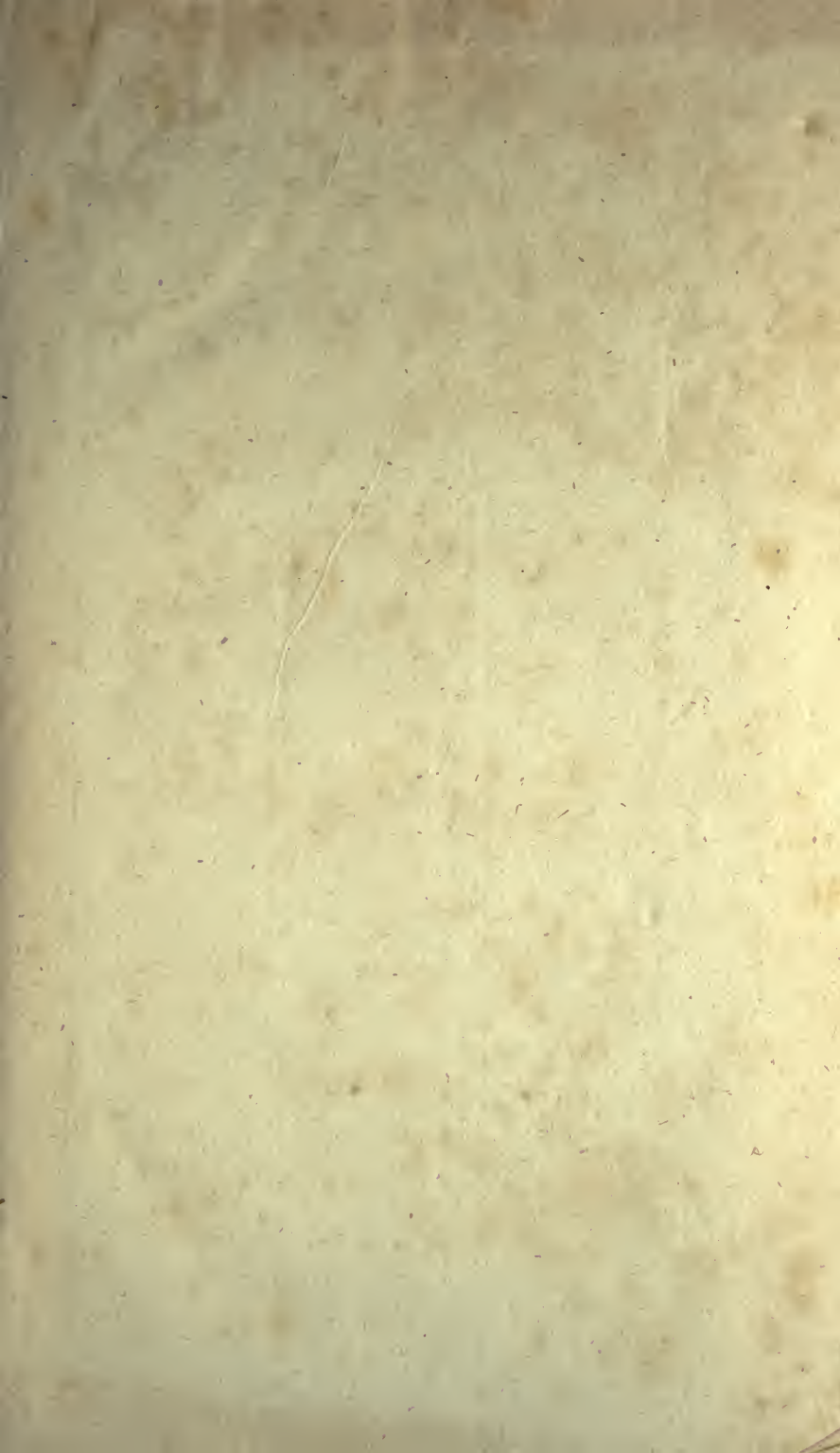




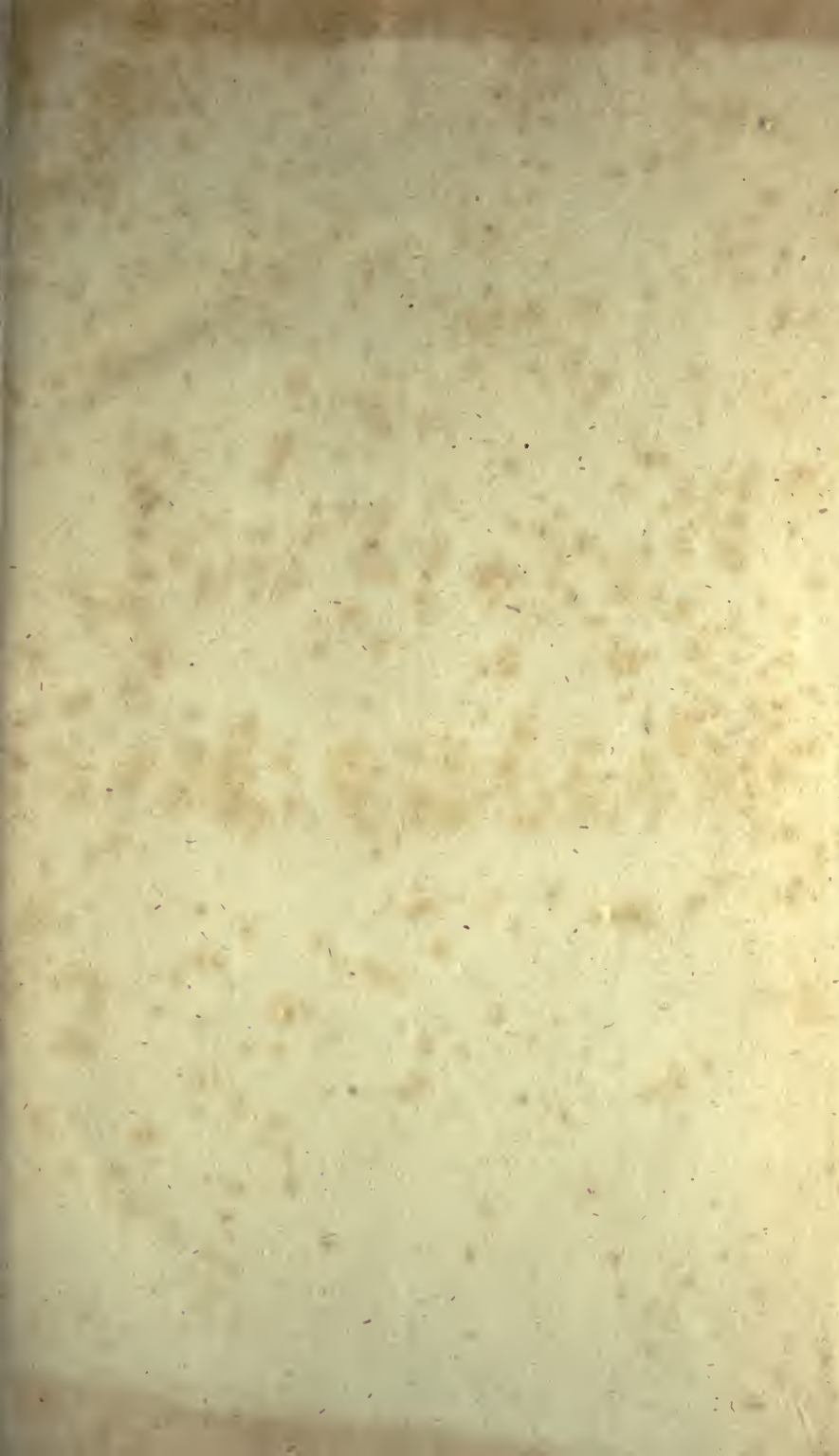
3 1761 04413 5333

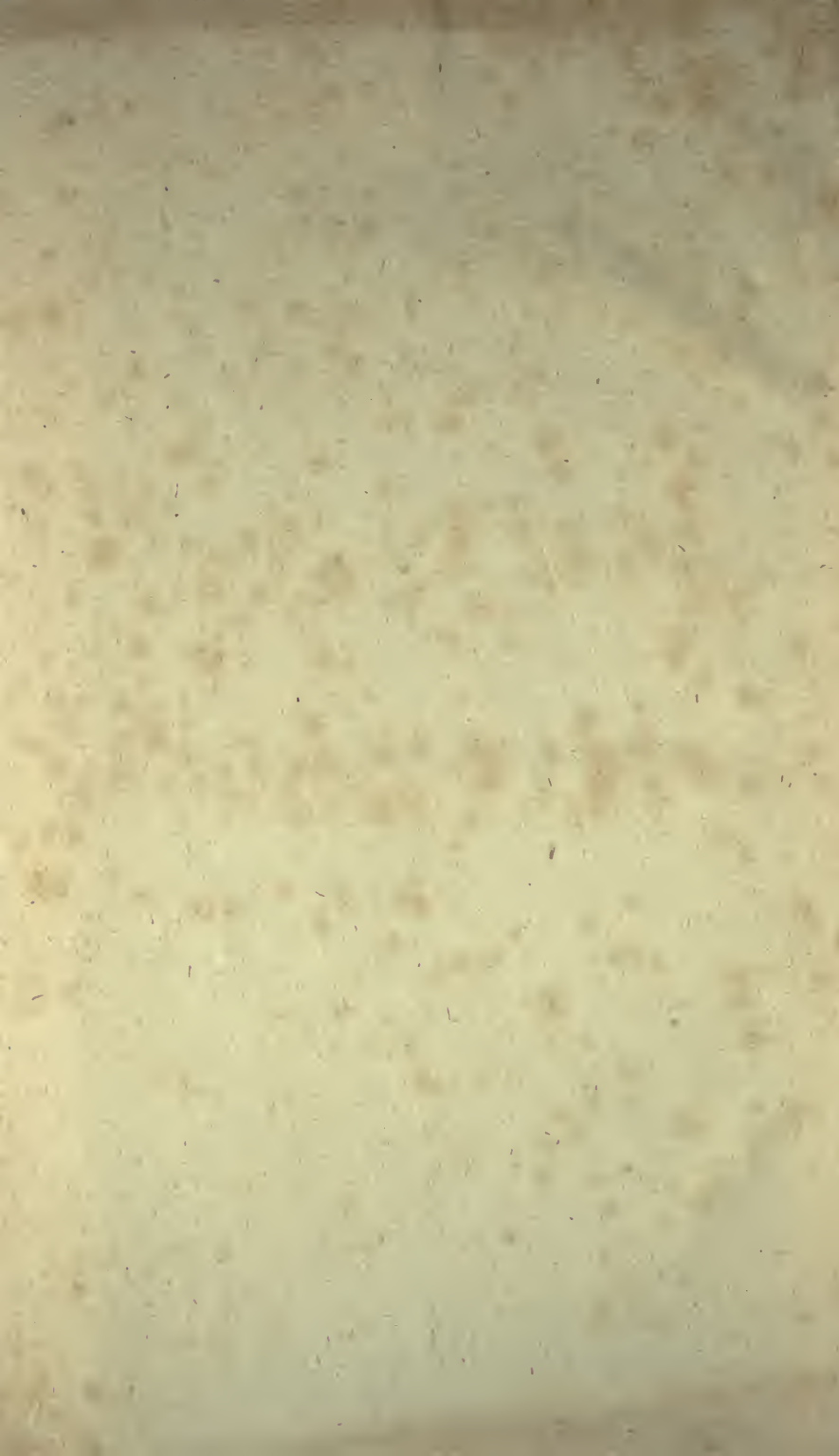
400

18-00









GLEANINGS

THROUGH

WALES, HOLLAND, AND WESTPHALIA.

FOURTH EDITION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HUMANITY;

A POEM.

FIFTH EDITION.

BY

Mr. PRATT.

VOLUME I.

“ See, content, the humble Gleaner
“ Takes the scatter’d ears that fall.”

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1798.

D

917

P73

1798

v. 1



ADVERTISEMENT.

To offer to the Publick a book of entertainment and of use, for the understanding, the fancy, and the affections; various in matter, and in manner unbackneyed—to check the heady current of national prejudice in some instances, to animate genius and liberal thinking in others; to encourage the glow of rational liberty, and to curb lawless irregularity in all: to combine subjects for profound reflection with amusing remarks, and with the calamities of war to contrast the comforts of peace; diversifying and relieving the whole by appropriate narratives, and adventures, and imagery, has been the endeavour of the author in these Volumes: and he could not but consider the pleasure he had in writing them, in some sort, an earnest of their furnishing proportionate satisfaction in reading. The rapid dispersion of the first, second, and third editions in times like these, and in an age of trips and tours—and the favour with which the work has been distinguished by persons of all parties, encouraging the belief that, after long absence from the press, the author has not again come forward unadvisedly. This has invigorated his best efforts to render the present impression more worthy its honours.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In deference to the counsel of some respectable critics, the author has entirely revised the latter part of the Third Volume, which painted the atrocities of the beginnings of the French Revolution; and for the sake of shuddering humanity, as well as in justice to the more manly system of government now prevailing, he has abridged, or wholly left out many of the instances of horror: And the particulars he has suffered to remain are for the sake of example to surrounding nations.

Note.—The author avails himself of a hint he has received as a further proof of the resemblance betwixt the Welch and Germans, mentioned in page 233, vol. 3, noticing the colony from the Low Countries, planted by Edward the Third, in Wales, where evident vestiges of their race, manners, and language, are visible to this day.

✍ As the sense in which the word *Chivalry* is used in a passage, page 235, vol. 3. has been pointed out as liable to misconception, the author must observe that he did not, thereby, intend to express the chivalry introduced into Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries, but merely as the best word he could select to describe that enthusiastick ardour which has led men in *all* ages to great and heroick atchievements.

DEDICATION.

DEDICATION.

BUT that the Author knows TRUE GENEROSITY is ever governed by TRUE DELICACY, he should with Pleasure and with Pride, enrich his Work with an Account of Actions, that would justify him in changing the humble Title of his Book into something expressive of the copious *Harvest*, which Talents, Virtues, and Misfortunes have been continually reaping from the Bounty of an Individual, whose Powers, though large, are far less ample than his Inclinations, to do good.

Without farther Observation, therefore,

THESE LETTERS,

NOW COLLECTED INTO VOLUMES,

ARE OFFERED

AS A TESTIMONY OF SINCERE RESPECT

FOR GENERAL CHARACTER;

AND AS A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE

FOR PARTICULAR KINDNESS;

TO

RICHARD BARWELL, Esq. M. P.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

IT is necessary to premise, that the unforeseen delays which have attended this publication, have given time for great and material alterations in that part, an inconsiderable one, indeed, which relates to the system of the French Republick. Softening gradually from wildness, ferocity, and tyranny, from the last excesses of more than savage rancour and assassination, into the milder forms of resistance to authorities, which they are still determined to question ; the observer, who before regarded that people with feelings of utter abhorrence and of complete indignation, as an horde of robbers and of murderers, trampling down every law of Nature, and Nature's God ; must view them in their

now altered state, with different eyes and with different sentiments.

It was impossible for an honest man to see what was acting on the bloody theatre of the French nation, while such an example of human degeneracy as Robespierre filled the scene and conducted the drama, without execrating every measure adopted by that *Scourge of Mankind*; but it would be as palpable an absurdity to confound their former with their present conduct, as to compare utter darkness with the manifest rays of returning light.

The author cannot, in any one feature, soften the just portrait he has drawn of the horrors which, to the point of time he held the pencil, deformed their devoted land. Neither can he, with feelings that would

satisfy his own heart, omit the opportunity of softening many of the shades, and of expressing a wish, interesting to every fibre of that heart, and he trusts of millions more, that the picture not only of the bleeding land alluded to, but of every other over which the sword of desolation is yet drawn, may soon exhibit in the best light that PEACE WHICH IS MORE GLORIOUS THAN VICTORY.

The greater part, however, of these pages, being written on less local, and of course, more comfortable, because more humane subjects—the beauties of nature and of art—will lose nothing of their interest, by being thus “mixed with baser matter;” for such war must ever be considered, whether flushed with conquest, or humbled by defeat. The

utility, indeed, of such observations, as are designed to

“ Guide the traveller on his *way*,”

and assist him in the article of expence, &c. &c. must of course be *practically* suspended. For while every path abroad is clogged with blood, it is to be presumed that few, even of those who are disposed to quarrel with their country, will, uncalled by duty, forsake that happy land in whose bosom, amidst all their discontent, they still find a **SECURE AND PEACEFUL HOME.**

On a return to that *peaceful home*, after looking for so long a time on its turbulent contrast in other lands, the Author hesitates not to confess, that he felt all the ardour of a Briton, and amidst the laudable enthusiasm of
that

that character, woo'd once more the Muse of Sympathy, to pay her honest tribute to the country, which, in comparison of others, he found, literally, what that Muse had called it,

“ Th' asylum of the suffering earth,”

With the sacred effusions then, that on this conviction flowed from his grateful heart, he shall open his remarks—in the course of which he flatters himself no narrow prejudices of any kind will be found. On the contrary, prejudices will be strongly combated, whether the growth of his own or of any other country.

ODE

TO THE

BENEVOLENCE OF ENGLAND.

ADDRESSED.

TO

ALIENS AND NATIVES.

O D E

TO THE

MEMBERS OF THE

ACADEMY

OF THE

THESE VERSES,
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE CHARACTER OF
THE BRITISH NATION,
ARE,
NOT HUMBLY, BUT *PROUDLY*,
FROM A CONVICTION OF THEIR TRUTH,
INSCRIBED
TO
ALIENS AND NATIVES
OF ALL PARTIES.

THIRD EDITION

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR

THE BRITISH NATION

THE HISTORY OF THE

BRITISH NATION

IN THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY

* O D E

TO THE

BENEVOLENCE OF ENGLAND.



1.

STRANGER ! would'st thou ALBION know ?
Ask the family of woe.
Ask the tribes who swarming round,
In her arms have succour found :
Or, if one of that sad band,
Thou hast fought her sacred land,
To thy *Heart* thou may'st refer
For BRITANNIA's character !
If that heart hath pow'r to feel,
This glorious truth it will reveal :

* This Ode was finely recited by Mr. Pope at Free Mafons'-Hall, on its first appearance in a separate form.

Be

Be thou the humblest child e'en *Care* will own,
 Or the illustrious ruin of a throne,
 'Twas not thy rank or station—'twas thy GRIEF,
 Spread her protecting arms to offer thee relief.

II.

Yet, stranger! had'st thou brought her mines
 of wealth,

Or come beneath the *smile* of Heaven,
 In all the gay festivity of health,

Thou had'st but *bought* what she has given :
 Nor had thy purchas'd welcome been sincere,
 But never can'st thou doubt her homage to thy
 tear.

III.

Behold th' immeasurable train of care,
 Exil'd, like thee, to our BRITANNIA come !
 She, their sure refuge in the last despair,
 The Child of Sorrow's universal *Home*.

Her Peasants with her Princes vie
 Who shall softest balms supply :

These

These their Palaces bestow,
 And scepter'd Grief forgets its woe ;
Those uplift the lowly latch,
 And beckon sorrow to their thatch.
 Friend to the wretched ! ALBION'S equal eye
 Warms like the Sun, ALL human misery.

IV.

But, favour'd Stranger ! would'st thou know yet
 more

Her temper—see her in the grace of Pow'r :
 Oh ! if, by some reverse of sudden fate,
 Conquest again should on her Banners wait,
 And her now exulting Foe
 Yield to all-subduing woe,
 And in the hour of need *her* aid implore,
 From vict'ry fallen to distress,
 The Lion rage of ALBION would be o'er,
 Prompt to Pardon and to bless ;
 Her mighty heart, would by the warmth of
 love,
 Melt to the softness of the mated dove.

V.

Ye fragments of each plunder'd coast !
 Check the Muse, if here she boast,
 No, ye sad Band ! who midst your ruins smile ;
 Ye own, for ye have felt, the Genius of our
 Isle :

ALBION succours all who sigh,
 Such is *her* EQUALITY.

VI.

Sure, Pity's angel at her birth,
 Breath'd bounty in her soul to temper Pow'r,
 And bade her be, in deep Misfortune's hour,
Tb' asylum of the suff'ring Earth.

VII.

Say ye, who with her spirit proudly glow,
 Her native sons—say, have ye in her laws,
 Ye who have dar'd to hope for Heaven below,
 Found, as her earthly mark, some venial
 flaws ?

Nobly

Nobly reform them—but, with filial hand,
 Devote yourselves to save a generous Land.
Who, in an hour like this, but would his force
 impart—

His arm, his blood—to guard a parent's heart?

Say ye, who now defended by her Laws,
 Ye Strangers in her gate, would ye not rise,
 As her *adopted* Sons, to aid her Cause,
 And, dying, triumph in the sacrifice?

Yes! ye have seen the wretch, howe'er op-
 press'd,

To her shelt'ring bosom fly,
 As if it were their tender mother's breast,
 And there as in a cradle lye.

VIII.

And shall those whom she has bread,
 Nurs'd in her arms, and at her bosom fed;
 Shall her *own* Sons, whom first she taught to
 know

The awful *Rights* e'en of that Alien's woe,
 And all the sacred truths which lye
 In the rich code of Hospitality;

Shall they, forgetful of the precepts giv'n,
 Call down the "THANKLESS CHILDS" dread
 curse from Heav'n?

Ah! no! To save her from a *threaten'd* wound,
 What hosts have perish'd on the reeking ground!
 Nor shall th' embattled Thousands that remain
 Inactive view this crisis of their fate:

Her Patriots with a manly pride,
 All little quarrels thrown aside,
 All petty strife for place or power,
 The contests of an idle hour,
 Shall with one soul unanimously great,
 By wisdom and heroick deeds embalm their
 Breth'ren straight!

IX.

Nor ye, her Patriots, doubt BRITANNIA'S care:
 Nor think she will with fatal rashness, DARE
 To waste the treasure of her children's blood:
 Alas! already has the crimson flood,
 Like life's rich streams drawn from their parent
 source,
 Profusely drain'd the all-supplying heart,
 The mass impoverished in its wholesome course,
 And check'd the action of each nobler part!

This

This awful truth she feels in every vein,
 And feels it with an anxious mother's pain;
 And though to guard inviolate her Land;
 Her Laws, her Life, she claims the filial hand,
 Ev'n while she views her loyal Sons in arms,
 She trembles with a parent's fond alarms:
 With pride she sees bright FREEDOM grace her
 Throne,
 Nor grudges other States the blessings of her
 own!

She wars alone with ruthless strife
 That dooms the Orphan and the Wife,
 To dungeons, chains, or death,
 Because the Sire who gave them breath,
 Or the lov'd Lord in trembling terror flew,
 Proscription and his fate in view!
 And what their crimes? Too oft the chance of
 birth,
 Sublimar genius, or superior worth!
 Foe to the cruel *means*—but to the END
 BRITANNIA and her BRITONS are a friend.

Oh! ne'er would ALBION quench the sacred
 flame,
 Divinely bright! that gilt *her* path to fame,
 Ah no! when the dread thirst of blood is o'er,
 And ruthless rage shall stain the cause no more,
 With honest joy our ALBION shall embrace
 Her Gallick foes, and own them of a kindred
 race!

XI.

But when fair honour's voice—'twill be a voice
 from Heav'n—
 Shall cry Hold! hold! the *pow'r to spare* is giv'n,
 Thy Land, thy Law, thy Liberty secure,
 The offer'd Olive now will Peace ensure:
 O! should she *then*, with fell disnatur'd rage,
 Waste one rich drop of gen'rous ENGLAND'S
 blood,
 The Muse that freely gives this votive page,
 Will pour indignant Censure's broadest flood;
 Ev'n though, like ROME's firm Sire, to be
 sincere,
 Justice should strike her victim with a tear!

THE GLEANER'S RETURN.

Connected with these sentiments is a view at *Home*. During the course of the war, twice did the Author revisit the benevolent land here praised. The date of his first return will be ascertained, when he observes, that the cannon of Dumourier almost shook the battlements of the pleasant and kindly remembered little frontier town, the * Brielle, of which no scanty Gleaning will be found in its place. Doubtful, however, of events, he did not wish to abide the chance of being taken by the French, whom his country had irritated; he remained, therefore, on the apparently unsafe side of the water's *edge*, till self-preservation bade him set sail for the other; for even as he sat in the cabin of the Packet-boat, in which he embarked, the fire and smoke from the besiegers and the besieged at Williamstadt, seemed to pursue

* In Holland.

the tracks of the vessel, and made her tremble on the waves.

She reached, however, the coast of Albion without any adverse *rencontre*, and the Author felt himself again, *literally*, on *terra firma*. This happened in an advanced part of the spring; he looked at the gardens of some cottages, running down almost to the rim of the Ocean at Harwich.

A few hours before he had witnessed, even at Helveotfluice, the internal, the domestick foe of Holland, unnaturally and almost openly assisting the machinations of the foe without. The disaffected patriots of the *disunited* Provinces, had spiked several of the cannon, mutilated the corn-mills, and cast obstructions in the way of the water-works, should it become necessary to open the Dutch sluices. He had the mortification to behold the English troops, who were sent to assist the
cause

cause of these very people, received with an air of chagrin by some, and of poorly-dissembled satisfaction by others; and although Breda had been taken on the one side, and Williamstadt attacked on the other, insomuch that the Republick was almost rent in twain, there was scarcely a foldier or a citizen who did not wish the transports that brought over the brave auxiliaries, with a Prince of the English realm at the head, at the bottom of the sea. He even overheard a Dutch burgher exclaim, while the vessel filled with his noble countrymen were dropping their anchors, “ *the devil sink every one of ye!* * *you have no business here!*”

At the time of gaining the harbour, the weather had been so stormy, and the sea ran so high, there could not be a safe landing

* This is a pretty general opinion the Author finds at home as well as abroad.

made for the troops, who remained, therefore, on board the ships near three days. Had you seen, reader, how the redoubted *patriots* of the Dutch enjoyed this temporary distress of the brave fellows, who unused to the sea, suffered the more, you would have presumed, that, instead of the troops coming to their protection, they were attempting to land only to make them prisoners; nay, I am perfectly satisfied, that a general wreck of near two thousand of the finest men in the world, would have been a greater joy to numbers of the persons, at that time assembled, than what did, for the moment, really result from their assistance*—the *Salvation of the Republic*.

* The Dutch patriots even then called it their *slavery*. Their country being now in captivity, they are become *free men*. How long it may be before they fight again for their former *slavery* it is impossible to determine. So true is it that

“ Our very wishes give us not our wish.”

From

From a variety of malicious actions and expressions, the Author is free to say, that could they have poisoned the water, or dared they to have envenomed the food, they would have been glad to do either.*

After an absence of so many years, his return at so singular a moment, when the emigrant enemies of this country sued for its pity and protection, and sued not vainly, was attended with those sentiments which, on his second return to his native land, produced the Ode. He had been witness to the ravages of many fair countries, to the destruction of many beautiful towns, majestick castles, magnificent churches, and the terror, desolations, and deaths of numbers of the human race; and although the scenes, which at that period of the war had passed under his eyes, were soft and *merciful* in comparison of those he has

* The Dutch are certainly an industrious but a most grumbling hive.

since viewed, and of which also descriptions will in due order appear: the contrast was powerful enough for him, or for any man so circumstanced, to have blest the British shore, honoured the British King, and venerated the British government, had he *not* been born under their auspices, had he even been their *foe*!

For the reverse of this picture then, he looked *at home*. In the midst of the most vigorous preparations for war, he felt himself in the bosom of peace. The sailors were singing, as it were fitting out for victory, on the rigging, regulating the top, or guarding the bottom of their vessels. The soldiers were merry in garrison, or smiling on their post. The huzza of *God save the King*, re-echoed to the waves! French politicks were scouted, and good old English maxims were recited with hereditary veneration. If even at that hour, treason prophaned the realm, it was conscious of no less shame than weakness,

weakness ; and, like other unclean and ravenous beasts, it shunned the day. If ever the voice of loyalty were general, it then resounded through comparatively the happiest land. The contrast empowered the Gleaner to feel it in all its force. In passing a little high-road village he saw a train of children of both sexes, not forced into the service of the Convention, at that time a new *Council of Blood* ; not carrying in their feeble hands the mangled heads or limbs of the brother or sister infants, on whom *they had elaborated a murder* : but a little battalion of boys and girls of British growth, who, catching the spirit of the times and of the country, formed themselves into *volunteer* bodies, and employed their scanty allowance of play hours in a kind of *military* nursery. Their pocket-money went to purchase drums, whistles, wooden swords, spears, guns, and other instruments of mimick war. A pair of colours seemed to have been
bought

bought at the price of a flowered Sabbath-day slip and Sunday waistcoat; and a smart martial-looking lad, of about ten years of age, was the commanding-officer.

Guess, reader, the nature of the Author's sensations. Consider the countries he had left, and that to which he returned; and when you are better acquainted with his usual habits, you will not wonder he forgot that he had farther to go, and in the warmth of the welcome oblivion, which, though it lost him a place in the coach, was no deduction to his pleasure, he followed the little troop round the town like a new recruit. When it came to a stop, the youth who commanded made a speech, which was a morsel of most exemplary loyalty indeed; for it blessed the king, and then blessed God for blessing the king at the end of every sentence. Though they were by no means mercenaries,

they

they solicited a little help from the company around, just to answer military exigencies. The small corporal presented his cap, to which all the birds of the air appeared to have right loyally contributed a feather. The Gleaner's mite was not withheld. Indeed he was heated enough to have actually enlisted, had they invited him to join the corps. He left them with reluctance after they disbanded for the night, which he passed at a little publick house in the village. Here he met with an honest, kind-hearted flipflop of a land-lady, a love-sick, pale-faced maiden, who said *she* hated politicks, and a landlord who said *he* was a profound politician. He had amusement at the moment in *sketching* them; but as their counterparts are to be seen in almost every publick house, he shall wish them to be as well as they are harmless, and pass on. He had intended to revisit London. Some unexpected events determined

mined him to another route, and resolving to remain in the track of foreign intelligence, he repaired to a place whither two motives guided him: First, its being a small spot near a great passage-town; and secondly, in a part of England he had never visited. Having time to spare, you shall judge of his satisfactions. He will endeavour to make you think you are a spectator of a *Day's gleanings in his native land*. He began to compare all he had viewed in other places with the sweetly varied spots before him, not so much with respect to their beauty as their secure tranquillity. With regard to the surrounding residents he was amongst strangers, but they were human beings and his countrymen; or they were happy domestick creatures, under the protection of an easy government. He knew no one: yet by a certain magick that works in the heart of every philanthropist, and without meriting that character, he fears

no man can be a patriot, he seemed to be interested about every body : and all the objects which his eyes could reach his heart seemed to embrace. It appeared, on this singular occasion, as if he had met with a large part of his own family, whom he had never before encountered : and coming from foreign lands, where anarchy and ruin had taken up their dwelling, his heart bounded to behold all those who were at length brought so close to him, in the fullest enjoyment of their lives and properties. In other countries, he had often seen the hired servants, the peasants, and farmers, imperiously ordered to leave their own, or their master's affairs, and labour in the pleasure-grounds, or palace of some petty prince, whose whole principality sometimes does not measure to the acres of a good English domain. But in England, the seed which the husbandman had sown, he was preparing to reap ; nor is

it in the wish or the *power* of a monarch to plunder him of a moment. His toil is his *own*, so are the fruits of it. And while he is getting in the copious harvest, the expectations and efforts of the year are, in many other parts of the globe, seized on by lawless hands, or clotted by gore to prevent it. The carol of the *law-defended subject* touched all the chords of the Author's heart; the birds that flew over his head seemed less independent, and to have less of "perfect freedom." A party of haymakers were at the moment following the last well-heaped load, or sporting on its top, their rakes wreathed with triumphant garlands, while a feast in the open air, and within view of the finished haystacks, awaited them. Every syllable in the delicious description* of the British Maro was illustrated.

How different is the jovial scenery in the

* "Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead," &c.

poet's description, from the inhuman yell of *Ca Ira*, in the accursed times of Roberfpierre ; for then was his horrible power in force ! opposite even as the song of rural innocence, and the dissonant roar of guilt and rapine over-running the fields ! It was a pleasant, an interesting sight ; it warmed the bosom of the Author to its inmost recesses ; he was in humour with every thing ; the comfort-looking huts, the ample downs, the sheep that fed upon them, the soft and peaceful-seeming inclosures, the stretches of wood, water, and garden-grounds, the captivating interspersed villas, the awful mansions and good old halls of hospitality, the very cluck of the English household fowl, and the domestick rookery. He spoke to every labourer with the voice of a countryman and friend. The charm was indeed heightened by a visit to the English cottages ; the appearance of the sturdy swains and blooming damsels who

c 2

inhabited

inhabited them—so utterly different, in air, dress, complexion, shape, and language, from the peasantry he had quitted.

Such is the journal of a flowery day's sensations, in returning to the land whose scenery, places, and persons, by a sort of indefinable attachment, not only appears to belong to us, but of which one seems to be a *part*. Perhaps they were not the less agreeable to the Author for the pains that afflicted his feelings in other countries. How he wandered over, gazed on, and lingered in the scene! He had fled from a repining and oppressed people, oppressed beyond any power of relief, and took sanctuary with the peaceful and contented. All seemed natal. The trees that shaded, the sun that warmed, the earth that received him, and the air he breathed!

And are there those who would reduce all *this* into a wilderness? Ye Britons, be not deluded

deluded into misery ! Even that which may be a good cause to one nation may be destructive to another.

Had the most clamorous, the most discontented, half the opportunities of the Author of these Volumes, they would, even with all its errors, think England the happiest country, and themselves the happiest people now on the face of the globe. As to *faults*, he can only repeat the wish he has earnestly breathed in the Ode, that they may be “ NOBLY reformed.”

The author could have wished, however, to have found the benevolence of the country, celebrated in the Ode, more *uniform*; and that, while it was holding out the hand of hospitality to distressed *aliens*, who had been driven from their homes, it had ceased to inflict tyranny and slavery on a yet more numerous body of unfortunates. He grieved

to observe, even on his second return, an *evil which, long before his setting out, was deemed inconsistent with the mild, humane, and, generally speaking, wholesome principles of the British Government, and which he had heard discussed on the Continent with every mark of wonder and reprobation. It is almost needless to specify, that he alludes to the immitigable *persecution* of more than half of the inhabitants of the globe, merely because they differ from their *persecutors* in complexion.

And yet we rank ourselves amongst the generous lovers of freedom, and have bled in her sacred cause at every pore. It is somewhat humiliating, however, that the very men we are fighting on the ground of imputed *barbarity*, and considering too we have so long debated the subject in the great as-

* The Slave Trade.

sembly of the nation to find that this *savage foe*, against whose ferocity we have raised the arm, should have *done* that generous act in a single day, which Britons have been so many years *talking* about. It cannot be denied that the French people have got the start of us in giving real freedom to that unhappy race of beings, who, though they have unquestionably all the rights of men, are treated as beasts of the fields, without *any rights at all*; nay, as condemned criminals, who have, by the proscription of crimes, forfeited not only *those* rights, but every kindred claim that attaches to *species*, or even springs from common charity. The Gleaner certainly has been amongst the first, as will appear on the face of this Work, to reprobate such parts of the French measures as justice, no less than philanthropy, must reject; but he was one of the first to *honour* them for this part of their conduct.

Their plan of Equality *there* was great, glorious, and exemplary; and even if it were but intended as a stroke of policy, it ought, like Abraham's faith, to be imputed to them as righteousness.

It is difficult to conceive indeed how the sons of avarice can bring their feeble arguments to carry any weight, when in the opposite scale are to be placed all the motives of common honesty, and every principle of justice and of reason. And yet, on coming home, the author could not but regret to hear the same unwarrantable, unfeeling, and sordid arguments for *continuing* this iniquitous tyranny, that had been polluting the *publick* *humanity of the country* so many years. Nay, the truly worthy* mover of the Bill for doing away this enormity, has it seems been *barassed out* with the perpetual checks his

* Mr. Wilberforce.

benevolent plan received. It has been put off from time to time, till most probably it will totally die away. And all this in despite of the most liberal support from men of *all* parties, led on by Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, &c.

No wonder then that the Lyre has failed to effect what the best and brightest Powers of the British Parliament seem to have relinquished in despair. As a last effort however, the Author will place his mite a fourth time*—and as much oftner as an indulgent Publick may encourage the re-publication of his work—in the way of being seen by some of the advocates of this *unblessed, unchristian trade*; and should but one purchaser, or salesman of his species, be moved to pity and redress the wrongs of one enslaved fellow-creature, he will triumph in having put an end to the captivity of that one; or, if a niggard task-master still holds him in bonds, deaf to

* See HUMANITY, a Poem.

the voice of nature and conscience, the attempt will have been made, and both conscience and nature shall unite to soothe the disappointment. Bitter, already, has been that disappointment; for he who praised the *BENEVOLENCE* of Albion had hoped she would have extended that freedom which she loves, and which is the basis of her happiness, beyond the narrow circle of *her own land*; but as that is not the case; it seems a duty imposed by compassion and justice on every man, to awaken the publick mind, so far as in him lies, to a sense of what it owes to this important subject. Impressed by a sense of which, the Author's sheaves shall be crowned with a wreath of *HUMANITY*.

This introductory part to the book
having already been employed in some-
times there will be a lot of persons in
other words. On which that the pro-
perty that is to be employed with a com-
pany of the kind, and which is like
many other things, to have undergone a revo-
lutionary change, and as a result, we will
not only be able to keep the better

THE introductory parts to our sheaves having hitherto been employed in home-felt subjects, there will be a sort of propriety in closing therewith. On which idea, our preliminary matter shall conclude with a Gleaning of the English Stage, which seems, like many other things, to have undergone a revolutionary shock; and like some others, we will not *now* say *all*, to be by no means the better for it.

MODERN THEATRES.

MODERN THEATRES.

MODERN THEATRES.

MODERN THEATRES.

LONG absent, Britain, from my natal isle,
Once more I fought and hail'd thee with a smile;
And tho' I found thee 'midst the storms of fate,
So sweet thy pity to th' unfortunate,
The sympathising Muse thy zeal admir'd,
And paid the tribute * filial love inspir'd;
For though a wanderer, can the Muse e'er roam
Where thou, O land rever'd, are not her parent
home?

Yet, as I *knew thy griefs*, I thought to see,
Ev'n in thy sports some marks of gravity:
Since all the Shores I left were bath'd in blood,
And *thy own children's veins* supply'd the flood,
Methought 'twas strange, in contrast to the time,
To view thy Stage *one mighty Pantomime!*
And thy chaste Drama, long a nation's pride—
The *Muses* spurn'd—take *Momus* for a guide.

* Alluding to the Ode to the Benevolence of England.

'Twas strange in every scene his pow'r to trace,
 And note his monkey *grin* on ev'ry face.
 Say, is it thus my country hides her care?
 Tries she by arts like these to cheat despair?
 Thus when *she dreaded her impending doom*,
 Prophetick *pageants* mark'd the fall of Rome.
 Well sung the sage * sublime, whose prescient eye
 Foresaw the hour when Scenick Truth should fly
 Before the changes of a sinking age,
 And gaudy folly should usurp the Stage;
 On flying cars when "Sorcerers should ride,
 "Where royal *Lear* had raved, and *Hamlet* died."
That hour is come, confirm'd is Faustus' sway,
 And many a shining bubble marks his way;
 Instead of heroes drawn from Rome and Greece,
 A score of Harlequins crowd every piece;
 Instead of awful Phœbus and the Nine,
 A Grecian Droll, or Roman Columbine;
 The Tragick Muse, although by Siddons grac'd,
 In the New Booth, is so obscurely plac'd,
 That 'mongst the motley crew she holds a rank
 Betwixt the Macedonian Mountebank,

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Satrap's all hair, and Amazons all wig,
 And dumb Darius, dying to a jig :
 Hist'ry herself, whose adamantin page,
 Aweful gave back the image of the age,
 Now with her childish sports *profanes her dead*,
 And plays the Romp, a fool's cap on her head,
 Dances the hay, while Ossian-Pantaloon
 Leads on Fingal to act some vile buffoon.

For thee, poor Comedy ! the art's forgot,
 Which once the sportive scene from *Nature*
 caught,
 Thy strokes of wit are now the haul, the flap,
 And thy *Ghost* rises from a mummer's trap :
 Then murder'd Humour haunts the stage each
 night ;
 Then glare the wounds of sense to aching sight.

To make an author or an actor great,
 How brief, how new, how simple the receipt !
 Give to your Hero all the bully air ;
 Croud trick on trick, and let him boldly *swear* ;
 A dozen damns in ev'ry act, at least ;
 Oaths, quaintly vollied, are a glorious feast ;

But, above all, remember to *surprize*,
 For chiefly there the art of writing lies ;
 With more than hocus pocus, ev'ry scene,
 Like jugglers' ball, should hold a cheat within,
 Something so odd, absurd, yet done so neat,
 Nature disowns, yet laughs at the conceit :
 Nor fail, for that gives spirit to your fable,
 To let your hero overset the table,
 Toss down the tea-board, smash, or force a door,
 Rare jokes that set the Playhouse in a roar !
 A *stuffing* scene too might enhance the treat ;
 Fine jest, to see a modern actor eat !
 And if he drink as fast, with jokes between,
 'Tis the perfection of the modern scene !
 In life to gorge and swill some censure draws,
 But on the stage are certain of applause.
 Note, too, your Hero should work hand and foot,
 And tear up ancient order by the root :
 Inverting good old plans, once deem'd so wise,
 Laugh all to scorn, if you would win the prize ;
 For he's now thought the most diverting
 creature,
 Who writes, and acts, blest times ! most out of
 Nature.

And

And is this fitting? while a bard * yet lives,
 To whom her richest stores wrong'd Nature
 gives;
 Whose magick powers these tricksters could
 defeat,
 And instant drive them from the realms of wit;
 Who with the slightest waving of his wand,
 Could re-enthroned the Drama's rightful band!
 O! would he prove again that Drama's friend,
 Soon would the reign of Merry Andrews end.
 But still the Patriot veils the poet's charms,
 And Love assists to steal him from our arms.

Then bless'd the Muse †, whose magick has
 impress'd
 Once more the moral on the publick breast;
 And blest the actor ‡, whose transcendant art,
 In baby times, like these, has reach'd the heart;
 Reach'd it by manly, not ignoble ways,
 And bid revive the power of ancient days!
 KEMBLE, all hail! thy wonder-working skill,
Without one ribald jest, has made us feel;

* Sheridan.

† Cumberland.

‡ Kemble.

Wak'd in the foul a generous sense of woes,
 Ev'n in an age of *Sights and Puppet-Shews!*

Hence, may redawning Nature open wide
 One Revolution, worthy Britain's pride.

The STAGE REFORM—methinks I see com-
 mence,

Once more, the reign of Reason and of Sense;
 Feeling and Fashion, union rare, shall join,
 By FARREN's power, to soften and refine;
 And Elegance with every sister grace,
 Their beams shall play from her enchanting face:
 While JORDAN, skill'd alike, by wond'rous art,
 To move with natural joy or grief, the heart,
 Once more shall bid simplicity appear,
 Chastise our mirth, and dare to raise our tear:
 We hail, 'tis true, the sun's enlivening powers,
 But court no less the aid of tender showers.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

THE Title explained—Conversation 'betwixt the author and his friend on tourists and travellers—Plan of Literary Gleaning settled—The author's convention with the friend to whom these letters are addressed.

LETTER II.

The deliberate and dashing traveller contrasted, and their opposite characters developed—Resolution of the author to become residentiary in the places, and amongst the people to be described—General plan of post-haste travellers—Scenery of Wales. P. 7.

LETTER III.

Hints to young painters, on the fame and fortune of a pictorial tour through North and South Wales—Beautiful landscapes for the pencil and the pen—Abergavenny—Brecknock—Caermarthen, &c.—Compliment to Pennant and Gilpin—Sea-pieces

*Rock-work—New and old passage—Laugherne—
Kiddwelly—Llanelthy—Swansea.* P. 15.

LETTER IV.

*The romance of nature—Scenery of Mabuntleth—
The author's enthusiasm described and vindicated
—Traits of characters and constitution—The plea-
sures of a poetical mind—The exquisite beauty of this
part of North Wales.* P. 22.

LETTER V.

*The ride from Mabuntleth to Dolgelthy—A valley—
Pretty Welch peasants—Cascades and Baths of
Nature—Mountain of Caer Idris—Castles in the
Air—Other Castles—Pleasures of imagination
realized—Particular instance, and general character
of Cambrian hospitality—Welch gentry, farmers,
peasants.* P. 28.

LETTER VI.

*The Beauties of Barmouth—Romantick approach to
it—Its resemblance to the rock of Gibraltar—
Surrounding scenery—The sea—The beach—The
black mountains—The happy valley—All trades
in*

*in a cottage—The female barber and family—
Cambrian loyalty.*

P. 39.

LETTER VII.

*Tour back to Aberestwith—History of the author's
horse, addressed to men—Apology to the criticks
for that history—Every man's hobby-horse sacred
—Story of a fisherman, his family, and friend—
A heath—A hurricane—The roaring sea—And
the blazing hearth.*

P. 53.

LETTER VIII.

*Life, death, and character of a friend—Reader,
pass this letter if thou art only a man or woman
of the world; but if thou hast fancy, feeling, and
an heart, select an uninterrupted hour to peruse it
twice.*

p. 81.

LETTER IX.

*Aberestwith described—The place and country con-
trasted to Barmouth—Welch customs—Price of
provisions, and other expences, stated, with a
view to æconomy and residence—All cheap places
more or less destroyed by English folly and vanity
—Various*

—Various instances—Welch courtship—Welch Church-yards. P. 94.

LETTER X.

Welch superstitions—The sea roaring for three days together, to announce a shipwreck, or drowned sailor—The lighted candle walking before you, self-sustained—The groaning voice coming out of the earth, &c.—The madness of methodism in Wales. p. 116.

LETTER XI.

Welch fairies—Their Exploits—Residences—Dispositions—The author threatened with them—The fairy-haunted chamber—Visit to a Welch priest, who was fairy-ridden—Pontipool scenery—Festiniog scenery—Lord Lyttleton, and more fairy tales. p. 128.

LETTER XII.

Festiniog—Lord Lyttleton's description of this enchanting, and, as the peasants think, enchanted village, examined—Characteristicks of the author—his peculiarities—Lord and Lady Clive—Their neighbourhood, and their character by their neighbours. p. 158.

LETTER

CONTENTS.

121

LETTER XIII.

Welch Pool—Montgomery—Powis castle—History of the decayed English merchant, and his daughter—Transactions of a London physician in Wales, and anecdotes of the late John Howard. p. 180.

LETTER XIV.

Character of John Howard—His personal Habits—His philanthropy to man and beast—Visit to him in Bedfordshire—Various anecdotes of him collected in that visit—His singularities described and vindicated—His superannuated horses. p. 204.

LETTER XV.

The Triumph of Benevolence, sacred to the Memory of the late John Howard—Motives for the republication of that poem. p. 225.

LETTER XVI.

Welch Bards—Modern and ancient—Associations and Customs of the former—Manners and customs of modern and ancient Welch harpers—Welch druids—Anglesea. p. 229.

LETTER XVII.

Welch Lakes—And monumental reliques—Welch Inquisitiveness—Hospitality of the Welch Nobles
VOL. I. e —Lord

—*Lord Newborough—The author's adventures on the road—And the happy Weavers.* p. 240.

LETTER XVIII.

Verses consecrated to the virtues of the late Jonas Hanway. p. 250.

LETTER XIX.

More verses—And various Gleanings for the Affections. p. 288.

LETTER XX.

The same. p. 290.

LETTER XXI.

Historical perplexity—A dissertation on Biographers—From historian A. to historian, &c.—Farewell to Wales. p. 295.

LETTER XXII.

Welcome to Holland—Contrasted with Wales—The ancient history of the Dutch Republick—With reflections, prosaick and poetical. p. 302.

LETTER XXIII.

History of the old Batavians continued—Customs—Manners—Diversions. p. 315.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Their ancient marriages—funerals—superstitions and legislature.

P. 327.

LETTER XXV.

Poetical bandeau, by way of twining round the first sheaf.

P. 336.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS.

LETTER I.

A visit to several Frontier and other German and Dutch towns, previous to the breaking out of the war—More emigrant histories—with a character of Louis the XVIth—An interesting evening, in which the Map of the world is examined by the Company—Dumourier's cannon—A sea adventure, in the course of which the author gleans the national French character, as to the impressions of Prosperity and Adversity—Observations on the impolicy of the new French System, so far as it respects national or domestic happiness—The beauty

beauty of order—The deformity of anarchy—Character, and verses by a French emigrant of distinction. p. 347.

LETTER II.

Review of the Dutch troops, by the Stadtholder—The elements no respecter of persons—A field day in the rain—Reflections on the advantages of Little over Great People. p. 352.

LETTER III.

A letter on different subjects, respecting the Dutch—Their modern Marriages and Deaths—The writer gleans a trio of travellers, a pair of which are authors; the one denominated in this our sheaf, Mr. Blank—being literally what that word expresses—Mr. Prize, for a like reason, and Mr. Blank-and-Prize, because he is a compound of the two others—A tribute of justice to the Pencil and Character of De Louthenberg. p. 382.

GLEANINGS THROUGH WALES.

LETTER I.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. B.

South Wales.

WHEN I mentioned to a learned and elegant friend my design to pass some years on the Continent, he cordially took my hand, and thus addressed me :

“You are going to travel: travelling, like love, makes authors: authors make books: men, women, and children, publish at home, what they have seen or heard abroad;—Ergo, were not you already an author, it would be expected of you to *write a book*.”

To travel then, and to publish, are become things of course, said I? “As much so,” rejoined my friend, “as cause and effect.” It would be difficult, however, I presume, to prove that though they may be equally in order, they are equal in value; for, to multiply *copies of copies of copies*, is, surely, adding to the bulk of

an evil that "has increased, is still increasing, and ought to be diminished:" I admit your observation, proceeded I, that every body publishes travels, but am in doubt about the use of the inference; for, if people who leave their own country *predetermined* to make a book out of what they meet with, what they see, or seem to see, in others, it either is an argument against the farther overstock of the literary market, or a positive proof that the innumerable *travelling bookmakers*, who have "beat the beaten road" these thousand years, have told us nothing we did not know better before; and, hereupon, a pretty curious question arises: How far those who have undertaken to conduct our persons and purses through countries, remote or near, have proved themselves true or false guides? how far readers who have taken abroad with them such publications as the *Vade Mecums* of their respective tours, have found themselves more or less perplexed and misled, than if they had been left to their own ignorance, and to the experience which, however dearly, perhaps more truly, corrects it?

"You think, then," resumed my friend, that "an answer to these interrogations would determine the propriety of giving, or refusing to give, another book of travels to those already published:

“ published: You imagine that a new edition
 “ every ten years of the first and only original
 “ work, marking the fresh modes by way of ad-
 “ denda, would preclude, and render useless, all
 “ the labours of imitative travellers?”

I told him, this would be, perhaps, going too far, but that were the replies to be made by those admirable criticks the eye and the pocket, we should “ *see feelingly*” that our knowledge by no means increased in proportion to the number of our books on the same subject: “ It must be
 “ acknowledged,” interposed he, “ that the re-
 “ gions, not of fact, only, but of fairy land, have
 “ been *over-run with travellers*: Every thing,
 “ therefore, of either use, or ornament, might be
 “ supposed, at this time of day, to

“ Live in description, and look green in song:”

“ But the truth is, that much is always left to be
 “ found by him who is diligent to seek; and that
 “ of the innumerable travellers who have gone the
 “ *same* roads, there are few who have not added
 “ something to our stock of information, or amuse-
 “ ment; and, moreover, that every person of
 “ talents *is in reality, original*, either in the matter
 “ or manner of exerting them; no two people,
 “ even of equal abilities, employing them
 “ on the same occasion, seeing or feeling

“ the very same objects, or occurrences, in
 “ the same way ; so that there must be, I say,
 “ a degree of novelty in every work not ser-
 “ vilely purloined from what the plagiarist had
 “ neither candour to avow, nor ingenuity to
 “ improve. But, even granting that the greater
 “ crop of general observation has been gathered
 “ by others who have made their intellectual
 “ harvest abroad, and, brought it home *pro*
 “ *bono publico*, let me remind you by the
 “ help of an allusion borrowed from husbandry,
 “ that the vigilance of the farmer has never
 “ yet been able to clear the ground of its
 “ produce, so as to leave nothing where-with
 “ to reward the industrious *gleaner* : Some ears
 “ of the valuable grain escape the jealous rake
 “ even of avarice itself, and where the fields
 “ are spacious, there must always be something
 “ worth stooping for, even where the labourers
 “ are many.”

Pleased and encouraged by this mode of rea-
 soning, I exclaimed, Be it so then ; another
Book of Travels shall be written, and, to shew my
 gratitude for the present conversation, the work
 shall owe its title to an idea that is this moment
 suggested by the agricultural images you have
 so agreeably played with. I will call my book
 that is to be, GLEANINGS, &c. gathering up
 whatever

whatever may be left to humble industry, or excursive curiosity, in the path of my wanderings,—now and then deviating into the fields of fancy, mixing thus my *wheat* with such *flowers* as grow in its neighbourhood, whether in hedge-rows or gardens, whether the productions of art or nature. Good!” cried my friend, rubbing his hands together, “and at length you shall bind your collected gleanings into sheaves—that is, volumes—and present them neat as imported from the foreign markets, to your *friends and enemies*. To both of whom,” added he smilingly, and with a brisker friction of his hands, “they will supply food of a different kind, the one banquetting on whatever you set before them with hearty good-will, the other satiating on the best you can offer, with as hearty malice. Besides,” continued he, “you will thus furnish a feast to yourself, and be entertained while you entertain. *I will have it so*—Farewell: Be sure you write a book, and do not return to me till you can come *volume in hand*.”

He departed, without suffering me to say more, asserting that the best proof of my regard for him would be given in my adoption of his councils,

The councils were wholesome, and I shall follow them. Before my leaving London it was settled, at another conversation with the same friend, that my *Gleanings* were to be dispensed by parcels to *him*, that he was to put them into the granary—that is, his library—till their bulk increased sufficiently to be of publick use, and not a month was to pass without a small *sheaf* being sent to him. Alas! it was decreed that, ere the *first* month was expired, this amiable counsellor and friend should go

“ To that bourne from whence *no traveller* returns.”

The impression made upon me by his death would, perhaps, have induced me to give up an idea, which could not be pursued without a sentiment of regret for the loss of him who inspired it, had I not reflected that there existed still *another*, whose mind, no less than my own, required amusement; and, at length, to conclude, that the best mode of testifying my esteem and veneration for the deceased, would be to fulfil *his* wishes; even while I fulfilled yours, my dear surviving comfort, at the same time.

To these ends, I now address to *you*, from the most beautiful part of the British Empire—for such I think we may fairly call the principality of the ancient Britons—the first offerings of
my

my Gleanings. An humble employment, perhaps!—to collect ear by ear, as it were the *refuse* of what others have either *overlooked* or *neglected*: but if, out of this lowly occupation, you and I, my excellent friend, in the first instance, and my readers, in the second, when the corn is gathered into sheaves, and bound up, should be able to make that bread which strengtheneth the heart, or press from the scanty vintage that wine of life, which exhilarates, and gives a cheerful countenance in the drooping moment:—if it affords the transient sweets of a foreign shore, when the flowers at home are withered or despoiled, I shall not have stooped in vain.

Adieu, my friend! Our convention is settled, and you shall soon hear from me again.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

South Wales.

As it behoves a *Gleaner* to be diligent, deliberate, and not hurry over his ground like those who come to a *full crop*, and whom abundance makes careless, I have resolved, not

only for your sake, but my own, to stay *always* some days, frequently some weeks, and not seldom some months in every town, city, or village from whence I shall write: an inversion of the general rule. Instead of adding to the long list of *post-haste travellers*, I am determined to perform my journies at a foot-pace rather than a full gallop, convinced, from a deal of experience, that, although "he who runs may read," he who *rides, as it were express, through a country*, cannot write any thing worth the attention even of a *running reader*—At least, it becomes a question worth answering, Whether the deliberate mode is not more likely to discover and describe what merits communication, than the *helter-skelter* fashion of writing on the spur, whip, and wheel, accounts of people and places? I am of opinion it is; and I have the support of good old people, and good old proverbs in Latin and English. "*Festina lentè*," says the one—"He *stumbles who goes fast*," echoes the other. To believe, therefore, that He who "*moves slow, moves sure*," is a reasonable conclusion. Indeed, I have wondered, that so very few of my emigrating countrymen have been of this way of thinking. On the contrary, they hurry through the destined course, as if they were running a race against time, and were to perform such a given portion of it, within the hour by a stop watch.

The

The most pleasantly *fanciful* at least, of all modern travellers, in his inimitable "Journey," has given us, in his own sportive manner, a catalogue of travellers, with the epithets proper to, and characteristick of, each; such as the sentimental, political, idle, diligent, *et cætera*; but he has not, to my recollection, said any thing about the *deliberate*, or more correctly speaking, the *residential* traveller, who sets out on a plan of sojourning in the parts of the world he describes, and mixes in the societies of each long enough to observe *accurately* manners, customs, and events. The infinitely diversified modes of these must be overlooked, seen very partially, or not seen at all, by the modern *Mercuries* who go at full speed to the grand point of their destination—some of the capitals;—and scarce give time for the horses to be changed at the intermediate stages: or, if they are under the *necessity* to stay a night at any of these, the most inquisitive of them stroll thro' the streets, or saunter round the ramparts, *while the supper is preparing*; the rest throw themselves on chairs and sofas till aroused by the return of their companions, who generally come back dissatisfied with their ramble; and, if they write at all, sit down betwixt sleeping and waking, and insert, in the meagre journal of the day, a drowsy, yet sple-netick account of what they met with in their walk;

walk; depending on the sexton as the historian of the buildings, and on some chance passenger as the intelligencer of the inhabitants, environs, police, &c. &c. At day-break the next morning they are off, scarce allowing time for swallowing a comfortless cup of coffee, squabbling with their host for extortion, cursing the country they are under the immediate protection of, and disgracing the manners of their own. This done, they continue their expedition *as upon life and death*, and often,—alas, how much too often!—finish their folly, their fortune, and their tour, at the same time: for it is not till after their return to their native country, that these *dashing travellers* discover, that their most precious things—time, money, and talents—have been wasted to receive only contempt, fatigue, and vexation in return—a sad barter!

But not to circumscribe the inutility of *rapid* travelling to these cyphers of society, who in all countries are insignificant, the remark I fear, and the censure, involve, in some degree, persons of a different description; in as far as the customary method of *writing post*, on the policy, and practice of nations, must be injurious to the most respectable abilities, which cannot intuitively know occurrences, characters, and usages, that arise out of *time, place, and circumstances*;
and

and cannot—except to a lucky traveller indeed, and to him very occasionally—happen, while arrangements are making for the accommodation of man and horse between stage and stage; and when all one can expect to see are the most slight and ordinary objects that float, like weeds and offal on the stream, on the surface of the places through which we pass. Neither is the human mind, whatever be its powers, well disposed to paint scenes and incidents when the body is worn down by the day's travel, and the spirits jaded by the fatigue of motion: yet, if we look at the dating of our modern travels, the avowed objects of which are customs and manners, we shall find that most of the observations are the productions of *the moment*, written amidst the dust and hurry of going from the spot described to another, which is, in due time, to be dispatched in the same way. Is it therefore to be wondered at, if we frequently find the common effects of an over-hasty judgment—mistated facts, and false inferences?

All these convictions have strengthened me in the resolution of being a *residential* traveller, making a rest in every country which I design to *glean*. This, you will say, my dear friend, is in character, but I scruple not to assert, on an experience, which I hope to make you partaker of,
that

that tour-makers of the first distinction and respectability, have left unnoticed many things highly worthy their and the publick observation, and which could not have escaped, had they suffered their patience to keep pace with their penetration.

The illustration of this, I trust, you will gather as we go along.

The scenery of *Nature*, in a summer dress, is a volume open to every eye, and a copious page may be read at a glance. The most nimble traveller might luxuriate as he runs by them, and his landscape, though but the etching of an instant of time, must, if he has skill to catch the objects as they rise before him, and richness of genius to tint them, be various and delightful. Here, the border of Brecknockshire, which begins just where what is *now* called England owns its boundary, I was enchanted with the *first* view, but discovered at a second, third, fourth, onward to a fortieth, in various excursions to and fro, during a six months' residence, a thousand and ten thousand particular charms which a first general survey could never afford. I devoted an equal proportion of time to the northern as to the southern division of this paradisaical principality; going to the extreme
verge

verge both ways, and traversing backwards and forwards to look at their beauties in different seasons of the year; and it is the result of these repeated visits, which at the present moment, I give you: I give it you, in the grateful warmth of my heart, for pleasure received, not without an earnest hope, at the same time, that you, and others who have taste and affections to relish the blooms of nature, and patriotism enough to admire them not the worse for appertaining to their *natal island*, may be tempted to enjoy the same scenery.

That Wales hath a claim to pre-eminence on the score of romantick beauty, can only be doubted, by those who have never traversed it, or who, traversing, rather run a race than make a regular tour. It is certain, that several detached spots, in several different English counties, exhibit to the eye of the traveller as much of simplicity, here and there as much of the sublime, and frequently more of cultivation: but then those are to be considered as picked and chosen places, and are, therefore, particular: whereas, the natural graces of Wales, the spontaneous fragrance of the wild herbs and flowers, the unrestrained redundance of the foliage, and the unlaboured fertility of the southern soil, are general. They often expand from one shire to another

another with succession both of the beautiful and sublime, sometimes to the stretch of thirty or forty miles, in the progress of which the fancy and the heart, the understanding, and all the higher emotions of the soul are, by turns, regaled and delighted. Hence it is impossible for a traveller of a just taste not to catch pleasure and instruction from that endless variety of land and water, hill and valley, dizzy ascent, and apparently fathomless precipice, which, in Merioneth and Caernarvonshire, would strike his eye at almost every hour's journeying. The traveller of imagination would feel an unwonted glow of head and heart, perhaps, in a warmer degree, and of a more fascinating kind, than the traveller of merely a just taste. The poetick and pictorial traveller, endued with the enthusiasm proper to those characters, would have a more animated pleasure from a survey of such sort of beauties, than a person who has been in the habit of deriving his satisfactions rather from the refined labours of art, than the easy operations of nature : but all degrees of understanding and feeling, nay the soul itself, would be gratified in a tour through Wales, allowing time to do justice to nature and themselves : and, indeed, none but the most worthless or dissipated of human kind could observe, within the limits of a morning's ride or walk, such an assemblage of natural wonders,

ders, viewed at any period of the year, without tasting a pleasure of that moral kind, which, in looking above or below, must pronounce the objects of divine origin. I have stood gazing on some—Snowden and Plinlimmon, the vale of Cluyn, for instance, till they seemed of themselves to say—Traveller! well mayest thou gaze: we merit your pious admiration—for we are of God!

But my enthusiasm is running my letter into too much length. Invoking, therefore, the blessing of that God on you, I bid you for the present—adieu.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

South Wales.

A YOUNG painter, of genius in a summer tour, from Abergavenny to Milford Haven, South, and from Aberconway to Holyhead, including the Isle of Anglesey, North, taking into his route the intermediate landscapes and sea-pieces right and left, and making those pauses which are necessary to exact observation, and those deviations from the beaten to the unfrequented

frequented track, where, indeed, the chaster beauties of nature are to be found, as if they modestly withdrew from the gaze of every common passenger, could not fail returning home richly stored with materials for the winter exercise of his finishing pencil. Or more properly advised, and duly ambitious of being just to nature as his original, and to himself as her imitator, were he to employ the winter only in giving to his first sketches a more correct form, then in succeeding summers to meliorate and improve, to catch new graces which new verdure may possibly have given them, to bestow that mellowing, which the most vigorous mind and brightest fancy derives from precision, without which, indeed, every composition of human art can hope but transitory fame; were he then to occupy his second winter to the last polishes, then send them to Somerset House, I will venture to say, he would exhibit to his country, one of the most beautiful, one of the most valuable collections that had, till then, been seen in the most select of her cabinets; accompanied by this peculiar honour and novelty—that it was taken from an original properly her own: a truth which nineteen out of twenty who had never seen that original would be far from suspecting: nay, I am furthermore convinced that even the best judges, the most celebrated artists,

under the like predicament, would distribute the different landscapes to as many different countries—appropriating the scenery of one to Savoy, a second to Lausanne, a third to the beautiful Pays de Vaud, and so on: for all that characterise these lovely countries, assemble in the principality of Wales. The Cambrian excursion I have here recommended to the young and ingenious artists of my country in particular, would, were they to travel pencil in hand, unite the merits of the patriot to the talents of the painter, and be productive of objects no less worthy the lovers of their art, than the lovers of their country. It is hence, that I would incite those who are blest with abilities, and who incline to devote them to the muse of painting, to a journey of *deliberation* through Wales, before they go farther from home; convinced, that if the study and imitation of nature, only, were, as it obviously is, the perfection of their art, a great deal of that time and money, which is expended in getting to the usual seminaries, and scenery, might be saved; for I repeat, that this little appendage to the crown of England, contains, within itself, the richest stores for the pencil which can be contented with nature, or with nature's God.

Does the painter look for the broad and beau-

tiful expanse of the sea, with all its attendant rocks, terminating towers, romantick shell-work, and surrounding shores? They await him on the coast of Wales at innumerable openings. They salute him at the new and old passage, even as he first sets his foot on the Cambrian soil. He meets them again, in various parts of Caermarthenshire: they smile on him as he visits the mouldering castle, and romantick scenery of the sweet village of Laugharne, in that county.—At Kidwelly and Llanelthy, they again regale. Swansea offers them to him in all the pride of charms, that have drawn the admiration of the fashionable world. They accompany, refresh, and delight him, even to Milford-Haven, where they lose themselves in unbounded ocean. Nor are the marine objects less beautiful in the northern districts. At Towyn, Aberestwith, Caernarvon, Harleigh, Penmorva, Bangor, Anglesey, Barmouth, &c. they increase in every grace of the grand and the minute.

Does the youthful enthusiast pant after the sublime beauties peculiar to the land? Here they are in the most profuse abundance. The mountains are here, whose immense height illustrates and justifies that bold imagery of the Poet, whose descriptions would appear the work
of

of fancy, and of fancy run riot, to all those who have never yet looked at the aspiring sublimities of nature as they present themselves in Merionethshire, and other northern parts of this island. The truth and the description of it, are thus exactly given in the poetry of Goldsmith,

- “ As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 “ Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
 “ Tho’ round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 “ Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

The clouds, indeed, seem sometimes to issue from the feet, and sometimes from the bowels of these mountains, in passing the steaming sides of which the traveller is, on the brightest day, involved in the thickest mist, while the summit of the mountain above, and of the valley below, are gilded by sun-beams, which the vapours have not sullied.

Or, languishes our child of genius for the mountain Cataract, whose white foam is precipitated by the torrent down its romantick, but rugged sides, till it reaches the distant vale, where it rolls over the dark rocks, made yet darker by the thick oaks that overhang them; the deepest green moss growing on the parts of rock not washed by the turbulent, but laved only by the gentle waves that occasionally over-

flow them? Would he wish to hear a beauty that he could not paint, the description of which he must resign to the poet, namely, the stunning sound of the same Cataract, softened by degrees into the still, small, and sweet voice of the rill, which steals gradually out of hearing along the woody dingle, where it dies away? If his genius leads to these, they are to be met with in Wales. I have clambered up the mountains, where they were passable to human ascent; I have followed the sound of the torrent, from the first deafening impetuosity, to the last of its meanders through the valley; and have been paid for my excursion by innumerable beauties, which nature hides, as it were, in her nooks and corners, and denies the sight or scent of to every one who does not deem them worth searching for. It is almost a partiality unwarranted to point at any place in particular, *where* these charms for the true lovers of nature may be discovered; so generally are they distributed throughout the principality: but if I am justified in giving the preference to any spots, I should mention Merionethshire, and the country about Pontipool, as most replete with these beauties—these and a thousand more.

It is impossible for me, indeed, to give adequate sketches of the countless charms a traveller of genius will discover in this route. The

most

most vivid descriptions of Gilpin, joined to the solid narratives of Pennant, should rather animate, than discourage, to the journey. The living eye of such a traveller should not be contented with any thing short of the living volume; in every page and passage of which, nature will here present him with something to admire and imitate——something which, though admired and described before, will supply new description, new imitation. In truth, the proper objects of genius can here never be exhausted, nor genius itself fatigued with representing them. So redundant are the sports of nature in this happy soil, that with a slight change of your point of view, the same spot of ground will afford a set of landscapes: Taken from the top of the mountain you may sketch the valley apart, and it is sufficiently enriched to fill your canvass, and call your imitative powers into the warmest exertion; taken from the valley you have another separate picture——the first, interesting, soft, and delicate: the second, noble, animated, and sublime; join their several beauties by drawing them in a middle direction between both, and, reverencing nature and yourself, you will prove the truth of my repeated assertion, that it is unnecessary to quit your native empire, to gain the wreath of immortality as a painter.

Excuse me, I beg of you, for thus enlarging on these beauties, with a view to bringing them upon canvass; but besides that I know you both love and cultivate the art in private, many of our mutual friends, amongst which is the enchanting De Louthenberg, and the brother of the ingenious Barrett, worthy the relationship, are publick ornaments of it. I am persuaded that if the former of these artists were to visit the scenes I have here alluded to, his most glowing and justly celebrated landscapes from Switzerland, which we have so often admired in his descriptions, as well as on his canvass, would have companions of Welsh extraction highly deserving that honour.

But it is time to commit my long letter upon paintings—which you may, perhaps, call an epistle to painters—to the post. Farewell then for the present.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

North Wales,

WHAT I have already said, and what I still wish to communicate, in regard to this finely romantick country, is, as I before noted, rather
the

the result of the remarks I made some months ago, than what occurs at the present time.

The scenery of Mahuntleth is in the true style of awful grandeur, stupendous rocks rising above one another in barren sublimity, and forming a natural rampart round the town; in the neighbourhood of which, you ride through one of the most lovely vales even *your* imagination can conceive; the more delightful for coming unexpectedly; as, on your first leaving the town, you are prepared only for rocks; instead of which, you enter a lane, about half a mile from the village, which shuts you from the farther view of both rocks and village; and conducts you along a green recess, continuing for many miles, almost every step of which introduces a fresh beauty. Wood, water, hill and vale, can scarce take a form; the sound of streams, the carol of birds, the diversity of foliage, can hardly be fancied, by the most enthusiastick lover of nature, which blends not in this short excursion. Every thing blooms around you; the mountains vegetate to the top; all the tints and shades of verdure are in your view; neat white cottages, and pretty farm-houses, with here and there a modern villa, or ancient mansion, introduce themselves to your eye, as you move on, at such acceptable distances, and in

such happy situations, that even a *matter-of-fact* traveller, must forget all common-place circumstances, and wish to be *residential*. What then must be the effect of such scenery on the children of fancy? The poetical traveller, for instance, would be so rapt and entranced, that, giving himself up unreservedly to the enchantments that surrounded him, he would feel a sort of attachment to every object that contributed its beauty to the scene; nay, he would be absolutely in friendship, in alliance, with the woods, as if he had vegetated with them. A sober citizen, who should observe a true-lover of nature under such influences, would pronounce him mad; yet, in this kind of delirium, arising from an heart and imagination delighted, and, as it were, carried beyond themselves by the charms of nature, there is a pleasure, which, what is properly understood by the words, “a sober citizen,” never knew. Such a lover of nature as I have just mentioned, would, with self-gratification, and grateful thanks to the bounteous bestower, triumph in this excessive sensibility of vegetable beauty. He would tell you it began from the first hour he could distinguish betwixt sterility and bloom. A garden, a wood, a rill, an immense mountain, an almost untrodden path in a valley, the interminable ocean, the contracted stream, and all that nature inherits, were

were my delight, would he exclaim, when my love of them was rather instinct than observation. The passion, “grew with my growth, and “strengthened with my strength.”—It strewed roses over the years of my youth, and made me often forget the numberless thorns which environed them. The years of manhood that have strengthened my reason, have in no degree abated my sincere—I had almost written my tender—delight in these charms of the creation. And would any one call this *vain* glory, why, would he demand, should I not glory in the affection I bear to such objects? And why should that glory be deemed *vain*? Do they not lead from things temporal to things eternal? from earth to heaven? from creation to the Creator? Is not, therefore, the adoration I pay to them a virtue? A part of religious worship? At the time I was enveloped—*emparadised* let me call it rather,—in this blissful solitude, I felt that it was a time more detached from the dross of the world, and more pure than probably the best society could have made it. Will the man of cold sense pronounce all this visionary? No. It is substantial—to me at least it has been the source, and, I hope, will continue to be, of the highest sentiments and contemplation. May I live only while I am sensibly alive to the beauties of nature! For, in the hour this affection quits

quits me, the sacred sense of the great Author of these beauties,—which my sensibility of them kindles in my soul, which even the lowliest shrub, or simplest blade of grass now inspires—could no more ascend to the power from whom I received this sensibility, than the autumnal leaf, that has withered on the ground, can again mount and flourish on the tree from which it has fallen!

Do you not feel, indeed, that the pleasure of which I have been speaking, is amongst the few that belong to the poetical mind, in balance of the numberless evils which are inseparable from the votaries of the muse?

But you have been muse-led too long. I could here, in describing what I know to be by friend's sensations on this subject, describe my own; but we will return to the sweet shades that kindled the enthusiasm, lest it should seduce me into selfish observations. I really abhor egotism, but in letters that mix the history of feelings with that of our wanderings, it is the most difficult thing in the world not to be an egotist. All that can be fairly expected, indeed, in travelling epistles, is to make, as it were, our absent correspondent enjoy what we have enjoyed, make our pleasures his own; and, if ever he
takes

takes the same route, warn him to escape the inconveniencies we have encountered. In this character of a friendly direction-post, I may be useful: Take courage, therefore, and accompany me once more into the woods of Mahuntleth, and let me instruct you, by the way, that this is a little market town, in northern Cambria, in the road to Aberestwith, a town in some reputation as a bathing place. If you, who, I know, pay an annual visit to the sea nymphs, should direct your watery course hitherward, I charge you in the name of Nature, to make a day's pause at Mahuntleth, where you will find good accommodation, and dedicate it to wood nymphs, in the sylvan scenes I have been describing: remembering, only, to take the horse-road to Dolgelthy; another place abounding in vegetable beauty. The distance from Mahuntleth to the last-named town, this bridleway, is scarcely seven miles, not to be complained of with a steed you have faith in, and even if the horse had forfeited your confidence fifty times, while your eyes escaped you would forgive him for shewing you so many delicious scenes: what is better, he would annihilate the sense of danger, by making you forget both his errors, and those of every body else. Do you not perceive that my fancy is again kindling? An hazardous time to re-enter the woods! Is it not to be feared I shall
lose

lose myself in them? Suppose then I allow myself time to cool before I venture again into this wilderness of sweets? It may be as well perhaps for us both. Adieu then.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

North Wales.

AFTER about two hours riding in this charming country, you come to a spot so exquisitely delightful, that it seems impossible for a poet, or a lover, whether his mistress is nature, or a pretty woman, or indeed for any traveller, who has enough of romance to keep in motion those passions, which, like wholesome breezes, should always ventilate to prevent the mass from stagnating;—it is in short, impossible for any but the sordid worldling, not to pause in this place, and wish to pass the evening of his days in its vicinity:

“Ducere folicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.”

It is a part of the valley defended by an immense screen of many coloured rocks behind, out of which spring, here and there, a few hardy shrubs and flowers; stupendous crags, which the

hurricanes have thrown from a ridge of mountains, whose mutilated heads are still in the clouds. Some of these crags have been stopped midway, where, though they menace a farther descent when assailed by the next storm, they have stood the siege of the elements unmoved, for ages.—Other vast and misshapen masses have found their way to the bottom, and lie at the side of the road—to the left of which is a broad stream of water, here, foaming into natural cascades, and there displaying a basin so untroubled and limpid, that you languish to bathe in it; which you might very securely do, for it is, in many places, so shaded, and, if you follow the labyrinths, will guide you to retreats, where losing the foot path, you reach a recess where the Graces might bathe without alarm. Had Thomson's Musidora chosen this spot she might have

“ Stripp'd her beauteous limbs

“ To taste the lucid coolness of the flood,”

without the least hazard of being surprized by a Damon—unless his residence in the neighbourhood, gave him knowledge of the secret haunt—or, as in Damon's Case, he was remarkably fortunate. For Damons there are, even here, I can assure you, and Musidoras too, amongst the peasantry in particular, the swains being as hale, happy a set of round-faced, rosy-cheeked youths,

youths, and the damsels as well-featured a race of white-toothed, black-eyed, red-lipped lasses, as in any part of the world.

I should not omit to tell you, that the natural cascades, and transparent baths, before described, are so tinted by the refractions of the light and shade, and the variegated rocks, spars, shells, &c. at the bottom, that the water itself, as well as the flooring, if you will give me leave so to call it, exhibit all the colours of the rainbow, in no less inimitable dyes. This is a natural beauty I never saw imitated by the painters; perhaps, the imitation of it is impracticable: indeed, I do not remember ever to have seen it, in nature, equally perfect as in this valley. Nor is it less worthy note, that the foliage of the fine woody mountains that rise above these water works of nature, in nobly sublime contrast of the no less natural rock-work, on the opposite side, is not less diversified than the stream. The vegetation is of every hue of which green is capable; and an adequate idea of its effect must be as difficult for the pen as the pencil. Let it be added, that your eye, beside the already mentioned beauties, take in the celebrated Caer-Idris, one of the loftiest of the Welch mountains, the summit of which, like its famous rivals, Snowden and Plinlimmon, is covered

covered with eternal snow: while numberless flocks of sheep,—whose fleeces, bleached by the wind blowing fresh from the heavens, are scarcely less white than that snow—feed, frolick, and repose, on its ample sides. The eye aches to view the top of this mountain giant, and the brain turns dizzy as it surveys, by a sudden transition, the depth of the valley below. Habit, however, familiarises both these natural wonders; and yet they seem for ever new.

My imagination was at work, to build just such a comfortable residence on this spot, as might hold all those whom I loved, and who had taste to share with me its beauties: amongst these, you, my dear friend, were not forgotten. The above ingenious artist had already consecrated an apartment to you, such as must needs have given you content. I had allotted another adjoining to yours, to our charming friend, Mrs. L. S. whose spirit so accords with yours; and permit me the flattery of thinking with my own. This pleasant castle in the air, went briskly, though insensibly, forward as I rode on, and the edifice was begun and finished in the most commodious manner possible, with all appurtenances thereto belonging, such as good fare, good furniture, good wine, and good friends, in about a quarter of an hour: The

herds and flocks that grazed on Caer-Idris, I had appropriated; some fine oxen at feed in the pastures below, were, with the pastures themselves, mine also: in short, I had fitted up my place for the reception of company, and began to exult in the work of my own fancy, when, casting my eyes to the left from that fixed ground-loving reverie in which they had been involved in during these operations, I discovered exactly such a mansion ready made to my hands. Consider the state, the heat of mind, in which I made this discovery, and wonder not if, in the first moment, I fancied I saw only my own edifice.—It started to my view, precisely, when I had given it the last ærial finishes: it was embosomed in trees, just as I would have it: in a word, it was, to all intents and purposes, such as I had been erecting and adorning. I need not tell you, who know my soliloquizing way, that I was sauntering onward all this while—“ Sometimes fast, and sometimes slow,” as the poet says.—Truly, it was a very odd sensation I felt, on being obliged, at last, to confess, that it was actually a house of more solid materials than imagination commonly works with. How shall I describe this to you? I was pleased to see so pretty a villa in so happy a situation, as well as to find that others had taste as well as myself: but I was a little mortified—forgive me—to perceive

perceive any one had, as it were, built upon *my* ground, and superseded me. Ye rigid people of the world, I pray your pardon : which of you has not erected his airy castle, been delighted while it was in progress, triumphed in its completion, and mourned its fall ?

My chagrin, however, was but of a moment. I had been sufficiently amused with the shadow, and was soon in friendship with the substance, I had soon reason to be so. The proprietor of this mansion, with a child in each hand, was standing at his gate. He had one of the most inviting countenances I ever saw : it encouraged a stranger to begin conversation, and to ask any questions, with an assurance of their being graciously answered. On my first greeting, he came down to the road-side, and, with an urbanity that would have graced a court, entered with me into discourse. On hearing my eulogy on the beauty of the place, and receiving my felicitations on the enviable situation of his villa, he begged I would consider myself as the master of it, as long as might be agreeable or convenient to me, assuring me of the most unfeigned welcome if I could put up with cottager's fare. To strengthen his invitation, he observed, that the surrounding objects could not, possibly, be duly seen at one view ;—that the colouring of

VOL. I. D the

the water, its repose, its rapidity, the contrast of the barren and fertile mountains, and of the rocks, had different beauties at different times of the day, and that after a night's refreshment I should find them far more interesting; adding, that there were many others which lay out of the common track, in the like style of softness and sublimity, and to which he would be himself my conductor in the morning, on the condition of my being his guest that night. This was offered with so frank an air, with so much unquestioned disinterestedness, that I intreat of you and your party, if you ever take this tour, to make your best bows and curtsies to this hospitable cottager. His villa is about the midway between Mahunt-leth and Dolgelthy; but it is impossible it should escape your notice; for without these mementos, I am sure here would your foot be fixed, and here your heart would warm.

Nor is this hospitality rare in this country. It anciently, you know, formed its characteristick. Modern manners have not altogether refined it away. I witnessed its existence, during my tour, in a great many instances. In taking the exercises of the field, for example, every farm, every cottage, is yours, as places of repose and refreshment, and the bounty extends to your dumb companions as well as to yourself—milk, butter, cheese,

cheese, and barakerk, oat-bread, a clean cloth, a platter of hung-beef, a jug of beer, and a can of cyder, are placed before you, as matters of course, without asking for, and your being a stranger is a sufficient recommendation; nay, you would be thought cruel to suffer from fatigue, hunger, or bad weather, while such shelter and entertainment were within your reach. As this is amongst the facts which a residentiary traveller only could know, and as it is really a truth, that runs through the country, especially the northern parts, I feel myself the more bound to mention it. Nor is it confined to the low and middle ranks only. People of family are every where under a prescriptive necessity of keeping up certain forms, but with respect to Wales, a very slight acquaintance would secure a most cordial reception in the houses of the gentry and nobility: and many of these live in the solid fashions, and keep up the good old customs of ancient days—still retaining their hawker, their harper, their domestick bard, &c.

A venerable man*, member for the very county which supplies the scenes I have been describing, may be quoted as an instance. His state of health

* Mr. Vaughan, member for Merionethshire, who died since this letter was written.

has, for some time, “check’d the genial current
“of his soul;” but his house has been long the
temple of good humour, hospitality, and cheer-
fulness, in a style that might put to the blush
the proud reserves, and selfish pomps of upstart
greatness, and mushroom pretensions to state and
distinction.

Such, in very general expressions, are the farmers, peasants, and gentry, of the country, which gives a title to the Heir Apparent of one of the most valuable crowns, and to one of the most accomplished Princes in the Christian world. It were undoubtedly to be wished, that, with equal truth, I could pay an equal tribute to the peasantry, farmers, and gentry, in England; but I fear the unbought, disinterested urbanity of these to strangers, whether of their own country or of any other, must be looked upon rather as exceptions than general rules. When I reflect upon the substantial charities and benevolence of the people of England, on all great occasions, I triumph in being, myself, an Englishman; but I shall never cease to regret, my friend, that in the spontaneous courtesies, the little impromptus of civility, that grow out of the wants and wishes of the moment, and are to be gratified by dispensing with all formal reserves, tedious introductions, and suspicious balancings, the Welch,
the

the Scotch, the Irish, the French, and many other people are their superiors.

Whence can this take its rise? Is it pride, distrust, an apprehension of being deluded? Is it an insular kind of reservation? A shutting up of the heart till it is woo'd and won? Or is it a mixture of all these? Whatever be the cause, the effect is to be deplored: for much pleasure is lost to him who has too much etiquette, fear, or dignity to stoop to immediate occurrences; the opportunity of doing a kindness is lost in a moment, and if our doors are to be opened only to receive a friend, and a stranger must bring credentials of his being entitled to the *en passant* benevolence, by being known to some of our friends and neighbours, though unknown to ourselves, a thousand urbanities, which might have been shewn, must be omitted. A temper betwixt the extremes of French officiousness, and English phlegm, would form a good middle character. From many observations, during my late intercourse amongst all ranks in this country, I am disposed to think that Welch courtesy is the happy medium, so far as goes to the reception of, and good offices shewn to strangers. The fire of the French at first sight, is too hot to last; the frost of the English takes too much time in thawing, and, though their bounty is but the more solid and effectual, when the ice of their

constitutional—perhaps only atmospherical—reserve is dissolved, like certain fruits of the earth, after the snow that long covered them is melted, the occasion is past away, and the object that stood in need of our temporary exertions, may have gone even beyond the reach of our best services, while the fires of benevolence are kindling. Not but I know many happy exceptions; amongst which I should not scruple, were I called upon, by way of challenge, to produce a native of the “gloomy island,” as foreigners sometimes call it, who to peculiar tenderness of the affections for particular and private friends, unites a large, and indeed universal philanthropy, the effect of which extends courtesy, gentleness, and generous actions to people of all nations, dispensing kind words and good deeds, wherever they are implored, I should name yourself—and not without exultation, that I have the honour to be your friend.—Adieu.

P. S. I shall leave the northern, and return to the southern part of Wales to-morrow, with intent to take a little sea-bathing, before I entirely quit the country. I will give you the rest of my Gleanings from the court of Neptune.

LETTER VI.

TO THE SAME,

Barmouth, North Wales.

I HAVE, as the date will shew you, altered my route: to which I have been induced by a wish to pay my parting tribute to the place from which I now address you. The road from Mahuntleth to Dolgelthy, I trust, my last has made you acquainted with: that from Dolgelthy to Barmouth, a space only of ten miles, can, like the other, be done full justice to only by your own eyes, for its beauties are so manifold and extraordinary, that they literally "beggars description." Suppose yourself mounted on your horse, or seated in your carriage on a clear genial day, as able from health, as disposed from taste and temper, to enjoy the beauties that offer themselves to your view. Under such happy circumstances these ten miles would be the shortest, and the most pleasant you have past in your whole life. New pastures of the most exuberant fertility, new woods rising in the majesty of foliage, the road itself curving in numberless unexpected directions, at one moment shut into a verdant recess, so contracted that there seems neither carriage nor bridle way out of it; at another the azure

expanse of the main ocean filling your eye——on one side of you, rocks glittering in all the colours of that beauty which constitutes the sublime, and of an height that diminishes the wild herds that browse, or look down upon you from the summits, where the largest animal appears insignificantly minute——on the other hand, plains, villas, cottages, venerable halls, or copses, with whatever tends to form that milder grace that belongs to the beautiful.—Such are some of the objects you will meet with in your excursion to Barmouth: on your arrival at which place, so far from your prospects terminating with your journey, they open upon you fresh attractions, which are as singular as unexpected,

This little sea-port consists of a single irregular street only, one side of which is built upon the solid, rocky mountain, that is of so stupendous an height, that the first view of it, upon the traveller's entrance into the village, or taken from the sea side, makes him not only tremble for himself, but for the aerial inhabitants. Out of that mountain rock are their habitations formed, and though the consistence is rather weak than strong, as, after much drought or rain, it will crumble under your feet as you tread on it, the houses are in excellent repair, and seem, like those that reside in them, to set winds and waves

at

at defiance. The villagers are, probably, more hardy than their native mountains—much more so, I should judge, than their crumbling rocks, if their weather-beaten complexions, and hard hands, which, in my familiar, character-exploring way, I have sometimes shaken, may be considered as samples. You seem to be caressing a man of iron, and that iron appears to be covered with a leather, that has undergone a process and taken the tan of the material, with which our English waggon whips are commonly made. The chief food of the peasantry is fish, which is had in the greatest abundance; and it may be reckoned amongst the pleasant objects of the place, to see the natives in their little fishing boats, on a fine morning, when the sea is calm. If you look at them from the rocky side of the village, the boats seem like buoys, and the people that guide them are scarcely perceptible. The village itself, viewed on the contrary from the ocean, is the most picturesque you can imagine. On account of the excellence of the beach, it is an admirable watering place, and a good bath may be had almost every day. In tempestuous weather, the assemblage of objects, taken together, is the most sublime of any in the principality. The dark shading and stupendous height of these rocks, which overhang the ocean;—the mountain billows, that ascending midway, dash against them,

them, as if disappointed in their ambition to reach the summit;—the vessels that seem crouching into the harbour, and almost taking shelter in the houses upon the beach;—the buildings on the rocks, meanwhile, seeming to demand no protection, but to mock the storm—the innumerable quantity of sea birds that enjoy it;—all these go towards the scenery—and if thunder and lightning are added to it, which are very frequent accompaniments, the reverberation of the sound amongst the rocks, the terrific charms of the flashes on the objects, both on sea and shore, with the intermingled roar of the waves, finish the climax, if I may so call it, of the true sublime. You may, perhaps, ask, if this scenery is not in every mountainous country, near the sea, pretty much the same? I answer, certainly, in a degree: but here it is the superlative degree of awful grandeur; and all I have hitherto seen of the magnificence of nature, in the time of her trouble, has been comparatively feeble to her exhibitions in and about Barmouth.

But it is time, that I bring both you and myself, safe down from these Alps of Cambria, where you may, perhaps, think I have staid with you too long, particularly when the black mountains were wrapt in storm, and the nature of the surrounding objects made me in danger of becoming

coming poetical, which is a rock worse, to the sober-minded reader, than any I have mentioned; yet on which, too many travellers split. Nevertheless, I have only cropped a few of the flowers which others failed to gather. In traversing a spacious garden, even with an avowed intent of forming a bouquet, it is impossible, amidst a profusion of sweets bestowed in "the prodigality of nature," not to leave or overlook many flower-ets, and particular spots of exquisite beauty and fragrance. To pluck and to examine these, and occasionally to borrow from others, what may be honourable to them in the repetition, as authors, and agreeable to you, as a reader, is the "head and front" of my office as a Gleaner.

From the labours of the late Mr. Groffe, you; and every reader of taste, are so well acquainted with the abbeys, castles, and other reliques of antiquity, and of the time of more destructive men, in the shapes of Kings, Protectors, &c. who, like death, "put all things under their feet," that I shall not attempt to reconduct you to these remains of power, priest-craft, and superstition. Indeed, were I inclined to search diligently, it is doubtful whether I should be able to pick up a single ruin; that accurate antiquary having left nothing for my gleaning. Neither shall I say
any

any thing of Snowden,—nor ask you to accompany me to the country, where

“ Huge Plinlimmon rears his cloud-topp'd head.”

Both of which have been introduced to you in the best manner, by Mafon and Gray, the latter of whom possessed a genius loftier, and more sublime, than the mountains he described.

A few objects, however, *nearer the ground*, remain for me; and if you will condescend to accept such humble offerings, after the giddy heights, and fearful precipices, from which I have just let you down, they are at your service. A quiet walk in the valley, after clambering hills, and buffeting with storms, may relieve you.

Suppose, therefore, by way of shewing you a specimen of the hardy manner in which the poor natural inhabitants of these craggy abodes live, you step with me into a hut belonging to one of the Barmouth peasants. In point of situation it might vie with any hermitage, cot, or palace, that priest, peasant, or prince ever fixed on for residence. A noble beach of the finest sand spreads itself at the bottom: the ocean, yet nobler, extends in front, with all the scenery that moves on the face of the waters; the cliffs of Cardiganshire bound the prospect to the right;
to

to the left are seen those of Caernarvonshire. Close at its foot a rill, which is for ever heard but never seen; the shrub wood and weeds of a little half-cultivated piece of garden ground bidding defiance to the most narrow inspection; and close at its back is part of that immense and continuous rock on which one half of the village is erected; but as those are on the summit, this is at the bottom. The sides, and far the greater part of this hovel, for it is little better, are so thick with ivy, that, at a small distance, nothing but that romantick evergreen is to be discovered. A novel writer, or a lover, or a misanthrope, could imagine nothing half so congenial to their pensive dispositions: it belongs to neither of these personages. Enter it and survey the inhabitants. Perhaps there never was contained, in so small a space, such a variety of occupations going on at the same time: nor, probably, such a number of living beings crowded in one cottage, consisting not of one floor only, but one very contracted room; and that room built barn fashion; with more light from the large gaps in the thatched roof, than from the window. Its walls were of avowed mud, for not so much as a common white wash ever attempted to conceal their real composition. The family consisted of fourteen persons, of which, three were too young to relieve their poverty, though just old enough to smile

at,

at, and disregarded it—the rest were, as I said, busily employed. The father of the family was making nets, the mother of it was shaving one of the innkeepers of the place—of her more anon—the eldest son was weaving ribbons—the eldest daughter weaving cloth—the second son was mending a petticoat, that, for variety of patchwork, might triumph over Otway's hag—the second daughter was attempting to repair what I guess might have been intended for her father's breeches, in his younger days, and was now to be converted into a pair for his heir apparent—the third daughter (he had but three sons) was combing the head of the fourth, who was, with no less industry, knitting a pair of stockings—the sixth girl was making bread—the seventh was making broth, that is, a collection of potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables—the eighth, and last, was rocking the cradle of the youngest child with her foot, and dandling another in her arms—while the fifth was making first experiments at the spinning-wheel.

The tatters which were thrown over these poor artizans, were even more bare and ragged than the furniture, which consisted of only three miserable beds, of which one only had curtains, and those of yellow stuff, in so ruinous a state, that—as the Copper Captain says of the rats—the

the moths and other vermin “had instinctively quitted them.”—There was a fourth bed, of a little dirty looking straw, in a corner of the room, with a covering of old sacks. Never did I see so much indigence, and so much industry united; for though the latter was unremitted, the low price of labour, and the number to be supplied from it, and the tender years of most of the labourers, made the source inadequate to the demand upon it; but neither the industry, nor the indigence, had banished the virtues, or the felicities: They were, indeed, within this lowly residence, in a more flourishing state than is generally to be found in prouder dwellings. All the varieties which characterise happiness, in different minds and ages, were presented before me. The Father, while he constructed his net, taught the alphabet to one of his smaller children, who was armed with an horn-book. The matron strongly recommended the last piece of cloth of her eldest girl’s making to the inn-keeper, whose chin she was reaping; thus contriving to carry on two bargains at the same time; and it is not easy to describe to you the satisfaction with which the good man of the house kissed the dirty face of the child, on her getting through her letters without miscalling or forgetting more than sixteen out of the twenty-four; or how the good woman chuckled, when

her encomia of the linen conquered the reluctance of mine host, who not only promised to become a purchaser of the cloth, then under hand, but to speak favourably of her daughter's handy-works to the gentry at his house. The joke, however, which was, meanwhile, carrying on between the second son and daughter, about the *inversion* of their usual occupations, which was a thing agreed on out of pure sport, supplied a mirth yet more ardent. The convention was "Sister, if you will repair my breeches, I
" will mend your petticoat. One good turn
" deserves another." Accordingly, both went to work; during which, a thousand rustick repartees, and sallies of uncultivated wit, which made up in harmlessness what they wanted in brilliancy, passed in rebound; but the jet of the joke lay in a struggle, that happened between them in the progress of their business; the brother declaring his sister was a bungler; whereupon, there arose a pleasant contention, which was of serious consequence to the breeches; for they were torn in twain, and, furthermore, so rent, as to be unfit for either father or son: this, though no trifling loss to a family under such circumstances, made the jest so much the better, that the father forgave the misfortune, for the sake of the pleasant manner with which it was brought about; assuring me, that there was
more

more wit in that girl who had torn the breeches, and more slyness in the young dog that was laughing at it, than I could believe. The mother shook her head, saying, they were always at some mischief, and would be the ruin of the family; but patted the girl on the cheek, and clapped the boy on the back, while she passed the censure on them. Thus does the tenderness of nature administer equivalents for the poverty of her meanest offspring. The rest of the family were no less successful in mixing amusement with business. The little stocking-knitter was telling to the bread-maker a story of the lights being seen, and the groans heard, when there was no person to carry the one or to make the other: a superstition, by the bye, that is interesting to children of a larger growth, than those who were then listening to it, and of which in its place. The little cradle rocker was singing a lullaby to the suckling, which was hugging an half-starved kitten in its arms. Find me a family at once so happy and numerous, my friend. When the inn-keeper was gone, I sat down in the shaving chair, and from that day have never ceased to wish there was at least one female barber in every town I passed through. This, however, and another at Mahuntleth, were all I ever met with in my life, and both of them beat the men, at a beard all to nothing.

I trust that you, who I know are delighted with the sight of "happy human faces," wherever they can be seen, will not be displeased at my having taken you into this humble abode. It may serve to shew you, as a specimen, the chearful and incessant labours of the industrious poor; for there are very many of this description in Wales, and they are the more meritorious, as, though there is infinite poverty, there is scarcely any appearance of it in the whole principality; it being a general, almost universal principle of the rich, to take care of the poor—a principle which, like every other good, is often abused. For the number of common beggars, throughout every part of Wales, is astonishing: they come in tattered tribes to your doors, from which they never go away if they have no worse faults than idleness and indigence, without being relieved. It would even be thought impious to refuse them. Profiting hereby, there are whole families, who subsist solely on the charity of their better-supplied neighbours. The begging brotherhood of Saint Francis are not more vagrant, nor more successful in their mendicatory pilgrimages: and it is not uncommon for the parents, who happen to have some compunction, on the score of asking alms, while they are able to procure the means of life by their labour, to send out their children to shift

shift as they can, while they themselves are at work: preferring this casual, and disgraceful mode of subsistence for their children, to the honest industry by which they procure their own maintenance. There is, however, as you may suppose, a material difference, even in the poverty of the industrious, and that of the idle; the former, as in the example of the barber of Barmouth, covering the shoulders of his family with *remnants*, which certainly speak variety of *industry*; while the latter, though they are neither ashamed to beg, nor steal, and of course get their clothes with much less trouble, suffer them to get into tatters, merely because they are too lazy to mend them before they are irreparable. My friend, the barber, indeed valued himself on his true British blood, very seriously asserting, that notwithstanding his present condition, he was the first of his family, that had ever gained his bread by the sweat of the brow; and that his father sacrificed the estate, which should have descended to his posterity, to an act of generosity to the *unfortunate Prince*, meaning the Grandson of King James the Second, who, he added, pointing to an almost worn-out print of him, that hung on the wall, was more obliged to his father, and better deserved it, than he dare tell me. “Not,” continued he, “but I am a true friend, and loyal subject, to his Majesty.

King George; but that poor Prince"—again pointing to the print—"was a disappointed out-cast man, wandering up and down this country, and I am proud that my father opened his door to him, though he let out at the same time what plucked up the hopes of his family by the roots: Hereby hangs a sorrowful tale, master," said he, sighing, "but it is of no use to trouble you with it: and as for me, it is but doing something instead of nothing, for my living, which is all the difference you know, Sir, betwixt a poor man and a gentleman; so work away my lads and lasses, work away old Dame Partlett—for, as the song says,—

"The world is a well furnished table—

"Where guests are promiscuously set."

sung the mother of the family: Continuing the tune,—

"We all fare as well as we are able,"

carolled the eldest daughter, who had really a fine voice,

"And scramble for what we can get."

Chorus, boys and girls, chorus!—Here the rest of the labourers took up the burthen, and the "long loud laugh" succeeded, which not only "spoke the vacant," but the happy soul. I joined in it, with all

my heart, and resolved to recommend as many customers as I could to the independant cottagers. And I hereby beg they may be had in remembrance, whenever either you, or your friends emigrate to this part of the world, and should want either nets; shavings, in the easiest manner; home-spun ribbons; home-knit stockings; petticoats repaired; or breeches destroyed. Adieu.

LETTER VII.

TO THE SAME.

South Wales.

I HAVE now resumed my southern route, and write to you from Aberestwith, in my way to which I met with another little cottage enterprize so descriptive of that happiness, in the most lowly stations of life, of which people in the affluent, or even in the middle ranks of this variegated world have no manner of idea, that I cannot but imagine a relation of it will be welcome to you, whom I know to delight in viewing all sides of the human picture, particularly such as represent any part of the happiness of human beings.

You are yet to learn that I performed, and am still performing this Cambrian expedition upon the back of my old faithful steed, now in the twenty-fourth year of his age: a creature best calculated, of all others, for the purposes of a deliberate and residentary traveller, having every disposition in the world to allow his master time for observation and reflection. His character is very truly given in the words of the good old axiom—"slow and sure." His own history is sufficiently interesting and eventful to find a place in a heart like yours; and, in abridgement, I will here give it you. The whole life of this poor slave, till within the two last years, has been a continual trial of strength, labour, and patience. He was broken to the bit by a Yorkshire jockey, to be rode, the moment he was fit for service, by an Oxonian scholar, who, whatever might have been his learning in the abstruse sciences, was little conversant in the rudiments of humanity, though they are level with the lowest understanding, and founded on the tender code of that great Law-giver who has told us, "a just man is merciful to his beast." During the very first vacation, this sprightly youth so completely outrode the strength of his steed, that he sold him on the same day that he regained his college, at the re-commencement of the term, for two guineas, to one of those persons

persons who keep livery stables, and at the same time have horses to let. It was not easily possible for a poor wretch, so badly situated before, to change so much for the worse: and of all the fates that attend a hackney horse, that which belongs to the drudge of a publick university is the most severe: it is even harder than that of the servitors of the college. He remained in this servitude, however, sixteen years, during which he was a thousand times not only priest-ridden, but parish-ridden, and yet was rarely known to stumble, and never to fall. Is it not questionable whether half the parishioners; or even the priests (with reverence be it spoken) could say as much for their *own* travels in the rugged journey of life? His master, rather from policy than compassion, thought it most for his future interest to allow his four-footed servant a short respite, and he was accordingly favoured with a month's run in what is called a salt marsh; but, before his furlough was expired, he was *borrowed* by some smugglers who then infested the coast, and who made him the receiver of contraband commodities, as well as aider and abettor in practices, which, like many other underhand actions, are best carried on in the night time. I say *borrowed*, because, after a winter's hard work, in the company of these land-pirates, the horse was thrown up by his

temporary employers in the very marsh out of which he had been pressed into their service, and a leathern label, on which was marked this facetious intelligence, fastened to his fetlock, "*Owner, I have been smuggled.*" By these means he unexpectedly came again into his quondam master's possession, out of which, however, he departed the summer after in the society of an old fellow-commoner, who, after many years close confinement in the cloisters, was disposed to relinquish them in favour of a piece of church preferment in Norfolk, which happened to be in the gift of a lady about his own standing in life, and who, in the days of her youth, avowed so strong a partiality for this gentleman, that her father, disapproving her alliance with a person who had only the hopes of a curacy before his eyes, thought fit to clog her inheritance, over which he had complete authority, with a formidable condition of forfeiting the whole estates, should she marry a son of the church: shutting out, hereby, the whole body of divinity to exclude the aforesaid individual member. Faithful, however, to the merits of the man who had won her heart, she was glad to find that the parental tyranny which had tied her hand, had left free her fortune; she, therefore, took the first opportunity to present the object of her early choice with the only piece of service in her power:

power: a presentation to the living of which she was become the patroness; thinking this a better evidence of her still-existing partiality, than if she had set fortune at defiance, and sacrificed not only her own advantages, but her lover's, to the gratifying a passion which would have impoverished both. An example of tenderness this, well worthy the imitation of more romantick minds. It was to be inducted to this living that our learned clerk now journeyed on the ancient steed, whose memoirs I am writing; and as he did not intend to revisit the banks of Isis, and had often been securely carried to a neighbouring chapel, where he officiated, on the back of this identical horse, he purchased him to the intent that he should get into a good living also. But the turbulent part of this poor brute's adventures was not yet performed. His patron died without himself deriving what might have been expected from his benefice; and soon after the decease of the master, the servant fell into the hands of a man in the same parish, who, to a variety of other endeavours to subsist a large and needy family, added that of letting out occasionally a horse. Our hero, still unbroken in either knees or constitution, was deemed fit for his purpose; and being thought of little value, was obtained at an easy price. His new master removed soon after to Lowestoft, which you know

is a considerable sea-bathing town, in the county of Suffolk, where the toils imposed by his Oxford tyrant were more than accumulated; for, besides dragging a cart all the morning with loads of bread (a baker being amongst the busineses of his master,) he was, on account of his gentle disposition, the horse fixed upon to take a couple of gouty invalids in the bathing machine, after the more vigorous divers and dippers had finished their ablutions. In the afternoon he was harnessed to the London post-coach, which daily past from Lowestoft to Yarmouth. The next morning by day-break he came with the return of the said coach, and was then ready for the diurnal rotation at home, unless a more profitable offer happened to take him another way. Four years of his life were passed in this miserable round of labours, and it was at this period of his history that he and I became acquainted. I was then on a visit to one of the * best scholars, and best men in the world; and being in want of a little horse exercise, my friend mentioned to me this poor but honest slave; recounting to me, at the same time, what I have now dilated of his story; adding, that he did not exactly know in what condition he might be at that time, but that he could answer for what was left of him to be

* The venerable translator of Sophocles, Eschylus, and Euripides.

good; which is much more than can fairly be said of a third of those who are nearly worn out in the business of the world.

My affections were engaged, and I was pre-determined to make a present to them of this horse, for a sight of which I immediately sent my servant; but when he was led to the door of my friend's house, and though my resolution to mark him for my own grew firmer, as I gazed upon his pity-moving carcase, I totally gave up all ideas of his utility. The owner himself, confessed he was almost *done up*, at which thought a long sigh ensued, and a confession that he had been the chief support of the family, observing, while he patted his neck, that the poor fellow might be said not only to carry his children's bread to be sold, but to make it.—“But it's all over with you now, my old boy”—continued the baker—“you may get me through the autumn, mayhap, and then”—What then, said I? “He must hobble away to the kennel”—To the kennel? “Even so, master—What must be, must be: I can't afford to let him die by inches; and if I could, I don't see the humanity of that: better give him to the dogs while they can make a meal of him, and pay me a small matter for their entertainment.—He will, however, carry your honour this month to come creditably.”

Pre-

Predetermined, as I said, to spare the remains of this poor wretch, I bought him on the spot, convinced that it would be difficult to find any other person who would receive him on any terms. His appearance was such as would have justified Rosinante in refusing his acquaintance on the etiquette of comparative poverty. The association would have disgraced that celebrated spectre; nor did Quixote himself exhibit so woe-ful a countenance. If ever, therefore, I could boast of an action purely disinterested, and which had unalloyed compassion for its basis, it was the giving five times more than he was worth, that is to say, five guineas, for this old horse; intending only, at the time, that he should pass the residue of his days in peaceful indolence, broken in upon only by the infirmities of life, and die a natural death. To this end I obtained for him the run of a friend's park, where I considered him as a respectable veteran retired on a pension. In this verdant hospital he remained, unsought, unseen, a whole year; at the end of which, being invited to pass the Christmas with the noble and generous owners of the park aforesaid, I paid a visit also to my pensioner, who had grown so much beyond himself on their unmeasured bounty, that he seemed to be renovated. Do not wonder that I scarce knew him in his improvements, for he appeared not to know himself.

self. The poor fellow's very character was inverted; the alteration reached from head to heel: he neighed, snorted, kicked, and frolicked about the pasture, on my first attempt to stop him, with the airs of a filly-foal. I reminded him that he ought to deport himself more humbly, considering the melancholy situation from which he was but recently delivered; yet so far from paying any attention, he turned from my morality with another snort of disdain, tossed up his saucy head, and threw up his heels, wholly forgetting, like other ingrates, his former condition. Like them too he appeared to consider the world now made for him: and, therefore, betwixt jest and earnest, I was resolved once more to shew him he was made for the world.

The very next day I caused him to be taken from his green recess, and performed the tour of the environs on his back. More airily, more pleasantly, I could not have been carried, nor towards the end of the ride, more soberly. The spirit which he shewed in the pastures was but as the levities of a hearty and happy old age in the plenitude of undisturbed leisure; like the gaiety of a veteran, who, finding himself in health, might take it into his head to finish in a country dance; but these are fallies for a moment. Ah! my friend, how many poor starving wretches,

wretches, worn down by their cruel task-masters, goaded like this horse by the "whips and spurs o' th' time," and driven out of one hard service to another, might, like him, be rescued in the extremity at small expence, and by the hand of bounty be protected from farther rigours! even till they were renewed for a serviceable, instead of a diseased, old age! How many half-famished, hard-ridden creatures of the human race, I say, might, in like manner, be replenished! Reject not this long story—this episode—this heroi-comi-epic if you please—but I cannot allow you to call it a digression. You will admit it to be in point when you are given to understand, that on this very horse, thus restored by a little indulgence, I have measured a thousand miles, and find my associate in sufficient heart to measure a thousand more. In the four-and-twentieth year of his age we sallied forth; and if the master had in course of his travels made as few trips, as few false steps, as the servant, he might be a match for the safest goer on the road of life.

Should this correspondence reach the professional criticks, think you that I should "scape calumny" for taking up so much of their time about an old horse? And why should I not pay an old faithful companion, to whom I owe much

much health, much happiness, this grateful effusion? If the Rosinante of Cervantes had more wit, the cat of Montaigne more wisdom, and the ass of Yorick more sentiment, none of them could be better qualified, as I before told you, for a deliberate traveller. He was, in short, nay he is, being at this very minute at feed before me—the horse in the world for a *Gleaner*. A month's close connexion and converse with each other, before I set out on this tour, in little experimental excursions, gave him such an insight into my habits, that we perfectly understood one another by the time we set out on our northern expedition. He follows me when I wish to be on foot, waits for me at a gate or hedge, without tying, when I imagine there is any thing glean-worthy out of the main road; and when, as is my custom, I sit down to take minutes of my observations, or luxuriate on the scenery around me, although he has never discovered any remarkable relish for these sort of banquets, he contents himself with picking a dinner from the grass on the road side, or, if this *agrément* is wanting, he takes a comfortable nap as he stands, and leaves me to my reflections: after which, though often suddenly aroused, he wakes in the sweetest temper in the world, and is perhaps the only companion a traveller of my disposition could go a long

long journey with, and not be extremely complained of: I have sometimes set out at an early dawn with the intention of travelling, even in my sauntering way, at least twenty miles, but the beauty of the day, the abundance of the objects, and a frame of mind to enjoy them, have with difficulty permitted me to reach the first village, town, or cottage—for I stop any where, and am at home every where. Where is the man or woman who would find this supportable? Where is even the beast who would not think it a little troublesome? I never, however, saw my poor old fellow even look as if he had less patience or philosophy than myself. And shall not such a horse, for once in my life, be made the chief subject of a letter? How many worse topicks have filled folios? Forgive me, my friend, I would not build a palace for him were I as rich as Caligula, but I would, under your auspices, dedicate to him this part of my present epistle, assuring you, if in my correspondence you find any spirit, novelty, sport, or information, as you flatter me you do, the meek pliability of this aged thing had his share in producing it. As to the criticks, should I come under their lash for the trespass, I shall only beg them, as they value their own hobby-horses, and love to praise them, to boast how well they carry, and how much safer and better they

they go through this dirty world than their neighbour's, to bear, this once, with the history of mine. But I promised you another cottage adventure, which this history has thus long postponed. You shall have it now.

In effect, it was a reflection on the grotesque situation to which both man and horse were reduced, that brought upon you this curious morsel of equestrian biography. I set off from a lone house, on a sandy heath, very properly called the barren island, about a mile on the Aberestwith side of Aberavon, where I had passed a stormy night, rendered yet more troublous by there being every hour brought to the Ferry-House, the dead bodies of fishermen who had perished in a tempest, which a few nights before had wrecked a number of vessels on the coast of Wales. It was the season of the herring fishery, in progress of which there are many misfortunes of this sort, and of other kinds; for a bad season, or, which is tantamount, bad luck, will ruin a whole family, sometimes a whole village, the sole dependence of which being the herrings, the staple commodity of the inhabitants. At the time of my quitting the barren island the clouds made the fairest promises, and a beautiful rainbow stretched its arch across the heavens to confirm them, but I had

not gone a league, before all these fair promises were broken, and my clothes were completely wet through, notwithstanding my horse did the best in his power, for both our sakes, to prevent it.

We took shelter at a most miserable-looking hut at the side of the heath, and accepted the protection it offered, with as entire good will as if it had been an eastern palace. My horse was obliged to crawl into a kind of out-house, where a swine-driver and his pigs had the instant before taken refuge, and, while I was reconciling my steed to this society, a Jew pedlar with his pack, and another traveller and his dog, crowded in. Necessity, as Shakspeare says, brings one acquainted with strange company: not that these are the words of that immortal Bard, and of course my memory has injured even the sentiment: but you, who have literally his best sentiments by heart, can do him justice.

A being, scarcely human in appearance, invited me to enter the hut. I enter'd.—Its inhabitants—How shall I describe them? Fancy something which assembles the extremes of filth, penury, health and felicity—personify these amongst men, women, and children—give to each of them forms and features, which confer a sort of grace and beauty on the household of the

the barber of Barmouth by comparison. Put all this filth, penury, health, and felicity into motion; and having formed your group, imagine that you see it unshod, unstockinged, uncapped, and nearly unpetticoated and unbreeched. Young and old were busied in counting the finest and freshest herrings I ever saw, that instant brought in from the fishing-boat. The father of the family, to whom the boat belonged, declared he had never had so prosperous a voyage; and, though he was almost blown away, he would hazard twice as much danger for such another drag: "Look what a size they are of, and how they shine, my boys and girls—i'faith, they seem'd plaguily afraid of the hurricane, and came in shoals to the nets as if they took shelter in them—little thinking, poor fools, that this was a jump from the water to the fire; and now I talk of that, here put half a dozen of them into a pan, for I am deuced hungry, and mayhap this gentleman may be so too; and if so be that he is, he shall be as welcome to a fresh herring and a brown biscuit as myself;—what say you, my heart of oak?" continued he, clapping me as familiarly on the shoulder as if I had been his messmate, and indeed treating me as hospitably as if I had been so, and we had both escaped from a wreck to his cabin. Perceiving my dripping situation,

he said, "Come, shipmate, doff your jacket, put on this rug, come to an anchor in that corner, warm your shivering timbers with a drop of this dear creature, which will make a dead fish speak like an orator—there—another swig—don't be afraid of it—one more—and now you will do while your rigging and canvas are drying."

All this time, mine host of the hovel stood in his sea-drench'd apparel, on my reminding him of which, he cried out smilingly, "Ah! you are a fresh-water sailor, I perceive, and would take a deal of seasoning, before you were good for any thing; but for me, all winds and weathers are alike to old Jack, while I can get good fish abroad, and good flesh at home; so fry away, Molly, for the wet has made me as hungry as a shark, and though I have drank like a whale, I shall now eat like a lion—and I hope you will do the same, messmate." By this time, mine hostess set before us our dish of herrings, which, with oatmeal cakes, potatoes, and buttermilk, furnished one of the heartiest dinners I ever ate; after which, the sailor made me partaker of a can of flip—sung a song, about the dangers and hardships of the sea-faring life; and made me take notice, that he was the happy father of a cabin full of children, that I might see another was upon the
stocks;

stocks; and that if it pleased God to send him a dozen such pieces of good fortune every year, for a dozen seasons, he should be as able, as he was willing, to procure a snug birth for every one; and meantime, master, we will have another sip of grog to drink success to the herring fishery.

Our regale was interrupted by the sudden exclamations from without doors, of—"She's lost, "she's lost—she can't weather it—she must go "to the bottom—there is not water enough for "her to come in, and the wind blows like the "devil in her teeth—she's sinking—the next sea "will finish her." All the cottagers ran to the beach, which was within a few paces. I followed instinctively. The hurricane was again renewed, the seas ran mountain high, and a small coasting vessel was struggling with them. In a few minutes the strand was covered with numerous, but not idle spectators. The whole of the villagers hurried to give assistance. Amongst the croud, I discovered both the pig driver and the pedlar, whose situation I had begun to relate to my kind-hearted host: but the most assiduous of the whole multitude, was a young woman, who, while the tears ran down her cheeks, was amid the first to leap into a small boat which had been anchored on the beach, and in which the master of our cottage and three others, resolved to trust them-

themselves to offer such assistance as was in their power. The wind did not abate of its fury, but shifted a few points more in-shore; this, perhaps, to a vessel of greater burthen, might have been fatal, but was, in some sort, favourable to the little bark in distress. She had, by tacking, gained a station parallel to a part of the harbour, where she might run ashore, which she did at length without much damage: and the only thing now to be apprehended, was the loss of the boat that had gone out to her succour. The people on board the vessel were almost instantly on land, and one of them being shewn the boat, and told, at the same time, that she went out to the relief of the crew, was amongst the most active to throw out a rope, and try to return the favour intended him in kind. The same circumstance, however, which brought in the vessel, presently befriended the boat, who venturing to set her sail, was, after a few desperate rolls, impelled over the billows, and driven as it were, headlong on shore; but not before the sailor, who had been handing out the rope, perceived the female in the boat, on which he threw himself on the ground, in the eagerness of catching her in his arms. You already feel they were lovers: they were more. The bands of matrimony had united them the week before. The very fishing-boat, which was now driven on shore, was the mutual

mutual property of the two fathers, who had agreed to give up each his share to their son and daughter, as the wedding portion: two of the men in the little skiff were the fathers: the profits of the herring season were to be the children's fortune. How thin are the bounds that separate the extremes of happiness from the excesses of misery! the former, however, were now realized: the vessel brought in a good freight, the fathers were saved, and the children were happy. They all resided, and, were, indeed, natives of the village; but mine host, whose house was nearest to the place of landing, and had a heart sufficiently expanded to fill a palace with people that stood in need of hospitality, insisted, that as soon as the Little Sally and Jack, which, it seems, was the name of the fishing-boat, could be left for half an hour, they should pass it with him: this being agreed to, all hands went to work upon the Little Sally and Jack, and if I had not been apprehensive that my ignorance in what was to be done, would rather have confused than assisted, my poor aid should not have been withheld. Matters being put to rights, and less mischief done than might have been expected, the company set off for the hut of my generous host, who took a hand of each of the married lovers, walking between them; and told them, he hoped, that as they had so well escaped Davy's Locker this

time, they would tumble in a hammock together these fifty years. A fresh supply of fish was immediately ordered into the pan, my landlord, swearing a terrible oath, that on this occasion—for there was a strict friendship between him and the parties—preserved—the old saying should be verified, as to their swimming thrice : accordingly, for their second ocean, it was determined that the bowl, which, some years before, had commemorated an escape from a shipwreck in his own fortunes, should now be filled to the brim, to celebrate the success of the Little Sally and Jack. I was pressed to stay and take my share, on pain of being deemed too proud to be happy amongst poor people ; and on observing, that my steed all this time was in a state which reproached me for faring so sumptuously, mine host starting up, declared, that though he could not ride, he loved a horse next to a man, and that if mine would put up with a mess of bran instead of hay, of which he had none, and a draught of ale instead of water, he should be as welcome as his own soul. I took him at his word, and staid to witness and join in the festivities, till there was just enough of the evening left to reach Aberestwith. I would have offered a small token of acknowledgment for what I had received, but that I saw a tremendous frown gathering on the brow of my host, and an oath quivering on his lip,

lip, which frightened me from my design, and made me only take his hand, with an assurance, that I would never pass his house without stopping to see if all was well on board, and how the herring fishery succeeded. This so pleased him, that he made the bowl go round to my health, and wishing another gale of wind would blow me into his hovel, as often as I should come along side of it; then led out my horse, held my stirrup while I mounted, and huzza'd me in three hearty cheers, till I was out of sight.

My dear friend, how fallacious, how contracted, are our judgments on that part of human nature, which we have not had opportunities of seeing, and which, therefore, we too often suppose does not exist! We lay much of what are called the courtesies, civilities, and interesting humanities, to the account of education; we conceive, that, to enlarge the human heart, we should refine it: in short, we are extremely apt to circumscribe elevated action to elevated life; or at best, to consider the nobler effusions, when they proceed from low-born and uncultured men, as exceptions to a general sordidness, and vulgar way of *feeling*, as well as thinking. You will not suspect me of an over-fondness for what is termed low company: the error of my life is perhaps to have passed too much of it in the society of what

is called high company ; for what, commonly speaking, does it shew us, but the smooth shillings that Sterne has so finely described, as rubbing out all character and impresson in the act of polishing ? I love, however, to mix with, and, as it were, blend myself in all ranks and orders of men ; to see, converse with, and weave myself into their most familiar habitudes ; and as I never yet could bring any other person exactly into the same way of thinking, I have pursued this inclination for the most part *alone*, till, by long usage, solitary travelling, though I trust you will allow me to be of a social disposition, is become agreeable to me. And suffer me to say, that I think I have derived from this very singularity, a more thorough insight into nature, the hearts and manners of human kind, than if I had gone the grand tour in what is denominated the *best company*. By means of my humbler, but less encumbered, mode of travelling, I am as free to observe what is passing as the birds that fly over my head : like them, I stop to amuse myself with a song, regale myself with gleaning what I feel to be solid food, but which grew up in places where another traveller would not go to look for it : like them, I enjoy the blazing hearth, and partake the crumbs of the peasant, or pause to observe upon the magnificence and luxuries of the prince. I pass in rapid

transitions from one to the other. In a circuitous way, revisit the scenes I have left, renew my acquaintance with particular persons and places, glean the characters and hearts of the poor and the rich, break in upon them unawares, without a formal notice, which gives folks time to put on the mask of the world, and receive me in disguise. I love to take them by surprise, and so discover my welcome. It delights me to lift the latch of a cottage, such, for instance, as I have been describing, towards night-fall, and to see the hearts of the inhabitants fly out suddenly to greet me. And to treat my friends in higher life in like manner—to steal into their familiar, family rooms, unexpectedly, and almost unseen, at hours they are most likely to be gathered together. When a year's absence is expected, it delights me to cut it short; sometimes to cut it in half, sometimes even in quarters. Can there be any thing more pleasant to the traveller, than to see the countenances of a whole family, of whatever condition, and of whatever country;—for what points or boundaries of earth or water can set limits to a temper that cultivates the kind, the good, and the ingenious, wherever it meets them?—to see, I say, the countenances of such lighten up at your sudden appearance, and each person contributing to your welcome—one offering “the ready chair,” another refreshment, &c., &c.

&c. and thus, as I said, feeling yourself at home with the worthy and hospitable in all countries? I protest to you that I bear a good-will, bordering on friendship, for even the trees, or hedges, that have formerly afforded me shade in summer, or shelter, such as they had to bestow, in winter, and I do not pass them by in my returns without a smile, and sometimes a nod of acknowledgment.

Am I exhibiting traits of an humourist in all this? Be it so: if they serve to keep me in spite of many vexations from the world, in humour with *it*; if they open my eyes to the beauties of nature, and my heart to the author of them: if, in the cultivation of new friendships, they help me to forget, or forgive at least, old enmities; if, in a word, they enable me to draw both from solitude and society those satisfactions which, though unfelt or unknown to others, are extremely appreciated by me, would you wish me to forego them, in complaisance to those who think they are *right-on* travellers, and I a mere idler by the way, because we perform our journey—the same short journey, alas! with respect to human life—in a different manner, and with different degrees of expedition, as well as by different roads? No. You have too much philosophy, too much toleration, too much affection

fection about you, not to let every man amuse himself, in his travels through life, in his own way; and with respect to myself, you would be in friendship with the most inanimate objects—with a clown that opened the door of his hut to me, but for an hour, amidst the Apennines to lighten the toils of ascending them, or with the simplest shrubs that saved me, but a minute, from the “pitiless storm” in the deserts of Arabia.

In return, every thing that contributes to your ease, comfort, or happiness, is interesting to your friend; and were you to tell me, that a poor sparrow that sat on your house-top gave you pleasure to have him among your domesticks, I must mourn the fate which should bring that sparrow to the ground.

How have I been seduced into these delineations of myself?—I know not. But I remember, that they grew out of an apology I was making for stopping so frequently on the road, going backwards and forwards so irregularly, and vindicating the humble companions amongst whom I every now and then throw myself.

In the course of our correspondence you have had reason, I trust, to approve of the pauses I have

have made in the most lowly dwellings. At the last resting place, for example, did I not bring you acquainted with a set of as humane, open-hearted, sincere, industrious, and innocent creatures, as ever struggled with the winds and waves for a subsistence? Exposed to the most furious elements, do you not feel that the gentlest and the best are mixed up in their compositions, even while their lives are passed in the rudest occupations? Do you not see that the hardest hands, and the softest hearts belong, frequently, to the same persons? Are not hospitality, good faith, good neighbourhood, and every social virtue, that would emblazon a court, shut into that clay-built hut I have so lately left? And are you not in alliance with the whole party? Does not your heart warm to every individual member of it, though you will probably never know them but by my report? Does not your attaching sentiment extend, in a manner, to the very vessel that brought the happy pair again together, and to the adventurous skiff that braved the tempest for her relief?

Had I not been a *deliberate*, if you will have it so, a *sauntering* traveller, and of the temperament I have portrayed, you would have passed your whole life, perhaps, without knowing there was
such

such a group in existence, hid, as they are, from high-minded observers.

There is a beautiful sentiment, somewhere in Shenstone's prose volume, which purports, that he never casts his eye over a spacious map, but he fancies that in such and such countries are numberless amiable persons he would like to know, and concludes with a sigh of regret, that it is impossible he ever should. The traveller of my cast, certainly, stands a better chance of hitting upon some of these, than he that is in and out of the country, as fast as horses, or wheels, can carry him; and, of course, though he passes by as many amiable people as even a generous heart could expect to find, knows as little about them as those wheels, or horses. Whatever, therefore, you were before, I set you down, from this moment, as a convert to residentiary travelling: and, moreover, whenever you next examine your map, to trace the wanderings of your correspondent, you will be pleased to know, what you certainly did not know before, that upon the side of a barren heath, at the edge of a roaring sea, between Aberavon and Aberystwith, there stands a solitary hut which would open to distress as readily as to prosperity, and affords its impartial bounty to whomsoever is in want of it. Ah, that truth would warrant our
saying

saying so much in praise of half the houses, that have the most room to spare, and the best accommodation to bestow, in the great city of London, or any other great city!——but, as Cowper says, very sweetly, though, perhaps, a little quaintly,—

“ God made the country, and man made the town.”

After all, there are good people every where, if we take the trouble to look for them; and to expect them without trouble, or research, in a world like this, is preposterous. As cities have their virtuous characters, cottages have their villains, and whatever censure is *general*, it is in life, as in literature, perhaps,—

“ Ten censure wrong for one who *acts* amiss.”

At least, the practice of condemning in the lump, and erecting our panegyrick on cottages, on the ruins of old threadbare satire on courts, is my abhorrence. In either station, one of your principles would be a just object of the love I bear you. Is this a letter or a volume? Left in looking back, you should *ask what it is about*? I will abruptly end it by bidding you adieu.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

Aberystwith.

TRUE, my friend, I plead guilty to your accusation of silence: it has been a whole month since I last addressed you; but I understood by yours, which came to hand soon after mine was dispatched, that you were in your bed of sickness, and that heavy grief for the loss of one of the earliest adopted, and most dearly loved of your friends occasioned it. I have the most rooted dislike to interrupt, or to be interrupted, in the awful duties and inclinings of distress on these occasions. It is usual, I know, to write a very long epistle of condolence, and consolation on such cases: but did not the intention sanctify the practice, I should pronounce it impertinent, if not impious. It is obtruding upon our sorrow in its sabbath. One whom we have long valued, long conversed with, will be seen by us in this world no more; the day that bereaves us, and the days of mourning that succeed it should be kept holy. It should be hallowed with our tears. Such tears often "do us good," or, at worst, they do us less harm than an unseasonable attempt to wipe them away. And such efforts are

always more or less ineffectual: the eloquence of Cicero, cloathing the morality of Seneca, would neither reach our hearts, nor convince our understandings, under the recent impressions of grief for the death of a long-tried, and long-loved friend. The ordinary applications are packs of proverbs, and strings of maxims, which tell us what we know to be true, and *impracticable*. Had I insulted you with any of these, I should have dishonoured both the living and the dead. I am not to learn, that you have “the virtue to be moved,” and that her you mourn, had a double claim on your tender regret—her own admirable qualities, and her veneration for yours.

As there is a point, however, beyond which sorrow should not pass, so is there one that should bound the salutary silence of a friend. That point is, methinks, arrived to you, and to myself. Your favour, by the post of yesterday, convinces me—

“Discretion hath so far fought with Nature,

“That you with *wisest* sorrow think on her;

“Together with remembrance of yourself.”

Your observation, that there was a resemblance betwixt me and the deceased, in the construction
of

of our minds, or, at least, in the formation of our taste, is extremely flattering; particularly in an hour like this, when you have been, as it were, embalming the qualities that most pleased you in the latter, with your tears. I remember you was formerly of this opinion. The difference of our ages made nothing against the similitude of our spirits. The few days I passed in the company of this second De l'Enclos, at your house, in the winter of —, were amongst the few that hurried away from life without feeling one moment too long. Shall we ever forget the enthusiasm of sympathy, that by an involuntary impulse threw us into each others embraces, on our discovery, that we both held long conversations with ourselves, and as regularly went on with question and answer, as if we had been in the heat of debate in a room full of company? You remember, likewise, I trust, our satisfaction on finding that we had been both set down for people out of their wits, and that we should both descend to the grave with the reputation of having been distracted; that is to say, having had the power of extracting sweets from those flowery trifles, which others, who are as pleased with trifles not a whit better themselves, reckon amongst the weeds of life.

Her journey to the tomb of her grandmother,

from whose bounty she had received many valuable things, and from whose pious conduct in life the rich legacy of a virtuous example, is never to quit either your memory, or mine, my dear friend. The distance between the spot where she herself lived, and that where her venerable ancestor was buried, the difficulties she encountered on the way, and the pleasure of accomplishing her purpose, were all circumstances to interest her excellent heart: but how was this pleasure augmented by the little adventures she met with in the village, where the bones of this amiable relative were deposited! Her own eloquent manner of relating is necessary, to give the portrait of both the cause and effect, on that occasion. The face and figure over which Beauty's great destroyer, Time, could gain but a partial and imperfect victory should be before you, to feel the fulness of her happiness, on her hearing from the whole neighbourhood, who had her in remembrance, a long detail of the worthiest, kindest actions. She made the tour of the village, and in almost every house, saw or heard of something to make her proud that she sprung—

“ From unattainted blood,

“ And claim'd a *birthright* to be good.”

What,

What, indeed, must have been the transport of a mind like her's, on gathering from one poor family, that to the deceased they owed their preservation from a prison; from another, the portion of a daughter; from a third, a timely rescue from the jaws of poverty, and so on in benevolent successions! This village too was the abode of her early days. How vivid were the pictures she drew of her revivitation to the scenes, which had made upon a susceptible heart the first impressions, and which half a century's absence had not power to impair! Like a lover, faithful to his first affections, she told us, you know, how she saluted many of the green lanes, alleys, and old inhabitants as friends, for whom, though long parted, she retained a kind remembrance: she paid particular respect to the yews that shaded her relation's grave, and had a long interview with some elms, now grown into stately trees, which were of her own planting: she called them her children, and told them she rejoiced to see them do well in the world, and prosper.

But that which had more magick for me on this occasion, was, I confess, the very points which your very sober, sensical people, who are vain of their rationality, would be the least satisfied with—the romantick means she used to

bring this journey of her heart to bear. Nothing could favour it more—even a writer of romances could not,—than the character and disposition of the resident clergyman of the village, who, in answer to her letter of enquiry respecting the possibility of a few days' accommodation, and describing the motives, sent her a pressing, and, indeed, irresistible invitation to his own house; assuring her, at the same time, that himself, and every part of his family, entered so cordially into the virtuous spirit of her intended adventure, that they were desirous to give it every encouragement and assistance; begging her, withal, to remember, that the moment she entered the Parsonage of ———, she was at *home*, because, wherever there is *sympathy*, there is *natural affection*, and, of course, though personal strangers before, they meet on the terms of near relations, whom a wiser and better Director than Chance, has at last brought together.

Her first grand point being thus carried, and so much in her own way, the rest was of no difficult attainment; for though Mr. L. S. her husband, is a man of the world, and well knows how to traffick with it, the spirit of trade had not so far absorbed the spirit of conjugal love as to obstruct any innocent dispositional impulse, his wife wished to follow. The Quixotism before mentioned,

mentioned, indeed, appeared to him carrying the joke too far, and it was no easy matter to make him believe the fair Quixote serious. His reasoning upon it was so characteristick of the man of business, that it formed the finest contrast to the ideas and expectations of the woman of genius.

“What! my dear, take a journey of an hundred miles to visit the grave of your grandmother!—Write a long rig-me-role epistle, which I dare say, is very fine, and all that, to a man you never saw! Why, what sort of answer can you expect? Depend on it the gentleman will set you down as a mad-women, and so write you no answer at all.”

And when the answer did come, “All I can say, is,” added Mr. L. S. “he is as mad as you. Go by all means,” continued he, heartily laughing in a good-humoured manner; “pray go, wife, for ’tis pity two houses should part you. Have your frolick out I beg; only if, when you get together, you should make one another worse, and should wish for apartments nearer Moorfields, drop me a line, and I will do the needful——.”

Our heroine, you know, was too much in

earnest to be laughed either out of her feelings or her object, and set off, at "peep of dawn," on her expedition. The worthy family more than justified their promises; and the congenial spirits, which were thus made known to each other, enjoyed a higher "feast of reason," or at least, "flow of soul," than they had ever before experienced. On her return, Mr. L. S. received her with the same good-nature he had suffered her to depart, and contented himself with pleasantly observing, that as she had overstayed her intended time of coming back many days, he hoped she was as happy as she had expected to be; on which, "my dear," cried he, embracing her, "I have only to say, that your fine sentimental people of genius, about love, friendship, sympathy, congeniality of souls, and all that, are the most forward, thoughtless, and impudent folks in the world; for I could no more go to a stranger's house, and feel myself at home in it, without having any manner of business with the family, than I could fly in the air, —I hope, however, you have had the grace to invite them here by way of *per contra*, for we are devilishly in arrear to the gentleman at present; and as, I trust, I am a tolerably honest man, though, thank God, no genius, I shall be glad to assist you in paying the debts you have contracted with all my heart. But now tell me fairly

fairly as 'tis all over"—added he—"did you find it answer? Was not you plaguy sick of each other, of yourselves, and of your old granny into the bargain, before you had been there three days, only you were ashamed to own it for fear of being laughed at?"

"Sick, tired!" reiterated Mrs. L. S. "why I was in Paradise! and we could have passed our whole lives together without knowing a weary moment! Tired! there was not a dry eye in the whole family when I got into the carriage to come back; and for my part I thought I should have broken my heart."

"I thank you for the compliment, however, with all my heart"—replied the husband—taking off his hat, and making her a bow.—"In Paradise was you? well, that is amazing! for I know I should have been the most miserable fellow in the world—nevertheless, invite the strange gentleman and his strange family here, that we may settle accounts and strike the balance—I have no more to say upon it."

How wonderful, my dear friend, is it to consider the *variety* of human minds! We are told, there are more different sorts than of moss.—Ought we not rather to say that the sorts are as numerous

merous as the sands on the shore? In every single family, there are usually as many different tastes and tempers as there are persons; and if in some there happens to be a *family likeness* in feelings, as in features, though the resemblance may be striking in some things, there is almost always a marked difference in others; and with respect to pains and pleasures, the means of avoiding the one, and of promoting the other, are as diversified as the objects which produce them: nay, the fond prepossession we have for our own amusements and pursuits, gives us so strong a prejudice against those of other people, of other dispositions and habits, that we too often want candour and toleration enough to suffer our neighbours to be happy in their own way. Persons of a vigorous fancy and a warm heart accuse those who are less ardent of being insensible; while these, on the other hand, *censure the censurers*, as eccentric and visionary; on both sides, with as little reason as we should condemn the gre-hound for wanting the sagacity of the pointer, or the pointer for being less swift than the gre-hound; each being gifted by nature with the talent and quality best accommodated to its ease and felicity.

An ingenious friend of mine, who, by the bye, takes many curious ways of making up his own happiness, is used to say, whenever he meets
with

with, or hears of, any thing that does not accord with his plans of acting and thinking, "*there must be people of all sorts.*" Now as there is certainly room enough in the world *for all sorts of people*, it seems rather selfish that we should jostle against each other in the journey we are all taking, "fall out by the way," because some are able or willing to go faster than others; because one takes delight in the objects which another passes unnoticed. All that can fairly be said on that is, should any one be disposed to find fault, they are *my* objects, friend, though they are not your's: I was born to relish them, you were not; when we come to your's, I promise that you shall stop to enjoy them as long as you please; and though possibly I shall find as little satisfaction in them as you do in mine, *considered in themselves*, yet the thought of their giving you pleasure shall make me endure them; meantime I trust you will bear with mine.

Can any thing be more equitable? Can any thing be more easy? yet half the bickerings of the human race, in civil affairs, proceeds from a scorn of this fair dealing between man and man; each insisting not only in taking the road he himself likes best, but that others, of tempers and business utterly different, and whose objects, perhaps, lie in a quite contrary route, must take

take it too; and, if they refuse, be set down as obstinate mortals that are resolved to go their own ways.

I do really think this a very unreasonable mode of proceeding, especially, as I before said, there are objects sufficient for us all; and, certainly, I may with as much propriety quarrel with a person for having a different complexion, as a different taste, and just as rationally expect he should, to humour my caprice, take my skin, and throw away his own, as to cast off those feelings which naturally belong to him, and put on mine: yet the best and kindest-hearted people often dispute the point. Were the worthless only engaged in and hurt by the strife, and were the matter in debate only a choice of vicious pursuits, one might be content to let them battle it out; but I have seen, indeed every body sees, many instances where persons of good minds and understandings, yet differing in the mode of exercising them, have so little respect for what pleases others, and so great a veneration for what pleases themselves, that unless they are all pleased with the same thing, they effectually take care that there shall be no pleasure at all. Ah! my friend, how many elopements, separate maintenances, divisions in friendship, disorders in the church, and disturbances in the state, has this self-

self-willed, tenaciousness occasioned! Unquestionably, "the aim and end of our being" is happiness; but it is to be found, associated too with equal innocence, in ten thousand times ten thousand paths,

"Each happy in his own:"

"The learn'd is happy nature to explore,

"The fool is happy that he knows no more,

"The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,

"The poor contents him with the care of heav'n;

"See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,

"The sot a hero, lunatick a king;

"One prospect lost, another still we gain,

"And not a vanity is giv'n in vain.

"What'er the knowledge, passion, fame, or pelf,

"Not one will change his neighbour with himself."

All this is the very perfection of poetry, and it has a considerable degree of truth; but though each is thus "happy in his own," there is not one of the characters here described, who is not, at times, out of humour even with himself, because his neighbour is, or wishes to be, as happy as he, but begs leave to borrow it from *another source*. Surely this is not asking too much, and yet it is "hardly granted."

Possibly, my highly endowed, and highly respected friend, I may, all this time, have been forcing *you* out of the path of your contemplations

tions into mine; but I had a better motive for it than most intruders can give; and I trust my design is in some measure answered. Our desires and aversions, you know, are for the most part the same. I exult in the resemblance; and wherever we are of opposite ideas, I am so satisfied you have the best reasons for your opposition, that I immediately set about examining my own ideas, and have been more than once the better for the scrutiny. In life, and at death, I will thank you! Farewell.

P. S. I have a month's Gleanings to present you with, and shall lay the whole sheaf at your feet in my next. It would be doing a violence to my feelings, were I to mix any matter with this letter, not in keeping with the object to which it is sacred. You can account for this. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

Aberystwith.

THIS town is neither good nor bad. The streets are beyond comparison the dirtiest I ever saw, a proof of which is their being at this moment indicted by the inhabitants. No wonder, there-

therefore, if strangers complain. Indeed, they must be rugged and unpleasant at all times, for the country here is flat, stony, and rugged. The environs are neither barren nor fertile, and the only walks, or in truth *walkable* places, are those at the end of the town, round the ruined castle, another, round the church-yard, and another, very short, by the side of the harbour. The beach is impassable, and the bathing places difficult and uncheerful. In fine, it is in almost all respects the reverse of Barmouth, except that it has the advantage in the number of houses, and, of course, in the company. I should not have thought any thing here worth mentioning, had it not been to give you a few hints by way of directory, not to let the greater popularity of this place draw you from Barmouth, where your bath will be more comfortable and your *agrèmens*, from the surrounding objects, out of all comparison whatever.

For want of other allurements, I chose this place, to throw together the observations that were scattered about my note-book, respecting certain customs, usages, and a variety of other things, it may be proper for a traveller to be apprized of, particularly the articles of *expensiture*.

In the first place, it is a settled usage and custom, throughout the principality, for the trading part of the people to over-reach you in your little marketings or bargains with them; that is to say, they will ask all strangers, of genteel appearance, about a third more than they would ask a native or countryman; but even allowing this, you will have almost all the necessaries, and most of the luxuries of life, at least, by a third cheaper than, with very few exceptions, in the cheapest parts of England: at first you may put up with a little extortion, which will diminish as you become residentiary. All places, as they get into reputation for any beauty or convenience, and are, therefore, the resorts of people that, since they can afford to travel, are supposed to be wealthy, grow dear, at first imperceptibly, till, in a few years, that commodity which you could procure for sixpence, is not to be obtained for a shilling, and so on in proportion. This is remarkably verified in Wales. Ground, house-rent, and the necessaries of life, are so much raised in price since my first tour in this country, about twelve years ago, that were not the fact universally admitted, I should be afraid you would suspect me of profiting by the licence *expected* to be taken by travellers, were I to mention the comparative difference betwixt that
time

time and the present, in both North and South Wales.

Nevertheless, a good economist might, in the family way, even at the present day, make one hundred pounds tell in this country to three hundred in any other, belonging, properly, to England. I here speak, however, of comparative prices in the smaller towns and villages; in the cities, the estimate must be about two to one in favour of Wales. In Caermarthen and Caernarvon, for example, the one a principal town to the southward, the other northward, you get fish, fowl, butchers' meat, eggs, bacon, and firing—certainly the grand articles in domestick establishment—on an average, at the following rates:

| | s. | d. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|
| Salmon, fresh and fine, from the market, per pound | 0 | 2 |
| A fine turbot, ditto | 0 | 2½ |
| Fine cod, each | 0 | 1 |
| Eggs, eight, nine, ten, for | 0 | 1 |
| Couple of ducks, or fowls, fit for killing | 1 | 0 |
| (Very often) | 0 | 10 |
| Chickens half grown, each for | 0 | 3 |
| A fat goose, or turkey, each | 1 | 0 |
| Bacon, per pound | 0 | 5 |
| Beef, mutton, &c. &c. | 0 | 3 |
| Coals, or rather culm, per bushel | 0 | 2 |
| VOL. I. | H | In |

In little villages higher up the country, both ways, the cheapness, for want of a market, is still more extraordinary; if we except the remote places of England, near the sea-coast, and certain parts of Cornwall and Yorkshire, this statement, which you may depend on as the correct result of residuary remark, will convince you that this principality is not more abundantly supplied with the ornamental than the useful: and that, as those who have taste, fortune, and talents, could not be more gratified than in visiting it on the score of romantick beauty, so they, who found it expedient to retrench, to narrow their establishment, and yet to diminish none of the comforts to which they have been accustomed, could not any where find a more peaceful, plentiful, and healthy retreat: With this additional *agrément*, that almost all places are so surrounded by good neighbours, and there is really such a dispositional, as well as hereditary hospitality, amongst the native gentry, that a new settler never need to be in want of agreeable society.

I insist upon this, the rather, as it is not more the chimera of persons of genius, going into foreign countries for fine scenery, than it is for people of small or broken fortunes, to gather the wrecks of their property, and carry them
abroad

abroad, on the false superstition that they may there sooner *repair their ruins*, and, as it were, rebuild themselves and families, than in any part of the British dominions. I must own that, although I have travelled too much, not to have rubbed off all the little, or great, national prejudices, that cling to my honest friend *John Bull*, and although, I have had abundant reason to prove, that Providence has been far more equal in its indulgencies to all the inhabitants of the globe, than stay-at-home people can ever be made to believe; I am Englishman enough to adopt that sentiment of a brother wanderer, which advises us not to spend more money out of our own country than is necessary. Methinks, indeed, it is but fair to give our own country the preference, where advantages are, at least, equal. Thus, if a family finds an arrangement in London, or any of the provincial towns no longer supportable, and can accomplish all the objects, of a change of place, as well at the end of two hundred, as two thousand miles, I humbly conceive, that the shortest cut to the land of economy is the best; in which, the good old maxim of choosing the least of two evils is confirmed by common sense. Should any of your friends, therefore, henceforward, find such retirements worth looking after, they may be found in almost any part of the principality,

north or south, two hundred miles from the British capital, and if the other hundred be added, the expence of making it, would, in the end, be well repaid by the beauty of the country, and the reasonableness of provisions. House rent is likewise a very important article. A friend of mine occupied an exceeding large, well-furnished house, sufficient for his numerous family, and had more than enough of garden and orchard ground to supply it with vegetables and fruits, and pasturage for a couple of horses and a cow, at the yearly rent of 25*l.* free of taxes. I saw many others on a smaller scale at 15*l.* and 20*l.* Unfurnished houses, with land enough to pay a considerable part of the rent, and reserves for your own use, may be had in the most beautiful situations at a proportionate rate. You will please to note, that this is not meant as characteristick of partial places, but as general information with respect to the whole country.

The exceptions to the rule are made not so much by the people of Wales, as those of England and Ireland; the imprudence of whom I shall enlarge on in its place. At present I shall content myself by observing, that when they have lost their estates, it would be well for them, if they could contrive to lose the folly by which

which their insolvency was produced. But, unfortunately, that prodigal spirit which attended them in affluent, accompanies them in slender circumstances; and wherever they go for refuge, they carry their expensive ideas and habits along with them, absurdly supposing, they can reconcile their former notions with their present system of economy; as if, like a person in a fever, they imagined a cure could be performed by merely changing their posture. A great deal more is necessary in a family reform, than quitting the haunt of its former follies or misfortunes. They come into a new country, find it reasonable, take the first opportunity to play off their pride against their poverty; shew the people they mix with, that they still wish to be looked on as personages of distinction; boast of what fortunes they have already squandered, and what they can still afford to lavish; put the natives first upon extortion, furnishing them with the *bint* to cheat, and then, but too late, quarrel with them for *taking* it. Thus deep play, late hours, and every excess of London and Dublin, are, at the time I am now writing, together with clubs, and other town-bred luxuries, in the *high ton of folly* in many places, where the inhabitants grow rich and roguish by supplying them. I extremely dislike personality, or could give you no inconsiderable catalogue

of rustick gaming houses, White's, Brookes's, &c. in the very heart of Cambria. Inasmuch, therefore, as they have degenerated from the simplicity of ancient manners, and from the honesty of ancient maxims, into the *refinements* of the world, on which we so much pique ourselves, the fault is originally our own, and we must take the consequences. Luxury is a wide spreading evil, my friend, and soon passes from one country to another, making profelytes as it goes. Assure yourself it has travelled into this country, and has its votaries in the mountains. They contain more than one farmer, who, in imitation of their English brothers of the plough, keep their geldings for the chace, and side-saddle pads for the ladies of the dairy, who feather their caps for the finest of the farmers' wives and daughters, whom we have seen at the rural assemblies — and —, acting the characters of dutchesses, for that night only. Although some twenty years back, when the town had not quite journied so far into the north country Welch-ward, at least these new-made gentry were contented to trudge on foot ten or a dozen miles, after the duties of the morning were over, to a rustick hop, at the summons of a blind harper; and the dames and damsels thought themselves well off if they could get into one of the carts, or mount by pairs on the back

back of one of the cart-horses, to give the Corydons of the hills the meeting. The corruption stops not at amusement: it extends to business; the first must be supplied by the last: but as this cannot be done in the way of ordinary, it must be effected by extraordinary means. Supernumerary horses, dresses, &c. are not to be maintained at the old market profits: these, though equivalent to the necessities, are inadequate to the luxuries of life; and luxuries once indulged, soon become necessities: for where is the swain that having, as it were, *flown* over the mountains on a hunter, will stoop again to *creep* over them on "Dobbin, or the foundered "mare?" or where the nymph who will, for the sake of economy, dismount her feathers, and exchange again the glaring folly of shewy attire, for her wheel of cottage industry? It is out of the nature of pleasingly pernicious effects to expect it: *ergo*, the price of their commodities must be raised: and it is but reasonable, that we, who occasioned the folly, should contribute to its support.

As we advance, however, into the interior parts of the country, and the farther from the route of modish travellers, always the better—as we get more into those unfrequented places, from whence "the sober wishes" of the inha-

bitants have “not learned to stray,” and which none but literary and gleaning travellers delight to explore, we find this hardy and happy race of people rejoicing, like their country, in the simplest charms of nature; and Mr. Gray, who made a philosophical tour of Wales you know, must have made numberless living reasons, in the course of it, to exclaim—

“Since ignorance is bliss,

“’Tis folly to be wise!”

and to see the sentiment brought to the test: truth indeed warrants our carrying the sentiment much farther: for in this case the wisdom of the world is worse than foolishness,—it is knavery.

I have seen groups of poor people in the sequestered spots of both North and South Wales, sporting among the precipices, or in the glens, with a “content so absolute,” as to look on any objects less in a state of nature than themselves as unwelcome: at the sight of an unexpected man of the world, they will run into a rocky cavity, like a rabbit into its hole, or plunge into the thickest shade of the valley, as if they were escaping from a beast of prey. Were they to know what a snaky train of passions are probably folded up in the bosom of that well-dressed world-

worldling, which never crept into their breasts, they would often have reason to believe he was the most dangerous monster they could encounter, and double their diligence to avoid him.

And here amongst the usages and customs, I must not omit to inform you, that what you have, perhaps, often heard without believing—respecting the *mode of courtship* amongst the Welch peasants,—is true. The lower order of people do actually carry on their love affairs in bed, and what would extremely astonish more polished lovers, they are carried on honourably, it being, at least, as usual for the Pastoras of the mountains to go from the bed of courtship to the bed of marriage, as unpolluted and maidenly as the Chloes of fashion; and yet, you are not to conclude that this proceeds from their being less susceptible of the *belle passion* than their betters: or that the cold air, which they breathe, has “froze the genial current of their souls.” By no means; if they cannot boast the voluptuous languors of an Italian sky, they glow with the bracing spirit of a more invigorating atmosphere. I really took some pains to investigate this curious custom, and after being assured, by many, of its veracity, had an opportunity of attesting its existence with my own eyes. The servant-maid of the family I visited

in Caernarvonshire, happened to be the object of a young peasant, who walked eleven long miles every Sunday morning, to favour his suit, and regularly returned the same night through all weathers, to be ready for Monday's employment in the fields, being simply a day labourer. He usually arrived in time for morning service, which he constantly attended, after which he escorted his Dulcinea home to the house of her master, by whose permission they as constantly passed the succeeding hour in bed, according to the custom of the country. These tender fab-batical preliminaries continued without any interruption near two years, when the treaty of alliance was solemnized; and so far from any breach of articles happening in the intermediate time, it is most likely that it was considered by both parties as a matter of course, without exciting any other idea. On speaking to my friend on the subject, he observed that, though it certainly appeared a dangerous mode of making love, he had seen so few *living* abuses of it, during six and thirty years residence in that county, where it, nevertheless, had always, more or less, prevailed, he must conclude it was as innocent as any other.—One proof of its being *thought* so by the parties, is the perfect ease and freedom with which it is done; no awkwardness or confusion appearing on either side; the most well-behaved
and

and decent young women giving into it without a blush, and they are by no means deficient in modesty. What is pure in idea is always so in conduct, since bad actions are the common consequence of ill thoughts; and though the better sort of people treat this ceremony as a barbarism, it is very much to be doubted whether more *faux pas* have been committed by the Cambrian boors in this *free access* to the bed-chambers of their mistresses, than by more fashionable Strephons and their nymphs in groves and shady bowers. The power of habit is, perhaps, stronger than the power of passion, or even of the charms which inspire it; and it is sufficient, almost, to say a thing is the *custom of a country* to clear it from any reproach that would attach to an innovation. Were it the practice of a few only, and to be gratified by stealth, there would, from the strange construction of human nature, be more cause of suspicion; but being ancient, general, and carried on without difficulty, it is, probably as little dangerous as a *tête-a-tête* in a drawing-room, or in any other full-dress place, where young people meet to say soft things to each other. A moon-light walk in Papa's garden, where Miss steals out to meet her lover *against the consent of her parents*, and, of course, extremely agreeable to the young people, has ten times the peril.

Amongst

Amongst the customs that had peculiar attractions for me, was the tender veneration paid, externally at least, to the dead; the church-yards being kept with an attentive decency which we, in vain, look for in many other countries. There is something extremely simple and pleasing in the *idea*, as well as in the practice, of strewing flowers and evergreens over the graves of departed friends and relations. Every Saturday, some of the survivors perform the established duty at the family grave. This consists in clearing it of all weeds, repairing the mould, dressing the verdure, mending the little fences of white tiles or shells that surround it, and, in short, putting it in order against the Sabbath; then the whole parish are to be eye-witnesses of the pious cares of each other. I have seen graves so diligently cultured, as every week to have been planted with the choicest flowers of the season; others have been ornamented with the more permanent shrubs, and the little hillocks sacred to infants have, literally, bestowed on them

“ All the incense of the breathing Spring!”

Several good purposes are answered hereby. I will recount some of them to you in the words of a Pembrokeshire widow, whom I lately saw decorating the graves of her husband and a child, their first born, who died in the same year.

year. The following is a faithful copy of our conversation.

Your employment must be very interesting to you.

“It is our way in these parts, Sir. Some think it a trouble : I have no pleasure now that equals it, yet I am sure to have wet eyes all the time it is doing.”

The relations then, at whose graves you are performing this sadly pleasing duty, must needs have been very near and dear to you.

“They could not be more so. This was the best husband, and the most honest man in Wales ; and the roses and violets, which I have just been setting at the head and feet of this grave, are not sweeter or prettier than the poor little girl who lies under them. But they are in a better place, and I ought to be happy, and so I am.”

Here she wept very bitterly.

I see yonder, an old man entering the church-yard with a large bundle of young plants which he can scarcely carry.

“That man is in his ninety-third year, and has buried all his family : the last was a grandson,

son, to whose grave he is now going, and which he will make like a garden before he leaves it. Almost all that end of the church-yard are *his dead*, and he is very neat and nice about the graves of all, but the grandson's the most."

Then he was the favourite of the family: as the last and youngest, perhaps, he was the poor old man's Benjamin.

"On the contrary, he loved him the least, and some think, that an unlucky blow given by the old man was the cause of the young man's death, but it cannot be proved, so he escapes: but by his care about the poor young fellow's grave, our townfolk imagine his conscience smites him: though, for that matter, we all dress our dead here, whether we love or hate them; it is quite a scandal to let a Saturday pass, without making every grave as clean as ourselves for the Sabbath."

It is a very commendable custom, and I wish with all my heart, it were adopted in England, where, too generally speaking, the repositories of the dead are shockingly violated. Horses, cows, sheep, are often suffered to feed upon the grave; nay, the parson himself frequently turns his pad to fatten on his deceased parishioners.

This

This you will say, is being priest-ridden with a vengeance: still worse, the hogs of half the parish are allowed to rootle up the earth and bones.

“Blessed be God, the bones of my dear, dear babe and husband, do not lie in England!”

And as to cleanliness in other respects, that article so properly an object of your care, is very rarely attended to with us. The weeds and nettles are permitted to choak up half the graves in a church-yard, and every other species of negligence and filth is thrown there, as if, instead of being the decent receptacle of the forefathers of the village or town to which it belongs, it were the common sewer of the parish. Some few indeed are kept a little more orderly, because they are either publick walks, and have therefore a degree of fashion, or the bishop of the diocese is residentiary there; but even these exceptions are for the most part confined to the path-ways, and the green avenues that shade them, the rest of the spot being left in a condition both shameless and indecent. In the northern district of ——shire, two church-yards were indicted as nuisances by the parish, and a third, much nearer to the seat of magistracy supreme, was in so abominable a state, that the clergy-

clergyman and overseers, after many fruitless complaints on the part of the inhabitants, were cited to answer accusations in the Spiritual Court.

“ Good heaven ! we want no overseers, bishops, or spiritual court, to make us keep our dead (which surely, Sir, are a part of ourselves, whether above the earth or under it) as free from such as we can. If the grave we clean holds a good relation, we shew our gratitude in our diligence : if a bad one, our constant attention is a mark that whatever trespasses he or she may have committed against us, they are forgiven. If a nettle or weed was to be seen to-morrow in this church-yard, the living party to whom it belongs, would be hooted after divine service by the whole congregation. I would part with my last farthing rather than see these two little heaps go to ruin : nay, except a few feet of earth I cultivate for use, I decorate my garden with flowers and shrubs only for my dead, and look upon it to be as much theirs as if they were both alive.”

The good woman here finished her discourse, during the greater part of which, she was on her knees, plucking up every thing which was unseemly, freshning the mould, fastning the loose tile-work, and forming with a mixture of maternal and conjugal tenderness, the rose-lips and

violet roots, into forms expressive of her affection.

I cannot tell you how much I was moved. Nor is it necessary. You have an heart, that has a beating sacred to such incidents.

This custom is, I believe, peculiar in European countries, to Wales, and the Swiss Catholick Cantons; but in the latter, to an iron cross is suspended a bowl, containing holy water, with which the relatives sprinkle the graves of the deceased as often as they come to church,

Shakspeare says, and with his accustomed sweetness—

“ With fairest flowers, while summer lasts,
 “ I’ll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
 “ The flow’r that’s like thy face, pale primrose,
 “ Nor the azure harebell like my veins; no, nor
 “ The leaf of eglantine, which, not to slander,
 “ Outscented not thy breath.”

I trust, my friend, you will long continue your good wishes to the Pembroke-shire widow.

It is in this part of Wales, that the women dress their heads in a peculiar manner; they wear a cumbrous gown of dark blue cloth, even

in the midst of summer ; instead of a cap, a large handkerchief is wrapt over their heads, and tied under the chin : in other places, the women as well as the men wear large hats with broad brims, often flapping over their shoulders.

These gleanings, however, in the church-yard, are a little out of place, for when I was on the subject of Welch courtships, I ought to have immediately gone to Welch weddings ; this being, you know, the natural order, unless you are of opinion with not a few, who assert that marriage and death are pretty much the same thing ; and that the former is only burying the living instead of the dead. Many of my fair countrywomen, I fear, think the latter would be a resource to them.

The ceremonies of the Cambrian peasants, in the unpolished parts of the country, are no less singular than those at their wooing. The friends and relations of both parties, not only testify the usual demonstrations of joy during the day-time, but keep it up the whole night ; the men visitors putting to bed the bridegroom, and the females the bride ; after which the whole company remain in the chamber, drinking jocund healths to the new-married couple, and their posterity, singing songs, dancing and giving
into

into every other festivity, sometimes for two or three days together.

Preposterous enough you will say ! but as this, generally speaking, happens to a man and woman but once in a life, and gives now and then an holiday, that is, a few hours or days' rest from labour to a race of harmless, hard-toiling creatures, it may be dispensed with. Their relaxations are few, and our own many. There is, undoubtedly, less refinement, perhaps, less delicacy in theirs ; but are they not as innocent, as reasonable as ours ?

“ A little softer, but as senseless quite.”

Of you who are always—

“ ——— blest yourself,

“ To see your fellows blest,”

I need not ask allowance for the strange, but unoffending usages of these humble children of nature. Pride looks down upon them ; yet is not pride more truly an object of pity ? But for these clods of moving earth, as they are arrogantly called, feeling themselves contented in their “ happy, lowly,” situations, what would become of that helpless part of the species, who neither, “ toil nor spin ?” How frequently does it happen, that an honest hind, who seems

scarcely distinguishable from the soil which he works into bread, is of more use in the great community of mankind, and, of course, a better member of it than a whole generation of those conceited beings who spurn his cottage, and squander the noble inheritance of their ancestors amidst the vices of refinement! How preferable the virtues of rusticity!

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

I ASSERTED that the lower order of people in this country are superstitious. They were so at all times. Anciently its contagion tintured the more enlightened. One of the old historians very gravely recounts numberless preternatural instances of casualties, which he construed into divine judgments. Amongst others, he tells us, that in the region of Ivor, the third prince of Wales, there happened a remarkable earthquake in the Isle of Man, which much disturbed and annoyed the inhabitants; and in the year following that it rained *blood* both in Britain and Ireland, insomuch that the butter and milk resembled the colour of blood. What sanguinary torrents, my friend, must have fallen to have thus changed the nature of the grass, and iterally to make "the green one red!" He adds, these

these accidents of nature might probably preface some tumults and disturbances in the kingdom. The same author, I remember, asserts, that as a prognostick of the death of Elbodius, archbishop of North Wales, there happened a very severe eclipse of the sun, and the year following there was an eclipse of the moon, and upon Christmas-day ! and these he considers as portents that boded no good to the Welch affairs. By way of making out the prediction of the effect of these fatalities, we are solemnly informed they were followed by a very grievous and general murrain of cattle, which impoverished the whole country, and the year preceding, A. D. 808, was marked by the West Saxons laying the city of St. David's in ashes. Thus it is, my friend, that soothsayers of every age first frame their prophecies, and then inveterately fulfil them ; for the very next good and evil event that takes place, is brought in evidence of what was foretold, and however absurd in the nature of things, or contradictory to the point in question, at the time is tortured and twisted to answer the purpose of illustration. Hence the most improbable, physically speaking, the most impossible and heterogeneous circumstances are forced into contact ; and effects are traced to causes with which they have no sort of connection.

The present descendants of Cadwallader are true to the faith of their forefathers on this article. I saw it operating during my residence amongst them in a thousand ways; but in none more than in the instance which follows. In a little village betwixt Caermarthen and Haverfordwest, beautifully washed by the ocean, I walked by the side of the sea, where a mixed multitude were gathered on the beach. I enquired the occasion, and was told, that the peculiar roaring of the waves to the westward, indicated that some fatal accident would soon befall certain poor creatures out at sea: for that, in the memory of the oldest man living, the billows were never known to make that hideous noise from that quarter, without being succeeded either by the wreck of a vessel, or the destruction of some of the crew, or both: that this being the first day of the roaring, the disaster would probably happen in the course of two days more, *three* being the usual term of these grumbling notices; and therefore they were now come down to the beach, as well to see whether any vessel had hoisted signals of distress, as, if too late for assistance, to receive their dead, should any of the bodies be thrown on shore. The time at which this happened was that of the herring season, when, profiting by the previous calm weather, a great many fishing-

ing.

ing-boats were out; and it is by no power that I have over language, nor indeed in language itself, to give you a just idea of the consternation of many persons of both sexes now gathered together, most of them being wives, children, masters, or relations of those whose destiny was thus denounced by the troubled spirit of the waters. The fishing-boats, however, in the course of the next day and evening, all arrived safe, with their crews, and with singularly good cargoes. Some other vessels, which had stood farther out to sea on coasting voyages, took shelter in the same harbour, till the storm should cease, or rather till the fair weather should be more confirmed; for it had considerably cleared and calmed before they pointed their canvases to the shore. All they wanted was a slight repairing, which could not be conveniently given at sea. The little fishing-smacks performed several lucky excursions after this; the other barks proceeded on their respective voyages, and, though in the mean time, there were not heard any more prophetic growlings, the people were not in the least staggered in their belief of some calamity having happened, roundly asserting, that the voice of the ocean was always oracular; that its mouth was opened by God; and that it could not therefore utter the thing that was not. Another evidence was, that more
I 4 than

than one instance was within the recollection of every man, woman, and child, in the parish. About a month after, happening to pass through this village in my way back from Milford Haven, I understood, from the landlord of the inn where I stopped, that, notwithstanding my incredulity about the roarings, the sea did not roar *without reason*; for the bodies of two sailors were floated into the harbour the very day after I went away. This you are to know was above three weeks after the tempest; but on my venturing to doubt the connection betwixt the effect and the cause, on account of the distance of time, mine host grew seriously angry, and asked me whether I was a believer or an heathen? I did not think proper to reply to this angry question, convinced that a man, *predetermined* either to believe, or disbelieve,—whether in politicks, religion, or any other matter—hardens his heart against every thing that does not feed his faith, and is prepared against all arguments, human or divine; and, like a cat pent up in a corner, is only more spiteful and resolute, as it appears difficult to break away. Just as the Ostler was leading my horse to the door, a couple of sailors came to the inn, and, in presence of my landlord, informed me, that they were brother and uncle to the aforesaid dead mariners, who had deserted after mutiny, were brought

brought back once, and pardoned; then threw themselves overboard, thinking to swim ashore, and would have been hanged if they had not been drowned, as 'twas on board a king's ship. Thus you see the poor sea was made to sympathise with these offenders; unless you can borrow a little of my landlord's faith, and believe that it drowned them in a judgment, and then sent forth its roarings, to shew its sense of such wickedness as a warning to others. "There!" exclaimed mine host with much exaltation, "is not the thing plain enough now? Was the sea in the right or not? But some folks will never believe till a judgment falls on themselves!" Perceiving a tempest gathering in the countenance of this friend of the roaring sea, I thought it the wisest way to leave him in full possession of a faith which had certainly the merit of being impregnable to all attacks from within or without.

A second superstition, universally prevalent in South Wales, is of a nature no less extraordinary. You will scarcely meet with a peasant, or even a manufacturer, who does not pretend to have heard the groan, or sigh, of a voice rush like a sudden wind from out of the earth; and sometimes entering into a very long and solemn harangue on the topick, either of this world or

the next. Sometimes it assumes the tone of a friend, sometimes of a foe; sometimes it is the well-known sound of a person living; but more usually one that has been in the grave long enough, one should have thought, to have done with conversation.

A third object of Cambrian credulity is, that of a lighted candle springing up before you, without a moment's warning, and going the way of your intended walk or ride for a number of miles together; for it perfectly knows the road you are to take: and what is no less singular, the candle is carried by some invisible agent, who was never known to make his appearance; though some say it moves by a power of its own. With respect to the moral agency of these, it is generally allowed by the believers, that both the voice, and the light, are sent on "errands full of love." The first is thought to be literally a *warning* voice; and the last, with a little more difficulty, though nothing is, in the end, too arduous for superstition, is made to be no less subservient to the purposes of a faith which even in its excesses leans to virtue.

For this reason I have seldom attempted to argue down, or treat lightly, these and other
little

little traditionary credulities in constant circulation amongst the uneducated part of mankind; since I am persuaded, that what they want in philosophy they make up by a much better thing; for there is almost always a sense of religion, accompanying these village legends. A person who sees, or seems to see, these sights, or hears these sounds, is too sensibly affected by his imaginations to mix immediately in worse weaknesses. The invisible voice will never argue in favour of a guilty deed; nor the visionary candle conduct the man it attends to scenes of debauchery. On the contrary, the former will more surely suggest repentance to the erring swain, and the other light him on his way to at least harmless thoughts and actions. Could we, therefore, say to superstition, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," the simple of life and of heart might enjoy those little wanderings uncontrouled,

But superstition, like power, is amongst the encroachers we dare not trust. Indulgence makes her bold and unreasonable, till in the end she becomes the parent of the worst disorders to which the human soul is incident. You will hardly suppose that the most foaming sectaries infest the innermost recesses of this country; the methodists of all denominations make the

mountains reverberate with their fulminations, louder than the anathemas of Rome, and that there is scarcely a village, or a dozen scattered hamlets, which receive not twice or thrice a week the effusions of a strolling preacher.

Something more affecting than curiosity, has made me several times an auditor of these flaming discourses, which are held in barns, stables, or the open fields. It seems incredible that half the congregation should be contained in the villages; but the fact is, that on the preaching days, the people come pouring in from all quarters within the district, and vales and mountains give up their inhabitants. I shall not speak to you of the doctrine, which is pretty much the same every where; and England is sufficiently over-run by these itinerants to make its jargon familiar to every one; except that both the doctrine, and the way of delivering it, is more vehement and vociferous in Wales than I ever remember to have witnessed elsewhere. In speaking of the Lamb of God, the preacher assured his hearers, that if they were sincere believers, they would feel it move, and hear it bleat within their hearts; that, if lifted up by the Holy Spirit, they might see it; that if they folded up their hands, they might reach it, touch

touch it, and embrace it, as he did, under divine assistance, at that moment.

Previous to this last round in the ladder of fanaticism being gained, like the Delphick God, "his voice enlarged, and his form was *more* than ruffled;" but on mounting the climax, his bellowings could be equalled in horror only by his contortions. No bull, driven into madness by annoying dogs and more distracting men, so flounced or so shifted his attitudes, or roared with so much mingled rage and agony: but if the phrenzy of the preacher could have been surpassed, it would have yielded to that of the congregation; the tears, sighs, and yellings of which, accompanied by the extravaganzas of action, really threw at *sober* distance all that I ever saw, all that I ever heard of human or of bestial violence.

I do not know whether this intemperate zeal obstructs or promotes the industry of these poor creatures; whether they return to their several occupations with more or less assiduity, after these ebullitions; but as the preachings begin about noon, and continue some hours, it must absorb a great deal of that time, which might be past in more useful, though less violent labours; for I dare venture to say, the hardest work

work they were ever put to for a day together, never so wasted their animal spirits, strained their muscles, or wearied their limbs, as two hours past in this religious fury.

But even this is better than the opposite extreme of sitting arrogantly loose to all religions; or, what is worse, scoffing at the faith of others, and affecting to have none ourselves: errors into which the sons and daughters of simplicity rarely fall. It is reserved for the children of refinement, to spurn at all things holy. With them religion is a mighty convenient, well contrived bugbear, to keep the slaves of the world in order, just as birds are scared by a maukin; but that more enlightened souls cannot be expected to give into the illusion: so that the rich, the prosperous, and all those who have received the greatest bounties and indulgences at the hands of Providence, are the only persons who think themselves exempt from the duty or necessity of acknowledging it.

My friend, I have lived in the world, and travelled over it, long enough to be convinced, that what superficial pretenders call philosophy, has done infinitely more mischief than either ignorance or superstition. Every conceited spark that has courage enough to avow himself an Atheist, and just wit enough to sport the old thread-

threadbare arguments in support of it, is now a philosopher; that is, he can laugh at the jest he breaks on religion, and repeat with vivacity, the blasphemous *bon-mots* that others have made against the author of it: not reflecting that indecency in wit, like immodesty in beauty, is a base prostitution of those sacred gifts which are truly delightful only in proportion as they are innocently exercised.

But this irreverence of things holy, is by no means the effect either of true philosophy, or true courage: for both these are friends to piety; and there is as much difference betwixt a commonplace Atheist, and a Christian philosopher, as betwixt an hero and a coward. Pretenders to infidelity are, indeed, always cowards: they are afraid of their own consciences, the, “compunctious visitings” of which they attempt to escape by a loud laugh, as children and common country people endeavour to disguise their terrors in passing through a church-yard in the dark by making a noise, or whistling as they run. Look at the modern affecter of philosophy, that is of infidelity, in his hours of sickness, or in the moments of death! Did those friends or relatives, who are then behind the curtain, ever report satisfactory or consistent accounts of the philosophy, of the expiring guilty? The instances are

are rare, even where the most illustrious *philosopher-atheists* have died, without either formally disavowing, or by implication believing their miserable system !

Will you not then come into my apology for a village superstition under certain restrictions ? Sacred be the visionary candle, and the fancied voice ! They may lead perhaps to the paradise of simplicity, but will not seduce the easy of faith into the paradise of fools.

May faith, philosophy, and the virtues, which are their offspring, be your guide ! Farewell.

L E T T E R X I.

TO THE SAME.

I REJOICE to hear, by yours, that you are well amused with the subject of my last ; for I have not yet done with it. I have in reserve another Welch superstition, by way of *bonne-bouche* ; for, if I can give it to you with any of the impressions it made on me, you will find it more entertaining than any I have yet recounted.

Contrive to be serious, I beg of you, while in
sober-

soberness I acquaint you, that queen Mab, and all her Elfin train; however banished out of England, have at all times had both house and land in Wales. There is not a more generally received opinion throughout the principality than that of the existence of *fairies*. Amongst the commonalty it is, indeed, universal, and by no means unfrequently credited by the second ranks. My insatiable curiosity in tracing this fact, has enabled me to discover it in more than one instance among the first. During my residence in Glamorganshire, I was told of a clergyman, who had not only a belief in these little creatures, but who had written a book containing a great many of their exploits. The gentleman who gave me this information was acquainted with the author, to whom I was introduced, but was apprized by my conductor, as we walked along, that he was generally thought to be “a little cracked.” As I well know that all sorts of people, who follow up any pursuit or passion out of the common track of action, or sentiment, with the enthusiasm necessary to excel in it, are accounted more or less out of their minds, and as I have, myself, been long in the enjoyment of this reputation—for surely it is a kind of *fame* to suffer in the opinion of the cold and unfeeling for one’s warmth of heart—I laid little stress upon this part of my guide’s information. The

subject which the author had chosen, and the solemn manner in which he treated it, went much more in my mind to impeach his judgment than his intellect; but as every man has his hobby-horse, a *fairy tale*, is, perhaps, as pleasant to carry one to *fairy land*, as any other; so I made my bow to him without prejudice; for just as his friend, my companion, had finished this very friendly account of him, we came within view of his parsonage, at the door of which he was regaling himself with a pipe. We entered into familiar conversation almost immediately after we had changed the civilities of meeting; for he had been apprised of our coming, and was so full charged with his favourite topick that he went off like a rocket. The first shot being his, I had no opportunity to return it, till he had most solemnly attested every story of his book to be apostolical. He related to me as much supplementary matter, intended to enrich a second edition, as would have made an eighteen-penny pamphlet of itself. But our Parson rode his fairy pad so furiously, that it not only rode away with him, but with our dinner; and though I have all possible disposition to indulge people in these sallies, hoping for, and insisting upon the like complaisance, when I am galloping away on my *own* poney, I felt such an incorrigible desire on this occasion to weigh “solid pudding against the

the empty praise" of these little imaginary beings in Elfin Land, that I left the good priest to his "lenten entertainment," and made the best of my way back to a more eleemosinary banquet.

Did I not tell you, quoth my introducer, as we went home, that the poor man was mad? though I think he was more *compos* to-day than I have ever known him. Indeed! replied I, if this is his lucid interval, what must be his perfect distraction? O, this is nothing, answered his friend; I have known him run on about the fairies till he has foamed at the mouth like a mad dog, and sworn that there were then a thousand in the room with him, visible only to himself, on account of his great respect for them; and I remember once, on our townsfolks laughing at him in one of these fairy-fits, he fell into a passion, and said, he would make these little mischiefs pinch and haunt them by day and night for their tauntings; and, as sure as you are alive, continued my guide, upon two of the company snapping their fingers, and saying, they neither cared for him nor the fairies, he made them both repent it: for that very night, and all the next day, the poor men were so tormented by these little devils, God forgive me, that they were obliged to make interest with Parson ———,

the gentleman we have just left, to get them off the premises.

Then you believe in their existence yourself?

Heaven forbid! that I should not. I have been sufferer enough by them, I know, to have my creed well settled in that respect. But to tell you the truth, they always had a spite against me and my whole family; and for a trifle which would not have put a fly out of temper.

What did you do to vex them?

Only barred up a window next to the room where you slept last night.

What objection had they to that?

Why, they used to throw up the sash every night, and steal every thing they could lay their hands on.

Are they such dishonest brats! The little rogues! who could have thought it?

The greatest thieves in the world, Sir, little as they are.

Are you serious? Do you really believe in them?

Believe!

Believe ! I wish you would to-night sleep in the barred room, that's all.

With all my heart.

I would not advise you. You had better not. I wish I could throw it out of my house, without pulling the whole building to pieces.

I'll venture, however.

No you shan't. I won't have your life nor your limbs to answer for ; besides, the little toads begin to be tired of hankering about, and if I keep it closed another year, I expect they will find another haunt ; for they don't fancy any apartment but that.

If there be a similarity in the faith of you, and your friend on this article, why laugh at him, or consider him as out of his senses ?

Let us call a better subject, Sir ; for, you see, we have got safe home, and if you are half as hungry as I am, you will think a spare-rib of pork, which I expect to find on the table, though betwixt hot and cold, is worth all fairy land.

Thus it is, my friend, we are accurate criticks,

in discovering and exposing the weaknesses of others, but are quite blind to our own, *though of the same size and kind*. How true it was from the beginning ! How true it will be to the end ! that “ we see the mote in the eye of our “ brother, but discover not the beam in our “ own.”

Believing that I had fallen, partially, amongst the votaries of the fairy legions, by meeting with two men, who, though of different manners and characters, had nearly the same degree of credulity; the one a worshipper from fear, the other from reverence; I resolved to see farther into the subject, before I concluded the opinion about these airy spirits to be general: for to tell you the truth, I came with a mind little favourable to admit the impressions which Camden and other Cambrian biographers had attempted to make upon it. Shall I confess, that I not only contested the fact itself, as to the agency of these beings, as sincerely as I did those gentry of Liliput, about their own supposed size and dimensions, but I thought the report of these historians *likewise* a fiction allowed to travellers as an indulgence, in the way that we grant a poetical licence to the votaries of the muses? Having, therefore, an equal degree of leisure and curiosity, I was fixed to make farther in-
inqui-

inquiries; accordingly, the day following, I accepted the offer of an agreeable and intelligent companion, who proposed an excursion to the hills in the neighbourhood of Pontipool, which had been immemorially celebrated for the ancient and modern haunts of this tiny people. In this little tour the beauty of the day, and of the country, rich in whatever could gratify a traveller, I collected abundant living evidence that the *belief* in these small personages was solemn and general. "Those," said my associate, pointing to a chain of stupendous, and even Alpine hills to the left, "those, though I believe it not, are thought to be every night traversed by thousands of fairies; the centre part of the middle mountain is called their table, and on numberless green circles, which grow greener under their footsteps, they are said to revel." We entered with freedom several little picturesque cottages, scattered round these delicious hills and vales, and I perceived that on the subject of fairies, the creed of every peasant was the same: in every hut I found superstition had a seat: but I found that better, at least, more hospitable guests, were also the inmates: health, happiness, simplicity, industry, innocence, and paternal love. The heart-echoing kiss, which a labourer gave to his twelfth child, the nurseling, while six others were gathering round him, after a separation

only of a few hours, and while bread is all his utmost toil could work out of the mountains, was a sight that might have taught wisdom to a philosopher, envy to avarice, and humility to a monarch. It reached my very heart. It will not be remote from yours; but to move, to melt it, in the same degree; you must make a visit to the fairy mountains; and on such a day, amidst such scenery, have your mind *possessed* with such objects upon the spot where they grow.

It is singular, that there are particular places all over this country, where the malign influence of the fairy tribe has made the people look upon them as under a sort of spell. Thus if we put the collective accounts together, we shall perceive, that the fairy race are rather bad than good neighbours: for you will hardly meet with a Welch peasant who is not provided with some instances to their discredit, within his own knowledge. It is incredible to what lengths the malice of these sprites will go, if we are to believe the asseverations of the swains they live amongst: instead of being in good fellowship, as might be expected of well-disposed fairies, they take delight only in cheating and annoying them. There are several houses, particularly some antique halls, which are so ill-famed for being *haunted* by the faries, that the poorest persons

persons in the country would rather sleep unheltered, and

“ Bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,”

than have the finest apartments therein : I am certain they would not pass a single night in any of these *proscribed* places for the fee-simple of the estates thereunto belonging.

The outrages said to be committed nightly by the fairy generations, exceed the pranks of that order of young fellows, or old fellows with young follies, known by the spirited names of bucks and bloods ; and their thefts and depredations about the country, surpass those of the gypsy tribes : with this aggravation too, that there is no constable to take them up, nor any justice able to make them keep the peace, or commit them to the house of correction, or even bind them over to better behaviour. They are above all law, and of course, beyond the reach of an act of parliament ; which is certainly a great hardship on the Welch peasants, who, though over-run with them, and put nightly into bodily fear, can neither sue for trespass, nor recover damages, nor make them pay for an assault !

Their malicious devices would fill as many
folios

folios as Sir John Hill's Vegetable System, and their petty larcenies are as numerous. And these are not confined to the neighbourhood of Pontipool, but extend northward to the boundaries of the Principality. I heard of their naughty doings again, in Merionethshire, Caernarvon, and Anglesey; not only the firm belief in their existence extending to these places, but as thorough a conviction that they are, with very few exceptions, as arrant a pack of Little Pickles as any in the world, and a kitten with a cracker at its tail, or a bird with a string to its leg, is more likely to find rest in the hands of a parcel of school-boys than a poor swain or damsel in the clutches of an offended fairy.

It was impossible in these enquiries not to have often in mind the many beautiful descriptions of Shakspeare: and my old friends, Puck, Peaseblossom, and Robin Goodfellow, were frequently playing their waggeries in my fancy; but little did I suppose when I have been delighted with these personages, that there was a part of the world appertaining to my own country, where a countless number of really shrewd people believed as firmly in the existence and potency of these creations of superstition, as in that of their God.

I have

I have forborne the relation of a thousand sad and merry fairy tales, the result of my researches into this curious subject, because one is as good as a thousand; and that one you shall have here as a specimen of the rest,

In my way to England, I slept a night in the village of Festiniog, and being the only traveller then in the house, had the choice of the bed-chambers; I fixed upon that which I thought the most commodious, and after I had taken my solitary repast, was preparing to retire, when my landlady made her appearance, and said, that she could not answer it to her conscience to let me go to rest, without telling me that the apartment I had chosen, though the best in her house, had the misfortune to be troubled by the fairies; that had I been an ordinary stranger, she should not have mentioned it, but being recommended to her house by one of her best friends and customers, she felt it her duty to apprise me of the circumstance; after which I might do as I pleased. She concluded this awful intelligence, by informing me, she had soundly rated the chambermaid for her carelessness in shewing that apartment, the door of which was never opened but when the inn was full of company, and not another bed to be had.

Whether it proceeded from that queer propensity in human nature, to do what you are warned not to do, or from a spirit of resistance to these simplicities of faith, I do not know: I can only tell you, that my landlady's caution determined me not to profit by it. I thanked her, however, for the hint, and desired to be shewn to the haunted chamber, declaring to her, at the same time, that I had been so great an admirer of fairies, ever since I read one of our great Poet's account of them, that I was perfectly satisfied they would rather look on me as an old acquaintance than a stranger, and treat me as such: and furthermore, as it was excessive cold weather, if fifty, or an hundred of the little gentlefolks were disposed to pass the night with me, they would be extremely welcome to part of my bed, and I did not doubt but that, should this be the case, I should be able in the morning to give a very good account of my bed-fellows.

For that matter, Sir, said mine hostess, one of your great poet-men, and who was a lord into the bargain, took a fancy, likewise, to that very room, where he slept three nights, and past his days where you are now sitting, after clambering up and down the mountains for hours together.

Well,

Well, and did *he* make any complaints of the common disturbers of that chamber?

He was too mild and sweet-tempered a gentleman to make complaints about any thing; but on my asking, if he saw or heard more than he wished, or found his window thrown open, or any of his things tossed about the room, or any pattering of little feet, or, in short, any fairy work going forward? He shook his head, and said, it was almost impossible for a man, he saw plainly, to be in the most retired parts of the world, but he must be annoyed with busy bodies, and impertinents that would be asking questions, and forcing themselves, uncalled, into company. —This was pretty plain, I think, Sir.

I think so too, and will, therefore, go to bed landlady; for you have mentioned a reason, for my preference of that chamber, that out-weighs all the fairies of Merionethshire, were they every one, at this moment, making merry in my bed. The great poet you allude to was Lord Lyttleton: I know he was at Festiniog, and am glad to find that accident has conducted me to the same inn, and even into the same apartment. I have read what he wrote here.

Ay, he was always *scribbling*, poor dear gentleman,

tleman, when he was within doors, and when he was without, he ran up and down hills and dales in such a manner, though neither young nor strong, that folks, hereabouts, thought him a madman; but his *valet de sham* told us, he was only a poet, and was making a book about us Welch people, and our country: though what he could find here worth putting in a printed book, I cannot think; yet, he was quite beside himself with joy, and often told my husband, that we ought to think ourselves very happy, as we lived in Paradise; for that matter, we do not live amiss, considering a poor, lone place; we get fish and game of all sorts in plenty, and now and then, can shew a joint of meat with any body, as your honour shall see if you should like to stay with us as long as the Poet Lord.

Finding that the good woman had no other idea of Paradise than that we should there be sure of the best provisions, and choicest rarities for the palate,—which idea is, by the bye, to the full as refined as that of numberless inhabitants in polite cities,—I again bade her good night, and withdrew to the haunted chamber.

I declare to you, that the honest people who are terrified about these little fellows, yclept fairies, never more earnestly wished they might
be

be free from their visitations than I did for their appearance; at the same time, that I despaired of being honoured by this fairy-favour. Nevertheless, I was kept some hours from the least desire to sleep; the night was piercingly cold, but it was about the third quarter of the moon, whose frosty clearness, threw into the apartment, precisely that sort of elfin-light which these little personages are said to love; and certainly, if they have any human sensations about them, or are at all sensible to the change of seasons, on their tiny frames, which, by being so often seen in *propria persona*, must be occasionally corporeal, a snug birth in a warm bed-chamber would be preferable to any thing they could meet with on snowy mountains or in icy vallies. I had neither talked, nor thought myself into expectation or hope; yet whosoever follows up an enquiry of any kind, with undiminishing ardour of curiosity, will be less disposed to slumber than he whose investigations have attained their proposed end.

As I lay in this wakeful state, I ran over all the pretty things that have been said by our Poets on the fairy subject.

I repeated, aloud, several of the favourite passages from the beautiful poems of Parnell, in *his*

“Fairy Tale,” and in the “Ode to Indifference.” I invoked the sprites even by the Spirit of Shakspeare, which, I cannot but believe, has a potency far superior to their own. In this musing mood I remained till the peep of dawn, when it is admitted, that these children of darkness, like all others of that cast and character, *steal* off. I therefore, composed myself to a short sleep, after which, I rose with an intention to prosecute my journey.

The very moment I got down stairs, my landlady took notice that I looked very poorly, “and no wonder,” said she, “I was sure your honour could not sleep, for all your *braggadossia*; I heard you, Sir, talk to the fairies for half an hour together; our rooms are parted only by a thin boarded partition. I warrant you had your room full of them: don’t deny it, Sir, because I heard you speak to them as plain, and, indeed, louder than I now hear myself: nay, if it had not been for fear, I would have come and knocked at your door, for they cannot bear to be surpris’d at any of their tricks.”

It seems I had been taken in the fact of reciting the verses, which my landlady interpreted into addressees to the fairies; for as to repeating at such a time of night, and in such a chamber,
for

for my own diversion, it could neither enter voluntarily, nor be driven coercively, into her head, without admitting at the same moment the most thorough conviction of my insanity. Besides this, there is something so unwelcome in combating any notion a person has taken up and is pleased with, that I contented myself with leaving the matter open to the good woman's interpretation, by saying, in the words of Beatrice: "I confess nothing, and I deny nothing." It was therefore taken for granted, that I had not only seen, but discoursed with the fairies all night; that I had intreated them to be civil; that I had begged pardon for not before having faith in them; and that, if they would spare me only that once, I promised to build a temple for them, to kiss their "tiny footsteps, and to worship them for ever." To this effect did mine hostess construe the different recitations; many of which, you, who are versant in all that our great bard, and the minor poets, have sung or said on the subject, will recollect to be applicable to the occasion, particularly the following passages:

"Ye Elfin sprites,

"Come now a roundel and a fairy song,

"Come sing me now asleep, then let me rest."

This, my landlady said, was begging what
VOL. I. L they

they never granted, for they always broke people's rest when they got into their bed-chambers.

After I had laid about an hour, without any visitant, I invoked Queen Mab herself, and in language which, had she been within hearing, she must have answered in person, or been looked on as a fairy of no taste or genius :

- “ Thou art (I know) a spirit of no common rate,
- “ Thou canst give fairies to attend me strait ;
- “ Canst bid them fetch me jewels from the deep,
- “ And sing, while I on pressed flowers do sleep.
- “ Hop in my walks, and gambol in my eyes ;
- “ Feed me with apricots and dewberries.
- “ With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries :
- “ Steal for me honeybags from humble bees ;
- “ For my night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
- “ And light them at the fiery glow-worms' eyes,
- “ And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
- “ To fan the moonbeams from my sleeping eyes.”

Yes, yes, quoth mine hostess, I heard you begging and praying them to fetch you fruit and honey, but the deuce a grape or morsel even of bees-wax you get from them. You soon was of that opinion too, your honour, I fancy, for you gave them their true character soon after. I judge she interpreted the malign properties attributed to them by our great bard in the subsequent lines, which, I remember, I repeated with a sort of malicious energy, as if filled with their
subject,

subject, I felt myself piqued at their refusing to pay me a visit. We know a thing is not very little likely to happen, and yet we work up our wishes to a warmth so fairy-like, as to be frequently displeased and disappointed that it does not. Who has not found this unreasonable folly in himself?

What! will none of you appear ye little tormentors, cried I, in my soliloquising way?

“ This must be the spite,

“ Or I mistake, of that shrewd knavish sprite,

“ Call'd Robin Goodfellow,

“ That frights the maidens of the villagery,

“ Skims milk, and sometimes labours in the quern,

“ And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn,

“ And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm,

“ Mislead night-wanderers laughing at their harm.”

I have heard of your pranks, my little masters, continued I, and presume you are upon some now. Each mischievously employed, I warrant you:

“ Some to kill cankers in the musk rosebuds

“ Or war with rear-mice for their leathern wings

“ To make them coats!

And as for you, Master Puck,

“ Up and down then up and down,

“ You are fear'd in field and town:

" Over hill, over dale,
 " Through bush, through briar,
 " Over park, over pale;
 " Through flood, through fire,
 " You do wander every where;
 " Swifter than the moon's sphere,
 " You do serve the fairy queen,
 " To dew her orbs upon the green."

Nay, I have heard you boast you could

" Put a girdle round about the earth
 " In forty minutes.

My landlady told me they were capable of taking all shapes; but she gave into the common notion of their tripping off, at day-break. On her asking my opinion of this very gravely, I with no less solemnity pretended to believe it in the general, but that a very great Poet in my country, greater than her friend, Lord Lyttleton, and who had a mighty veneration for all these little persons, declared, that although many of them

" Wilfully exile themselves from light,
 " For fear that day should look their shames upon;
 " Yet there are spirits of another sort,
 " Who with the morning light have oft made sport;
 " Who, like a forester, the groves may tread,
 " Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
 " Opening on Neptune, with far blessing beams,
 " Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams."

Your

Your fine poet-men seldom speak so as a poor body can understand them, said the good woman; all I know is, our Welch fairies are seen only at night; but I am glad you believe in them or they would do you an ill turn before you get home. Now, though I had as much belief in the wall and moonshine of Pyramus and Thisbe, I pretended my faith was fixed: I was a convert.

By way of present comfort and future security, however, mine hostess promised me, on my expressing a design to pass another night under her roof, to put me into the yellow room, to which, she assured me, the little tormentors had a particular objection. Determined to humour the jest, I affected to be highly satisfied with this, and she then told me the story of a neighbour who had lost a chest of drawers, and several other pieces of furniture, which were found, after many days, above a league off upon one of the enormous druidical stones, as at the top of an high mountain; where, added she, not an hundred men could drag it; and that, therefore, it must be *sprighted* away by fairies. Upon my shewing tokens of surprise, that these miserable Lilliputians should be more powerful than an hundred men, my landlady informed me that it was all done by magick, and that they had been

known to move trees, and carry away men and horses out of their warm beds, and set them fast in the middle of a quagmire, or drop them on a bare heath merely by charming! As I wished to see a little more of this fairy land than was to be discovered through the windows of my inn, I ended the conversation, by observing to my hostess, that this was carrying the slight of hand to a wonderful perfection indeed; and it would be highly worth while for Messrs. Jonas, Breslaw, and the other *Presto-pass* gentlemen, who *live by enchanting*, to come and make a few improvements in the art of magick, or “delicate deceptions,” as they have been called by the *professors* in conjuration.

Such a fall of snow had happened in the night, in addition to what was on the ground before, that though the sun did the best that it could for me at that season of the year, neither my old horse, nor his master, were disposed to proceed that day any farther, at least together; so I made a tour of the mountains and vallies on foot; vehemently refusing all offers of a guide, whom in a ramble of this kind I have all my life considered as an insupportable interruption; for it is amongst my supreme pleasures to find out the wonders and beauties of Nature with my own eyes, to reason about them with my own understanding,

standing, and to extract all the knowledge they are able to give me out of themselves, before I ask other people; who officiously tell you every thing before you come to it; and then, it is ten to one, but their account of the fact and the fact itself, is at least as wide from each other, as would have been my own unassisted conjecture; besides that it deprives me of the *pleasures* of conjecture, which are—to an inquisitive mind, that is, to a mind that likes to answer its own questions,—always something. Moreover, I have found these common-place historians of the village, or country, to be not a whit more useful, though full as learned as those biographers in great cities, appointed to explain the wonders of St. Paul's in London, or St. Peter's at Rome; their explanations being nearly as illustrative of the objects, as the elaborate commentators on the text of Shakspeare, or the Holy Bible. The volumes of Nature and Religion, my friend, rarely require any of these darkling elucidations; for both are so simple, and so intelligible, that in general, he that runs may read and understand them; and, wherever there are difficulties in either, they are usually made worse and more intricate, by bungling guides, who confound confusion. For all these reasons I perambulated the environs of Festiniog alone, and thus added another instance of my obstinate adherence to my

own plans, which produced a portentous shake of my landlady's head.

Just as I was going out of the door, she hinted that the young peasant she designed to accompany me, was thought a good *scholar*, and could talk English by the hour together. Had it been possible for my former resolution of being a solitary, to have received any accessions of strength, this intelligence would have the more determined me; for the affectation of science, amongst common people, produces such insufferable jargon, that it is even more nauseating, than the pomposity of pedantry itself. Had the guide only spoken Welch, or been gifted with absolute silence, he might have had his use, just to keep me from two or three pitfalls into which I tumbled head over heels in the course of my walk, the snow having treacherously covered their surfaces. But to escape these little casualties, at the expence of having one's ears assailed by a *good scholar*, while the stupendous works of Nature were inrolled in volumes before me by the Divine Author;—unfalsified volumes that reached almost to the skies—would have been blasphemy. For never, surely, in any part of his *creation* did the *Creator* display himself with more awful magnificence, with more astonishing grandeur, than in

in the precincts of the little village of Festiniog on the day that I made my survey of it.

This, you are already apprised is the place, the Summer dress of which Lord Lyttleton so agreeably describes. He tells us, that at the time he visited it, it was in the perfection of beauty. "From the height of this Merionethshire village, which is the most lovely one my eyes ever beheld, you have," says his Lordship, "a view of the sea; the hills are green, and well shaded with wood: there is a delightful rivulet which winds through the bottom, on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields, on the declivities of the immense mountains; at each end are mountains still higher, which seem placed there by nature to guard this charming retreat against any invaders. With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one may pass an age there and think it a day. If one has a mind to live long, and renew his youth, let him come and settle at Festiniog. Not long ago, there died there an honest Welch farmer, who was an hundred and five years of age; by his first wife he had thirty children, ten by his second, and four by his third; his youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest; and eight hundred

6 persons,

persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral."

My second visit to this happy vale in the spring, justified the above luxurious account. Its aspect, when covered with snow, gave to the respective objects, a sublimity, which *cannot* be done justice to, but by the memories of those who have seen a country abounding with aspiring mountains and humble glens, and every other grand irregularity of Nature, under the domination of frost and snow. These, in flat countries, present nothing but one uniform, uninteresting waste: amidst the mountains there is the cataract, which resists the powers of ice; the variety of ground, that throws even the ice itself, and the snow, into a thousand fantastick forms; the hardy peasants that brave the weather in a manner utterly unknown to southern regions; the adventurous animals, that, impelled alike by the element and their appetite, dig the shrub on the points of the rocks, hunt for the perished herb through mountains of snow piled on mountains of earth, and an infinity of objects there only to be observed.

Full of this kind of imagery I past several hours of the coldest day; but therewithal the brightest

brightest of winter. The snow had drizzled for about half an hour, but more radiant sunshine succeeded; yet the frost was so much stronger than the thaw, that the flakes encrusted on my hat and cloaths as they fell, and I was as complete an icicle on my return to the inn as any of the surrounding objects.

The surrounding objects, indeed, on my return were in perfect contrast to those without doors. The whole peasantry of the village of Festiniog appeared to be got into the publick house, where the blazing hearth and vacant hilarity set frost and snow at defiance. These happy groups are very frequent in North Wales, and particularly in those seasons when the rigorous elements drive men more upon their internal resources. This, indeed, was an extraordinary occasion. The Member for Merioneth, in which county stands this sweet village, had given a fat sheep, and a barrel of home-brewed to the poor of every parish within his district to counteract the inclemency of the frost; and this animal was roasting whole in the kitchen, while the guests, in blisful expectation, were gathered together in a room adjoining. All that could beat an alarm to appetite, or give to appetite gratified its most perfect tranquillity, was at work: an harper played the Triumph of Wales

in

in one corner, a poet sung his own compositions, in imitation of the ancient bards, in the other, several Welch damsels joined in chorus; the first foaming jug of ale was drank off to the founder of the feast; the snow fell fast, and was drifted on the windows, and the warmth of heart that reigned within, when the roasted sheep made its appearance, was more than enough to baffle the rigour of a December in Siberia.

You know enough of my disposition to be certain I mixed in these jovial doings with all my heart. Without staying to be asked, I saw that I was welcome. I was in a land of hospitality; and had I not been so, the company were, at the moment, too replete with festivity to be churlish to a stranger. Could one enter the house of a miser while he was enjoying himself on the bounty of a friend, he could scarcely shut his heart to one that wished to be happy also. Happiness is naturally benevolent: and as the poor in their hours of relaxation are, perhaps, the happiest of the happy, so are they, when they have any thing to give, the most bountiful of the generous. Many of these will—I have known them to do it—share their last shilling; their last meal, with a good will, as fervent an urbanity, and as courteous, as if they were

were only dividing with you the superfluities of their ordinary table. The poor of Wales are, on all festive occasions, the kindest of the liberal. "I ate, drank, and was merry," and in process of the evening, every gambol that health, innocence, rusticity, and good fellowship, let loose from toil, could devise, took its round. Since the days of Cadwallader, to those of the present Prince of Wales; there never was seen a more comfortable set of human creatures on a more stormy night, through which many of them had to seek their way to their habitations, in the different huts that were scattered on the mountains, or in the valley. But this idea did not break in upon the present moments, which were devoted to joys, that, in sweet oblivion, absorbed the future. You remember the winter evening of the English peasants, described by Thomson: It was now realized in Wales. The charming lines came to my memory as I sat at the festival; and they again recur at this instant: they are at the end of my pen. You would not forgive me for driving them back: Here then let them flow on the paper:

- " Meantime the village rouses up the fire :
- " While well attested, and as well believ'd,
- " Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-story round :
- " The rural gambol and the rustick mirth ;

" The

- " The simple-joke, that takes the shepherd's heart,
 " Easily pleas'd ; the long, loud laugh, sincere ;
 " The kiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
 " On purpose guardless, or pretended sleep :
 " The leap, the flap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 " Of native musick, the respondent dance.
 " Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night."

After this harmless merry-making, which was certainly as pastoral, as if it had been the Arcadia of primitive times, each departed to his home, and were so effectually fenced within, by hilarity and good cheer, against all annoyance from without, that, I suspect it was neither in the power of frost, snow, or superstition, to chill them.

I do not know the time when I passed an evening more to my satisfaction ; nor when I crowned the night with more quiet rest, in despite of fairies and fairy tales. May yours, my friend, this and every night, be as undisturbed, and preceded by as pleasant days !

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

IF we examine Lord Lyttleton's description of Festiniog, shall we not think him a little unreasonable ? and, in one or two passages, not quite

quite correct as to sentiment? "With the woman one loves, the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, there is surely scarce a man in the world, whose mind is fitted to relish them, but would convert Arabia Infelix into a Paradise. There needs no such happy vales as that of Festiniog, to render a person so environed with heart-felt resources, more than content. I argue that even in absence of these, at least the last article, many a year might pass without a weary moment. No. I renounce the thought in the very instant that I have expressed it. I feel, that if the study of books might be dispensed with, the social, bosom joys which the two other sources afford, may not be given up." His Lordship is in the right. The charm of seeing others happy, and being one of the party, made me for a little while forget that the best part of their felicity proceeds from domestick happiness. The men were surrounded by their families; and such as were not, I remember, had less jocund countenances, and seemed "maimed of half their joys." On finding that the snow continued to fall violently, had you seen how the mothers folded up their little ones, and how the fathers forced their great coats on the shoulders of their mothers, and almost stripped themselves to fortify their wives and loves against the cold; in particular,

had

had you observed, as I did, how a young fellow, after putting the handkerchief that tied his own neck, on that of a lass whom he loved, carried her in his arms to the merriment of the whole company, and desiring every man to do as he did, while in a frolick, betwixt the tenderness and glee of their hearts, they set off with the women in the same manner, the mountains reverberating with the "long, loud laugh, sincere," you would have stood at the door as long as I did, and have been as little sensible of the cold.

Ah! my friend, there is nothing to be long enjoyed in the absence of those who are dear to us!—I feel that I am renewing the happiness of the scenes I have been pleased with in my journeyings, by describing them in correspondence to you and other of my friends: nay, I felt, while they were passing before me, that I should again take delight in them, when I prepared them for the post; and I have often amused myself with thinking as I rode by a beautiful prospect, met with agreeable people, or gave way to the emanations of a tender disposition, how strongly will I point, and recommend all these to the friends of my heart!

Pr'ythee, tell me, does absence soften the
memory

memory of injuries received? Does it take off the edge of that indignation we naturally feel for those who have used us ungratefully? I have left behind me, now some hundred miles, more than a few persons, the recency of whose unkind thoughts and practices towards me ought to prevent my ceasing to think of them; I do not cease to think; but I think of them every day with less asperity. My sense of their injustice is the same: perhaps it is the more impressive the oftener it is reflected upon; but there is something in my nature either so excessively tender or weak, that, without affectation, I assure you, if, in the particular conduct of an avowed enemy,—one, for instance, who has said and done all that an enemy can or dare do and say,—there is, on my recollection, a single trait of good-will or good-nature shewn to me prior to the date of his enmity, and I have a memory very faithful and retentive to kindness, I fasten upon *that* trait as a sort of resource from the *pain* of thinking on the general tenour of his behaviour. Nay, if I have ever passed any happy days or hours in the society of those who have afterwards made me pass many comfortless or bitter ones, it is not easy to express how I feel within me a propensity to sink the memory of the latter, and take refuge in the former. This, I have reason to believe, hath not a relish of be-

nevolence in it, because my ideas of the ill-treatment I may have received are unaltered; of course, the persons of such as have occasioned it, are no less irksome to thought: but it is a great relief to me, from that very misery of dwelling on the dark side of human nature, where there is but a ray of light to turn it on the other. For this reason, though it is a selfish one, perhaps, I am hourly more convinced, that I am not made for long resentments: for to you and to God, I declare that, though I have not parted many years from some who, I have too many inducements to think, seek to do me an ill-turn, for no other cause that I can recollect, but that they have injured me too greatly ever to forgive me; I cannot pay them in kind, by meditating ill-will, or even ill wishes. And though, as I observed above, there is neither "the milk of human kindness," nor any other softening quality in all this, but to get rid of the uneasy sensations that accompany even a just revenge, or the contemplations which lead to and prepare it, it is at least so far a greater felicity in tempera-
ture than the bias which disposes a man to brood over his wrongs, and lie in wait, as some minds have shewn a power of doing for months, years, half a long life, till opportunity gives effect to accumulated vengeance. To obtain, at the end of only one year, the most compleat revenge
over

over those most injurious, I would not exchange this constitutional gift of tenderness, self-love, or whatever you think fit to denominate this capacity, of preferring pleasant to disagreeable reflections.

I would claim a much greater degree of merit from the eternally unfading freshness with which I remember my absent *friends*, did not their virtues, talents, or kindness to me, preclude all sort of merit even on that subject, and make that remembrance a simple act of justice. But I may at least say, that my memory of them is green and immortal as the laurel, and triumphs over absence, adversity, and even over the more oblivious power that often attends on prosperity. The deliberate traveller must either be worthless himself, or associate only with those of that description, if in his route he does not find some who have demands on his admiration for their genius, on his pity for their misfortunes, or on his friendship for their good offices. Of all these I have had my share; but, believe me, none have, or ever can have, power to impair the sentiment with which I retain every impression due to those from whom I am separated. My "untraveller'd heart" turns to them even when silence has been construed into neglect, and I appear to have forgotten them. Each of

them comes to my memory with a fondness which often makes my heart ache, that human life, and its contingencies, permit not the power of giving as frequent expression to kind wishes as they are felt and excited. In years of greater leisure and fuller health, the delights of correspondence more than compensated for the quantity of time employed in sustaining it. I neither seemed nor desired to have any other employment than to receive and reply to the letters of my friends. Every post brought me the continued history of their joys and sorrows; and I gave mine in return with an ardour that doubled the former, and took from the latter at least half their stings. But, alas! the wants of health, of time, or of happiness,

“ Check’d the genial current of the *pen*,”

which is an instrument of the “soul.” Deep, heavy, and incessant too, are the taxes which certain incidents of life levy upon us. Many of these may make us sacrifice the sweetest occupations of the heart on the altar of more severe exercises; but never have the *most* violent of these extinguished one spark of that tenderness I bear to those from whom I am divided; and every hour proves to me, that I recollect the virtues, the talents, and endearments of old friends, as affectionately as if this maturity of
my

my life was engaged, like its earlier youth, only in the exchanges of personal or epistolary professions. Ah! could my powers keep any pace with, or bear any proportion to, my inclinations on this subject, a correspondence, regular as that I keep up with you, my friend, should attempt the amusement of every other whom I love. If by my silence, I am suffering in the opinion of any on the idea of that silence being induced by motives less cogent than that deprivation of health, leisure, and spirits, which make such frequent breaks in the lettered intercourse I carry on with you, my loved friend, and a very few others, could they look into my soul at this moment, could they enter into its thoughts almost every moment of every day, they would not simply acquit me of raising new friendships on the ruins of the old, but confess, that I reflected on their merits as warmly, and on their failings—when I thought on *them* at all—as candidly, as in the most glossy seasons, of attachment.

How have I rambled into these selfish developments? Must I needs call them by so harsh a name? In absence many delicate apprehensions assail us. The very physician that recommended the exercises of my pen set very unsocial bounds to them; for he knew, that the very

posture of writing was, if long continued, pernicious to that inveterate pain and malady in my breast, which has so incessantly vexed me. It stops the progress of my publick engagements; it continnes to limit my private communications; and though my mind and body are relieved when I can in any measure surmount these bosom evils, and I am daily *gleaning* a little more of health as I go along,—I am never so churlish as to keep an unbroken hour to myself, but invariably devote the best part of it to you and to others whom I appreciate; and, in the seasons that I cannot do this, I at least *think* kindly of you.

Accept then these pages of self-defence; for I know that the spirit of accusation has gone forth against me on the article of correspondence: and if any thing could induce me to believe your welcome flatteries as to the merit of these letters, I should derive the greatest joy from the hope, that, if I adopt the proposal you have made of publishing them, I might acquire a sensible gratification by uniting publick with private favour.

Forgive me, and return with me to Festiniog; or rather to my Lord Lyttleton's description of its attractions: amongst which he seems to reckon *longevity*. I fear, however, this is a
com-

complaisance he was disposed to shew the country. Those who have long lived in towns, assume the ideas and feelings of a poet, happy though but for a few weeks or days, to forget that they are men of the world. Country church-yards are amongst the objects most travellers visit transiently; and when we have tasted the rural breeze, luxuriated in its prospects, and been freshened by a change of air and objects, we naturally enough conclude that we have left the abodes of disease, langour, and untimely old age; and have, at length, found the regions of perpetual health, and of life equally happy and long. From experience, nevertheless, of the fallacy of supposing our "days of nature" are more in number when past in the shade, than amidst the "hum of men." I have regretted, I know not how often, that in this case, as in many others, truth and poesy are so much at variance.

I usually pass an hour amidst the mansions of the dead, in every town or village at which I pause; and I am, you know, a pausing traveller; I always have been such; but if graves and tomb-stones are to be considered as the faithful registers of their respective parishes, and, I believe, they are to be pretty much depended upon, for all our little vanities are there useless,

and even the buried beauty there confesses her age—the village annals will, I believe, have little to boast of the antidote of zephyrs, or the anodyne of wholesome labour, after undisturbed repose. I have more than once had the curiosity, in this country and in others, both at home and abroad, to compare the dates of life and death, as they are stated in the burial grounds; and if I have sometimes been inclined to think the country church-yard, on a calculation of equal inhabitants, the repository of fewer young, and of more advanced old age, I have on the general average found, that the assertion of a celebrated tourist on this subject is founded in fact. It is commonly supposed, he says, that life is longer where there are fewer opportunities of luxury; but a cottager grows old over his oaten cakes, like a citizen at his turtle feast. A poor man is, indeed, seldom incommoded by corpulence. Poverty preserves him from sinking under the burthen of himself, but he escapes no other injury from time. Instances of long life are often related, which those who hear them, are more willing to credit than examine. To be told, that any man has attained an hundred years, as in the case Lord Lyttleton has related, gives hope and comfort to him who stands trembling on the brink of his own climacterick. Length of life is, indeed,
distributed

distributed impartially to very different modes of life, in very different climates; and the mountains have no greater instances of age and health than the low-lands; nor can villages, and small towns, produce more examples than great cities, on a comparative average. Even in the village-receptacle of the dead at *Festiniog*, the infant, the youth, the mature-man, and the veteran, lie mixing their ashes together; and the instance which his Lordship has recorded, is amongst the very few, who have materially exceeded the human span.

But in this little country there live those, whom for the sake of human kind, a benevolent traveller could not but wish might continue in the world, till the world itself should be no more. The snow-clad mountains of Cambria, my friend, have not affrighted the spirit of philanthropy from visiting their inhabitants; nor has the thick-ribb'd ice, that sometimes places an impassable gulph betwixt a man and his neighbour,

“Frozen the genial current of their souls.”

The torrid zone boasts not more glowing hearts, nor more animated natures. It would be an heresy committed against the beauties of the creation, to leave Wales without visiting the

several delicious domains that appertain to my Lord Powis and his family; especially that part which is *emparadised* by Lord and Lady Clive. I make free with that word, as most expressive of the fact: for the two noble persons last mentioned, have literally raised a paradise around them. But though you will see wood, water, hill, and dale, mansion-houses and cottages, in the most enviable abundance, all these are but secondary to another kind of beauty, which is here to be seen in perfection. Were you, for example, to make a circuit of the towns and villages adjacent to the seat of Lord and Lady Clive, and enter every house where either industry, indigence, sickness, sorrow, or misfortune, had entered before you, you would hear the voice, or see the tear and smile of gratitude pouring forth the heart-felt praises of this noble pair. I know not when I have past a more delightful hour, than that which I spent on the road from Okely Park to Welch Pool. My eyes were gratified with every grace of nature and art in vegetable beauty; my ears were regaled, yet more voluptuously, with a number of village annals that have made me think more highly of human nature ever since.

I encountered one of Lord Clive's neighbours, and here follow, *verbatim*, the answers

he gave to my enquiries. You are just to premise, that we are jogging on in a very neighbourly way, through his lordship's park, on a fine day, and in the finest month of the year; and that having conversed sufficiently on the only acquaintance-making topick which renders strangers companionable—namely, the weather—we struck into other subjects, drawn, principally, like most conversations on the road, from the surrounding objects.

“ Yes, Sir,” cried my associate, in answer to a remark I had made on the beauty of the park through which we were, as I said, taking our way, “ It is full of good ground, has some thousand pounds worth of good timber, a brave herd of deer, and game in abundance. All these to be sure are good things, but the folks to whom they belong are better than all of them. I am not a prejudiced person, never wanting a favour of lord or lady. I never received one, but from my own industry, since I was born: I therefore may speak.”

No doubt you are an independent man. “ As an independent man then I inform you, that when either the lady or the lord, to whom this domain belongs, leaves this world, all the hearts within a score of miles round them
“ ought

“ ought to break for it. As for my lady, it
“ would comfort your soul, and make it better,
“ if it wants mending—begging your pardon—
“ to see so fine, so pretty, and so good a creature
“ go her rounds of loving-kindness, sometimes
“ on foot, sometimes on horseback, and stop-
“ ping at every hut and cottage, attended by all
“ her children, by way of making them take after
“ her.”

And what is the end of those circuits? “ No-
“ thing on earth but to make the poor rich, the
“ sick well, and the sad merry. I have often
“ thought—God pardon me—when I have beheld
“ her ladyship, and four or five of her young
“ ones open the door of a miserable dwelling,
“ which some of your great folks would not
“ deign to look at, that it was more like an angel
“ from heaven, and some little children, who,
“ dying innocent, became cherubims, than human
“ creatures.—Then they are as affable as if the
“ poor things they make comfortable were their
“ equals; and, in short, instead of spending their
“ time at a looking-glass, as thousands do, who
“ have not half such handsome faces to look at, or
“ their substance in the follies of the age, they
“ may fairly be said to keep a kitchen, cellar, and
“ warehouse, well stored with good things for those
“ that want them.”

That

That is strange indeed : for commonly speaking, to *want* the comforts which a fine house can supply, is the only objection, my good friend, for with-holding them : for which reason, I presume, it is that the very knockers on the outside of the doors of great men's houses, are held by the iron-headed lion, tiger, or some other beast of prey ; and that even if a poor visitor is so forely impelled by necessity, as to brave this emblem of severity *without*, and having the hardiness to knock, should thereby gain admittance *within*, he has generally to encounter another beast of prey in office, whose orders are, to suffer those only to gain entrance, or at least to pass, who bring no wants but those of which they can pay for the gratification : Nay, our town refinements are carried yet higher ; for, as if neither the iron nor brazen-headed monster before the door nor the Cerberus behind it, were sufficient guards to repel the sighings of the sorrowful, or the cries of the indigent, the very history of a man's grievances, either of mind, body, or estate, are forbidden to obtrude themselves on the nerves and feelings of the great personages who inhabit these great houses ; and if a letter is not fashionably folded up, superscribed in a style of fashionable illegibility, and impressed with arms that certify the writer to be a petitioner for nothing but what he can purchase by
some

some commodity equivalent to that he receives, whether of courtesy or commerce; the letter is thrown out of doors, or referred to a reader of all papers suspected to be filled with the complaints of those poor devils who throw themselves on the barren soil of a great man's humanity. All such papers being found guilty of containing tales of distress, and petitionary representations of calamities of any kind, are condemned to lie on the inspector's desk, or to be given up to the derision of the domesticks, who fatten in the servants' hall: but on pain of losing their places, these pauper appeals, and mendicant manuscripts, are kept from the master and mistress of the mansion, who cannot have their delicate sensibilities shocked by the miseries of their fellow-creatures; and imagine, that when they subscribe to the publick hospitals, in whose tell-tale books the names of the contributors are pompously and ostentatiously inserted, they have fulfilled the whole duty of great men and great women.

“ The great people I have been speaking of,” continued my companion, “ are not of that description. I remember a passage in one of the Spectators, the only books, except the Bible and Common Prayer, I ever read, or ever shall read, that just suits them; and as I got
“ it

“ it by heart, when I was first struck with its
“ force, I will repeat it to you—‘ If they have
“ not the pomp of a numerous train, they have
“ every day they live the consciousness that the
“ widow, the fatherless, the mourner and the
“ stranger, bless them in their prayers : they give
“ up the compliments which people of their own
“ condition could make to them, for the plea-
“ sures of helping the afflicted, supplying the
“ needy, and befriending the neglected. Thus,
“ keeping still to themselves more than they
“ want, they give a vast refuse of their super-
“ fluities to purchase heaven, and by freeing
“ others from the temptation of worldly want,
“ carry a retinue with them thither.’—I could
“ employ twice the time it would take us in
“ getting to Welch Pool, were I to tell you of
“ one third of the good things that I know to
“ have been done by this noble family. They
“ apprentice out the orphans, give portions to
“ young women in marriage, grant annuities to
“ the widows, put their old servants into farms
“ on their own estate, and, though, too often
“ imposed on are still as bountiful as if they
“ had never met with an ungrateful person.”

There was something in the *manner* of this
my fellow-traveller, so illustrative of the *matter*,
that both at once co-operating on my heart,
brought

brought tears into my eyes; which being perceived, and the cause mistaken, the honest historian of the place caught hold of my horse's bridle with one hand, and of my arm with the other, exclaiming,—“ Perhaps you one way or
“ other stand in need of the help of this noble
“ couple, for there are decayed gentlemen as
“ well as decayed tradesmen; and if it be so, I
“ should be very sorry that Lord and Lady C.
“ are both from home at this time on a visit to
“ Lord P. I say, I should be very sorry for this,
“ had I not a tolerable good house in the neigh-
“ bourhood on t'other side Pool, where you
“ may wait the family's return, which is ex-
“ pected on Saturday.”

The influence of a good great man's hospitality is more extensive than we imagine, and it is in general a sufficient motive of virtue, that it makes others emulous to “do likewise.” Had time and circumstances permitted, I would have humoured this honest man's misconception and gone home with him. As it happened, I could only very truly assure him, the tears he observed on my cheek were those of pleasure; and that, though I was now constrained to take a different road, if ever I again met him in the journey of life, that pleasure would be increased, and in the mean time I had a new source of most agree-
able

able reflections, for which I should bear an hearty good-will to all the inhabitants of Okely Park, and its environs, while I had a being.

Soon after this, he turned up a bye lane, which my companion said would take him a short cut across the country to his house, which, as it did not suit me to make a stop at now, would be equally at my service another time.

In the direct road, I had about three miles to Pool, from the place at which we parted, and though the scenery merits all that travellers have said of it, even to the luxuriant description which Lord Lyttleton has given of Powis Castle, which is the fore-ground object under your eye all the way; I looked at it *then*, almost without seeing it, my mind's eye being employed on what excels in loveliness all the castles and prospects of the earth—a good heart engaging itself in acts of gentleness and mercy *for the sake of goodness*. A single deed described by my travelling companion, in the daily benevolence of Okely Park, is sufficient to overset the selfish systems of Rochfaucault, Mandeville, and all the herd of Satirists on Human Nature, that ever sordidly narrowed its fair proportions; for after all they can say, Pope is right, when he insists that self-love and social are the same. Is

not the pleasure you will receive, even from the simple recital of so much real virtue, purely benevolent? Is not the gratification I feel in writing it a spirit of benevolence also? and if either of us, in the course of our day, shall have added but a mite to the ease, accommodation, or comfort of any one mortal, of even any one animal, to which we have the power of doing good, will it not strew upon our pillows those roses which shall sweeten our repose, and prove to us, that it is not for our own sakes *alone*, that we have “done that which we ought to have done?” But I need not press this argument in defence of the motives of benevolence, on you, my dear friend, whose whole life is a refutation of every attack that has ever yet been made on the *principle* that governs the social virtues. Long, very long, may it continue to you a source of happiness! Adieu.

N. B. Whenever you visit Welch-Pool, you will be called upon by Nature herself to visit Powis Castle which is in its vicinity. The noble owner being now frequently the inhabitant, and having laid out in improvements, more than the three thousand pounds which my Lord Lyttleton considered as necessary to making it one of the most august places in the kingdom; it commands the admiration of every traveller,
and

and justifies the poetical language in which it has been justly celebrated. It stands on the side of a very high hill; below lies a vale of incomparable beauty, with the Severn winding through it, and the town of Welch-Pool, terminated with sublime mountains: the opposite side is beautifully cultivated half way up, and green to the top, except in one or two hills, whose summits are rocky, and of grotesque shapes, that give variety and spirit to the prospect. Above the castle is a long ridge of hills finely shaded, part of which is a park; and still higher is the terrace, up to which you are led through very fine lawns, from whence there is a view that exceeds all description.

It will not give a bad finishing to this faithful, though glowing picture, to understand that Lady Clive and the Earl of Powis, are of the same family, and not more nearly allied in blood than by their virtues.—As you survey Powis Castle you will think of this, and feel every beauty of the place expand on your heart from the recollection.

L E T T E R XIII.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR affections are touched: you tell me that you cannot pay due homage to the parks and castles I have described just at present, but that you would take a pilgrimage at Okely bare-foot, and that you would do so were Okely in the deserts of Arabia, to offer the incense of a throbbing heart to the Lord and Lady of the domain. You even bid me give you a post's respite from description, adding, that your heart is brimful, and feels a bliss, edging upon pain from its excess. I have obeyed you. Four posts have past by, during which you have been delivered up to the undisturbed enjoyment of your feelings. Your letter of yesterday breaks the truce I had made with your heart by requesting me to proceed.—Still in conformity to your wishes, I will go on; but as you say your mind is even yet more open to the charms of philanthropy, than accounts of fine scenery, in which are to be seen only the charms of nature, this is the moment, as it is the place, to offer you a little history, which I have often intended to fix upon paper, and which deserves for its intrinsic worth to be engraven by the registering angel, on leaves of adamant.

adamant. But in the very outset I have acted unskilfully, for I have roused your expectation, and wound up your curiosity before-hand, instead of taking them by surprize, and thereby have rendered the gratification more difficult. Your heart is prepared for its impression, and to anticipate an emotion is to weaken it. As an author, I have done wrong: as a man you will pardon me. I felt the force of the facts I was about to dilate too sensibly to be upon my guard. My affections were too much warmed to think of taking your's captive, by any stratagems of cold dexterity. To write my letter over again, would injure the glow that is now animating my bosom, and would be an artifice, something like practising on your sensibility. Accept then the story, just as it rises from my heart to my pen, and without considering how much a more adroit arrangement of the incident might have moved you, take it as an instance of my love for you, that I stand not upon the ceremonies of composition, but give you my correspondence—"warm " from my heart, and faithful to its fires." I have only further to premise, that every sentence of the ensuing scenes, records an unadorned, unassisted truth, and that the only injury they can suffer will be from the defects of the relation:

A merchant of considerable eminence in London

don was reduced to the situation of poor Bassanio, and from precisely the same run of ill-luck in his sea-adventures:

“ The dangerous rocks,
“ Touching his gentle vessel's side
“ Had scatter'd all his spices on the stream,
“ Enrob'd the roaring waters with his silks,
“ And not one vessel 'scaped the dreadful touch,
“ Of merchant-marring rocks.”

To these miscarriages abroad were added similar calamities at home. Several great houses broke in his debt, and with the wrecks of his fortune, gathered together, he left the metropolis, and took refuge in the mountains of Montgomeryshire. A little girl, then but nine years of age, his only surviving child, was the sole companion of his retreat, and smiled away his misfortunes. The care of her education was his most certain relief from the corroding reflections of the past; and the certainty of her possessing at his death sufficient to prevent a good mind from the horrors of dependence, softened his thoughts of the future; the present was filled up with the delights of seeing her ambition yet humbler than her fortunes, and literally bounded by the objects that surrounded her. To tend the flowers she had set with her own hand, to nurse the shrubs she had planted, to sport with and feed the lamb she had domesticated, to see it follow

follow her in her rambles, and to listen to the melodies of Nature as they murmured in the waters, or echoed through the woods, were her chief amusements without doors; and by a thousand love-taught duties to make a father forget that he had ever been unhappy, or unfortunate; her dearest study within. Of her personal attractions I shall say little: a single line of Thomson gives the truest image of them, and of the unaffected mind by which they were illumined:

“ Artless of beauty, she was beauty’s self.”

It is not easy to be wretched in the constant society of perfect innocence. The company of a beautiful child, wholly unpolluted by the world, affords one the idea of angelick association. Its harmlessness appears to guarantee us from harm: we reflect, nay we see and hear almost every moment it is climbing our knees, playing at our side, engaging our attentions, or reposing in our arms, the words and acts of an unspotted Being; and one can scarcely be persuaded any real ill *can* befall us while a companion so like a guardian cherub is near. When the babe is our own—say, ye parents, how the sensation is then exalted!—Which of you, having at your option the loss of the amplest fortune, or of the feeblest infant, would not cleave to the last, and resign the former? or, if any of you balanced a moment,

would not one lisping word, one casual look, turn the scale in favour of nature, and make you feel it a crime to have hesitated ?

Such were the sentiments of the merchant, and under their cheering influence he lived many years ; during which, a few mountain peasants, an old relict of his better days, as a servant, who had been nurse to the young lady, his daughter, were the only objects with whom he conversed. So powerful is habit, that we assimilate to persons, places, and things, that, on our first introduction to them, we might imagine neither philosophy, custom, nor religion, could make supportable. We are surprised to find we attach to them, even to endearment. In time, even our former habits, no less strong in us, are but slightly remembered, and those pursuits, diversions, and societies, without which it once appeared impossible we should ever pass a day, are yielded for others, that it *then* would have been thought as impossible even to be endured. Our merchant would have deemed the company of a monarch an intrusion, and the jargon of the Exchange, which had for so many years been musick to his ears, could not now have been borne. I have here given you some of his own expressions. At length he fell sick. His daughter was then in her eighteenth year. The disorder was of a
gradual

gradual kind, that threatened to continue life after one has ceased to love it, and to close in death. He lingered eleven weeks, and the old domestick being now superannuated and almost blind, his daughter was at once his nurse, his cook, his consoler, and might truly be said to make his bed in his sickness. She wanted not the world to teach her the filial duties. Her own pure heart supplied them all, and her own gentle hands administered them. But now, for the first time in her existence, she added to her father's anguish. It almost kills me to look on you, my only love, said he, with an emphasis of sorrow, and bursting into tears. I am sure, replied she, falling on her knees at his bedside, it has almost killed me to hear you say so, and if it would make my dearest father better, I would kill myself this moment, and trust in God's mercy to forgive me. Ah! my child, you mistake the cause and motive of my regrets, resumed the parent—the thoughts of leaving you without protection—there is the bitterness—I am not going to be left, said she, rising hastily, I have a presage you will be well soon, and I am a great prophetess, my beloved father. Be in good spirits, for I am sure you will recover: I have sent to Montgomery and Welch-Pool, and tomorrow I am to have the two best doctors in Wales.

Your

Your goodness is always a comfort, my darling, replied the desponding merchant, but two thousand Welch doctors could not set me again on my legs.—If, indeed, I were in a condition to procure—but that's impossible!—

Procure what? whom?—nothing is impossible, answered his daughter with the most eager haste.

I have an idle and romantick faith in the only man in the world that knows my constitution, and he is as far beyond my reach as if he were out of existence.

Good heaven! you mean Dr. *****, exclaimed the daughter. I have heard you often speak of his having twice before saved your precious life, for which I have had him in my nightly prayers ever since, and shall go on blessing him to the hour of my death. O that I were a man to fetch him!

The father pressed her tenderly in his feeble arms, in acknowledgement of her affection; but told her, that, from a multiplicity of other claims, it would be as impossible for the Doctor to get down to Wales, as for himself to go out of his sick bed to London. Do not, therefore,
let

let us think of it, my child, continued the father, since it is only the aggravation of a vain wish to know that it must end in disappointment—I am resigned.

Notwithstanding this declaration, the merchant receiving no manner of benefit from the Welch Doctors, and being unable, indeed, to pay for their continued attendance, without an injury to that scanty fund, out of which he had to draw all the necessaries of life, he often sighed out in a voice of pining, as it were, involuntarily, the name of *****. The sound of that voice, languishing for that which might possibly change its tone to gladness, penetrated the soul of his daughter, who needed not so pathetick a memento of her father's wishes to make her bitterly regret her inability to gratify them. The poor gentleman grew worse, and expressing a desire for something which he imagined might afford a momentary relief, his Amelia, so was the young lady named, took the first opportunity of his being composed, to go into the neighbourhood, in search of a person to fetch it from Montgomery. A little road-side publick-house, about a mile from her father's cottage, appeared the most likely place to find a messenger. Thither she repaired, and arrived just in time to take shelter from a sudden storm that fell with great violence.

At the moment of her entrance, there were none but the old host and hostess in the alehouse, but in a very few minutes after, it filled with labourers and passengers, who, like herself, sought protection from the hurricane : during the fury of which, however, she had too much compassion to mention her wishes, for she was amongst those whose nature would not suffer her to “ turn an enemy’s “ dog out of door at such a season.” This necessary delay, nevertheless, greatly encreased her uneasiness, and she kept watching the rain, and the hoped return of fine weather, at the window. Seeing no prospect of its clearing, she determined to do that herself, at all hazards, which she could not ask another to perform, and to be herself the messenger ; to which end she desired to know, whether the road she saw from the window was the nearest and most direct to Montgomery, or to any other town, where there was an apothecary’s shop, and what might be the distance to any such place ?

The affecting voice in which these questions were demanded, and the prevailing appearance of the speaker, gained her an interest in every hearer and beholder, several of whom knew and acknowledged her for a neighbour ; mingling their expressions of good-will, with numberless kind enquiries after her sick father, for whose languish-

languishing situation, they unanimously declared their pity and regard, and whose death, if it should please God to snatch him away, they should long lament.

This last observation bringing to mind the image of her father's danger more closely, the trembling Amelia lost all thought of herself, or of the weather, and thanking every body around her for their civility, while her lovely face was covered with her tears, she had got the latch of the door in her hand, and was preparing to hurry out on her commission, according to the instructions she had received, when a traveller who had not opened his lips during the conversation of the peasants, but sat drying himself at the fire, rose up suddenly and begged permission to speak to her. She went with surprize and tottering steps into an adjoining room where he used to her these very words:

“ One of your neighbours, young lady, has told me you have been for many years the best daughter in the world, to the best father, who has been once the richest, though now the poorest man in Wales, considering you and he are to be supported as gentlefolks. It is plain to see, there is a great deal of distress upon your mind, and it is natural to guess the cause of it
may

may be removed. I am not, by any means, a wealthy man, but I have had my share of evils sufficiently to make me feel for the unfortunate, and I have always, thank God, a something to spare for the mitigation of honest distress, in whatever country it is presented to my view. I beg you will present this trifle, (giving her a bank bill) with compliments, begging the favour of his making use of it, till it may suit his circumstances to return it.—I have no manner of occasion for it till about this time next year, when I will call to ask after his health, which, I hope, will long ere that be re-established; and if it should not at that time be convenient to make restitution of the loan, we will put it off till the year after, when I will pay a second visit to you; as I purpose passing through this country into Ireland, where I have concerns annually. I am now going to London.”

The last sentence seemed to annihilate the rest. The very name of London had, at that instant, more charms for Amelia than it could ever boast of creating in the head of any Miss in her teens, who had her mamma's promise to pass a winter among the fine folks, and fine sights, with which it abounds. But it drew the attention of Amelia, from superior motives. It was the residence of her poor father's physician,

on

on whose heart she now resolved to make an attempt, by the medium of the generous stranger, who she rightly judged would suffer his bounty to take any direction she might wish, and to whom she stated the merchant's anxious, but hopeless desires.

"You have just the soul, my dear friend, to suggest the ecstasy of Amelia's, on hearing that this much-wished-for physician, was an intimate acquaintance of the traveller; and all the interests of an old affection shall be tried with the doctor, exclaimed the stranger, as soon as I get to town, on condition that you will now go home to your father with this purse; and as an assurance, that although I am an *usurer*, I will receive neither principal, nor interest, till he is very able to pay both.

He did not give the astonished Amelia time to refuse, but seeing the weather inclined to remit its rigours, he put half-a-crown into the hands of the peasants to drink the young lady, and her sick father's health; and ordering his horse to the door—mounted and proceeded on his journey.

Does not your bounding heart assure you his feelings would have defended him from bestowing

ing

ing a thought on the "peltings of the pitiless storm," had they continued to rage? And does it not also inform you, that this fair pattern of filial piety was proof against the war of elements? the sunshine of benevolence, had, indeed, so animated her, that its sudden and intense rays, might have been too strong for her tender frame, had they not been moderated by a shower of tears. She had scarcely regained her cottage, indeed, when, overcome by her sensations, she fainted in the arms of her aged nurse, who had been mourning her delay.

Alas, my friend, what fragile creatures we are! How much at the disposal of contrary events! How totally the vassals of sorrow, and of joy! How little able to encounter the extremes of either! But you will not easily forgive exclamations that detain you from poor Amelia, whom I left in distress, to indulge them. My heart is but too often the master of my pen, and guides it as it listeth. Let me hasten to make atonement, by informing you, that our lovely sufferer on her recovery, had the pleasure to find her father had dozed best part of the morning, and though he missed her from his apartment, when he awoke, he told the nurse, that he hoped she was taking a little necessary rest in

in her own room, where he desired she might remain undisturbed.

This gave her opportunity to manage her good fortune, of which she resolved to be so excellent an economist, that the supply she had received should answer the wisest and happiest purposes: she recollected that the day before she met the benevolent stranger, her father had received by the post a bank-bill to the amount of the quarterly division of his annuity; of course a farther reinforcement was not immediately necessary; on which account she had to regret, that the flurry into which her spirits were thrown, had hindered her from persisting in her refusal of the loan, to the acceptance of which, however, she was somewhat reconciled, when she reflected on the condition annexed to her borrowing it; and an idea, which just then started to her imagination, of the manner in which it might be appropriated, completely satisfied her feelings on the occasion. She considered the gentleman's bank-bill as the luckiest fund in the world to serve as the physician's fee, in case the generous stranger should prevail on him to come, and to that sacred use her heart devoted it. The sum was fifty pounds. A recompence which her ignorance in the price of medical advice in the golden climes of England

led her to suppose would be all-sufficient for a journey down to Wales. Alas! were a regular charge to be made out by Doctors W, R, G, F, L, or any other of the popular sons of Esculapius, in London, for such a tour from the grand mart of custom, the 50*l.* would scarcely be thought by those messieurs a more than sufficient sum to pay travelling expences. In many parts of the continent, indeed, where a shilling value in coin that has less of silver in its composition than would be found in the analysis of a silver penny, is received as a settled gratuity for running a German mile, 50*l.* would cut a handsome figure in physick, and go very far towards curing a whole city of an epidemy so far as prescriptions could assist in its recovery.

As, however, the visit of Dr. ***** was a point more "devoutly to be wished" than expected, it being the middle of a very hard winter, Amelia thought it prudent to conceal the little adventure at the publick house from her father, whose malady, nevertheless, rather increased than abated; and his love of life being in effect his love for his daughter, he could not help occasionally regretting his impassable distance from the only man by whose aid there might be a chance of resisting his disease. There is, you know, a sort of superstition which often runs
191 through

through a family in favour of its family physician. Nor is it altogether without support from reason; since the person who has long been in the secrets of our constitution, and familiar with our habits of living, must, in all general cases, be better able to apply the proper remedies than he who is called into our bedchambers, when there is a disease in it, and when he sees us for the first time under its influence: besides which an old physician is commonly an old friend, and unites the lenitives of affection to the catharticks of science; no wonder, then, that we have faith in him; and faith, you know, is a great doctor in itself, performing a thousand cures, which the highest professional skill has not been able to accomplish without it.

You will readily believe, that the bountiful stranger did not break his promise to Amelia. He kept it indeed so religiously holy, that in less than ten days from the date of his departure, our pious daughter received a message, purporting that a person at the publick house begged to speak with her. You, my friend, whose fancy is ever warmed by your affectionate heart, will immediately conclude what was concluded by Amelia, that it could be only the much-desired Doctor, who had thus delicately, to prevent the ill effect of surprize on the sick merchant, an-

nounced his arrival. If so, you are in the right. However inconsistent with the spirit of business such a long journey might be, it was perfectly in unison with the spirit of benevolence by which Dr. ***** was moved, to determine upon it the instant the case was stated to him, and execute what he had so determined with all the dispatch necessary to an affair of life and death, and the life and death, moreover, of an old and unfortunate friend. My good little girl, said he, on the entrance of Amelia,—who gliding from her father's bedside with Sylphid steps, ran with dutteous haste to the village inn—My good little girl, I am come from ———. Heaven! interrupted Amelia, falling on her knees, you are come from heaven to make my father well.—Under the auspices of that heaven, I trust I am, resumed the Doctor. Let us fly this instant, exclaimed Amelia, in the animated accents of nature.—Let us do all things in order, replied the Doctor, in the language of friendly discretion, otherwise we shall do more harm than good. I presume I am not expected? Amelia bowed a negative. Then my sudden appearance would make thy father worse, child, continued the Doctor. No; go back to him, and tell him an old friend of his from London, and who has particular business in this part of Wales, means to pay him a visit on the score of ancient amity,
and

and will take cottage fare from him in his chamber. The name of this old London friend will then be a matter of amusing conjecture, in the midst of which thou, child, may'st suggest that thou shouldst not wonder if it were me, telling him as much of the adventure that I find happened at this inn, between thee and the gentleman who brought me thy message, and with it the story of thy virtues and misfortunes, to support and to relieve which would have brought me ten times as far: but we have no time for profession; I am come here to practise; so fare thee well, my good little maid.—All that I have promised will be the work only of an hour, at the end of which I will be with thee.

She kissed his hand fervently, and without speaking a single word, sprung up, and might rather be said to fly than run to the cottage, though the paths thereto were lost in snow. Her father was sitting up in his bed, supported by pillows, which the aged adherent had made shift to place in the absence of his filial nurse, who gently chid the old woman for taking her proper business out of her hands; but that, if her father had found a moment's ease by this usurpation of her natural rights, she would forgive the usurper.—She then entered on her errand, which she managed so well as to make the old friend's

name, after much pleasant conjecture on both sides, the subject of a wager; the father observing, that if it should prove to belong to the Doctor, Providence had sent him to reward the virtue of his daughter, who, on her part, maintained that it would be chiefly owing to the value which heaven itself would set on her parent's life. This amicable strife had put the invalid into unwonted spirits, and thereby, perhaps, not only prepared the way for the cure of a fever on the nerves, but laid the best foundation of it. The poor gentleman did not dare to lay any stress on the possibility of a visit from the physician, and yet a faint blush of hope denoted that he should think himself most happy to lose his wager.

At this auspicious crisis it was, that our Doctor made his entré, saying, as he advanced to the bedside, "My esteemed friend, I am come to return my personal thanks to thee, for having me in thy thoughts when thou wert too sick to remember any but those who are dear to thee, and of whom thou hast a good opinion. Give me thy hand, and, without entering into long histories, let us see if in return for thy kindness I can make thee well again. Yes, this pulse I foresee, before I have done with it,

Shall

Shall temperately keep time, and beat
More healthful musick.

Those eyes have I see still the spirit of life in them, and this heart shall yet bound with renovated enjoyments."

The emotions of Amelia during these favourable prognostications, no words can tell you. The merchant was strongly affected. The doctor perceived that his patient was recoverable both in the maladies of body and mind; and as he was no less a philosopher and philanthropist than a physician, he could with equal skill prescribe for each. He was one of the people called Quakers; and to a perfect knowledge of the world, of his profession, and of the human heart, united all the honest plainness of the character. The merchant's disorder was, as I have said, a fever on his spirits, of which the symptoms were, as usual, want of appetite, lassitude, watchfulness, and dejection of mind: a pulse slow and creeping, difficulty of respiration, and a dread, yet hope of death.

I need not tell you that in this disease the catharticks of the mind, such as exhilarate, enliven, and amuse the patient, are the most effectual remedies, and such as were administered

with uncommon success on the present occasion. In less than a fortnight, the sick man not only was in a condition to leave his bed, but his chamber, and play his part in the cottage parlour, in a thousand little frolicks that Amelia and the doctor devised to entertain him. In the course of the third week he resumed his accustomed exercises; and under the cordial supports of his friend and child, he could ascend the mountains that environed his habitation. In the middle of the fourth week, his spirits and strength were so well restored, that in returning home to dinner, after a walk of some miles, he jocularly proposed to run against the doctor and Amelia for a wager; which being agreed upon by the other parties, he set off and outran them both. It was in the afternoon of this victorious day, that the good doctor intimated the necessity of his return to town; good-humouredly observing, that, although by a lucky arrangement, he had left his sick and wounded in very good hands with a brother physician in London, he could not trespass any longer without fear of being set down by the college as a deserter, and he must therefore repair to head-quarters in the morning.

The reasonableness of this was admitted: yet the merchant sighed, and Amelia wept. The doctor

doctor knew it must be done, and he saw that his prophécý, as to his friend's recovery, was fulfilled to his heart's content; but there is a sympathy in generous regret, and his eyes were not more dry than Amelia's. In despite of exertions the evening past heavily away; the morning did not rise without casting clouds on every countenance. The hour, the almost instant, that was to separate the cottagers from their preserver approached.

Friend, said the doctor to his patient, as he heard the wheels of his carriage advancing, since I saw thee last in the great city, I have prospered exceedingly. All those families to whom thou tookest me by the hand, were more for thy sake than mine on *my list*. Some merit, however, or infinite good fortune, I must needs have had, since, from a yearly gain of one hundred, I have increased my income to several thousands per annum; and yet I do not take fees for one in forty of my prescriptions.—My house is too large for my family.—Wilt thou come once again, into the busy world with this mountain blossom, and occupy some of my apartments?—This as thou wilt—At present I must give thee a few words of parting advice, and must rely on this damsel to see that it is adopted, Thou art so much thy former self, friend, that I

fear

fear not a relapse ; but to fortify and strengthen thee in my absence, I have written and made up a prescription which I am convinced hits thy case exactly. Hearing something of thy maladies from the friend who conveyed to me thy Amelia's message, and forming a judgment soberly thereupon, I brought with me such drugs as I thought could not be readily procured in thy neighbourhood. They lie, however, in a small compass, even in this little box, yet being compounds of peculiar strength, they will last thee, I judge, for at least a year to come, probably more—if they should not, thou knowest where to address the prescriber for a fresh supply. There, friend, take it, but do not open it till thou shalt seem to wish for something of a *cordial* nature. It will then, I have no doubt, do thee good.

He received their tearful embraces, and departed. You are impatient to lift up the lid of the box. When it was opened by the merchant and his daughter, they discovered two separate pieces of paper ; the one a present from a physician in London, the other from the stranger who had given him an account of this little family.

I must not deny you the gratification of knowing

ing that the father recovered, and the child added to his blessings and her own many years; in the smiling course of which, the young lady's virtues attracted the affections of a very wealthy and worthy gentleman, whose power and inclinations not only enabled the merchant to make restitution of the generosity received from the physician; but to make also the residue of that man's life, from whom he derived the best and loveliest of wives, as happy in prosperity as it had been respectable in misfortune.

There is an air of romance about this little history, better suited to the spirit of the days of chivalry (when to fall forth in *quest* of the unhappy and of the oppressed, and to relieve them, was a vital part of the education—nay, and even of the religion, of a gentleman) than to the present times, which, though perhaps not less distinguished for liberal actions than any age whatsover, less encourages that *Quixotism* in benevolence, which marked the character of former æras. On *your* heart I need not press my repeated assurances of the simple truth of the above transactions. You will easily credit words and deeds, of which you are yourself so capable: indeed, to *your* feelings there will be nothing surprising in all this; for you will follow the good old rule of judging others by yourself.

Indeed,

Indeed, I am persuaded, that the wonder will cease and die away in every heart you think fit to make partaker of these *facts*, when given to understand, that they proceeded from a physician who was the means of converting an highwayman, who had *violated* the publick faith, into a man who was afterwards chosen to *guard* the publick faith, by holding a place of the highest *trust* in one of the publick treasuries of his country; and that the doctor's colleague in the bounty, shewn to our merchant and his Amelia, was no less a benefactor to human kind than the late Mr. HOWARD, who happened, on the day that he was driven for shelter into the village inn, which was then graced with the presence of Amelia, to be returning to England from one of his usual *tours of benevolence* to the different prisons of Ireland and Wales. My friend, farewell.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

SINGULAR, indeed! that you should be perusing the account of the death of the philanthropist mentioned in my last, at the moment that you received my letter, and that on the morning of the same day you should have fallen
in

in company with Dr. *****, of whose tour of loving kindness I had prepared for you so ample a detail.

Things of this sort are occasionally so well-timed that there seems more in them than our philosophy can find out. It is impossible to hear that the King of Terrors has taken out of the world one of the best men that ever entered it, for such Mr. John Howard unquestionably was, without quitting one's subject, whatsoever it might be at the time of receiving such intelligence, and fastening upon that which adds a fresh proof to the certainty of that hour which is appointed for our own dissolution. The loss of the dearest objects, one by one, as they drop from us, makes, perhaps, the approaches of that hour less formidable, inasmuch as we thereby feel our ties to life diminished. The friendly intercourse that subsisted betwixt me and the good Howard, is amongst those pleasures of reflection which, though at the present moment dashed by painful regrets, will be cherished for ever. I picked up many things respecting him well worthy of my gleanings-hand in the course of our conversations: some of which I should send you, were I not certain that there will be more than a plenty of biographers follow fast upon his funeral; and more lives, like more last dying-specches, is an evil

evil that is levied on every great man's ashes. A few only of his particular habits, as they occur at the moment, shall wait upon you.

Howard had many singularities, but very few affectations. It was singular for a mere mortal man to go about doing good for the sake of doing it; to devote his fortune and his life to explore the most neglected and the most forlorn of the wretched, and to relieve them "according to their several necessities"—to *begin* the work of benevolence where other people's bounty commonly *ends* it—in a prison. All this, I say, was very singular, but wholly void of affectation. Further, it was singular, deserving that word, indeed, inasmuch as in human history it is without a parallel—to put himself to the greatest personal inconveniencies, and to encounter the greatest dangers, often of life itself, to accomplish the proposed ends of his philanthropy, since it is notorious that he traversed the earth without any consideration of political distinctions, or the nature of climate, in search of his objects; by which perseverance and intrepidity of resolution, he overcame all impediments that would have deterred many excellent persons from attempting the like enterprizes; and have made even those faint by the way who, with like good hearts, but with less firm minds,

minds, would have found themselves unequal to like undertakings. Yet in Howard this was altogether unaffected. And before any man sets down any part of it to a love of being particular, or to a love of fame arising therefrom, let him well and truly examine his own heart, his own disposition, and see that he is not hunting about for an excuse to his own *want* of benevolence, or to his own *vanities*, in being bountiful, by lowering the *principle* of benevolence in another. Let it not be imputed to John Howard, as a dishonour, that he had enemies, who while they could not but applaud the blessed effects of his virtue, laboured to depreciate the cause: the Saviour of the whole world, whom, perhaps, of human creatures he most correctly imitated, had the same; and to resemble his divine example, even in the wrongs that were heaped upon his sacred head, is rather glory than shame.

He was singular in many of the common habits of life: he preferred damp sheets, linen, and cloaths, to dry ones; and both rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels, dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a
great

great coat in the coldest countries; nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended on himself, for six-and-twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, for the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journies were continued from prison to prison, from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage he would ride, and where that was hazardous he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

There are those who, conscious of wanting in themselves what they envy in others, brand this victorious determination of suffering no let, or hindrance, to stop him from keeping on in the right way, as madness. Ah, my friend, how much better would it be for their neighbours, and for society, were they half as mad! Distractions they doubtless have, but it is to be feared, not half so friendly to the interests of human kind. Indeed, all enthusiasm of virtue is deemed romantick eccentricity, by the cold-hearted.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, though they were certainly hazardous experiments in the first instance, it was not useless for a man, who had pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather, and after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death to make them.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London: the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock, in my room, struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry cloaths, &c.

"Yes," said he, smiling, "I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehensions about a little rain water, which though it does not run

“ off my back, as it does from that of a duck,
“ goose, or any other aquatick bird, does me as
“ little injury; and after a long drought is
“ scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now
“ on has been as often wetted through as any
“ duck’s in the world, and, indeed, gets no other
“ sort of cleaning. I do assure you, a good
“ soaking shower is the best brush for broad
“ cloth in the universe. You, like the rest of
“ my friends, throw away your pity upon my
“ supposed hardships with just as much reason
“ as you commiserate the common beggars,
“ who, being familiar with storms and hurri-
“ canes, necessity and nakedness are a thousand
“ times, so forcible is habit, less to be compas-
“ sionated than the sons and daughters of Ease
“ and Luxury, who, accustomed to all the en-
“ feebling refinements of feathers by night, and
“ fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny
“ creature stigmatised by Pope, who shivered at
“ a breeze. All this is the work of art, my
“ good friend; nature is more independent of
“ external circumstances. Nature is intrepid,
“ hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice
“ to spoil her with indulgences, from the mo-
“ ment we come into the world—A soft dress,
“ and soft cradle, begin our education in luxu-
“ ries, and we do not grow more manly the
“ more we are gratified: on the contrary, our

“feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must
“tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire;
“avoid a tempest, which sweetens the air, as
“we would a blast that putrifies it, and guard-
“ing every crevice from an unwholesome
“breeze, when it is the most elastick and bracing,
“lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the
“system more than a night’s lodging upon flint
“stones.

“You smile,” added Mr. Howard, after a
pause, “but I am a living instance of the truths
“I insist on. A more ‘puny whipster’ than
“myself, in the days of my youth, was never
“seen. I could not walk out of an evening
“without wrapping up: if I got wet in the feet
“a cold succeeded; I could not put on my shirt
“without its being aired; I was, politely, en-
“feebled enough to have delicate nerves, and
“was occasionally troubled with a very genteel
“hæctick. To be serious, I am convinced that
“what emasculates the body debilitates the
“mind, and renders both unfit for those exer-
“tions, which are of such use to us as social
“beings. I, therefore, entered upon a reform
“of my constitution, and have succeeded in
“such a degree, that I have neither had a cough,
“cold, the vapors, nor any more alarming dis-
“order, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior

“ to this I used to be a miserable dependent on
“ wind and weather; a little too much of either
“ would postpone, and frequently prevent—not
“ only my amusements, but my duties; and
“ every one knows that a pleasure, or a duty,
“ deferred, is often destroyed. Procrastination,
“ YOUNG very justly called the Thief of Time.
“ And if pressed by my affections, or by the
“ necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in de-
“ spite of the elements, the consequences were
“ equally absurd, and incommodious, not sel-
“ dom afflictive. I muffled up even to my
“ nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was
“ sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the
“ wheels to the right or left, set me a trembling;
“ a jolt seemed like a dislocation; and the sight
“ of a bank or precipice, near which my horse
“ or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so
“ much, that I would order the driver to stop,
“ that I might get out and walk by the difficult
“ places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials,
“ and great fires, were to comfort me, and keep
“ out the cold, as it is called, at every stage;
“ and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or
“ other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen,
“ &c. were to be instantly put on; the perils
“ of the day were to be baffled by something
“ taken hot going to bed, and before I pursued
“ my journey the next morning, a dram was to
“ be

“ be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In
 “ a word, I lived, moved, and had my being, so
 “ much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a
 “ disease.

“ Every man,” continued Mr. Howard, “ must
 “ in these cases be his own physician. He
 “ must prescribe for, and practise on, himself.
 “ I did this by a very simple, but as you will
 “ think, very severe regimen; namely, by de-
 “ nying myself almost every thing in which I
 “ had long indulged. But as it is always much
 “ harder to get rid of a bad habit than to con-
 “ tract it, I entered on my reform gradually;
 “ that is to say, began to diminish my usual in-
 “ dulgences by degrees. I found that a heavy
 “ meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a
 “ chearful glass, that is to say, one more than
 “ does you good, made me incapable, or at best,
 “ disinclined to any useful exertion for some
 “ hours after dinner, and if the diluting powers
 “ of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion,
 “ so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious
 “ supper comes so close upon it that I was fit for
 “ nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxuri-
 “ ous bed, where I finished the enervating prac-
 “ tices, by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a
 “ dozen hours on the stretch.—You will not
 “ wonder, that I rose the next morning with the

“solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices
 “thickened, and the constitution weakened.—
 “To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every
 “meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It
 “is really wonderful to consider how impercept-
 “ibly a single morsel of animal food, and a tea-
 “spoonful of liquor deducted from the usual
 “quantity daily, will restore the mental func-
 “tions without any injury to the corporeal: nay,
 “with increase of vigour to both. I brought
 “myself, in the first instance, from dining upon
 “many dishes to dining on a few, and then to
 “being satisfied with one; in like manner, in-
 “stead of drinking a variety of wines, I made
 “my election of a single sort and adhered to it
 “alone.

“In the next place—but I shall tire you.”

I intreated him to go on till I either shewed by word or action that I was weary.

He proceeded thus:—“My next business was
 “to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish
 “and bottle. My ease, vivacity, and spirits
 “augmented. My cloathing, &c. underwent a
 “similar reform; the effect of all which is, and
 “has been for many years, that I am neither
 “affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a
 “moun-

“ mountain, or driven down a valley. If an
 “ accident happen, I am prepared for it, I mean
 “ so far as respects unnecessary terrors; and I
 “ am proof against all changes in the atmos-
 “ phere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp
 “ beds, damp houses, transitions from heat to
 “ cold, and the long train of hypochondriack
 “ affections.

“ Believe me, we are too apt to invert the re-
 “ medies which we ought to prescribe to our-
 “ selves—thus, we are for ever giving hot things
 “ when we should administer cold. On my go-
 “ ing down to my house last week in Bedford-
 “ shire, the overseer of my grounds met me
 “ with a pail full of comfortable things, as he
 “ called them, which he was carrying to one of
 “ my cows, that was afflicted sorely with, as he
 “ called it, a *racketty* complaint in her bowels.
 “ I ordered him to throw away his pail full of
 “ comforts, and take to the poor beast a pail of
 “ cold water.—Cold water, your honour, ex-
 “ claimed the man, with every mark of conster-
 “ nation; would you kill the poor dumb crea-
 “ ture? Why, she is in such *desperatious* pain,
 “ that I don’t think a bucket of sheer brandy
 “ would have any more effect upon her than if I
 “ were to pour it against a dead wall.—No mat-
 “ ter for that, said I, take her a pail of water!

“ Suppose, honest friend, she had all her life run
“ wild in a forest, and fell into the sickness un-
“ der which she now labours, dost thou think
“ that nature would ever carry her the hot com-
“ forts you have got in that pail?—Nature, your
“ honour!—but with submission, nature must,
“ when either man or beast is sick, be clapped
“ on the back a little: if not, nature will let
“ them die.—Not she, truly; if they are recover-
“ able, she will, on the contrary, make them
“ well. Depend upon it, she is the best physi-
“ cian in the world, though she has not taken her
“ degrees in the college; and so make haste
“ to throw away what is now in your pail and
“ fill it as I directed; for whether my cow die
“ or live, she shall have nothing but grass and
“ cold water. Though the poor fellow dared not
“ any longer resist, I could see plainly that he
“ put me down as having lost not only my senses
“ but my humanity. However, the cow did
“ very well; and I am satisfied that if we were
“ to trust more to nature, and suffer her to apply
“ her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the
“ formidable catalogue of human maladies would
“ be reduced to a third of their present number.
“ Dr. Sydenham, I think, reckons sixty differ-
“ ent kinds of fevers, for example; of these I
“ cannot suppose less than fifty are either brought
“ about, or rendered worse by misapplication of
“ improper

“ improper remedies, or by our own violation of
“ the laws of nature. And the same I take it may
“ be said of other disorders.”

He now pulled out his watch, telling me he had an engagement at half past one, that he had about three quarters of a mile to walk to it, that as he could do this in twenty minutes, and as it then wanted seven minutes and almost an half of one, he had exactly time enough still to spare to state the object of his visit to me—“ Which is to
“ thank you very sincerely,” said he, taking my hand, “ for the honour you have done me in
“ your verses: I read them merely as a compo-
“ sition in which the poetical licence had been
“ used to the utmost: Poets, you know, my
“ dear Sir, always succeed best in fiction,”

You will see by this conversation, that it was about the time when the English nation had been emulous of commemorating their respect for this great and good man, by erecting a statue, towards which I had contributed my mite, by devoting to the fund the profits of my little Poem, called “ The Triumph of Benevo-
“ lence;” and while I am touched very sensibly with even the recollection of the publick favour which crowned this little work, I very sincerely attribute a great deal of its success to the popu-
larity

larity of a subject in which every lover of humanity took such an interest.

In reply to Mr. Howard, I assured him that he ought to be, and doubtless was, conscious, the liberty allowed a poet was never more unnecessary or less made use of than on the occasion alluded to; and that if an agreeable fiction was any test of the poetical art, I could pretend to none from having very closely, as his heart could not but at that moment tell him, adhered to truth; and that I assured myself he would admit that truth is the same, whether expressed in prose or verse. I added, that it was my earnest hope there was no ground for an idea which had gone forth of his refusing the offering of gratitude, which his country was preparing for him.

“Indeed but there is,” answered he, with the most lively earnestness; “I was never more
“serious than in my refusal of any and every
“such offering, and for the simplest reason in
“the world; namely, my having no manner of
“claim to it. What I do, have done, or may
“hereafter do, is, has been, and will always be
“matter of inclination, the gratifying which
“always pays itself; and I have no more merit
“in employing my time and money in the way.
“I am

“ I am known to do, than another man in other
 “ occupations. Instead of taking pleasure in a
 “ pack of hounds, in social entertainments, in
 “ a fine stud of horses, and in many other simi-
 “ lar satisfactions, I have made my election of
 “ different pursuits; and being fully persuaded
 “ a man’s own gratifications are always more or
 “ less involved in other people’s, I feel no de-
 “ sire to change with any man, and yet I can
 “ see no manner of pretension whereon to erect
 “ a statue. Beside all which, I have a most un-
 “ conquerable aversion, and ever had, to have
 “ publick exhibitions made of me, insomuch,
 “ that I protest to you, it has cost me a great
 “ deal of trouble and some money, to make this
 “ insignificant form and ugly face escape a pack
 “ of draftsmen, painters, &c. that are lying in
 “ wait for me.”—

Unless you had personally known Mr. How-
 ard, it is impossible you should have the smallest
 idea of the pleasant manner with which he spoke
 on his own personal subject.—“ I have detected
 “ a fellow at work upon this face of mine, ugly
 “ as it is,” said he, “ even as I have been
 “ walking in the streets of London; and if a
 “ hackney-coach has been within call, I have
 “ popped into it, drawn up the blinds, and sat
 “ snug till I have got to my own door, and then
 I have

“ I have leaped out and run into my own house
“ as if I was apprehensive a bailiff was at my
“ heels. Nay, I have often had my door itself
“ infested by a lurking artist who was literally
“ in wait to take me off. But one day since my
“ return a trick I played one of these takers-off
“ diverted me excessively. You must know I
“ am a great gazer at the novelties that are con-
“ tinually presented at the print-shops in this
“ great city; I was standing at that of Carrington
“ Bowles, in St. Paul’s Church-yard, the
“ other day, to look at some political caricatures
“ very pleasantly executed, when happening to
“ cast my eye side-long, I discovered a fellow
“ operating on my phiz with all his might.
“ Perceiving himself caught in the fact, he lowered
“ his paper and pretended to be like myself
“ and a number of others, looking only at the
“ prints. I was just then in the humour to pay
“ off this deception by another; so seeming,
“ like him, to be wholly engrossed by a figure,
“ called Scotch Economy, well calculated to
“ provoke the risible muscles, I threw mine
“ into such contortions, and gave such sudden
“ changes from one deformity to another, that
“ had my painter etched any one of my features
“ in its then position, the resemblance betwixt
“ my actual self, and the copy would have been
“ just as striking, as—I could desire it to be.
“ The

“ The painter, however, at length perceived
“ the stratagem, and smiling, as if he gave me
“ credit for it, put his pencil into his pocket
“ and went away. I own I enjoyed the joke,
“ and have since practised it, more than once,
“ with no less success.”

You will, doubtless, throw these fallies amongst his singularities, my friend; but they are by no means to be stigmatized as affectations. From a very intent observation on Mr. Howard, I am perfectly satisfied, that as there were few who *acted* like himself, the proportion of those who *felt* in the same way the ordinary results of these actions was not greater. That he was insensible to honest praise cannot be supposed, without depriving him of emotions which the most ingenuous modesty may indulge, and which are indeed amongst the most natural pleasures of the human mind; but to court the *reputation* of benevolence, by suffering the lucre of it to mix with any of his motives, or still worse to make it, as, alas, too many people do, a first great cause of being bountiful, argues an envy or a depravity in those who impute to him such vanities. In a word, if ever a human being could be truly said to “ do good, and blush to find it fame,” it was the late Mr. John Howard.

I pre-

I presume you have heard, that amongst his other singularities is to be enumerated his generous care of his superannuated horses. He had a range of pastures sacred to the old age of those who had carried him pleasantly, or worked for him honestly and industriously till they were no longer fit for service. This is the moment when horses are, in general, either sold at an under price to people who are constrained to allow no touch of pity to predominate over that charity which begins at home; or else they are destroyed and given to the dogs, their masters alledging that it is an act of humanity. Our Philanthropist's humanity never leading him to kill an old servant, he turns his useless horses into the afore-said pastures where they remain happy pensioners on his bounty for the rest of their lives.

I was much delighted on walking over those grounds with the generous master of them, to see twenty or thirty of these quadruped pensioners enjoying themselves in perfect freedom from labour, and in full supply of all that old age requires. Each of the fields has a comfortable shed, to which the inhabitants can resort in the hard weather, and are sure of finding the rigours of the season softened by a well-furnished crib of the best hay; and a manger either of bran, or corn, ground, or some other nourishing food.

Chelsea

Chelsea hospital is not better accommodated: the day on which I made the circuit of the pastures was one of the finest of August; some of the pensioners were renovating in the sun, others reposing in the shade; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them that could move with ease, actuated by a spirit of gratitude worthy of imitation, came towards him, invited his attentions, and seemed very sensible of their situation. Some, whose limbs almost refused their offices, put themselves to no small difficulties to limp towards him, and even those, who, being confined to their hovels, might be fairly said to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes to him, and appeared sensible of his pity and caressings.

“ These have been all very faithful creatures, Sir,” said he, “ and who have strong claims upon me: that poor fellow who has now scarce a leg to stand upon, was the constant companion of my peregrinations for six-and-twenty years, and was as proud and prancing as he is now humble and decrepid; and the iron-grey invalid which you see yonder, dragging his slow length along, was in the days of his youth such a roving, riotous fellow, that no gate or hedge could keep him within bounds, and it was a day’s work sometimes to catch him; nay, when he was caught, it required
“ more

“ more address and horsemanship than ever I was
“ master of to make him understand that the
“ philosophy of a parson’s pad had more charms
“ for me than all the flights of Bucephalus, or
“ even of Pegasus himself. Look at him now.
“ The morality of the contrast is obvious.”

In this manner he went on, enumerating the several qualities and historical anecdotes of the several pensioners. The one last described, he told me, “ was at no time a horse for him, and
“ would not probably have been amongst his
“ pensioners, but that he had been once rode by
“ a relation of his, a young, agreeable rake,
“ who valued him for the very points that made
“ him useless to me, his skittishness and impetuosity; all which, he asserted, were the sure
“ marks, both in man and beast, of a generous
“ spirit, high heart, and noble disposition.
“ Now, as my little frolick-loving cousin was
“ precisely of this character himself, and after
“ a mad, but not vicious career of fifteen years,
“ consolidated into a very good man, I suffered
“ the horse and his master to reform themselves
“ at leisure, and wish with all my soul, that half
“ the reformed rakes about town had turned out
“ so well, after sowing their wild oats, as did
“ this young gentleman and his favourite steed,
“ who, for the eight last years of his servitude,
“ was

“ was a pattern of sobriety to horses and riders.”

I do not recollect any other singularities respecting this extraordinary man: but if what I have here set down gives you a curiosity for more, I have no doubt but it will be amply gratified, as there needs no ghost to foretel us, there will be an historian for almost every anecdote and incident in his life! Luckily he is one of the subjects which can never be exhausted; and as Dr. Johnson once said to me of his friend Goldsmith,—“ he was one who cannot be too much “ praised or lamented.” And never, perhaps, was the famous expression of Hamlet more applicable, though quoted on ten thousand occasions, than to Howard:—

“ He was a man, take him for all in all,

“ We may not look upon his like again!”

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

IT is a very high satisfaction to give you pleasure; it increases my obligations to you, for it increases my happiness. Your last letter, therefore, wherein you express so vivid a sense of the Howardine scraps I sent you, could not

but be most welcome: neither can I refuse the flattering compliment you pay to my muse, in desiring a copy of the tributary verses she paid to our Great Philanthropist at the time that the British empire, which he so much adorned and dignified, was preparing its memorial of national exultation. You tell me that you have applied to the booksellers, and to the publisher of this little poem, in vain. Had I known your wishes, I could have prevented your having any trouble to gratify them on this occasion, having long known the poem was out of print, and as long been applied to for sending it again to the press, but the sale of the former editions having answered the end of something enlarging the fund, which was intended to defray the expences of the statue, and that design being suspended by Mr. Howard's wish, that it might not be carried into execution, I considered that the subject was too local to warrant a re-publication when that locality was taken away: amongst a few partial friends, therefore, I distributed the copies that remained of the present which was made me by the committee, who published the poem, and reserving only a single copy for myself, I thought no more about it. The death, however, of the meritorious man who was the subject; the report that prevails of the committee's completing a design which can no longer affect

affect the delicacy of Mr. Howard; the pleasure I take in obeying your commands, and the desire I have to preserve my tribute to this excellent character in my correspondence with you, united with the confidence which the approbation of the world on the original publishing gives me; are all motives so persuasive that to combat with, or to resist them, might appear an affectation more unpardonable than the indulgence of my vanity, at a moment when it is connected with my duty to the dead, my friendship for the living, and my gratitude to the publick. Under such supports and suffrages, my dear friend, I republish in this place, "THE TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE:" not, however, from the reserved copy I spoke of, but from memory, that copy being amongst the manuscripts missing or lost, stolen or strayed, with my trunks, which, as well as myself, have been upon their travels, but by a set of *contretems*, have not been my *fellow* travellers. I hope, however, as amongst other matters they contain the literary labours of some years not yet published, including the materials for "Society," on which the publick have a claim, I hope, I say, we shall meet, ere it be long, like old friends, and part no more;—the rather, as some of the characters in those unfinished performances are left in a very forlorn situation, out of which no hand but mine can

properly extricate them. A heroine is in a deep swoon, and a hero at his last gasp, in tragedy, but can neither die nor recover without my assistance: two whole families are thrown into a labyrinth of perplexities, and have no chance of extrication but from the author who involved them, but who was "cruel only to be kind." In short, all these good people are wandering in their several distresses, and look to me only for consolation: join with me, therefore, I beg of you, that they may speedily be conducted from the *cross* roads of life—pardon the pun for the sake of having the philosophy to sport with my misfortune—and, by making use of the enclosed clue, help me to set them in the right way.

I am this moment interrupted in my design of transcribing the poem, which, however, shall wait on you shortly. In the mean time, look into your own generous heart for all those principles of affection and sympathy you bear me, and be assured, while you survey them, you are looking at the faithful counterparts of those which animate the breast of your friend.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

THE TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE.

WHAT lofty found through echoing Albion rings!

What raptur'd notes, as if by angels giv'n ?

What thrilling airs, as from celestial strings,

Pour, in full tides, the harmony of heav'n ?

II.

From publick gratitude the notes arise,

To honour virtuous HOWARD while on earth :

While Providence yet spares him from the skies,

Th' enduring statue shall record his worth.

III.

Lo, Albion's ardent sons the deed approve :

Wide o'er the realm to spread the gen'rous flame,

A spirit like his own begins to move,

And all the virtues kindle at his name.

IV.

This, this the moment, Britons, ye should chuse,

While the fair act no modest blush can raise ;

The good man's absence shall our love excuse,

And give the god-like luxury of praise.

V.

By heav'n commission'd, now our patriot flies

Where Nature scourges with her worst disease ;

Where Turkey's plague-devoted victim lies,

And spotted deaths load every tainted breeze,

VI.

With love unbounded, love that knows no fear,
 Wherever pain or sorrow dwells he goes ;
 Kindly as dew, and bounteous as the sphere,
 His social heart no poor distinction knows.

VII.

Ah ! what is friend or foe to him whose soul,
 Girding creation in one warm embrace,
 Extends the favour arm from pole to pole,
 And feels akin to all the human race ?

VIII.

To all the human ! all the brutal too,
 Bird, beast, and insect bless his gentle pow'r,
 From the worn steed reposing in his view,
 To the tame redbreast warbling in his bow'r.

IX.

Well may the spirit of the isle arise
 With loud accord its best good man to grace ;
 Well may the statue point to yonder skies,
 And call down cherubim to guard the place.

X.

Ye pomps of Egypt moulder fast away,
 Ye Roman vanities your arches hide :
 Ye Gallick pageantries, profusely gay,
 Ye tombs, ye triumphs, here resign your pride.

XI.

Not—not to grandeur tow'rs our destin'd buff,
 No muse we bribe a fordid wreath to twine
 Round the frail urn of infamy in dust ;
 Nor bid our incense deck a villain's shrine.

XII.

Nor yet to Pride the vènal statue raise,
 Preserving ashes Virtue had forgot ;
 We bid no trumpet sound a bad man's praise,
 Nor memory restore what time should rot.

XIII.

Nor to the slave of gold, though largely grac'd,
 With all that wealth or folly could bestow,
 With all that vanity on dust could waste,
 Living and dead alike fair virtue's foe.

XIV.

Nor yet for thee, thou tyrant of the plain,
 Illustrious scourge and butcher of mankind !
 Whose murth'ring hands whole hecatombs have slain,
 Thy glory gath'ring as it thins thy kind.

XV.

Not e'en to thee, O Fred'rick, tho' thy name,
 Idol of Prussia, now is breath'd in sighs,
 Tho' foremost in the list of sanguine fame,
 Exulting vict'ry claims thee in the skies!

XVI.

Ah, no ! the monument our love would rear,
 Is to the man of peace, who may descend
 Ev'n at this moment into dungeons drear,
 The prisoner's guardian, and the mourner's friend.

XVII.

To noxious caverns, and abhorrent caves,
 Deep-scooped vaults, and slow-consuming cells,
 Where wretches pace alive around their graves,
 And hollow echoes ring their endless knells.

XVIII.

To scenes, where all th' antipathies assail,
Which instinct, reason, nature, most would shun,
Haunts of the filth-fed toad and slimy snail,
Behold the friend of man undaunted run.

XIX.

Ev'n now, perchance, he bears some victim food,
Or leads him to the beams of long lost day;
Or, from the air where putrid vapours brood,
Chases the spirit of the pest away.

XX.

Where deadly venom poisons now the gale,
The new-born zephyrs soon he bids to glow;
Where the heart sickens, soon shall health prevail,
Where the lake stagnates, living waters flow.

XXI.

For who, Benevolence! thy power shall bound?
Thy guide, the God; of what should'st thou despair?
Let vice still deal her desolation round,
Virtue shall rise the ruin to repair.

XXII.

That may destroy, but this was born to save;
And while a warrior lays a nation low,
While one proud Cæsar would the earth enslave,
One humble HOWARD would a heav'n bestow.

XXIII.

Lo, as by touch divine, before him flies
Fever that seizes on the burning breath,
The icy power that kills with shiv'ring sighs,
And thirst unquenchable that drinks its death.

And

XXIV.

And torpor, wrapt in his Lethean fold,
 And swoln Convulsion, with his eye-balls strain'd;
 And purple Tumour loathsome to behold,
 And plague-struck Phrensy, foaming unconstrain'd.

XXV.

All these, defended by no Theban charm,
 No mail save that which purity supplies,
 Our Christian hero meets without alarm,
 And at each step some giant mischief dies.

XXVI.

Quit Prussia, quit thy Fred'rick's crimson shrine,
 With olive garlands join our white-rob'd band;
 At HOWARD's statue, how unlike to thine,
 Full many a fainted form shall dutious stand.

XXVII.

At thine, perchance, shall loftier trophies rise,
 The regal banner, and the blazing car;
 Sculpture more gorgeous emblems shall devise,
 And adulation gaudier rites prepare.

XXVIII.

High o'er the tomb the storied war shall glow,
 The black'ning siege, and desolated tower;
 The victor's carnage redden all below,
 To mark the blood-tracks of ungovern'd pow'r.

XXIX.

Rage, glory, havock—all the soldier train
 Their spears inverted, shall in marble frown;
 Unnumber'd captives clank the brazen chain,
 And death himself embrace a favourite's urn.

Then

XXX.

Then as in martial pomp the youths pass by,
 Ev'n the cold tomb shall kindle hostile fire,
 To arms, to arms, each madd'ning chief shall cry,
 And Fred'rick's ashes future wars inspire.

XXXI.

Yet, ah! not laurel'd youths, nor chiefs alone,
 To Fred'rick's sanguinary shrine shall go :
 For there the execrating fire shall groan,
 And there the orphan melt in filial woe.

XXXII.

There shall the virgin, with affliction wild,
 At dead of night explore the monarch's tomb;
 The wailing matron claim her murder'd child,
 Whose ghost shall rise to meet her in the gloom.

XXXIII.

There the pale shade shall join her deep despair,
 And fill with loud complaints the sounding aisle;
 Fierce from the vault the pageant trophies tear,
 Conquest deplore, and spurn th' accursed spoil.

XXXIV.

Welcome, thrice welcome Prussia, to the pride
 The mould'ring honours of the grave afford;
 Britain, from these indignant turns aside,
 Woos private worth, and leaves the scepter'd lord.

XXXV.

The muse, no vain idolater, disdains,
 Proud of her trust, to prostitute her fires,
 Let minions waste on pow'r their meteor strains,
 Till flatt'ry nauseates, and till echo tires.

The

XXXVI.

The sweet memorial of one gentle deed,
 One pang prevented, or one wrong redress'd!
 A gen'rous morsel at the poor man's need,
 A sorrow soften'd, or a sigh repress'd :

XXXVII.

One artless rhyme, a record small and dear,
 That graves these virtues on the village stone :
 Where love retires to shed th' unwitting'd tear,
 Surpasses all that ever armies won.

XXXVIII.

O Panegyrick ! if thy Fred'rick's name
 One peaceful tribute has to mem'ry giv'n ;
 Direct to that th' uplifted trump of fame,
 For that when tombs are dust shall mount to heav'n.

XXXIX.

And, ah ! behold what visions of the skies
 Rob'd in the pure serenity of light,
 To consecrate our HOWARD's statue rise,
 And mark the holy spot with fond delight.

XL.

Mercy, her lightest footsteps here shall bend,
 Fearing to crush some harmless insect near :
 Humanity her soft'ring wing extend,
 With Pity, softly smiling thro' her tear.

XLI.

And Charity shall come with Seraph air,
 And pleasing Melancholy pace around,
 And warm Benevolence be ever there,
 And Christian Meekness bless the hallow'd bound.

Here

XLII.

Here, too, some mortal visitants—the wife
 Parent, or child restor'd, their joys shall tell;
 Here sharp remorse shall wail a guilty life,
 And hardness learn for human woes to feel.

XLIII.

With pious offerings, hither shall repair
 What once was want, contagion, and disease;
 Restor'd to all the liberty of air,
 Here shall they hail the renovating breeze.

XLIV.

And Diffipation, as he passes near,
 Abash'd that vice has ravish'd all his store,
 Conscious, shall drop the penitential tear,
 And spurn the follies which deny him more.

XLV.

And Avarice too shall here suspend his art,
 His bosom loosing from the sullen ore;
 The statue shall subdue his niggard heart,
 And the rock gush in blessings to the poor.

XLVI.

And Envy, devious from her wonted plan,
 Taught by the statue, e'en a foe to save,
 Shall tell her snakes to spare one virtuous man,
 And own his goodness ere he reach the grave.

XLVII.

But should some blood-polluted hero come,
 Flush'd with the crimson waste his sword has made,
 Meek HOWARD's statue on that sword shall gloom,
 Till tears shall seem to trickle on the blade,

And

XLVIII.

And many a wond'ring traveller shall pause,
 To hail the land that gave a HOWARD birth;
 Till jealousy itself aids virtue's cause,
 Prompting the spirit of congenial worth.

XLIX.

Here too the willing muse shall oft retire,
 To breathe her vows in many a graceful line,
 From the blest statue catch sublimer fire,
 While inspiration hovers o'er the shrine.

L.

Thou, to whose praise these honours gather round,
 Receive this tribute from thy country's hand,
 Thou, who alike by vice by virtue crown'd,
 Accept the homage of thy native land.

LI.

And tho' the memory of thy deeds shall bloom,
 When sculpture's proudest boast shall be no more,
 When urns, like what they guarded, meet their doom,
 And time o'er adamant exerts his pow'r:

LII.

And tho' thy modest goodness shuns its right,
 Tho' blushing it would shrink from just applause,
 Unseen would blebs like show'rs that fall by night,
 And shew th' effect while it would hide the cause:

LIII.

True to the awful charge by justice giv'n,
 Fame still will follow with her clarion high,
 On rapture's pinion bear the sound to heav'n,
 Nor suffer virtue such as thine to die.

And

LIV.

And well that wond'rous virtue has been sung,
 In deathless lays by Briton's lofty bard,
 Hymn'd by a lyre that seraphs might have strung,
 For Hayley's muse has giv'n her fair reward.

LV.

But feeble all that mortal man can raise,
 Feeble the trump that peals each honour'd name,
 Feeble a Hayley's lyre, a nation's praise,
 And all th' applausive notes of human fame.

LVI.

Yet take our pledge, tho' mixt, alas! with earth,
 Then hear the pray'r that whispers in thy breast,
 That voice from heav'n alone can speak thy worth,
 A recompensing God will give the rest!

My friend, I have obeyed you. It is pleasing to me at this moment to reflect that I enjoyed the friendship of the valuable and extraordinary man who gave birth to these verses. I thought so while I had the benefit of his conversation, but I think of it now more feelingly as a benefit I can partake of no more. How infinitely touching is an idea of this sort of deprivation! How anxiously does the soul fly about for succour on such occasions! She takes refuge in a thousand circumstances little attended to while the good we have lost was in our possession. We take a retrospect of the discourses which have passed

between us and the friends deceased, the very places where we met are in a manner consecrated; their persons, manners, accents are before us: We kindle ourselves into an enthusiasm of sorrow, but feel that such "sorrow is heavenly;"—it literally lifts us above the earth; it truly and necessarily sets our affections on things above: we are moved, we are awed. And after all, but for these warnings—these proofs of the "attenuated thread," on which hangs the life and death of what is precious, what careless, arrogant wretches should we be!—How independent even of heaven itself! Alas, with all these checks are we not sufficiently headstrong, presumptuous, and vain? and instead of being as the solemn poet of the night finely calls us, the "pensioners of an hour," do we not seem proudly to think that time and space are our vassals, and that instead of being in a few years, possibly in a few moments, vanquished ourselves, is not the crest uplifted as if we could put all things under our feet?

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

ANCIENT manners are less worn away by time, and the varying modes of life in Wales, than in most other countries. There is a harper in almost every village, and more than a bard to every mountain. The poetical enthusiasm has descended from the earliest to the latest generation, with no loss of its original fervor at least; for the Cambrian poets have monthly meetings and annual festivals, on which there is a strife in rhyme which makes the very rocks poetical. I received a card of invitation to one of these, and was much amused with the novelty of the ceremony. About a hundred and thirty bards assembled at a publick house in the village of Penmorva, in Merionethshire. Twelve judges were appointed to decide of the superiority of the poems, the six best of which were to have prizes, the one an arm-chair decorated with the ensigns of Apollo; a second a chaplet of laurels bespread with gold leaf, and so on: only five-and-twenty bards were to recite, and each recitation not to exceed twenty minutes. This I soon found was a very proper restriction, for
had

had the poesy been equal to the vehemence of delivering it, had the sense echoed to the sound, Phœbus himself might have been proud of his votaries. It was, however, a very merry association; and though only half a dozen could obtain prizes, every man went away about daylight well satisfied with others and with himself; for if each happy candidate was pleased with present success, each unlucky one was whispered to by his self-love, that the next meeting would atone for the disappointment. Thus,

“ Not a vanity is giv’n in vain.”

And we are to be convinced of every thing but our want of merit in the art we cultivate. This good opinion of ourselves is not only to be reckoned amongst the painted clouds that beautify our days, but incites us to industry and emulation in the science or occupation we pursue.

The bards of old are too famous, and you are too well read in their story, as it has been given in modern and ancient performances, to stand in need of much information. Old Carodoc (Craddock) of Lancarvon, whose book was originally written in British, and *published* in English, by Doctor Powel, as it is quaintly called, has furnished the best as well as the earliest account of them: and it appears that one of the

ancient Princes of Wales, named Gruffydd (Griffith) ap Conan, who died about the year 1136, to the grief and discontent of all his subjects, amongst other wholesome laws and statutes enacted in his time, reformed the disorders and abuses of the Welch minstrels.

Of these minstrels there were three sorts; the first composed several songs and odes of various measure, wherein, says Craddock, appeared not only the poet's skill, but also a vein, which the Latins call *Furor Poeticus*. These of the first order likewise kept the records of the gentlemen's arms and pedigrees; a very sacred trust amongst these descendants of Cadwallader in former times: on which account they were held in great veneration both by their brother poets and by the people. The next were such as played upon instruments of musick, chiefly the harp and the crowd, the latter of which, Prince Griffith, who descended from Irish parents, and was born in Ireland, brought with him from that country; and who, not contented with giving his Welch subjects the instrument, sent over for some of the best performers upon it; and although the Welch contend for the honour of the invention, it seems to belong principally to those very Hibernians. The last sort of Welch minstrels and bards were to sing to an instru-

instrument played by another. Each of these, by the same statute had their several rewards and encouragements allotted them: their life and behaviour was to be spotless, otherwise their punishment was very severe, every one, on proof of a well-founded complaint, having authority to correct them, even to a deprivation of all they had. They were also interdicted entering any man's house, or to compose a song upon any one, without the special leave and warrant of the party concerned.

These regulations gave virtue to amusement, by adding morality to musick and poetry. It must be confessed, that although the harmony, as well social as vocal and instrumental, still remains in a certain degree, the morality, so far as sobriety and temperance is a part of ethicks, is a little the worse for wear. The orgies of Bacchus generally finish those of Apollo at the festivals of the modern Welch minstrels, who, after the poetick trials of the day, eat and drink like so many aldermen at a turtle feast. Formerly bard and minstrel united in the same person, at least frequently: at present the harper and the poet are for the most part distinct. The poet, like the harper, is still welcome wheresoever he goes; both migrate in a pleasant wandering kind of life from one place to another,

R 2

making

making sometimes a circuit of their neighbouring hills and vallies, and sometimes of the whole principality. They travel with the harp at their backs, or their works in their pockets. They enter a house without invitation, and are considered as one of the family while they stay, which is seldom less than a week at a time. If any little domestick incident happen while they are inmates, it is celebrated on the spot: if the event be fortunate, the bard greets it by a gay and spirited impromptu; and the harper hails it with his most lively ditty. If it be distressful, they commemorate it by an extemporaneous elegy, and attempt to soften it by soothing sounds. The marriage of children, the death or sickness of parents, a fair prospect of harvest, an untimely frost, and in short almost every change and chance of human life is either gratulated or bewailed. This practice is not without its use; it excites to good neighbourhood; it prevents the industrious labourer, as well as his employers, from wandering abroad for those relaxations and recreations which they find at home. The village hinds and husbandmen can have a dance and song at their own cottages and farms, and all the family is regaled, invigorated, and amused, at a very small charge, merely that of the occasional entertainment of the bard and harper: on a scale of comparative expence,

how

how much cheaper, as well as more free from hazard, is this than the county town balls, to which the high-dressed farmers' daughters repair monthly in chaises, or on their brothers' hunters, in all the extravagance of the latest fashions ridiculously imitated? In a word, those musico-poetical vagabonds are a very happy and useful set of people; and it is wonderfully pleasant for a residentiary traveller, particularly if he is also a perambulating one, to be sure not only of hospitable reception, but to be gratified with musick and song into the bargain wheresoever he makes a pause; for it may very truly be said in this country, that "every stranger finds a ready chair." With respect to myself, I have to render my acknowledgments even to some of the untoward accidents of life for carrying me into several agreeable scenes and adventures: for instance, a shower, a sudden turn of weather from intense heat to cold, or *vice versa*, a considerable distance from a town or an inn; thirst, hunger, or the want of any thing that offers but the shadow of an apology for making another's house my own, has often been matter of felicitation to all parties; and I have sometimes sought the shelter of a few minutes, but found it impossible to quit it for days. The harper always gives a zest to every meal by a tune; and in the evening, the bard, though

often an unlettered votary of the muse, offers the best poetry he has to bestow. Brevity and dispatch are recommendations in the worst of times; for while a jug of ale or cyder is drinking, the bard will make a stanza of gratitude for it. While supper is dressing, he is ready to serve it up with a copy of verses in praise of Benevolence. And though it may happen, that neither the musick nor the poetry have charms for the fastidious critick; they are not destitute of attraction for the philanthropist.

The northern part of the principality is said to have been the most famous at all times, as it is at present for the bards. A very curious contention, indeed, is reported to have taken place betwixt the North and South poets, in 1176. Lord Rhys (Rice) Prince of South Wales, says the history, made a very great feast at Christmas in his castle of Abertrifi, which he caused to be proclaimed through all Britain, Ireland, and the islands adjacent, some considerable time before; and according to his invitation many hundreds of English, Normans, and others, were very honourably received, and courteously entertained. Amongst other tokens of their welcome, the prince caused all the poets throughout all Wales to come to his castle; and for a better diversion to the company, he provided

vided chairs to be set in the hall, in which the bards being seated, they were to answer each other in rhyme; and those that overcame the rest in this pitched engagement of poetical repartee, were rewarded with rich presents. The North Wales bards obtained the victory, with the applause of the whole company; and amongst the harpers also, between whom there was a similar strife, the prince's own servants were accounted the most expert.

You may be sure I did not fail to include amongst the objects of accurate attention, the most attractive of all that Cambria in ancient times most venerated, the Druids. In my researches on this fruitful subject, though I was very highly gratified, I found nothing sufficiently new to glean. A tour through Anglesey, which I made in the company of a very intelligent man, who, luckily for my purpose, was mounted on a horse, that like my own, had long since adopted the mode of deliberate travelling, presented to me a full view of all the reliques of druidical antiquity still to be seen in the island. The places of sacrifice, where the blood of human victims was devoted by craft to superstition; the enormous pile of rocks, under which they erected their sanguinary altars; the now craggy heaths once covered with their temples,

ples, and the remains of those immense woods wherein they performed their tremendous rites, were all visited with an eagerness of curiosity which the subject is so well fitted to inspire. I really felt a sacred kind of horror as I traversed the isle, celebrated for so many ages as the theatre of religious rapine; and although at every step I was reminded of some act more characteristick of an assassin, or of a murderous banditti, than of the ministers of a religion pure and peaceful, at every step I experienced that solemn sensation which mixes itself with every object of antiquity, over which poetry has thrown a charm. The power of the muse is manifested, perhaps, more in this than in any thing else. In that sober state of the mind which fits us for seeing objects in their natural size and colour, whether we are reading or reflecting, a fact is decided upon by reason, and pronounced either good or evil according to its actual tendency. From this decision one would suppose there could be no appeal: presently there comes a fair usurper, called Imagination, who, by the slightest waving of her wand, hurls reason from the throne, vaults into it herself, and governs with a sovereignty, at once so absolute and agreeable, that we deliver up ourselves to her enchantment, and even assist her in dragging the lawful monarch at the wheels of her chariot,

chariot, in which we suffer ourselves to be carried over fairy land, the happy slaves of her usurped authority.

Thus can we only account for the veneration we bear towards those whose memory is stained by deeds which reason must for ever condemn. I was not to learn that the Isle of Anglesey was the chief haunt of those barbarous beings, whose despotism and cruelty surpassed the rage of the panther famishing for prey: that a more bloody race of ruffians never infested humanity than the Druids; that they covered the most horrid enormities with the impenetrable mask of religion; and yet so effectually had Mason, and other poets, assisted our love of antiquity, to make us go over to the side of imagination, that I honoured the very name of Mona, and looked at the reliques of the woods and caves, which had so often resounded with the mysterious incantations, with a not unpleasing horror. Thus fascinated,

“ Ev’ry old poetick mountain

“ Inspiration breath’d around,

“ Ev’ry shade and hallow’d fountain

“ Murmur’d deep a solemn sound ;”

and even in places, where, had the mind been unseduced, I should have shuddered at the bare

bare remembrance of the enormities practised therein,

“ Bright-ey’d Fancy, hov’ring o’er,

“ Scatter’d from her pictur’d urn,

“ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

Such are the triumphs of the muse! We are called reasonable beings, my friend: but how vast is the empire of Imagination, and how sweet is our captivity! what a pity that it should so often be false and fatal! To you may fancy ever be a friend, and in connection with reason; or if they ever separate, be it only like the parting of much-loved associates, who make short excursions to different places, but return soon into the arms of each other! or while fancy carries you into adventures, may Mentor ever attend on Telemachus!

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

To the superstition of the Welch mountains, may be added that of their lakes and monumental stones. The former are extremely numerous; but a countless variety of fables mingle in the history of each. The stones are

of such prodigious magnitude that they are not likely to be moved, but by that commotion which shall subdue the world itself; they are of such incredible bulk, that it is astonishing by what united power they were at first dragged to the cloud-capped hills on which they stand, and have stood for many centuries. A traveller who tells you the single stones measured from seven, eight, to ten, and sixteen feet high, is modestly within the truth; and it is also true, that fifty yoke of oxen could not possibly move some of them, much less climb with them up the fearful ascents whereon they certainly were originally placed by human art and labour. No wonder, therefore, that the traditionary account of the peasantry is, that the devil himself set them up there. And of the mountains themselves, on the very summit of which these enormous stones are piled one upon another, it has been justly observed, their resemblance is so great to the Alps, that, except from the language of the people, a traveller could hardly avoid thinking he is passing from Grenoble to Susa, or through the country of the Grisons; but with this exception, that in abundance of places you have the most beautiful vallies in the world, and some of them of very great extent, far exceeding those so famed amongst the mountains of Piedmont and Savoy.

The

The Welch are of a most inquisitive temper. They stare, and flock round a stranger as if he were the inhabitant of another world, just arrived amongst them. - If he make the slightest advance to discourse, they ply him with questions, and are never satisfied with answers, till they unlock every part of his history. At first I took this to be confined to a few curious people; but I found in the end it was the custom of the country. You meet a Welchman on the road, or join him in the chat of a minute at your inn, —“ Whence come you? where go you? what is your name? where were you born? what is the object of your journey? are you in business? are you out of it? how long have you been from home? how long do you stay abroad? are you a single man? have you a family?” are interrogatories that tread on the heels of the first salutation; and these, if replied to, are followed too by others more close, and, if possible, more impertinent. Nor have you any way of shaking the enquirers off, but by an inveterate silence, and this they resent by such a torrent of fresh queries, that even silence is no security; and you must either bear to hear all they have to ask, or take refuge in retreat. Horace’s troublesome fellow was not more importunate. But all this is without the smallest intention to offend; on the contrary, it is often with a design

to be sociable; but chiefly, I believe, has no motive better or worse than the gratification of simple curiosity. It is, however, very worrying, and has now and then provoked me to answer sharply. At a place called Towy, a man whom I met at the inn where I baited, so urged me with question upon question, that I was malicious enough to put the most bitter sarcasms into my responses. Question—Where did I come from? Answer, The other world. Where was I going?—Out of hearing. What was my name?—Nameless. Where was I born?—In the moon.

Till this answer the fellow did not seem to feel that I was laughing at him; but it had the effect, for he soon after ended his persecutions by saying, come from where I would, I was a merry gentleman, and he wished me good day.

If ever you should be sprighted by one of these Welch querists, or by a vexer of this description in any country, my plan may be worth adoption. You might be led to suppose this over-curious propensity was in the way of their hospitable turn of character; but if you can agree with me, that it originates not in any suspicion or fear of deceit, you will place it in the long list of *inconsistencies* which blend in human characters, without conceiving it to be a paradox.

How

How often do we meet the most apparently, nay absolutely, incompatible properties compounded in the same mind? Avarice with prodigality, pride with humility, charity with selfishness, vanity with diffidence, and a love of the world with profound retirement. I could illustrate each of these apparent contradictions by proofs *personal* taken from the catalogue of our mutual acquaintance, but what better would be inferred than so many fresh convictions of the oldest fact, that the best people are strange compounds, and that the world is a garden where not only, in a *general* sense,

“Weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,”

but where, by the side of the fairest, sweetest flower, and almost twisted round it, grows that weed which is most baneful to it: one would think they could not live or thrive in the same soil; yet we perceive they flourish very neighbourly together. Have you never, my dear friend, found the rose and nettle take root in the same temper?—the fragrance and beauty of the one incommoded by the stinging properties of the other! Yes, you reply, but then it is the business of the gardener, Education, to pluck up this ill-assorted associate, and to leave the rose to blossom either in solitude, or better society. In vegetable culture this may always
 4 do;

do; in moral gardening it is to be managed nicely, lest in eradicating a favourite folly, or constitutional weakness, we injure the native virtue that is near it. No, my friend, we must be content rather with meliorating the soil than destroying its natural productions; if some of these are utterly obnoxious to the valuable plants and shrubs, which are the pride and riches of the ground, they "*must* be hewn down and cast "into the fire," for *such* "tares will totally "choak the wheat;" *such* weeds will blast the rose worse than a canker. But if they are less ambitious of doing mischief; if they are all but the frailties of our nature, springing up amongst our virtues, let them be considered as forming the tissue of the human character; where the coarse and fine, the worsted and the silk, are necessary to the general strength of the piece:

"When straw-like errors lean to virtues side,
 "Ah! check ye bigots, check your furious pride,
 "Some venial faults, from sordid natures start,
 "And spring up only in the gen'rous heart;
 "As florid weeds elude the labourer's toil,
 "From too much warmth and richness of the soil;
 "While meaner souls, like Zembla's hills of snow,
 "Too barren prove for weeds or flowers to blow."

SYMPATHY."

Your pardon for this selfish quotation. Is it not in point? It repeats, perhaps, the allusion, but

but it seems to gain force by the repetition. It is so excessively painful to be finding fault with poor human nature continually, that it is quite a relief to one to plead her cause, and become her apologist for those trespasses which are at all defensible. Heaven knows there are plenty of *faux pas*, where, to attempt her excuse would be to partake her crimes.

Be satisfied, then, that the constitutional hospitality of the Welch receives no check from their constitutional inquisitiveness: the former is, indeed, so very general, that the story which a gentleman, who made the tour of Wales in 1774 relates, is not in the least to be doubted. It is told to shew that a man may travel through the whole country, with a constant suit of recommendations from one hospitable house to another. The substance of the story is this:—A gentleman of the neighbourhood of Mahuntleth, a little town in the extreme West angle of Montgomeryshire, and which I described to you in one of my letters, introduced himself politely to the company, and hearing they travelled to satisfy their curiosity, civilly offered to gratify it. They asked him if there was a good house at the next stage? He answered there were many; Mr. Lloyd's, Mr. Powell's, Mr. Edwards's, &c. They still enquired which was the best house?

house? He replied they were all very good. To make him explicit, they persisted in asking him, whether either of them was as comfortable and proper as that in which they were conversing, meaning the village inn. Sir, said he, with a peevish surprize, should you take this house for a gentleman's? They quickly explained themselves, and begged his pardon.

It would be unjust in me to omit telling you, that the Welch are not only lovers of hospitality in themselves, but sincere admirers of it in others, and if a kindness has once been shewn them, they never lose the impression of it. One instance, out of many, I will recount. In the vicinity of Caernarvon, is one of the seats of my Lord Newborough. Passing this one miserable cold day, when the snows were frozen on the mountains, I could not help exclaiming in the hearing of the honest Welchman, who was at that time my guide across the country—Would to heaven that house were a publick one! Ah, Sir, said my guide, with a sigh, and crack of his whip, it *was* one in former days, that is to say, it was a house for the good of the publick, as every body who wanted entertainment, either for man or beast, was welcome. O, there was rare doings at Newborough-hall, when my Lord ——, God bless him, was at home: he is

abroad now, and has been (the more is the pity, both for rich and poor) many years; but we expect him back soon, which will make such a joy in Wales, as has scarcely been known since that old mountain (meaning Snowden, which is visible from the house) was no bigger than a mole-hill! You must know, Sir, I am William Jones, continued this grateful fellow, I am one of his Lordship's tenants—that little farm on the other side is rented by me, where, if your honour please, I will shew you that I have not lived so many years under so good and generous a master without benefiting by the example; and though I cannot set out my table like my Lord Newborough, my old dame will give you a clean cloth, some new-laid eggs, a curious slice or two of bacon, and as brave a mug of ale, or tankard of cyder, with a dash of brandy, as ever was drawn, and we will drink the health and speedy return of my master to old Wales.—God knows, I will drink it—just as I wish it—with all my life and soul.

He went on to assure me, that as the day of Lord N—'s departure from this country was the most miserable, so would his return be the most blessed to his servants, tenants, friends, and all descriptions of people—that for his part he felt a comfort to get his bread on the ground that belonged

belonged to so good a master, and even to walk upon his land, and that he never passed by the deserted mansion-house without thinking of the obligations which he and a thousand others had received from the generous owner.

He then proceeded to justify, by instances of goodness, this exalted character, in the course of developing which, he discovered a most excellent heart, and not uncultured head, belonging to himself; but displayed so many marks of an enlarged benevolence in his master, that before he had half finished his eulogy, my affections warmed towards the noble proprietor of Newborough-hall, and I could not but join the regrets of honest Will Jones that he was absent.

These little road-adventures, which are so frequently rising out of surrounding objects, I must once more remark are amongst the richest gratifications that can happen to a traveller of my taste and temper. They are, indeed, a source of almost daily pleasure and exercise of the social principle: they freshen, as it were, one's whole heart; and so occupy the best part of our feelings, that if roads are bad, and the weather severe, we perceive all ruggednesses and rigours smoothe off; and if the way be without difficulty, and the weather fine, and the country through

s 2

which

which we pass beautiful, the whole is rendered more delicious by a little regaling casualty of this sort. December has not often presented a more bitter day than that on which I received a delineation of Lord N— from William Jones, but some of the traits created a kind of summer in my bosom, and the rest of the journey to Caernarvon was the happier for it. 'Tis even now sweet to remembrance, and is registered amongst the riches of my sheaf.

There is a great deal of *character* in this country; and much of that original wit, humour, and oddity, amongst the lower ranks, which the late Henry Fielding so much delighted to describe. Out of abundance I shall give only two specimens, each of which has something so dramatick, that were I about to write a comedy, I should be strongly tempted to hitch them into the scene; and as I met with them both in the same day their portraits shall be drawn in the same letter.

As there is a lady in the case she claims my first attention. I beg, therefore, to introduce the widow Bowyer to you. Suppose your correspondent taking his afternoon tea at a little publick-house, betwixt Welch-Pool and Shrewsbury, and the widow, my landlady, thus officiously

ciously shewing herself off, by way of recommending herself and her house.—Would you have the idea of the speaker before you—Imagination must body forth a neat little old woman of the true Welch architecture, and dressed in the fashion of her country—a blue Yorkin, black broad brim beaver, scarlet petticoat, and apron of black shining stuff, dropping a deep but rapid curtsy at every sentence.—“I hope you find your tea good, Sir—I always have the best of tea, Sir, (*curtsy.*)—Perhaps, your honour’s goodness would like a slice of cheese and hung beef—(*curtsy—both at the cheese and beef.*)—I am notorious for them, Sir, (*curtsy.*)—I am a widow woman, at your service, Sir, (*curtsy*) buried my husband, (*curtsy*) about six weeks ago, (*curtsy*)—an ailing man, Sir, (*curtsy*)—always weak and wankly, (*curtsy.*)—Could do nothing for many years, Sir, (*curtsy.*)—Palsy, your honour, (*curtsy*) cost me many a bright pound;—(*curtsy*) but ’tis always something for a woman to have a husband in the house—(*curtsy.*)—Servants think nothing of a lone woman—(*curtsy,*) they do just as they please with them, your honour knows—(*curtsy.*)

“Ah, poor David,” continued she, after a short pause, seeing me disposed to hear, but not

to answer.—“ Ah, poor dear David, he used to sit, Sir, (*curtsey*) in that very arm chair, Sir, (*curtsey*) where your honour sits now; and though I had to lead him up stairs and down——put him to bed, and take him up——poor soul, helpless as an infant——still I liked to be doing for him.—Davy, I used to say—Davy—you’ll never go on your legs again, I fear—you’ll never be the man you have been—”

(By way of parenthesis, let me look in the information that, although I do not continue to insert the curtseys, it is to be noted, that the good widow went as regularly on with her reverences as with her story, and that every dash you meet with is substituted to prevent interruption for a curtsey; the long dash being expressive of an obeisance nine deep, the short one, of the little drop, or bob minor.)

“ We were notorious for being happy, Sir,—and our house, Sir—though thatched, Sir—is notorious all over the country, Sir——and if your honour should be provoked to stay the night, Sir,—you shall have as good a bed as ever was laid on—poor David died on it, Sir,—we are notorious for our beds——me and mine have lived here hundreds of years—the finest air in the world—kill all our own meat—cut all our
own

own garden stuff—grow all our own wheat—make all our own bread—brew all our own beer.—In short do every thing for ourselves, without being beholden to any body.——Thus, your honour sees, we are the most notorious people on the road.”

The whole of the foregoing self-description, passed without the smallest encouragement or reply; my landlady standing all the while curtsying, nodding, crying, and laughing; for I should have observed to you, that at every drop of her knees she gave a nod of her head, and that whenever she mentioned David's infirmities she made up her face and voice into a most pity-moving whine, which gave way, however, to a more pleasant twist of her odd little countenance and tones when she spake of the notoriousness of her house.

My tea, and her talk ended together, when I told her that I was thoroughly convinced she had not obtained a notorious character without reason; but that I found her so entertaining, and as the evening was too far advanced to think of pursuing my journey towards Shrewsbury, I would avail myself of the many good things for which her house is notorious, on condition that

she would favour me with as much of her company as possible, and put me into any bed but that which poor David had so lately died upon—the reflection of which circumstance would prevent my taking any repose.

I gave it this turn to save the good widow's feelings, and I ventured to invite her, because I imagined her house affairs would draw her nods and curtsies to several other travellers, who now came to pass the night. Unluckily, however, she resolved to compliment me with her dead David's bed, and though I could have wished it put upon a longer quarantine, it was impossible; for she assured, (nod and curtsy as usual) “that not only gentry—but nobility—not only 'squires—but barrownights—not only barrownights—but lords———not only lords—but dukes———(here a nod that threw her head into her bosom, and a curtsy that almost overset her)—and that even the Prince———of the Principality——(nod)——(nod)——(nod)——the Prince of Wales himself———(curtsey)———(curtsey)———(curtsey)———might lie in that bed—.”

Had the corpse of David been stretched still upon the bed, you see I must have taken part of it;

it; I therefore yielded, and the good widow-woman went nodding and curtsying through the rest of the evening in perfect good humour. Her manner must lose much in narration, but I am convinced had it been dramatised, and shaped to the talents of one of our comedians, it would have set at least the galleries, and perhaps the whole house, in a roar.

Notwithstanding this, none of her other customers then in the inn, seemed to be struck with what had so much diverted me: one bid her do more and talk less—another said, he supposed, she looked on her conversation as part of the entertainment, and would charge it in the bill—if so, he must decline any more of it. The author of this observation was a wag, who perhaps, thought he was also a wit; a third could not help wishing she had as good talents for silence as making a noise. An hundred others might have entered and departed without being a whit more amused; but as I am convinced the lover of character would not have passed my widow-woman without a note of remark, I cannot but believe you, and your friends will excuse, nay, thank me, for making her a little more *notorious*.

One man only of the company was wholly
silent,

silent, and he had the best reason for it; namely, an intoxication that wholly deprived him of the power of speech: two of the others just mentioned were his associates, who had been to Haverfordwest on foot, to save as much as possible of that money which they had appropriated to the release of their friend, the drunken man, who had been two years a prisoner for debt in the gaol of the above-named town, and they were all three natives of Wales, working under the same master at Shrewsbury.

As our widow woman's general sitting room usually served her, like the merry cobbler's in the ballad, "for parlour, for kitchen, and hall;" there being no fire-places in the other apartments above or below; we all were of the same mess, while we were partaking of which, (the late prisoner excepted, who was as incapable of eating as conversing) one of the travellers—he who had his fears that my landlady would make him pay for her eloquence—thus opened upon me.—

"You must know, Sir," says he, addressing himself to me as familiarly as if we had been old acquaintance, "the poor fellow who is now snoring in the chimney corner, is Davy Morgan, as honest a little man as any in Wales, and
put

put into "durance vile" for another man's debt; but we have worked him out, and in a few days we shall be able to shew him to all friends round the wrekin: in the mean time, poor Davy is gone tipfy with the thought of it: but you must not think the worse of him for that; I hope his getting *into* gaol and *out* of it, once in his life, and being a little *hickfus doxius* upon it, (once in his life, I say) will not make you think the worse of him. Come, little drunken Davy, here is your health, my boy, as you can't drink, I'll drink for you; any thing to serve a friend sleeping or waking; so here's to you in a bumper that holds both our portions, my little sleeping Taffy."

This bumper was emptied and filled with such rapidity, that, if there be any truth in a head full of liquor, the account which was now given by both the comrades at supper of the snoring Davy Morgan, did credit to the hearts of all three. I gathered from the torrents of information now poured out much faster than even the ale, that Davy Morgan had been bound for a friend, whose treachery had plunged him not only in a prison, but in the ruin consequent on the loss of his time; which used to be industriously employed—that his companions had been in the habits of friendship, labour,
and

and diversion with him, many years; that by his imprisonment they were deprived at once of their playmate and fellow-workman; and that therefore they had a meeting one day to see what could be done between them, towards getting their friend out of custody. The result of their conference was a generous but secret, treaty, to use every means in their power to obtain his liberty: but the sum for which he was confined exceeding abundantly their finances, for they were all but journeymen weavers serving under the same master, they made an attempt on the mercy of the creditor, in the hope of such a compromise as they might be able to advance; representing to him, that the misfortune of the prisoner was brought upon him wholly by an act of good-nature, and on the faith of the man who had betrayed him; and that therefore, in effect he was punished not only for the vice of another but for his own virtue.

This appeal, however, failed; and at a second consultation, still held without the knowledge of the captive Davy, they entered into a solemn compact to put by one-third of their weekly wages, till a sum sufficient to effect the poor man's enlargement should be accumulated. "We were both brother-bachelors, Sir," said

one of them, "and so could do this without pinching any body but ourselves—Will Griffith there, indeed, was to be married when he could afford a set of linen, a wedding dinner, and a weaving loom, and had got a few good pounds snug in the box, which his intended gave him as a token; but the generous-hearted girl, who is an honour to her country——"

"She is a Welch girl, Sir," exclaimed Mr. Griffith, "and here's her health with all my
"foul."

"I say, Sir," resumed the other traveller, that this brave wench, on hearing the story of poor Davy, and the plan to relieve him, insisted on her not being the hindrance but the promoter of his liberty; declaring, that she was ready to contribute an equal share of her little savings towards effecting that good work, and that by way of encouragement to her lover, Griffith, she would give him the disposal of her hand, as soon after Davy could attend at the wedding as he thought proper to demand it."

"Till the moment after she said this, Sir," said Griffith in rapture, "I did not think it had been possible to love her more dearly—here's another bumper to her."

"To

“To make short of the story,” continued the other, “to work we went, ay, and worked double tides for double pay, and Kitty Lewis, who worked too, kept the box. Every Saturday night we put in our savings, and counted at the end of every quarter. Not a syllable of this to Davy; though we took care in the mean time he should not want, for while the grass grows, you know, Sir—Well, thus we went merrily on—no matter how long—till we had enough, then, watching for the Passion week, when there is no work done, you know, off we set from Old Salop to Haverford, where poor Davy was taken as he was trying to get over to Ireland, and was shut up. Griffith and I, who were born in the country, knew every inch of the ground; and to save money for better uses than throwing it away upon horse-flesh, we footed up after the fashion of our country, carrying our shoes in one pocket and stockings in another. When we got to the White Hart, which is a very good inn, directly opposite to the prison, we did not stay to refresh till we had paid a visit to Morgan. Our hearts were at our lips as we crossed over the way to him. The poor fellow was sucking in the fresh air through the grating, which, being on the ground floor, we could see and speak to one another. I thought Davy would have leaped
through

through his bars to get at us, though he looked pale as death, and his beard was grown like one of your Hermits. He threw out both his hands, which we took hold of, and told him they were as cold as clay : but my heart is as warm and as much your's as ever, my boys, said he, in a terrible feeble voice ; and if I remain here for the rest of my life, as I suppose I shall, I will fall down night and day on my dirty straw, to bless Providence, that it has sent me the only two men I love in the whole world."

" Don't tell me, Davy, said Griffith—you remember Will these were your words—don't tell me of staying here the rest of your life—we do not intend you shall remain here another day ; if we can help it, not another hour. We come with a strong box, my little Davy, that shall change your dirty straw into clean feathers, and those damn'd ugly looking bars into a warm glass window ; but this is wasting time—where's the gaoler?—let us do our business first and talk afterwards.

" Hereupon Griffith went in search of the keeper, and I explained matters to Davy, who was in a surprise past speaking, only he cried like a child, and sometimes laughed again like a madman, though when he came to himself,

he

he said he was ashamed to distress us, and such nonsense; to which I only answered, never mind, when we get our old fellow-workman amongst us again, we will soon weave it up, I warrant you: and to tell you the truth, Davy, said I, we have both had a sore loss of the songs you used to sing at loom, and neither of us can do any longer without you.

“Presently, Sir, Will Griffiths returned with the gaoler, who, though he seemed a glum, gruff, growling looking fellow, he had contrived to make smile, as if he was half as good-humoured a fellow as Will himself.

“Ay, money works miracles, you know, Sir”—exclaimed Will, who thus ended the story.—“A bribe out of my Kitty’s amber-box made the keeper of our poor Davy hasten to his release with almost as much glee as myself; and as-foon as the law charges, which were, somehow, as heavy as the debt, though nothing appeared to be said or done but clapping the poor fellow in prison, and leaving him there:—as soon as these were settled, I say, we took the bird out of his cage, and carried him in triumph to the White Hart, where we passed one of the merriest evenings of our lives. We have kept it up ever since: as poor Davy’s legs had been
of

of no use to him for so long a time, they refused to do much for him, even now that they were untied, as one may say, so we got him into the stages as far as they went our way, and when we were obliged to cross the country, we put him upon a horse, and at last, after a jovial journey, here we are at the widow Bowyer's, thank God! within half a dozen miles of Shrewsbury, and Kitty Lewis. That being the case, we will, if you please, Sir, have one more bottle to the health and happiness of all parties: the amber-box holds out still, and here it is at the service of any honest fellow that wants it, though we never saw him before in our lives, and should never see him again. As to Kitty, if she takes me without a shilling, she takes me for myself: unless we were both sick at the same time, we can never be in need of bread, because the hands of either can earn it; and as to loom and linen they may be waited for, and what the wedding dinner may want in fineries, it shall make up in good plain fare and good appetite."

Will Griffith having finished his speech, kissed the amber-box with great devotion, swore it should not be long ere his labours filled it again, and then shook me heartily by the hand, observing, that he could see I liked the history he had been recounting, as it had made me shed tears

more than once in the telling; and whenever I am touched to the heart with any thing, said he, I always cry.

Davy Morgan waked, and was all the better for his nap. His comrades greeted his return to life, as one of them called it, with three cheers, three bumpers of the notorious widow's ale, and three such flaps on the back, that he must have been actually dead not to have shook off all remains of slumber. And now he had one advantage over his friends, who had sacrificed to Liberty in so many "potations pottle deep," that they literally fell martyrs on the floor to their affections, and the excellent home-brew'd of the widow, who exhibited in the course of the tale many instances of a good heart, by dropping a very low curtsley at every mark of the generosity of the young weavers, giving them a grateful nod at the same time; declaring that if the widow's mite would be accepted by Davy Morgan, the amber-box should not be forgotten.

I really regret that Davy's pleasant compeers were now rendered so incapable as to require the supports of the good widow, myself, and even of Davy himself, to conduct them to bed. Davy, on his part, was quite renewed; and understanding from Mrs. Bowyer that I had heard his story,
foon

soon justified his departed friends' eulogium, of being a very pleasant, grateful, and good-humoured, as well as ingenious fellow.

Presently, the widow reminding us it was midnight, I intreated to drink a glass of good wishes to the company, as well sleeping as awake, and then promised to retire. One more tankard was therefore drawn; but it was so relishing to Davy, that he took it nearly off at a draught, not only from love of the liquor but of his friends. A second tankard was therefore brought, but unluckily the hearty visit paid to the other came too suddenly on Davy's recovery from the former libations, and his sober senses begun to relapse. The widow winked in her wicker chair—that line you may think has called in—

“ — apt alliteration's artful aid ; ”

but I assure you it was accidental—the widow fell asleep—Davy held the tankard in his hand; and without attending to a third or fourth person being in the room—probably without knowing there was any body but himself present, indulged, and displayed himself in a soliloquy, which, if you will please to advert to time, place, and foregone circumstances, may divert you. I stop you from it only while I assert that

“ I shall nought extenuate,
 “ Nor set down aught in frolick.”

A whole year's conversation could not, to my mind, better have pourtrayed the man.

“ Now, Davy Morgan, is the time to shew thyself a great fool or a sensible little fellow. Twice to-day hast thou been out of thy wits for joy, and art but just come into them again enough to be sorry for it. Beware the third time. The ale is certainly good—there's no denying it—(Here he lifted the tankard almost to his lips) I could drink every drop of it with the greatest pleasure.—It is but lifting the tankard half an inch higher, opening my mouth a little wider—in this manner—and it would be gone past recovery, as King or Prince Denmark says—

“ To drink, or not to drink ?—that is the question;
 “ Whether 'tis better for thee, Davy, thus to suffer
 “ The stings and arrows of outrageous thirst,
 “ Or by thus plunging in a sea of ale,
 “ Tippling, to end it?—to drink! and sleep
 “ No more; and by that sleep to end
 “ The head-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 “ That tippling's heir to—'tis a consummation
 “ Devoutly to be wish'd—to drink and sleep—
 “ Perchance be drunk again!—ah! there's the rub!”

No, damn it, Davy, don't make a beast of thyself any more to-day, there's a good little fellow.

Thou

Thou art at present merry and wise. Keep so, my lad, for the honour of Wales, and for the sake of the good fortune that has dragged thee out of thy hole into the land of freedom—Down, tempter, down.”

Here he lowered the tankard, but with such haste, that he spilt part of its contents on his chin, the sweet and savory smell of which so quickened appetite, as Milton said of Eve, when the grand tempter presented the forbidden fruit, that poor Davy Morgan felt the original sin was entailed on him. He again held the tankard up to his lips and could not but taste. In that perilous instant he exclaimed—“Davy, why don’t you pull it away with all your might—(here he began to sip)—why don’t you say—Satan, in the shape of a tankard of beer, avaunt—(here he spoke with his head in the mug)—why don’t you dash it to the ground—have you no honour—no resolution—no philosophy—no consideration—no gratitude? (a great gulp between each of these questions). Fie upon you—when a tankard is before you—you have no more strength—thought—idea—nor—nor—nor—(gulps continued)—nor—any thing of that kind—than—than—than—(gulps) an infant.”

At this moment a lamentable cry was heard at

the door, accompanied by a loud rapping. On opening it, a poor creature appeared half-famished with cold: it was the post-boy betwixt Pool and Shrewsbury, who, being seized with the cramp in his stomach, came to get a dram. He had scarcely time to describe the nature of his complaint, before Davy Morgan applied a remedy, by thrusting the poker, which happened to be red-hot, into the tankard; and then pouring the ale, thus heated, down the shivering man's throat—execrating himself all the time, as a prodigal who had been wantonly wasting that which might now have been so much better disposed of.—“ See, you rascal,” said he to himself, “ what comes of your guggling—you deserve to be sent back again to prison you do.”

The poor post-boy soon felt himself renovated, for the widow added a gill of her notorious brandy to Davy's burned ale; after which he again mounted his horse, saying, he should soon fetch up lost time, and hoped God would always bless those who, he swore, had saved his life.

Davy Morgan, however, kept abusing himself for some time after, but I contrived to pacify him by assuring him, if he could parody Hamlet's celebrated speech so pleasantly, I should think he deserved to get tipsy as often as he chose,

chose, though it were to be with nectar or tokay. Begging, therefore, he would forgive himself this time, we all went to rest.

The morning brought us all once more together; and our breakfast, for I was now one of the party, was a very sober one. In the middle of it there happened an incident which so accumulated the interests of the little drama, that it added another notoriety to the house of the courteous widow. This was the entrance of a very handsome young woman, in a blue riding habit and straw bonnet, bound tight with a pea-green ribbon, which was fastened gypsy fashion; and displayed such parts of a pretty countenance as made the spectator desirous to see the whole. Such a blush as has a thousand times ten thousand been seen, and felt, by lovers, but never justly described, even by them, for who can paint like Nature? One of those indescribable graces of that

“Eloquent blood,

“Which so distinctly wrought,

“That you might almost say her body thought;”

suffused itself over her fine, and by no means inelegant countenance, at the sight of the man of her heart, seated at table with the chosen friend,

towards whose ransom from captivity she had herself so generously contributed. This young person was in the service of an old lady of fortune who was blind; a calamity which this attendant, who, you perceive, was no other than Kitty Lewis, greatly mitigated; for being herself the daughter of a Montgomeryshire farmer of some credit, and a girl of no mean talents, besides the culture of a good education, she was well calculated to entertain those who could not entertain themselves, and was, therefore, very justly considered by her lady rather as a friend than a servant.

The moment that Davy Morgan's enlargement was effected, Will Griffith wrote her word of it, and mentioned the time at which he should regain Shrewsbury: but accidents on the road detaining him, Kitty then, for the first time, made her Lady confidential. She declined doing so till the object of her lover's journey was attained, willing that the honour of it should not be shared with any but the trio that projected it. The old lady, however, was, as Kitty afterwards told me, touched even to tears; nor did she suffer those fumes of pity to melt away or dry up without effect.

Kitty had heard from the Pool post-boy, with whom

whom she was acquainted, that his life had been lost but for the humanity of a merry gentleman, whose name, he understood, was David Morgan, then at the widow Bowyer's; from which information she drew the natural inference, that her lover had got so far on his journey with his generous companion and liberated friend; but that stopping so near the place of their destination might proceed from some little difficulty that money might remove. This latter idea was suggested by the good old Lady, who was now in the secret of the amber travelling-box, and who insisted that Kitty should be herself the bearer of a re-enforcement; but to take care to present her bounty-money in a way that should not spoil the plot, by an appearance of a fourth person's coming into it, desiring at the same time that the parties might, immediately on their arrival at Shrewsbury, repair to her house; and that the adventure should not want a finish, she permitted Kitty to make the excursion in a post-chaise.

Kitty was now seated by her lover's side; but was far too happy with her errand, and with the view of the objects of it, to partake of our breakfast; neither did Will Griffith seem to take any food but that which love and friendship provided for his honest and affectionate heart. The bill

was soon demanded by Kitty Lewis, when the widow declared it was paid. "It is paid," quoth the good woman, "by the merriest night and happiest morning I have ever had.—I will take no money.—Yesterday and to-day shall be notorious. What you have had, you are welcome to—and a thousand thanks—into—the bargain.—(These thousand thanks were expressed by almost as many nods and curtsies.) You need not take out your amber-box, Mr. Griffith—nor you your purse, Miss Kitty—what's your name—I am notorious for telling the truth, and what I say, I say—so God be with you—(*nod and curtsy*)—and send you health and wealth, and grace to do well—and pray none of you pass the King's Head without calling—I can do a good turn as well as another—servant—your servant—fare ye well—good bye—I wish ye all a good day—and a pleasant ride to Shrewsbury—and next market-day, mayhap, you may see me."

During this speech she was nodding and curtsying off the company—helping them to hats, sticks, packages, and hurrying them out of her house to prevent them insisting on the payment of the bill, which Kitty settled in another room, whither she and the generous widow went to confer. The young woman was diffident about entering the post-chaise, and Davy Morgan, who had

had cried for joy almost the whole time of breakfast, was apprehensive that the proud Salopians would laugh him to scorn to go from a gaol into a carriage; but Kitty gave it as her opinion, that their refusal to profit by her Lady's goodness would be an affront never to be forgiven; observing, that as to the scorers, *they* must have little claim to attention who did not feel that an honest man, who had been put into prison for sacrificing himself to his friend, was entitled to go home in the most honourable manner; and that, for her part, she thought such a man had better claim to a triumphal entry than Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, or any other illustrious butcher of antiquity; in as far as a friend to mankind is more deserving of honourable distinctions than an enemy.

This adjusted the difficulty, and after shaking hands all round, the four friends set off for Shrewsbury, where they passed the day in high festivity under the auspices of the good old Lady, who declared, that although Providence had denied her the pleasure of beholding such happiness, it had not taken away the power of feeling it to the bottom of her heart.

I stayed no longer after them than while I congratulated myself and the courteous widow,
on

on the little adventure which had passed at her inn; which I assured her would render it notorious to me for ever; and that I would make the circuit of Wales in much harder weather than it then was, to obtain such another night and morning. You, who are so versed in the nooks, corners, and bye-places of my character, will not doubt my using a direction I had obtained from the young weavers to pay them my respects at home. I found them all assembled at the house of Will Griffith, who told me with rapture too great to help it overflowing at his eyes, that Kitty's Lady had insisted on his not waiting for the happy day while his labour should regain a sum equal to what his friendship had so properly disposed of; but that she would herself advance sufficient to make them happy immediately, on condition that Kitty was to continue her situation, and Will himself to accept an apartment in her house; declaring, that so many years' attention to a poor, old, blind woman, who could not even move from one room to another without the aid of that worthy girl, demanded all the kindness she could shew her; observing moreover, that Griffith had, in his late journey, shewn himself so deserving of her, that she was resolved on the satisfaction of knowing they were united before she died; and that she

she was, in some measure, the means of bringing them together.

Fortunately, my dear friend, my engagements made me residentiary in Shrewsbury a sufficient time to witness this pleasant event; but I truly believe, that had no other point detained me, that one would not have suffered me to depart till I had attested the felicity of William and Kitty.

It must, nevertheless, be confessed, that were I in this correspondence, addressing only that part of your disposition which fits you to "shine in courts," and grace a drawing-room, it would have been sinning past forgiveness to carry you into a common ale-house, and instead of leaving it after a little refreshment, detaining you there all night in low company; but when I look on myself, as making an appeal to that part of your character which bids your beating heart exult in the happiness of your humblest fellow-creatures; amongst whom are often found, by those who are not too lofty minded to look for them, in lowly dwellings, those feelings of which the most noble born might be proud; I have no supercilious taunt to fear, but the most ingenuous thanks to expect, for thus stopping by the way whenever an honest heart is to be portrayed, whether

whether it is the property of a prince or a peasant. Certain I am, that your affections have long since dropped your tributary guinea into the amber-box, with a prayer that it may never be empty; that the notorious widow has, in your grateful fancy, received your nods of response and approbation; that poor Davy Morgan's tankard has been twice filled with good wishes, for the comforting draught he gave the half-perished post-boy; that Will Griffith and his friend have received your homage for their adventure at the gate of Davy's prison; that even the blind old Lady has had your blessing; and that the young people will be long remembered by your sympathizing heart. Adventures like these, my friend, are unimportant only to those magnificent triflers who think they are wise when they are only vain; and as much of human comfort proceeds from humble circumstances, we may justly conclude with the poet, in those enchanting lines I have so often read to you; and which are the more appreciated, inasmuch as I loved the author, heard them recited by his own lips a very few weeks before I lost him for ever, and know how truly he felt, what with such exquisite beauty he has described: for Goldsmith was one of the very few poets of nature who wrote only from his sensations, and did not sacrifice

sacrifice the plain honesty of genuine feelings to decorate his rhymes :

“ Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
“ These simple blessings of the lowly train,
“ To us more dear, congenial to the heart,
“ One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
“ Spontaneous joys, were nature has the play,
“ The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
“ Lightly they frolick o’er the vacant mind,
“ Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin’d.”

With what energy and enthusiasm did the bard, though by no means a graceful reader, repeat the last four verses : and on the evening I heard them delivered, he threw down the manuscript on his writing table, in his abrupt way, saying, “ in troth, this is all as true as if it was “ in prose,” and as I have said before, and shall continue to say to the end of my life—

“ These little things are great to little man !”

Are not you of his opinion, my honoured correspondent ? I can answer for you in the fullest affirmative. Long may you live to enjoy the joys of others !—They are your own ; for with you, self-love and social are indeed the same.

L E T T E R X I X .

TO THE SAME.

You insist upon a copy of the lines, which were annexed to the “ TRIUMPH OF “ BENEVOLENCE,”—a triumph which, you justly observe, Jonas Hanway ought to share with John Howard: and, indeed, it seems no less a point of inclination than of justice, to attempt preventing the fate which commonly attends fugitive poems when published singly, for, like the sybil’s * leaves, they are scattered about with the winds and tides of occurrence, and with no disparagement to my verses be it spoken—since it is the destiny of others, which the loftiest muse might be proud to own, they are as frequently found at the bottom of a trunk as in a library; and often, what we in vain offer money for to the bookseller, we get of the pastry-cook for nothing.

The little monumental tribute offered to Hanway, indeed, might perhaps escape this annihilation, by the care which love of the man may have taken of it in the private cabinets of friendship; and, I believe, it is to be found in several

* So says Lord Bolingbroke.

of the periodical and other publick collections of the year in which it appeared: but, I own, I feel a sentiment too tender for vanity, that *it*, like the poem it follows, should stand a chance to "travel down the stream of time," in a correspondence with my friend.

S T A N Z A S,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JONAS HANWAY, ESQ.

AND thou blest Hanway! long thy country's pray'r,
Exulting now in kindred worlds above;
Co-heir of Howard! deign the muse to hear,
Tho' angels greet thee with a brother's love.

Far tho' remov'd from this diminish'd earth,
A crown of glory beaming on thy brow;
The God who fix'd it there to note thy worth,
Bids the rapt lyre with all thy spirit glow.

And ah! behold what grateful myriads come,
While tears of ecstasy and anguish flow;
Their blended incense pouring on thy tomb,
To mark an empire's joy, an empire's woe.

Close to thy Howard, O congenial shade!
On the pure column shall thy bust be plac'd;
Though deep in ev'ry bosom is pourtray'd
Those holy records time shall ne'er erase.

The gen'rous plan that publick virtue draws,
The fair design that charity imparts,
The genius kindling in religion's cause,
Cherish their champion in our faithful hearts,

At HANWAY's bust the Magdalen shall kneel,
 A chasten'd votary of compassion's dome * :
 With pious awe, the holiest ardours feel,
 And blest the founder of her peaceful home.

And O Philanthropy ! thy heaven-rais'd fane †,
 Shall oft avow the good man's zeal divine,
 When bounty leads a poor and orphan train
 To clasp their little arms round HANWAY's shrine.

Transcendent energies of grace sublime,
 Whose magick goodness work'd with double pow'r ;
 Cradled the outcast babe, who knew not crime,
 And bade the sinner turn and blush no more.

Ah ! full of honours, as of years, farewell !
 Thus, o'er thy ashes, shall Britannia sigh ;
 Each age, each sex, thy excellence shall tell,
 Which taught the young to live, the old to die.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

Y ou thank me for my poetry, without being aware into what a scrape your acknowledgments have led you. The grant of one request paves the way for fresh application ; I have a resistless desire to send you more effusions of the muse ; and so far from being of the general opinion, that a little of verse should be relieved by a great deal of prose, I think the mind is never so well disposed to receive poetick impression,

* The Magdalen House.

† Foundling Hospital.

sion, or rather to feel impression continued, as when it has been touched and warmed already by subjects worthy of the lyre: or, if the emotion already excited should be found too solemn, the gayer muse may be permitted to step in and soften, but not destroy, the pathos. For these reasons I have chosen this letter for the insertion of some spontaneous lines which have not yet met your eyes, or those of the publick. You have long since, I trust, agreed to accept my correspondence as a literary cabinet, in which I am permitted to place, for your amusement and information, whatever I can find worthy of preservation: peradventure I may sometimes send you articles, which you may deem neither proper objects of curiosity or care; in which case I must appeal from the severity of your judgment to the lenity of your candour. What I have now to give, indeed, is, I confess, not a little out of time, as you may one day know, but has the advantage of being perfectly in place; for it happened in this very country, in this very town, that I felt the emotions described in the following stanzas. You will consider me in one of my soliloquy perambulations by the sea-side, and my mind strongly fastened on by many of those bitter reflections which baffled, at intervals, all the powers I invoked to dispel them. Placing me in such a situation, you will not deem the sen-

tations I indulged for a few moments unnatural nor were they less strong or sincere, for being made as they were in verse. Though prose has been deemed, perhaps falsely, the language of truth, that divine power loses none of her charms by borrowing a dress from poetry :

I.

ON the brink of the beach as I silently roam'd,
My sorrows I mark'd on the wave-soften'd sand;
Loud blew the wild winds, and the white billows foam'd,
And threw the salt fleeces of surf on the strand.

II.

Fast flow'd in the tide, yet regardless I stood,
And felt the white billows advance to my feet;
The sand-marks of sorrow were lost in the flood,
And the spray of the storm on my bare bosom beat.

III.

In the story of woe not a thought could I trace,
Not the wreck of a word—and I said to the sea——
Ah! if thus you the story of woe can efface,
Your bounty might sure be extended to me!

IV.

If here I remain, on thy billow-beat shore,
No friend near at hand in false pity to save,
My woes, like their story, would quickly be o'er,
And both owe to thee, foaming ocean! a grave.

V.

The billow roll'd on, when something *within*,
More strong than the ocean, thus seem'd to reply :
Man no murder shall do—e'en in sorrow 'tis sin!—
I felt the command, and obey'd with a sigh*.

* An ingenious young artist, Mr. Essex, has done the author the honour to set this Sonnet to musick that powerfully corresponds with the sentiment, and has inscribed his composition to her Grace the Dutchess of Devonshire.

Ah,

Ah, my friend! may none of the incidents, to which sensibility is heir, tempt *your* firm mind beyond its strength, even for a moment; but if it should, as our souls, no less than our bodies, are very “fearfully and wonderfully made,” may the sacred order mentioned in the concluding stanza of these sea-side verses, impress *you* also with an awful sense of their being amongst the words spoken by GOD, and give you energies to bear the miseries of life!—I cannot but take notice of the use of those great truths, which it is the part of education to engrave on our memories, while that register is most favourable to impression. The moral sentiments which we receive in childhood “grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength:” they are so many lessons for the government of the heart in which they are fixed; every precept we are taught to treasure up in our memories, in the *earliest* periods of our lives, comes by degrees into practice, and serves not only to assist us to subdue vice, but to animate virtue, till she feels *proud* of her difficulties. And hence I am seriously led to believe, that we derive more real good, real virtue, and real wisdom, from that little system of morals, which we gather from the first books that are put into our hands, after we lay aside our horn-books and primers, than from all our elaborate studies afterwards; and I am per-

suaded more true heroes, statesmen, and which is far better than either, honest men, have been formed by Æsop, Phædrus, Gay, and Robinson Crusoe, and by the histories which take only half a day in reading, than were ever modelled by those histories which demand the study of half a life; and it has long been a doubt with me, whether Jack the Giant Killer has not made more courageous officers, and better generals (I am sure he has less mischievous ones) than Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great.

For myself, I confess, I am indebted to the poets, whose maxims were imprinted on my infant mind, for the heightening of every joy, and meliorating every sorrow that has since befallen me. And I particularly remember, that some passages from Robinson Crusoe tended more effectually to settle my mind to the dispensations of Providence, on the evening of the day in which I wrote the verses that accompany this letter, than perhaps, it would have been in the power of Seneca, Socrates, or any of the most renowned philosophers of ancient or modern days to afford me.

In fine, my friend—if we expect pleasure we must make up our minds to pain. They are twins, and Dr. Young is right:

“ Complain

- “ Complain of grief! complain thou art a man!
 “ Our only lesson is to learn to suffer,
 “ And he who knows not that, was born for nothing.”

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

You may have perceived, my dear friend, that since I have been taking you out of Wales, we have been gradually taking leave also of our observations on that principality: in short, I do not remember any other points which are *gleanable*. With respect to the ancient and modern history of the country, it is well known to you. Histories, indeed, of every country are so numerous, that a reader is puzzled to make his selection. But the fault to be found with almost all historical and biographical writings, is not more their number than their bulk, which is, for the most part, produced by extraneous matter, not more necessary to the body politic than an excrescence to the body natural. Historians indulge themselves in those superfluities from various motives; amongst which national prejudice, and the desire, the necessity, or the pride, of becoming at once a great folio or quarto author, are not the least.

I have often thought that all the histories now extant, with respect to the facts really necessary to describe the productions of art, or nature, or the progressive rise and fall of states, or their sudden revolutions, might be compressed, without being crowded into, at most, the number of volumes allotted to the history of any particular country, according to the modern fashion of writing.

By way of example, let us take that of England. Would it not be better to give the facts in the strongest and shortest way: offer the inferences in the same style, and leave the reflections in a great measure to the reader? It would at least be a decent compliment to his understanding, and save him money. If indeed it could be proved, that the reflections made by the historian, Mr. A. were decisive, and would settle the reader's mind on the subject, it would be mighty well; but unluckily the historian, Mr. B. comes upon you with seven or eight more volumes of reflections, in which he flatly contradicts the historian, Mr. A. and throws the reader in a strait betwixt two. Now, as no man tumbles into a difficulty, without accepting any help that is offered him to get out of it, the poor reader seeks the aid of the historian, Mr. C. who refutes the reasoning of the other

two

two with so much good writing, that after the like quantity of good reading, the student wishes to fix his faith on this middle man, in the hope of going safe and sure between the two extremes.

Unfortunately, however, some judicious friend or other recommends to him as a better guide than either of the three, that admirable historian, Mr. D. who, with great force of language, gives the lie direct to all that went before him, and either awes or frightens his readers into a belief of him only. And here perhaps he might fix his biographical creed, but that another friend puts into his hand the excellent work of the historian, Mr. E. in whom the spirit of contradiction is no less fulminating against the other betrayers of the truth. By the greatest good fortune, however, he meets in the historian, Mr. F. a strict conformity of opinion with Messrs. A. and B. dissenting only in a few points. He very naturally wishes, therefore, to come to a sort of compromise with these three historians, by dividing his faith between them: but, alas! while he is making up his mind to this, he is told of a production superior to all that ever went before, or shall come after—even the work of that delectable historian, Mr. G. an author, he is assured, who carries the
energies,

energies of conviction in every page, and who does not merely distance his competitors in the biographical career, but is to keep them out of the reader's sight for ever. He sets "doggedly down," as Johnson calls it, to this grand undertaking, and reads it with an eagerness proportioned to his expectation of being made easy for life on the article of his historical faith: he is fascinated with the style, the characters, and the picturesque embellishments, and with a winter's hard reading gets to the end of the book; but by no means to the end of his labours; for, in the course of the performance, he finds so many reasons to disbelieve what he before credited, and to credit what others taught him to disbelieve, that confusion is confounded, and Chaos is, indeed, come again. What shall he do next? Much study, and many authors have made him almost mad.

But in this distracted state he finds relief only in trying to eject the mass of contrary opinions from his head, and to try that science, no less hard in literature than in love, to *forget*. He is reduced to the ridiculous necessity of making a *memorandum not to remember!*

Perhaps he now gives himself a summer's recess from reading histories, but is taken by surprise

prise in the winter ; to enrich which there is put forth in weekly numblers so compleat a history, on an entire new plan, and by a *society of gentlemen*, amongst whom are those well-known historians, Messrs. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. and several other illustrious personages of the Alphabet, that as it is to be paid for imperceptibly, and to answer the great end of fixing his historical belief on an immoveable basis, he must needs become both purchaser and reader. Amongst so many counsellors it is to be supposed there must be wisdom, especially as most of them are marked out to the publick by some honorary distinctions ; such as A. M. D. D. L L. D. F. R. S. &c. &c. But before the numbers are half completed, he makes a discovery not a little mortifying to a man who has been at such pains to get at the truth ; namely, that this very gentlemanly association are airy nothings, to whom the publisher has given a local habitation and a name, to confer plausibility on a catchpenny performance. And now, for the first time, he makes an approach towards comfort, by feeling his indignation excited against the fabricators of these splendid nonentities.

At length, having tried all the historians from great *A* to *amperсанд*, he perceives there is no escaping

escaping from the puzzle but by selecting his own facts, forming his own conclusions, and putting a little trust in his own reason and judgment.

For all which considerations, I shall not pretend to point out to you another History of England and Wales. I shall simply observe, that old Caradock's book, obsolete as now it may be thought, seems to me to have been the grand source from whence all succeeding biographers have drawn their most useful information.

“ Truth, they say, lies in a well.”

Into this historical well of Caradock, authors have let down their empty buckets far more than a century, and drawn them up full; but though they have drank largely, they have seldom had the gratitude or honesty to confess to whom they were indebted.

Thus, my valuable friend, we have travelled together irregularly, indeed, and without any settled directions; but I trust not unpleasantly, nor wholly unprofitably, and for a considerable time, over one of the most delightful countries in the universe. In our little tour, we have been diligent to add a sheaf to the copious harvest already carried home to the great storehouse
of

of the British empire, which ought to be proud of the bright and beautiful appendage which we have been *gleaning*. We have picked up something for the head and for the heart. And I trust you would join my regrets in bidding Cambria adieu, did you not also join me in the hope that we shall one day see the original of the picture, whose principal features I have copied; and see it together. Meantime, I cannot better take my leave of it than by confirming, with the most grateful satisfaction, the following just and summary account: that the Welch are very hospitable, and the people in general very obliging to strangers; that they are willing to tell every thing that belongs to their country, ready to shew all that is worth seeing, and to give you hearty invitations to refresh you by the way. In a word, they receive you well in their houses, treat you very handsomely, and leave you nothing to desire while you are their guest.

Farewell, then, to this gentle country, and farewell to you.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE SAME.

THE effect of contrast is universally confessed, and its power could not be well called forth more impressively on the eye, the heart, and the imagination, than by a rapid transition from the beautiful mountains of North and South Wales, to the everlasting flats of Holland; from the exquisite woodlands and vallies of Brecknock, and the sublimities of Snowden and Plinlimmon, to the uniform levels of land and water, which so justly entitle the greater part of the territory of the Dutch to the epithet amphibious. I write to you amidst prospects and places so very different from those I have recently left and described, that it almost seems as if I were addressing you from a new world. The pause, however, which has been allowed to my communications, more than six months having elapsed since I last wrote, will evince that I do not presume to give you new pictures of new people and new places, till I have given time to finish the drawings, and present to you tolerable likenesses. In a word, the stop that has happened in our correspondence may serve to shew,
that

that I hold my purpose of continuing to be a residuary traveller here as well as elsewhere; and that I design to glean the Continent in the same diligent and deliberate way, that I have gleaned particular parts of our beautiful island.

A French tourist gives his readers the following curious reason for not making any remarks upon Holland. "I can give you," says he, "very little that is new respecting a country, which, in truth, has no resemblance to any other; but of which a sufficient knowledge may be gained, without having seen it at all, for the little instruction it can supply."

Now this very circumstance of a country resembling no other, is the most convincing one that could be given, that it must afford the greatest novelty of observation; and so far from a truth is it, that he who has not seen or read of it can have a competent idea of it, that I do not believe there is a country in the whole world that is less to be guessed at, or that is more fertile of curious, amusing, or instructive remarks. Much has certainly been said of it: much remains to be said. It has yielded plentiful crops, but it will still yield no scanty gleanings. Remember this is said on the experience of half a

year's residence in the Republick, before I even begin to write down what I have seen, felt, or understood: and during this space of time I have examined what others assert with no less zeal than industry, and with exactly the view that led me to inspect all the publications respecting Wales, namely, to render my own the better, the wiser, and the more entertaining by their assistance, whenever it could be called in to strengthen, enrich, or illustrate—a view which will guide and govern me to the end of my journeyings, even though I should pursue them to the end of the earth.

The ancient history of this country is liable to the complaint I brought against that of England; being swelled from octavos to quartos, from quartos to folios, and running from five volumes to five-and-twenty per work. Being firmly persuaded, that the essence of all this may be consolidated in at *most* five-and-twenty pages, I trust you will accept of what follows on the rise and progress of this singular country, and its original inhabitants. It will at least save you a great deal of unprofitable reading, and give you in a single morning or evening, as much information as I have been able to collect from a month's study. Nor will it, I trust, prove unamusing to one

one who attends so much as you do to the fancy of men and things.

About a century, then, before the common æra, the Cimbrians and Tutons suddenly expatriated themselves from the Chersonesus, now known by the name of Jutland, and the isles of Conan, at present denominated Denmark. A violent and unexpected inundation, as it is said, but more probably too excessive a population for their native country to support, or perhaps, an ambition to establish another, induced this singular emigration. Be that as it may, men, women, and children, of all ages and descriptions, bade an everlasting adieu to the places of their birth; and like a torrent overflowing its banks, they carried away with them almost every thing, and every body in their path; for divers other nations incited by their example, and, perhaps, instigated also by similar motives, joined them on the way, and speedily associating, entered into the spirit of this romantick expedition.

Amongst the persons whom these rovers met with in their passage, were the ancestors of the people, in whose country I have now begun to make my historical researches.

The old Batavians were the more ready to en-

ter themselves volunteers in this adventure, as their own country, ever more or less at the mercy of the mighty waters, was, at that particular moment, invaded by an influx of the German Ocean, which threatened not only their goods and habitations, but their lives. The Roman history shews us the ravages which these wandering multitudes committed in Spain and in Gaul, and how, for a length of time, they triumphed over all the generals which the imperial city sent to oppose them, till that memorable epoch, when Marius exterminated with fire and sword the innumerable swarms that covered the provinces.

The countries from whence these self-banished banditti came, remained utterly depopulated; nor was it till several ages after that another set of emigrants seized the same country, and rose by degrees a comparatively happy and successful nation, on the very ground where so many thousands of former adventurers had perished, the victims of their ambition. The Cimbrian nation, till that period, appeared to be annihilated. Tacitus informs us, that in his time there remained only the memory of their enterprise.

- The Batavians inhabited the banks of the

Adriana, now called the Ader, a river which runs between Hesse and the country of Waldec. These people, long harassed by their avaricious and ambitious enemies, resolved to explore a more peaceable situation. The great isle of Rhine, as it was then called, and which, as I have already observed, had lost its inhabitants, was the place to which these new adventurers directed their steps. Encouraged and conducted by the chiefs of their religion, they landed under favour of a prosperous voyage, on that part of the island which had been deserted; and satisfied with a country that had been forsaken by its original inhabitants, they determined upon settlement. The plan was attended with such success, that, although we find in subsequent ages various other people fixing there also, these new colonists alone rendered the land they occupied famous, and it was these only who gave it the name of Batavia.

A short description of this island of Rhine, as it was anciently called, is necessary; and the best appears to be this; that it is a country detached from the Continent by the Rhine. The right arm of the river still preserves its name, and according to general opinion, rolled its rapid waves into the bosom of the ocean from the place now called Katwick. The left arm is

denominated the Waahl, whose streams presently join those of the Meuse, which also finds its way to the sea by another vast opening. Hence it appears that Batavia, now the United Provinces, extended about twenty-seven leagues in length, and seven in breadth. Many respectable authors contend for a greater scope. Some insist that the left arm of the river, which lost itself at Katwick, subdivided into several other branches, forming a variety of lakes, the most considerable of which was called Flero, and a cluster of small islands, of which the most important was that of Schelling.

It is certain then, that what was anciently called Batavia, included a very great part of the provinces of Guelderland, Holland, and Utrecht. At the same time it seems to be an opinion, wholly unfounded, that the Batavians were long content with the circumscribed limits which were bounded by the left arm of the Rhine. They passed into what was then called Belgic Gaul, between the Meuse and the Waahl. They soon possessed themselves of the whole of Guelderland and Holland, and spread themselves over the delightful country now denominated the dutchy of Cleves. There is reason to believe they carried their establishments even as far as Zealand, at least so much of it as was then habitable :

habitable: and, in short, it is manifest, that the people which the Romans called, perhaps a little confusedly, Batavians, formed by far the greater part of the ancient inhabitants of the United States of Holland.

The people called Freezelanders made their appearance on the stage, about the same time, and acted a no less important scene in the great drama of politicks. They possessed the provinces of Freezeland, Overijssel, and parts adjacent.

You will join my exclamation about the progress of this extraordinary race of powers!—Originally a horde of miserable wanderers quitting one hospitable soil for another; choosing an apparently impracticable spot, and attaching themselves to it, as if proudly determined to make the barren ground, and a world under water, fruitful even to abundance. It is scarcely to be credited these are the people, who on a trembling quagmire founded a more noble city, in despite as it were of nature herself, than the imperial Czar: for, who that has seen Amsterdam, but must give it the preference to Petersburg? There is true sublimity in the idea of supporting one of the most magnificent cities in Europe, on rafts of timber placed upon an enor-

mous bog: Matter of fact is compelled to borrow strength from imagination to believe such a miracle, wrought by the toil, industry, and perseverance of human beings! And indeed reason seems to struggle against her own conviction, when she sanctions every word of the following apostrophe:—"How wonderful!" says the author of it, "that in a country without a stone or a pebble, there should be stone edifices the most magnificent! Without forests, or an oak tree (two little woods excepted) the Dutch navy should be the second in the world! that without arable land they should supply half of Europe with corn, and with a tract of country scarcely larger than an English county, they should raise men and money to make themselves of importance in the eyes of the first power in Christendom!"

How often, my friend, when I have seen the truth of these observations, have I called to mind a most beautiful remark of the excellent Dr. Johnson, on the united effects of resolution, industry, and perseverance! "The power of *persisting* is indeed astonishing, since all the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries

countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the first effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe or spade, with the general design and last effect, he would be overwhelmed by a sense of their disproportion; yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, at last surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings !”

The people we are considering strongly illustrate these sentiments, more particularly, where it is recollected, that their successors are almost the only race now in Europe, who have preserved, amidst all the convulsions of passion and of power, their liberty and their country.

The best manner in which I have ever known this honourable truth explained, is to reflect that the state itself was founded on liberty and religion, that it was reared up by industry and economy, and has flourished by its commerce and situation. The bigotted maxims of Philip the Second, the introduction of the inquisition, and the erecting fourteen new bishopricks in the Low Countries; the unrelenting rigour of Cardinal Granville, and the succeeding cruelty of the Duke of Alva, together with the council of twelve, called the Council of Blood, and the execution

execution of Counts Egmont and Horn, were the causes which drove the people to throw off the yoke, and gave rise to the union of Utrecht. *Persevering* valour, joined to the political assistance of other powers, has been the means of preserving their independence; while the decline of the Venetian navy has made them the common carriers of Europe; and the wars of Flanders, and situation of Holland, have conspired to render it what it now is. The Dutch, likewise, by the success of their arms against the Portuguese in India, and by their treaties with the natives, in process of time, drew the whole trade of India from Lisbon, which was before the staple of the trade to the east.

Holland, moreover, is most admirably situated for the commerce of the Baltick, which includes Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and the North coast of Germany; while they send merchandize into the interior parts of the empire, and Austrian Netherlands, by those watery mines of wealth to them, the Maes, the Rhine, and the Scheld.—Thus you perceive the greatness, and much of the vigour of this country has arisen from a wonderful concurrence of favourable circumstances—from a long course of time—from the confluence of strangers, driven either by persecution, or invited by the credit
of

of their government—from the cheapness of carriage, by the medium of their canals—from the low interest of money, and dearness of land, which consequently turn specie into trade—from particular traffick carried on at particular places, each town valuing itself for some specifick branch of trade: as Delft for the Dutch porcelain, Sardam for ship-building, Rotterdam for the Scotch and English trade; Amsterdam for that of the Straits, Spain, and the East-Indies; and the whole province for the herring fishery. They are also indebted much to their intense application to their navy, to their vast nurseries for their sailors, and to their oriental acquisitions. Such are the circumstances that have conspired to make this little Republick the admiration of the world.

When I next write to you, we will resume our sketches of the ancient inhabitants, the founders and forefathers of this singular country: particularly in their exercises, customs, dresses, and habitations; in all which we shall discover a much stronger resemblance to our own progenitors, than all our good countrymen may be disposed to allow. Assuredly, my worthy compatriots ought to be the most grateful people to the Great Fountain of all good things of any upon the face of the earth, for the stay-at-home part
of

of them, which is always the majority, cannot be persuaded that he has imparted the light of his countenance, or fed with his replenishing hand, any of their fellow-creatures in a nearly equal degree. The happy island they inhabit has alone, they suppose, enjoyed his favour; and to tell them that there are in any other parts of the universe, as bright a sky, as generous a soil, as wholesome laws, as beauteous prospects, hearts as brave, hands as ingenious, or heads as wise, would be considered as amongst those liberties which travellers, like poets, are allowed to take with truth.

I must own the inflammable parts of my nature are apt to take fire, when I hear my friend John Bull thus dress out for universal admiration, and homage, his idol Old England, and, applying a verse of Pope, I cannot but ask—

“Has God, thou fool! work’d solely for thy good?”

And I am convinced, my friend, amongst the best advantages of travel, should be reckoned its enabling us to “vindicate the ways of God,” by first discovering and then describing the *impartiality* of his beneficence, not only as to his creatures, but as to the climates appointed for their residence; and thus proving that he is, “an equal God, the God of all.”

ADIEU.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

YOU justly charge me with a digression in my last letter, and at the same time honourably acquit me. In giving you the history of the present flourishing state of the commerce and its causes, I have a little anticipated that part of my information, which should have been gleaned afterwards: but the observations appeared apposite to the place where they are introduced, and I think none of their effects can be lost by your being in possession of them a few pages sooner.

Let us now take up the tangled thread of the early history of the Batavians. Originally Germans, they partook of their customs, manners, and language, frequently their names, and commonly their interests. They were, as Yorick would say of them, "of the first order of sizes," their limbs muscular, their shoulders broad, their eyes blue; yet their countenances fierce: better able to endure the rigours of cold than the languors of heat; penury than care; the fatigues of pleasure in the chase, and the pleasures of ambition, or of plunder in the toils of war, than the

the labours of agriculture and domestick economy. They could more easily support famine itself than the corrodings of sorrow, from which, indeed, they were pretty secure while there was enough left on the face of the earth to sustain its inhabitants. The old Batavians, like the Arabs, could never want what others could supply. The spontaneous good which nature refused to bestow, ready cut and dried to their hands, in the country they had now made their own, they sought and seized upon without any distinction of *meum et tuum* in another. And, indeed, whatever could not be had without trouble at home, they ravished abroad; the law of might overcoming right, being the only one they acknowledged: and I fancy, my friend, this summary code was pretty universally adopted in all the countries of the globe, till the savage of our own species, or man in a state of nature, and as the castle-builder, Rousseau, calls it a state of equality, was taught a very different lesson of jurisprudence. Natural man, and man *made* social, no doubt, are different sorts of persons; but with all the boasted refinements, *civilizations*, and *meliorations* of the latter, what a savage he must still be to require so many thousand volumes, acts of parliament, statutes in little, and statutes at large, to keep the still unsubdued part of his nature commonly honest! Did ever the wildest courser

courser of the woods; did ever beast of prey require so much training, trammelling, muzzling, chaining, coaxing, correcting, wheedling, spurning, whipping, goading and haltering? And after all, bound hand and foot, and tongue and teeth as he is, he continues to get loose from his keepers, the lawyers, and snap, scratch, and bite most furiously. Is not this so self-evident a truth that before one man dare trust another; one friend enter into negociations of any kind with the denizen of his bosom; though he may have been nourished with the same milk, and been rocked in the same cradle—must not the aforesaid keepers double lock and bolt, and bar, and chain every door and crevice of the connexion they are about to form? and how often does one or the other, in despite of all this caution, find a loop-hole to creep out at? Still more, can the gentlest of gentle creatures, delightful woman herself! formed as she is by love, and for love, can even she, who seems to wish or require only bonds of silk, and fetters of roses, thrown about her by Cupid, as if in sport; alas and alas, and alas a thousand times! can this fair being, with any safety, trust, or be trusted in settling that tender point, which is to determine, by an honourable union, the weal or woe of her life, till the wrecks of our original nature are tied together by contracts, settlements, provisos, conditions, &c. &c. left

any one of the "nice dependencies," of two espoused hands and hearts should be invaded and broken? A domesticated tyger, whose nature it is expected may break out, is less watched, less dreaded, and less manacled than a modern fine gentleman, or—but remember I am whispering this—a modern fine lady.

You will have reason to accuse me of a second digression. Forgive me. I own these poor old Batavians are sadly interrupted, but you are to consider a Gleaner as a sad wandering being, and always stooping to see what he can pick up; one ear of corn lying here, another there, it is impossible he can go strait forward, you know, and I once again warn you not to expect it. Nor is it to be desired. My sheaf, which I mean to interweave and bind with flowers of all kinds, and of all countries, would want variety, and only prove fit for "daws to peck at." I am ambitious to add sweetness to strength.

Even the sports of the old Batavians partook of their aversion to labour. Those games, which flattered with the hope of being acquired with little difficulty and less attention, were in conformity to their dispositional indolence, which they sometimes suffered to put at hazard the only thing they truly valued—their liberty. They
consumed

consumed their excess of leisure in feasts, carousals, and sleep—a long trance of the latter being often necessary to prevent the effects of the other, as what they usually began in good fellowship ended in bloodshed.

How different, I cannot but repeat, from the race of the same men in progressive ages! How different even from those who in the age immediately succeeding the first settlers became, as in our own ancient history, often the formidable enemies, and often the powerful auxiliaries of Rome! And yet how widely removed from their hardy, industrious, indefatigable posterity, the late and present possessors of all that proportion of the globe which appertains to the Dutch nation!

In taking a comparative view of ancient and modern Holland, we cannot but be struck with great astonishment at the contrast. When the provinces were in their infancy—when a little colony of emigrating Batavians made their election of a part of the world often chosen and as often renounced, as an impracticable soil, the wants of nature were accommodated by nature herself, with all the facility these her indolent children required. They found the waters teeming with fish, and the land covered with cattle;

no cities, and few towns; the ancient Germans regarding the first as large, and the latter as so many small prisons. The camp was at once their residence in peace and war, and a field was, luckily for their supine tempers, covered with temporary habitations, without much toil. They could pitch an hundred tents in less time than they could construct one regular house, and could moreover move them at will from one province to another: while many preferred the bare ground, whose carpet was spread ready to receive them, to any other dwelling-place, living like the beasts they fed on, as commoners of nature,

“ Their footstool earth, their canopy the skies ! ”

Long after their primary settlement, when there were about ten colonies within and without the island of the Rhine, each colony cantoned in the impassable moors rather than suffer the fatigue of moving farther. Were it possible for their historian Tacitus to come from that “ bourne whence no traveller returns,” and take a survey of those provinces he wrote about in his life-time, and which I am now gleaning for my friend—were he to observe the then impassable morasses that extended their dreary waste from province to province, and to survey the then usurping and useless waters which inundated the

the drooping, the almost drowning country, *now* converted into a noble republick, embellished with some of the most magnificent towns in Europe, thickly interspersed with beautiful villages :

“ The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,

“ The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,

“ The crouded mart, the cultivated plain :”

Were he, my friend, to have been the companion of my journey through Holland, North and South, and traversed with me the fine country of Gueldres—of all which I shall write you in their place—and yet more, were he to behold these very provinces inhabited by the descendants of those very Batavians, who, though endued with every power to suffer every extremity and to overcome it, refused either to toil or spin ; now filled with swarming multitudes, whose characteristick is persevering industry, and who, while they have brought every branch of commerce, perhaps to its highest perfection, have not been unmindful of the elegant arts ; he would scarcely be able to find a trace of *his* Batavians, except in the unaltered feature of hereditary courage.

In the dress of the ancient possessors of this country, we find a resemblance to that of the

ancient Britons. Children of nature, they depended on their common parent to furnish them as well with raiment as with food; the skin of a beast fastened with a wooden peg or a pointed thorn, was wrapped about them. Their chiefs had, by way of distinction, a vest made of the same, and so tight, that they seemed as if cased in iron. The women were discriminated only by the addition of a thin veil, bordered with purple. Most of them discovered from blissful ignorance of harm what the knowledge of the world, in its polished state, from consciousness conceals. The arms, neck, and bosom, were always displayed. Their hair, though naturally of an ardent brown, was deepened by red ochre. They formed their tresses into several large braids, fastened at the top of the head with field flowers, not unlike the present mode, but they sometimes suffered the hair to flow in all the liberty and abundance of nature. The men's beards were permitted to grow till they reached the waist; but on the downfall of an illustrious enemy, slain by their own hands, they were cut short both before and behind.

When they began to domesticate, and could be prevailed on to prefer a fixed residence to a moving tent, they built a local habitation wherever they found the clearest fountain, the most
shady

shady thicket, or most fruitful meadow, but always on an eminence either natural or artificial, to guard them from the inundations common to the country they had chosen. They were, of course, long ignorant of the innumerable arts by which civil society is embellished and advanced. Even when they began a little to civilize, the care of providing for the necessaries of life—their *only* care—was left to the slaves, the freed men, or the women.

Their education was suited to the simplicity of their pursuits. Natural courage was taught as the first of virtues that ought to be cherished; and a dexterous defence of the body from the attacks of an enemy as the best of arts. Personal agility, intrepidity in combat, and contempt of death, were the three grand points to be acquired. Their constitutions, so sluggish in times of peace, took fire at the very thoughts of war. They would traverse the deepest snows, and, under arms, would plunge through the most turbulent rivers without even breaking their ranks. Their horses were neither swift nor strong; and being accustomed always to run a tilt in the straight line, without having the smallest idea of the military evolutions, of so much importance in the modern art of war, their principal force and dependence was, of course, in their infan-

try. When they were arranged in regular order of battle, they placed their wives and children in the rear, and always certain groupes of both within view, as well to sustain and excite the valour of the combatants as to assist the wounded, and to animate the whole army by intermingled shouts, cries, and acclamations. It was common to see wives, mothers, daughters, and lovers, rush amidst the thickest dangers of the bloody field, carry off the dead, succour the dying, and suck the reeking wounds of an husband, father, lover, or brother. Actions of this kind are mentioned in our own history as great and glorious instances amongst individuals; but in the first approaches to the importance of this little republic, such heroick atchievements were common to the sex, and hundreds of Boadicea's and Eleonora's were to be seen performing wonders in the same army: nay, it was a part of their office to pursue and overtake the fugitives, make them return to the charge, and either contribute to victory, or encounter death.

You may easily believe, my friend, that the effect of such eye-witnesses of glory and disgrace would be great: you feel the strong and lively interest it must have produced on the minds both of the timid and the brave; that it must have converted cowards into men, men into heroes,

heroes

heroes into conquerors! And you will, at the same time allow, that we shall in vain look for equal enthusiasm, equal prowess, amongst those modern mercenaries who sell their very blood to an unknown master, in whose service they engage with *his* enemies for daily bread. Instead of taking the field like the bold Batavian, at the command of the generous, at least of the glowing passions, instead of fighting an enemy, and embracing a friend on the same heart-felt principle, the hired soldier moves on mechanically to action, without any other idea than to obey. In this automaton state, he is conducted by his master, *pro tempore*, to conquest or defeat—Of the former he shares not, neither desires to share the glory; nor of the other does he incur or feel any part of the infamy. Few are the real, scarcely any the adequate reasons, which justify the horrors of publick war: but the mercenary is left without the shadow of an apology. It is not a necessity for his life, because that might be sustained by converting the strength which is demanded of him in battle to the arts of peace: his plunder is but a robbery licenced by the articles of war, and the murder which he commits in action is a butchery in cool blood. Neither person nor property, king nor country, bid him unsheath the sword or fire the musket, spring the mine or dig the trenches: he is an inveterate

bravo, a common stabber to any man that bids up to his price: that done, his master has but to say—"Look, ye slaves—those are my enemies, whom I have hired you to massacre: kill as many of them as you can." On a similar compact, in perhaps the next campaign he turns his arms against the side he before espoused, and goes on in this manner letting himself out first to one leader, then to another.

In these reflections you see your correspondent's opinion of mercenary troops. I dare say it is your's, for you can never approve of a man's standing to be murdered, or to murder with no better reason than that it is his trade, and that his bloody work is paid for. War is at best an Hydra calamity! Every man has some country, some chief, some relatives. If he must take up arms let it be for these. At any rate let him fight on something like a principle; but the mercenary's name points out his infamy. But it is said a mercenary troop is often brave. Would it were in a better cause! Yet how I argue! Were *your* life endangered, my friend, and were the danger to threaten it in a distant land, far—far from your friends—far from me, I would become a mercenary myself, and fight for an hundred different pay-masters to reward the man who would save you! Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

ON the article of marriage I have to inform you, that the ancient Batavians considered it as infamous to connect themselves in that state before each party had reached the twentieth year. The conduct of the courtship even to its final settlement, was ever in the presence of the principals of the two families about to enter into the alliance. This might make love very moral, but surely not very entertaining. In the nuptial offerings the bridegroom always took the lead. They usually consisted of a yoke of oxen, a war-horse caparisoned, a sword, a lance, and a buckler: strange love-gifts you will think for a bridal present! But these warlike symbols taught, or were intended to teach, the bride to elevate herself on every great occasion above the imputed weakness of her sex, to partake the labours and dangers, as well as the laurels, of her lord, in war and in peace, in life and in death. Having thus armed the fair warrior, the bride presented her offerings which resembled those of her husband, whom she accounted for the field with equal gallantry, that each might defend the other. Very Gothick to be sure; but perhaps after all nearly as good-sensical as the preliminaries

naries of toys and trinkets, silks and fattins, with which a modern British bride, or even a modern Batavian lady—of whom in due time—is loaded.

As the new-married couple could easily procure subsistence in their flock-herds, and fruits of the earth, and game of their forests; for part of their territory was then well wooded; besides their corn-cakes, and a kind of beer; which the Batavians in the most early times were wont to make from their grain, there was little fear of wanting an healthy offspring, which, however numerous, knew no other breast than that of the mother. Then, my friend, Refinement, a very puny and puling babe, and of a very delicate constitution, was but just born, and had not amongst other unnatural ideas; suggested that of committing the pledges of our love to the bosom of a stranger.

Their funerals partook of the same simplicity. The corpse of a distinguished person was burned upon a kind of pyre, always with their arms (a marriage gift), and very often with the horse that had carried them to battle. A verdant hillock, a grassy eminence, at once covered and marked the spot where their ashes were deposited. The natural affections, too, were in their simplicity—

city—of course in their energy. The women honoured the deceased with such tears as refinement seldom sheds, and breathed over the grave with such sighs as fashion rarely heaves; while the men mourned their dead by more silent sorrow, and no less profound regret.

In regard to religion, the ancient Batavian and the ancient Briton had somewhat of similitude. Through all the deep disguises of fable, which in barbarous ages have always disfigured the truth, one may discover among the Germans, as among the Celtes and the Gauls, the idea of one God Supreme, the principal, and the preservation, and the providence of all. But in the most remote time we do not find these people had either temples or idols, holding it equally presumptuous, profane, and absurd, to attempt *representing* or *enclosing* the Deity. They rushed into the thickest forests in search of certain trees they considered to be sacred, under whose shade they slew their victims, and too frequently, Druid-like, mingled the streams of human blood with those of the animals they sacrificed. It does not seem probable, if we except the sun, moon, and fire, that they had any of the divinities common to the Romans. Their Woden was different from the Oden of the Scandinavians, who at first considered this famous personage as a
hero,

hero, then worshipped him as a God. Woden, Oden, and God, were perhaps names synonymous to signify Deity.

Nor had these people less veneration than our own forefathers for certain oracles and soothsayers. These were consulted on all occasions of difficulty and danger, and their answers were expected with trembling awe, and heard with submissive reverence.

As in the sweet country to which I have devoted most of our hitherto correspondence, the ancient Hollanders also had their bards, whose office it was to sing and celebrate the heroes of their country; their romances, transmitted with pious care to their posterity, not only served to perpetuate their own exploits; but to incite in their descendants an equal emulation. The prophetick poets were principally resorted to in the day of battle, concerning which so minute was the superstition, that the presage of good or bad, of victory or defeat, or the degrees of either depended on the modulations with which these warlike songs were chanted, the very moment preceding the encounter. Like the Romans, they took also a fortunate or inauspicious omen from the flights of birds, or the neighing of horses, which were fed in consecrated woods.

The

The issue of a single combat, between one of their own soldiers and a prisoner of war, brought forth to determine their success or their miscarriage, was an omen of the utmost importance.

Of their publick spectacles little is to be said: Their young men, however frequently exhibited one which you will think pretty extraordinary; and yet in conformity with the ferocity of their manners. They would jump naked into the middle of a sort of theatre, encircled with lances, leaving only almost impassable mazes between them, for the whole arrangement formed a labyrinth of spears. The dexterity consisted in threading these meanders, and performing the circuit of the whole narrow and almost indiscernible path with infinite rapidity, and without drawing blood: and they thought themselves sufficiently rewarded, if by these hazardous feats they amused the spectators.

Now, my dear friend, amongst all the perilous arts which have been invented by idle people in modern times, to entrap the money of persons as idle as themselves; some by swallowing flint-stones, fire, &c. I think we have never yet matched this pleasant exercise of the youth of old Batavia; and therefore if the enterprising Astley, Hughes, or any other great men who
trade

trade in the marvellous, could attempt something of this kind with the improvement, perhaps, of a little *drapery* to the picture—setting the tour of the lance-surrounded hero to musick—it might give us all the address and agility of their most expert tumblers and posture-masters, without any of their abominable distortion.

Suppose you were to give one of them the hint, and when these letters come into volumes to make him a present of a copy, doubling down the page. By this act of courtesy you would, at least, gain the free *entré* of a winter's run to all the jugglers, tricksters, brutes upon two legs, and brutes upon four! Nay, I know not but the thing might, with better effect, be brought upon the stage, under the title of Harlequin in Old Holland. Worse feats have been enacted by the hero of the wooden sword and truncheon; and if he could but once dance round this Batavian gauntlet *al fresco*, he might bid defiance to the hackneyed, worn out pursuits of Pantaloon, and the fooleries of Scaramouch.

But to leave sporting, and return to our proper objects. It remains only to say a few words on the *ancient* legislation, and publick assemblies of the United States. An account of the *modern* government shall not be forgotten.

When

When they began to legislate, which was not till long after their settlement in this country, the sovereignty resided in a kind of National Convention. It was there that their freemen and nobles inaugurated their generals and kings: there that they elected their centurions, tribunes, and judges, to distribute justice through their colonies: there that their first Diet was established, either at new or full moon, when all subjects were discussed, and propositions made for peace or war. The unanimity of the suffrage determined the measure: if the spectators clapped their hands it was adopted; and if a tumultuous murmur followed the proposal it was rejected.

In the origin of this little senate every man appeared armed. When the youths had gained a certain age they were admitted as members, and on the day—if I may be permitted to use parliamentary language—that they took their seats, they were presented with a javelin and buckler. They were then to be considered as connecting the characters of senator and soldier, and were expected to contribute their services to the government, and defence of the states.

With respect to the monarchy of the rude ages of the Batavian people, the name of king has been

been too generally confounded with that of chief. Whatever was then his title, his power exceeded not that of the first citizen; there was always an appeal from his authority to the sense of the publick: and if his elevation inspired any sentiment, or carried him into any action that wore but the semblance of tyranny, or that trenched upon those to whom he owed his distinctions, he was instantly marked and controlled as one who had violated his trust, and incurred the penalty of such forfeiture.

The legislature of the country demands a few more observations; for even the infancy—the babyhood of Batavian jurisprudence—the most wholesome laws were framed, though their code was little more than what was taught by a sense of natural justice: and, perhaps, that is conscience at the same time. The very people who, in their most barbarous state, fed their indolence by invasion of publick and private rights, in process of time began to contemplate with horror and with shame, a life of laziness and rapacity. They were industrious; and on industry grew the sentiments both of property and probity, and they soon enacted laws to restrain themselves as well as others, from the farther violation of these.

They

They were, however, simple and concise. The superior magistrates in the great districts, and the inferior ones in the towns and villages conducted the process. It was carried on without any sort of difficulty or delay, and, what will equally confound our modern lawyers, without any expence. The cause was tried in open court, and invariably ended the *day it was begun*, without a possibility of farther appeal. Neither written laws, nor printed statutes were known, or necessary to be known. Privileges, rights and wrongs, when well defended and settled in *foro conscientie* remain for ever clear, and were men as honest as they are artful, would require but one hearing and one decision. A twentieth, or even a fifth year's suit in Chancery, would have founded in Batavia like putting off the final issue to the day of judgment. But I am aware that society in its highest state of population, power, and passion, must have its wrongs mingled with its rights; and they are so twisted together by a variety of interests, that we must take them, just as we find them, worked into the piece. So may the *laws* flourish and we enjoy their protection, my friend, without either incurring their censure, or wanting their active interference; for, perhaps, as many honest men have been ruined by their friendship as there have been knaves destroyed by their enmity.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

HAVING thus taken a transient view of "the family canvass" in the long picture-gallery of times past, we shall be more amused to look at, and better able to judge of the portraits of the lineal descendants; in fine, we shall, with more profit and more pleasure, catch the resembling similitudes, observe where the impression of original character has been preserved or lost; and from this progressive survey invest ourselves with the power of comparing progenitors with their posterity in all that regards the principles and pursuits of both. These, as I find spirits and leisure to arrange and parcel out, (for remember I have now the pickings of half a year in my portable store-house, but lying in heaps) shall be sent you.

Meantime, as what I have already exported, will make a pretty considerable sheaf, I shall beg of you to look upon this letter as the band to make it up! and as every harvest-home is accompanied by signs of satisfaction that the grain is got in, such as garlands, songs, &c. &c. as
not

not even the humblest Gleaner, who has picked her scanty portion from day to day through all the leasing season, but adorns the last handful with a few field flowers, and carols over them as she bends her way to her cottage. I propose to crown our little harvest-home, my friend, with a wreath of poetry, to which there appertains a long story; but which, I persuade myself, a mind like yours will find short in the narration, when the time is ripe to “ask your hearing patiently,” as the player says in Hamlet.

Much have I for your fancy, your feelings, your affection; much for your information, and something for your use. Matter for my affections in Holland! methinks, I hear those who have found, or determined to think it barren soil, tauntingly exclaim! Any thing that can interest my fancy in that region of fogs, bogs, and vapours! then shall the spices of the east eject their fragrance from the ditch! and the roses of Paradise bloom in the fen!

You remember Yorick’s beautiful passage, beginning—“I pity the man who can travel from
“Dan to Bathsheba, and cry all’s barren; and
“so it is, and so is all the world to him who
“will not cultivate the fruits it offers,” &c.
Be that my answer to all such children of spleen,

prejudice, or wilful blindness. Be the rest of the sentence implicating a tenderness of nature, and a candour of spirit so expressive of your heart, a pledge to you, that whenever you make a residentiary tour of this country, your affections, your imagination, your feeling, will not want their proper objects. You will not be reduced to "fasten them on the sweet myrtle;" or on the "melancholy cypress;" but be presented with many opportunities of enjoying

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul;"

notwithstanding what has so often, and by so many different people, been said to the contrary, that dulness and the Dutch nation are become synonymous.

I am really concerned to find every where, and about every thing, the representations of a truth in many respects so different, and in not a few so diametrically opposite to the truth itself. Men, women, places, people, manners, customs, are all so drawn into this false colouring, and are so thrown out of their due proportions of mind and body, situation and circumstance; here a caricature, there a figure, so fulsomely flattered, that a friend that loves one would be disgusted; and, in short, things, as they are, so very generally differ from what they are said to be, that in whatsoever I can, I am fully resolved

to

to form my opinions on the evidence of my own senses; as in all human cases the only proof positive; and in whatever falls short of this oral and ocular conviction, still humanly speaking, to believe whatever is of good report as much as I dare; and of evil, no more than I can possibly help.

With respect to the tales of travellers, those of the Genii and Fairies are not more fanciful or fallacious, when they choose to throw the rein upon the neck of prejudice or imagination, which they are very often sufficiently disposed to do. The tricks they play on their readers are the more dangerous, when they are expert enough at illusion to keep on this side of the line of probability, which can neither on or off the stage be violated without counteracting the effect intended to be produced.

—What would you think of me, said a sprightly young man, in a letter to his relation, the Baroness De S——, what would you think of your cousin and correspondent, who stops only to refresh himself, and when refreshed, writes to you *en passant*, were he; in imitation of many travellers, to give himself the airs of a dictator, and talk of the dispositions of a people, the customs of a country, their finance, their government,

their passions, their pursuits, risking every thing, fearing nothing; not even the derision and contempt of the friend he addresses! How, in fact, is it possible to avoid sending falsehoods of one country into another, when running from country to country, as if in a fox-chace, without knowledge of the language, without becoming stationary amongst the people, without comparing the living volume with the dead letter, with many social and many silent opportunities, a true *idea*, much less a faithful description of men and things should be given? If a traveller *en gallop* would content himself with “catching the manners as they rise before him at the moment,” his etching might often be agreeable, always just, as far as it went; but he must be an historian, a politician, a philosopher, and take up his pen to convince his private friend, and perhaps the world, that he knows or can know no more of the matter than a courier or a running footman. I touched on this folly before, my dear friend, but I have since that time been so misled by trusting to false guides; have lost so much of my time and my money, by their advice about the distribution of it, that—in fine—lest I should lose my temper into the bargain, I will only re-assure you it is not without *reason*, the United Provinces have been often called the compendium of the universe: and that notwithstanding

standing a very entertaining traveller has declared, in a kind of epigrammatick tour, that he has published—Martin Sherlock—the cardinal virtue of a Dutchman is cleanliness; his only Gods, Mercury and Plutus; and as for the Nine Sisters and Apollo, they were never heard of in the country; notwithstanding it is insisted upon in a volume of our universal history, that the Dutch are cold, phlegmatick, brutal, without a ray of invention, a shadow of liberty, genius, reflection, or forecast: that love was never known to sigh in the nation; that the only passions are gluttony and avarice; notwithstanding even the Abbé Raynal has condescended to join the herd of calumniators; *certainement en de périodes arrondies et de belles phrases*; I will venture to unite with a good old writer who visited this country near a century ago, when it was comparatively rude and unimproved to what it now is, and who justly remarked, that he who hath observed the easy accommodation for travel in Holland; their excellent order and regular course in all things; the number of learned men; the variety of ingenious foreigners constantly residing in, or passing through it; the abundance of rarities of all kinds; the industry, frugality, and wealth of the people; their numerous towns, each extremely beautiful; their proper laws, and administration of justice; their incredible number

of shipping and boats; a country of little extent, indeed, and soon passed over; but so replenished with objects of curiosity, commerce, profit, and pleasure, that not to admire it is to be devoured with prejudice, spleen, or insensibility.

My loved friend, where there is taste, judgment, and a heart, there will be always objects to employ them. You can, therefore, never find a sterile spot on any part of the earth; and in these Provinces, had you made the tour in them as often as I have, and stopped as long in each, you would still say as Titus does to Berenice in the French play—

“ Depuis deux ans entiers chaque jour je la vois,

“ Et crois toujours la voir pour la première fois.”

And this reminds me of the verses which were to form the bandeau of my first sheaf, or volume; and which you may imagine I have forgot. Ah, no! I shall never forget them while I am alive to the memory of sensations of gratitude, elegance, or social pleasure; for amidst such were they written in the bosom of a numerous family, from each of whom I found comfort in affliction, attendance in sickness, and felicitations on recovery, that made me almost congratulate myself

felf that I had been both unwell and unhappy.
Of all this I will one day—

“ A round unvarnish'd tale deliver.”

Meanwhile accept the poetical bouquet, an offering of justice to the talents of one of the family party.

NATURE to Mrs. *****.

ON CUTTING* BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS AND FRUITS
OUT OF CARROTS AND TURNIPS.

MADAM,

THE God who made the world, and saw it fair,
Gave it in trust to *my* peculiar care;
Presented with it a *conferwing* pow'r
O'er ev'ry living herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r.
NATURE, he said, be this my high decree,
No God but I!—no Goddesses but thee.

This law divine all human things confests'd,
And owns the *works of Nature* were the best.
Like NATURE none could bid the flow'ret bloom,
Paint in such colours, blend such rich perfume;

* But lest you should imagine the Muse is here sacrificing to Gratitude only, I must enter a caveat by observing to you in honest, plain prose, that the imitations of Nature here alluded to are really so beautiful, that if Nature herself did not *mistake* them for her own, she need not be ashamed to own them.

My pink, rose, violet, jasmine, seem'd so fair,
 While NATURE triumph'd, ART was in despair;
 Where'er I mov'd, a thousand odours flew,
 And at my touch a thousand beauties grew.

But my reign ends;—with rage, with shame I burn!
 Since you my meanest arms against me turn;
 'Tis time for NATURE to renounce her pow'rs,
 When from her *carrots* you can form her *flow'rs*.

And of her vilest *turnips* of the field—
 Yes—robber—yes, 'tis time that I should yield—
 In one short hour you bid a pink appear,
 Would keep me *hard at work* for half a year.

Madam, beware—ah! dread Prometheus' fate!
 You've stole *my* fire—repent ere yet too late.
Turnips and Carrots! O my bursting heart!
 The God that made us both shall know your art.
 And this, Ingrate! to me! to whom you owe
 Unnumber'd other charms: thus, thus, to go,
 Thus steal my paint and pencil! all my store!
 Here, take my *throne*, since you've usurp'd my *pow'r*.

THE ANSWER.

Mrs. H*****, to NATURE.

DEAR MADAM,

WHY this harsh complaint of me?
Two of a trade, 'tis plain, can ne'er agree.
But if between us rights were fairly settled
About these flow'rs, 'tis I, Ma'am, should be nettled.

From Spring's first bud to Autumn's latest flow'r,
I own your magick, and admire your pow'r :
And as I count those wond'rous beauties o'er,
E'en with a lover's fondness I adore.
Affection kindles, warms th' enthusiast heart,
Till love of NATURE leads to love of ART.

Dear NATURE, "thou'rt my goddess!" yet 'tis hard
Thou wilt not grant thy vot'ry her reward.
Suppose yourself a moment in my place,
Pray, Madam, let us truly state the case :
The carrots and the turnips both are thine,
Your's the material, tho' the work be mine ;
And if I build, 'tis with your brick and straw :
The abettor and the thief both feel the law.
You say I steal—who help'd me, Ma'am, to cheat ?
'Tis NATURE at the bottom of the feat.
But e'en in theft you owe my art a favour,
Since my stolen goods give yours a double flavour,
Nor for my flow'rs ought you to be my foe,
Mine do not come 'till yours are out of blow.

A FRIEND,

To NATURE and MRS. *****.

DEAR LADIES,

CEASE your squabbling ; I advise
 You settle this affair by compromise.
 Out of the four, you NATURE, have three seasons,
 Which for your full content are three good reasons.
 From Spring to Winter your's the smiling earth,
 When fruits and flow'rs by myriads rush to birth.
 But sure the fourth sad quarter, when they sleep,
 Die in their beds, or only wake to weep ;
 When you yourself with cold are half expiring,
 And half your works are only fit for firing ;
 Three dismal months, I trust, you'll not deny
 To her who can your loss so well supply.

Work then like sisters, lovingly together,
 You take the smiling, she the frowning weather ;
 When frost or snow benumb the wonted pow'rs,
 Let one supply the roots, and one the flow'rs.
 United thus, in love and friendship dear,
 You'll make between you—*Summer all the year !*

SUPPLE-

SUPPLEMENTARY GLEANINGS.

LETTER I.

TO THE SAME.

ON a survey of my stores, however, under the articles “ *Scraps*, or Single Wheat “ Ears, and Field Flowers, collected in Holland, “ and arranged at the Brielle,” the place whence I culled the fragrant Bandeau which binds the Gleanings I last sent you, I judge it best to attach them to this my first sheaf. You will, therefore, receive them herewith in some Supplementary Letters, just as you may have observed an industrious day-labourer in the leasing season following his gleaning family home, gathering up the ears that may drop from their pleasing burthens as they bear them to the cottage. And first I shall offer to your feelings some emigrant histories.

Even *before* the cloud broke into flame it was really afflicting to see, in passing the Frontiers of Germany, the situation of the French emigrants, the greater part of whom were of the first rank, and reduced like those of the last, to subsist on

the good faith, and good will of those, in whose towns and villages they had taken refuge. But good will and good faith, like all other things, have their bound; and like all other things too, are subject to contingency. I staid long enough in the different retreats of these unhappy people to perceive that the protection, at first offered, was amongst the objects of this changeable world that shew early signs of earthly mutability. Whether tendered in the beginning by urbanity, pity, or politicks, the warmth of the welcome began to abate. I saw but too often the altered air of the host cut into the heart of his guest. The protections were not, indeed, nay are not even yet, withdrawn; but infinitely different is the being endured and invited, being suffered to remain, and solicited to continue.

The severe chagrin which this caused in an high spirited and high-born set of men, whose sensibility is always in proportion to rank, habits, and education, may easily be guessed; but their endeavours to *conceal* that chagrin from the people with whom they have taken refuge, and yet more from the lower orders of their own country, exhibited to the observing eye a picture truly touching. Prior to the breaking out of the war I was at Neuwied and Coblenz, and from these towns I passed into many others while hostilities were

were preparing: and I found wherever the French emigrants were permitted to have “a local habitation,” you might see this inward struggle betwixt *blood and situation*. I frequently observed the expatriated Noblesse gather together towards evening in the suburbs, surrounded by several hundreds of their adherents, not to abuse the time but to engage in all those manly exercises which served a triple purpose: First, to hide their regret from common spectators: secondly, to obviate for a time the sense of their condition: thirdly, to support and cultivate that strength of body and mind which grief and idleness might impair. I took notice that their swords were either at their sides or lying by them, even in their sports. But* *after* all this, I have followed them into their private apartments, where their minds, no longer on the stretch, relaxed and yielded to the truth of circumstance. Yet without particularizing, the general survey was lamentable: Many thousands of human beings in the highest rank, and of the highest talents, bred to the enjoyment and expenditure of ample fortunes, driven from their possessions in the pleasantest, gayest, and most agreeable country of the world, or what very lately was such; of great natural vivacity, and of habitual elegance, all of

* I was lodged in the same hotel with a number of these unhappy gentlemen some months.

of them reduced by, what at least to *them* appears, a virtue in excess, the love of their king, their country, the maintenance of their hereditary rights, and the recovery of their patrimonial honours. My friend, however these unfortunates may fare on your side of the German Ocean, I have seen hundreds of them on this side, constrained, like the poor soldier, to take their cold lodging on a bed of straw; their nourishment coarse as their bed; far from their friends, their wives, their children; their estates confiscated, themselves exiled.

Was not all this, and much more that might with too much truth be added, enough to break down the highest spirit and unbrace the strongest arm? Stand they not, according to the expression of a great Divine, "in the first rank of objects of our sympathy, entitled not only to relief, but respect and veneration?" A set of men born in and inured to far less polishing, and as they are usually thought, less emasculating circumstances, such as a cold country, a rigorous discipline, and a less ardent temperament, might seem wanting to support this sad reverse. For Frenchmen, and more particularly for French *nobility*, to bear it with an equal mind (without taking into the account the *rapidity* of a transition from the liveliest and most abundant to the most

most gloomy and unsupplied state,) certainly shews of what these once airy spirits are capable, when called out by an extraordinary occasion.

From these primary surveys, I plainly foresaw what has since happened: that when these wretched wanderers did come into action, they would maintain their share in the dreadful day of open rupture as firmly, and as bravely, as if they had never known a softness or indulged a luxury. But *long before* the time was ripe to enter the field of blood, it would have wrung your heart to have seen the unaccommodated situation of thousands, who have since shed their blood in *la Vendée*, a name not to be mentioned without an association of horrors and sacrifices, from which every reflecting mind must turn with *shuddering sympathy*: for if ever human creatures were devoted on *all sides*, these are they who must everlastingly stand in the first rank of victims; and whether their destruction arose from the cold delays of policy, or from the malice of adverse fortune, the families, the legions, the armies, the almost *myriads* of persons who found untimely graves in that ill-star'd country, are the most to be honoured, compassionated, and deplored. Peace to their ashes and recompence to their souls!

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

I HAD scarcely entered the Hotel on my first visit to this town, when the death of the late Emperor was announced by an express, who came into the inn-yard, from Vienna, illustrating the expression of the Great English Poet, where he tells us a Cavalier had

“ Spurr’d his proud courser hard, and rode in blood.”

Although the deceased was as well beloved of his subjects as it is in the nature of things to be, it is amazing with what philosophical composure this event was received by all who were not personally or politically interested. Being myself neither the one nor the other, I mention it but to tell you the surprise of a very large company, on my informing them while sitting on a table d’hôte supper, that as their Emperor and King was dead, I should put on my suit of sables. For what? have you the honour to be related? Related! No: but I presume every gentleman who can command a black coat, will wear it on this occasion; at least every gentleman who resides in the German dominions.

Not

Not an individual in the whole empire, replied my next neighbour, except those of the royal family and its immediate connections, with the officers of the household.

Very strange, Sir; our English taylors work double tides to get mourning ready in time for the general order.

Order! what are you then commanded?

Yes: both by etiquette and custom. Not a gentleman, lady, or decent trader in the realm, will think himself entitled to appear, amongst even his familiar friends, unless he conform to the rule, which in our private parties and public places is almost without an exception.—Within eight-and-forty hours, after the news gets to England, its inhabitants will all be as black as the Styx, and so remain till another edict of the Lord Chamberlain, who is our Grand Master of little ceremonies, tells our sympathy it may assume a slighter shade, and fix at the same time the period of our regaining our robes of colour.

Monfieur Anglois, cried a profound personage at the farther end of the table, yours is a mighty sympathizing nation, truly! but though

we love our sovereigns, perhaps, more than you, we mourn for them in our hearts, and do not hang the trappings of our sorrow on our backs: nor are we single in this matter; our neighbours of Holland will be no blacker next week than *usual* (here our German wit smiled significantly) even though, you know, the alliances of the Houses of Orange, Prussia, and England, compose a sort of family-compact.

They told me simply the truth with respect to themselves and the Dutch; for, in passing back into the United Provinces a few days after, then returning into Germany, by way of Westphalian Prussia, I met with but three sets of beings arrayed in the mourning garb, to wit, some of the friars, the crows, and the blackbirds. Notwithstanding which, there seems to me a dignity and decorum in this custom which attaches me to it.

The event itself, even in the instant it happened seemed in no degree to have checked the designs of the emigrants. No form of words can paint to you the vehemence, the indignation, the almost insanity, with which—in a journey through the different parts of the empire,—I have heard their grievances discussed, their wrongs described, their rights asserted, and their ravages anticipated.

expatriated. To these violences, if there could possibly be found in the language of passions a parallel, it would be heard in the phrenzies of the Revolutionists. Even at the time of which I am speaking both parties were in a ferment, beyond the reach of perhaps *any* comparison in ancient or modern history. But what is extremely curious in this dispute is, that while the emigrants insist that *they themselves* are made up of gentry, men of property, and nobility; nothing being left in France except its refuse: the favourers of the Republick aver, that no man has *left* his native land who was worthy to stay in it: meantime, allowance being made for these overcharged animosities on both sides, it was palpable that when the gathering storm burst it would pour down the torrents of human blood which *have* since deluged the land.

In regard to the *expatriated* French, I can speak to the claims of several, to all that admiration or sympathy can offer; and they have given largely since, especially in the British dominions. About the time that the armies of Dumourier were upon the point of seizing the Republick of Holland in the summer of 1793, I was, as you well remember, amongst the number of those who did not think it prudent to wait the event of a threat, which was expected

with anxiety by every man. But resolved to stay till the last, apparently safe minute, I resorted to the house of a friend, which lying in the highway passage to Helveotsluice, I had an opportunity of observing many hundreds—I might safely write thousands—of those who were hastening to England: and as my friend's house was partly appropriated to the service of his Britannick Majesty, they were obliged to make a stop officially; their passports from Holland to the British shore being attainable only from this quarter. And farther, my friend uniting much private worth with his publick character, very many of these unfortunate persons were so “gaily and smilingly pressed to stay,” that so long as the danger of the French army was not immediate they profited of his hospitality for two or three days together. By these means princes, generals, chevaliers, women of quality, and whole bodies of the priesthood, passed under my eye; and I had made my Gleaning of their minds, manners, and pretensions; their miseries at home, and their hardships abroad, before they had gained our protecting country.

In truth, the house above alluded to, gave them a very favourable impression of British courtesy; for being composed of the elegant wife and blooming daughters of my friend, these
children

children of misfortune met a variety of *agrémens* well suited to their present circumstances. It would have charmed you to have seen as I did, the family endeavours to dissipate the chagrin too heavy not to be observed, in the countenances, and heard in the sighs of many of the sufferers.—It was truly piteous to hear this ruined band descant on their general or particular misfortunes; the infinite losses they sustained before they left their own country; the difficulty and disorder in which they quitted it; the extortions made upon them both by land and by water in their passage. A Dutch landlord, for instance, had insisted on a small party paying *five French crowns* for tea, milk, and a little dry bread!

I was extremely interested by three Chevaliers of different orders of merit, who came together always united by friendship, and now more strongly knit by the cement of misfortune. Of these, one produced written testimonies of having twice saved the life of Louis XVI. His wife was left in hazard at Paris; his faithful domestick who followed him to the wars, was taken prisoner and hanged at Lisle.—Another had escaped with his lady at Dieppe, but was there constrained to leave her, and the third had been lucky enough to bring away his wife in disguise; but since had the misfortune to understand that

his children, who were in one of the Provinces for education, had been seized upon, and brought to the guillotine to atone for the crimes of their parents; the crimes of loyalty to their king, and saving themselves from death; trusting that the innocent children would be no objects of that universal *edict of blood* which has since been issued.

The name of the first of these gentlemen was St. Leger; of a noble person and a noble mind; covered with laurels and the wounds by which they were acquired. Without gasconade, he bade me take note of them as they stood displayed in different parts of his body—some received at Pondicherry in a former war; some in Flanders; most of them by *British shot*; but *all*, Sir, exclaimed the Marquis, (such was his title) in the service of *my* sovereign, and I am sure that will be a sufficient apology to the forgiveness, and a sufficient motive to the protection of *your* sovereign.

He renounced the name of Frenchman, he said, and gloried that he was of Irish ancestry; “nor do I renounce only a Frenchman’s* *name*;

* Considering him as an officer and friend to the Prince, who had been his benefactor, we must allow him this latitude.

Sir,

Sir, said the Marquis, “ but a Frenchman’s *language*, and the very moment I can recover that of England, I shall deem it disloyalty, nay, a crime to speak a tongue in common with the traitors of a king, whom I have defended from my earliest youth, and whom I will continue to love and honour to my latest age.”

I think my knowledge of the human heart warrants me, without too much relying on the human voice, or human countenance, in asserting that he spoke with sincerity, when he said farther, that if he could save his devoted master by the loss of his left hand or his right,—extending both while he asseverated,—he would offer them up with joy, and kiss the hand of the man appointed to cut them off!

His personal character of Louis, founded as he assured me on personal knowledge, differed essentially from the commonly received opinion. The Marquis de St. Leger represented him not only as a man of general goodness, but of general knowledge, of great reading, observation and courage. Of the latter he instanced as follows. When the cannon of the enraged populace were dragged into his palace, and the swords of fifty blood-thirsty hirelings were at his throat, and when asked by the ring-leaders whether

Louis *was not afraid?* He took hold of one of the grenadiers' arms, desiring him to feel whether the heart of Louis palpitated with any of the dastard emotions imputed to it? "But he must die, Sir," added the Marquis, "I foresee, Sir, that Louis XVI. *must* soon die. It is according to the new system that he should be destroyed: nor will any part of his ill-fated family, left in France, fare better than himself! *They are all proscribed**."

How far this prophecy is fulfilled, my dear friend, you need not be told.

In the course of the evening on which these conversations took place, the three Chevaliers took a measure perhaps inadequate and partial of each other's particular situation; each admitted a similitude in *general* calamity, but each thought some trait of harder and more difficult fortune was appropriate in particular to himself! The two who had been compelled to leave their wives in an enemy's land, of course considered *their* lot as the most severe; while the third, whose children had fallen sacrifices to their parent's secu-

* The strength of the axiom, that self-preservation is the first of Nature's laws, precludes our asking why the Marquis, or any other person who foresaw the death, and had been benefited by the life of Louis XVI. left him to his fate?

city, seemed to think the fate of his two friends more tolerable than his own.

“ I have the conversation of the Countess, my wife, it is true,” said the Count de R——, “ and no man can be more sensible of domestick consolation than I am; but as there seems to me no apparent *end* to the horrors of France, and as the slight means with which we have provided ourselves are already on the decline, I know not whether death itself would not have been a blessing to me, rather than living to see my slender finances diminish daily, and the beloved of my soul condemned to forget, or remember with anguish, the decent pride of hereditary and habitual independence, or be in danger of starving under the eyes of a tender husband.” “ As to the latter grievance, it can *never come to pass*,” observed the Countess, “ while we have both of us so much youth, health, and affection. And though my inward soul bewails the loss of our loved children; yet, as their innocent lives must have ensured them eternal happiness, there are moments when I *congratulate them and ourselves* on their being placed beyond the reach of the tygers who now infest our country, and who would have drank their blood.—Yes, dear Count, their lot is no longer to be deplored, and I have almost ceased to grieve for them——”

During

During every sentence of this declaration her tears fell in abundance, and she exhibited all the agonies of a mother who had lost her children, while she talked of resignation.

The amiable family, under whose hospitable roof those unfortunates were now received, tried the magick of their various accomplishments to charm away the no less various distresses of their guests. The different enchantments of musick, converse, and cards, were by turns put in force, and had their effects: but what seemed most to interest and amuse, was putting together one of the wooden maps of Europe, invented, it is said, for the improvement of the young and happy, but calculated, as it appeared in this instance, to soothe the wretched and the mature. As the component parts of this play-thing were presented in disorder, the emigrants began to arrange, in progress of which they had no little difficulty. The Marquis was for throwing *France* wholly out of the map, being no longer worthy, he said, to fill a space in the Continent of Europe. This was opposed by his friend, who fastened with a tender sort of misery on *Dieppe*, where he had left his wife, but he agreed partially to eject *Paris*: to this proposal, however, the other after a short pause objected, for the like reason, with the additional one of its being

being still the residence of his beloved king, whose very prison-house was precious. And both the countess and her husband were for preserving all the cities, towns, and villages which still contained their surviving friends. O had you seen the pallid hue which seized their cheeks, and the tears that filled their eyes, as they pointed to the place where stood their patrimonial mansion, and where their murdered children were *born*, you would have felt that the recollection of past happiness, and the sight of any dear spot in "the mind's eye," are amongst the griefs that, however poignant the sense of altered fortune, cannot be thought of or looked at, without some emotions of consolation.

I was myself an advocate for allowing France its place, in the hope that every part of the company who were its natives, would return to it one day with honour and joy.

Throw but a lure to the French—give them in their deepest affliction the slenderest clue, though no stronger than a silken thread; direct but their hearts to the remotest hope that the sunshine of happier and fairer days is or may be in reserve, and the present *cloud*, however obtuse, seems already to begin dispersing, and you will see them, as it were, come dancing from behind it.

The

The then improbable, and now, alas! almost impossible idea of returning to their homes, renovated in a moment their before-despairing spirits, and for the rest of the evening they were less afflicted than those who pitied them. I have observed many instances of this felicity of constitution, habit, or country. How, in all instances, but particularly in the present condition of their lives and fortunes, are they to be gratulated upon it?

In the packet-boat, which some time after this little adventure took me to England, there were not less than eighty emigrant French on their passage to London. I had reason to know that they left other countries either by command of the governors, or from terror of an approaching enemy; and that the greater part of them, so far from having wherewith to make London a comfortable residence, had barely sufficient to pay their fare at an *indulged* price over the water. Yet meeting with a few persons who *had been in Paris*, who described its splendours, its seducing elegancies, and its amusing trifles, they forgot the present in the past, and were by no means the least gay or merry of the crew. Half seas over, however, one of the sailors descried from the mast a vessel of an unpromising appearance bearing down upon us, and favoured by the
wind,

wind. The Captain pronounced it to be a French privateer, and as far as his glasses could determine, one that would take them captive with a single broadside. At the close of this information, he observed that, though it would be a vain effort, it was his duty to clear the ship for fighting. This was accordingly done, and the emigrants were not the least alert in the preparation, nor would they, it is likely, have been the least vigorous in the action; but on some of them, the dread of falling into the hands of their implacable countrymen was so great, that in case of defeat, they came to the desperate resolve of becoming their own executioners in the short interval betwixt the giving up the packet-boat and the boarding of her by the conquerors. The alarm increased as the vessel approached, and the resolution became so solemn, that each man who meant to adopt it pledged his honour to his friend. Possibly it might, in a case of death, be the least evil in point of sufferance and shame, however it might violate the laws of morality and religion. It was luckily an unnecessary alternative: for the vessel coming near enough to be satisfied she had been in chase of an English packet-boat, proved herself to be an English frigate; and soon stood off in the direction she had quitted on first observing us. "After all, she's *one of us*," cried the captain.

The instantaneous effect of the remark on the emigrants would have been astonishing to a spectator not acquainted with their temperament.

Those who had the most despairing thoughts had now the gayest ideas, and such as had been most agile in preparing for war, gave proof of agility in the contrary extreme of preparing for peace, for they leaped, laughed, sung, and even played as it were, with the edge of the guillotine: one facetiously observed, that he fancied his neck (feeling it,) was too *short* to be fitted to the instrument; and another cunningly said, though he did not think *his* neck too *short* he hoped it would be *long enough* before any experiment was made upon it, by *Messrs. le Republicains*; while a third gentleman (with a shrug which would have ascertained his country, had every other testimony been wanting) remarked, "*Ma foi, c  tie dame Guillotine est un personnage bien com- mode au service de ces gueux l  ; mais, pour moi, il ne me conviens pas du tout du tout:*"—"On my word, that Mr. Guillotine is a mighty convenient gentleman in the cause of those beggarly patriots: nevertheless, it is not at all to my taste." In short, my friend, if the immediate circumstances of the present moment are not absolutely threatening; if good company, good wine, gay conversation, or any other

6

pleasant

pleasant object of the senses, are within the reach, or in the view of these beings, the past and future are forgotten. This is not, I am now convinced, what is generally thought, and as I myself once supposed, the effect of little sensibility, of much levity, and a total want of solid reflection; but proceeds in great measure, as I have before observed, from constitutional felicity. Yet you are too well skilled in the equal laws of Nature and Providence to infer from hence that the French are, from this bias, more blessed than the rest of mankind. If they annihilate all that is gone by, and all that may come, when the “Cynthia of the minute” smiles before them, they suffer with a bitterness of despondence peculiar to themselves, all that *has* afflicted them, or that *may* afflict, when the *present* is but a continuation of their gloom. They then collect all the disastrous parts of time into one point of misery. The past, present, and future seem, through this focus, but as one mass, accumulated like so many mountains to crush them; and they feel the weight of adversity, if I may so express myself, in all its tenses. In the English, Dutch, and German minds I think it is different. Amidst the thickest glooms of their condition, whatever be their degrees of natural feeling, they bear the heavy *collection* of grief with more equanimity. Either their minds are stronger,

stronger, or their sensibility weaker; and besides, education, climate, and habits may contribute; but it brings into equipoise the allotments of heaven, and the dispensations of nature, whose system is, perhaps, the only possible one in which equality can subsist—the equality of human happiness; since she has made it with very few exceptions, almost all her children, though not partakers of the same felicity, proceeding from the same causes, nearly the same in effects. To bring this matter home to the scene I have been relating: had these passengers been unmoved in the degree that a Dutch family felt themselves—the males smoking, and the females snuffing all the time upon deck—they would have suffered less panick at the time of clearing the ship, and by the same rule, they would have enjoyed less when the danger was over:

“ God, in the nature of each being, founds

“ Its *proper* bliss.”

And thus it may be pronounced, that one man is, upon *the whole of life*, allowing always exceptions, as happy as another:

“ The learn’d is happy nature to explore,

“ The fool is happy that he knows no more;

“ The rich is happy in the plenty giv’n,

“ The poor contents him with the care of heav’n:

“ See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,

“ The sot a hero, lunatick a king.

“ The starving chymist, in his golden views

“ Supremely blest; the poet in his Muse.”

If then by the very laws of nature, my dear friend, the universally varied situations of human life are thus happily arranged, why presume to invert her laws by introducing a *forced* and *unnatural* equality? that is, by making all men different from what they have been; by forcing them from their natural and proper stations; and by making them as universally discontented with their past and present state as they have been contented. Miserably will the founders of the new Republick be disappointed, if they seriously conceive that by making the ignorant learned, or the poor rich, or (still worse) by making *all alike*, they shall increase the felicity of mankind. By a change of condition they may make the industrious idle, and the humble dissatisfied; but never can either the dissatisfied or the idle be happy. There is a passage from the noble poem I have just quoted so decisive on this great question, which now agitates the globe, that surely the reasoning is as strong and indisputable as the poetry is sweet and beautiful. It has all the condensation of thought, for which Pope is so justly celebrated; and, methinks, should be written in letters of gold in a translation suited to all languages, and solemnly read as an article of political, civil, and religious faith, by all the now contending nations, and indeed, all the neutral nations of the earth. On

the tablet of every BRITISH memory, that has but a relish of poesy, it is *already* engraved; but by many, even of those who have it by rote, it seems by the last accounts you sent me from England, to have left so little impression that, were I rich enough, I should be so far from contenting myself with the narrow diffusion of these volumes, that I would print the passage, and disperse it amongst my countrymen throughout every part of the realm:

- " *Order is Heav'n's first law*; and this confess'd,
 " Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
 " More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
 " That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 " Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 " If all are equal *in their happiness*;
 " But mutual wants this happiness increase,
 " *All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.*
 " Condition, circumstance, is not the thing,
 " Bliss is the same, in subject or in king,
 " In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 " In him who is, or him who wants a friend.
 " Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole,
 " One common blessing, and one common soul.
 " But fortune's gifts, if *each alike* possess'd,
 " And each *were equal*, must not all contest?
 " Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 " And these be happy call'd, unhappy those:
 " *But heav'n's first balance equal will appear,*
 " While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear,
 " Nor present good nor ill, the joy or curse,
 " But future views of better or of worse."

It is more than probable the* late violent rulers of the French were secretly *aware* of the great truths comprised in these sentiments; and that the present more political conductors are no less conscious of their force; although it may be still necessary to make a hue-and-cry about liberty, equality, and confraternity; and when they have settled their ambition in the best and surest manner for *themselves*, they will, no doubt, convince the subordinate classes of the Republick, that the word liberty in the new dictionary of France is to mean no more than—*an untrouled and sovereign will of certain individuals, in convention, to govern the rest of mankind*; and that *Confraternity* and *Equality* were convenient cant words and nicknames, used in the beginning of the French revolution as mere tools to work with by the Republican Masons, but which are now become obsolete, and are to be thrown, like other plausible trumpery, amidst the common lumber. And it cannot be doubted but that at least ninety-nine out of every hundred persons will find, should the present system succeed in acquiring any thing like a durable basis, that the grand majority have been considered as nothing more than journeymen, who, unless new work is cut out for them by their employers, may lie out

* The reader has in mind that I extend not this to the *present*.

of business for the rest of their lives, with the aggravated reflection of having thrown themselves out of good places under one master, for the miserable trade of building castles, which, with respect to themselves at least, will prove to be raised in the air.

To return, however, to the emigrants of that unhappy country; I must very distinctly point out to you amongst these, the Vicomte de Gand, a man of such versatility of talents, that he appears to have an appropriate genius for every occasion; since in the whole course of the twenty-four hours, could the assembly continue unbroken, he has powers to occupy them without fatigue, and to make them glide unperceived away.—The airy and elegant levities of France, the solid reflective powers of England, the softening *agréments* of Italy, seem to meet, as if by the common consent of nations, in this man's character; and as he shifts

“ * From grave to gay, from lively to severe,”

in different languages, each country, not only for the sake of his accomplishments but his virtues might be proud to

“ † Mark him for its own.”

* Pope.

† Gray.

He

He has resided for some time past in London, where you may have had an opportunity to see and hear that he is not over-rated in my description. It is a tribute of justice due to a man, from whose conversation I have received the highest social pleasure; and although, just as it is, it would bring me to the guillotine, were I a French patriot, it is a tribute which I should pay even to one of *those patriots* were I to find an equal assemblage of great and happy endowments, independent of their political jargon and madness of the moment. Honest praise is of no party, my dear friend; and it is very compatible to applaud talents and detest principles in the same character. In this instance, the admiration of one includes that of the other.

After having said this, you will be prepared for a little poetical gleaning, which my muse made of the viscount as he sat at the table, encircled by a number of his admirers, each of whom he had enlivened by his wit, improved by his judgment, or amused by his fancy, for, several hours.—I have only to require, you will consider it the poetry of the moment, flowing from the heart into the social current of conversation, and not elaborated by study.

THE CONTENTION.

FROM hapless France to Britain came,
 One whom so *many* parents claim,
 That those who know him best declare,
 To fifty fathers he is heir;
 Yet ev'ry fire protests this son
 Belongs to him, and *him alone*.

Says WIT, his sparkling eyes on fire,
 Enflam'd that others should aspire,
 By heav'n the viscount's only *mine*,
 I claim him, sirs, by right divine!
 Cries FANCY, with affliction wild,
 Fearing to lose her darling child,
 Wit cease to boast, I will not share
 With thee, *my* just and well-known heir.
 Then swift from heav'n the God of *song*
 Came down to swear they both were wrong,
 But all that Phœbus loves, 'tis known,
 Pretenders that the *count's my own*;
 † Dance, musick, poesy, unite
 To publish and support *my* right,
 Sage WISDOM, then, with solemn face,
 Declar'd Apollo must give place;
 Since 'tis by all the world confess'd,
 WISDOM his cultur'd mind has dress'd.
 But FASHION, ELEGANCE, and EASE
 —Three great, though modern deities—
 Lent him *theix* varied powers to please.
 Said SENSIBILITY, you go
 Too far, *my* rights from nature flow;
 And who, quoth COURAGE, of *my* part,
 Shall rob me of my viscount's heart;

† In each of these the C. de G. is pre-eminent.

Mars and Bellona both declare,
 He's *ours* by all the *rights of war*;
 And by yet *greater* powers we swear,
 De Gând is *our* peculiar care.
 Jove smiling heard them from above,
 And bade the strife conclude in love :
 Ye ALL assisted at his birth,
 Exclaim'd the Sire of heav'n and earth,
 One cannot boast beyond the rest,
 SHARE HIM AMONGST YOU, and be blest !

And now for a review of the Dutch troops by the Prince Stadtholder, who is fond of military discipline, and in point of bravery and skill, a not unworthy descendant of the illustrious House of Orange.

During one of my former visits at this Brielle-home, I used to call it, on account of the apartment always sacred to my returns, happened the annual visitation of the Prince Stadtholder, who yearly makes a tour of the States to inspect his garrisons, and to review his soldiers. Although of an athletick and somewhat dropsical form, and of a heavy appearance, which indeed is usually attached thereto, the mind of this Prince is active; and notwithstanding a constitutional weakness in his knees, he is said to be capable of enduring incredible fatigue. Well is it that he is so, for some trying ones happened to him on the day above-mentioned : the business of which in-

cluded an examination of the forces of the Republick, both at the Brielle and Helveotfluice. He arrived at the former about eight in the morning from his residence at the Hague, which is a distance of four leagues. Every body expected him in their best dresses, and for that day at least, in their best looks. The streets were lined with town militia under arms; the many-coloured flags of different states were waving over the canals; and I do verily think more than two hundred were hoisted on poles at the doors of the Burghers: every street, every avenue, every window was crouded with the sons, and in yet greater numbers with the daughters of Curiosity, whose family is to be found, you know, in all countries; and I do assure you as many of its branches are resident amidst these torpid Dutch dikes and standing pools as near more rapid waters. In his way to the Brielle, his Highness had two small arms of the Maese to pass, but he was no sooner descried on the opposite side of the first than the usual demonstrations of joy, real or counterfeit, began: cannon were fired from the ramparts, and all the bells of the churches were in tune to greet him right loyally, before his person *could be seen*. At length appeared his barge, which by the bye, was most curiously bepainted and beguilt: there was given a general salute of the military (I mean
of

of the regulars) in garrison: to this succeeded an *apparently* universal huzza of the people. I particularly remarked one man, who had the same morning been pointed out to me as "*horriblement patriot*," who waved his hat higher, and sent forth the voice of gratulation louder than the rest: but it is the nature of every sort of hypocrisy to overact its part, and frequently to betray what it *is*, by the very attempt of appearing what it is *not*.

I saw his Highness at a considerable distance. It was not Cleopatra meeting Mark Antony*, when she sailed down the Cydnos, in the bark which Shakspeare has made immortal; but it was, perhaps, a much better Prince, and certainly a much better man, than that Roman, coming to see that his bulwarks and their heroes were in a fit state to defend his subjects, should defence be necessary: as you know most necessary it was but too soon.

His yacht came up the canal to the middle of the first street, where he landed, and was received by the garrison officers with all due cere-

* The author could certainly on this as on many other occasions, have resorted to classical allusions by quoting ancient historians, but that he deems his immortal countryman in general the best, because the most correct illustrator in the world.

monies. Unfortunately those ceremonies are performed *sans chapeau* (with the hat off); but the elements which are by no means respecters of persons, were in this instance, as in divers others, wanting in common civility; for just as the Stadtholder-Prince landed, a most violent shower of rain burst incontinently on his illustrious head. This torrent had been a long while collecting, and could one imagine there was any mischievous waggery in a matter of this sort, I should suppose the said torrent watched its opportunity, to prove that Princes and mighty men were like the feeblest, as well as meanest of mortals in the general designs of nature. Methought, however, I observed three of the bare-headed officers cast up a sort of commanding, yet fretful eye at the clouds, while this *drenching morality* was pouring upon them, as much as to say, and "shall not gravitation cease as we go "by?" The Prince himself bore this "pelting "of the pitiless storm," much better. He had to stand, hat in hand, in the midst of it, till he had settled the etiquette of receiving and returning at least fifty fine bows and gracious bendings, all which he did with the most magnanimous composure, shaking the "big round drops" from his yet rounder face and sacred ears!

In the like resigned way he set off, breasting
the

the hurricane, which, instead of yielding to his patience, made head against him more violently. He ran the military gauntlet of courtesy through all the principal streets, and from thence to a meadow at the distance of a mile, where tents were pitched to receive him. I have a very great objection to take long walks in the rain, albeit of a rambling disposition; but I made it matter of conscience to expose myself to a good wetting on this great occasion. You would not guess the grandeur of my soul in such a trying hour, were I not to tell you on the faith of an historian, that although I was armed with an umbrella I never spread it over my head; by which emulative action, I reduced myself to the situation of the Prince himself, except that I had still the advantage of him in the article of the head, upon which I retained my hat, thus gaining in comfort what I lost in glory. Indeed, I repented that I had carried the imitation of my superiors to the other parts of my body, seeing that my apothecary's bill (the consequence of taking cold) was neither paid by the States-General, nor the Stadtholder, as in the case of the military, whose pay goes on when they are placed on the sick list; especially if they become invalids by doing duty; for me, I did not get a single stiver to purchase sugar-candy! and my cold cost me in that article and others, the gross sum of three

three guilders*! But I have purchased a cure for my cough, and my ambition at the same time; and were great men to swim up to their necks, and little men to follow their example, I shall never more be amongst their competitors; being inveterately fixed not to wet my slipper any more for the sake of ambition; though for that of humanity, I hope I shall ever continue to venture far beyond my depth into the most *troubled* waters. Many of the officers, amongst whom were several pretty fellows, looked as if they would have been glad to take shelter in the tents till the hurricane was over; but the Prince resolved heroically to dispatch the morning business first, and dashed through all the manœuvres with the dispositions of a duck; all his soldiers following his example of course; though evidently with somewhat of the reluctance of a brood of chickens unnaturally fathered, or rather mothered upon the said duck. Presently the air cleared, the sun broke out, and the weather became more favourable to the manœuvres, which were very adroitly performed, and gave great satisfaction to the Prince, who was indefatigable in his attention and attendance; he did not finish at the Brielle till near three in the afternoon: it must have been near five before he got to Hel-

* Five shillings.

veotfluice, and probably midnight ere he regained his palace. Such are the taxes which governments levy upon the governors; and I have not the smallest doubt, but that this chief military commander of the Republick, laid his deluged head that night upon the pillow, heartily weary of pre-eminence, and awoke to the consoling thought that he should not be condemned to pay so dear a price for a few huzzas till that time twelve-months.

My friend, men are in the habit of calling kings and emperors tyrants, when most of them, at least now-a-days, are invested with a kind of impotent dignity, and are in a state of more incessant slavery than the meanest subject of their realms; yet are often envied for those splendid vapours, which are but the shining chains and trappings of that very slavery more cumbrous and insupportable: and the history of thrones, alas, scarcely furnishes us with a monarch who might not exclaim with one of our own Henries, even as he lies stretched on his couch of royalty,

“ Ah, happy lowly clown,

“ Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

THE customs observed in marriages and burials are singular. Respecting the first, the parties, if of the middling rank, are dressed in a suit of fables on the nuptial day, either to indicate the solemnity of the bond, or as a *memento mori*, that all hope of conquest should then be dead and buried, at the foot of the altar.

Funerals are no less remarkable. A numerous body of the burghers, in black gowns and decent bands, attend the body of every deceased citizen. The priests, pastors, &c. visit the house of the deceased, which, even as if it were wholly evacuated, is shut up, and that with the most jealous caution, till the morning of the burial. The corpse is brought out by twelve burghers, and carried by them not on shoulders, but by hand to the grave, where it is deposited without any prayer whatever, though occasionally a sermon be preached. The mourners look into the yawning earth that is to hold their relation, or friend, and then depart. They take off these "customary suits of common black,"
and

and mix in the business or diversions of the world.

Amongst the advantages of a residentiary or a deliberate traveller, who stays in a place long enough, or visits it often enough to gather its produce, whether natural or accidental, are those chances which throw you into the path of brother-wanderers, whether preparing to take the field or returning home with the harvest of observation, from the different quarters of this wide world of enterprize. Several of these, the Chapter of Accidents has already presented: some laden with wheat, others only with chaff; many with flowers, and many with weeds; and not a few again with a mixture of all these: according to the constitution of Nature, which is compounded of good, bad, and indifferent.

During one of my residences alternately at the Hague and the Brielle, I encountered two travellers of very opposite powers, making as opposite impressions. The one whom by way of characteristick, I shall call Mr. Blank, is of that order of travellers who give to every airy unimportance an inflated grandeur, and describe every trifle with a pomp of words appropriate only to that heroi-comick burlesque, or false sublime,

which would very well become the mice and the frogs in the old fable. I soon perceived this self-imagined mountain was always in labour, and brought forth nothing but some of the above-named animals; yet that they were ushered into the world with all the pageantries of eastern phraseology; as ridiculous and unnecessary as it would be to let off a cannon at a gnat, which might more easily be exterminated by a fillip of the finger. Mr. Blank has travelled the Lord knows where, and is going, I believe in my conscience, the Lord knows *not* whither; for he talks of traversing regions, “where human enterprize” has never yet directed it—“self; of *terræ incognitæ*, of which human beings have no precise ideas of existence, but “which he is sure do exist, and which it is “reserved for him and him *alone*, to explore.”* Ah, blissful vanity! that can thus amuse thyself with the shining vapours of thy own self-love, and thus give

“ To airy *nothing*,

“ A local habitation!”

This Mr. Blank travels with his works in his portmanteau; enters an inn, calls for pen and ink in a violent hurry, to write down his last

+ This is Mr. Blank’s own account of his travels.

thoughts, scribbles at full speed, and notes—joins the publick dining-table—introduces *himself*—and, what he conceives to be the best part of him, his works, to the company—*forces* his right and left hand neighbour to be his auditors—while the first course is removing he takes care to fill up the interval with the richest *entremet*—he serves *himself up again*—begs the company to hear or read some favourite passage, which has been admired, copied, and got by heart in every court of Europe; rehearsed by minor Emperors, and spouted by queens Dowager! but in the midst of reading, being seized with a new idea, he starts up regardless of his own appetite, but happily leaving you to the enjoyment of your's, runs out of the room, or to the side-board, or makes a table of his plate turned topsy-turvy, and has scrawled half a sheet of paper before you can help yourself to a glass of wine; for never surely did mortal author produce such “an infinite deal of nothing” in so little time; and he *talks* nonsense as fast as he *writes* it. Happy powers! but, beware! during his scribbling moments make on your part the best use of them, or your dinner will be again in danger. Our author returns to cram you with food that will add little to your nourishment; and, unless you prefer his windy banquet to good animal sustenance, I see no escape but hunger and flight

from a well-filled table ; unless you follow the example of a pleasant gentleman, who knowing the disposition of our traveller, declared himself *deaf and blind* ; regretting at the same time, in the politest terms (on a slip of paper he scrawled in a written hint he had received), that he was *thus* prevented the honour and advantage of either reading or listening to his compositions. Do not, however, suppose that a traveller who has encountered so many more difficulties than Robinson Crusoe, or Mr. Bruce, is to be dismayed by a few natural impediments in any of his auditory : he goes on reciting with the most persevering vehemence ; and as in the above instance, he fatigues you out of your well-dissembled deafness, he wearies you out of every *other* assumed misfortune, by making you at least confess that though you, *have* eyes you *will not see*, and though you have ears you *will not hear*. Thus you must either sacrifice your appetite to your politeness, or your politeness to your appetite. Mr. Blank has written descriptions of countries, through which he has never passed ; held discourses with the inhabitants who never had habitation ; having first invented and then conversed with them ; painted sufferings with which it has not yet pleased the justice of God to reward his falsehood ; and incurred many hair-breadth

breadth escapes without his ever having been in danger.

As it is however well observed, that “nothing can come of nothing,” I shall hasten to repay you for having made so “much ado” about it by the introduction of another traveller, who will make his *entré* under every circumstance that can contrast him to Mr. Blank, and whom therefore I shall call Mr. Prize. This gentleman comes recommended to your friendship, by all the advantages of good sense, heroism, modesty, and misfortune. Mr. Prize is one of the few who was shipwrecked in the South Seas in the Pandora frigate, and he has been preserved from the general crush of his fellow-creatures by encountering difficulties, from the surmounting which the residue of his life seems *entitled* to every honour and comfort his country can bestow. But as in various other cases, so in this, his misfortunes have been productive of many interesting adventures amongst a people, concerning whom publick curiosity has been so much indebted to the immortal Captain Cooke. Mr. Prize, with equal modesty and force, related such a variety of anecdotes respecting the inhabitants of Otaheite, that I passed from town to town in the publick boats without perceiving the distances, except to regret the stops in the narrative, while

we changed our barges, though this at other times is no unwelcome interruption. I was earnest with him to extend the pleasure he had given me, by publishing his account as a supplement to Cooke. The modesty with which he declined this, "because the task had been already better performed," was in perfect contrast to the literary, or rather the illiterate arrogance with which Mr. Blank had the day before roundly asserted in my hearing, that "if he was ever again tempted to gratify the curiosity of an ungrateful world it should be well paid for;" because, added the vain-glorious boaster, "I cannot afford to throw away my time and talents on a work, which, by annihilating all other travellers in the like route, besides the traverse of unknown realms, will throw a new light and lustre upon history!"

Nothing short of the pleasure one derives from the unexpected diffidence of a Mr. Prize, adorned with all the blushing powers of merit, and of genius unconscious of those powers, could atone for the disgusting pain one suffers from the swelling conceit of a Mr. Blank, who with the proudest opinions coupled the most impotent abilities; for, as the relation of Mr. Prize was given in the simplest dress of Truth and Wisdom, so that of Mr. Blank was tricked off in all the meretricious

cious ornaments of abortive labour, panting after the eloquence it could not reach.

Indeed I never but in one single instance, knew uncommon talents united with uncommon vanity ; and that one exception presented itself to my view the very next day after I had been regaled by the society of Mr. Prize.

That you may have these three extraordinary characters brought as close together upon paper as they were in life, you shall now have a sketch of this third traveller, whom, if you please, we will distinguish by the name of Blank-and-Prize.

Mr. Blank-and-Prize is a Swiss officer of distinction in the service of the Prince of Orange. He unites the spirit of a soldier and the manners of a gentleman, to the enthusiasm of a man of real genius. The powers of that genius, indeed, like many of his natal mountains in Switzerland, are sublime without sterility; they flower to the very summits; and, like his natal vallies, are rich and picturesque, and “ fling their fragrance” into the very bottom of the deepest glens. He was introduced to me by a party of familiar friends who take pleasure in obliging me; but having so lately suffered from the obtrusion of
Mr.

Mr. Blank, I did not expect a similar reparation to that which I had found in Mr. Prize. The first appearance of the man, however, was menacing. He had not been announced a minute ere he was at the heels of his announcer. I was introduced to him as a traveller, a man of letters, and an Englishman. "I have a respect for all those characters," replied Mr. Blank-and-Prize: "I make my bow to them, even when I meet with them separately, but when I see them combining before me in a single character, and concentrating in one person, as I understand is the case at present, I open my arms to receive him in this manner!"—embracing.

Here he expanded himself, pulled me into his embraces, and gave me the hug of literary brotherhood. "I am myself a traveller, a man of letters, and though not an Englishman, speak the language, as you perceive, as perfectly as the best educated native," continued Mr. Blank-and-Prize. "I have traversed three parts of the earth, and am soon to set off for a tour of the other quarter. I am by birth a Switzer, glory in my country, and hope and believe it will glory in me."

As he pronounced this, a private of our author's

thor's regiment came in with a box of no inconsiderable size under his arm : he placed it at his commanding officer's feet, and making the *bow military*, marched off in a drill step.

" Ay, here are some of my works ; a short "*specimen*, sir, said he." He took out the key. I trembled. He threw open the lid, and brought forth as many folio sheets of paper, very closely penned, as he could grasp. With a no less determined hand, he hurried out a second, and then a third bundle, threatening *such* an attack upon my patience and politeness, as my submissive and often suffering nature almost sunk under ; and yet I would go, and have many a time gone, very far *indeed* to let every man and woman have their humour.

The weather was extremely hot and ill-adapted to any very severe trials of attention. I had ever an aversion to that class of authors who are *addicted* to read their own works ; and to be hedged into an enclosure where there is no room for any body *but* the author to move a foot or a finger, perhaps for several hours together, to the destruction of my dear sun-setting ramble, or twilight stolen visit to nature or the moon, with whom I have, you know, nightly assignations. Did not all this threaten too much ? Had there
been

been but a loop-hole left for apology, I would have crept out at it. But the meeting was concerted by my friends, on purpose *pour me faire plaisir*, purely to oblige me. Martyrdom, thought I!

Having rapidly turned over about an hundred leaves, Mr. Blank-and-Prize said (*still turning*)
 “ I see you are impatient for me to begin. I
 “ will not keep you on the rack much longer.
 “ Come then, come, I will have mercy on you.
 “ You shall then have a little of my account of
 “ Switzerland first, then we will trip across the
 “ seas to America, and then I will bring you
 “ back to Europe; after which, if we have
 “ time, you shall inspect my book of maps and
 “ drawings. Let me see, we have six hours
 “ good, and if I find you deeply interested, as I
 “ am sure you will be, I will strain a point to
 “ pass the whole evening at this house (where I
 “ am always at home), and where though I read
 “ my works twenty times, they wish for them
 “ twenty more.”

Guess my situation! a cat pent up in a corner never meditated more fell designs. I could have stopped his cruel lips by cramming his own works *down his throat!* A soliloquy broke out in something between a grumble and a sigh.

How!

How! am I condemned to *bear* down the summer's day and night, and make the tour of Europe and America chained to this chair! in such a day as this!

Our historian began. I anticipated periods of a mile, and yawnings of a league. I was mistaken: not only the genuine matter of the compositions, but the manner in which they were delivered was a treat. Albeit I do not boast much of the supposed saturnine, or phlegmatick characteristick of my countrymen, and have possibly suffered not a little from indulging the bias of a contrary disposition, I do assure you *my* most headlong fallies—even when they have driven me from a plain path and open country, into the entanglements of an untrodden wood, in the which, friend and reader, thou hast often seen me involved—might be deemed cold-hearted apathy to the deportment of our literary hero while in the act of reading his manuscripts!

He first took me into Switzerland, and had he kept me there till now, amidst the scenery with which his pen and pencil brought me acquainted, I should have looked on myself as a very happy mountaineer, and him as a delightful guide! It

is as impossible to read his book without wishing to visit his country, and to possess the power to feel and to describe its beauties with the same force, as to view with *sang froid* the exquisite and magick scenery of De Louthembourg.

I cannot repeat the name of the last-mentioned gentleman, without subscribing fully to your eulogium on his talents. He paints to the soul, "the cloud-capt hill," the profound valley, the scarce-heard rill, the deafning cataract, the proudest sublimities; and all the interesting minutiae of nature, in her labours, in her pastimes, in her awful operations, and in her sports, are before you. *He places you on the spots described.* His pencil carries you where its owner pleases; you converse with the persons; you lose sight of the painter; you forget he is sitting in a chair besides you, or even describing to you the story of his piece. He is lost in the scene he has painted: the object he groupes, the story he tells, are in your heart. He personifies imaginary, and annihilates actual beings. In short, he interests you so much for the absent, that you neglect or overlook the present. For himself, he is frequently out of sight; and we have eyes and ears only for the places and personage with whom he brings us acquainted: but when the charm on the canvass is dissolved, and De Louthembourg comes again into
6 view,

view, you recollect that he is not only one of the best painters, but one of the worthiest men in the world. This combines love of the man with admiration of the artist, and your satisfaction is complete.

By a retrograde motion I shall now conduct you back to the *first* field of our observation in Holland (Helveotfluice), in order to carry you progressively to the *last*, to the advantage of your purse, the ease of your person, and the amusement of your mind.

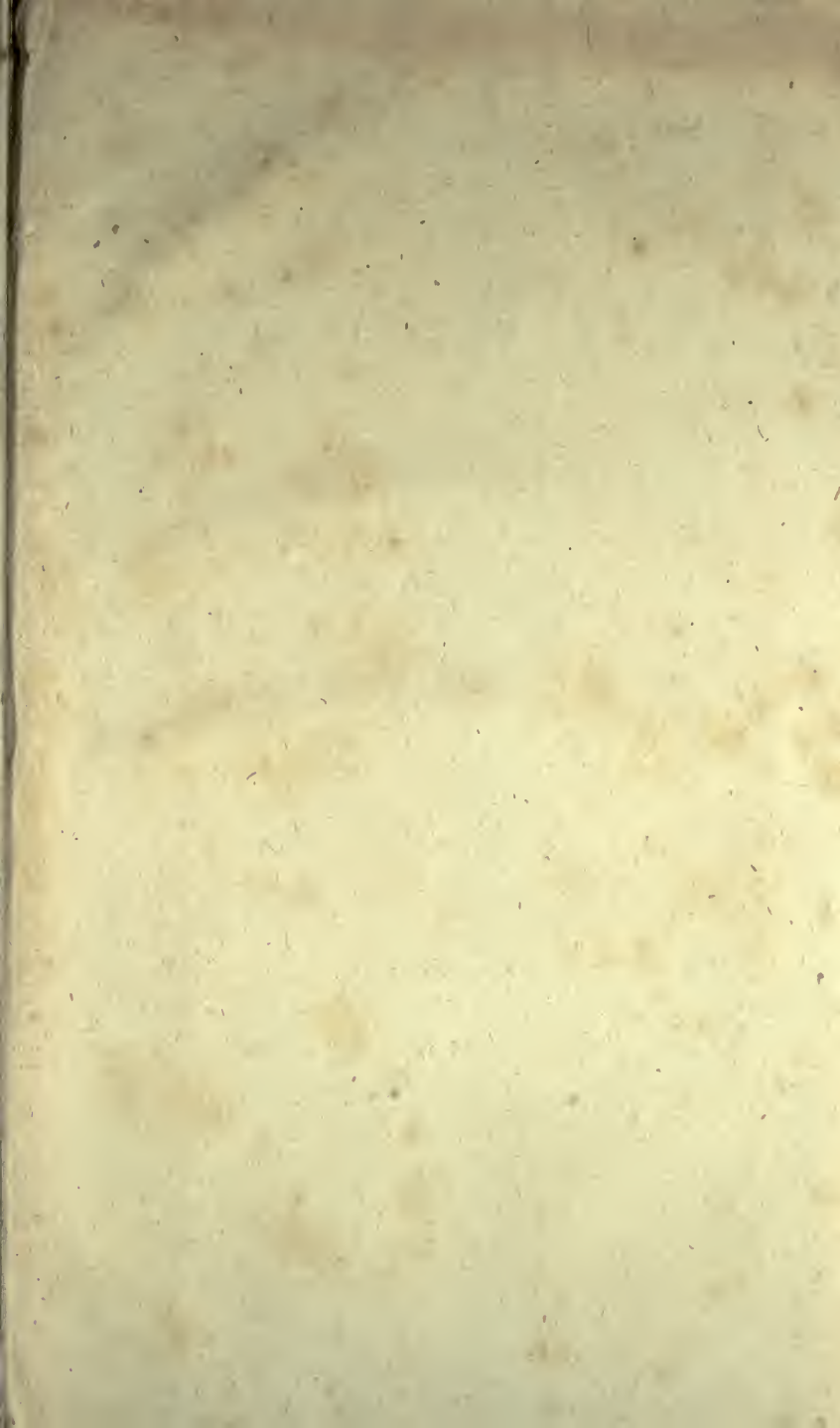
I should apologise for these Gleanings being somewhat out of place, had I not been previously authorised in our compact of correspondence, to take what freedoms I pleased with time and circumstance; to carry you backwards and forwards as seemed best unto me; taking care to arrange the whole amidst this "regular confusion," so as to give you the greatest variety of entertainment and information.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
REVEREND
FATHER
JOHN
BAPTIST
MURPHY
OF
THE
SACRAMENT
OF
THE
Eucharist
IN
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1847

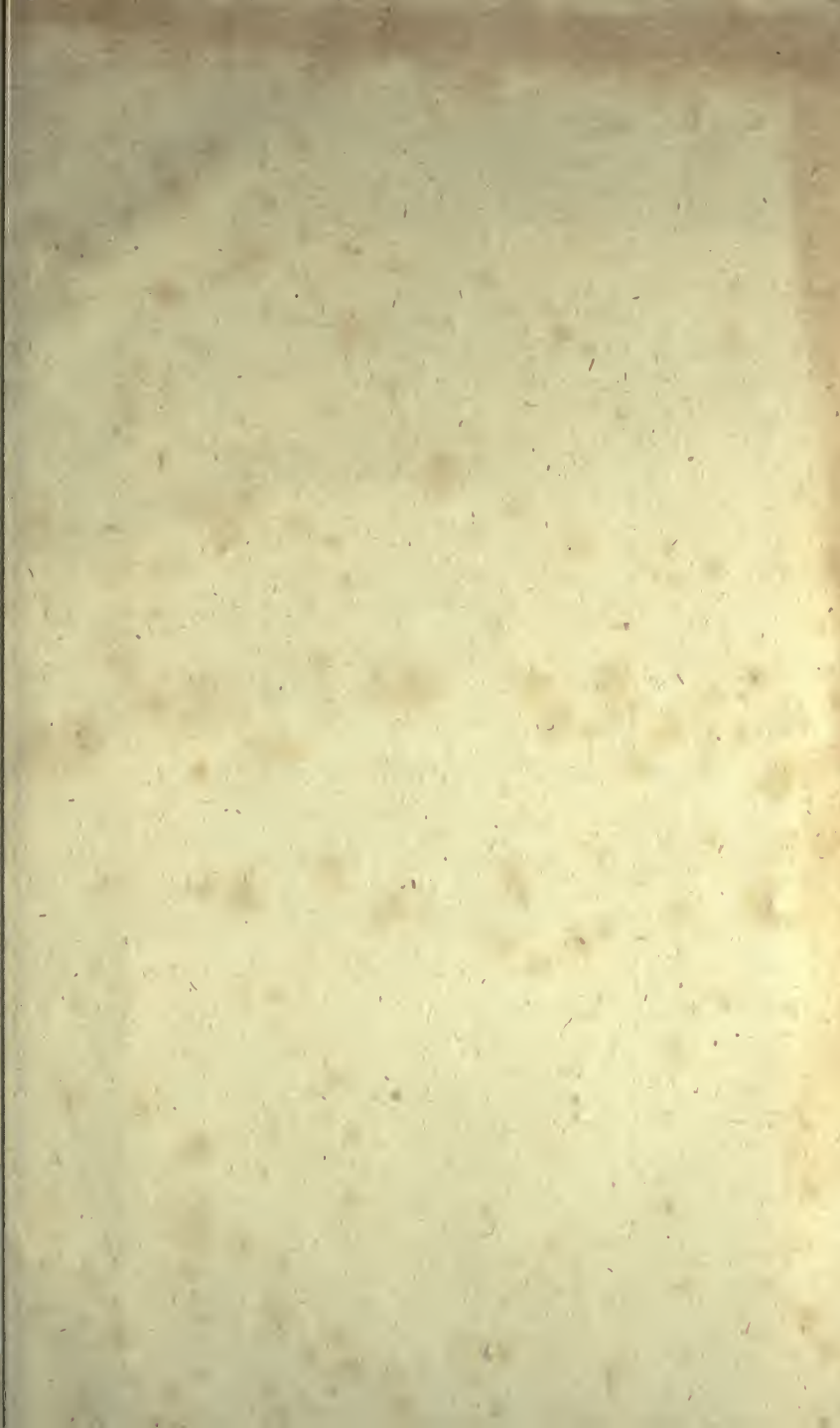
THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
REVEREND
FATHER
JOHN
BAPTIST
MURPHY
OF
THE
SACRAMENT
OF
THE
Eucharist
IN
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1847

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
REVEREND
FATHER
JOHN
BAPTIST
MURPHY
OF
THE
SACRAMENT
OF
THE
Eucharist
IN
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1847

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
REVEREND
FATHER
JOHN
BAPTIST
MURPHY
OF
THE
SACRAMENT
OF
THE
Eucharist
IN
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1847









D
917
P73
1798
v.1

Pratt, Samuel Jackson
Gleanings through Wales,
Holland, and Westphalia
4th ed.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

