour hits, or whim provokes,  
The obsequious thing attracts all sorts of folks,  
In foremost rank the daughters of the Squire,  
The Vicar's, treading just six inches higher;  
And into rage as imitation whirls  
The Clown's vain wife, her breed of ruddy girls:  
And from the borough, buxom belles enough,  
Damsels perfumed with Cheshire cheese and snuff;  
Pert minxes, that shall soon import fine airs  
To inspire the haberdashers of small wares."—pp. 58—9.

I am far from asserting that Colman's sketch of a modern academy is copied from Polwhele's, or the accompanying reflections on the propensity of people in trade to ape the manners of superior station. But it is pleasing to view poetic descriptions and characters in comparison. Among the lighter amusements of the man of letters, nothing is better calculated to relieve the mind: it is a sort of relaxation to which we gladly resort, under the sultry influence of the Dog-star; when it is scarcely possible to pursue severer studies without the occasional repose of the fancy on a picture, or a poem.

I remain, Sir, yours,

ALCÆUS."

\* And our geologists have their revenge on Whitaker. I have elsewhere observed (I believe) that Mr. Hawkins, in one of his admirable essays, has noticed the fastidiousness of these

of law, I would not affirm. We should almost, however, set him down for a Trunnion, rushing (as he once did) upon a couple of Attorneys who, at his door, desired to speak with him, and then swiftly retreating with the exclamation: "In the clouds, gentlemen! in the clouds! I cannot come down to you, to-day!" The attorneys, without an effort to draw him down from his aerial flight, precipitately took their departure.

The suddenness of his anger was remarkable. But it soon (as I have observed) went off; not always a mere flash in the pan. In fighting his Tithe battles, he literally laid low the sturdiest of his parishioners—with the squire at the head of them! And, at a Special Sessions at Truro, he threatened with a clenched fist an insolent antagonist, and would perhaps have knocked him down, had not the Justices interposed between the parties.—In a letter to Bishop Ross, the parishioners complained of his violence. The letter was produced at a Visitation at Truro; when the Bishop lamented, that so much of his valuable time should be lost in petty disputes; expressing a deep sense of his eminence as an antiquary.

It is certainly to be regretted, that on some occasions of excitement, though in his mind the agitation soon subsided into a calm—though the evaporation was like the morning-mist and all was again clear sky; yet the resentment of those whose opinions or whose conduct he had arraigned, too often continued unsubdued or unappeased by time or circumstance. In the zeal of professional feeling, he had hastily represented to his Diocesan, the Vicar of Verman's irregularity in granting tickets for Confirmation to some of his own *Ruanites*, whom he had dismissed as incompetent, and with whom his good neighbour could have had no concern. But, sorry as he immediately after was, for his quickness in "marking

who sneer at the antiquarianism that runs counter to their positions in physiology. The truth is, most of these gentlemen are deficient in historical knowledge or classical learning. Half-educated, they assume to themselves those airs of importance which we never see in the accomplished scholar.

what was done amiss,'—the Vicar could scarcely "pardon him in that thing."

With the late Mr. Gregor of Trewarthennick, he had an altercation relative to the tythes. And, previously to that altercation, Mr. Gregor had been rather hurt at his deducing the lineage of the Gregors from the merchant Gregor of Truro. Mr. Gregor never afterwards solicited his society. That two such excellent men should not have mutually enjoyed the feast of reason, (in such a remote situation, where so few "fine spirits" have an opportunity of meeting,) was a sad—a sad affair: but so it was.

Our friend's alienation from one or two other neighbours, occasioned, likewise, much discomfort. Mr. Bedford, the Vicar of Philleigh, was, I am persuaded, a truly good man; attentive to all his parochial duties. But it was an unfortunate moment in which he presented a Mr. Rowe (a London travelling taylor) to the Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne. The Rector's delicacy revolted from the taylor's vulgarity. Nor was this all. Mr. Rowe's mimicry of the Gerrans clerk, in singing the eleventh psalm—"Why should I like some timorous bird, &c. &c." Mr. W. protested against, as blasphemously ludicrous. There was little interchange of civilities afterwards between Philleigh and Ruan Lanyhorne.

We are here led to repeat the observation, that religion was invariably the primary object of Mr. W.—its principles, his support; its laws his guide; its sentiments his delight and consolation. The least tendency to violate its sanctity (as in the instance of the Gerrans clerk) was sure to raise his choler, and to bring down rebuke on the careless or inconsiderate.

At his own table, I remember, whilst we were talking of the porch of Bethesda and of the angel who came down and troubled the waters, he darted an indignant look against Dr. Cardew and myself, who were both disposed to consider the angel as a human messenger employed for that purpose, and not literally an angel from Heaven. And he temerarily accused us of scepticism. After a short pause, however, "the liquid ruby" sparkled as

before, to convivial cheerfulness and cordial friendship.

It was on a visit to my vicarage at Manaccan, that Mr. W. put "Justice Sandys" of the Lizard to the rack; extorting from that singular old gentleman a full confession of his faith. Mr. Sandys, though he had a sufficient insight into Whitaker's character, was yet off his guard in speaking of the Athanasian Creed with some degree of disrespect; when W. to the astonishment of the ladies present, started up from his chair, and striding across the room, expressed his horror at such an insinuation. I had myself heard Mr. S. speak slightly of the "Immaculate Conception." But so over-awed was he by W. that he trembled from head to foot, and, as soon as he could find utterance, avowed his unreserved belief in all the articles of the faith of a Christian. The sensation, here again, was such, that a long and awkward silence succeeded to this torturing conflict between the high Churchman and the Latitudinarian.\* I was not present, but Canon Howell (who was one of the party) related to me the circumstance of Whitaker's

\* To Mr. Sandys I was first introduced at a Truro Quarter Sessions. It was not till the end almost of the week, I remember, that another Justice arrived, to join him on the bench. We can now muster thirty-five Justices or more. About that time, he was called upon to preach a Visitation-Sermon before Archdeacon Sleech. His brother clergy were astonished at its Deistical tendency. At the dinner, when it is usual to thank the Preacher, the good Archdeacon very mildly said: "We are both getting old, Mr. Sandys! It were right that you and I should leave off preaching!" But Sandys was not then an old man. With his little flock at Landewednack, he used to take strange liberties; beginning the service at what hour he pleased, and mutilating the Liturgy ad libitum, and reading the lessons rapidly or slowly in proportion to his interest in the subject of them; commenting on this verse and slurring over that;—at one time, delivering from the pulpit a pathetic discourse; at another, a sort of table-talk of which he ought to have been ashamed. One Sunday, for instance, when a friend of mine was present, he entirely omitted the first lesson, "Here beginneth" (cried old Sandys) "the 4th chapter of the book of Judges"—and, after a short pause: "It is the story of a very wicked woman!—the less you know of her the

remonstrating with my Lord of Derry, in consequence of some irreligious levities which even Whitaker's presence could not sufficiently check in that amphibious Bishop. The Bishop of Derry had, some years before Whitaker's death, the curiosity or the grace to visit him at R. Lanyhorne: We are all acquainted with that Prelate's *liberal* sentiments. He had passed much time, indeed, in Popish countries; where he so far lost the *prejudices* of the Reformation, as to think, on his return, that a Popish prostitute was a proper guardian for a young Protestant female of quality. Of such lax sentiments he was giving a specimen, in his conversation with Whitaker; when the rural rector started from his chair, and struck his Lordship on the knee: "What, my Lord! (said he) a Bishop——!" His Lordship of Derry trembled, and begged pardon.

Amidst all this intrepidity, resulting from a rational belief in Christianity, there was a simplicity in W. bordering (some would say) on superstitious credulity. Of three amiable daughters he had lost one. She was gone to the invisible world: and W. often talked of her, as there, in happiness. This was truly Christian. This was like Gilpin; who talked frequently with his wife of the next world, as he would have spoken of the next stage that was to terminate a journey. And, indeed, I have heard W. conjecture, what his employment might be hereafter, and whether he might not be permitted to pursue studies congenial with his historical researches. After this, we shall be less surprised at the

better—So, my Brethren! we pass to the *Te Deum!*"—It was more than thirty years after his Visitation-Sermon, that Bishop Buller at Helston-Church reproved him for his mutilations and interpolations in a language and tone of unusual severity; and, on his denying the charge, confronted him with the Churchwardens of his parish, and remarked on his disingenuousness in thus uttering a falsehood. In the evening, his Lordship, feeling perhaps that he had spoken too harshly to so aged a man, was rather, I think, indiscreet in his concessions and expressions of conciliation. "After all, Mr. Sandys! it was but a white lie!"—said the Bishop to his partner at a rubber of whist.

circumstance, that one day attending on a dying woman in his village, he actually charged her with a message to his deceased daughter, in the same language almost as he would have used, had the woman been going to some distance where his daughter resided.

To me, who believe in the recognition of friends hereafter, (and so believed Horsley and Paley and Watson,)\* the weakness of Whitaker, in this instance, appears an amiable, an enviable weakness!—"Gilpin" (said an intimate friend of his to me) "never doubted." I am sure Whitaker never did. And though they had, perhaps, their weaknesses, their faith was settled in consequence of a patient and persevering investigation of the truth. It was not a blind adherence to prejudices: it was the result of a rational conviction.

I think it is absolutely impossible that any of my readers can dissent from me in the opinion that W. had Religion without affectation. His Religion was genuine—was sincere. It had no methodistical precision. He loved to escort his wife and his daughters to assemblies and balls. He had no silly objection to whist; though he seldom or never played at cards. But his wife did: and perfectly right was Mrs. W. in unbending her mind, in an amusement, to which none would object but gospel-

\* Horsley, Paley, and Watson!—how pre-eminant as deep reasoners and mathematicians!—I therefore cite the names of Watson and Horsley and Paley, to put to shame the sceptical scoffers, who attribute to a "flighty religiousness," what should rather be ascribed to Christian philosophy.

† A sister of Miss Tregenna, (Whitaker's wife) had been engaged for many years to Tom (or Aldwinkle) Haws:—which I should have mentioned in my sketch of that illustrious Cornish Apostle. But it was, I believe, during his medical apprenticeship at Truro, that he "courted" Miss Tregenna. This was *boy's* love. The views, however, of lucre—filthy lucre—opened upon the *man*: And all the fairy prospect of young imagination vanished into air. In plain language, Haws was worse than his word. His plighted faith he laughed at; and perfidiously left the damsel to her fate. The first lady Dr. Haws married was in point of connection and fortune (and every other respect I believe) an eligible choice. She died: and he soon married another. And, on the demise of his



ers or fanatics. Bible-meetings were not so familiar to us twenty years ago, as they are now. But W. would have reprobated the hypocritical invitation to "Tea and Bible.\*"

As an instance of the rationality of his religion, I remember, when once dining at R. Lanyhorne, in company with a sort of itinerant preacher, Whitaker rallied him on his sanctimoniousness; particularly when in the midst of dinner, he got up in a hurry to consult the Poly-

second wife, he at once looked around for a third; and took to his arms a very pretty bar-maid—at least an inn-keeper's daughter—who repaid his fond embraces with a son, in his old age.

\* "Often have I been shocked (said a late writer) when in a drawing-room fitted up with all the luxuries of the world, where, after a long gossip (during which conceit, malice, slander and all uncharitableness were indulged) to close the scene worthily the BIBLE was brought in!!"

In his *Life of Bishop Ken*, my friend Canon Bowles very pointedly observes: "God's commandments are ten:" But our modern Evangelists have three great commandments—viz. "Thou shalt not go to a Play"—"Thou shalt not touch a Card"—"Thou shalt not dance."

It is unfortunate that such a man as Lord Teignmouth should have lent a shelter to hypocrisy by a too scrupulous religiousness.—In a recent *Life of Sir William Jones*, we have this passage: "His biographer, Lord Teignmouth, is half angry with him for not including religion in his estimate of the means of human happiness. But the noble writer ought to have given him credit, at least, if he did not specifically class it in the list of enjoyments, which he was tracing in a letter to a friend, for not *excluding* it. No man was better convinced than Sir William Jones of the consolations which religion imparts, and of the tranquillity it diffuses over the hearts of all who are sincerely impressed with its truths. But to place religion amongst our social enjoyments, is carrying the matter too far, and claiming an ascendancy for religious emotions which, in our present imperfect state, they will never exercise, and which, probably, if they did exercise, would not strengthen their hold upon the heart and its affections. Never was there a sincerer, because there never was a more rational believer than Sir William Jones: and it is one of the triumphs of our common Christianity, that besides the mighty names of Milton, Newton, and Locke, it may boast the suffrage of a mind so pious without enthusiasm, as that of this amiable and accomplished scholar. Lord Teignmouth's expression of regret, therefore, that in the playful picture of human happiness sketch-

glott about a word which that instant occurred to him, and not long after with great formality wished us a good afternoon, setting off for Falmouth, where he had engaged to preach that evening.

After the paralytic seizure, W. was not lost, at once, to society. I passed a long day with him, when he was more than usually cheerful; implicitly trusting to his physician, who had limited him to two glasses of wine, and asking sportively: "May I not take another glass?" yet not daring to transgress.

During his illness, several of his neighbours, who to all appearance had been alienated from him, called on him, and sympathized in his sufferings with every token of affectionate attention. And "I thank God," he would exclaim, "for this visitation! I am happier than I have ever been. I am departing from this world; and I see, at my departure, all ready to forgive my inadvertencies and errors—all kindly disposed towards me!" His decline was gradual. Nor, melancholy as it was, could a Christian contemplate it without pleasure; inasmuch as the strength of his faith and the calmness of his resignation were more and more visible, under the conviction that he was labouring under a disorder from which he could not possibly recover, and which threatened a speedy dissolution. His, in fine, were the faith and the resignation which might have been judged worthy of a primitive disciple of that Jesus, in whose

ed in a letter to Lord Althorp, his friend overlooked religion, might as well have been spared. It savours of the hint given to the slave in Terence: "*Hæc commemoratio est quasi exprobatio;*" but by no means, we believe, intentionally, for his Lordship, on all occasions, asserts, and vindicates with spirit, the sincerity of Jones's religious principles. Nor should we have been betrayed into a seeming digression, were we not involuntarily inclined to pick a quarrel now and then with those importunate religionists, who are for ever desecrating religion by mixing with every discourse and every amusement those hallowed emotions, which ought to be reserved for the silent communions of the heart with God, or for the stated periods set apart for his worship." See Asiatic Journal [N.S.] vol. II. p. 133.

mercies he reposed, and to whose mediation alone he looked with humble hope. And his decease was such as could not but give comfort to those who viewed it; when (on October 30, 1808) in the awful hour which "seemed opening upon the beatitudes of Heaven," at peace with himself, his fellow creatures, and his God, he sank as into quiet slumber, or (to use the patriarchal language) "fell asleep."

I shall conclude this unpretending narrative with some testimonies which, among a thousand, have accidentally occurred to me. They are testimonies that shew how high was the reputation of Whitaker in the minds of such men as BISHOP BENNET; DR. LUXMOORE, the late Bishop of St. Asaph; DR. COLE, the late Rector of Exeter College; ARCHDEACON NARES; BISHOP BURGESS; and DR. PARR.\*

\* This moment presented to me whilst revising the last proof-sheet.



#### BISHOP BENNET TO R. POLWHELE.

*Dublin Castle, 7th March, 1793.*

DEAR SIR,

The wish you have so publicly manifested for information relative to Devonshire, must lay you open to much impertinent intrusion, and I fear you will have too much reason to include this letter under the same censure. I cannot, however, refrain from sending you a few remarks on the Roman antiquities in the West of England; which you have my free consent to work into your own plan, making me a slight acknowledgment in your preface, or if you think them not worth notice, to throw them into the fire.†

• • • • •  
 "I fear, I have tired your patience by this long and uninteresting memoir, and I can only say, you are at liberty to

† For the Bishop's "remarks" see History of Cornwall, Vol. III., pp. 88, 84, 85, 86.

vent your indignation upon it, by throwing it into the fire, for disturbing you in the midst of your important pursuits : If, on the other hand, there is any thing in it worth your notice, you are at liberty to insert it in your history in any shape you please. You are acquainted with a gentleman who is the best judge now living upon these matters, and whom I sincerely respect, though I have not the honor of being personally known to him, I mean Mr. WHITAKER, to whose History of Manchester I owe my first love for antiquarian pursuits, and in consequence, some of the most pleasant hours of my life : To his judgment and to your's I cheerfully submit.\*

The BISHOP OF St. ASAPH had seen a memoir of Whitaker in the Oxford Herald, and, talking with Dr. Cole with expressions of high respect for our great antiquary, was pleased to speak very favourably of that little piece of biography ; in consequence of which, Cole cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it under the Bishop's frank to me—not aware that it had been written by myself. COLE's letter to me on the subject bears date Dec. 10, 1808.

Mr. HARRINGTON thus addressed me in 1809 :—“ I was much pleased, Sir, with your account of Mr. W. in the Cornish paper ; and it is with pleasure I hear that you are about publishing his Life. I have had the honour of being acquainted with Mr. W. fourteen years, and am proud to say, have gleaned much knowledge and entertainment from his sprightly and animated conversation ; indeed, I quite idolize my old friend. He was certainly a *great and good* man. I had the pleasure of seeing in manuscript his London and Oxford, which I hope will be given to the publick, as I am convinced, had Mr. W. lived, he would have published them. I have been greatly entertained with the Ancient Cathedral of

\* It is strangely asserted in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1830, p. 373, that the opinions of Mr. W. (particularly with regard to Richard of Cirencester) are not to be weighed against those of the late Mr. LEMAN. I can only say, that LEMAN, who surveyed a great part of the island, in search of Roman antiquities, in company with Bishop Bennet, had the highest respect for W. as an antiquary.

Cornwall, which my friend W. made me a present of. I shall be happy to see the Life of Mr. W. whenever it makes its appearance."

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ARCHDEACON NARES to R. P.

*Reading, March 30, 1809.*

DEAR SIR,

To my various correspondents I fall occasionally in arrear, and for this plain reason, because they are so various. With you I have unhappily begun by being a defaulter, but you must not conclude that it is the more likely to happen in future. I received your small note proposing some books, to which proposal I will now make answer :

Penrose's Sermons at Hampton's Lecture, are in hand.

Juvenile Dramas, I think we have a review of, though not yet published.

Vancouver's Survey of Devon, is much at your service; the book I suppose you have.

I see there is a posthumous work of our friend Whitaker's, which you may take into your charge. If you have not the book, let me know and it shall be sent to you.

Being at present behind-hand in the collection of books, I cannot now assign any other to your care : but when I get a fresh supply, which will be very soon, I will consider you, and will order the books to be sent as you direct.

I regret very much the death of the able veteran our friend of Ruan Lanyborne, though we had not latterly corresponded. When he was the last time in London, I saw him, and had great pleasure in conversing with him, which I had never done before." &c. &c. &c.

B. NARES.

P. S.—Our common friend, Bailye, when I was at Lichfield on residence in March, expressed great regard for you, and by his conversation increased the interest which I already felt for you, and made me seem to myself to have more acquaintance with you. My friend W. L. Bowles, also, mentioned you here lately, and regretted that your poem on *Local Attachment* had not had the simple title of *Heme*.

The short account of the FAMILY PICTURE which appeared in the B. C. in Feb., was written by a friend, and inserted before I knew that it was yours.

In 1819, I was honoured with a letter from Bishop BURGESS, whose kind attention to me I attribute not in the slightest degree to my own merit, but wholly to his respect for Whitaker.

*Coulson's Hotel, Feb. 1, 1819.*

REVEREND SIR,

Your two volumes of Sermons which you very obligingly promise me, will be very acceptable companions of your Essay.

Is your sermon on St. Paul in your two volumes?

Has WHITAKER any where given a decided opinion on St. Paul's preaching in Britain? I trouble you with this question, because I am still employed on the subject, having an opponent in Dr. Hales, whose *Essay on the Origin of the British and Irish Churches* will soon be published.

I am, Reverend Sir, yours faithfully, &c. &c.

To bring up the rear of—panegyric shall I call it?—here comes (with reverence be it announced) a letter from the Belhendenus Parr!! It was addressed to a friend of the Doctor, a gentleman of this neighbourhood, who has my best thanks for his kind communication.

MY DEAR SIR,

*Hatton, Feb. 18, 1822.*

Whitaker was proud, capricious, impetuous, and intolerant; but he had many solid virtues and many valuable acquirements. Of Greek he knew little; but he composed in Latin with perspicuity and elegance. As an antiquary, he has scarcely any superior: I have been charmed with his criticisms upon old English authors and old English words. And, in the examination of his excellencies, let me not forget to state, that he wrote in the vernacular tongue with energy and splendour. In politics, he hounced from one extreme to the other; and though in religious matters his acuteness preserved him from the stupid and absurd reasonings of the Tories, yet his angry passions always panted for some prey. He prowled for it among the Unitarians: he at full cry chased it among the Roman Catholics. You see that I understand his character. But, with all our differences of opinions and habits, I think him a man entitled to much praise.

I remain dear Sir,  
your well-wisher and obedient servant,  
S. PARR.

That Dr. Parr, with all his prejudices political and religious, should have spoken so highly of Whitaker, was scarcely to be expected. "You see," says Parr, "I understand his character." But who acquainted in the least with W. will assert that he was "*proud*?" In what sense he was proud, is to me incomprehensible. Pride in a good sense he certainly had. But had he that "Pride which was not made for man?" Who "walked more humbly with his God?" And, for his fellow-mortals—was he arrogant or haughty—supercilious or fastidious? Was he not even exemplary in a lowly submission to authorities—in his deference to rank or station—in his regard for family-distinctions? And with his inferiors, was he not affable to a degree of familiarity? In literature, did he not uniformly rejoice "in paying tribute where tribute was due"—in assisting the efforts of genius, in applauding its success, and often in hailing a superiority over himself, where the world could discern no such excellence? That he was "*capricious*" is a most ridiculous assertion. To his principles and opinions, as we have seen, he adhered steadily through life. In his friendships, he was firm and unshaken. In him we never perceived even a shadow of changing. Was this the case with Parr? "*Impetuous*" he doubtless was. As for "*intolerance*," shall Parr lay this to his charge—Parr, who, inveighing against persecution, was himself a persecutor as far as words would go? What shall we think of this, among other toasts given at the celebration of the Doctor's birth-day, several successive years before his death?—"Destruction, defeat, disgrace, to all the members of the Holy Alliance!"—Parr was known to refuse to drink "Church and King," without qualifying the toast with "many words." But Parr was a trimmer. He temporised upon questions of principle; and sacrificed consistency to popularity. Obtruding himself upon distinguished persons of all parties, Parr was never at rest. I have always considered smokeing as a symptom of indolence, or quiet acquiescence, or meditative tranquillity. That Parr was not

indolent, we all know. I assumed it, therefore, much in his favour, that he was a *smoker*; acquitting him of any share in those revolutionary commotions, with which Priestley and others of his republican friends were justly chargeable. But when I found that he was not only a smoker, but that he smoked to an excess, beyond all other tobacco-lovers—sometimes emptying even twenty pipes in an evening, my opinion of his contemplative serenity began to waver. Instead of the calm contented spirit, I saw uneasiness in filling and puffing, and knocking out and replenishing and puffing again—to the demolition, doubtless, of many a fragrant pipe! How he would have acted, had he been invested with episcopal authority, we cannot say. His ambition, grasping at a mitre, saw all around him dazzled by its new splendence, and even his brother prelates doing homage at his throne. Well was it for the Church, I think, that the Revolutionist's "*velo episcopari*" was uttered in vain!

For Whitaker's knowledge of *Greek*, I clearly recollect that, occasionally consulting Polybius and other Greek writers, I have noticed the fluency with which W. read and translated the passages to which he referred; and I am sure that with the Greek primitives and their derivatives he was familiar to a great extent. In his "*Origin of Arianism*," we have numerous pages of Greek from Eusebius and others, translated and commented upon, not much, I suspect, to the satisfaction of a Unitarian! That W., however, was equal to Parr in Greek, who will presume to affirm; seeing Parr, one of the Grecian *trio* who stood pre-eminent over all Europe—over all the world of literature? In Parr's estimation, England could boast of three Greek scholars only—the first, Porson; the third, Burney. Who was "*in medio*," it were easy to guess.—After all, in this atmosphere of our celebrated Doctor, the vapour seems to melt away, "as the cloud spread upon the mountains," before "*MANY SOLID VIRTUES*," "*MANY VALUABLE ACQUISITIONS*,"



"IN LATIN COMPOSITION PERSPICUITY AND ELEGANCE," a decided "SUPERIORITY over almost every ANTIQUARY," "CRITICISM on ENGLISH AUTHORS to CHARM the most refined, and "ENERGY and SPLENDOR" and "ACUTENESS," and a "TITLE for MUCH PRAISE" even from an adversary!

To sum up all—let me transfer to Velleius from an illustrious Roman, that elegant eulogist of a fine biographer:—"Innocentia eximius, sanctitate preclarus, in toga modestissimus; amicitiarum terrax. et odiosus exorabilis; in reconcilianda gratia fidelissimus."<sup>\*</sup>

\* Velleius Paterculus II. 25.

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Y. B. GILLEY, JUN. PRINTER, TRUR.

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