



3 1761 04411 4627



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

LE
W.C. 838*

(98)

1

283

Literary Recollections;

BY

THE REV. RICHARD WARNER, F. A. S.

HON. MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL CÆS. SOCIETY OF
NATURAL HISTORY AT MOSCOW;
AND OF THE DUTCH SOCIETY OF SCIENCES AT HARLEM; AND
RECTOR OF GREAT CHALFIELD, WILTS.

JUVABIT MEMINISSE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

259753
29.9.31

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1830.

CT

788

W326A3

1830

V.1

from Warren

I add up this letter
to you, & to our
family of deeply
respected friends, you

Delaware

There is now at Berkeley
a man named Henry - he
is in the White House
He is in Ward,
to find out, & to
my father in law
He is in Ward, & to
Delaware with letters
but not any with
attending, he will be
grateful, & it is
will be continued upon
the letter & message

I believe on 21st or
in Dartmouth
Dartmouth to the year
with high & low
& have

Wilton
Oct 21st
1817

such the
Dartmouth
Sanctuary -
It is not the
new body
near Tom

To herd Hunt and Warner
near by with us to go
down last winter to the
reed was here by some
N. Hunt and Hunt —

A Prefatory Remark.

Laudatus abundè ei fastiditus non

CORRIGENDA ET ADDENDA.

VOL. I.

- Page 32. line 27. for *præclara dies* : read *præclarum diem*.
37. line 26. for *Gilpin Boldre* : read *Gilpin Vicar of Boldre*.
58. line 32. (Note) for *Sir Richard Stoare's* : read *Sir Richard Colt Hoare's*.
270. line 18. for *the fruit* : read *of the fruit*.
341. line 1. for *Contracts* : read *Contrasts*.

curiosity and taste ; or, that his criticism may be softened down, if not altogether obviated, should he be well pleased to travel through all its pages, from the beginning to the *finis*.

I would remark, then, that the earlier portion of the work consists of "recollections" of what I would call my own *literary life* ; and of incidents, connected with the suggestion or publication of my various printed productions. With these are mingled "biographical sketches," more or less comprehensive, of those deceased learned, ingenious, or remarkable persons with whom I had formed an acquaintance, or enjoyed an in-

To hand print
new
down best
best, best
N1

My
1

A Prefatory Remark.

Laudatus abundè, si fastiditus non ero.

IT may not, perhaps, be an injudicious step, in order to prevent disappointment, or anticipate objection, if I apprise the reader of what he has to expect in the following sheets; that he may close the volume, as soon as he has read this little premonition, should he see reason to believe, that its contents would not gratify his curiosity and taste; or, that his criticism may be softened down, if not altogether obviated, should he be well pleased to travel through all its pages, from the beginning to the *finis*.

I would remark, then, that the earlier portion of the work consists of "recollections" of what I would call my own *literary life*; and of incidents, connected with the suggestion or publication of my various printed productions. With these are mingled "biographical sketches," more or less comprehensive, of those deceased learned, ingenious, or remarkable persons with whom I had formed an acquaintance, or enjoyed an in-

timacy, during a part of their respective lives ; together with traits of singular characters, now no more, whom I have encountered, at various times and places, in private society, within the last half century. An *apology* for the heterogeneous nature of the work follows the “ recollections and sketches ;” and the whole is concluded by an *Appendix*, consisting of not incurious papers, and of interesting unpublished correspondence.

With respect to the eccentric or peculiar characters to which I have occasionally afforded a place among my sheets, it may be observed that, though they filled no large space in society, and were little known beyond the contracted orbits in which it was their lot to move ; yet, the curious habits or singular incidents of their lives appeared to me to promise a chance of entertainment to the reader, sufficient to form an excuse for their introduction. The exhibition of *contrasted characters*, indeed, is always amusing, and, not unfrequently, improving. Laudable curiosity delights in the contemplation of *moral opposites* ; and lessons of the soundest wisdom, and most valuable experience, may oftentimes be deduced from biographical notices of those who had passed their days in the shades of retirement, or amid the humble intercourse of middle life.

Before I throw aside my pen, I would express

my thanks generally to those who have obligingly furnished me with several original papers for my *Appendix* : and offer my particular acknowledgments to my honoured friend, the present Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, for his kind communication of some curious letters, written by the justly celebrated Dr. Hartley, Laurence Sterne, Dr. Jortin, and Andrew Baxter, the metaphysician.

As my work was intended to be devoted exclusively to the mention of departed friends, and by-gone events, the *laudatory* notice of *living characters* would appear to be what lawyers emphatically call “travelling out of the “record,” or, in common language, deviating from its purposed plan : I should not, therefore, have here introduced the following quotation from the *Berkshire Chronicle*, written I know not when, nor by whom, had I not considered it in the light of a *tribute* (rather than an *eulogy*) due, in the strictest justice, to the judicious zeal, well-directed energy, and extensive usefulness, of a distinguished prelate ; who, after having conferred many public and private blessings on a distant diocese, has, for the last five years, been pursuing the same pious, discreet, and exemplary conduct in that of Bath and Wells.

BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

We have repeatedly expressed our sincere belief, that at the present moment there exists a foul conspiracy, the great object of which is to destroy the fences of the Established Church, preparatory to a formal attack being made upon it in order to accomplish its final overthrow. That similar meetings to the "Lay Convocation," lately held at Cork, will have that tendency, we cannot for one moment doubt; and that Lord Mountcashel, perhaps, however, with the best intention, is lending himself to the design, we have fearful apprehensions. Under such circumstances, it is consolatory to reflect, that the Church has yet left many pious and uncompromising champions, amongst whom we may especially particularise, as the leading members of the English orthodox hierarchy, the Bishop of Salisbury and the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The course of the latter venerable prelate (and we speak of him from our own knowledge), since his elevation to the episcopal bench, has afforded one continued display of that unceasing devotion to the duties of his high calling, which is the best eulogy on his character and conduct as a Christian bishop. His lordship was appointed to the see of Chester in 1812, and his accession to the chief pastoral authority in that extensive diocese was marked

by an active devotion to the interests of the church, and to the duties which devolved upon him as one of its bishops. He instituted an enquiry into the actual state of every parish; personally visited all the churches and dependent chapelries within the counties of Chester, Lancaster, part of Yorkshire, and in remote and secluded districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Where the sabbath and parochial attentions of the incumbents had been neglected, owing to too great a laxity of discipline, his lordship immediately remedied the evil, and rendered all his clergy really efficient members of "Christ's church militant on earth." The excellent prelate then directed his attention to the dilapidated state of his cathedral, obtained the royal permission to raise public collections, contributed bountifully out of his own private purse, and in less than twelve months obtained nearly 6000*l.* for the pious and benevolent purpose of repairing that venerable structure. The bishop infused new spirit into the declining influence of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the sister institution for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, by his own active energies and liberal subscriptions, and had the delight of beholding its revenues more prosperous than they had ever been in that populous district of England. The spread of public schools, founded on the principles of the

Church of England, was not forgotten; they were established in all the principal towns; and Dr. Law's eleemosynary kindness was effectually illustrated by his liberal contributions to all the public charities; by his sermons, each of them a model of simple but persuasive eloquence, in their behalf; and by the numerous thanks which his lordship received from the trustees or committees of management. It was in the midst of these labours, so consonant with his sacred calling, that the worthy Bishop, to the great sorrow of his clergy (who evinced it by their addresses), and the no less sincere regrets of the people at large, was translated to Bath and Wells, leaving behind him an example which was not overlooked by his successor, Dr. Blomfield, and which has also stirred up the present Bishop of Chester to emulate it. The see of Bath and Wells, since 1824, has largely partaken of the advantages of his spiritual supervision, and the indigent there have been blessed with a liberal benefactor. In order to relieve the public burdens, and more especially the poor-rates, his lordship was the first to set the example of apportioning small pieces of land to such tenants of the humbler classes who resided on the diocesan estates, and the result was most gratifying, there not being, we believe, an instance hitherto of any one individual so situated applying for parochial relief. To all these pleasing

traits of high individual worth, and true Christian kindness, may be added another, which will immortalise Dr. Law's name as a bishop of the Church of England. His lordship has been sincere and undeviating in the most active opposition to the measures — unhappily, we fear — lately introduced for equalising the religious and political rights of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with those of the established and peculiar Protestant Church of these essentially Protestant realms. It is upon such men that the Church of England must rely in her struggles with potent enemies for her well-being, her supremacy, and, probably, her very existence. To these few and feeble testimonies to the excellent bishop's public character we may add, that since his accession to the episcopal bench, he has distinguished himself by an uniform and immovable consistency, and by all those other features of superior merit which entitle him to the honourable appellation of a just and good man.

Literary Recollections,

RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM
QUID VETAT?

CHAP. I.

MR. HUME, in the neat specimen of autobiography prefixed to his "History of England," has observed, that, "it is difficult for a man to speak *long* of himself, without vanity;" "therefore," says he, "I shall be *short*."

Now, it being quite out of *my* power to be as brief as the philosophical historian (seeing that *my* materials are much more copious than his appear to have been), the reader may, naturally enough, anticipate, that, in the subsequent numerous sheets, I shall fall into the error which the *modest* and *humble* Mr. Hume was so desirous to avoid. I beg leave, however, to assure him or her, *in limine*, that there is no reasonable foundation for such a notion: since it is my grave resolve, that I will show no undue partiality to myself, or my literary productions, in the ensuing "recollections;" but, treat them both with the freedom of intimate friendship;

and "nothing extenuate," though I refrain from setting down "aught in malice."

My "recollections," vivid as they are, do not, I confess, retrograde to that period of my life, when my mind first imbibed those elements of all literature—the four and twenty letters. But, it has been related, that, at this epoch, whenever I obtained an occasional donation of gingerbread; the article which I appeared most to prize, and last devoured; was that which bore upon its surface, in high relief, the mystic characters of the alphabet. Certain destruction, it is true, always awaited this portion of my present in the end: but, it was the firm opinion of my sagacious Scotch nurse, that this long reservation of the devoted piece, and my final reluctant dispatch of it, clearly evinced a very creditable *love of letters*, mingled with a very natural passion for "sweet cates."

This goodly matron (by name M'Clanny), to whom, in the period of early childhood, it was necessary to entrust me, for certain hours in the day, was herself not deficient in *literature*. She had acquired, in her own native land of bannocks and education, a competent knowledge of "the art of reading," as well as a propensity to exercise it, whenever she could snatch a minute for the purpose. Even at this far distant time, I have her venerable form, and picturesque appearance, clear "in my mind's

“eye,” when, in the nursery chair, she sat intent upon her book — a tall but bending figure; a pale, long, and furrowed face, fringed with snow-white hair, and encircled by a plain and close mob-cap of antique pattern; a pair of moon-sized spectacles, riding saddle-wise upon her nose; and, grasped in her left hand, the *mull* of horn, filled with the titillating dust of Scotia’s manufacture — her large blue eye, meanwhile, dilating or contracting, as the subject of her studious moments stirred or smoothed her fancy. Nor did she act the miser with her stores of erudition. Indeed, I am inclined to think, that it was almost as pleasing an employment to her to impart as to acquire: for, not a wonder did she read of, hear, or know, which was not most kindly communicated to me, whenever it appeared to be needful, as a *sedative* to my frequently too boisterous, and sometimes dangerous, activity. On such occasions, she would tell

“ Of most disast’rous chances,
“ Of moving accidents by flood and field —
“ — Of antres vast, and deserts idle;
“ And of the cannibals that each other eat,
“ The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
“ Do grow beneath their shoulders.”

Conversant, too, with the history of *gramarie* and ghosts in all its branches, she would discourse to me of “black and midnight hags,”

who ride the air on broom-sticks ; of their magical charms, incantations, and philtres ; of the Witches of Glanville ; the Dæmons of Kelly ; and the Spirits of Dr. Dee. But, her chief stock of the *terrible* was derived from the land of her fathers, the mountains and glens of the Highlands ; from their traditions and deadly feuds ; their legends of unearthly visitors ; and their marvels of “ the second sight ” — of all and every of which her knowledge was at once so universal and minute, that I question whether “ the great Northern wizard ” himself, had he known the learned crone, might not have added, from her comprehensive information, numberless very interesting facts, to his own rich treasury of Highland legendary lore.

It scarcely need be told, I apprehend, that, during recitals of this description,

“ My greedy ear
“ Devoured up her discourse : ”

or, that their constant repetition made a deep impression upon a mind, young, ductile, and warm with feeling. In fact, I grew so partial to the *marvellous*, and so “ tremblingly alive ” to the *horrible* ; that, had not the *effect* of these *historical lectures* been lessened by the departure of the old lady, and subsequently counteracted by cautions and circumstances which soon completely neutralised it, I should have

become, when I entered upon authorship, far better qualified for a *romance writer* than a *biographer*; and approached much nearer, in after life, to the *coward* than the *hero*. From the *former* degradation, however, I was happily saved by the solemn and frequently-repeated admonitions of my excellent and upright parents to the love and observance of stern, uncompromising *truth*; and from the *latter*, by the powerful influence wrought upon my fancy by a book, with which I became acquainted before I had quite completed my fifth year. Ere I apprise the reader, however, of the name of this wonder-working volume, I would just remark, that, fortunately, “the grizzly troop” of witches and fiends, ghosts and goblins, are now utterly banished from the nursery; otherwise, the above little recital would not have been without its important moral.

At the period of which I speak, I was already familiar with the adventures of Tom Thumb, Jack the Giant-killer, and the redoubtable Hickathrift: but, naught of “the lofty Epic” had come within my reach; when some propitious circumstance — either accident, or kindness, certainly not *purchase* — put into my hands the SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM. If the courteous reader have ever glowed over the puissant deeds of England’s patron saint; and admired the constancy, and pitied the fate, of

the beauteous *Salra*; he is qualified to form some faint idea of the panting pleasure with which I read the interesting story. Thrice I thumbed it o'er from end to end; and each successive time, with fresh and increased delight. But it was not merely the feast of *Fancy* in which I revelled. Every repeated perusal seemed to invigorate, more and more, my *nervous system* (as we should now express it), to elevate my conceptions, and qualify me for bold and generous deeds: and ere I parted with my "Champions," I had imbibed so much of their hardihood, that I could venture, *alone*, into every room in the house, *in the dark*; and felt myself to be capable (for the experiment was never tried) of even walking through the church-yard, without a companion, when the clock struck the solemn midnight hour. *

Shortly after this happy confirmation of my good principle and manhood, a great event occurred to me, which opened a fresh and a better field, than the "Tales of the Nursery," for the exercise of my imaginative faculty. As the circumstance was connected with "the march of intellect" in the subject of these

* My partiality for "The Seven Champions" was sanctioned by the example of Dr. Parr. In a copy of this popular romance contained in the doctor's library was written the following note — "It was a favourite book with me when a boy." Bib. Parr. p. 528.

“recollections,” its introduction into my volume will not be out of place.

The kindness of my father would fain treat me with a *play*: and that the impressions made upon my mind by so great a novelty might be of the most pleasing character, it was determined that we should go to see “The Clandestine Marriage,” and some popular Pantomime, advertised for a certain evening at the theatre in Drury-Lane. The wished-for hour at length arrived, and to the playhouse we proceeded; but, unfortunately, as the night chanced to be one of Garrick’s last appearances, we found the house crammed even beyond “squeezing room,” and all ingress to be utterly impossible. At the suggestion of my godfather, however, who made one of the party, it was arranged, that I should not be disappointed of my play: and, in a short time, the *trio* found themselves commodiously seated in the pit at Covent Garden. A *tragedy* and *farce* formed the evening’s entertainment — “Macbeth,” &c. if I mistake not, and “High Life below Stairs.” A quick succession of varying, but intense, emotions rushed through my mind, as the business of the *tragedy* proceeded; but, though I alternately wept with pity, and fired with indignation, yet, I well remember that I did *not* tremble with alarm, even when the substantial witches stirred their magical cauldron, and the ghosts of flesh and blood rose from

beneath the stage, with such undauntedness had I been inspired by "the Seven Champions of Christendom." My enjoyment upon the whole, however, must have been, as Dominie Sampson says, "prodigious;" for traces of it are detected by me even at the present hour, in the more than common pleasure which I now derive from the perusal of this sublime dramatic composition of the immortal Shakspeare. But, it was an enjoyment of a solemn, silent character, felt and not expressed; for, to the astonishment of my father and his friend, not a single exclamation of ecstasy or wonder escaped my lips during the whole performance. The only evidence, indeed, which I afforded (as long as the play lasted) of possessing the faculty of speech, was a remark, between the first and second acts, respecting the *great cost* of the innumerable candles that blazed around me: an observation hailed by my godfather (a man of careful spirit) as a certain presage of a future prudential and economical turn of mind.

The deep impression, however, struck upon my spirit by the tragedy, was not long without its practical manifestation. Solitary declamation soon became my most delightful recreation; or, perhaps, I may more properly say, my most serious employment. In every hole or corner which afforded an opportunity of indulging my newly-acquired taste, unseen and unheard, I

spouted and “strutted my little hour ;” creating incidents, inventing speeches, and personating characters ; nor is it at all unlikely, that, at this period, and by these exercises, was sown the first germ of a predilection (strengthening as time rolled on) for that profession, which, for forty years, has been my happy lot in life.

One characteristical circumstance, however, that grew out of this *histrionic mania*, must have its place in these “Recollections” of my early days. A short time after my introduction to the drama, the usual summons to our dinner, wont to be obeyed with the utmost promptitude, did not bring me to the table till after the commencement of the meal — “Where have you been, Richard ?” — said my father. — I was mute. — “Why is your jacket so closely buttoned this hot day ?” — My colour changed ; but still I spoke not. — “What’s the matter with the boy ? Why don’t you answer me ? Open your coat immediately, child.” — The tone of the command forbade all delay. I “blushed celestial rosy red” — unloosed the garment — and down dropped a *naked carving knife*, with which I had been enacting the heroic character of Macduff ; and inflicting on an empty barrel, the vengeance justly due to the foul murderer of the “gentle Duncan.”

It may be violating the order of strict chronology, perhaps, but at the same time it will

preserve the *unity of subject*, if I mention *now*, instead of further on, a trifling incident, to which, though it occurred before I was six years old, I cannot cast a retrospective eye, without a strange and mixed emotion of pleasure and of melancholy. My elder sister, whose pure and gentle spirit has, I trust, been long in blessedness; and whose heart to its last beat, throbbed only with kindness and love; contrived a little plan for the indulgence of my propensity to *dramatic recitation*, which afforded a delight both to the performers and their audience, as perfect in kind, and as high in degree, as was, perhaps, ever experienced or expressed, in any of the *grown-up* theatres of ancient or modern times.

A short and pleasing dramatic pastoral called *Lindamira*, of one act; three scenes; and as many characters, personated by my two sisters and myself; was the piece chosen for this memorable purpose. *Pathos*, with an utter exclusion of the *terrible*, characterised the composition; but, as I was to figure on the boards both as a lover and a hero, this double personification amply consoled me for the absence of every thing strictly *tragic* in the representation. A room in the house to which my father had recently removed his family, suited admirably for the performance of our pastoral, which was entirely *got up* without the knowledge of any human being save those who composed its *dra-*

matis personæ. The deep *bow-window* at the extremity of this parlour, served the double purposes of the *green-room* and the *stage*: the *curtain* that stretched across it (divided as it was in the middle), on being partially undrawn, disclosing "ample room and verge enough" for exhibition; and the *undrawn half*, concealing another portion of the bow, for attiring, change of dress, the entrances and the exits. No sooner had the tea and its accompaniments disappeared, than, to the surprise of our parents, the performers withdrew behind the curtain; but how did their marvelling swell into astonishment, when on the removal of the *half-drapery*, they saw and heard the hero Anselmo (enacted by myself), in loud and long soliloquy, pouring forth and gesticulating every impassioned expression of jealousy, rage, and despair! The principal actor was, I conclude, most ably supported, for (let the reader smile if it please him so to do) never did a crowded house on a benefit night, feel or evince more unalloyed pleasure and genuine sympathy, than glowed in the hearts, and glistened in the eyes, of our enchanted father and mother.

After a lapse of more than fifty years I took a transient survey of the dwelling, which had been the scene of this, and many other of my early joys. The mansion itself was recollected, from its central situation in one of the streets of

Marylebone, and from the pyramidal termination of its front ; but I looked in vain for those accompaniments, which had rendered it so interesting to my careless childhood. The memorable *bow-window* was no where to be found ; a flat wall and modern casement occupied its place. The neat little garden into which it opened, at whose further end, was anciently the spot devoted to the exercise of my horticultural skill, appeared to have been covered with unseemly workshops : and the noble meadow immediately behind it (a part of Wellan's farm), where the kite had wont to fly, the cowslip to be gathered, and better than all, the bowl of milk to be quaffed, pure, warm, and foaming from the udder, was covered with a long succession of gigantic streets and gorgeous mansions, in comparison with which, my residence in times of yore, whose front I used fondly to regard as the most comely in the neighbourhood, was a diminutive hovel !

The incident, however, just related, is, as I before remarked, an anticipation, it having occurred (during my holidays) some months after I had been initiated into the mysteries of *systematic education* ; or, in other words, sent to a *boarding-school*, on the completion of my fifth year.

Ill betide the fame of that poet, who could transgress so grossly against common sense and common experience, as to sing, —

“ Happy ! thrice happy ! is the school-boy’s lot !
 “ His cares how few ! how soon those cares forgot !”

disguising, in a mendacious couplet, some of the sorest miseries of human life. Assuredly he must have been some hapless orphan, to whom the

Limen amabile matris et osculum

were utterly unknown ; or some more miserable varlet, who had endured, at his own wretched dwelling, all the capricious tyranny of an irascible stepmother : for, independently of those “ ills to come,” which Gray so pathetically enumerates as “ awaiting” the school-boy in after life ; the *present* sufferings of a little Tyro, like myself, of only five years’ standing in the world, suddenly severed from a home of peace, and a circle of love ; from countless tender offices, and well-timed soothing caresses ; and thrown among a tumultuary rabble of seventy or eighty stranger-lads (like all other crowds), rude, insolent, and inhuman : — the state of feeling, I repeat, excited in such a tiny exile from home, by so sad a reverse in circumstances, — is as unlike a state of happiness, as the condition of the writhing toad, under the sharp teeth of the scarifying harrow.

To experience this miserable contrast, however, an imperious propriety demanded that I should now be called ; and on one murky

Monday morning, I started from my home, with heavy heart and tearful eye, accompanied by a trusty domestic, to a large boarding-school in the immediate vicinity of London, which was not *then* without “a name of honourable note.”

A celebrated facetious clerk, — who far excels most of his brethren of the cloth in the brilliant talent of *conversational wit*, and is fortunate in the possession of the two-fold faculty, of melting a congregation into tears, and “setting the table “in a roar,” — in speaking to a friend of mine, of one of his acquaintance who had determined to devote himself to the profession of a *player*, observed, that the plan of this gentleman’s *debut* was *greatly* conceived; “for,” said he, “he made his first *step* on the stage, in the *leg of an elephant.*” * *My* entrance, however, on the

* Another instance of the same gentleman’s *witty parlance*, which occurred in the conversation above alluded to, is too good to pass unrecorded. Mr. * * * * * had just taken possession of a country living. “How is it possible,” said my friend, “that you, * * * * *, should ever be able “to endure a *rural* life? You, who have hitherto consorted “only with the gay, the sparkling, and the great? You, “who have basked for years in the sunshine of popular “favour, and been perfumed with the incense of admiration, “even to satiety. Oh! you’ll die the first year of your *rustication* with *ennui.*”—“Pardon me, my dear sir,” returned the wit; “you quite mistake the matter. I am passionately “fond of the *country*. I had always a little *green spot* in “my heart; and long tired with being a *white-pocket-handkerchief-preacher*, I have, for years, been anxiously looking “forwards to the *future in rus.*”

proscenium of a numerous-peopled school, was by no means of such an imposing description : for, being somewhat short in stature, and crest-fallen in mien, I neither felt, nor appeared (though clad in my *Sunday's suit*) likely to excite the admiration, or ensure the respect, of the uproarious crowd by which I was immediately surrounded.

In fact, my utter inability to participate in, or relish their boisterous *mirth*, entirely prevented, on their part, the slightest sympathy in my too visible *sorrow*. The older boys regarded my tears with an eye of silent scorn ; the younger ones with a quizzing or malicious grin. Various nicknames, neither of the most courteous nor creditable signification, were speedily applied to me. My being the youngest and the shortest boy in the school was made a matter of reproach : divers impertinent liberties were taken with my person and *best clothes* ; and I know not to what extent these petty persecutions might have reached, had not a fine youth, of the first form, pitying my forlorn condition, voluntarily become the champion of the *mannikin* in the *sky-blue coat* ; dispersed the nest of hornets that infested me ; and declared himself to be my protector and avenger, both in present and in future : a pledge which, from that moment, he conscientiously fulfilled. The name of George Jackson, the first friend whom I found when fairly launched

on the sea of life, will never fade from my recollection, while memory "holds its seat" within my brain. His after-lot well became the nobleness of his character. He entered into one of the most generous of all professions, the *naval service*; and, in rank of lieutenant, fell, bravely fighting the battles of his country, in a desperate action which occurred with a French ship of war, towards the close of our first contest with America.

There are, perhaps, few establishments in our country, which have more improved in their respective systems of management, within the last fifty years, than our *private* boarding-schools; for the *public* seminaries of the empire have, with little variation, been always regulated by the same excellent principles, and conducted according to the same judicious arrangements, as those on which they were originally instituted. To say nothing of the frequent incompetency of those who undertook the direction of such places of juvenile instruction, at the period alluded to; their domestic economy was then, too often, of a character by no means calculated to provide for the reasonable comfort; to invigorate the good principles; or improve the *lesser morals* of the urchins received under their roofs. The diet was, generally speaking, coarse and scanty; sometimes offensive and unwholesome: frequently three, and never less than two unfortunate lads,

were condemned to stew together in one wretched pallet: personal cleanliness formed no part of scholastic duty; and those decencies in language, and courtesies of behaviour; those honorable sentiments, and gentlemanly manners; which are now so much insisted on, and so generally prevalent in all our respectable academies, held no place in the *opera operanda*, of too many of the private boarding schools in former times.

I might enumerate many instances of the defective *régime* of the seminary wherein it was my lot to spend between four and five years of my early boyhood; but will content myself with mentioning two facts, illustrative of the truth of the remarks which I have just made, and of the little attention paid at this place of education, to the personal comfort and health of its juvenile inmates. The *bill of fare* for the day formed so striking a contrast with the plain, but wholesome and palatable mode of living at my father's dwelling, as made a most painful impression upon all my organs of taste and smell at the time; and stamped upon my mind so vivid and indelible a recollection of it, as will secure me from any mistake in describing its particulars.

A *breakfast*, consisting of a slice of bread, coarse and dry, and a porringer of that delectable fluid mixture called *London milk*, so invitingly described by Matthew Bramble, Esq. formed

our first meal for the day; at one o'clock the *dinner* succeeded, less meagre, indeed, than its precursor, but by no means more relishing; — for, what miserable wight who ever tasted it, can recollect without a shudder, the first dish that appeared upon the table, a portion of which was to be despatched before the meat might be touched? No: never shall I forget the abominable compound, hideous in its form, — that of a huge human leg deprived of its foot! and disgusting in its materials, — brown flour, studded with lumps of unpicked suet! denominated, from its quotidian appearance, the DAILY PUDDING! to be washed down with a beverage that Tom Wharton would have called “small acid tiff;” but which the domestic brewer humorously honoured with the name of “beer.”

Not a lad in the school, I believe, ever cast an eye on this most execrable of all puddings, without a sensation at his stomach something resembling sea-sickness; and on no occasion did he exert more ingenuity, than in devising plans to rid his plate of its nauseating load. The pockets, full often, received a portion, to be disposed of, at convenient seasons, in the ditches of the play-ground; while, ever and anon, a large lump was jerked under the table so adroitly, as to fall far from the seat of him who had discharged the shot; and worse than all, the little boys, of whom I was the least, were frequently

compelled, under the penalty of a severe pummelling, to cram down those masses of the horrible DAILY PUDDING, which the larger lads, in their immediate neighbourhood, could, or would not themselves despatch.

The *supper*, at six o'clock, made no amends for the scantiness of the breakfast, or the abomination of the dinner ; as it consisted of rations of bread and cheese, discreetly small, to prevent nightly indigestion ; and a hornful of the beverage, which I have just above so deservedly lauded.

But, distasteful and scanty as our *food* might be, the *junior* members of this numerous fraternity, suffered far more severely from a dearth of *fluid*, than from any restrictions on the satisfying or pampering of the appetite. To *them*, the grateful and commonly-enjoyed pleasure, of slaking the thirst when it became oppressive, was altogether prohibited ; as neither water nor the aforesaid "small acid tiff" could be procured, save at the stated hours of breakfast, dinner, and supper. The pumps, situated in the lower regions, or on the kitchen-floor, were to them unapproachable : the interdicted spot being guarded by a very she-dragon ; a crabbed old dame Leonarda ; who had the strictest orders, not only to prevent any boy from entering upon this *terra incognita*, but also, on no account, to dispense any refreshing draughts, either from

the cistern or the barrel — orders which she conscientiously observed, except with regard to those fortunate elder youths, who could either fee, or frighten, her, into a violation of them.

Were I to live to the age of “ the wandering Jew,” I should not lose sight of the misery, which this terrible regulation occasionally inflicted on me, and my school-mates of the lowest form. The sailor, who, on a tropical ocean, has been restricted to half a pint of water in the four-and-twenty-hours ; or the traveller across the Great Desert,

“ Where no fresh springs in murmurs break away ;
“ Or moss-clad fountains mitigate the day ;”

who has seen his water-skins burst, and his camels perish around him ; — sufferers of this cast, I repeat, may imagine, with sufficient correctness, the agonies which were frequently endured by the little victims of this horrid prohibition : but, surely,

“ The gentlemen of England who live at home at ease ;”

who may quaff their tankard ; empty their bottle ; or drain their tea-pot, at their own free will and pleasure ; — these happy beings can never form an *adequate idea* (as Locke has it) of the torture endured by an active little boy, whose *fauces*, parched with the heat of the dog-days, with violent exercise, and a large consumption

of animal fluid, were denied a draught of water to cool, moisten, and *unpucker* them. I will not wound the feelings, or offend the delicacy, of the reader, by recounting the various strange contrivances to which the gasping lads resorted, to allay their intolerable thirst; but, merely remark, that, for some years after this season of suffering had passed away, I was wont, occasionally, to be visited, in my dreams of the night, with an ideal revival of the privation, and its painful effects: and so dread was the fanciful creation, that I always tossed with agony during the vision, and awoke from it *in the horrors!**

— It is but common justice, however, to the academy of which I am now speaking, to acknowledge, that, scant and unrelishing as our diet, and cruel as the prohibition of fluid might have been, a very praiseworthy attention was paid in it, to the scholastic improvement of the boys. The monitory line which meets the

* I have understood from a friend who was educated at the Charter House, that, thirty years ago, an admirable practice was regularly exercised at that noble public seminary, to save the lads from the sufferings of severe thirst, after a day of active exercise. At the hour of nine in the evening, one of the boys passed through the passage of the dormitory, bearing a flagon of water, and crying out, occasionally, *Quis bibat?* The youth who happened to be in want of the fluid responded *bibam*, and was immediately supplied with the necessary refreshment.

eye, on entering the school-room of Winchester College,

“ *Aut disce, aut decede, manet sors tertia cædi,*”

was the judicious rule of our discipline: and study, departure, or condign punishment, the only alternatives of every boy who became a member of our establishment. The old process of gaining knowledge had not then ceased to be fashionable: and tasks were to be performed; exercises elaborated; and languages acquired; not by the tricks and facilities resorted to in modern education; but, by fagging, doggedly, at the grammar; and turning over, incessantly and unweariedly, the dictionary and the lexicon; — the wandering attention, in the mean while, being called back to its proper business, and the flagging industry invigorated, by a wholesome occasional application of the ferula and the birch. The pedagogue had not, as yet, given up a plan of teaching, sanctioned by the practice and experience of nearly three hundred years; nor applied to *mind*, the same principle of *rapid manufacture*, which has been recognised (and carried into effect by *machinery*) in our woollen, cotton, and silk establishments. Our ancestors knew nothing of the present popular *systems* of Lancaster, Bell, Pestalozzi, Fallenberg, Hamilton, &c. which, though they may make the sparkling sciolist, will never form the solid and

accomplished scholar. *They* were aware, that there is “no *royal road* to the mathematics;” no contrivance to bring, suddenly, into full foliage, those buds of intellect, which nature intended should gradually expand. They knew it to be a law of our present condition, that, as all physical advantages are to be obtained only at the price of labour and toil; so, mental acquirements must be the result and the reward, of patient and long-continued industry: and that, in proportion to the diligence to be exercised, and the difficulties to be overcome, in the mastering of any branch of knowledge; in the same ratio, would be its clearness to the understanding, and its fixedness in the mind. The irksome drudgery of this part of my life, and the severities occasionally associated with it, were, I confess, exceedingly obnoxious to me at the time; but, they have been since amply repaid: for, I may truly say, that, whilst much of the classical information obtained in my maturer age, is now but imperfectly retained, the humbler branches of scholastic knowledge, which were thus laboriously acquired at my first place of regular instruction, are, for the most part, present to my mind at this moment, in all their original freshness.

I cannot quit this never-to-be-forgotten scene of suffering and learning, without relating one incident of a very *striking* nature; a circum-

stance which made such a forcible *impression* on me at the period of its occurrence, as time has not, hitherto, been able to obliterate. It may be considered, also, as in some measure connected with my literary life : for, who shall say (so mixed are human motives) that it might not have had a secret influence, in colouring my view of the CATHOLIC QUESTION ; and producing my pamphlet against CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION ? *

In the immediate vicinity of our school was a large seminary, for the education of youths of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Our respective play-grounds did not, indeed, adjoin each other ; but were separated merely by a long field, which (though its steep ditches, and strong hawthorn hedges, precluded all *hand-to-hand* fighting,) was so narrow, as to allow the two schools (eternal and inveterate foes) to reciprocate, like the heroes of old, constant abuse and defiance ; and,

* I am waiting with impatience to congratulate my fellow-protestants of his Majesty's United Kingdoms, on those happy results, which were to invalidate all my arguments, and put to shame all my ratiocinations, by the complete tranquillisation of Ireland, and the perfect satisfaction of the British papists, in consequence of CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. *O præclara dies !* but when, alas, will it arrive ? The pamphlet alluded to, is, " CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION incompatible with the Safety of the established Religion, Laws, and Protestant Succession, of the British Empire : an Address, &c. London : Rivingtons, 1829."

occasionally, to engage in actual warfare with stones, shards, and other dangerous missiles. On one of these memorable occasions, I, together with several of my compatriots, (who were as yet too young either to bear a commission, or even to be admitted into the ranks,) were compelled to employ ourselves, like powder-monkeys on board a ship of war, in supplying the combatants with ammunition for the conflict. I was in the act of presenting to our commander-in-chief, my hat, brimming full of stones and broken slates, when a *shot*, from the adverse party, suddenly descended on my unprotected head, penetrated my *organ of combativeness*, levelled me with the turf, and covered me with blood. The *mark* of the disastrous wound still remains; and the tumour occasioned by it, has never been entirely reduced to its natural size: so that, should I now submit this characteristical *bump* to the inspection of any one of the psychological, physiological, phrenological, and *all but philosophical* disciples of the celebrated Dr. Spurzheim, he would instantly pronounce me to be afflicted with as strong a *pugnacious* propensity, as the Grecian Achilles of old; the redoubted Tom Belcher of modern times; or the present pugilistic champion, whoever he may be, of that portion of his majesty's dominions called "all England."

My fearful accident silenced the Protestant

battery. I was led in by my astonished companions, shaking my "gory locks," to the master; severely objurgated by him for my *capital* offence; sent off, supperless, to bed; and the next morning, in that spirit of pure equity, which then regulated the proceedings of most of our boarding-schools, was summarily tried, condemned, and flagellated, for a sheer *misfortune*, which had befallen me, when engaged in a service, embarked in with much the same feeling of "free-will and pleasure" as a landsman experiences, when *pressed* on board a man of war.

CHAP. II.

I HAD already mastered the perplexities of Lilly; run through the dialogues of Corderius; become familiar with the fables of Phædrus; read the first book of Ovid; peeped into Virgil; and formed a slight acquaintance with the Greek alphabet, when a new scene of life was unfolded to my mind, by a change in our family residence.

My father had, for some time, determined on a removal from London; and, after much deliberation, Lymington, in Hampshire, was fixed on as the place of our future abode; a migration, followed by consequences, to me, of singular importance; as it gave a new character to my studies; a new turn to my tastes; directed my attention to other pursuits than had hitherto occupied it; and greatly influenced the events of all my subsequent years.

Of the *country* I had often read and heard, but never seen it, unless the immediate dusty environs of the metropolis deserve that *sacred* name; for, as Cowper truly sings,

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

It may readily be imagined, therefore, how impatient I was to become acquainted with “ an

order of things" so entirely novel to my experience; and with what pleasure I beheld the vehicle drive up, which was to convey us to that Paradise, in which my fancy had been disporting, ever since the grand project of our bidding adieu to London, had been communicated to me. My heart dilated at the sight of the equipage. I had never entered a carriage so completely appointed: a commodious coach, with four bay-horses; a driver and postilion; and I greatly fear, that a feeling of rank and unpardonable pride, was the predominant emotion of my bosom, when I stepped into the vehicle, and

"Look'd contempt on little folks below."

Our journey, divided by a halt at Basingstoke, occupied two days; for, so far removed, at that time, was the condition of the public roads from the state of perfection to which they have attained, since the great reformer, M'Adam, has mended our ways, that the distance between London and Lymington, little more than ninety miles, which might now be travelled in ten short hours, would then have occupied full double that space of time. So nicely, however, are advantages balanced against their opposites, in all human affairs, that the rate of postage, at the period alluded to, did not exceed *eight-pence* per mile; and I have often heard my father repeat,

that the sum which he engaged to pay to the coach-master, for our smart equipage and two *conductors* (who were out four whole days and three nights), was only *five guineas*; the proprietor taking upon himself, every expence incurred by the horses and their drivers during their absence from home.

Lymington (in the outskirts of which we were settled very shortly after our arrival there) might then be considered as one of the most cheerful, genteel, and sociable borough-towns in the south of England. Its localities are still beautiful. Partly spreading itself over the higher level ground, while another moiety descends a gentle hill, it is, at all times, clean and dry, airy and healthy. A tide-river washes its quays; flowing from the woody recesses of Brockenhurst, and losing itself in the strait which separates the isle of Wight from the main land. This sheet of water, together with the island, form its view to the south and west; while a scene of a different character (the sloping grounds and groves of Walhampton, the seat of Sir Harry Neale, Bart.; Vicar's Hill, the former residence of the accomplished and excellent Rev. William Gilpin Boldre; Buckland-rings, &c.) completes the panorama on the east and north.

The attractions of Lymington, however, in the year 1776, were of a better description than

those of local scenery. It had a moral and social beauty, which, though not then exclusively its own, was generally acknowledged to be more conspicuous there, than in most other places. The town, being no thoroughfare, was secure alike from the contamination of imported vice; the introduction of novel crime; and the ever-shifting absurdities of an unnatural and unhealthy refinement. In its small and steady population, the circumstance of every individual being known to his neighbour, was a sufficient guarantee for the general security; while the friendly and cordial manners of the respectable inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood; their generous, though inexpensive hospitality, and free reciprocation of courtesies and kindnesses, ran no risk of being annihilated or diminished, by those wandering "felicity-hunters," who now swarm like locusts over the land, and in the search of *that*, which they never can attain, are sure to alter for the worse, the habits and manners of those amongst whom they unhappily alight.

Lymington had, indeed, its humble baths; but they were resorted to, in the summer season, merely by quiet invalids, or by such as sought a temporary escape from fashionable life, or public business, in its calm, but cheerful retreat. Visitors of this cast, added only a wholesome gaiety to the town, without infringing upon its established system of social intercourse. They

stood not aloof from the respectable families of the place, and its vicinity, as if they were beings of a superior kind, or higher grade in the scale of creation; but accommodated to the habits, and interchanged the civilities, which they perceived to be customary amongst those with whom they sojourned. In short, they wisely adopted that trait of national character in a neighbouring kingdom, which might be advantageously imitated by our own too-proud and unsociable countrymen: for, however demoralizing or ridiculous French manners may *generally* be regarded, yet, surely, in our customary intercourse with society, it would be neither unamiable, nor undignified, to follow the example of those,

“ Who please, are pleased; who give, to get esteem;
“ Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.”

I throw back, with the purest satisfaction, a retrospective eye to the earlier years of my sojourn in the interesting vicinity of Lyminster; and would fain flatter myself, that my gentle reader will pardon the introduction of a slight sketch of those habits of social life, which, in a former generation, characterised, not only this little town, but many others also, situated, like Lyminster, at a distance from the metropolis. The picture will be different, indeed, from what now meets our observation wheresoever we direct it—a view of a state of society

in England, which exists, at present, only in dim recollection, — but, it may not perhaps be uninteresting, as the representation of a *bye-gone thing*: and, haply too, may awaken in the contemplative mind, a rational doubt, whether our *improvement*, as it is called, in the forms of social life, has been accompanied by a proportionate increase of social enjoyment; and whether we are not become too *refined* to be *happy*.

I may, I think, safely say, that at the time of our settling at Lymington, the far greater number of its houses were inhabited by what are usually denominated *independent* families: in other words, such as were in no ways connected with trade: and I may as truly add, that, although few of these families possessed an income larger than three hundred pounds a year, yet the exercise and pleasures of a free hospitality, were more universally practised and enjoyed by them, than we now perceive to be the case, where the means of such rational gratification are of four-fold greater extent.

A few old, respectable, and long-established families, of ampler, though moderate fortunes, were scattered through the neighbourhood, where more plentiful boards, and larger establishments might be seen, than in the adjoining town; but this superiority in income by no means separated these *Hidalgos* from their less affluent neighbours. A mutual interchange of cor-

dial visits subsisted between “the cloth of gold,” and “the cloth of frieze:” and while the *squires* refrained from dazzling or overwhelming the town-folk, by a sumptuous fare, with which the latter could not compete, they thought no scorn of the plain hospitality of their humbler friends, seasoned, as it ever was, with a hearty and honest welcome.

“ ’Tis only day-light that makes sin,”

says the gay wassailer, *Comus* : and if we advert to the present hours of refection and amusement in fashionable life, we may fairly conclude, that they who fill this caste in society, regulate their feasts and fêtes, with a view to this sage and edifying maxim : since their dinner at eight, necessarily drives off the sipping of Bohea till midnight, and their breaking-up to the rising of the glorious sun ; thus effectually securing their revels, (upon the principle of the son of Circe,) from the slightest imputation of *moral offence*.

The *harmlessness*, however, of this conversion of night into day, *physically* considered — (that is, as it regards the vigour and spirits of those who adopt it,) — does not appear to quadrature exactly with the *innocence* to which the adage of *Comus* would seem to attribute the practice ; for, if we may reason from the general aspect of the *gay world* (as it is egregiously mis-named), their state of health, and condition of mind ;

from the sallow countenance, lack-lustre eye, and dead-alive carriage of the *exquisite*; from the faded cheeks, debilitated forms, dissatisfied spirits, and *nervous affections*, of the youthful female victims to late hours; and from the

“ Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 “ Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,
 “ Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums,”

“ the painful family of death,” which afflict the more mature votaries of fashionable dissipation—we must come to this inevitable conclusion—that the modern application, among our higher grades, of the hours for repose to the purposes of pleasure, though (according to *Comus*) it may strip revelry of *sin*, is, most assuredly, by no means productive of constitutional robustness; intellectual vigour; mental hilarity; or of that *enjoyment* which *pleases* on reflection.

The hospitalities of Lymington were conducted upon a different plan, and regulated by far more rational and salutary principles, than those which we have been considering. The hour of *two* was that generally appointed for dinner; and, among the higher classes, it seldom exceeded *three*, even when the expectation of company rendered it *polite* to defer the time of repast. At six o'clock, the refreshing odour of the then unadulterated *tea*, invited the gentlemen into the *parlour* (as it was called),

and associated them again with the females of of the party. A merry round game for the younger guests, and a sober pool of quadrille for the elder ones; diversified, occasionally, by those humble exercises of wit, riddles, conundrums, and charades, succeeded this refreshment. These, and other divertisements of a like cheerful character, gaily occupied the time, till the important hour of *nine*, when the *supper* once more brought the company into closer contact, and employed them in the discussion of those substantial dainties, which, in such good times, were wont to smoke upon the board at this sociable and agreeable meal. Two or three hilarious hours, rendered not less festive by the ample bowl of well-mixed punch which reeked in the centre of the table, followed the removal of the cloth; and the room echoed, for the remainder of the evening, with the song and the duett, the catch and glee, the good-humoured sally and contagious laugh. Before the hour of midnight, all had retired to their respective homes, without having made perhaps any great proficiency in "the school of fashion," or considerable advance in "the march of intellect;" but, certainly, with some improvement in the virtues of the heart—in kindness of feeling; in suavity of temper; and in good-humour with themselves and others.

Still more frequent than these stated visits,

were the schemes of social pleasure which grew out of accident, or were "got up" on the spur of the moment, and put into execution as soon as suggested. Full often have I known parties of this unpremeditated description, consisting of fifteen or twenty young persons of both sexes, properly *chaperoned*, (among whom, I, as a sprightly and not disobliging boy, generally gained admittance,) starting together for a walk to some rural spot, or clean farm-house, three or four miles distant from the town; and, after regaling on tea and biscuits, sent thither for the purpose, and on a foaming syllabub, manufactured on the spot — returning under the light of the moon; and, by the way, "charming night's "dull ear" with the solo strain, or choral song; and not less seldom have I made one in a *waggon*, loaded with youth and beauty, and with the *material* necessary for the satisfaction of the one, and the preservation of the other, destined either to an umbrageous oak in the contiguous New-Forest, or to the interesting ruins of Beaulieu Abbey; where the day was spent, and the repast enjoyed, with a relish, which the gorgeous galas of modern times rarely, if ever, impart. The attractions of these festive parties, frequently induced the high-bred sojourners in the town, to join the happy groups; and I have known the bands of pedestrians, or the riders in the waggon, accompanied by lordly

beaux, and titled dames, who, at another season of the year, have been resplendent in a box at the opera-house, or have glittered in the circle at St. James's. It is in my recollection (for the notice he obligingly bestowed upon young people made a strong impression on my mind), that on more than one occasion, a personage, even of *royal blood*, honoured these little schemes of rural enjoyment with his presence. The gentleman I allude to was a Mr. Dunkerly, who bore a commission in some militia regiment, and was universally asserted, and as generally believed, to be an illegitimate son of George the Second, and consequently an uncle of our late excellent and venerable monarch. The extraordinary resemblance, indeed, which he bore to George the Third, was a sufficient confirmation of the truth of this report. — His early life and manhood had been passed in obscurity, and his education neglected. In scholastic acquirements, therefore, he was deficient; but his natural talents were far above par: and while his “high bearing” and polished manners, evinced that he sprang from no common stock, the pleasantry of his wit, and the charms of his conversation, were strong evidences, of a mind, rich in original powers; of an acute and attentive observation of mankind; and of a comprehensive experience, applied to the accumulation of practical wisdom. It was not till the period of advanced life, that

Mr. Dunkerly obtained the notice of George the Third. He was then received at St. James's; and the favour and pension conferred on him by the monarch, left no doubt upon the public mind, of the relationship between the parties. Mr. Dunkerly, among his other talents, numbered the faculty of making very good verses: and, in one instance at least, directed it to a very patriotic purpose; that of cheering the country under the unpropitious events of the American war. The influence of popular songs on the public spirit of a people, has, in all ages, been felt and acknowledged; but it would not be easy to adduce an instance, where a composition of this description had a greater effect, for a time, on the national temper, than the well-known stanzas of Mr. Dunkerly, beginning with the words,

“ Come, ye lads, who wish to shine
 “ Bright in future story;
 “ Haste to arms! and form the line
 “ That leads to martial glory:”

which were as generally and enthusiastically sung through the country, at the time of their composition, as the celebrated chanson, *Çà ira*, by the French, during the fervour of their memorable revolution.

Once, and only once, (for her opportunities of recreation were but few,) I remember to have seen at a *Fête champêtre* of the kind above

described, a beautiful young female, the real incidents of whose singular story were as far removed from the occurrences of every-day life, as the adventures of the heroine in any of the less extravagant novels of modern days. Her name was Nancy Bere. She resided in Lymington; mingled, occasionally, in private parties; but very rarely appeared in any of an indiscriminate kind. Her home was with a Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, who lived in the best house in the town, and had adopted Miss Bere as their daughter, under the following circumstances.

Mr. Hackman, an eccentric, lively, and improvident character, had originally, as I have understood, been bred to, and followed the profession of the law; but, long before I recollect him, having married a widow lady, with a considerable life estate, had settled as an independent gentleman in Lymington. No contrast could be more marked than the difference in the character and habits of the husband and wife: he, hospitable, convivial, full of frolic and fun, a keen sportsman, and a jolly *bon vivant* — she, an hypochondriacal valetudinarian, shunning society, confining herself in a great measure to her home, and rarely extending her excursions beyond the limits of the garden, which lay at the back of her residence. I know not, for a certainty, whether this dissimilarity of character weakened the conjugal affection of the parties,

or disturbed their domestic tranquillity. The probability however is, that Mr. and Mrs. Hackman jogged on as gaily, as the generality of husbands and wives are accustomed to do; since *he* was infinitely good-humoured and complying, and *she* indulged in every wish, and uncontradicted in every whim.

Her garden, in which alone she found particular pleasure, stood in need, as is usual in the spring season, of an active weeder; and John the footman was despatched to the poor-house, to select a little pauper girl, qualified for the performance of this necessary labour. He executed his commission in a trice; brought back a diminutive female of eight or nine years of age; pointed out the humble task in which she was to employ herself, and left her to her work. The child, alone amid the flowers, began to “warble “her native wood-notes wild,” in tones of more than common sweetness. Mrs. Hackman’s chamber-window had been thrown up: she heard the little weeder’s solitary song; was struck with the rich melody of her voice, and enquired from whom it proceeded? “Nancy Bere, from the poor-house,” was the answer. By Mrs. Hackman’s order, the songstress was immediately brought to the lady’s apartment; who became so pleased, at this first interview, with her *nâiveté*, intelligence, and apparently amiable disposition, that she determined to remove the warbling

Nancy from the workhouse, and attach her to her own kitchen establishment. The little maiden, however, was too good and attractive, to be permitted to remain long in the subordinate condition of scullion's deputy. Mrs. Hackman soon preferred her to the office of lady's maid; and, to qualify her the better for this attendance on her person, had her carefully instructed in all the elementary branches of education. The intimate intercourse that now subsisted between the patroness and her *protégé*, quickly ripened into the warmest affection on the one part, and the most grateful attachment on the other. Nancy Bere was attractively lovely; and still more irresistible, from an uncommon sweetness of temper, gentleness of disposition, and feminine softness of character; and Mrs. Hackman, whose regard for her daily increased, proposed, at length, to her complying husband, that they should adopt the pauper orphan as their own daughter. From the moment of the execution of this plan, every possible attention was paid to the education of Miss Bere; and, I presume, with the best success; as I have always understood, that she became a highly-accomplished young lady. Her humility and modesty, however, never forsook her; and her exaltation in Mr. Hackman's family, seemed only to strengthen her gratitude to her partial and generous benefactress.

It could not be thought, that such “ a flower ”
as the adopted beauty,

“ Was born to blush unseen,

“ And waste its sweetness on the desert air : ”

or that, however retired her life might be, Miss Bere would remain long the beloved *protégé* of Mr. and Mrs. Hackman, without being remarked, admired, and solicited to change her name. Very shortly, indeed, after her assuming this character, such an event occurred ; though without, at that time, producing any propitious result. A clergyman of respectable appearance, had taken lodgings in Lymington, for the purposes of autumnal bathing, and amusing himself with a little partridge-shooting. The hospitable Mr. Hackman, ever attracted towards a brother-sportsman, by a sort of magnetic influence, called upon the stranger ; shot with him ; and invited him to his house. The invitations were repeated, and accepted, as often as the shooting-days recurred ; nor had many taken place, ere their natural effect on a young, unmarried clerk, was produced. He became deeply enamoured of Miss Bere, and offered her his hand. She, for aught I know, might have been “ nothing loth ” to change the condition of a recluse, for the more active character of a clergyman’s wife ; but, as the gentleman had no possession save his living, and as Mr. Hackman could not, out of a life-estate, supply Miss Bere with a fortune,

it was judged prudent, under these pecuniary disabilities, that she should decline the honour of the alliance. A year elapsed without the parties having met; and it was generally imagined, that Lethe had kindly administered an oblivious potion to both; and, with the aid of absence, had obliterated from their minds, the remembrance of each other. But, such was not the case. At the ensuing partridge-season, the gentleman returned to Lymington; and, with the title of "very reverend" prefixed to his name (for he had obtained a deanery in the interval), once more repeated his solicitations and his offers. These (as there was now no obstacle to the marriage) were accepted. The amiable pair were united; and lived, for many years, sincerely attached to each other; respected, esteemed, and beloved, by all around them. The death of the husband dissolved, at length, the happy connection. His lady survived her loss for some time; and, a few years ago, the little warbling pauper, Nancy Bere, of Lymington work-house, quitted this temporal being, the universally lamented widow of the Rt. Rev. Thomas Thurloe, PALATINE BISHOP of DURHAM.

But, to return to the amusements of Lymington. In those days of "auld lang sime," which now engage our attention, these recreations were of a *public*, as well as more private description: for the genteeler families of the town, had their

regular *balls*, every fortnight during the winter ; and its whole population, (at least so many of them, as could raise the sum of sixpence for sittings at the *back* of the *gallery*,) might enjoy the pleasures of the *drama*, in the summer-season. It must be confessed, indeed, that the former of these assemblies, did not emulate those of Bath, in the magnitude of their ball-room ; in the volume of their harmony ; or in the splendour of their illumination ; — but, they could boast a peculiar attraction of a very powerful nature, which threw a more than common brilliancy over the humble scene, and made ample amends for the absence of all that was superb or fashionable. The *females* of Lymington were, at that period, almost proverbial for their *beauty* : and, it was a general observation, among those who visited the place, that, in no other town in England of a like population, were to be found so many girls, in all ranks and degrees of life, on whom nature had conferred such personal charms, as the youthful fair of this favoured spot displayed. The *Town-hall*, it is true, in which the balls were held, was of contracted dimensions ; but — the fairy feet of many “ a bonnie lassie,” trod its elastic floor — wooden hoops, surmounted with tallow candles, formed the chandaliers ; but — they threw light on

“ Love-darting eyes ; and tresses like the morn.”

Two bowls of negus, white and red, constituted the beverage of refreshment, for the dancers; but — they were press'd by many

“A vermeil-tinctured lip.”

A brace of fiddlers, aided by a tabor and pipe, “poorly furnished forth” the music for the night; but — the wretched combination of sounds, animated forms of symmetry, and countenances of loveliness.

The *histrionic* representations with which the Lymingtonians were often indulged, during the genial tide of summer, bore the same character of homeliness and simplicity (before the erection of the regular theatre at a subsequent period) with their Town-hall balls; but furnished, I verily believe, an equally unalloyed satisfaction, to the majority of those who attended them. A large barn, contiguous to the house in which we dwelt, was the temple, dedicated, on these occasions, to Thalia and Melpomene; and two or three cottages in its neighbourhood, while they afforded lodging to the kings, queens, and heroes of the buskin, when they had doffed their garbs of mimicry, and dropped again into common life; provided, at the same time, conveniences to the ladies and gentlemen of the company, to perform, in secrecy, those washings and mendings, of which their scanty wardrobe stood in such great and constant need. I must honestly

acknowledge, however, that this motley group, who, in their efforts to please, made nothing of "out-heroding Herod," and "tearing a passion into rags," never affected my mind with any strong emotion. I could neither laugh at their grimaces, nor sympathise with their tears; and regarded those auditors, with a feeling something approaching to scorn, who appeared to be more moved than myself, with the business of the stage. The plain fact, indeed, seems to have been this — my *taste* was *refined* even to *fastidiousness*. Like Goldsmith's critical lady at Tenterden, I had *seen some plays in London*, and was determined not to allow, that, out of a metropolitan theatre, there could be any dramatic performance, worthy the notice of a *finished connoisseur*.

But — may not my reader very reasonably tax me, with a strange deviation from the professed subject of these volumes, in thus wandering into a description of habits of life, long since obsolete, and of forms of pleasure and amusement, which have no analogues among the fashionable recreations of these enlightened, and highly-polished days? May he not justly demand, "Where is the relationship between such topics, 'light as 'air,' and the grave and sober one of *literary recollections*?" A few words in explanation, and apology for this apparent incongruity, and I close my second chapter.

Without adverting to that fond recollection of early happiness, which it is so natural to cherish, and so pardonable to dilate upon — not to remark that the foregoing picture of “bye-gone” social life, may be regarded in the light, of a tribute of gratitude to the memory of a departed friend, and of a somewhat curious display, of modes and customs, found in no page of the book of existing English manners — I would merely observe, that the scenes with which I have been just busied, and in which I mingled for some time, before my settlement in a provincial academy, were not altogether unconnected with my *literary life* ; since, during this space, and whilst tasting these delights, I consorted chiefly with those who were very much my superiors in years ; and added, daily, somewhat to the stock of my ideas, and the volume of my experience. The truth appears to be, that the progressive improvement of the understanding, does not so much depend on what we *read*, as on what we *see* and *hear* ; associated with *reflection*, on all that is thus palpably presented to our observation. *This* is not only the great source and foundation of all *practical* knowledge ; but, exercising thought, as it does, without intermission ; and keeping the attention constantly on the alert ; it invigorates, while it stores, the mind ; and enables it to apply its powers with facility, and to direct them with success, to every

subject it may investigate; and to every branch of knowledge, which it shall be inclined to acquire.

I would wish to think and speak of myself, (in accordance with the pledge in my first page,) with all becoming *modesty*; and therefore put the observation *hypothetically*: that — *if* I left home for the school of Christ-church, Hants, with a maturity of understanding, and a range of ideas, not very generally found in a lad of eleven years old; the advantage of superiority, ought to have been entirely attributed, to that constant intercourse, which, during the interruption of my scholastic exercises, I had thus, happily, been permitted to enjoy, with such as were far better acquainted, with the human character, with formed manners, and with real life, than myself.

CHAP. III.

THE apology with which I concluded my last chapter, must be accepted for the subject of the present one ; since the town of CHRIST-CHURCH, where I was destined to court the muses for the succeeding four years, was a place so completely *sui generis* during my residence there, that it demands as minute a description, as memory will enable me to present to the reader. The lapse of time has not, indeed, divested it of the former charms and peculiarities of its situation. Its rivers flow on as rapid and translucent, as when I fished for minnows, or bathed my limbs, in their refreshing streams. The same daisied and luxuriant meadows are still spread around it. Its noble ruins continue to reflect the summer's sun, and brave the wintry blast ; and the long Chine of Catherine-Hill, still losing itself in the distance to the north, lifts its head, as dark and bold, as when I and my compeers first climbed its side, and sported on its summit.* But the

* Vividly does the varied picture present itself to my mind, when memory recalls the interesting scene ; and, however humble the stanzas may be, (which were written many years ago,) yet clear recollection assures me, the description

moral aspect of the place is changed ; its former features are obliterated. The flood of fashion,

they offer of the two rivers which water Christ-church, the *Avon* and the *Stour*, and of their beautiful adjuncts, is drawn with a strict regard to truth :

See, where fair *Avon* leads her waters clear
 By Catherine's heathy side ; and onward speeds
 To meet her *Stour*, a venerable seer,
 Rolling his tide through Dorset's flowery meads :

He, slowly issuing from his dripping cave,
 With honest pride surveys his rich domain ;
 Sees Pan and Ceres court his dingy wave,
 With flocks and lowing herds, and golden grain.

In vain the married streams their floods unite :
 Old *Stour* still keeps his dark discolour'd face ;
 Whilst lucid *Avon* in meanders bright,
 Reflects the spiry reed, and nodding grass.

The two streams unite at a point called *Clay-pool*, a quarter of a mile to the south of the town. At this spot was, formerly, a salmon fishery, producing a profit to the lord of the manor of 1000*l.* per annum. Whilst a school-boy, I once saw ninety-five salmon taken at this place, by one draught. The fish, I believe, have, since that time, deserted the river ; so that no salmon are now taken at this spot.

Many years since the composition of the above stanzas, I have had occasion to observe, in my visits to the accomplished owner of *Stour-head*, that the allusion in them, to the source of the river *Stour*, is not correct. The infant river, indeed, first assumes a *striking form*, in a sheet of water issuing from beneath a beautiful marble figure of a sleeping nymph, in the interior recesses of a grotto, or "dripping cave ;" but it has its actual source at some distance from this spot, in a part of Sir Richard Stoare's grounds, called "Six Wells Bottom." The *union* of these six wells, or springs, (from which the ancient barons of *Stourton* derived their armorial bearings,) may properly be considered, therefore, as the

which, for a quarter of a century past, has been pouring itself over every inch of Britain's surface; stealing into its remotest nooks and corners; bearing away all local characteristics; and reducing men and manners to one smooth and uniform level, has included Christ-church within its universal sweep. Hotels and lodging-houses are now sprinkled through its streets; a bathing-place, of gay resort, has risen in its vicinity; and its inhabitants, whilom so quaint and rusticated, are, in the present day, quite upon a par, in point of polish, with those of the most well-bred towns in the southern division of our island. So distant, however, from this state of refinement, were the good folk of *Crischurch* (as it was called by its own population) when I became a resident among them, that their neighbours of Lymington, always considered them as half a century behind themselves in point of *gentility*: and, I must confess, that, on my introduction there, I experienced, young as I was, no little surprise, on hearing a *dialect*,

first commencement of the river Stour; which, after forming several lakes and fish-ponds in the demesnes of Stour-head, takes a circuitous course through Dorsetshire, (watering in its way the beautiful grounds of Mr. Portman, near Blandford,) and, tending towards Christ-church, joins the Avon at the spot above mentioned. The two rivers preserve, in a degree, the *Avon* its limpid, and the *Stour* its discoloured, appearance, for some distance below the point of their junction.

to which my ear had been altogether unaccustomed; and contemplating a plainness and simplicity of general carriage, of which I had hitherto seen no prototype or resemblance. In their colloquial intercourse with strangers or each other, the worthy inhabitants of this out-of-the-way town, unskilled in those polite circumlocutions and paraphrastic forms of speech, which throw a certain grace over the commonest ideas, disdained to use aught but the *proper names* for things: they would (like the clown) "call a spade, a spade;" and this, too, in a sort of mongrel language, which, sprinkled equally with "peason," "Housen," "thic," "theseom," &c.; and with "thee" and "thou," "beest" and "beant," appeared to be alike indebted, to the dialects of the ancient Saxons and of the modern Quakers. To convey a more accurate notion, however, of the odd and curious cast of this place upwards of half a century ago, it may be necessary to sketch an outline of its *civic* body, or *corporation* (for Christ-church is a borough), as it existed when I had the honour of becoming an unprivileged citizen of the town.

The *mayor*, I well recollect, was a worthy cordwainer of the name of *Mew*; literally, as well as officially, the *greatest* man within the limits of his own temporary jurisdiction; shaped precisely like an enormous turtle; and of such marvellous obesity, that, on his decease (shortly

after the term of his mayoralty had expired), a part of the front wall of the house in which he dwelt, was obliged to be taken down, in order to gain an aperture sufficiently large, to admit the removal of the coffin from the bed-chamber into the street below. In the solemn civic processions to the church, on the high anniversary days of the mayor's election; of the reigning monarch's birth; of Guy Faux's attempt to blow up king James, of sagacious memory, and his assembled peers; and of the like yearly commemorations, the honest chief magistrate of *Crischurch*, whether a son of St. Crispin, or a member of any other equally useful calling, was wont to be followed (disposed in nice arrangement, and with a due regard to regular precedence,) first, by the supervisor and custom-house officer; secondly, by a brace of sleek excisemen; thirdly, by the master of an ancient structure, called the *New Inn*, and the parish sexton; and, lastly, by two portly publicans, a father and his son, by the name of *Holloway*, who at their sign of the *Eight Bells*, vended, among other strong drinks, that justly-esteemed concoction of malt and hops, then highly celebrated under the name of RINGWOOD BEER, but of which, alas! it can now only be said —

Stat nominis umbra.

These "gooddies," with whom the vicar, for the time being, was sometimes associated, toge-

ther with a few other dwellers in the place, of various callings and conditions, formed the body of those resident burgesses of *Crischurch*, who, in my early time, returned the two representatives of that borough, to the commons house of parliament! Should this picture be regarded as a fanciful composition of the painter, rather than an actual portrait, some confirmation of its truth may be derived from the character of the *first toast*, which was formerly drunk, with grave countenances, at every civic entertainment in the borough :

“ PROSPERATION to this CORPORATION ; ”

a toast which, (I speak with certainty) continued to be given on like occasions, only a few years ago, and is, I have every reason to believe, out of respect for its origin and antiquity, still *bumped* with due solemnity, on the recurrence of every public festal day!

It will not, I trust, be taxing my reader's patience too severely, if I add a few particulars respecting the *fortunes* of this venerable borough; and the *conduct* of the Gothamites, who formed the firm of its constituents, at, and shortly after, the period of my abode there under scholastic discipline.

It is not to be supposed that such a *body* as I have just described, could act without a *head*, or exercise any thing like *free agency* in the ma-

nagement of their elective franchise. Many years, indeed, before they fell under my observation, the in-burgesses of Christ-church, had been drilled into complete ductility, by a shrewd, but very respectable old gentleman, Mr. Hooper, of Heron-court, in the vicinity of the town ; who had made them what they were, and could mould them how he pleased. How often have I regarded him with something akin to veneration, when he drove through the town in his old-fashioned carriage, drawn by two long-tailed horses, black as sloes, large as Flanders mares, and fat as the chief magistrate above described ; his head enveloped in a voluminous flowing wig, which sprinkled its impalpable powder around, as he courteously nodded to the gazing by-standers, or heartily shook hands with his more particular friends, the burgesses of the place ! The smiles with which the former greeted him, evinced that his popularity was as universal, as that of every good and worthy man well deserves to be ; while the obsequious bows and broad grins of the especially-noticed constituents, seemed to hold out the fair promise, that their fealty to the popular patron, would continue to be as firm, permanent, and impregnable, as the allegiance which His Grace of Wellington has anticipated, on the part of the emancipated Irish Roman Catholics. But “ it needs no ghost to tell us,” that gratitude and fidelity are very rare exotics on the face of

this world's wide wilderness; or, that it is quite as insecure, to trust in burgesses as in princes. There is a potency in *government influence*, indeed, which, if judiciously applied, will ever prove irresistible, as long as man continues to be a selfish and an expecting animal. The hope of *promotion*, when once excited by those who are able to confer it, like the fatal passion of Dido, quickly identifies itself with the whole frame; it enters into the very marrow:

Est mollis flamma medullas

Interea:

It affects the moral vision, and extinguishes the former memory. The bewitched patients neither see their present duties, nor remember past favours. They are completely metamorphosed; and, as if they had drunk of the classical enchanter's cup, become

“ Changed

“ Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, —

“ While they, so perfect is their misery,

“ Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,

“ But boast themselves more comely than before:

“ And all their friends, and native home, forget,

“ To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.”

It was the lot of Mr. Hooper, and that too when he had reached a very advanced age, to witness this *monstrous* change in the majority

(for two or three maintained the faith of *Abdiel*) of his ancient friends, and sworn dependants.

Remote and snug as his borough might be, and, apparently, secure from any attack from without, it had, notwithstanding, attracted the notice of administration ; and, shortly after the period of which I write, that fatal sap was commenced, on the long-established interest of the old representative of Christ-church, which ended at length in its complete eversion ; and in the establishment of a foreign political dynasty in its room. The magicians who effected this change, are, long since, deceased. — Nathaniel Forth Esq., an *élève* of Lord North ; and George Rose Esq., for many years Secretary of the Treasury.

The *former*, a gentleman of *great promise*, came down to Christ-church, fully commissioned to hold out to the incorruptible members of the corporation, the most alluring prospects of speedy advancement, and future greatness, as the wages of their *ratting* — the supervisor was to be exalted into a collector — the custom-house officer, into a supervisor — the exciseman into a custom-house officer — while the publicans were to be enriched, by more frequent civic feasts, and additional corporation computations.

The *latter* gentleman's system of operations savoured more of skill ; and of that inestimable practical knowledge, derived from a keen ob-

ervation, and a long experience, of mankind. He built an elegant marine cottage, at the mouth of the Christ-church Æstuary, which, of course, *obliged* him to be much in the borough and its neighbourhood; and, if I mistake not, he purchased the manor of Christ-church. Reports of his *great* influence in the disposal of *little* places were diligently circulated, by his adherents within the citadel: the vacant vicarage was filled at his special instance; and several personal favours actually conferred on some of the voters. Divers efforts, it is true, were in the mean while made, by the little faithful band, to counteract the overt, and more secret proceedings of the enemy: terrible bickerings and deadly feuds were kindled; and, it is to be hoped, some prickings of conscience experienced, among the recreant burgesses, during the struggle for the mastery — but, ministerial influence triumphed in the end; the ancient trunk of the Hooper family was rooted out of the borough; and the new-blown *Rose-tree* planted in its stead.

But, to revert for another moment, to that *rough-cast* character of the good people of *Cris-church*, in a former age, which rendered them a curious subject of speculation at that time, to the stranger; and still furnishes one of amusing recollection to those who were conversant with them: we may observe, that this Gothic tinge, so conspicuous in the general manners and col-

loquy of the inhabitants, must be attributed, in a great degree, to the residence in the town, and contiguous villages, of an immense number of *smugglers*; and from the constant intercourse which necessarily subsisted, between these men of recklessness and *fièrté*, and the more honest and quiet inhabitants of the place. It is scarcely credible, indeed, how many families were implicated, more or less, in this illicit and barbarising traffic; what large sums were accumulated by its practice; or, with what openness and insolence it was carried on; nor, can the reader well conceive, the deep interest which was excited in the minds of the school-boys; or how much our imaginations were inflamed, by the spirit of daring and adventure, which animated these defiers of the law; by the dangers they were seen to encounter; the hair-breadth'scapes they were known to experience; and by the magnitude, and I may add, *pomp* of the scale, on which they conducted their operations. No actual resistance (if perchance, there might be an occasional *show* of it) was opposed to the smugglers, though they were pursuing their calling under the meridian sun; for, what could the opposition of a handful of revenue-officers have availed, against bands of raw-boned ruffians, hardened, determined, desperate, and generally half-maddened with liquor, consisting of from one to three hundred in number? The super-

visor and his little knot of Myrmidons, were too wary to risque such "fearful odds"; and, therefore, upon the principle of the old song,

"If we can't get as much as we would,
"We'll e'en get as much as we can,"

were content to enter into something like a *tythe-composition* with these *free traders*, and receive as a *doceur*, a trifling portion of those *run goods*, the whole of which, they were directed by the Commissioners, to capture, without fail or favour. Repeatedly have such *seizures* (as these sops to Cerberus were facetiously called) been negotiated under the observation of my school-fellows and myself, between these formidable troops of smugglers, and the complaisant corps of Christ-church custom-house officers. The shore of the noble promontory, *Hengistbury Head*, at the southern extremity of the united Avon and Stour rivers, was a spot frequently chosen as a landing place for the contraband goods. Of this grand feature of the coast, our elevated school-room, which runs over the chancel of the church, commanded a perfect view; and, with the assistance of a tolerable glass, enabled us to distinguish every moving object, on the declivity of *Hengistbury Head*. It is doubtless in the recollection of many of the ancient inhabitants of Christ-church, that this descent often presented a living picture of a most singular charac-

ter. I have myself, more than once, seen a procession of twenty or thirty waggons, loaded with kegs of spirits; an armed man sitting at the front and tail of each; and surrounded by a troop of two or three hundred horsemen, every one carrying on his enormous saddle, from two to four tubs of spirits; winding deliberately, and with the most picturesque and imposing effect, along the skirts of *Hengistbury Head*, in their way towards the wild country to the north-west of Christ-church, the point of their separation. The revenue troop, who had always intelligence of the *run*, were, it is true, present on the occasion; but with no other views and intentions, than those of perfect peace. A flood of homely jokes were poured upon them by the passing ruffians; but, these were always accompanied by a present of kegs, greater or less, according to the quantity of the smuggled goods; a voluntary toll received, as it was conferred, in perfect good humour, and with mutual satisfaction.

But, though these illegal traders neither feared nor had reason to dread, any serious interruption to their proceedings from the servants of government, on *land*; their cargoes,

“Of wines, and hotter drinks, the trash of France,”

were by no means secure from capture, in their passage “from Havre or the Norman Isles,” to the Hampshire coast; the noble revenue cut-

ter, called the *Rose*, lying at Lymington ; and another similar vessel stationed at Pool, being frequently cruising in the channel, for the purpose of intercepting the “forbidden merchandise.” The only mode of meeting this danger, the smugglers adopted : and continued to practise it, till the passing of the act for the regulation of the *dimensions* of *open boats*, deprived them of these means of escaping from seizures at sea. They procured vessels of this description to be built, usually, I apprehend, on the coast of France, Guernsey, or Jersey, of extraordinary length, and unequalled lightness. These were rigged as luggers ; decked for a few feet, at stem and stern ; manned with a large complement of athletic seamen ; and being thus equally calculated for sailing and rowing ; for gales of wind, or a calm sea ; for swiftness of motion, and facility of management ; flew far a head (in nine instances out of ten) of the revenue-cutters and their boats ; and effected the debarkation and transportation of their lading, before the ministers of the custom-house laws, could reach the shores. Having finished their business, and being protected from capture when they were unfreighted, the boats were brought up Christ-church river, and moored in security off its quays.

One of these remarkable vessels I well remember ; the property of a celebrated adventurer

in contraband articles, nick-named *Slippery Rogers*, from his eel-like faculty of escaping the grasp of his maritime pursuers. The measurement of this noble boat, said to be the longest ever constructed, was almost marvellous; it being one hundred and twenty feet, from the tip of her bowsprit to the end of her out-rigger. She had a cuddy, fore and aft, for sleeping berths; and a large open space, in midships, for the stowage of two or three thousand ankers of spirits. I must candidly confess, that the lads of my school never saw this beautiful vessel starting for her adventurous voyage, without giving one cheer for her success. The gallant object was, in truth, not a little adapted to stir the youthful fancy. Her unequalled length, and perfect symmetry of form; her thousands of square feet of white canvass, courting the breeze, and swelling to the sun; her forty rowers sweeping the rippled surface of the river, with strong, well-measured stroke: and above all, her jolly crew of daring mariners; their careless mirth; their choral songs; and triumphant huzzas; mingled with parting salutes, and farewell wishes to their friends on shore; combined to produce an effect, that might well have moved the spirit, of a much graver personage than an imaginative youth, who had seen only his eleventh or twelfth year. The *fate*, however, of Rogers's magnificent boat, formed a striking contrast to the gay

picture which I have just delineated. Perfectly heedless of the complexion of the weather, or the appearance of the skies ; her desperate crew, usually intoxicated, never hesitated, on their homeward voyages, to tempt the dangers of the deep, at those seasons, when every prudent seaman would have remained in port : indeed, they preferred a *run* “in thunder, lightning, and in rain,” as being the more secure at that time, from the chase of the revenue cutters, which, under such circumstances, could not keep the sea. The adage of “the pitcher and the well,” the truth of which is exemplified in so many circumstances and situations of human life, was, I presume, as well known to Rogers and his fool-hardy shipmates, as to the present inhabitants of the globe ; but, it does not appear to have made a deeper impression on them, than it usually produces on ourselves. One fatal evening, when the welkin lowered, and all around was big with gloom and portent, the crew quitted the port of Havre, in the height of their accustomed confidence, and deeply laden with their usual freight. As they proceeded, the wind increased, and the billows swelled : but the gallant boat still held her way ; riding like a halcyon, on the crest of the waves ; and twisting as a serpent, in the abysses between them. They approached, at length, the shore —

“ Where the associates of their lawless trade
“ Kept watch ; and to their fellows off at sea
“ Gave the known signal :”

but the thunder of a mountainous surf, announced that landing was impossible. Heaven, in vain, held out its final warning. The fearless crew pushed madly for the beach ; and in a few moments, their noble bark, was bilged and shattered ; and several of themselves, together with the cargo, swallowed by the deep.

Though, at times, there were some redeeming virtues displayed by the smugglers of Christchurch, when on shore ; yet it must be owned, that, independently of their exercising a traffick in direct violation of the laws of their country, their ferocious and licentious traits of character, rendered them terrible nuisances to the neighbourhood in which they lived. I have known them, indeed, large in their pecuniary bounties to objects whose distresses occasionally met their attention, and excited their compassion ; generous in the expenditure of their unhallowed gains ; and grateful to the farmers, in whose barns or out-houses they had deposited their goods ; and who had not betrayed the secret of this hidden treasure : but, on the other hand, many instances have fallen under my observation, or come to my knowledge, of their ruthless barbarity towards those, whom they knew, or suspected to be, their enemies or betrayers. A striking example of

this kind occurred during the time I remained at school; and that too, in the case of the father of one of the scholars, named Bursey. This unfortunate victim to the brutal revenge of the smugglers had been, for some years, one of the corps of the Christ-church custom-house officers; and resided at a small village, called Milton, about six miles from that town. It was in a dark winter night, after the worthy man had, for some hours, retired with his family to bed, that a loud rapping at the outer-door roused him from his slumbers. On looking through the chamber casement, he perceived two men, though their countenances were not distinguishable, through the gloom of midnight. He enquired their business; when one of them informed him, that he had discovered a large quantity of smuggled goods, in a contiguous barn; to which he and his companion would lead Mr. Bursey, if he would reward them with a stipulated sum. A bargain was immediately struck: and the unsuspecting officer hastily clothed himself; descended, unarmed, into the passage; opened the door; and, in one minute, his brains were dashed out upon his own threshold! The fact afterwards appeared to have been, that Mr. Bursey, a truly conscientious and zealous servant of government, had mortally offended the smugglers by his activity: and that they had deputed two of their gang, to rid them

of so vigilant an enemy, by this barbarous murder.

Nor must I forget to mention, before I quit the subject, a danger that I escaped ; or, at least, a dreadful fright which I experienced, *in propria personâ*, from this terrible banditti, a year or two after I had quitted school. I had been spending the day at Christ-church, and, mounted on my little *Forrester*, was returning at midnight, (a ride about ten miles) through the beautiful but lonely lanes, between that place and the house of my father, who then resided on the borders of the New-Forest. I could not boast of a very serene state of mind at the moment ; as I well recollect, that the rustling of the fast-falling October leaves, effectually prevented that train of quiet thought, in which I certainly should have indulged, in so picturesque a scene, had the clock been but twelve hours *earlier*. While thus pursuing my solitary way, under a cloudy sky ; all ear, and with no very agreeable associations in my fancy ; I suddenly, but distinctly, heard the trampling, of heaven only knows how many horses in my rear. I pushed my pony forwards ; but the awful sound increased upon me. The *Forrester* now tried his swiftest gallop : the effort however was vain ; for the pursuers were almost at my heels — when, happily, a notion of their real character flashed across my mind. I concluded they were smugglers ; and as I fortunately

chanced to be neither a custom-house officer nor an informer, I determined to pull up, and throw myself upon their mercy. In another moment two of the ruffians were at my pony's head. A brace of clubs were brandished over me; and, in a flood of blasphemy, it was enquired: "Who " I was? What my business? And whither " going?" Though like Acres, in the Rivals, I felt my courage "oozing out at every pore," I notwithstanding mustered sufficient presence of mind, to respond without hesitation, "A friend " — Mr. Warner's son, of Sway — and getting " home with all possible speed." My captors muttered a few words to each other; and discharging another volley of no very good wishes against my eyes, heart, blood, and limbs; released my nag; and bade me, at my peril, proceed incontinently, to the place of my destination. Assuredly I was not reluctant to obey the mandate; but started off like an arrow from a bow: and felt not a little grateful for my escape; more especially, when I heard, the next morning, that the same party had fallen in with the Lyminster custom-house officers; attacked, defeated, and pursued the band; and beaten one of them almost to death!

It may appear to be surprising, that government should have permitted the perpetration of such open violations of the law, and such daring acts of atrocity as I have described; and not

have adopted some efficient measures to prevent or punish them. But, it may be remarked, that, at the period under consideration, the attention of government was almost exclusively directed to the perplexing concerns of the American war: that the scene of this extensive smuggling was distant from the metropolis; and in a neighbourhood, not then very much resorted to; and moreover, that there was a pretty general and shameful dereliction of duty, on the part of those who were deputed to check the smuggling trade. It was not, I think, till about the years 1780, 1781, that active measures were taken by the crown, to *abate* this public *nuisance*, on the southwestern coast of Hampshire. A desperate action then took place at Milford Green, eight miles from Christ-church, between a large gang of smugglers, and a party of the Lancashire Militia, quartered at Lymington; in which several of the former, and one of the latter, were left *hors de combat*. The occurrence, naturally produced much local alarm; and excited the notice of government. From that time, a party of cavalry was stationed at Christ-church, and in its neighbourhood. Judicious regulations were adopted with respect to small craft, and open boats; and severer laws were enacted against the traffickers in prohibited articles. These, and subsequent statutes of a like character, have, indeed, greatly checked, but by no means pre-

vented, the illicit trade: nor, is it likely, that the danger of fine and imprisonment, should restrain lawless and unprincipled men, from pursuing a calling, said to be so gainful in its nature; as to produce a satisfactory profit to them, if they are fortunate enough to save one cargo out of three, from the grasp of the officers of the revenue.

CHAP. IV.

IT is from the period of my introduction to Christ-church and its school, that I must date the commencement of my taste for *antiquarian* and *topographical* pursuits; as well as for that pleasure which such studies have afforded to me, during the larger portion of my life. To the same cause, also, it must be attributed, that the public have been either fatigued or amused, by my several works in this department of literature; and that I have the honour of appending to my name, like Dr. Pangloss, the significant and cabalistical initials A.S.S. It would seem, therefore, to argue the most unpardonable "dull forgetfulness," were I not to cast one "ling'ring look" (ere I bid adieu to them for aye) on those objects and circumstances, which, during my residence in the ancient town of *Thuinam* (as Christ-church was formerly called), opened to my sanguine mind this new field of enquiry and gratification, and produced results, so very important to the world and myself!

Independently, indeed, of their connection with my "literary recollections," the town and vicinity of Christ-church have in themselves (as

may be gathered from what has been already said) much to interest the imagination, and to gratify the curiosity. Early in life they awoke in me a poetical feeling; and while, in the following and such like "lofty rhymes," I wooed the muse to describe the diversified scenery which surrounds this ancient burgh :

" The mixture gay, of river, mead, and mill ;
 " Of wat'ry glade ; and grange ; and moss-clad tow'r :
 " The varied tints of forest, heath, and hill ;
 " And hamlets, bosom'd deep, in tufted bow'r : "

the flame of inspiration blazed higher and brighter, when I contemplated

" The towering pinnacle, and arch sublime,
 " Swelling above the domes of modern hands : "

where

" Clad in the venerable vest of time,
 " The abbey'd fane in gothic grandeur stands : "

nor did the contiguous remains of her lordly castle, and of the mansion of its former governors, appeal with less force to my fancy, or excite less attention in my muse :

" There to the right, where winds the silver tide,
 " The time-scarr'd ruins of the castle frown —
 " Whilom, the residence of feudal pride —
 " Now with foul weeds and matted grass o'ergrown ;

" There — barons bold, through chivalry's bright reign,
 " Mingled in scenes of antique jovisance :

“ The gorgeous feast ; the pageant’s sweeping train ;
 “ The motley masque ; and mazy-figured dance :

“ There — clarions shrill the tourney oft proclaim’d,
 “ And call’d the mailed knight to hardy deed ; —
 “ How, with the thirst of fame, his bosom flamed !
 “ Beauty’s approving smile the envied meed.

“ No more its ‘ high-embowed roofs ’ resound
 “ The raptured minstrel’s legendary song : —
 “ Night’s moping bird now hoots the walls around,
 “ And loathsome serpents glide its vaults along.”

But, amongst all the edifices in Christ-church of ancient date, which now interest the passing traveller ; and first directed my attention as a school-boy to antiquarian speculations ; the object beyond all comparison august and impressive, is its noble *parish church* ; the cathedral, as it may well be called, in former times, of the Augustine Priory : a conventual establishment, said to have been founded in this place, as far back as the conclusion of the seventh century. Not that the church itself can boast such deep antiquity ; as it is a matter of record, that the present fabric was erected on the site of an older one, by Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, and Prior of Thuinam, in the reign of Rufus. Of this latter structure, however, much evidently exists at the present day : sufficiently ascertained, by its Anglo-Norman arches in the nave ; and its intersecting semicircular ones, and reticulated tracery (a Roman pattern), on

the outside of the building : though a large portion, to the eastern end, is obviously of a much later period than the eleventh century.*

* In the autumn of the preceding year, after a long interval from my former visit, I again made a short stay at Christ-church ; and minutely surveyed all those remains of antiquity, which had been so dear to my imagination in former times. The *cicerone* of our party was Mr. James Lockyer, the intelligent and respectable licensed clerk of the parish. More than half a century before this period, he had, as arithmetical usher of Christ-church school, initiated me, and my school-fellows, into all the mysteries of figures ; and, what was still more advantageous to his pupils, had held out to them (though quite a young man himself), an example every way modest, decorous, and respectable. He is now reaping the reward of a regular, virtuous, and useful life, in the enjoyment of that "green old age," which still retains its early blossoms, of unimpaired bodily strength, intellectual vigour, and buoyant spirits. The improvements of the church, within the last few years, have been principally effected through Mr. Lockyer's instrumentality ; and, I may add, greatly forwarded by his liberal pecuniary subscription. They consist, principally, in the addition of groined ceilings to the nave, and other members of the fabric ; in scraping the pillars, capitals, tracery, images, &c., and restoring to them their original stone surface ; and, in newly arranging the pews, &c. : improvements and alterations, which have rendered this superb ecclesiastical structure the finest parish church, I should think, in England. There is a fine alabaster altar monument, within the church, at the north-east end, of the 15th century ; with two cumbent figures stretched upon it, said to be the effigies of Sir John Chidiocke, and his Lady. The stone altar-piece is of high antiquity ; vast and elaborate. But the most interesting object, is a monument, near the altar, to the memory of that angelic woman the late Viscountess Fitzharris, sculptured on a fine-grained

This venerable edifice was continually presented to the observation of the school-boys ; its

stone, by Flaxman. The figures, half as large as life, represent Lady Fitzharris in a sitting posture, with a child in her bosom, hearing the church catechism from two little boys who are standing before her. To a husband and a father, the group is one of the most affecting I ever contemplated. The tomb bears the following inscription : —

“ Sacred to the memory of Harriet Susan Viscountess Fitzharris, daughter of Francis Bateman Dashwood, Esq., of Well Vale, in the county of Lincoln, and wife of James Edward Viscount Fitzharris, of Heron Court, in this parish, where she departed this life, on Monday night, September 4th, 1815, in the 32d year of her age.

“ Gifted by nature with uncommon beauty of person and countenance ; possessing manners equally dignified and engaging ; she never suffered herself to be influenced by the flatteries and allurements of the world ; but enjoyed, with rational cheerfulness, those hours which she could spare from the performance of her domestic duties. The care and education of her children were her darling objects ; on them she equally bestowed the indulgent fondness of a mother, and the successful efforts of a well-cultivated mind ; while all who shared her love and attachment, experienced, in the various relations of a wife, a daughter, a sister, and a friend, unceasing proofs of the amiable and endearing qualities of her disposition. So deeply impressed with the feeling and confidence of a true Christian was this pious and excellent woman ; so fully prepared was she, at all times, for another world, that the sudden and unexpected approach of death, could not disturb the sweet serenity of her mind ; nor did one repining word escape her through fourteen days of acute suffering. But, awaiting her end with the utmost composure and resignation, she calmly gave up her soul into the hands of her Creator, quitting all she loved with these words : — ‘ I have had my full share of happiness in this world.’ Her

extensive cemetery being our play-ground ; and the ancient *scriptorium* of the monks (ascended by seventy-two or three steps, and covering the groined roof of St. Mary's chapel,) having been appropriated, since the year 1662, as the place of instruction for the boys of our endowed school. It cannot be doubted, that such an impressive object would affect, in some degree, every youthful mind, at all disposed to imaginative feeling, or curious enquiry. How it influenced my fellows of the book and birch, I know not : but, very soon after my own arrival at Christ-church, I began to experience a new species of curiosity within me — a spirit of research after things *that had been* ; and an interest, unknown before, in ecclesiastical remains, castellated ruins, and ancient barrows ; as well as in those humbler memorials of “ the olden time,” — sepulchral

“ remains lie interred in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury ;
“ but her afflicted husband has raised this marble to her
“ memory, persuaded, that where she was best known, there
“ would her many virtues longest live in the recollection of
“ her friends and neighbours.”

At the back of the monument is this inscription : —

“ Her children arise up and call her blessed :

“ Her husband also, and he praiseth her.”

“ The remains of Harriet Viscountess Fitzharris were
“ removed from Salisbury Cathedral to the vault under-
“ neath, May 21st, 1821.”

brasses ; shattered urns ; antique brick-bats ; Celtic, Belgic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman potsherds ; and every thing, in short, that bore upon its surface the slightest vestige of “ hoar antiquity.” Constant fuel was supplied to this newly-raised flame, by an inspection of the interior of the church, as I could steal within it : by musing, in solitude and silence, on its secret passages and mysterious staircases ; its desecrated chapels, tenanted only by the bats ; its *miraculous beam* (since hidden by the improvements), said to have been brought to the place it filled by an unearthly workman ; and its former Golgotha (a charnel-house beneath the church), rich in the spoils of past generations : of the skulls and bones of those, who had for ages ceased their intercourse with living man.*

Want of ardour, in early life, in any pursuit to which my fancy happened to be directed, could never be laid to my charge ; and I followed up that of *antiquarian research*, with an enthusiasm which I now reflect on with considerable amusement, as it occasionally subjected me to those *practical jokes*, which may always

* There were some particulars, also, in the *service* of the church, which, being entirely new to me, did not fail to impress my mind with a certain wonder at their anomalous character. During the month of August, we were marshalled to church, every morning at *six o'clock*, to attend *harvest prayers* ; and the *clerk* of the parish, at every service, wore a *surplice*, and read the *first lesson*.

fairly be played off, upon extremes of all kinds ; as well as upon affectation of every description. One of these, I am fain to believe, will make my reader smile, and, at the same time, convince him, that I adhere rigidly to the declaration asserted in the beginning of my work, of maintaining a strict impartiality when speaking of myself, my literary recollections, and my printed productions. I must premise, however, that the incident which I am about to relate, did not occur until two or three years after I had been released from the discipline of school.

In a low heathy bottom, called *Lechmere* (or the moor of carcasses), at a small distance from my father's dwelling, in the parish of Boldre, I had frequently remarked a group of *tumuli*; indicating, as I conceived, (particularly when connected with the derivation of the name of the spot) the scene of some ancient battle, and the place in which the slaughtered heroes had been interred. Repeated visitations to these barrows inflamed me, at length, with an ungovernable desire to dig into their bowels, and possess myself of the invaluable treasure of ancient armour, implements of war, and, haply, pots of coins, which, as my busy fancy suggested to me, they might contain. Permission being obtained for this purpose, two reverend friends of my father, (with whom I also previously had held much intercourse, as will hereafter appear,) were in-

vited to be present, and to assist, on the important occasion : Mr. Jackson ; and his brother-in-law, Mr. Joshua Jeans. Two labourers, and a sufficient complement of pick-axes and spades, having been provided, we sallied to the spot ; and the whole party went lustily to work, in the labour of exhumation. One barrow was quickly penetrated into, and its contents exposed to view : but, alas ! nothing appeared to reward our toil, save a fractured unbaked urn, filled with ashes and calcined bones. Nought dispirited, however, by this sorry discovery, I boldly pronounced the barrow to have been the grave of some *inferior* personage : “ a volunteer, perchance, — or, possibly, one of the rank and file :” — and, pointing to a mound of larger dimensions, “ Here,” said I, “ is the ‘ gory bed ’ of the *chieftain* himself — here, like Ossian’s heroes, he ‘ sleeps in ‘ his fame ’ — here, we shall find him in his ‘ panoply.’” To our work, therefore, my friends and self returned with redoubled vigour ; when a labourer, who was employed on another barrow, at a little distance, suddenly called to me, to request that I would give him directions, in what manner he should proceed in the task assigned him. After a few minutes absence, I again resumed my spade, in the *chieftain*’s tumulus, when, to my infinite delight, its edge struck upon a metallic substance ! Almost breathless with joy and expectation, I hastily uncovered

the treasure ; and perceived an iron plate, about ten inches long, gently curved, covered with precious rust, and perforated with small holes from top to bottom. A moment's inspection *fully convinced me what it was*. “*Ευρηκα — Ευρηκα,*” I exclaimed, with the rapture of the old mathematician: “I have found the prize — By Heaven! “here's a *Roman Thorax,*” and triumphantly presented the iron plate to my clerical friends. They surveyed it with grave attention ; and perfectly coincided in the opinion I had delivered, as to the nature and use of the article which I had turned up ; suggesting at the same time, that, by pursuing my researches, I should discover more remains of the chieftain's military garb. “Unquestionably,” I replied;—“dig to the right “there, and you'll get the helmet: and it's by “no means improbable, that we may meet with “fragments of the *Paludamentum* ; if, indeed, “time have not entirely consumed it.” This extravagance, however, was too great a tax upon the gravity of my hitherto demure companions. They simultaneously burst into a convulsive roar of laughter ; and, as soon as they could recover breath sufficient for speech, informed the astonished *antiquary*, that the *Roman Thorax* was neither more nor less than one side of an old *stable lantern*, which they had picked up on the heath ; cast into the barrow ; and covered over with earth ; whilst I had been engaged with the la-

bourer at the adjoining tumulus. *My discovery* was a good joke against me for many years; but, to those who are acquainted with the *hoax* practised on Mr. Gough, by the fictitious *Hardicanutian marble*, it will be recollected, that the above-mentioned harmless piece of fun, is not the only one, which has been very allowably discharged on the *enthusiastic antiquary*. Another ludicrous incident which sprang out of the operations of this memorable day, must not be permitted to “become the prey of the cormorant “oblivion.” Several of the villagers, attracted by curiosity, had attended us in our labours: witnessed my ecstasy; and heard, with astonishment, my annunciation of the *Roman Thorax*. A violent thunder-storm happened to arise in the evening. It continued through the night; and, in the morning, the whole neighbourhood rang with the report, that the tempest was a manifestation of the wrath of Heaven, on the sacrilege we had committed, in disturbing the bones of the *Roman Papishes* buried at Lechmere bottom.

In excuse, however, for the rather more than temperate eagerness, with which I entered upon, and pursued, my antiquarian researches, it may be remarked, that, during my residence at Christchurch, this branch of study was extremely popular among a few gentlemen of the place, and its vicinity; by whom it was my good fortune, though no sage in years, to be occasionally no-

ticed; a flattering attention, which certainly encouraged me in my career. Our schoolmaster himself (just mentioned), the Rev. William Jackson, afterwards vicar of Christ-church, had a strong bias to speculations of this character. His relative, and abettor in the joke of the barrow, the Rev. Joshua Jeans, a man of glowing fancy, vigorous mind, and fine classical taste, indulged a similar propensity. The Rev. Henry Richman, (another native of Christ-church), of whom the reader will find a more ample account hereafter, and who became one of my dearest and most intimate friends, was deeply skilled in every branch of antiquities; and the well-known Gustavus Brander, Esq. dwelt in a house, of his own building, immediately under our aërial school-room, filled with a large collection of various remains of ancient art, where he was frequently visited by some of the most celebrated antiquaries of the day.

To the public at large the name of this highly respectable gentleman was familiar, from the splendid collection which he presented to the British Museum, of that class of alluvial fossils called Hordle Cliff fossils; the products of the blue alluvial clay on the coast, between Ly-mington and Christ-church *: while, as a natural

* Figures of these fossils were published at the expense of Mr. Brander, in thin quarto, in 1766, under this title: —
“ *Fossilia Hantoniensia, collecta, et in Museo Britannico de-*

philosopher and antiquary, he was not unknown to the literary world, through a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* (vol. xlv.), on “The Effects of Lightning on the Danish Church in Wellclose Square;” and, by two or more contributions to the volumes of the *Archæologia*. He communicated also the celebrated “Roll of Cury,” to the Rev. Samuel Pegge, for publication.

Many incidents of this gentleman’s life (some of which occurred under my own observation) were rather of a singular character, and merit remark.

The year of Gustavus Brander’s birth was, as I have understood, 1719; and the place of it, some provincial town in Sweden. His education does not appear to have been of a high order, as he was early devoted to trade. While a youth, he came to London, where, under the auspices of his opulent uncle, Mr. Spicker, he followed commercial pursuits; blending with them, however, the cultivation of those fine arts, and antiquarian studies, for which he had always discovered a strong predilection. On the death of his uncle, Mr. Brander inherited the affluent fortune, which Mr. Spicker had accumulated,

“*posita, a Gustavo Brander.*” To these Dr. Solander prefixed a prefatory account, in Latin and English; and added a scientific Latin description of them.

by the union of industry with parsimony ; and, from that moment, became the liberal patron of literature and science. As a fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies ; a Trustee of the British Museum ; and one of the Bank Directors, his acquaintance was, necessarily, large, and much of a literary cast : but his hospitality was quite proportioned to the extensive circle ; while his charity and benevolence were bounded only by his ignorance of the wants of those around him. To Mr. Brander's other excellent qualities, may be added that of a sincere and warm piety ; a strong sense of the divine goodness ; and a firm belief in the operations of a *particular Providence*. This last feature of his religious creed, had been immovably confirmed in his mind, by a singular instance of preservation from apparent inevitable destruction, with which he had been favoured in the year 1768 ; an event of which he never afterwards spoke, but with the warmest expressions of pious gratitude. The occurrence will be best explained by the following testamentary bequest : — “ I give and be-
“ queath two guineas to the vicar, ten shillings to
“ the clerk, and five shillings to the sexton, of
“ the parish of Christ-church, for a commemor-
“ ation sermon on the third Sunday in August,
“ as an everlasting memorial, and an expression
“ of my gratitude to the Supreme Being, for my
“ signal preservation in 1768 ; when my horses

“ ran violently down the Temple Lane, in London, and down three flights of steps into the Thames, in a *dark night* ; and yet neither horses nor carriage, myself or servant, received the least injury : it was fortunately *low water.*” This last circumstance, under Providence, preserved Mr. Brander’s and his servant’s lives ; for the wheels of the carriage were so clogged and impeded by the uncovered mud, that all the fury of the horses could not force them forwards. Time was thus afforded to call for assistance : a party of men from an adjoining public-house came to the rescue of Mr. Brander ; and he, the servant, carriage, and horses, were brought unhurt to land. It was in consequence of this fearful accident, that the city of London erected the present gateway at the Temple-stairs.

It was about the year 1775, that Mr. Brander retired from London into Hampshire ; and, pleased with the local circumstances and advantages of Christ-church, determined to build, and settle there for the remainder of his days. He accordingly purchased a pleasing spot of ground (the site of the *ancient priory*), on the southern side of the noble church, and bounded, on two other quarters, by the small pellucid river called the *Little Stream*. How this plot should have become separated from the original cemetery, I cannot conjecture : as some members

of the sacred fabric intruded themselves upon its outline ; and many stone coffins were dug up, in excavating the ground for the foundation of Mr. Brander's house. * A sufficiently satisfactory title to it, however, having been made to his solicitor, the mansion was built ; and enriched with a precious store of rare articles, for the gratification of antiquarian curiosity. The *library* formed the chief depository of these relics of past ages ; which were gazed on by me, when occasionally admitted into the beautiful apartment, —

* A curious discovery, also, was made at the same time ; an account of which Mr. Brander communicated to the Society of Antiquaries. After describing the ichnography of the ancient Priory, the writer proceeds : — “ At the distance “ of two feet from the door-way, within this room, I observed “ a square flat stone, two feet nine inches long, by two feet “ wide, carefully cemented with lead into the adjoining “ pavement, having all the appearance of a grave-stone. “ Curiosity alone tempted me to examine the contents, to “ see what might be the reason of such singular caution in “ securing them. You must conceive what was my surprise “ when, on the opening, I found it to be only a repository of “ *birds' bones*, to the amount, at least, of half a bushel ; and “ these of herons, bitterns, cocks, and hens ; many of which “ have long spurs, and mostly well preserved. The cavity “ was about two feet deep, and lined at the bottom, and “ round the sides, with square stones.” *Archæolog.* iv. 118. These singular appearances seem to have indicated the site of an ancient Roman temple on the spot ; perhaps, one dedicated to Mars, as the *cock* was a bird patronised by that warlike deity, and dedicated to him. Aristophanes calls them *Αρεος νεοττοι* ; “ the birds of Mars.”

“ With storied windows richly dight,
“ Casting a dim religious light,” —

with that intense pleasure, which it is the privilege only of early years to experience. A gleam of it shoots across my mind, when imagination revives the objects, which were then spread before me : the fine illuminated missals ; the elegant classical sarcophagi ; the splendid implements of ancient warfare ; the antique inscriptions ; and highly curious prints, disposed in nice arrangement ; and above all, the celebrated *iron chair*, the coronation-seat of the first emperors of Germany, on which were curiously wrought the principal incidents of the Roman history, from its commencement to the time of Augustus Cæsar. *

The hospitality of the accomplished owner of the *Priory* (for so was it called after it became Mr. Brander's property), kept pace with his ardour for the encouragement and spread of antiquarian research. An elegant table, not loaded but genteelly covered with every *delicacy* (for his cook was a choice one), and a large assortment of old and genuine wines, gladdened the guests who were often staying, and long entertained, at this interesting residence. His invitations, indeed, were not of an ordinary or

* This magnificent specimen of elaborate art had been taken by Gustavus Adolphus, in his wars with the Germans, and carried into Sweden. It was there purchased by Mr. Brander ; and afterwards bought by Lord Folkstone.

indiscriminate complexion ; but, for the most part, confined to men of letters, who had signalled themselves by their publications, or were remarkable for their varied and deep antiquarian lore. I have often heard (for, of course, I never had the good fortune to be admitted to them), that nothing could be more agreeable than these well-chosen parties at Christ-church Priory : where the physical and intellectual *man* were equally gratified, by curious culinary productions, —

“ so contrived, as not to mix
 “ Tastes not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
 “ Taste after taste, upheld with kindest change ;”

and by that far better regale,

“ The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.”

Haply, I shall be pardoned, if I avail myself of the example of Homer, in his enumeration of the several divisions of the Grecian fleet, and of the heroes who commanded them ; and specify some of the departed worthies, who were occasionally either inmates at the Priory, or invited there as guests for the day : a few particulars in addition, with regard to the person and bearing of each individual, as far as my recollection serves me in these respects, will not, I trust, be uninteresting.

The gentleman who made the *greatest figure* in this choice group (and those who recollect his own caricatures of himself, will be aware that I speak *literally*), was, out of all dispute, the celebrated CAPTAIN GROSE, of marvellous form, and most facetious memory. Could his back-front have been contemplated, distinct from the surmounting head, and appended legs; it would have conveyed a correct idea of a perfect mathematical square; while the goodly *obverse*, would present as just a notion of the moiety of an accurate circle, which had been nicely divided through the centre. Sufficiently aware of his peculiarities in point of shape, the worthy captain, adjutant, and paymaster (for he filled the three situations) generally anticipated any remarks that might be directed against them, by himself *drawing* the attention of the jokers, in a playful and hilarious manner, to his own *squat corpulence*; — or, did the ralliers *commence* the attack, he would receive it with a real, natural smile; and make the reply in a repartee, seasoned alike with good temper, fun, and wit. I have understood, that these sprightly sallies were more especially called forth, on his being suddenly awakened from those little naps, into which he was frequently betrayed, after a hearty meal, by his somnolent propensity *: on which occasions,

* It was to this constitutional habit that the Rev. James

giving himself a shake, he would start, as it were instantaneously, into perfect intellectual vigour; and set the table in a roar, by some quaint remark, sly retort, or brilliant "good thing." Blended, however, with all this kindness of temper, and *gaieté du cœur*, was a wide acquaintance with the arts, and a superior knowledge of deep and dry antiquity: nor will those who are conversant with Captain Grose's literary productions, at all wonder, at the high respect which Mr. Brander entertained for his comprehensive and accurate information on these subjects; or at his frequent applications to the adjutant, to illustrate dark points, or explain any perplexing difficulties, which might occur to him in his own archæological studies. I myself, at a subsequent period, had the advantage of Captain Grose's correspondence, on a topic connected with English antiquities; and from his letters (given in the Appendix) it will be seen, how competent, as well as much inclined, he was, to afford the most curious information upon it. These oblig-

Douglas wittily alluded, in the following lines, which he affixed to a portrait of the captain: —

- “ Now GROSE, like bright Phœbus, has sunk into rest ;
 “ Society droops for the loss of his jest :
 “ Antiquarian debates, unseason'd with mirth,
 “ To genius and learning will never give birth :
 “ Then wake, brother member, our friend from his sleep,
 “ Lest Apollo should frown, and gay Bacchus should weep.”

ing communications to myself are the more interesting, as they appear to have been among the last letters, which were written by the worthy adjutant : for, one of them is dated only a short time, before an apoplectic fit deprived the literary world of one of the best antiquaries of the day. He died at the house of his friend Mr. Hone, in Dublin, the 12th of May 1791, aged 52 : an event which some surviving humourist commemorated, by the following epitaph in the St. James's Chronicle : —

Here lies Francis Grose.
On Thursday, May 12. 1791,
Death put an end to his
 VIEWS and PROSPECTS.

I recollect hearing of some difficulties into which he was at one time plunged, respecting his military accounts ; but they could not affect his honour and uprightness, for these were unimpeachable. Excessive carelessness with respect to pecuniary concerns, might, indeed, have produced confusion in his debtor and creditor statements ; for, he was wont facetiously to observe, that, while he filled the office of paymaster, “ he had only two account-books, *his right* “ *and left hand pockets.*”

Another gentleman of literary note, and great and varied erudition, who may be named among the annual visitors at Christ-church Priory, was

the Rev. JOHN BOWLE, vicar of Idmiston, Wiltshire : less approachable by boys, than the smiling, kind-hearted captain ; and, of course, less open to those observations and estimates, which I had already begun to adventure on human character. Still, however, the lads used, occasionally, to feel his hand upon their heads, with a gentle or *more impressive* pat ; according as the answers which they gave to his puzzling school-book questions, were more or less satisfactory to the querist. His *exterior* is familiar to my memory — a thick-set man, in garments which, though originally black, had been tanned, by many a summer's sun, into russet-brown ; his *under-clothes* unsupported by those indispensable articles in decent attire, denominated *gallows* ; and his *wig*, a counterpart of Dr. Parr's *μεγα θαυμα*, “ the mighty wonder ” of barbers ; whose sides were utterly at variance with his ears, as might be concluded from their determined refusal to approach them. But, this voluminous mass of foreign hair, covered a head, which would have conspicuously graced Dr. Gall's *capital* collection — a head replete with *bumps* of promise great and good ; among which, that of a *passion for languages* (I know not its phrenological name) must, I should suppose, have stood forth in high relief, — as I have been informed, that Mr. Bowle learned the Spanish tongue, for the express purpose of reading Don Quixote in the

original. He gave a strong proof, indeed, of his fondness for this immortal romance, by publishing a Spanish edition of it in 1781, in six quarto volumes; illustrated by annotations, and extracts from the historians, poets, and romances of Spain and Italy, and other writers ancient and modern; and accompanied by a glossary, indexes, and reflections on the genius and learning of Cervantes; and a map of Spain adapted to the history. Mr. Bowle's acuteness and critical skill, also, were evinced in his detection of the forgeries of Lauder; and his profound and diversified acquaintance with Spanish, French, Italian, and English archæology, by his "Miscellaneous Pieces of ancient English Poesie," published in 1765; by his assistance of Granger, in his Biographical Dictionary; of Warton, in his History of Poetry; of Johnson and Steevens, in their edition of Shakspeare; and, in four papers, in the Archæologia, on the pronunciation of the ancient French language. This remarkable gentleman was born in 1725; died on the 26th of October, 1788, and lies buried in Idmiston church, where the following epitaph commemorates his virtues and accomplishment: —

H. S. E.

*Rev^{dm}. Johannes Bowle, A.M. F.S.A.
Qui Elizabetham uxorem duxit
filiam Johannis Elliott arm.*

Literis Græcis et Latinis, Linguarum Gallicæ, Hispanicæ, et Italicæ peritiam adjunxit, in omni ferè Literarum genere versatus, præsertim studio Antiquitatis trahebatur, post vitam probè et honestè actam, animam Deo reddidit, gloriosæ resurrectionis spei plenus,

Die 26 Octobris, Anno Dom. 1788.

Ætatis suæ 63.

Elizabetha uxor—ob. A^o. 1759.

Elizabetha filia ob. A^o. 1769.

Occasionally (though not with frequent repetition), Mr. Brander, whilst his literary friends were with him, would extend his dinner invitations to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Christ-church. The names and persons of several of these now-and-then guests at the Priory, are identified with my “*Recollections* ;” and among the rest, that of the late Dr. John Warner, celebrated for his learned work on Greek Prosody, and other valuable productions; but more remarkable, perhaps, for his great conversational powers, his brilliant wit, inexhaustible anecdotes, and captivating hilarity.*

* Dr. J. Warner had the honour of reckoning Sir Richard Colt Hoare among his most intimate friends. The accomplished baronet presented him with the rectory of Stourton; and at his beautiful residence, Stourhead, the doctor passed much of his time. I have learnt from him, that, whilst there, Doctor Warner’s powers of social entertainment were not only unrivalled, but inexhaustible: that, after having taken his usual quantity of wine, and charmed the circle in the dining-room, he would descend into the servants’ hall,

When he visited Hampshire, his usual place of sojourn was with Edward Bott, Esq., a barrister, who had built a handsome residence, called Stourfield House, about three miles from Christ-church; and was himself a man of talent, and well known to the legal literary world, by his esteemed "Collection of Cases, relating to the Poor Laws," published in 1771. Mr. Bott, like the lord of the Priory, cultivated the society of clever men; and, when in the country, had generally a choice knot of such characters around him. But, the style of entertainment at the two houses, was far from similar. No excess clouded the lustre of Mr. Brander's *symposiacs*: all was sober enjoyment and rational intercourse,

" Where no crude surfeit, nor intemperate joys,
" Of lawless Bacchus reign'd."

Whereas at the other, the revels were frequently steeped deeply in wine; and sometimes produced results, not very creditable, either to the *bon vivant* host, or his jovial guests. An event of this nature occurred during one of Doctor Warner's visits to Mr. Bott, whilst I remained at Christ-church school.

with his *pipe* (to which he was addicted), and those who could bear its fumes; and pour out, with his vigorous puffs, the finest strokes of wit, and brightest scintillations of conceit.

The doctor was universally known to be a most eloquent and impressive preacher; and, consequently, wherever he went, solicitations to occupy the pulpit of the respective churches, flowed in upon him. The worthy vicar of Christ-church had preferred a request of this kind, with which Dr. Warner had obligingly complied; an assent that was quickly notified to the whole of the parish. It happened unfortunately, however, that on the Saturday previous to the day on which the doctor was to preach, Mr. Bott had engaged a large party of gentlemen to dine with him. The bottle flew briskly round; the hours flew unperceived away; and the revel trenched deeply on the morning of the Sabbath, — although it must be observed, in justice to the preacher, that he had retired unharmed, in decorous time, to his apartment. Long before the bell tolled for church, a rumour of this debauch, with all customary exaggerations, had spread far and near; occasioning great and just offence to all who heard it. But the doctor was punctual as clock-work to his time; and, ascending the pulpit, delivered a beautiful and touching discourse, on the affecting story of the Shunamite and her son. The congregation were delighted; and, when the preacher left his pulpit, many of them personally expressed their thanks to him in the warmest manner, for the great gratification they had

enjoyed. One of his auditors, however, an old woman, who had, unhappily, become acquainted with the highly-coloured particulars of the overnight's revel at Mr. Bott's, having listened patiently for some time to this string of compliments, becoming, at length, unable to smother her wrath, loudly exclaimed:—"Ey, ey;—the sarment was a fine one to be zure: and when I heard un in the pulpit, I thought he wur an angel; but, when I hears his rigs out o't, I thinks he is a devil."

I must not omit to mention, among the occasional guests at the Priory, a very singular character, with whom I afterwards became well acquainted—Colonel, and subsequently General Perkins, of the Royal Marines, then residing at Beech House, in the vicinity of Christ-church. The chief entertainment derived from this military hero, arose from the well-told, but extravagant anecdotes he was accustomed to relate; in which *he* always played the principal part, and ever came off with flying colours. One of these I well recollect; and, indeed, no one who had ever heard his story of the *wild buffaloes* (as I have frequently done), could soon forget the colonel, his manner, or his narrative. Perkins, it seems, when a lieutenant of marines, happened to be cruising in a line-of-battle ship, off the island of Cuba. Himself, and several of the midshipmen, applied one morning to the captain

for permission to spend the day on shore. Leave being obtained, the yawl was manned in a trice, and the party conveyed to land. Quitting the beach, they ascended the dark-sided, precipitous cliff that frowned over the waves; and in a short time had selected an agreeable spot for the deliberate despatch of their biscuits and grog. The ocean, and their gallant ship riding on its surges, lay before them. A long extent of gently-rising ground, naked of bush, brake, or tree, spread itself on the opposite quarter. The day passed in all that careless mirth, with which sailors generally contrive to load the wings of time, when fairly out of their ship; and the jolly group were now preparing for their departure. At this moment, a horrible bellowing was heard at their *back-front*; and, turning round, they beheld an immense herd of *wild buffaloes*, rushing towards them with the most furious rapidity down the slope. “Dreadful situation!” would some auditor exclaim, who had the happy faculty of *keeping his countenance*. “Dreadful indeed, Sir,” the colonel would respond; “for there was no apparent possibility of escape. But, Sir, my presence of mind is not apt to fail me. In an instant I saw the only hole at which we could creep out. ‘Up and away, my lads,’ I exclaimed, ‘for your lives! Run like lapwings to the edge of the precipice, and throw yourselves smack upon your

“ faces. We’ll show these bellowing rascals a
“ trick worth two of their own.’ In a crack, Sir,
“ we were all as flat as flounders, with our heads
“ over the cliff. A moment’s delay, and we
“ should have been spitted on the horns of the
“ wild buffaloes; for they were already hard at our
“ sterns : but, quite blind with fury, they did
“ not perceive the trap that I had laid for them ;
“ and, being at full speed, they could not stop
“ themselves when they reached the edge of the
“ cliff, so every mother’s son of them went
“ pell-mell, helter-skelter into the breakers below.
“ What, Sir,” might the quizzer say, “ did not
“ one of them remain to tell the *tale* ? ” — “ No,
“ Sir,” would the colonel reply (crowning his
story with a *pun*), “ by Jupiter ! not a *tail* was
“ left behind.”

But, whatever hesitation might be felt in receiving the above, and similar narratives, as *authentic history*, none could be entertained with respect to the colonel’s account of the desperate *juvenile duel* between himself, when a lieutenant in the marines, and Admiral Sir James Wallace, then a midshipman : as the *rencontre* was a matter of record at the time ; and the peculiarities in the persons and gait of the two combatants, were additional vouchers of its truth.

Early in life, Perkins and Wallace chanced to be messmates on board the same ship of war. A quarrel arose between the parties, which they

determined to decide, incontinently, by single combat.

Rapid, but tremendous were the arrangements: for, it was resolved that the scene of battle should be the *midshipman's birth*; the weapons used on the occasion, *ship pistols*; and that the young game-cocks should fire at the same moment, with their elbows leaning on the mess-table, a board about six feet long. At a given signal, these *men of honour* exchanged their bullets. The ball of young Perkins penetrated the groin of Wallace; and that of the midshipman, made an eyelet-hole in the right scapula of the lieutenant of marines. The wounds, though desperate, healed under the skill of the surgeon of the ship: but they were *gazetted for life* on the persons of the duellists; for the admiral halted upon his thigh, and the general cocked his shoulder, to the end of their career.

A curious circumstance arose out of this rencontre. Many years after it had occurred, the general and Sir James Wallace met accidentally, in the High Street of Lymington: — “Perkins, by Jove!” exclaimed the latter. “How is your *shoulder*, my old boy?” — “Sound as a roach,” replied the other. “How’s your *groin*, my old cock?” The long-reconciled combatants adjourned to the Angel Inn, and spent the night in no very temperate con-

viviality. This fortuitous meeting cemented their friendship for the remainder of their lives. The admiral died first. The event was communicated to Perkins: — “What, has my old friend weighed anchor for the other world?” exclaimed the veteran; — “then I shall soon follow him.” The event fulfilled the prediction: the general sickened, and shortly afterwards expired.

General Perkins was appropriately mated. As a boy, I recollect the fine face and majestic form of Mrs. Perkins: but her charms were all external, for oddities, whims, and caprices made up her character. Among other notions which haunted her irregular fancy, was an invincible fear lest she might *be buried alive*. To prevent this dreaded evil, she requested on her death-bed, that her body might not be put underground; but a fabric above the surface be erected to receive it, near the entrance of the free-school, so that the boys might hear her, should she revive, and clamour for liberation: that the lid of the coffin should not be screwed down, but furnished with hinges, that she might herself throw it open should resuscitation ensue; and that the lock of the mausoleum should be so constructed, as to enable her to open it by a spring, walk out, and resume her place in the living world. Every iota of this request was accurately fulfilled; the structure immediately

raised, and the body placed within it. An elegant stone front to it being afterwards built, it stood a monument of Mrs. Perkins's whimsical turn of mind, to the death of her husband, in 1802; when his executor removed her body, to unite it with that of the general, in the family vault; and sold the mausoleum. Its stone front now ornaments a gentleman's greenhouse, in the town of Christ-church. The general and his lady are commemorated by the following inscriptions: —

“ Elizabeth, wife of James Francis Perkins,
 “ Lieutenant-General of the Royal Marines,
 “ departed this life June 16th, 1783, aged 47
 “ years.

“ Lieutenant-General James Francis Perkins,
 “ Esq. departed this life April 19th, 1803, aged
 “ 75 years.”

The introduction to my reader, of one more of the guests, who not unfrequently chuckled over the choice repasts at the Priory, will complete my list of these departed worthies; not that he brought aught to the feast, save an extraordinarily good appetite; nor otherwise joined in the convivial intercourse, than by his repeated and stentorian bursts of laughter: but he was a very worthy, warm-hearted man, and the vicar of the parish; a character whom Mr. Brander considered it as becoming in him to notice and

respect. It must be acknowledged, however, that a sort of sly and secret pleasure was enjoyed by the generous host and his literary friends, when good Mr. Talman (for such was his name) graced the Priory table with his portly form ; in watching the tremendous havoc made in every savoury dish, by the indefatigable *molars* of the rubicund and corpulent vicar : a tickling of the fancy, which could scarcely be restrained from becoming obstreperous mirth, if a haunch of venison (a prodigious favourite with the vicar) chanced to smoke upon the table, — as he would, at such times, gently intimate to his neighbours, right and left, that if their respective portions of *fat* were larger than agreeable, he should be most happy to receive them on his own plate ; a favour, for the joke's sake, frequently conferred upon him. Among the many peculiarities of this thoroughly good-natured and universally esteemed incumbent, *one* may be specified, which, though exceedingly annoying to himself, was somewhat calculated to excite a smile in others ; and that, too, on occasions when perfect gravity would have been more decorous and appropriate : — this was the inexpressible horror which he entertained, at every species of contagious disease ; and the alarm that he manifested, at any object connected with infection. I have frequently, in company with other boys, attended the interment of those

who had fallen victims to fever, small-pox, measles, or similar disorders; attracted, I am sorry to confess, not so much by the sublime and beautiful service used on such occasions, as by a curiosity to observe the wary arrangements made by the cautious vicar, for averting every possible danger of the disorder being communicated to himself. Whenever burials of this nature occurred, it was Mr. Talman's wont, to fortify himself for the dreaded service, both internally and externally: by swallowing a camphor julap, before he went into the churchyard; and proceeding thither with a lump of the same odoriferous drug in his bosom. He would then enjoin the sexton, to place the sentry-box, from which the service was read, at the distance of at least one hundred yards to the *windward* of the grave; and, with these precautions, would go through the formulary, in such a tone of thunder, as might not only be heard distinctly by the attendants at the funeral, but would surprise even those, who were walking in the street beyond the churchyard. The power of Mr. Talman's lungs, was, indeed, in my experience, without a parallel. Not that the tone thereof was deep and full, like the serpent, sackbut, or double-bass: but sharp, dissonant, and clanging, as the blast of the trumpet when it rouses to battle; or, the sound of Apollo's

quiver, when the irate god descended upon earth, to scatter pestilence among the Greeks: —

Ἐκλαγξαν δ' ἄβ' ὄϊστοι ἐπ' ὤμων χωομένοιο
 Λύτοῦ κινηθέντος.

So far, this faculty of vociferation was unfortunate in Mr. Talman's particular case (who *repeated* his sermons each succeeding year), that, as every word he preached was most distinctly heard, and the attention forcibly directed to every remarkable phrase or expression in his discourse: so, the *recurrence* of the same sermon was immediately detected, by the annual repetition of the previously-noticed sentence. In more instances than one, the boys easily discovered proofs of this economical management of the worthy vicar's divinity: but, perhaps, the most glaring evidence of it might be found, in an excellent practical discourse, which he regularly reiterated, year after year, on the important duties of integrity and uprightness, — where, in describing the character of him in whom these virtues were conspicuous, he would thunder out, “What I mean by an *upright* man, “is a *downright* honest man.”

Universally regarded, notwithstanding all his little eccentricities, the benevolent and inoffensive vicar of Christ-church, lived to a good old age: bade farewell to the world in peace and

charity with every human being ; and now sleeps among his people.

In this agreeable style of *otium cum dignitate* ; of lettered ease, and elegant hospitality ; surrounded by men of talent, and enlivened by occasional oddities ; Gustavus Brander lived, in “ single blessedness,” beyond the middle age of man : and, when I quitted Christ-church school, appeared to have put the seal to his celibacy, and come to the settled determination of admitting no other females on the Priory establishment, than his housekeeper, cook, and the dusters of his drawing-room and bed-chambers. But, such was not the will of fate. In an inauspicious moment, captivated, either by the waning charms, or, what is far more probable, bewitched by the well-administered flattery, of a naval officer’s widow, who sighed for the paradise at the Priory, he surrendered, not, indeed, his philosophical, but his practical free-will ; and invested himself with those matrimonial bonds, which are either wreaths of roses, or fetters of the galleys, according to the temper, principles, and propensities of the adopted helpmate. In Mr. Brander’s choice, any of the knowing ones would have betted the long odds against his connubial happiness ; and with a certainty of winning, in their favour. From the moment of quitting the altar, his peace was poisoned for life. The faithful servants at the Priory, were

gradually discharged from their offices : the ancient friends of its master, were banished from the house, by the lady's coldness or incivility ; and all the former habits of the unfortunate husband, were interrupted or overturned. The new mistress, however, was not the only plague introduced into the Priory by this inauspicious connection. The lady brought a son with her, whom she had borne to her former husband ; a youth as well calculated as he was disposed, to co-operate with his mother, in rendering Mr. Brander utterly uncomfortable. For a long time, the worthy step-father endeavoured, by every means in his power, to reclaim the thoughtless and extravagant lad. He treated him with kindness ; supplied him with munificence ; and promised, on the condition of his more exemplary conduct, to bequeath to him his ample fortune : but, ingratitude and insolence were the only returns which he received, for this more than fatherly forbearance and generosity ; till, wearied out at length by unavailing efforts, Mr. Brander ceased to struggle with the vicious waywardness of his son-in-law. He made a better disposal of his property, by leaving it to a relative : and reversing the practice of *Aristippus*, —

Mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor ; —

and adopting for his motto the old English truism,

“ What can't be cured must be endured ;”

he thenceforward strove after the negative advantage, of being as *little miserable* as possible. Indeed, as I have been informed by an intimate friend of this gentleman, he, after a time, began to regard his trials in a *religious* point of view : considering them as a benignant visitation, intended to exercise his submission ; perfect his patience ; and wean him from the world. Mr. Brander died at Christ-church, on the 21st January, 1787, aged 67 years.

It is the assertion of inspiration, “ Be sure “ your sin will find you out ;” and did the *truths* of Holy Writ require such confirmation, common *experience* would add its authority, that in this, as in all other instances, they are infallible : since, not a day passes over our heads, without affording us examples of the wicked “ eating “ the fruit of their own way ;” and suffering severely, and appropriately, even in this life, for their violation of the laws of religion and virtue.

I had neither seen, nor heard of, the young man alluded to, for upwards of five-and-forty years : when about a twelvemonth since, a lady of Bath applied to me, on behalf of an elderly clergyman, who (accompanied by a wife and five children) was then in that city, apparently in a situation of the most abject poverty. I heard her account, and read his case ; and though the

latter concealed much that had occurred, and stated facts for which there was no foundation, I discovered to my no small surprise, that the individual in whose favour the application had been made, was no other than the son-in-law of Mr. Brander; that his name had been very deservedly omitted in the will of that gentleman; that he had taken orders, married, and had a family; had been floating for years on the surface of society, without any fixed employment, or permanent home; and was, at that moment, levying contributions on the humanity of my friend, and the other inhabitants of Bath and its neighbourhood.

*Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.*

CHAP. V.

THE humble *modicum* of classical lore which I carried with me to *Christ-church school*,—though, like the wisdom of the ancient philosophers, it had been acquired by the severest discipline, amid the hardest fare, — would soon have been deplorably diminished, had not circumstances of an auspicious nature, counteracted a very formidable obstacle to my improvement in the languages of Greece and Rome, which I detected very shortly after my incorporation with this new literary confraternity.

Unfortunately for the celebrity of our seminary, the gentleman who then filled the office of head-master of the free-school at *Christ-church*, though a worthy, amiable, and sensible man, and an excellent parish priest, was *no scholar*. He heard our *Virgil* lessons, with *Trapp's* translation before him: and knew no more of Greek, than had been sufficient to serve the purpose of such gentle examinations, as, in those days, preceded admission into deacon's and priest's orders. But, it will be recollected, by all those who may have had the satisfaction of hearing the Rev. William Jackson, in the desk or pulpit, that few excelled

him in the art of reading, and the graces of elocution. Nature had gifted him with a voice, deep, sonorous, flexible, and of unequalled melody; with a fine manly person; a handsome, intelligent countenance; and great dignity of manner: and he required only a wider field for the exercise of his rhetorical powers, to have been generally acknowledged, as one of the most celebrated preachers of his day. To the cultivation of these branches of education among his boarders, Mr. Jackson directed much of his attention. We were regularly exercised in public reading in the school, and in the recitation of prose and poetical composition; and such was the success of his instructions in this respect, that I may venture to say, our small number of sixteen private scholars furnished a larger proportion of respectable readers and declaimers, than was then usually to be found, in any school upon a like contracted scale. *

* The Rev. William Jackson, a native of Cumberland, and a member of Queen's College, Oxford, obtained the vicarage of Christ-church, through the interest of the late George Rose, Esq., and died incumbent of that place in 1802. A singular coincidence of circumstances rendered his decease rather remarkable. On the Sunday preceding it, he had preached on the text, "In the midst of life we are in death," with his customary vigorous and impressive delivery. Two nights afterwards, he went to bed in perfect health, and in the morning was found — *a corpse*. The text is inscribed on his tablet of memorial; and underneath, these lines: —

The remark may, possibly, be received by some with a smile, as relating to a point, in their opinion, of very subordinate consideration in scholastic training; — but, those accustomed to reflection and observation will readily acknowledge to be just, — that, correct and impressive *reading*, and graceful and energetic *recitation*, — the one, varied by judicious modulations of voice; the other, enforced by natural, unstudied, and appropriate action, — are not only in themselves elegant acquirements, but, may be made powerful instruments, in working upon the imagination, mind, and moral feeling of mankind at large. In the clergy of our established church, such qualifications appear to be absolutely necessary, to give efficiency to the performance of their public functions: and it must ever be a matter of regret, to those who are aware of the visible good effects produced upon congregations, by a correct and impressive reading of the Scriptures, and the Liturgy; and by the eloquent delivery of a sermon; that a more decided attention is not paid, in our schools and universities, to the art of *oratory* in all its branches, — an art, which some of the wisest of the ancient sages, thought of sufficient importance, to be taught by el-

“ Sacred to the memory of the Rev. William Jackson, “ vicar of this parish, who died February 18th, 1802, in the “ 56th year of his age.”

borate rules, and recommended in numerous volumes.

The circumstance above alluded to, as favourable to the boarders at Christ-church school, in their classical progress ; was, the able assistance afforded to Mr. Jackson by his brother-in-law, the late Rev. Dr. Jeans, successively rector of Dipdene, Hants ; and Seviocke, Cornwall ; and minister of the English episcopal church at Amsterdam ; who, during his Oxford vacations, domiciliated with his parents at Christ-church, and kindly devoted a large portion of these leisure intervals, to the improvement of a few of the upper-boys, of whom I was one. In addition to this advantage, however, which I had only in common with my other school-fellows, I occasionally enjoyed one equally important, which was more exclusively my own, — the valuable suggestions and directions, of another Christ-church Oxonian (under similar circumstances with Mr. Jeans), the late Rev. Henry Richman, rector of Holy Trinity, Dorchester. To these two truly excellent, and ingenious men ; intimate friends, and brother-Wickamists ; scholars, and poets : —

*Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo ;
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati :*

my frequent companions, and occasional correspondents in after-life ; I was so deeply indebted,

for valuable instruction, useful advice, and improving intercourse; that I should be an ingrate to their memory, were I to omit the present opportunity, of lingering, for a few moments, on their estimable characters, and rare talents; on some curious particulars of their lives; and the peculiar circumstances of their respective deaths.

The Rev. Dr. Jeans was the second son of a respectable inhabitant of Christ-church; whose ancestors had long been settled in that borough. He was born in 1757. Being intended for the church, his father placed him, at an early age, on the foundation of Winchester College; where his uncommonly quick parts, brilliant genius, and powerful memory, soon rendered him conspicuous as a scholar, and attracted the notice and regard of the estimable head-master, Dr. Joseph Warton. A long list of founder's kin, precluded all chance of New-college; and, at the proper age, he matriculated at Queen's, Oxford. The shortness of his stature, had already attracted the jocularities of his fellow-Wickhamists: and the cognomen of *Polypheme*, imposed on him at Winchester, followed Joshua Jeans to the university; but, his want of personal height was so *counteracted* (if I may thus express myself), by the symmetry, and muscular air of his form; that, like the diminutive ivory effigy of Hercules, by the famed Grecian sculptor, it conveyed the idea of more than common strength and dignity.

He has often mentioned to me a lively anecdote, occasioned by this peculiarity in his figure, which occurred during his under-graduateship at Oxford. A commoner of Queen's, from the south of Scotland, about Mr. Jeans's own standing, had rendered himself remarkable, by his skill on the violin, and his talent for caricature; and not less disliked, on account of his turn for ill-natured satire. This gownsman had conceived a strong disgust against Mr. Jeans; excited, probably, by a jealousy of his superior talents, and greater popularity in the college; and seized every opportunity, of which he could *safely* avail himself (for the little man was high in spirit), of raising a laugh at the expense of *Polypheme*. It so happened, that the seats of the Scotsman and Mr. Jeans were one day, at the dinner-table, exactly opposite to each other. It was the *gaudy day* of the college; when a number of stranger guests had been invited, to celebrate the gay anniversary. No sooner was the cloth removed, than Mr. Jeans observed, that the Caledonian was at work with his pencil under the table; and, from his frequent glances, he felt perfectly satisfied, that the secret operation could be nothing more or less, than a *caricature* of himself. Jeans immediately took his paper and pencil from his pocket, and, in a trice, produced half a dozen stanzas of caustic satire, and exquisite drollery; describing the peregrinations

of Sawney, from the region, where, according to the abusive Churchill, —

“ Half-starved spiders feed on half-starved flies,

to the land of affluence and comfort ; supporting himself on a route, which he *never intended to retrace*, by restoring obliterated signs ; and amusing his various generous hosts, with his *Scotch fiddle*. The artist having completed his caricature, passed it to his neighbour on the right hand ; and, at the same moment, Mr. Jeans circulated his epigrammatic verses to the left. The tour of the table was thus simultaneously made, both by the bane and its antidote : and while the Scotchman was triumphing in the bursts of laughter, on all sides of him, — which he doubted not, had been excited by the happy effort of his own pencil, — the true cause of this astounding mirth was at length revealed to him, by a wag on his right, who put Jeans’s paper into his hand, with the dry remark — “ Here, Sawney, is a Rowland for your Oliver.”

Mr. Jeans’s talent for poetry, however, was by no means confined to the gay and sportive style. His muse could touch the heart, or rouse the spirit, by pathos and tenderness : boldness of imagery and splendour of diction ; as well as amuse the fancy, with the *playthings* of genius : and I have often thought, that, had his patience and industry been proportioned to the riches of

his imagination, he might have enrolled his name on the list of the best poets of his day. But, he had no persevering energy; and as little vanity, and self-conceit. He could not devote himself, doggedly, for any length of time, to any one particular subject: and had he "built the lofty rhyme," the world would not have been gratified by his labours, as his dislike to the idea of *publication* was quite unconquerable.

I select, out of several effusions of Mr. Jeans's muse, which are now before me, two little *off-hand* compositions, in the different styles of the lyric, and elegiac. The first was written at a party in 1797; and sung by its author, to the noble masonic tune, of "Hiram the Architect." The other stanzas were suggested by the persecutions and atrocities inflicted on the beautiful, but unfortunate Queen of France, by the bloodhounds of the French revolution. This latter poem, by some unknown means, obtained general circulation; and added considerably to the popular feeling which had been excited on behalf of the unhappy victim. It was set to music by Storace and several other masters; sung by Signora Storace and Mrs. Crouch, at the theatres; and found its way into most private families, where vocal harmony was in any degree cultivated. The tune to which the words are best adapted, and for which, indeed, they were written,

is the pleasing, and then popular air, of “ My
“ own dear Somebody.”

“ Hark ! the nations shout around !
“ Hark ! the loud indignant sound
 “ Swells the angry main !
“ Hence ; avaunt, ye savage brood !
“ Ye who thirst for freemen’s blood :
“ Hence, to *Seine’s* polluted flood,
 “ And flee Britannia’s plain.

“ Though France, with baneful poison, tries,
“ With serpent fraud and treacheries,
 “ The Briton to beguile :
“ Yet, vain is all her wily art ;
“ She ne’er can teach a British heart,
“ To act the bloody ruffian’s part,
 “ In Albion’s social isle.

“ Louder raise the vocal strain !
“ ‘ Rule, Britannia ; rule the main ! ’
 “ Bid thy fleets advance : —
“ See ! they float in martial pride —
“ Bid them hurl their thunders wide ;
“ Triumphant o’er old Ocean ride ;
 “ And shake the shores of France.

“ Let us all united sing,
“ ‘ May God preserve our noble King !
 “ God save the King !
“ Long may Britain’s happy land
“ Bloom beneath the mild command
“ Of George’s patriotic hand :
 “ God save the King ! ’ ”

CAPTIVITY.

Supposed to be sung by the unfortunate MARIE ANTOINETTE, during her imprisonment in the Temple.

“ My foes prevail ; my friends are fled :
 “ These suppliant hands to Heaven I spread ;
 “ Heaven guard my unprotected head,
 “ Amid this sad captivity !
 “ Victim of anguish and despair !
 “ How grief has changed thy flowing hair * !
 “ How wan thy wasted cheek with care,
 “ Amid this sad captivity !

“ See AUSTRIA’s daughter — GALLIA’s queen,
 “ With alter’d looks, and haggard mien :
 “ A scorned wretch, unknown, unseen,
 “ Amid this sad captivity !
 “ How dread the horrors of this place !
 “ In every treacherous guard I trace
 “ The dark design, the ruffian face,
 “ Amid this sad captivity !

“ But, when my babes lie hush’d in sleep,
 “ Their couch in briny tears I steep ;
 “ Bend o’er their lovely forms, and weep,
 “ Amid this sad captivity !
 “ Oft in the dead of silent night,
 “ I start in frantic wild affright ;
 “ Whilst ghastly forms appal my sight,
 “ Amid this sad captivity !

* “ ‘ Flowing hair.’ — The hair of this once lovely woman, “ was of a bright flaxen colour. We say *was*, because three “ years of sorrow have brought on a premature old age. “ The unfortunate Antoinette is now grey-headed, wan, and “ wrinkled.”

“ Then fancy paints my murder’d lord ;
 “ I see the assassin’s blood-stain’d sword :
 “ The headless trunk, the bosom gored ;
 “ Amid this sad captivity ! —
 “ To THEE, O King of Kings ! I cry :
 “ To THEE I lift the streaming eye,
 “ And heave the penitential sigh,
 “ Amid this sad captivity ! ”

But, perhaps, the most remarkable proof I can adduce, of Mr. Jeans’s fertility of imagination and vigour of mind, (and I may add, also, of the perfection of his *nervous system* ;) arose out of a circumstance which happened to him, shortly after he had taken orders ; when he held the laborious curacy of Portsmouth. The incident has, indeed, no reference to poetical composition ; but will, I apprehend, be considered, as remarkable an example of the rapid conception, and extemporaneous arrangement of ideas, as occurs in the history of pulpit elocution.

Mr. Jeans was never notorious for much forethought ; precaution ; or regularity, in the minor affairs of life : a carelessness, not unfrequently productive of ludicrous, and sometimes, of inconvenient consequences. He had concluded the liturgical service of his church, one Sunday morning, and seated himself, for a moment, in the reading desk, to cast his eye over his sermon, while the choir were singing the last Psalm. On searching his pocket for the discourse, it was not

to be found. He had left it on the study table, at his lodgings; and they were a full mile from the place of worship. What was to be done? The psalm approached its conclusion; and a congregation of twelve hundred people, whom the excellence of his reading, and the power and pathos of his preaching, constantly attracted to his church, were anticipating the customary eloquent exhortation, from their impressive, and admired pastor. A few minutes only, remained for deliberation and arrangement: but, these were sufficient for Mr. Jeans. He notified to the singers, through the clerk, that they should add two verses to their usual quantum of psalmody: retired to the vestry: read over the parable of the Prodigal Son: mounted the pulpit; and delivered an extemporaneous discourse, of the usual length, on that beautiful story, so striking, and so touching, (according to the relation of a gentleman present) as to rivet the attention of his numerous auditory; and to draw the tear from many an eye, "albeit unused to the melting mood."

It was to one of the family of the present Lord Malmsbury, that Mr. Jeans owed his first piece of preferment; the small rectory of Dipdene, a beautiful village on the western side of the Southampton water; and nearly opposite to that elegant town.

With a mind, alive to all the charms and glo-

ries of external nature ; stored with elegant literature ; opulent in original faculties ; and awake to every object of interest or curiosity — himself active in the duties of his parish : partaking, moderately, the pleasures of society ; and exercising a free, though humble hospitality — *here*, Mr. Jeans, in the society of his lady, and his daughter, an only child, passed some of the happiest years of his life ; realising the poet's picture of that enviable state,

“ Content,

“ Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,

“ Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,

“ Progressive virtue, and approving Heav'n !”

and *here* too, as he has often told me, he adopted a plan, (in imitation of Mr. White of Selbourne) which, if followed by the general body of English resident clergy, would, in time, furnish the best possible materials, (copious, minute, and accurate) for both provincial and parochial history — that of inserting in a book prepared for the purpose, every phenomenon of nature, or rarity of art ; remarkable incident, or curious anecdote, which, from time to time, came to his knowledge, as existing or happening, within the bounds of his own parish.

After some years of this true enjoyment of existence, Mr. Jeans resigned the rectory of Dipdene, for that of Sheviocke, in the county of

Cornwall: where he would, probably, have continued to pursue the same rational and peaceful mode of life; had he not been prevailed upon to exchange it, for the exercise of his pastoral office, among strangers, in a foreign land. The office of minister to the English episcopal chapel at Amsterdam, happened to become vacant; and, solicited by the late Henry Hope, Esq., backed by flattering invitations, from some of the principal English inhabitants of the capital of Holland, Mr. Jeans consented to accept of the situation, for a certain number of years: took his Doctor's degree; and sailed with his family for Holland. The term being expired, Dr. Jeans determined to return to his native land; and pass the remainder of his days, in the quiet abstraction, and amid the picturesque scenery, of Sheviocke rectory. But, he had rendered himself so deservedly popular in Holland, by his professional talents; amiable manners; liberal and conciliating sentiments; and social and domestic virtues; that his Amsterdam congregation, could not endure the thought of parting with their favourite minister; and used every effort to retain him. A *new church* was then being constructed, for the English congregation; and it was their earnest wish, that he should, for some time at least, perform the services of it. Doctor Jeans, unhappily, consented to remain for another specific term. A year before its ex-

piration, wishing to make proper arrangements for the reception of his family at Sheviocke, he came alone, to England; proposing to send for them over to the parsonage immediately; and to join them there, from Holland, at the conclusion of the twelvemonth. He called on me in his way from Cornwall to London. It was the last time I saw him: and I could not help thinking, that it would be so; for the former fashion of my friend was changed. His natural buoyancy of spirit had disappeared; and it seemed, as if he laboured under a presentiment of some impending evil. Nor was the anticipation groundless. A short time after his return to Amsterdam, he embarked his lady and daughter for England: but, they had not arrived there many weeks, when the fatal news reached them, that Dr. Jeans had been carried off, by the low fever of the country. It is rather a remarkable circumstance, that he should have been the *first corpse* that was interred in the *new church*, which had been principally erected on his account. He died 5th October, 1807.

There have been few men, perhaps, to whom the familiar term "lucky," with respect to the more trifling matters of life, could be more properly applied, than to the late Dr. Jeans. It was his own frequent remark, that, when he amused himself (as was the general practice in his early days) either with a cheerful round game, or in

the sober rubber, he invariably rose a *winner* from the table ; and that, though his carelessness rendered him liable to frequent small losses of property ; yet, his “good luck” never failed to remedy the evil, and again put him into possession of the article mislaid. Two instances of such kind interferences of the blind goddess in his favour, I give on his own authority.

During his residence as an under-graduate at Queen’s College, an *ill-bred* tailor, who had, more than once, intruded on Mr. Jeans’s studies, with a long slip of paper, yclep’d a *bill* ; became so troublesome in one of his visits, that the student deemed it politic, to fix a day, in the ensuing week, for the settlement of his demand. He wrote immediately to his father ; stated his difficulty, and engagement ; and received, by return of post, a ten pound Bank note, to relieve the one, and enable him to fulfil the other. Jeans thrust the *Abraham Newland* into his breeches pocket ; and brim full of ire, strutted forth to pay the bill ; row the tailor ; and, formally, discharge him from his future service. Meeting, however, a fellow-gownsmen, in his way to the dun’s abode ; and being ever easily beguiled into a deviation from his destined purpose ; he took a long saunter with him in Christchurch meadow, instead of proceeding to the house of Mr. Snip. Always animated in conversation, and usually accompanying it with a

considerable degree of action, Jeans whilst talking, was busily, but unconsciously employed, in fumbling for the note, in its dark recess, and rolling it up into the size of a pea; which having effected, he shot it from between his finger and thumb, into the long grass at his feet. On separating from his friend, he turned to the tailor's, advanced confidently into the shop, and put his hand into the right hand pocket of his inexpressibles, the usual depot of his cash — when he had any; when (*horribile dictu*) he perceived, that no note was there! Every part of his person underwent a search; but all in vain. He slunk out of Mr. Snip's shop; returned to his rooms; ransack'd the escrutoire; table-drawer; and every hole and corner of his apartment; but with like ill-success. The thought at length occurred to him, that, immediately before his visit to Mr. Snip;

“ And while in Christchurch meadow walking,
“ Of poetry, and such things talking:”

he had, thoughtlessly, twirled some piece of paper with his fingers, and discharged it into the air. This *might* have been the ten pound note. It was a forlorn hope indeed, but the only one that remained to him; and he posted to the spot, (as nearly as he could recollect it) where he had stood, when he thus wildly threw away his all. The herbage was high, and the

area wide ; but, he had scarcely reached the middle of the field, when he discovered the object of which he was in search ; reduced, however, to so diminutive a size, by twisting and compression, that it would probably have escaped the observation of every eye, save the eagle one, that was employed in seeking it.

The other instance alluded to, of Mr. Jeans's "good luck," is not less singular than that just related, and was to him still more important ; the sum mislaid, being of much greater value than the ten pound bill ; and the demand for it, at the moment of recovery, far more urgent than the claim of Mr. Snip.

Shortly after he had taken possession of Dipdene Rectory, a letter reached him, containing a bank note of considerable value. A folio volume happened to be spread before him at the time, into which he placed the supply ; as a meet depository, where it might remain in safety till wanted, and be readily found, when the occasion occurred. The *call* for it soon arrived ; but the place of its deposit had entirely escaped the rector's recollection. A general rummage through the house for the lost treasure, was attended with no success ; and, after some *natural throes* for the loss, and suffering a little temporary inconvenience in consequence of it, Mr. Jeans thought no more either of the disappointment or its consequences. Two or three years had

elapsed from the time of this occurrence, when a travelling Jew chanced to call at Dipdene Rectory. He proved to be a learned Rabbi, and as Mr. Jeans had been a Hebrew student, a long and interesting philological conversation took place between the parties. In the course of the discussion, it became necessary to consult Romaine's Lexicon. Mr. Jeans reached down the dusty volume, and opened it, *par hazard*, when lo, the first object which met his eye in the expanded page, proved to be, — not the *trilateral root* for which he was about to seek — but the sign manual of the cashier of the bank of England, subscribed to the identical note, which he had regarded, for a long time, as lost to him and his heirs for ever.

The other amiable friend, and kind adviser in my early studies, whom I have already mentioned, was, in many respects, a remarkable contrast to the gentleman just described. Child-like in simplicity; formal in manner; old-fashioned in appearance; quaint in phraseology; and deeply versed in archæological lore; he had obtained at the University, the appellations of *Moth* and *Grimbald*; and a stranger to the Rev. Henry Richman's character, might have thought them happily applied; but, within this *cast from the antique*, were contained a powerful intellect; a vivid genius; a taste classical and correct; an erudition varied and pro-

found. His piety was sincere ; his principle incorruptible ; his charity comprehensive ; and his life unsullied with a stain. The best writers of Greece and Rome were familiar to him ; few men were more conversant with English poetry, from Robert of Gloucester to the bards of modern times ; and, perhaps, not many clergy of the present day, had studied so attentively as Mr. Richman, those “ giants ” in theology, the solid divines of the reigns of Elizabeth, the two Charleses, James the Second, and Queen Anne. Delicate in natural constitution from infancy, and tenderly petted by a fond mother till the time of his removal to Winchester College, young Richman was ill calculated to encounter the stormy element of a public school ; and a considerable part of the time which he spent on the noble foundation of William of Wykeham, was little better than a course of constant suffering, from the tyranny and wantonness of its inhuman præfects. Among other pains and penalties barbarously inflicted on him by these juvenile despots, *one* may be mentioned, which, though somewhat ridiculous in itself, must have shaken the nervous system of the poor sensitive sufferer, to its very foundations. Richman had ever entertained, what is usually called a *natural antipathy* to any thing in the shape of a *frog* or *toad*. Of this unfortunate dislike, his fellow-collegians soon became apprised, and as

quickly had recourse to it, for the torture of their victim, and the amusement of themselves; and I have heard one of his cotemporaries at Winchester declare; that it was not an unusual sport, with the head boy of the seventh chamber, in which Richman slept; to procure one of these dreaded reptiles, and hold it under the *nose* of the unfortunate lad; while another young dæmon seized the said member with a pair of tongs, and led the agonised captive, (as St. Dunstan conducted Satan of old) round the spacious apartment. These, and other pranks of a similar atrocious character, produced a marked effect on the mind and habits of Mr. Richman, in after life. Though by no means deficient in manly spirit, he laboured under those *lighter fears* and apprehensions, which would have thrown a cast of the ludicrous, over a character less respectable than his own. He never, for instance, put his watch, on a morning, into his fob, without first *airing* it; nor *read* a *new book* unless it had been previously exposed, for two or three days, to the drying influence of the fire. So great also was his terror at mounting an elevation, and his alarm when accidentally placed on one, that I have known him refuse to ascend a bank of six feet high, at the side of the road, to view a prospect; or, if he had been prevailed upon to overcome his alarm for the gratification of his curiosity, to tremble like an

aspens leaf, while he stood on its summit, and to require the assistance of a friendly arm, to place him again on the level ground. But, alas, what does a general survey of human character offer to our observation, save

“ Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise ? ”

and how satisfied ought every one to feel under such infirmities, if his alarms, like those of Mr. Richman, have no association with *guilt*; and his foibles do not trench on his own moral principle, or interfere with the happiness or comfort of those around him. So far was this from being the case with the subject of our present sketch, that I have known him, in more than a solitary instance, triumph at the call of duty and humanity, over all these little weaknesses of his nature; and evince an high-principled, and true Christian courage, that would put to the blush mere instinctive hardihood; and before whose mild and steady lustre, the brightest laurel of the worldly hero, would fade into a sere and withered leaf. The following fact will justify this assertion.

Mr. Richman, soon after his settlement in Dorsetshire (of which more will presently be said), received into his house a few boarders. One of these was seized with indisposition. A very few days determined the character of the complaint, which the medical attendant pro-

nounced to be a dangerous species of the *typhus fever*. Of every description of contagious distemper, Mr. Richman had always felt and expressed the most unqualified horror ; and in no form was it more terrible to him, than under that in which it now appeared in his own dwelling. His shock on receiving the intelligence of the apothecary, quite paralysed him ; but, after a moment of anguish and struggle, all alarm was merged in better feelings ; his determination made, and its execution adopted. The boy was removed into *his own bed-chamber*, where he might have undisturbed quiet, and incessant attention ; be watched over by the anxious eye of himself and his wife ; and receive every necessary medicine from their careful hands. Providence put the seal of its approbation to this holy act of blended charity and courage, and rewarded the noble effort, by the recovery of the child.

As a companion, Mr. Richman was particularly agreeable. On all subjects of literature, his extensive reading, sound judgment, and tenacious memory, rendered his conversation highly interesting ; nor was it less amusing, from the abundant fund of anecdote with which he interwove it. I have met with few men who had so happy a faculty as himself, of telling a story with point and effect ; of clothing trifles with importance ; and of bringing forwards, those

little particulars and nice touches of description, which, in painting, give to a sketch the finish and resemblance of a miniature; while, such was his uncommon accuracy, and strict regard to truth, that in hearing the same narrative repeated by him, after a year's lapse from the first recital; it would have been difficult to detect any deviation, not only from the original incidents, but also from the phraseology, in which they had before been clothed. It must be confessed, however, that the primitive, or rather antique air of his person, countenance, voice, and manner, added something to the effect of his well-told anecdotes.

Nor was the Rev. Henry Richman less gifted with the imaginative faculty, than with the more solid attributes of mind. His *poetry*, had his *modesty* been less than it was, would probably have been received with approbation by his contemporaries, and not neglected by posterity. But, as far as my knowledge goes, he never committed any thing to the press, either of poetical or prose composition. He himself has frequently told me, that in early manhood, he had written a sequel to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, which (as I have been informed by a competent judge, who then perused them) breathed much of the spirit, style, and diction, of the venerable bard. But of this work I never could obtain a sight. He always declined permitting

his friends to peruse it, upon the principle, that the levity of such compositions, was inconsistent with the decorum of the clerical character; a reason which he one day gave to myself, for refusing me the sight of them; though he in some measure qualified the disappointment, by putting into my hands, the following masterly sonnet, which if there be any truth in the adage, *ex pede Herculem*, marks Mr. Richman as a poet of no inferior grade.

The lines it will be seen, are of the school of Milton. Indeed, most of Mr. Richman's poetical effusions, were of the higher order, and severer kind; and of these compositions, generally speaking, you might, as Dryden beautifully says of Ben Jonson, "track him through the snow of "the ancients."

The sonnet was written after the publication of Dr. Parr's masterly address to the inhabitants of Birmingham, entitled "A Letter from Irenopolis to the inhabitants of Eleutheropolis," designed to dissuade the dissenters of Birmingham, from repeating the commemoration, which had produced the riots of the preceding year, in that populous town.

" A SONNET,

" Affixed to the portrait of the Reverend Doctor Parr; written after the
" Birmingham riots in 1790.

" Lib'ral of soul, illustrious, letter'd Parr!

" 'Midst our rude rabblement of drudging minds,

“ Whose sense the mode, whose faith the canon binds :
 “ Well thy majestic wisdom’s potent war
 “ Thou wapest ; girt with truth, and patriot flame.
 “ Proceed, great champion of that spirit blest,
 “ Which erst did on seraphic Jerome * rest ;
 “ And eternise thine honorable name,
 “ With placid HOADLEY †, and sweet-natur’d CLARKE ‡ ;
 “ Noblest disciples of the keen-eyed sage. §
 “ Do thou the time’s wild fury boldly mark,
 “ And, eloquent, obdurate hate engage ;
 “ Shielding th’ unstable, blind Heresiarch ||,
 “ Whose errors claim our pity, not our rage.”

The larger portion of Mr. Richman’s life, was very laboriously employed. After filling the situation of assistant master at the Rev. Mr. Richards’s school in Winchester ; and remaining at Poole in Dorsetshire, as curate, for two or three years ; he obtained the mastership of the endowed school at Dorchester, together with the curacy of that populous town ; and held them both for upwards of thirty years ; sedulously fulfilling the duties of both situations ; and cheering his labours with the hope of succeeding to the living of Holy Trinity, when its aged incumbent should be removed by death. This long-expected event at length took place, and Mr. Richman naturally enough imagined, that the patrons of the benefice, (the trustees of the

* Jeremy Taylor.

† Bishop Hoadley.

‡ Dr. Samuel Clarke.

§ John Locke.

|| Dr. Priestley.

school, over which he had so long and so ably presided,) would, without hesitation, have appointed him as successor to the deceased rector, the Rev. Mr. Templeman. But he was deceived in his expectation. That system of little intrigue, which too often takes place among bodies corporate, where the disposal of church preferment is vested exclusively in them, had been secretly carrying on by the trustees of Dorchester school, long prior to the death of the old incumbent; and several of their number had determined to confer the appointment, on a younger, but certainly not more efficient man, than Mr. Richman. His friends, however, would not desert him; and, without their assent, no presentation of another candidate could take place. Private meetings and discussions; and public correspondences and representations; were held and printed, by the discordant trustees, without end and without avail; while the legal time for presentation gradually wore away, and the day approached, when the living of Holy Trinity in Dorchester, if it continued vacant, would lapse to the bishop of Bristol. "Mean while, Sir," would my excellent friend say, while narrating the history of this, to him, most important struggle, "I lay upon the "bed of the robber *Procrustes*: this day stretch-
"ed into torture with expectation; and the
"next, lopped and stripped of every hope of
"success. At length, Sir, the Tuesday arrived,

“ on which, before 12 o'clock at night, was to
“ be determined, not only my own fate, but the
“ right or ineligibility of the trustees, to the
“ next presentation to Holy Trinity. It was
“ indeed, an awful four-and-twenty hours. Suc-
“ cessive messengers knocked at my door, but
“ they only repeated the same unsatisfactory
“ tidings, that the adversaries would not give in;
“ and consequently, that nothing could be set-
“ tled. ‘ The curfew toll'd the knell of parting
“ ‘ day;’ the church-clock announced the hours
“ of 9, 10, 11; and matters remained in the
“ same undecided state. Hurried in spirits;
“ fatigued with vigilance; and hopeless of suc-
“ cess; I now determined to retire to my bed;
“ and had just put on my slippers and my night-
“ cap, when the thundering of my knocker,
“ announced the arrival of some important in-
“ telligence. I opened the door, Sir, and the
“ first object that greeted my eye, was my firm
“ friend, Mr. ——— bearing in his hand the
“ important parchment, which nominated me to
“ the valuable rectory of Holy Trinity. In less
“ than twenty minutes, the town horologe struck
“ twelve; and ere its echo had died away, I
“ was in a post-chaise and four, on my way to
“ the palace in Bristol. The boys through the
“ whole journey, drove like lightning, Sir; and
“ the bank notes flew about, as flakes of snow.”

But Mr. Richman's anxieties had not yet ter-

minated; the bishop had left the palace for Cambridge; and when followed to that university, and applied to for institution, his lordship notified to the new nominee, that his application could not be granted; on the ground of the lapse having preceded the nomination. A long discussion now took place, in which Mr. Richman at last convinced the bishop, that he had been presented to the rectory within the *legal time*; and that he had used all *due diligence* to apprise his lordship of the event, by immediately driving to his *legal* episcopal residence, in a *post-chaise and four*. The argument was irresistible; the due formalities were gone through; the necessary papers granted; and Mr. Richman returned in triumph to his new preferment.

For many years, my excellent friend enjoyed the advantages, and conscientiously fulfilled the duties, of the rectory which he had thus obtained;

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum :

esteemed, respected, and beloved by his flock; conciliating his opponents, by courtesy and kindness; and rivetting the attachment of his friends, by the virtues of his warm and honest heart. It is true, that in the exercise of his functions in the pulpit or the desk, there was little to please the taste, or captivate the imagination; for Mr. Richman's voice was unmusical; his pronunciation, in many instances, peculiar; his action

devoid of grace ; and his diction unornamented : but, to those who were more influenced by good sense and good feeling, than by fancy or fashion, in their judgment of the merits of a public speaker ; to those, who could properly estimate the value of sound religious and moral instruction, corroborated by convincing argument, and earnest enforcement ; to those who preferred the plain but fervent enunciation of solemn truths, to “ the sounding of brass, or the tinkling “ of a cymbal ” — to such humble and judicious “ hearers of the word,” Mr. Richman’s *manner* was both pleasing and impressive. They entered his church as *Christians*, rather than as *critics* ; and retired from it, not filled indeed with admiration of the *preacher*, but convinced, or awed, or persuaded, by his *message*.

It was to me an equal gratification and advantage, that I should, through many years of my life, enjoy the regular correspondence, and occasional intercourse, of so good and wise a man as the one I have described. Difficult to be decyphered as his handwriting was, (for among his many attainments, *calligraphy* could not be enumerated) his letters, cheerful, entertaining, sensible, and generally literary ; amply repaid the trouble of making them out ; and great was my grief, when by an awful dispensation of Providence, this, to me, fruitful source of satisfaction and information, was cut off for ever.

The last letter which I received from Mr. Richman, was written, (or rather finished, for he was too infirm to complete it at one sitting) on Monday the 22d October 1824; and, as usual, breathing warm affection for me and my family; animated with sprightly observation; and touching on literary topics: and among others, on the comparative merits of the divines of the seventeenth century. On the day after I had received it, I read the following paragraph, in the Bath Chronicle:

“ Afflicting accounts have been received of
“ the loss of lives and property along the Western
“ coast. At Dorchester, (where much injury
“ was experienced in the destruction of roofs,
“ chimneys, and glass) a most heart-rending cala-
“ mity occurred, about six o’clock on Tuesday
“ morning. A heavy stack of chimnies, on the
“ house of the Rev. H. I. Richman, rector of
“ the Holy Trinity, was blown down; and falling
“ through the roof of the rev. gentleman,
“ crushed him and his amiable wife to death!
“ Mr. Richman was in his 71st year. He was a
“ man of singular learning and piety; and dur-
“ ing a residence of more than thirty years, had
“ secured the regard of all who knew him.”

My anxiety, of course, was extreme, to know further and more minute particulars, of this appalling visitation. In a few days, I received the following communication; an extract of a letter

from a niece of Mr. Richman's, to one of her parents :

“ We must be very thankful that dear Jane,” (another niece) “ has been preserved from injury ; “ as she has had a miraculous escape from death. “ I will endeavour, in a few words, to describe “ the awful scene which this house now exhibits, “ — you know what a dreadfully high wind we “ had on Monday night — my dear uncle and “ aunt had been very much disturbed by it. — “ Jane and the servant were in the room with “ them, about five o'clock, — Jane then returned “ to her own apartment, and fell asleep, till about “ six ; when she was awakened by a tremendous “ crash. She rushed to my aunt's door, and “ forced it open ; when she heard one dreadful “ groan ; and found my poor dear uncle and “ aunt, buried under the roof of the house ; oc- “ casioned by the fall of a stack of chimnies. — “ They were extricated as soon as possible : but “ it was of no avail. Life was extinct ! You “ may imagine what a state this house of death “ is in. I saw both the poor souls this morning. “ My dearest uncle looks very placid. My aunt “ has a slight bruise on the temple. Their re- “ mains are in the study. The house is now “ open to the sky : the staircase filled with “ bricks, tiles, mortar, &c. I never witnessed “ such a scene of confusion, distress, and deso- “ lation.”

It is a truth which every pious mind will admit, without the shadow of a doubt, that all the dispensations of Providence, are grounded in infinite love, and directed by infinite wisdom; and that visitations the most inexplicable, and stamped apparently with the character of *unmixed calamity*, have, as their end and object, some great and good result; some bearing upon the temporal, or everlasting well being of the individual sufferers, or of such as witness the infliction. To those who, like myself, were intimately acquainted with the amiable victims of the distressing accident above described; who knew their piety, integrity, and virtue, and, above all, their intense attachment to each other, cemented and increased by a childless union of forty years — to such intimates, I repeat, the *mercy* of the dispensation which removed Mr. and Mrs. Richman from temporal existence, will be sufficiently obvious; however unintelligible it may be to others. By such, their death at *the same moment*, will be regarded as a mark of the divine favour, conferred upon each. They were both prepared for the summons, and ready to depart; but, had one been called away before the other, life *must* have been an intolerable burden, and the world a desolate wilderness, to the survivor. The agony of such a separation, however, was to them, in goodness spared. To them was given the happy privilege,

that, as they had been "lovely and pleasant in their lives," so, "in their deaths," they should not be "divided."

Their remains were conveyed with circumstances of peculiar respect and solemnity, from Dorchester to Christ-church; and interred under a flat stone, in the nave of the church.

CHAP. VI.

“THE pleasures of memory,” so sweetly sung by an elegant modern bard, are, indeed, great, varied, and manifold. They constitute one of those few human satisfactions, which increase as life advances; for, as long as the faculty of *recollection* exists in health and soundness; its mysterious power of reviving past occurrences, and recalling departed objects, becomes more and more interesting and valuable to us; in proportion as we recede from the one, and the mist of time gathers over the forms of the other. It presents us, indeed, not with *realities*, but clear and beautiful are its *visions*. They glare not, it is true, with the glory of the meridian sun; but, like the mild touch of his departing ray on the mountain’s summit, they shed over the soul, the chastened warmth, and softened gleam, of a sober, mellowed joy.

It must be acknowledged, however, that *memory* has its *pains* as well as its delights. The sigh and pang are often its associates; and when the traveller, who has advanced far on the journey of life, throws a retrospective eye to the road which he has traversed; to the incidents

which have occurred, and the persons who have appeared, on the busy scene ; the view will, not unfrequently, be accompanied with *regret*, that such events should ever *have* been ; or, with *grief*, that such once-living objects *can be* no more.

The observation, though a trite one, is not the less depressing ; that the lapse, even of a few years, is sufficient to work a grievous havock in the number of those, with whom we have interchanged confidence, or reciprocated kindness ; a consideration which applies as well to the young, as to the more advanced in life — but, what a wreck among his relatives, earlier friends, and former acquaintance, must *he* behold, who surveys through the telescope of bye-gone time, a space of more than half a century ; and has now buried his grand climacteric, “ with the “ years beyond the flood ! ”

I must confess, that the feelings associated with my “ recollections ” of Christ-church school, partake far more of a grave, than a cheerful character ; for, when I take a mental review, of the long train of healthy and joyous youths, high in hope and big with purpose, with whom I consorted, in a five years’ connection with that place of instruction ; linked to some of them by the bonds of friendship, and mingling with all in good will and cordiality — and recollect, that of this number, not more (to

my knowledge) than seven or eight, are now in existence — a melancholy steals over my spirit, which affectingly convinces me, that to *remember*, is not always to *enjoy*.

Among the lads with whom I found myself embodied, when I became one of the boarders at the Rev. William Jackson's academy, was a cousin of Mrs. Jackson's, and of her brother, the Rev. Dr. Jeans, (mentioned in the preceding chapter), a youth nearly two years older than myself, who had entered the school a few months before my arrival at Christ-church. A similarity in sentiments, tastes, and pursuits, soon attracted Jasper Jeans and myself towards each other. We became intimate and confidential friends; and studying and reading together, quickly obtained the honourable post of *head boys* of the school. It is true, that as two kings, (save those of Brentford) cannot well sit upon one throne; so this equality in eminence, occasionally ruffled, in some degree, the usual calmness of our intercourse; but the disturbance was merely the effect produced by the transient summer breeze, upon a tranquil sea; the surface curled for a moment, and sank again into its customary glassy smoothness. His early education had been more neglected than my own, and I beat him hollow at *nonsense Latin verses*. Here, however, my superiority terminated; and I early perceived, that I must do homage to his

loftier genius and more vigorous original endowments. He continued to be my schoolfellow for three years and a half; and my correspondent till the time of his death; which happened about three years after he had quitted Christ-church, and entered, as a midshipman, into his Majesty's naval service.

But the name of Jasper Jeans, may not be dismissed by me with so slight a tribute to his memory. His own worth, and the attachment that subsisted between us, demand a fuller epitaph from his surviving friend:

“ He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
“ Unwept; nor welter to the parching wind,
“ Without the meed of some melodious tear.”

Of the particulars of my friend's early youth, I am entirely ignorant. This period of his life was involved in some mystery; his juvenile comrades, at least, knew nothing of it. I have merely heard, that his father, a medical gentleman, had been afflicted and unfortunate; and sought, in the retirement of Christ-church, a still retreat for the remainder of his days. The sorrows of the parent, whatever they might have been, had made a deep impression on the feelings of the too sensitive son; and thrown a sombre shade over his character, not frequently seen in a youth only in his thirteenth year. I was perfectly aware that he knew and felt, his

almost destitute situation; and thirsted incessantly and intensely, for an opportunity of taking upon himself the burden of his own fortunes; and carving out his road to independence and fame, by his own unassisted exertions. But, this warfare of the mind was concealed, as much as possible, from the notice of those around him; and might be detected only, by the vigilant eye of an intimate friend. His loftiness (it was not pride) of spirit, could not brook the idea, that he should be considered as the slave of any of the weaker feelings of our nature; and whether in the hour of sport, or under the infliction of scholastic punishment, he was never seen to indulge in obstreperous mirth, or heard to utter a single unbecoming complaint. Diffident to the most painful degree, he had a more than common share of reflecting courage, and invincible firmness; and though often apparently dull and vacant, his mind was ever pregnant with "high imaginings," and conceptions unconnected with the objects around him. His character indeed, had within it the germs of the future hero, philosopher, or bard, according to the path into which circumstances might have directed him; but I have often thought, had it pleased Providence to have spared him to a riper age, the boon of a prolonged life, would probably, have been no blessing to him; as he had far too large a share of sensibility, ever to

be happy. He was in short, the prototype of young Edwin, so beautifully portrayed by Beattie, in one of the finest of modern poems; for many were the coincidences between the turn of mind and fortunes, of Jasper Jeans, and "the minstrel." They were both

" Silent when glad ; affectionate though shy ; --
 " Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful, scene :
 " In darkness, and in storm, each found delight ;
 " Not less, than when on ocean wave serene,
 " The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene."

They were both moreover, smitten with the sacred love of song ;

Both " felt the influence of malignant star ;
 Both " waged with fortune an eternal war." —
 Both " dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown."

The *poetical talent* of my friend, indeed, formed a striking feature among his natural endowments. It was soon discovered by his cousin, Mr. Jeans, whose assistance in the school I have before adverted to; and fanned by his encouragement, and directed by his taste, it produced frequent and beautiful effusions. The success of Jasper Jeans in this department of literary composition, awakened in *me* a strong desire to signalise myself in a similar manner; an ambition, attended with an amusing result. I had not, indeed, as yet attempted the weaving

of couplets ; but, recollecting the answer of the ingenious wight, to the question, “John can you *write?*” — “I don’t know master, for I *never tried,*” — I concluded, that the gift *might* be in me, though its developement had not hitherto been manifested. I beheld my friend coining stanzas, with the rapidity and facility of the man in Horace, *stans pede in uno* ; and my self-complacency saw no reason, why I should not be an equally expeditious and successful manufacturer of “immortal verse:” besides, whispered vanity, “as you beat him in Latin hexameters, why not in English ones also?” In vain the old and true adage, *Poeta nascitur non fit*, stared me in the face. I could see no reason why nature should make a poet, rather than a carpenter ; and determined, in spite of a volume of “grave saws,” to erect myself, *instanter*, into a bard. A tempestuous night afforded a fine subject for my struggling muse ; and the next morning, after severe exertions, and innumerable trials, I elaborated, at the expense of a terrible headache, about twenty lines, of which the following stanza still retains a place in my recollection ; engraven there, by a natural strong parental fondness, for the first bantling of my youthful muse.

“ ON A MIDNIGHT STORM.

“ Now the slow thunder, awful, rolls along,

“ And sings divine the bass of heavenly song :

“ While quicker lightnings cross th’ ethereal way,
“ And lend to night, a transient gleam of day.”

My seat in the school-room, was close to the capacious rostrum of the master, at the upper end of this antique apartment; and I made a display of my sheet of poetry, in order to attract his notice. “ What have we here, Warner;” said he, taking up the paper — “ Eh, English verses, I see; are they your own? — “ Yes, “ Sir,” replied I — “ Stand up then, by all means, my boy, and read them to us.” — Glad at the heart, I instantly obeyed; resolved to throw into my recitation of the sublime lines, all the graces of impressive declamation. Beginning at the very bottom of my voice, I repeated the first line in as sepulchral a tone as I could command; making solemn pauses between the several emphatic words; and gently raising my right-hand towards the sky, to indicate that the “ pudder” about to be described, was “ o’er our heads.” The second line required a still graver and more *deliberate* delivery; and my efforts to be striking, both in intonation and action, were proportionally increased. But here my further progress was suddenly arrested. The *exquisite bathos* of this incomparable line, quite overcame the gravity of my master, and of a much better critic, the Rev. Mr. Jeans, who was sitting by his side. They fell back into their seats in

unresisted cachinnation. The peal was instantly contagious. The boys took up the roar; which, like my own thunder, "awful rolled along" from form to form; till every lad in the school, great and small, had enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of the *soi-disant* poet. I stole, amidst the hubbub, quietly to my place; seated myself with any thing but triumphant feelings; and was effectually cured, for a time, of the itch for numbers.

It is equitably due to myself, however, to declare, that neither my own failure, nor Jasper Jeans's success, in English versification, made the slightest unpleasant impression on my mind; or, for a moment, lessened the regard which I entertained for my friend. After a thoughtful night, and due meditation on the valuable maxims: *non omnia possumus omnes* — *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, &c.: my mind settled itself in the useful conviction, that he, who like Bottom the weaver, is anxious to *play every part*, will, in the end, be fit only for that of the *ass*. Thenceforth I thought no more of intellectual victory, but contented myself with the praise of co-operation; and uniting my powers with those of my friend, produced, shortly after "The Midnight Storm," a *prose tragedy* of two acts; which must have boasted more than ordinary merit, if the unequivocal applause of an audience, formed by the rest of the boarders, the cook,

housemaid, and trencher-scraper, might be deemed a fair criterion of its excellence.

With his aid, too, I arranged and completed a much more elaborate work, than the construction of a tragedy. In the town of Christ-church, a *masonic lodge* had existed for many generations. Jeans and myself had seen a funeral procession of the surviving brethren, burying a deceased member; had marked and admired their white aprons, cocked hats, and curious symbolical insignia; and had heard much of the mysterious proceedings of the society, in a public-house, adjoining to the mansion in which we dwelt. This was quite sufficient to set the *genius* of the two friends in motion. We resolved on having a masonic society; a lodge; and a secret, of our own: and having obtained from the master, an exclusive right to a summer-house in the garden; we proceeded to draw up a code of laws for the associated body, (into which all the boarders were admitted); to prepare a *secret* (the very essence of the institution); and to appoint the officers, necessary for conducting the business of the lodge. The *secret* was rather an adoption than an original manufacture; being a modification of the *puzzle* proposed by the Princess *Turandocte*, to her numerous lovers, in the Persian Tales: but, to render it marvellous to the initiated; and to prevent its being communicated by them to the *exoterics*, required much

thought and deliberation. Nor was the appointment of the *grand master* and *tyler* without its difficulty. Both Jeans and myself had a secret longing for the former dignity; and I know not how an amicable arrangement on this point could have been effected between us; had I not, fortunately, suggested, that the latter office was unquestionably, the more honourable and important of the two; as "it involved the responsible and hazardous duty, of securing the lodge from violation; the members from interruption; and the secret from detection; and that for these purposes, a *naked sword* was entrusted, exclusively, to the hand of the tyler." The last remark effectually settled the matter. Jeans, who was as fond of the implements of war, as Achilles in his youth, accepted his post: the lodge was formed, and I presided. For some months, the *business* of our meetings went on as briskly, and as much to the benefit of the public, as that of other masonic assemblies; and, I doubt not, that the existence of our lodge, would have been co-eval with the duration of the school; had not an untoward circumstance occurred, which, though it did not strangle the infant in its birth, prevented it from completing the first year of its age. The autumnal *fair-day* of Christ-church approached; and as the parents of several of the boys were then to dine with the master, Jeans and myself determined to hold a

grand lodge in the evening of the anniversary ; and to invite the parlour company to visit us in our glory, as soon as the *occult operations* of the brotherhood should be completed. The weekly pocket-money of the several members, was accordingly *tabooed*, for one month preceding the appointed evening ; thrown into a common fund ; and expended by the stewards, in apples, gingerbread, tarts, and *six bottles* of a heady concoction, humourously called by the honest vintner, *Mountain Wine*. The *dry-business* of the evening, had I conceive, upon this memorable occasion, been considerably curtailed ; since, long before the parlour guests arrived at the lodge, the bottles had been drained ; the eatables devoured ; and, the consequences of such a *symposium*, become fearfully apparent. Jeans, whose vision had been completely obscured, by the regular homage which he had paid to the president's toasts ; mistook the master's party, for a gang of interlopers ; and laid about him so stoutly with his sword, that, could he have given direction to the instrument, the entertainments of the evening, would have terminated more seriously than in a farce. The *tyler* being at length overpowered and secured, the party burst into the room ; and beheld a scene, by no means satisfactory to themselves, or creditable to the lodge. The *president* had *quitted the chair*, and lay prostrate beneath the table, amid several of his

sympathising brethren. Other members, who had preserved their centre of gravity, slumbered in their seats; and many of the remainder, afforded visible proofs of the truth of an old saying, which should be had in due remembrance at every *public feast*, that, “*abstinence* is far better “*than surfeit*”—while the causes of all these marvellous phenomena, were sufficiently obvious, in the chaotic appearance of “the board of green cloth,” strewed with fragments of the products of the *confectioner’s* shop; and crowned with half a dozen *empty bottles*.

The night’s jollification was followed by a severe reckoning in the morning: but, what grieved the president, tyler, and brethren, more than any other infliction, was the magisterial decree,—that the code of laws should be burned: the sword broken: and the lodge adjourned *sine die*.

The period at length arrived, which was to gratify the longing desire of my friend Jasper, and to launch him on the wild and wide ocean. We parted with mutual regret; and with a reciprocal promise, of writing to each other, as often as opportunities should occur for epistolary communication. He kept his engagement. I had letters from him, occasionally, till his career was terminated by a premature death: but, there was a tinge of melancholy which pervaded them all. Each successive one discovered the dissatisfac-

tion of a spirit which had not yet realised the dreams of fancy : which had still to find a resting-place ; and to obtain, “ that cruel something,” not only “ unpossessed,” but impossible to be enjoyed, because its glittering, unsubstantial form, existed only in the imagination. He found, among his new companions, no minds in unison with his own : and though the bustle and excitement of his active profession, filled up the greater portion of his time, and left him little leisure for “ moody thought ;” yet, there were occasional vacant hours, in which he sought, in vain, for a kindred spirit, with which he might hold communication, on subjects of higher and dearer concernment, than those connected with the common-place of ordinary life. These hours he spent alone ; and, as often as opportunity offered, in spots far away from “ the busy hum of men ;” where,

“ Musing and sighing with his arms across ;”

he would meditate on past mischance and future fortunes ; or unburden his spirit and embody his conceptions, in pensive or energetic numbers. I have part of a letter, among my papers, written by Jasper Jeans, under circumstances of this kind. He describes himself as seated on the level summit of the *Table Mountain*, at the Cape of Good Hope, apart from every human being ; an immensity of wild and beau-

tiful natural scenery behind him, and in front, in all its majesty,

— “ the deep, and dark-blue ocean !

— “ dread ; fathomless ; alone ! ”

At his side, he tells me, is perched his gorgeous and favourite Lewry ; his gentle Surat goat is feeding at his feet ; while Jocko, his great Gibraltar monkey, amuses himself, and his silent master, with his grotesque imitations of the larger monkey, MAN.

With the two latter quadrupeds, I afterwards became intimately acquainted ; and I must candidly confess, that their manners were not only well adapted to divert the solitary hour of my friend ; but to render *their* society far more agreeable, than the company of those repulsive bipeds — exquisites, dandies, and male and female “ fools of fashion.”

The occasion of my personal introduction to Jocko and the goat was as follows :

I had been one Sunday morning, during my holidays, to Lymington Church, and returned home the first of the family ; for all the servants were accustomed to attend divine worship. On passing the kitchen window, a singular and astounding combination of sounds, struck upon my ear — dialects, with which I was totally unacquainted ; and cries, which, whether they proceeded from anguish or delight, I was

utterly unable to determine. I entered the apartment. It was a complete menagerie. To one leg of the large oaken table was chained a *baboon*, nearly three feet high, the respectable *Jocko* above adverted to; a funny-looking, but muscular fellow, with whom, as I perceived in a moment, it would be much better to be on friendly, than unsociable terms. He appeared to be in high good humour, grinning most farcically, and chattering incessantly, to a smaller female monkey, secured on the top of the table; who returned all his fine speeches with even more than French loquacity. To the further leg of the table was tied the Surat goat; an elegant and lovely animal; with the eyes of a gazelle; black velvet ears; a coat of silk; and spiral, tapering horns; evincing by her restlessness, and short and plaintive bleat; either, her ignorance of the language in which the conversation was carrying on; or, that her delicacy was offended by the subject of it.

After a few moments of astonishment, I divined the cause and meaning of this large importation of foreign animals into my father's house; and Jeans's speedy arrival there, confirmed the truth of my supposition. He had landed from Portsmouth, with his *live stock*, (intended as a *present* for *me*) when the family were at church; secured the noisy party in the kitchen; and run down to the quay to give

directions to his crew: from whence he was again returned, to spend a short time with his old friend and former school-fellow.

The future fortunes of these various animals were of a melancholy complexion; but, as they would not *all* serve,

“ to point a moral, or adorn a tale ; ”

I omit any further mention of the slender goat, and the diminutive monkey. Let not criticism, however, think scorn of my pages, if I devote one of them to the recollection of Jocko:

“ Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,

“ The short and simple annals ”

of an unfortunate foreigner, dragged, unwillingly, from his distant home, family, and friends; whose character attracted, by his thoroughly amiable cast, when all went well and smoothly with him; and amused, with its infinite comicality, under circumstances that tried his sensitiveness, or opposed his determination. The record of his fate, may, indeed, not only gratify curiosity but interest even philosophy itself; as it will be found, to exhibit a curious example of the workings of that mysterious principle, to which, in our pride or ignorance, we give the name of *brute instinct*; but which, in instances of perpetual occurrence, either puzzles or shames, *the self-important creature of reason*.

It was quite out of the question, that the baboon should remain an inmate of my father's dwelling—with the consent, therefore, of Jeans, and the assent of the gentleman himself (the Rev. Mr. Jackson), the day was soon fixed, for his removal to the vicarage house at Christchurch. The *modus operandi*, however; the manner in which this change of abode should be effected, required some deliberation. Jocko, as I have just observed, though, in his general bearing, mild, gentlemanly, and good-humoured; was high in spirit; firm to his purpose; formidable in strength; and disdainful of coercion. Jasper Jeans alone could manage his caprice; and it was agreed, that he himself should convey our friend the twelve miles on horseback; provided I would consent to be his *compagnon de voyage*. I have often smiled at the recollection of our expedition; the appearance we made; and the astonishment we excited in the villages through which we passed—my friend in a mixed costume, partly oriental, and half-naval; a queer sort of Montero fur-cap; a jacket of mazarine blue silk; a scarlet waistcoat, thickly studded with brass buttons; and a pair of broad check trowsers; his feet at right angles with the palfrey's sides—and behind him, the baboon, embracing his neck with his arms, almost to the strangulation of the rider; and chattering, either with alarm or satisfaction, every step of his

journey. On our arrival at Mr. Jackson's, we found the most comfortable arrangements prepared for our noisy companion — a small out-house; a warm bed; and a pan of choice food; and we left him, as we thought, under every kindly omen. In fact, he did enjoy himself for upwards of a year; and might have grown grey in comfort, had not a circumstance occurred to “slit his thin-spun life,” which human foresight could not anticipate, nor man's caution prevent. It must be acknowledged, however, that Jocko's misfortune, (as is the case, I apprehend, with most of the misfortunes of which bipeds complain) grew out of his own *fault*; and that, had his *greediness* been less, his days on “this “terrene” would have been more than they were.

The second winter of his abode at the vicarage, set in with unusual severity; and Mr. Jackson, in order to arm his friend against a degree of cold to which he had been hitherto unaccustomed, kindly accommodated him with an old pair of his own *small-clothes*: and, by putting them carefully round Jocko's shoulders, intimated to him the *purpose* to which they were intended to be applied. The garment appeared to be highly acceptable to the obliged person: and, for some days, he was seen comfortably covered with the said *inexpressibles*; the divided portions hanging gracefully over his chest, something in the manner of the descend-

ing curls of a lord chief justice's official wig; and the *ample seat* (for Mr. Jackson was a large man) spreading, in a seemly manner, over his shoulders behind, and affording a genial warmth to the whole of his back. But, Jocko was a miser of his food; and not content with satisfying his own appetite with the best of it; he could not endure to part even with the *offals*, to a poor half-starved cat, who, during his slumbers, was wont, silently and secretly, to subtract them with her paw, from his trencher. After the exercise (as we may fairly suppose) of considerable thought, as to the best means of preventing such depredations in future; Jocko came to the unfortunate conclusion; that, by converting the breeches into a *pantry*, instead of a *surtout*, the desired end would effectually be obtained. Accordingly, after his next meal, disrobing himself of the protecting garment, he actually *stuffed the remains of the dinner into the two pockets; and hung the useful article of dress, upon a large nail*, that projected from the wall near the place of his repose. The expedient answered its intention: Puss was disappointed; and Jocko saved his fragments, — but the price of it was his *life*. One dreadfully cold night, the thermometer sank nearly to Zero. Jocko, unprovided with his now necessary covering, shivered to the backbone. He curled himself up in his straw — the drowsiness of death came on — and he fell

asleep to wake no more. When his master visited him the next day, to see how he had fared through the night ; he found poor Jocko,

“ A stiffened corse,
“ Stretch’d out, and bleaching in the northern blast.”

My friend Jasper, in the mean while, after remaining about two months on shore (for his ship had come home to be paid off), obtained an appointment, as midshipman, on board the *Grampus* (if my memory be faithful), a fifty gun ship ; commanded by Commodore *Thompson* ; well known, at that time, in the navy, by the appellation of the “ rhyming Thompson.” She was bound for the coast of Africa. Two days before the *Grampus* sailed from Spithead, I saw my friend for the last time.

Commodore *Thompson*, wishing to procure some of the fine and curious timber, which fringes the banks of the African rivers, for the furniture of a new house ; shortly after his arrival in Senegal, ordered a boat to go up the river for that purpose ; and gave the command of it to *Jeans* ; who was delighted at this favourable opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. The purser and surgeon begged to be his companions ; and the party, to the amount of nearly twenty, proceeded up the river. But their arrangements for the expedition had been fatally imperfect. They had omitted to take with

them, *tents* of sufficient thickness, to resist the penetrating and destructive *dews* of Africa. Their first night's *bivouack* amid the woods, proved fatal to most of the party. In the morning, scarcely a man had resisted the influence of the fell destroyer: and before the following night, my young friend Jasper Jeans; the two warrant officers; and several of the sailors had ceased to breathe. *

* Commodore Thompson was the author of "the Sailor's Letters," and several other professional poems. He must have been deeply hurt at the melancholy fate of poor Jeans, and his comrades, as no man exceeded him in kindness of feeling, and tenderness of heart. His officers, one and all, loved; and the sailors adored, him. Perhaps, towards the *latter*, he might be somewhat too indulgent, for he could not endure to witness a flogging; and after the first or second stroke, would put his hands before his eyes, and order the unfortunate tar to be released from the bilboes. I have been informed, by a friend of mine, a brave old naval officer, who sailed with Thompson, that his popularity in the service was almost unparalleled, from the sweetness of his temper, and benevolence of his nature. Whilst serving in the West Indies, Sir George Rodney, who had a great regard for Thompson, desired to speak with him. "Thompson," said he, "I shall appoint you to the command of ———," naming a large line-of-battle ship. "What?" replied the other, "I thought, Sir George, you had always been my firm friend." — "Assuredly I am; and do not I now give you the best possible proof of my being so?" — "By no means:" returned the commodore, "you know that I *cannot manage* a crew of three hundred men; and yet you would impose upon me the burthen of at least double the number. — No! my dear Sir George; I must decline, though with great gratitude, your intended

A few weeks after the melancholy occurrence, I heard the sad tidings of it from a relation of my deceased school-fellow. My feelings were then fresh; my sorrows had been few; and the shock of the news was proportioned to the warmth of the one; and to my happy inexperience in the discipline of mental suffering—the *pang* which I experienced at this calamitous loss of my dear and early friend, was, I well remember, a severe one; and though the “changes and chances” of eight-and-forty years have deprived it of its *poignancy*; yet, neither

“kindness.” The same friend informed me, that Thompson rendered himself peculiarly agreeable to his officers, by the courteous and gentlemanly manner in which he behaved to them, when on duty; and contrasted it, with the rigid disciplinarian behaviour of the late renowned and gallant Lord St. Vincent; who, however highly esteemed in the navy, was thought to be more attentive to unimportant punctilio, than might be absolutely necessary. He confirmed his statement by the following anecdote: It is customary when an inferior officer addresses his commander, on duty, to uncover his head; and the service directs, that he should hold his hat down, with a *straight arm*. Captain ———, (now a titled admiral,) attended Lord St. Vincent to receive orders; and, according to etiquette, pulled off his hat. He had not, however, *straightened his arm*. — “*Lower, Sir;*” said his lordship. He was obeyed: but the limb was not as yet quite *stiff*. — “*Lower still,*” cried the commander in chief. But this was too provoking; and in despite of the rules and forms of the service, the blunt tar roared out, “Not to the King, by G--d!”

time nor events, will ever obliterate its *image* from my mind.

Fain would I have thrown a fairer garland on the grave of one, who, had he been “smiled” upon by “Fortune,” would not have been “unknown” to “Fame;” but the tribute, though trifling, is consecrated by the feeling of mournful and affectionate recollection, with which it is offered:—

Heu miserande Puer! —

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque—

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani

Munere!

My progress in scholarship, after Jeans left Christ-church, was, I am free to own, neither so rapid, nor steady, as it had been hitherto, and ought still to have been. Having now no competitor to stimulate my exertions, I became somewhat idle as far as regarded “the mighty ancients;” and occupied much of that time, which should have been devoted to *dry fagging*, in reading all the modern publications on which I could lay my hands. As I had fixed my wishes, however, on the church, for my profession in life; and had a certainty, as I conceived, of being soon placed, (though rather late in youth) on the *foundation* of Winchester College; I did not altogether neglect those studies, which were essential as preparations for both; and, by the time when

my removal to the latter seminary arrived ; it was the opinion of those, who were competent to form a judgment on the subject, that I was not altogether unqualified, to fill a respectable situation, in one of the first public schools in the kingdom. The grounds on which I built my conviction, of speedily becoming a *Winchester boy* (for they are not, like Etonians, *men* at ten or twelve years of age) were these. A gentleman (whose name I charitably conceal, as I apprehend he is still living, in extreme old age) a friend of my father's ; and on terms of strict intimacy with my family ; had long faithfully promised, that the year in which he should become *Poser*, he would give me his nomination for the foundation. The year at last arrived ; our friend obtained his office ; and renewed his engagement, to exercise his right in my behalf. As the day of election approached, my heart beat high with the hope of distinguishing myself at the examination ; and entering this venerable nursery of future sages, with laurels blooming on my brow — I looked forwards to a fellowship of New College, as the sure reward of my merit, or exertions ; and beheld, in dim perspective — not the humble vicarage, or snug rectorial residence ; but, the ample mansion of the deanery ; and the lofty Gothic turrets of the Episcopal Palace. It had been my good fortune, previously to this time, to obtain the notice of a gentleman, then con-

nected with Winchester school ; but, who now, (venerable alike for age, and learning, and piety and virtue,) adorns that episcopal bench, to which, for many years, he has been deservedly raised. He had already, obligingly pointed out the studies to which I should direct my attention, as a proper introduction to that course on which I should enter at Winchester : and now suggested to me the classical passage, which I might select for my speech at the examination. It was the fine invocation to the infernal gods, in the VIth book of the *Æneid* ; and the twenty-four succeeding lines. To say that *I got these by heart*, is telling, only what every boy of eight years old, ought to be able to do with ease : but, few can conceive the labour I bestowed, on the *manner* in which I should *recite* them : how I weighed the import of each separate word, and strove to give it, its appropriate emphasis : how I studied every pause, and tried the effect of every intonation : how I endeavour'd (in observance of Hamlet's directions to the players) "not to saw the air too much with my hand ;" but, to "suit the action to the word ; the word to the action ; and not o'er step the modesty of Nature." Complete, at length, *in my part*, I joyfully mounted my father's *one horse chay*, that was to convey us to Winchester. We entered the College quadrangle at the hour which had been appointed by the poser ; whom, to my

inexpressible satisfaction, my vigilant eye immediately discovered, in company with several other of those formidable examiners, before whom I was shortly to appear. On perceiving my father and his companion, this gentleman soon approached us; tho' by no means with so alert a step, or free an air, as hitherto, on all occasions, he was wont to manifest. "My dear Mr. Warner," said he, (squeezing my father affectionately by the hand) "I scarcely know whether I am glad to see you and your son here, or not: for, alas! circumstances of so delicate a nature have arisen since we last met, as imperatively demand of me, that I should request to be liberated from the promise, which I so *incautiously* made to you, so long ago. You know, my very dear friend;" (still holding the hand, and giving it a more impressive grasp) "that I am chaplain to Lud S——; that I owe every thing to him; that I expect every thing from him: and that to give his Ludship umbrage, would ruin all my future hopes. Now, it most unfortunately happens, that his Ludship has a young connection, whom he *makes a point* of bringing into college this year, on the foundation; and he looks to me, to gratify his wish. — Now, my excellent friend, you must be fully aware, that it is quite impossible, to resist the strong solicitations of a Lud, and a patron; and therefore,

“ though with infinite regret, I feel compelled to oblige his Ludship — but — a — at any *future time* ——” My father turned from him with indignation ; while I, like Virgil’s hero, stood aghast, and dumb-founded :

Obstupui ; steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.

The first impulse of the minds of both, was, to retrace our thirty miles ; return to our home ; and swallow our disappointment with what appetite we might : but, the gentleman before mentioned, at whose suggestion I had learned my speech, over-ruled our determination ; by stating, that as I had come up for examination, it would be discreditable to me to return without undergoing it. The observation roused my pride ; and I instantly resolved, not only to appear before the awful synod of examiners ; but to give my speech in such a style, as would fully convince them of the *magnitude of their loss* in not securing *me* as a member of the college. In order to produce the *greater effect*, I reserved myself for the *last* recitation. The room was full of wigs and gowns ; among which were those of old Tom Warton ; who impressed an indelible recollection of his good-humoured face, upon my mind ; by the pat of approbation which he conferred upon my head, when I had repeated my Virgilian lines.

My oratory did not, I apprehend, want animation; for it was exerted under the mingled emotions of anger; wounded pride; mortification; and an ardent desire of distinction, and applause. Nor was the effort unrewarded. I had the satisfaction of hearing a general approbation bestowed upon it; and the excellent head master, Dr. Warton, as universally beloved as known, immediately exclaimed, in his usual quaint manner: "Adad; very well. A very good boy. We must have you among us. Adad Sir! you must come into *commoners*."

But, the die was cast. The election came on. Lord S——t's connection was chosen on the foundation. I bade adieu to the only possible chance I had of becoming a member of Winchester College; and *the waste of seven years of my subsequent life*, was the consequence of my disappointment. In the mean time, the grand deceiver broke his word: blasted my delightful anticipations: and lost the friendship of my father:—but, he found an excuse and consolation for all, in having *obliged the Patron Lord*.

Once more I went back to Christ-church school; but, it was with a heavy heart, and a disturbed spirit. My sanguine hopes were crushed: my long-cherished schemes dissipated. I became the prey of that recklessness, which grows out of unutterable disappointment: I felt careless about my studies; and my wish for the

clerical profession evaporated. But, it was necessary that I should determine on some employ, (for the choice was left to myself) and it was not surprising, that, under existing circumstances, and in my then frame of mind, I should fix upon the *naval Service*. It promised activity and variety; adventure and glory: all, exciting objects to a spirit ill at ease. The ocean too, was ever spread before me:

“Dark-heaving; boundless; endless; and sublime.”

I sported often, on, and in, its waves; and, like Byron, had become familiar with his “mane:”—add to this, Jeans, my confidant, was, as I conceived, already reaping laurels, on this noble element; and another youth, then a favourite school-fellow, and now a gallant friend of mine—a naval baronet who has realized the promise of his boyhood, and done the State much important service*

* I trust, that I shall not wound the delicacy of my excellent friend Sir Harry Burrard Neale, Bart., Vice Admiral of the Red, and Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, in dwelling, for a moment, on some of those professional services, which have intimately, and honourably, identified him with the naval records of his country; and which are recollected with pride and pleasure, by the intimates of his youth, and the attached friends of his more advanced age. Every public man, indeed, is a sort of public property: and celebrity, in any department of the State, must be content to pay the tax of listening to applause.

Omitting the many minor services of a life, more than half of which, has been spent upon the ocean; I would

— was preparing for the same adventurous calling: and further, I had the prospect of being

merely refer, to the following splendid instances of bravery; firmness; presence of mind; and sound discretion, exhibited in the professional career of this able commander.

1st. His action on the 9th of March 1797, off Point St. Matthieu, (close in with Brest, and in sight of the ships in that harbour,)—when, commanding the *St. Fiorenzo* frigate, and in company with *La Nymphe*, commanded by Captain Cooke, he fought and captured the two French frigates, *La Resistance* and *La Constance*.

2d. His action in the *St. Fiorenzo*, (accompanied by the *Amelia*, then in a crippled state from a gale of wind, commanded by the Hon. Captain Herbert,) with three French frigates and a gun vessel, aided by a battery on shore, on the 9th April 1799, close in with Bellisle:—when, after a desperate conflict of an hour and fifty minutes, the enemy, beaten and shattered, bore up for the Loire; the crippled state of the *Amelia*, rendering pursuit impracticable. Of these two actions, N. Pococke published excellent engravings.

3d. His behaviour at the Nore, in 1797:—when, anchored with mutinous ships on each side of the *St. Fiorenzo*, he determined, at every risque, to free himself from his desperate situation, and to set a brilliant example to the deluded crews around him, of duty, loyalty, and patriotism. He communicated his firm resolve to his gallant ship's company. They begged to go below. The moment of their absence, must have been a tremendous one: for it was shrouded in mystery, and big with fate. But, quick was their re-appearance, dressed in their Sunday jackets: when, hand and heart, they swore to stand by their brave captain, to the last drop of their blood. The sails were accordingly hoisted; the cables cut; and, amid the fire of the surrounding men of war, the *St. Fiorenzo* reached the offing, and escaped. A letter of thanks to the commander, and a sum

immediately appointed a midshipman, on board the *Romulus*, a noble frigate of four and forty guns. Thus circumstanced, I repeat, the marvel was not great, that I should fix my affections on the sea; and write to my father, proposing this change in my future destination. I waited two days, impatiently, for an answer to my letter;

of money for the crew, of the *St. Fiorenzo*; were sent, through the first Lord of the Admiralty, to Sir Harry Burrard Neale, on this occasion.

4th. His conduct at Algiers in 1826, as commander in chief of the Mediterranean fleet: where he gathered a laurel the more valuable and pure, as it was bloodless: — when, by the rare union of high spirit, and consummate judgment: inflexible firmness, and discreet forbearance: he completely obtained the object of the blockade, without the sacrifice of a single life.

Before I close this note, I would introduce into it an interesting little anecdote, connected with Sir Harry Burrard Neale's capture of *La Resistance*, and *La Constance*. It is customary in all cases where an enemy's ship of war is taken, to promote the first Lieutenant of the victorious vessel. An application was made to the then first Lord of the Admiralty, for the awarding of this usual compliment, to the first Lieutenant of the *St. Fiorenzo*. The application was not complied with. Shortly afterwards, Sir Harry met the first Lord of the Admiralty at Portsmouth; and begged to know the reason why his solicitation had been refused. The official authority answered, that he believed it was not usual, to confer such promotion, *when a fleet happened to be in sight*. The emphatic response of Sir Harry, must rather have astonished his Lordship — “My Lord: the *only* fleet “in sight, was the FRENCH FLEET.”

and on the evening of the second, received the following epistle from home.

“ You are, I trust, my dearest child, sufficiently convinced of my paternal affection for you ; and that I have ever been anxious, to place you in such a situation, as would be most agreeable to yourself.

“ I am of your way of thinking with respect to the gown ; but, the profession you have pointed out, will be attended with far more difficulties and hardships, than you are at present aware of. The differences between a land, and a sea-faring life, are very great : of which you, at present, can have no idea. Besides, it has requisites, of which every one is not possessed ; such as a strong constitution, robust health, and a high spirit. How you feel yourself, in these respects, you are the best judge : and as to merit, my dear boy, that is very often overlooked. I have thought of the *Law* ; as Mr. H. has been indefatigable to serve you at the college ; but without success. When I mentioned the law to him, he much approved of it ; and told me he had a friend at W. in that line, to whom he would strongly recommend you.

“ Now, my dear child, you may easily guess, which of these two professions would be most agreeable to myself, and your dearest

“ mother — but, if your inclination be so strongly
“ bent upon the sea, that you cannot fix, with
“ pleasure, on any thing else ; we can only say,
“ GOD’S WILL BE DONE : and pray for his bless-
“ ing upon you !

“ I hope however, that you’ll consider very
“ seriously on the subject ; as at present, pro-
“ bably, your inclination for the Navy, may have
“ proceeded from disappointment ; and may va-
“ nish, when you come coolly to think upon the
“ very many hardships, constantly attendant on
“ such a mode of life.

“ I purpose being at Christ-church, *as soon*
“ *as I am able to ride* : and am

“ Your ever affectionate father,

R^D. WARNER.

Sorry should I be for that youth, on whose mind a letter such as the above, evidently written in anguish and in sickness, did not make the wished-for impression. I passed the night (and I am not ashamed to say it) *in tears* ; for it was a bitter struggle, between ardent inclination, and filial affection ; but, I rose in the morning, determined to forego my own, and meet the desire of my parents. Many have been the hours of delight, with which a merciful Providence has been pleased to brighten the years of my past life : but, I know not that I ever experienced a

higher, or a purer satisfaction, than at that moment, when, having triumphed over my earnest wishes, I resolved to distil peace, on the troubled spirit of my sad and tender parents. The sunshine of *that* moment has not yet departed from me: and I feel persuaded, that my last dark hour, will be enlightened and cheered by its refreshing gleam.

CHAP. VII.

THERE are, perhaps, few states of feeling more delightful, than that which a young aspirant after literary fame experiences, (if he be blessed with healthy nerves) at the moment of the publication of his first printed work. Perfectly persuaded himself, of the comeliness of his own progeny, he is quite satisfied that others will behold it with an equally admiring eye. His glowing fancy sketches a popularity and success to his production, proportioned to the pains and pleasures, which have accompanied the invention and manufacture of the *article*; and he looks forwards to a public acknowledgment of its beauty or utility, with a joy unalloyed by apprehension; and a confidence unclouded by doubt. Happily ignorant as yet, of the dangers, disappointments, and sorrows, to which the more experienced literary *mariner* knows himself to be exposed, he regards the ocean of public opinion, on which he is about to embark, as a smooth and tranquil surface; where his “gilded vessel,”

“Youth at its prow, and pleasure at its helm,”

may hold on its laughing, prosperous course; entirely unimpeded; and universally admired. He has no idea of being *capsized* by want of *ballast*: or of *foundering* from the *weight* of his cargo: nor dreads that the bright and unruffled expanse before him, will ever be darkened by the tremendous scowl of criticism; or agitated by the stormy gusts of offended popular taste. In short, if such a thing can be predicated of any condition of humanity, the young author, on the publication of his first work, is in the enjoyment of *perfect happiness*.

It was under this "sunshine of the mind," that I published my maiden volume, — "A Companion in a Tour round Lymington: Hants."

A reluctant attention to the dry drudgery of the law, had, by no means, extinguished my taste for literature. All *study* indeed, save that of *precedents*, was suspended: but, as far as desultory reading availed for that purpose, my stores of general and varied information, continued to be gradually, though slowly, increasing. My regard, however, still pointed more especially, to antiquarian and topographical research; and long before I had bade adieu to parchment and engrossing; and matriculated at St. Mary Hall, Oxford; I had threaded, (with my pencil and memorandum-book in my hand,) all the vicinity of Lymington: the beautiful

scenery of the Isle of Wight: the southern district of the New Forest; and the different neighbourhoods of Southampton; Christ-church; Beaulieu; &c. The mass of materials collected in these various expeditions, accumulated, at length, to a large size: and I determined, no longer to reserve them for my own selfish enjoyment, but, to admit the public to a partnership in a feast, which had afforded so much gratification to the palate of the caterer.* I would not, however, attempt to conceal the fact, that this resolve was made, not altogether in the spirit of pure generosity; since I entertained no doubt, that the pleasure received by my readers, would be thrown back on myself, in the form of applause and admiration; and that my "Companion in a Tour round Lymington," would be the associate of every traveller through Hampshire; and a *stock-book* in the shops of all the best bibliopologists in the kingdom.

The *style* of its composition was not a subject of long deliberation. I had read Johnson's works with peculiar zest: and conceived, that, for a *first* essay, a more *easy* or *judicious* model could not be adopted. The imitation of his curious triads; elegant personifications; pointed

* The lines of Byron will occur to the reader:

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;

" A book's a book — although there's nothing in 't."

antitheses ; fine amplifications ; and sonorous diction ; was, to my fancy, as facile an operation, as painting a sign-post : and, not exactly recollecting, that the weight and dignity of the mighty moralist's sentiments, were ever duly proportioned to his grandiloquism ; I conceived, that a liberal use of these figures of speech, seasoned with a proper quantity of *verba sesquipedalia*, or words eighteen inches long ; would throw a majesty over my style, which should render it quite a doubtful question ; whether or not, I had at all fallen short, in the " Tour round Lymington," of the most esteemed works, of my great original. Happily for my reader, " one at least is safe," of the copies of my volume ; and that he may judge of my right to the claim of having caught the mantle of the literary Hercules, I subjoin the passages, with which it commenced, and closed : assuring him, most faithfully, that the same lofty and felicitous composition, is *kept up*, through the whole body of the work.

" To ascertain the origin, or particularize the various revolutions, of a town which makes no prominent figure in the page of history, is a task, that industry herself, finds it impossible to accomplish.

" The thick veil of obscurity, indeed, which, in a peculiar manner involves the early ages of British story, precludes even the hope of tracing with precision or perspicuity, any

“ remote occurrences relative to a place not
 “ remarkably notorious; and the historian or
 “ antiquary, who attempts to illustrate them,
 “ will find his penetration baffled, and persever-
 “ ance overcome; for his researches must com-
 “ mence from a period not very distant; beyond
 “ which all is doubt and darkness; and every
 “ recorded circumstance, wrapt in the mantle
 “ of fable, or lost in the inexplicable maze of
 “ contradiction.”

The *finale* of the duodecimo, however, exceeded, by many degrees, the loftiness of its beginning. Every succeeding page, indeed, was better than its precursor; but the concluding ones boasted an undisputed pre-eminence over all :

“ From harmony to harmony they ran :
 “ The diapason ending full in man.”

It was *here* that I threw out all my strength : and, aware how much the pleasing impression made by a work, depends on the force and spirit of its *winding up* ; it was *here*, that I concentrated all the rhetorical flourishes, of the Johnsonian style.

“ In the course of our researches, we have
 “ had occasion to visit the tottering remains of
 “ those ancient castles, where the lawless and
 “ contumacious Baron lived in almost regal
 “ pomp, a slave to passion and caprice : which

“ now gratified itself in the oppression of his un-
“ fortunate dependants; and now blazed into
“ rebellion, and open defiance of his sovereign.

“ We have noticed likewise the ponderous
“ ruins of abbeys and monasteries, where, (not-
“ withstanding their other advantages) luxury
“ rioted unrestrained: cells, in which the fright-
“ ful form of superstition was fostered, and from
“ whence she diffused her baleful influence over
“ the realm. Lastly; we have traversed a tract
“ (the New Forest) despoiled by tyranny, of
“ dwellings and inhabitants; an extent of ground
“ forcibly torn from its owners, and converted
“ into a receptacle for beasts. — A serious con-
“ sideration of these facts, and a retrospection
“ to the times of anarchy and barbarism when
“ they occurred; must surely lead the Briton of
“ the present day, to congratulate himself on
“ being born at a period, when they can be no
“ more repeated: when the power of the prince
“ is so well defined; and the liberties of the
“ subject so exactly ascertained, as to leave no
“ room for the encroachment of the one, or the
“ undue application of the other; when our re-
“ ligion breathes the spirit of mildness and tole-
“ ration; and when (beneath the grateful shade
“ of moderated liberty) our commerce flourishes;
“ the arts vegetate; and the virtues are perfected.
“ When, I say, he contemplates this glorious
“ reverse, he must feel a dilation of heart, im-

“ possible to be described : and *patriotism* may
 “ be allowed, with honest triumph to exclaim
 “ — Hail ! happy Britain ! Island favoured of
 “ Heaven ! while the nations around thee, clank
 “ the chain of *servitude*, and bend beneath the
 “ rod of *tyranny*, wielded by the arm of the
 “ *single despot*, or the *Briarean* form of an
 “ *oligarchy* or *democracy*, thou, alone, enjoyest
 “ the great and inestimable gift of *freedom*. The
 “ *jewel* which the illustrious commonwealths of
 “ antiquity sought with a pursuit equally ardent
 “ and successful, thou hast at length obtained ;
 “ and in possession of *that*, art arrived to wealth,
 “ to honour, and dominion. May its lustre be
 “ tarnished, neither by the rude gripe of *pre-*
 “ *rogative* ; the pestilential breath of *faction* ;
 “ nor the silent (though destructive) footstep of
 “ *corruption*, — but, may thy sons, duly con-
 “ scious of its transcendent worth, preserve it
 “ with care and circumspection : assured, while
 “ they retain this mighty *talisman*, thou shalt
 “ continue to be the admiration of the world ;
 “ the safeguard of thy friends ; and the terror
 “ of thy foes.”

It was in the month of May, 1789, that my
 work issued from a printing-press, at South-
 ampton. That the *immediate* wants of a public
 might be supplied, I had ordered an im-
 pression of *one thousand copies* to be struck
 off ; and requested the printer to keep the

matter standing, (every author will understand the phrase,) to furnish, with greater celerity, and at less expense, that *second* edition, which, I had no doubt would be required, in the course of a fortnight, from the appearance of the first. A large hamper of copies, as speedily as they could be boarded, was sent to a worthy little bookseller at Lymington, the literary caterer for the town; who had already received strict injunctions, to notify, in every possible manner, the sale, on a specific day, of “Warner’s Companion in a Tour,” &c. Burning with curiosity, as to the impression made on the public mind of the Lymingtonians by my work; and the success of its sale; I dropped, as if by accident, into Mr. Jones’s shop, on the *third* day of its exposure on the counter, (for no longer could I *contain*); when a dialogue, much to the following effect, took place between the writer, and the vendor of the book.

Author. “Good morrow, Mr. Jones. Delightful weather this. A glorious May. Quite tempting for a little *tour*.”

Bookseller. “Yes, sir; every thing alive, except trade. But it’s still winter with us. Dead sir, very dead!”

Author. “Sorry to hear it, Mr. Jones. However, you mustn’t be disheartened: when you get the *spring publications* from town, your shop will be crowded like a bee-hive. By the

“by, has the printer sent you a *few* copies of
“my little work?”

Bookseller. “Yes, sir, a hamper full of them ;
“250 in boards. The carriage came to 4s. 3d.”

Author. “Only 250, Mr. Jones! Will they
“be *sufficient* for a *present* supply?”

Bookseller. “Quite enough, sir.” (With a
true sardonic grin.)

Author. “Allow me then to ask you, how
“many you have *already* sold?”

Bookseller. “Two, sir.”

Author. “Two! eh! two *hundred* I presume
“you mean.”

Bookseller. “No, sir, two! one: two: man
“and wife, sir. The curate, good man, was my
“*handsel*: and Mr. Gripe, the apothecary, pur-
“chased the second copy, out of *respect*, (as he
“said,) for the *family*.”

Author. “Most marvellous! couldn’t have
“believed it, if you hadn’t told me so yourself,
“Mr. Jones. — In what a deplorable state is the
“world of letters! However, so it has ever
“been; and from the very first invention of
“printing, *we authors*, after having, as Milton
“says, ‘scorn’d delights and lived laborious
“days’ for the sake of ‘Fame,

“ ‘ (That last infirmity of noble mind)

“ ‘ Then, the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

“ ‘ And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

“ ‘ Comes the blind fury,

“ in the shape of brutish ignorance ; stubborn
 “ prejudice ; or false taste ; quashes all our hopes ;
 “ and leaves us always disappointed ; and too
 “ often pennyless. Good morning, Mr. Jones.”

The debtor and creditor account of my
 “ Tour,” was made up in about eighteen months ;
 and on its settlement, I, with some difficulty,
 scraped together, twenty-two pounds seventeen
 shillings, to discharge the balance *against the*
concern.

This omen, it must be confessed, was not
 a very encouraging one ; and ought to have
 cured my disease, in its commencement — but,
 as the sequel will show, it did *not* quench my
 “ clear spirit ;” nor make me

“ bate a jot
 “ Of heart or hope ” —

I determined to “ still bear up and steer

“ right onward ;”

fully satisfied, that, on my second voyage, I
 should be favoured with more propitious gales
 than had hitherto attended my bark ; and return
 to port, laden with an ample freight of repu-
 tation and profit.

It would be injustice, however, to my “ Com-
 “ panion in a Tour round Lymington,” to omit
 observing, that, if it did not add to the amount

of my funded property, it led, at least, to very pleasant results: that it increased the number of my acquaintance; and operated, as a sort of passport, to my intimate intercourse, with two or three families, whom I had before, only slightly known.

Though "no lord among wits," I was still "a wit among lords." I had *written* and *published a book*; a thing, heretofore, unheard of in that quarter. I had mentioned places with approbation, and names with respect; and directed the attention of the public, to seats, and parks, and mansions, as yet unnoticed in print, but which were, thenceforwards, to become the *lions* of the district, to the visitor and traveller: a circumstance, always, and naturally, gratifying to those who possess them.

The mention of two among the number of the families with which I thus became intimate, will not, I think, be irksome to the reader; as the contrast displayed in their general habits and domestic modes of life, was curious and amusing. Their residences, and the inmates which occupied each, were then familiar to me. The latter have, for many years, quitted the bustling scene of temporal being: and the former have long been inhabited by those, who, unto me, are strangers.

VINCENT HAWKINS GILBERT, Esq. was the most celebrated fox-hunter, in the south of Eng-

land. I had often met him in the field, before our acquaintance commenced, and been struck, with his bold, but judicious riding; his perfect management of the pack; and his clear, powerful, and animating "Tally-Ho!" but, I had no conception of the style of his sporting appointments; the completeness of his kennel; or the economy of his household; till an invitation to *Lamb's Corner*, the place of his residence, enabled me to witness, admire, and I may add, marvel at them all. Mr. Beckford, the author of the elegant Treatise on Hunting, (himself an adept in the sports of the field,) had paid a visit to *Lamb's Corner*, long previously to my sojournments in the house; and expressed his pleasure and admiration at the excellence of Mr. Gilbert's hounds; and the *scientific* manner, (if fox-hunting may be deemed a science,) in which every thing connected with his kennel establishment, was adjusted and conducted. In the latter editions of his work, Mr. Beckford frequently alludes to Mr. Gilbert, (though not by name,) and quotes his authority, on many points, as that of a thorough sportsman. He brings forward also a little trait, which was quite characteristic, of the person in question; who, though a real gentleman, in his general bearing; would sometimes suffer the zeal of the chase, to swallow up his usual good manners. "An acquaintance of "mine," says he, "a good sportsman, but a

“ warm man, when he sees the company pressing
 “ too closely upon his hounds, begins with crying
 “ out, as loudly as he can, — ‘ Hold hard. ’ —
 “ If any one should persist after that, he goes
 “ on, moderately at first, — ‘ I beg, sir, you will
 “ stop your horse. ’ — ‘ Pray, sir, stop. ’ — ‘ Heaven
 “ bless you, sir, stop. ’ — ‘ D—n your blood, sir,
 “ stop your horse. ’ ”

That he should be tenacious of the laws of the field, however, and anxious that his hounds might have fair play, was by no means extraordinary; since they were not only the finest pack (*longo intervallo*) that ever fell under my limited observation; but were generally considered, as the *crack* one through all the south of England. They would not have lost in a comparison, with those of the princely sportsman in Shakspeare:

“ My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 “ So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
 “ With ears, that sweep away the morning dew;
 “ Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulls;
 “ Slow in pursuit; but match'd in mouth like bells,
 “ Each under each.”

Remarkable, however, as the kennel department of Mr. Gilbert's establishment might be, the interior economy of the family at *Lamb's Corner*, presented phænomena to the visitor, which moved his wonder, more than any of the out-of-door arrangements. They were, sooth to say, such as I had never seen before, and have

never since had an opportunity of witnessing : for, as Mr. Gilbert was a bachelor, none of those regularities, and nice indications of a “ well-ordered home” were visible, for which man must be indebted, exclusively, to the care, taste, and good feeling, of delicate, affectionate, and virtuous *woman*.

Mr. Gilbert’s father had built a very pleasant mansion on his property at *Lamb’s Corner* ; but died, just previously to its completion. The new residence, however, did not suit the taste of the son ; who, though by no means devoid of polish and courtesy, preferred living at an ordinary farm-house, a few hundred yards distant from it : an abode, which, as far as my observation extended, could certainly boast none of the elegancies, and but very few of the comforts or conveniences, of common civilized life. Not a bell, I apprehend, was to be found under the roof ; the only summons of the servant at meals, being the roar of the host ; who thundered out the monosyllable “ Jack,” accompanied by an “ Halloo,” sufficiently sonorous, to rouse the slumbering hounds in the adjoining kennel, and excite them to a full-cry accompaniment. The bed in which I slept, had never known a curtain ; nor did any shutter or hanging at my window, protect the occupier of the room for the time being, from being an object of public curiosity. This, however, was a matter of but slight im-

portance, on two accounts: the house buried deeply in the recesses of the New Forest, stood far removed from the gaze of the inquisitive or impertinent eye; and the hour of rising, was sufficiently early, to secure the operations of the toilette, from the observation of any curious speculator from without. In proportion to the distance of the point on which the hounds threw off, a tremendous "tally-ho" was uttered by the whipper-in, under each window, either at three, four, or five o'clock in the morning: a summons incontinently obeyed: and, in a few minutes, the whole party, duly equipped in buck-skin, boots, and spurs, and ready for starting, were assembled in the parlour. But, a ceremony of no slight importance, remained to be observed, ere the horses were crossed. A lordly round of beef; a goodly gammon; or a half-dissected goose, spread its charms upon the table; flanked on this side, by

" the brown October, drawn
" Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
" Of thirty years;"

and supported on the other, by the "cordial-bottle," filled "with fiery juice:" offering sure defences against the chill of a November twilight; the damp of the forest covers; and the miasma of its extensive bogs: nor, were the Nimrods of whom I speak,

(“ Unlike their puny sons of modern days ;”)

at all backward, in drawing largely on these antidotes against bodily ill. *Despatch*, indeed, was the watch-word : but, great was the havock of the moment ; and all but miraculous, the disappearance of the viands. The chase followed, with all its ecstasies and misadventures — its glorious run ; desperate leaps ; hair-breadth 'scapes ; and successful termination, evidenced by poor Reynard's brush in the cap of the huntsman — together with its grievous falls ; broken heads ; dislocated shoulders ; limping dogs ; lamed horses ; and jaded riders.

The hour of the *dinner* (next to the *run*, the most important feature of the day) would, of course, be rather uncertain. Come, however, when it might, the aspect of the substantial repast, and the complexion of the Bacchanalian orgies after it, could only be equalled by the admirable *Flemish* picture, painted by Thomson, in the *early* editions of his “ Seasons,” of the scene which succeeded to the Fox-chase in the days of the Poet :

“ But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide :
 “ The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 “ Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 “ From side to side ; in which, with desp'rate knife,
 “ They deep incision make, &c. &c. &c.” *

* Thomson's Works, 4 vols. Millar, 1766. Autumn, vol. i. p. 132.

In truth, the system of living at Lamb's Corner, when I first became acquainted with its owner, was such, as I verily believe, has, at this period, no parallel in England; and the only resemblance of it, which I discover within the last 150 years, is the account given by Mr. Hutchins in his History of Dorsetshire, of the far-famed sportsman, Mr. Hastings, in the time of Charles the Second.

Each alternate day, during the whole of the hunting season, with only occasional interruptions, Mr. Gilbert's noble pack was in the field: and for the month or five weeks, which the *Grovely Hunt* spent, annually, at Lyndhurst; every keen sportsman who had horses and strength equal to the exertion; enjoyed the chase, and shared the revel, nearly six days out of the seven.

But, heavy is the tax levied in the end, on wild enjoyment and irregular pleasure. Hard riding and hard living are very far from being favourable to longevity. Mr. Gilbert was a powerful man; not much above the middle height, indeed, but well-knit and muscular: "with Atlantean shoulders broad," calculated to sustain the heavy weight of lengthened years; had they been passed in greater quiet, and less exhausting habits. His infinite good-humour, and kindness and generosity of spirit, would, of themselves, have done much to secure to him

vigour of health to an advanced age ; if incessant fatigue, and a too liberal hospitality, had not counteracted their wholesome influence. His stomach became disordered, and in the very mid-day of life, he died at Cheltenham, about twenty-five years ago ; to the irreparable loss of every thorough sportsman within twenty miles of *Lamb's Corner* : and to the sincere regret of a large circle of very sincere and attached friends.

In strong opposition to the foregoing sketch, of the almost Ferine domestic system at the residence of Vincent Hawkins Gilbert, Esq., may be placed an outline of the family at NEW-TOWN PARK, near Lymington ; with whom I became intimate at the period which has just engaged my attention ; and spent much of my time, for a few succeeding years.

The possessor and occupant of this place was Sir JOHN HADLEY D'OYLEY, Bart. ; who had bought the property shortly after his return from India, about the year 1789. The mansion, though a modern, handsome, and considerable structure, did not exactly suit the large establishment and hospitable views of the generous purchaser : and additions and alterations were speedily determined on, and completed ; in order to proportion its accommodations, to the gay display of oriental magnificence, which it was intended to exhibit. The result of this

expenditure, could not be otherwise than satisfactory to the visitors at Newtown Park (more especially the youthful ones), however it might have fallen short of the *beau ideal* of elegance, which Sir John and Lady D'Oyley had been desirous of embodying at their new residence. In short, it was almost a fairy scene; or rather, an approach to a realisation, of some of the pictures, painted in the bewitching pages of the *Persian Tales* or *Arabian Nights*. No modification of Eastern luxury was wanting, which our rude climate could produce; or to which it was adapted. The spacious apartments were almost always crowded with the high-born and titled; the rich; the beautiful; and the accomplished: and the banquet, and gala; the concert, and the dance, succeeded each other in a never-ending routine.

But, the goddess of fantastic pleasure, was not the only genius that presided at Newtown Park. There was much of the intellectual, mingled with the voluptuous: and I recollect no epoch of my life, in which I was fortunate enough to come in contact, and associate, with so many gifted and enlightened characters, as at this attractive mansion. Some few are yet alive,

Rari nantes in gurgite vasto;

from whose society and conversation at Sir John D'Oyley's I experienced delight, and derived

information : and when I enumerate among those of his guests, who are now no more, the names of the late Lords Charlemont ; Mornington ; and Haywarden : Sir Joshua Reynolds ; Warren Hastings ; Colonel Mitford ; Major Scott ; Nathaniel Brassy Halhed ; Sullivan ; Devaynes, &c. : it will not be doubted, that a young man, anxious to enlarge the stores of his mind, *might* have imbibed no small improvement, from a free intercourse with men of such acknowledged talent, or diversified acquirement.

The mild, amiable, and benevolent character of Sir John D'Oyley ; and the *naïveté* ; innocent hilarity ; and unbounded generosity, of his lovely lady (the widow of Mr. Coates, whom he had married in India), threw, at the same time, a charm over the magic circle, that completed its fascination ; and it wounds my spirit to reflect, that a *vision* of such enchantment, should have been succeeded by *realities*, melancholy to the parties who were principally concerned ; and painful to those who entertained for them a sincere and disinterested regard. An expenditure disproportioned to Sir John's ample fortune ; pecuniary losses in quarters where he should have found only honour and gratitude ; and ruinous impositions, on the part of numerous unprincipled domestics ; all combined to render a removal of his family from Newtown Park to a less encum-

bering residence, every way desirable. An elegant cottage, which he built at Milford, near Lyminster, was fondly marked out, as the scene of an improved economy; and the retreat of remaining years. But, alas, neither of these projected results followed Sir John's change of abode. A munificent hospitality, though on a more contracted scale, was still the character of his house-keeping; similar depredations and impositions continued to be practised upon his income. In a few years, the beautiful premises at Milford were sold: an accident ruined Lady D'Oyley's health, and distorted her form; she died at Cheltenham, to the unutterable grief of her attached husband: and Sir John returned to India; where, in the full confidence of the directors, he again filled an honourable post in the Company's service. But his enjoyment of it was short. Paralysis attacked him; and in the month of January 1818, he fell a victim to incurable disease; to a deadly climate; and lacerated feelings: leaving behind him, a name unspotted by any just or merited reproach; and a memory dear to multitudes whom he had befriended; and to all with whom he had held familiar intercourse. *

* Sir John Hadley D'Oyley, Bart., was the sixth baronet, in lineal succession, from Sir William D'Oyley, Knt., who was created a baronet 29th July, 1663. The second baronet, Sir William D'Oyley, married Miss Hadley, sister

Many are my recollections of Sir John D'Oyley's generous and high-minded conduct, during the course of my acquaintance with him : but, perhaps, no instance of it is better deserving mention, than his devotion to the cause of his bosom friend, Warren Hastings, under his cruel persecution of a seven years' trial. The steadiness of his friendship, and the energy of his exertions, indeed, on this occasion, were above all praise. Time, trouble, and expense, seemed as nothing in his estimation, when weighed against the interests of his friend. Mr. Hastings had been Sir John's patron in India. Under the favour of the governor-general, the young writer had risen to riches and honour. The obligation was never forgotten : and the gratitude which grew out of a sense of it, continued to be a strong feeling in Sir John's bosom to his

of Lady Torrington; an alliance which introduced that prenomen into the family. Sir John's father was the Rev. Sir Hadley D'Oyley, who died 1765 : and his eldest son is the present Sir Charles Hadley D'Oyley, Bart., possessing an honorable and lucrative post in India; the heir of all his father's virtues; high-mindedness; and generosity; the patron of the arts; and the encourager of literature in all its branches.

Sir John D'Oyley married Diana, daughter of William Rochford, Esq.; niece of Robert, the first Earl of Belvidere; and widow of William Coates, Esq., of Calcutta. Sir John had been senior merchant on the Bengal establishment; and collector of Calcutta.

dying day. On every important crisis of Mr. Hastings' trial, he was constantly at hand, in London, to consult, advise, and assist. Week after week ; and month after month ; he attended the accused party, in the box appropriated for his reception, in Westminster Hall ; the theatre of this important investigation. On one occasion, I accompanied Sir John to the trial ; and while I witnessed his strict attention to the proceedings ; and his assiduity in taking notes of them ; I could not but remark, from the play of his features, and the flushings of his countenance, how powerfully the persecution of his friend, moved and troubled his own generous spirit. The scene altogether, indeed, was such an one, as must have affected even the most indifferent spectator. With the exception of the " commemorations of Handel," in Westminster Abbey (at two of which I was present), Mr. Hastings' trial, on the day I obtained admission to it, exhibited a spectacle, gorgeous and striking, beyond any I have ever contemplated — the most august apartment in Europe ; crowded with the larger proportion of the members of both houses of parliament ; and an immense number of the first nobility, and most leading gentry in the kingdom ; all, either in court dresses, or fashionable attire : the band of accusers, men of the brightest talents, and rarest attainments, ranged in formidable array against

their expected victim : and Burke, pouring out his “breathing thoughts, and burning words,” to a charmed or electrified audience. But, stricken for a moment as the *imagination* might be with delight or wonder, at the picture presented to it—there was *one* feature in the scene, which quickly arrested and fixed the attention ; and soon entirely absorbed ; affected ; and impressed the mind : — the impeached personage himself (supported by his *fidus Achates*, Sir John D’Oyley), exposed to the gaze of the mighty multitude, and listening to his own crimination ; but, sitting in dignified composure, and with unmoved countenance ; (save, when a rash assertion, or a hardy falsehood, curled his lip with a contemptuous smile ; or, a base allusion to *her*, who was dear to him as his own honour, tinged his cheek with a momentary blush of indignation ;) and embodying in a visible reality, the poet’s animated description of the imperturbable firmness of the *upright man*, under circumstances the most agitating and appalling : —

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida ; —
 — *Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus* —
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Often have I meditated upon, and all but envied, the delightful feelings with which Sir John D'Oyley must have performed this, and other offices of grateful affection, to his early and steady friend, Warren Hastings; but, it would be difficult to conceive the degree of pleasure he must have experienced, when, on the 23d of April, 1795, the impeached governor-general, in defiance of the stupendous talents embodied against him, was *honourably acquitted*; and when (a few years subsequently) after his examination before the commons, respecting the charter of the India Company; on his retiring from the house, the whole body of members present, arose from their seats, as a testimony of their high consideration of his character and worth.

It was but natural that I should feel a *particular* respect for the memory of Mr. Hastings, as he conferred on me more than one especial favour; but, independently of this cause of partiality, it was quite impossible to mix much in his society, without a strong personal esteem for the man, growing out of such an agreeable intercourse. In his general manner, there was that attractive mildness; and in his disposition, that natural sweetness; which at once conciliate regard, and create confidence; whilst his powerful genius, great attainments, and comprehensive knowledge, were so much softened down by innate

modesty, and polished courtesy; as entirely to preclude that feeling of embarrassment, which the humble-talented are so apt to experience, in the presence of those, who are greatly their superiors in understanding and wisdom. It is needless to say, that the conversation of such an accomplished man, must have had peculiar charms; for his store of information was unbounded, and his readiness to communicate it, great and unaffected. Much of it is treasured in my memory; and many of his interesting anecdotes occur to me at this moment; which, could I tell them with his point and accuracy, I would, without hesitation, present to the reader. One, however, is at his service: which, relating a *simple fact*, “needs not” therefore, “the foreign aid of ornament;” and though given at second hand, runs no risk of being exaggerated or distorted.

Our conversation happening to turn on one occasion, on the *jugglers* of India, their extraordinary performances, sleights of hand, and general deceptive skill; I asked Mr. Hastings whether he had ever witnessed any of their feats, for which he had been unable to account, on those principles, which are usually applied to their explanation. He acknowledged, that he had frequently seen such singular deceptions by these men, as he would not venture to relate in general society, lest he should be suspected

of credulity; or charged with exercising “the privilege of a traveller;” and that once, a trick had been performed in his presence, the *modus operandi* of which, he had never been able to conjecture. He had accepted the invitation of an Indian potentate, to a magnificent entertainment, given under a spacious pavilion or marquee. A party of jugglers formed one feature of the amusements; and a wide space within the tent was cleared, and appointed for their performances. One of the conjurors bore on his shoulders a large wicker basket, which was exhibited to the spectators, perfectly empty. After shaking it in their presence, to convince them that nothing was within it; he inverted the basket, and placed it with its opening towards the ground. Certain incantations or jabberings now succeeded; and on their completion, the juggler lifted up the basket; when, to the astonishment of the spectators, a little black woman was discovered in a sitting posture; who, to convince the company that she was real flesh and blood, started up, performed an Hindoo dance, and then rushing out of the tent, was seen no more.

The *dexterity of jugglers*, which Dugald Stewart considered as meriting a greater degree of attention from philosophers, than it has hitherto attracted, appeared to this ingenious writer, to be founded on the following principle: — “that it is

“ possible for a person by long practice, to acquire a power, not only of carrying on certain intellectual processes more quickly than other men, (for all the feats of legerdemain suppose the exercise of observation, thought, and volition) but of performing a variety of movements with the hand, before a company, in an interval of time, *too short* to enable the spectators to exert that degree of attention, which is necessary to lay a *foundation for memory*.”*

The hypothesis is acute, and satisfactory to a certain extent, and deserves to be followed up; but certainly, it will not account for *that* deception, which was practised upon the spectators in the case above related; the introduction of a human figure into the tent, and under the basket, could not be effected in so *short* an *interval of time*, as to prevent attention from being directed to it, with sufficient force or steadiness, to *lay a foundation for memory*. We must, therefore, seek some other solution, of this singular and paradoxical delusion.

* “Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind,” vol. i. p. 119. chap. 2d, of *Attention*.

CHAP. VIII.

THE PHANTASMAGORIA of *Newtown Park*, must not be closed, till it have thrown before the reader's eye, an outline of two characters of some peculiarity; who nearly forty years ago, appeared as rather prominent figures on its glittering scene. They will stand well in apposition: for it is by no means a common occurrence, to meet, in intimate social intercourse, with such striking contrasts, in mind, manners, and opinions, as the late Colonel Anstruther, and Major Rochfort. I shall complete the exhibition, with "a biographical sketch" of another departed friend, who though, occasionally, among the same gay circle; was far better qualified to shine in the "tug of war," and in the stirring scenes of mortal conflict, than

"To caper nimbly in a lady's chamber,
" — in the weak piping time of peace."

The Honorable David Anstruther (the brother of the late Lord Newark*), and his estimable

* Lord Newark, whom I well knew, was not without his singularities. In the year 1794, I officiated, for a short time, as chaplain to Lord Cathcart's brigade, then quartered

lady, were inmates of the family at Newtown Park, at the period of my introduction to it.

at Lymington, Hants; consisting of the 42d Highlanders, and the 2d, and 19th regiments of foot. Of one of the latter, Lord Newark was Lieutenant-Colonel. He was very musical; but had no social propensities: accustomed himself to retire, long before his brother officers, to bed; and to rise at an unconscionable early hour in the morning. *Thus far*, however, no one had a right to object to his habits: he pleased himself, and could not annoy those around him; but, he would not enjoy his twilight hour in *silence*. The moment he had started from bed, he seized his vile *crowdero*; and continued rasping its unhappy strings till breakfast time, to the dreadful disturbance of his immediate neighbour, the captain of grenadiers, who never sought *his* couch till after midnight; and was, consequently, roused in his first slumber, by the harsh grating of his lordship's instrument. The captain remonstrated: but the fiddler replied, that no blame could attach to him; for if the grenadier would retire to bed, and rise from it at the same *reasonable* hours with himself, he would find no cause for complaint; and that it was very hard, another man's laziness should interfere with his *practising* upon a *favourite instrument*. The captain deliberated for a short time; and then determined to cure the evil, by giving his lordship, "a Rowland for his Oliver." He purchased a *French horn*; and, at a proper time after his lordship's departure from the mess, ascended to his own room, and applying his mouth to the sonorous instrument, blew a blast "so loud and dread," as awoke the peer in consternation and horror. A repetition of this serenade for two or three evenings, produced a remonstrance on the part of the colonel. It was quite cruel, he said, thus wantonly to interrupt his repose. The captain reminded him, that it was entirely his own fault, as he went to bed at an unreasonable time; and that it was very hard he should be prevented from *learning a favourite in-*

He had been patronised by Sir John D'Oyley in India: and appointed, through his interest, to the command of the Nabob's body guard. Entering early into the army, Anstruther had distinguished himself, not only by his gallant spirit, but his eccentricity also. A prank played off when he was very young, involved him in a duel. He fought in his flannel waistcoat. The ball of his antagonist, lodged itself in his body, and carried with it part of the garment. A skilful surgeon extracted the ounce of lead; but, it was said, that the woollen continued to be embedded in the colonel's interior, till the day of his death.

I never knew a man so gifted with those natural talents, which constitute "the funny fellow:" and those light, acquired accomplishments, which form a sure passport to fashionable society, as the late David Anstruther. Without the slightest pretensions to *wit*, he possessed that rare, but dangerous, and, too often, ill-directed *humour*, which can render the gravest persons and subjects, irresistibly ridiculous. His

strument, because another person chose to break through the common habits of social life. The remedy was effectual. Before the week concluded, the parties came to an understanding with each other; the captain gave up *learning* the French horn: and the colonel deferred his *practising* till after breakfast.

powers of *grimace*, equalled those of the two Grimaldis. When he mimicked, it was the living prototype, cast in a mould of the most laughable grotesque : and for private *theatricals*, of a comic description, few of the professional sons of Thalia, could have matched his excellence. In addition to these natural endowments, the colonel spoke many of the modern languages of Europe ; was a scientific musician ; played admirably on the violin ; sang with equal taste and humour : excelled in the mazy dance, an amusement, which, unlike the careless saunter of modern days, *then* involved agile motion, and complicated steps : and was unrivalled in every game and sport : from put to whist ; from the battledore to the cricket-bat.

It will be readily imagined, that the value of so talented an individual, as the Honorable David Anstruther, would be duly appreciated, in such " a paradise of daintie delights," as that of Newtown Park ; and afford an inexhaustible fund of mirth, to the gay circle with which it was crowded. In truth, while *he* was in company, and disposed to amuse either with his open humour, or sly mimicry, there was little cessation from the unrestrained laugh, or secret titter. But, perhaps, his power of exciting both, (in spite of every desire and resolve to preserve an unmoved gravity) was chiefly conspicuous, when he *played off* a most worthy and respectable

elderly gentleman, of primitive appearance and manners : a yeoman and a quaker ; who managed gratuitously, Sir John D'Oyley's agricultural concerns, and was frequently invited to his table. On these occasions, the burlesque effect of Anstruther's exertion of his facetious faculties, on the unconscious object of his humour, is not to be described. To preserve the risible muscles in any tolerable order, was quite impossible. But, I may truly say, I never witnessed this singular scene, (though the impulse to laugh at it was uncontrollable,) that I did not feel ashamed of my mirth ; and silently acknowledge, the superior value and respectability, of honest simplicity, and unsuspecting uprightness, to all the gifts of ridicule, and all the accomplishments of buffoonery.

Colonel Anstruther closed his eccentric career, about three years ago : a wretched wreck in his bodily frame, but unchanged in the habits of his mind and manner. " He was indeed," as Hamlet says, of Yorick, " a fellow of infinite "jest : of most exquisite humour" — but, alas ! " where," may we ask, with the meditative prince of Denmark, " where be his gibes now ? " His gambols : his songs : his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a " roar ? — Not one now to mock his own grinning. — Quite chap-fallen ! — Let him now " get to my lady's bedchamber, and tell her, that,

“let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; and *make her* laugh at that!”

Major Rochfort (a cousin of the late Lord Belvidere,) with his lady, and their perfectly-beautiful, then unmarried, daughter, added much to the attractions of Newtown Park. Female loveliness, when accompanied, as in Eliza Rochfort, by all the characteristic virtues and graces of the softer sex, is ever deeply interesting. The young lady's mother, also, possessed a naturally-strong, and a highly-polished understanding: and the major, under the cover, of apparently careless, and not particularly refined manners, concealed an uncommon degree of acute discrimination: a very just taste; and a remarkably quick perception of the ridiculous, incongruous, and artificial, in human character. He had seen much service: read mankind with long and deep attention; and loved nothing more, than to indulge his vein of keen, but good-humoured satire, at the expense of their follies and extravagances. This treat, however, was reserved, exclusively, for those, with whom he felt intimate; or, in whom he discovered the same turn of mind with his own. With respect to others, he adopted the shrewd Italian courtier's motto — *I pensieri stretti, ed il volto sciolto*, — “thoughts close, and looks loose;” and passed in general society, as a sort of negative character,

from whom nothing ill was to be dreaded : nor any thing particularly good extracted.

In the course of his active career through life, the major's adventures had been various and remarkable ; nor, was he disinclined to relate them, to the chosen few, with considerable spirit and pleasantry. The following little incident is at the reader's service. The harmony of the regiment, in which Rochfort, in early life, held the rank of lieutenant ; was perpetually disturbed, by the perverseness of one of those unquiet and malignant spirits, which, ever at war with themselves, are seeking occasions of quarrel with all around them. Towards the lieutenant, this gentleman felt a peculiar degree of enmity ; excited, probably, by the superior estimation with which Rochfort appeared to be regarded, by the officers of the regiment. With him, therefore, he determined to quarrel ; and finding a pretext for mortal offence, in some unguarded observations which dropped from the object of his dislike, one afternoon, in the mess-room, he demanded instant *satisfaction* on the spot. To Rochfort, the emotion of fear was unknown ; but, aware that he was one of the best swordsmen in Europe ; and unwilling to shed the blood of a brother-officer, who had scarcely passed his manhood, he would willingly have declined the combat ; and condescended to use some efforts in order to allay the irritation of the

incensed party. All, however, was in vain. “No, sir :” replied he indignantly, “I will have no shuffling : and receive no apology. I don’t choose to *play the second fiddle* ; but, will be, *aut Cæsar, aut nullus.*” — “Take your sword, then,” said the lieutenant, “and draw.” The parties quickly placed themselves in deadly opposition to each other : and, in a few seconds, Rochfort’s weapon had pierced the flesh of the challenger, at the elbow of the sword-arm : had *travelled along the bone*, to the extremity of the shoulder ; and become visible, in long projection, under the right ear, of the astounded combatant. “Are you *satisfied* ?” cried Rochfort, with entire *sang froid* ; coolly drawing his sword from its place of lodgment. — “Perfectly so :” returned the other, with more temper and point, than could have been expected. — “Perfectly *satisfied*, that I *must play the second fiddle* : that *you* are *Cæsar*, and I am *nullus.*”

Indeed, when I knew Major Rochfort, he still retained the faculty of taming spirits that were unmanageable by others ; for, he was the only man I met with at Newtown Park, of whom David Anstruther appeared to entertain the least degree of awe. But the colonel was well aware of the major’s *calibre* : he perfectly knew what lay beneath his *crust*, — a deep insight into the *real* character : and a pretty accurate knowledge of the *actual*, though carefully-

concealed, workings and motives of the human mind. Often have I silently remarked, that Anstruther could not stand his searching eye; and that, in his most *dashing moments*, on meeting the sly and keen glance of Rochfort, he would experience an embarrassment, which he could only hide by redoubled humour, or louder merriment.

The third friend to whom my attention has been drawn, by "recollections" associated with Newtown Park, was Captain Josiah Rogers, of the Royal Navy. His name was great in his day: his services to his country important: and his adventures and achievements so singular and daring, that the narrative of them would wear the air of a romance, had they not been authenticated by his own unimpeachable word; by the acknowledgment of his contemporaries; and by the incontrovertible public documents of the times when they occurred.

Josiah Rogers, was the eldest son of a respectable tradesman in Lymington: and born in the year 1755. Of his early life, and education, I know nothing; as my acquaintance with him commenced towards the conclusion of the American war, when he must have been seven or eight and twenty years of age. His manners bespoke him the gentleman; and his conversation indicated good sense and acquirement. Captain, afterwards Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, Bart.,

was his patron and friend through life ; and, with him, I believe, Rogers made his *debut* in the naval service.

The unhappy dispute with America, manifested itself in open war, in 1775. Captain Hammond obtained the command of the *Roe-buck* frigate of 44 guns ; and took Rogers with him to America, in the capacity of a midshipman. The cast of Rogers's character was of a curious description. When not under excitement ; or rather, when not engaged in his profession ; there was a languor about him, which might be mistaken either for apathy or affectation ; and they who knew him not, would have supposed, that he had adopted the vacuity of *Meadows*, in *Cecilia* ; and the delicacy of *Lord Ogilby*, in the *Clandestine Marriage* ; as the best models of imitation in general carriage. But, nothing could be more false than such an estimate as this. It was merely the stillness of a spirit, that required a stimulus for its development. The instant *this* was applied, torpor vanished ; indifference disappeared : “ the frame “ of adamant and soul of fire ” stood confessed in all their splendor : and vigor of intellect ; solidity of judgment ; wisdom in devising means ; and the most desperate daring in effecting results, characterised the mind and actions of this extraordinary man. Captain Hammond was perfectly aware of all these high qualities of Mr. Rogers ;

and while he retained him under his command, availed himself of them, as often as occasions occurred, which demanded the exercise of such rare attributes.

The Roebuck had not been long on the coast of America, when an opportunity was afforded, for their display. Captain Hammond had it in orders to surprise Lewistown, (lying within the capes leading to Virginia,) and despatched a lieutenant, together with Rogers, then about twenty years of age, and a midshipman; in an armed tender, to effect the desired object. On their course to the place of destination, a small American sloop hove in sight; which Rogers, and four men, were directed to board and capture. The service was quickly performed; but, scarcely had the sloop been mastered, before a sudden and violent gale of wind, hurried it out of the sight of the tender. The surge soon became terrific: the weather was intensely cold: every wave which broke over the vessel, instantly clogged her rigging with ice: and, in a short time, the sails were shivered; and the boom snapped asunder, by the blast. The situation was sufficiently disastrous; but, to add to Rogers's jeopardy and distress, his men, disgusted with their fatigue and privations, mutinied; and ran the sloop aground. The consequence was — a complete wreck. The crew took to the boat. Rogers was the last man who jumped into it:

but, hearing, at the moment, the cries of a poor sailor, on board the sloop, who had lost his feet by the frost, and was unable to escape ; he insisted on again visiting the wreck, and, unaided and alone, brought him away from it, in his arms, and stowed him in the boat.

With considerable difficulty the crew reached the shore ; but Rogers, who always thought every thing undone, while aught remained to be done, determined to prevent the enemy from gaining possession, even of the hull of the sloop, by setting her on fire. The sailors were prevailed upon to put him again on board, and, as he thought, to assist him in this work of destruction ; but, their object was, to get rid of the officer whom they had before disobeyed. As soon therefore as he had stepped upon the wreck, they deserted him, and rowed again to land. His situation, now, was apparently desperate : but, neither his calm self-possession, nor invincible courage, forsook him. With the combustibles which he had brought, he fired the sloop with his own hands ; plunged into the waves ; and swam to the shore. The faithless crew had already left it : and it is probable, that Rogers, exhausted with exertion ; benumbed with cold ; and languishing for want of food, would here have perished ; had not two American peasants providentially found him in this deplorable condition ; and, in the true spirit

of the "good Samaritan," conveyed him to their dwelling, and refreshed him with nourishment, warmth, and rest.

His repose, however, was but short. The very next morning, a detachment of the enemy's troops, arrived at the house where he was sheltered; and, discovering him to be an Englishman and a sailor, tore him away from his protectors, notwithstanding all their earnest entreaties on his behalf. A series of sufferings awaited Mr. Rogers in his new situation. The personal animosity against each other, which subsisted between the British and American military, in the earlier part of the war, was almost unprecedented. Contempt mingled with their hatred; and every mark of indignity; and act of cruel treatment, which they dared to inflict, Mr. Rogers was doomed to suffer from the soldiers, during their march into the interior of the country; where he was thrown into a common prison. Here again the powers of life would have failed, through the severities exercised upon him: but, Providence again raised up a friend for Mr. Rogers, in an old gentleman, who had witnessed, and commiserated his condition, through the grated door of the prison. He could not indeed procure his liberation; but, as long as he remained incarcerated, he administered to his relief both in food and raiment.

An order at length arrived, for the removal of

Mr. Rogers, and other prisoners, to Williamsburgh. It was a great *present* consolation to him, to find among the Englishmen confined in this place, two old and intimate acquaintances ; a Mr. Goodrick, and Mr. Blair : but, it must have been a sweet recollection to Rogers, to the end of his days ; to look back on the kindness he now evinced, and the tender nursing he administered, to a poor young fellow-townsmen, and fellow-captive, by the name of Badcock ; who fell a victim, while Mr. Rogers continued at Williamsburgh, to the hardships of confinement.

After successive imprisonments at Richmond, near the falls of James's river : and at Charlotte Villa, contiguous to the Blue Mountains, (at which place he remained from July 1776 to April 1777,) Mr. Rogers reached Philadelphia ; where he learned, to his inexpressible joy, that he was to be immediately exchanged. For this purpose he marched cheerfully, though a captive, to Alexandria : but alas ! on his arrival there, it was announced to him, that no cartel had taken place, and that he must, consequently, remain in confinement to an indefinite period. Buoyed up hitherto, with the hope of speedy release, he had endured his imprisonment, and its attendant severities, with patience ; but, this unlooked-for destruction of his expectations, roused his indignation ; and determined him to endeavour, at

all hazards, to effect his escape. He matured a plan for this purpose, which he communicated to his companions; and letting themselves down from the window by a rope, during the night, they all happily turned their backs upon the prison, and gained the swamps, at no great distance from the town. To avoid a recapture, it was necessary to use the utmost caution; for, certain death awaited them, should they again fall into the enemy's hands. It was most fortunate for them, that, as soon as dawn appeared, they discovered a place admirably adapted for temporary concealment; an immense pine had been blown down by a tempest, the roots of which had torn up a vast mass of earth, and formed a cave sufficiently capacious to hold the party. Into this they crept, covering themselves over with dried leaves, during the continuance of daylight. They knew that they were near the Potomack River; and hoped, from thence to gain Chesapeake Bay, and proceed to the Delawar River, where it was probable they might find some British cruiser. Rogers's foresight and address, had provided them all with the garb of American peasants, and the inscription of *liberty or death* (the American badge at that time) for each of their caps; in order to lull all suspicions of their real character. For three days their friendly cave afforded them concealment; for, during the whole of that time, large

bodies of the American army were crossing the Potomack ; and it would have been inevitable destruction to them, had they attempted to pursue their route, till this body of military had left the neighbourhood. But the cavern could not furnish them with food ; nor was it till the evening of the third day, that a morsel of nourishment, entered their lips. Rogers had, indeed, with his accustomed undauntedness, attempted to procure refreshment on the evening of the first day : but, without success. In his ramble he had discovered a public house ; and entering it, requested a glass of liquor. To his question of “ what news was abroad ? ” the landlady answered, “ That some prisoners had escaped from “ confinement ; that a party of soldiers was in “ search of them : that hand-bills for their cap- “ ture, were then in the house, which had been “ brought thither by an express : and that, a “ handsome reward of 100 dollars per head, was “ offered for their apprehension — so,” added she, “ if you have a mind to put a good lot of money “ into your pocket ; lay hold of the skulkers, “ and carry them to Alexandria.” Rogers concealed his emotion, under the guise of perfect *sang froid* : promised her he would “ keep a “ good look-out for them : ” begged one of the hand-bills ; and departed, without enquiring about provision.

The pains of hunger, however, at the close of

the third day, became intolerable ; and Rogers resolved to relieve himself and party, or perish in the attempt. At night-fall he, accordingly, set off, unattended by any one, as before ; and made his way to the shore of the Potomack river. After traversing it for some time, he discovered a boat, in which was a single negro rowing towards the bank. After a long parley, he prevailed upon this *solitaire* to ferry his party across the river, and, what was still more essential to them in their starving state, to spare to them a part of his provisions. It would be difficult to conceive the rapture with which the sojourners in the cave received their gallant companion, loaded as he was, with three loaves ; and bearing the glad tidings, of the means of escape to the opposite bank of the Potomack.

Before morning, the whole party were safely landed in a cove at the mouth of the river, under Cape Look-out. There they separated company, in order to pursue those routes which were most suitable to the convenience of each. Rogers, Mr. Blair, and another officer, proceeded, in a fishing-boat, to Maryland. The fisherman proved to be a loyalist, and, consequently, a friend : and gave them minute directions, how they were to proceed ; whom they were to trust ; and what places they were to avoid ; on their course to the Delawar. Embarking on this noble river, they made their way to a British ship of war, which

they discovered far down the stream : and which, to the no small delight of Rogers, proved to be the very *Roebuck*, he had quitted just fourteen months before. Of this meeting with his kind Captain and brother officers, he never spoke without emotion. His joy on hearing their heart-felt welcomes (for they had long since considered him as dead) almost overcame him : and he often declared, that these were moments of the most intense and mingled feelings, that he had ever experienced, through the course of his life.

The next expedition to which Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Whitworth (another midshipman), were appointed by captain Hammond, under the command of a lieutenant, was to Egg Harbour ; for the purpose of cutting out several American vessels, which were lying there at anchor. Both Rogers and his companion, distinguished themselves in a splendid manner, by boarding, from a common pilot boat, a large American brig ; taking possession of the vessel ; and making prisoners of the crew. A large number of other craft, also, were the reward of their skill, activity, and undauntedness.

It was shortly after this gallant service, that Mr. Rogers again excited the applause and admiration of the profession, by his exploits on the coast of Virginia and Maryland ; and particularly at Chingotique ; where, perceiving that a breastwork on shore, impeded his operations

on the water, he attacked and carried it, sword in hand. The attempt was universally considered as peculiarly bold and hazardous ; and the successful execution of it, as evincing the soundest judgment and calmest intrepidity.

It was about the year 1778, that Rogers received a lieutenant's commission ; which was afterwards followed by an appointment, from Admiral Arbuthnot, to the command of the Fury sloop of war, at the siege of Charlestown. A service which he performed on this occasion, almost exceeds the bounds of credibility. A boom crossed the mouth of the harbour, and prevented the British fleet from entering it. Rogers offered to cut through this obstacle. It was thought to be impracticable. He prevailed, however, on a brother officer to join him in the attempt ; and proceeded to the business. Unexpected difficulties occurred ; and his companion declined persisting : but Rogers's perseverance was not to be overcome. He had measured the probability of success, before he hazarded the attempt, and felt sure that he should not be foiled. Alone ; and unattended, save by a boy to paddle his canoe, he proceeded to the arduous work ; and after labouring at it two whole nights ; succeeded, during the third, in cutting through the boom, and opening a passage for the British ships into the harbour. The achievement excited the universal admir-

ation of the fleet; nor was Rogers's disinterestedness less an object of esteem, when, on being asked by the admiral, how he should reward the gallant and important enterprise, replied, "be so good, Sir, as let my sloop lead into the harbour." Charlestown surrendered in May 1780: and Admiral Arbuthnot made Rogers master and commander.

The close of Captain Rogers's brilliant career in America, was, however, marked by a severe misfortune. During his last cruise upon the coast, he fell in with a large American privateer; greatly his superior in tonnage, guns, and men. He attacked her without hesitation, and a long and desperate action ensued. Tremendous was the carnage on both sides; but fortune decided, at length, in favour of the enemy. Captain Rogers, and his four officers being severely wounded: the larger portion of his crew killed: his sails and rigging cut to pieces; and his ship utterly unmanageable; he was compelled to strike; and, together with what survived of his ship's company, carried prisoners to Philadelphia. It was a high testimony to his worth and popularity as a commander, that the whole of his crew most earnestly solicited the authorities of the city, that they should be confined in the same prison, with their beloved captain. His action with the privateer occurred in 1782; and in the autumn

of the same year Captain Rogers and his crew were released, and came to England.

The conclusion of our war with America took place in 1783: and Captain Rogers was appointed to a command in the preventive service at Yarmouth; where his discretion, prudence, and firmness of character, were evidenced upon many trying and delicate occasions. While stationed at this place, a circumstance of a rather interesting nature occurred to him. His Royal Highness, Prince William Henry, the present duke of Clarence, then a midshipman on board the *Hebe*, was lying off the place. He became intimate with Captain Rogers, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to a race, in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth. Two hack horses were hired for the purpose. The prince's animal proved to be *rip*, and gave his Royal Highness a desperate and dangerous fall. Captain Rogers took him up, in an insensible state, and carried him on his back, to a cottage: where, as he lay upon the bed, faint and pale; fair in complexion; and with his flaxen hair discomposed, and partially covering his face, the sagacious inhabitants of the mansion shrewdly suspected, that he was a young damsel in disguise, who had run away with her favoured knight, and met with some dismal accident in her flight. His Royal Highness ever afterwards expressed much gratitude to Captain Rogers, for his kind care, and judi-

cious management of him, under the alarming accident which had thus occurred to him.

In the year 1787, Captain Rogers was made Post: but, anticipating a long continuance of peace, he relinquished all ideas of any speedy employment in his profession: purchased the estate near Lymington, afterwards called St, Austin's *, and retired thither, with the amiable and accomplished lady, to whom he had, shortly before this time, been united.

No sooner, however, had the war broken out with France, than Rogers's spirit thirsted for action and glory; and as government was well aware of his ability and usefulness, no long time elapsed, before his appointment to a command in the navy, called him from his family, and peaceful rural retreat.

After a series of splendid and successful operations both on sea and land, in his good ship the *Quebec*, under the command of Sir John Jervis; Captain Rogers was sent, by the admiral, with a squadron, against Martinico, and other French West India islands. Their fall was chiefly attri-

* I had the honour of suggesting the name of *St. Austin's* for Captain Rogers's estate. There were upon it, at that time, remains of an ancient chapel; for it had been, previously to the reformation, a cell belonging to the *Augustine Priory*, at Christ-church. The name of the *Batramslly Farm*, which it bore when purchased was disliked; and I proposed that it should be altered for *St. Augustin's* or *Austin's*; as a name commemorative of its former history.

butable, to his consummate bravery ; cool judgment ; and incessant vigilance. As, during these important operations, he was compelled to act much on shore as well as on board ship, the changes and chances to which he became exposed, by this double duty, were proportionably multiplied. A narrow escape occurred to him at Martinico, while he was on his land-service ; and lying in his small camp before Fort Royal. His *aid-du-camp*, Lord Wm. Townsend, and himself, being one night on a reconnoitring party, fell in, unexpectedly, with a French piquet. Retreat was impossible. One of the sentinels snapped his musket at them. Providentially, it missed fire. Rogers and his companion instantly dashed into the middle of the piquet ; and the Frenchmen, conceiving that they must be supported by a covering party to authorise such a daring step, as speedily threw down their arms, and fled, one and all, precipitately from the spot.

St. Lucie surrendered to the squadron, after Martinico had fallen : and the island of Guadaloupe was the next object of attack. Captain Rogers was now ill ; but no indisposition could deter him from doing his duty. In order to reduce Guadaloupe, it was necessary for the British force to be previously in possession of certain small, but strongly fortified, islands, called the *Saints*. Captain Rogers offered to execute this difficult service. The number of ships, and

nature of the force to be employed, were submitted entirely to his determination. He chose two frigates, and two or three smaller vessels, to act as tenders. The frigates were the *Blonde* and the *Rose*; commanded by his two friends, Captain Falkener and Captain Scott. Rogers's directions to Falkener were, that he should attack one of the islands; the other he reserved for his own operations. At the hour of midnight, he, at the head of two hundred men, landed quietly in a cove, of the *Isle de Cabrit*. The narrow track to the fort lay before them; difficult and dangerous of ascent. On reaching the gate, the guard discovered and challenged the party. A French guide whom he had engaged as his conductor, answered in that language, that they were friends. The guard deliberated for a moment: and that moment was all that Rogers wanted. He rushed instantly over the rampart, (which was of no great height) and the whole garrison, equally astonished and terrified by so sudden an irruption; cast away their arms; leaped from the opposite wall: and ran in confusion down the hill, leaving the gallant Englishman and his little band in possession of the fort, without a single Frenchman to oppose them.

In the year 1794 Sir John Jervis despatched Captain Rogers, with a squadron of frigates under his command, to the coast of America; to scour those seas: to protect the English; to

annoy the French : and to cover the island of Bermuda, in case it should be attacked. The service was an active one, and well suited to his adventurous character : but, to him, at this juncture, triumph was without its charms ; for, he had suffered a family affliction, which almost overwhelmed his manly spirit. *Nature* will, at times, assert her rights : and there are events perpetually occurring on the varied scene of mortal existence, which reduce, in a moment, the hero and the philosopher, to the level of common humanity. Rogers's brother, a lieutenant ; and his nephew, a midshipman ; on board his own frigate, to whom he was most tenderly attached, had both been seized with the yellow fever ; and, after a short struggle, had both died in his arms. During the whole of his voyage to America, which occupied a month, he never once entered his cabin, in which his relatives had expired : but, ordering his bed to be conveyed into the ship's barge, which was on the main deck—there, sheltered over head by a tarpaulin, he slept by night, and took his meals by day, till he reached the place of his destination ; and was called again to active duty.

Sir John Jervis had now sailed for Europe ; and Captain Rogers also, having obtained leave to return thither, was preparing for his departure at St. Vincent's ; when an express reached him, from Grenada, with intelligence that the island

was in the utmost peril and distress, from the landing of the French, and the insurrection of the negroes. He was again much indisposed; and again sacrificed his own personal feelings, to the call of duty, and the good of his country. He instantly weighed anchor; and sailed for Grenada; which he reached in March 1795. The terrified inhabitants received him as a guardian angel. He defended the important posts of *Goyave* and *St. George's*, at the head of his own seamen: and fortified the fort of Hospital Hill; while his squadron of three frigates, protected the island from foreign invasion. In this expedition, his genius had a full scope for its exercise. He had the sole command. His eye was in all parts; his foresight anticipated every possible evil: his prudence, promptitude, and energy, averted its occurrence. His never-failing presence of mind; unwearied activity; and exalted courage, inspired universal and unlimited confidence. The spirits of the islanders were revived: the hopes of the insurgents depressed; and every auspicious appearance manifested itself, of the speedy restoration of safety and tranquillity. But, it had been otherwise decreed in the high counsels of heaven! Captain Rogers was carried off, in the act of gathering his laurels. He had been only two months in the Island of Grenada, when the fatal disease which had swept away his brother and nephew, attacked

himself. Tropical disorders are happily, not of long duration: and if death be their issue, its previous pangs have a speedy termination. A very few days put a period to Captain Rogers's temporal existence. The place and manner of his departure, (if my information be correct,) were entirely in unison with the feelings and character of the man. Aware of his approaching dissolution, he enquired of his medical attendant, "How long, in his opinion, he might continue to breathe." — "Probably a few hours." — "Then I shall have time to die on board: order the boat." — The barge was prepared: Rogers was carried to the Quebec, where, at the early age of forty years, he died a HERO and a PATRIOT: and what is better than both; a convinced, humble, and charitable CHRISTIAN!

The tender, the intense anxiety of the crew, on his account, during the few hours of his existence, when on board his frigate, was indescribable: and the *manner* in which they received the fatal news of his decease, spoke their sense of his loss more affectingly, than the loudest expression of audible grief. Their sorrow was that of the heart; deep and still. An universal silence reigned throughout the ship; and the tear of conscious, and irretrievable bereavement, rolled down the furrowed cheek of many a brave and thoughtless tar, who had

hitherto been a stranger to such a manifestation of tenderness and anguish.*

Nor, did the sad intelligence, produce a less melancholy and general sensation, among the inhabitants of Grenada. They lamented with terror as well as grief, the death of their preserver, and defender. Every precaution was taken to prevent the news from transpiring; and reaching the ears of the insurgents; who, they well knew, were kept in check only by the name of Captain Rogers: and though anxiously desirous of showing every respect to his remains, they dared not to inter his corpse with military

* The crew of the Quebec loved their commander with the affection of children; for his kindness was equal to his courage; and he gladly seized every opportunity of evincing it towards them, both individually and collectively. When he received orders to return to England, one of his first feelings was, to gratify his men. He went upon the quarter-deck, and calling them together: "My lads," said he, "I have the pleasure to tell you, that the admiral has given us all leave to go home. The packet is just heaving anchor: and I know you'll all be glad to tell your mothers, wives, and sweethearts, the happy news. But as paper is not so easy to be had here as in England, I have brought some out for you. Here — each of you who wishes to write, take a sheet. — Bring your letters to me, and I'll take care of them." — "Thank your Honour — Thank your Honour:" resounded from three hundred mouths. — The boon was a small one: but the *feeling* which suggested it; and the *manner* in which it was conferred, stamped it with a value to the honest unsophisticated heart, that was beyond all price.

honours, lest such a public display, might be the means of announcing to the slaves, that their former terror was now no more. At a subsequent period, however, the islanders did public justice to the memory of Captain Rogers. Votes of gratitude for his services, and of approbation of his conduct, passed unanimously through their assembly: and a public monument was decreed to be erected to his memory, in commemoration of the high obligations he had conferred on them; and of the grateful sense which they entertained, of his noble exertions in behalf of the inhabitants of the Island of Grenada.

I have, in my time, known, admired, and deeply regarded, many a BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER — for they are a glorious race of men: but, among all my former friends of this profession, I could not point out a single name, more highly deserving of the beautiful compliment offered by *Tacitus*, to the memory of his accomplished uncle, than the name of Captain JOSIAS ROGERS: *nam multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles, oblivio obruet, Agricola, posteritati narratus et traditus, superstes erit.*

An elegant marble monument, attached to the south side of the wall, within the church of Lymington, Hants, bears the following inscription: —

As
A tribute of
Grateful affection,
This Monument
is sacred
To the Memory of
 CAPTAIN JOSIAS ROGERS,
of his Majesty's Ship
 QUEBEC:

who during the American war, braved every danger, and suffered all the severities of wounds and imprisonment.

In the Campaign of 1794, he commanded the naval battalion, at the reduction of the French islands in the West Indies: where his services were great to his country, and honourable to his own character.

In his exertions to save Grenada, he died of the Yellow Fever, on the 24th April 1795, aged 40.

The council of Grenada decreed a monument in honour of his public services; his widow soothed her sorrow, by inscribing this tablet to his memory.

By the same dreadful disorder, on the 13th May 1794, (after having distinguished himself in the dangers and fatigue of the Campaign,) fell at Guadaloupe, in his 26th year, JAMES ROGERS, his Brother, and first Lieutenant of the same ship: whose generous and manly principles, were admired by all who knew him.

On the 9th of the same month, at the age of 19, the promise of virtue and talents in JOSIAS ROGERS, his nephew, and also Lieutenant of the Quebec, died at Martinique, by the same fatality.

CHAP. IX.

THAT *habits* are the results of a repetition of actions of a similar character, was one of the earliest discoveries in the science of morals. But, though this be a truth sufficiently trite; it is still, a truth, very important to be *felt*, as well as known: since, it not only accounts for most of those *systematic perversities* in human conduct, which would otherways be inexplicable; but, is well adapted also, to supply an useful hint, and to furnish an wholesome caution, against following up, by successive indulgences, any practice, not sanctioned by wisdom, prudence, or propriety: lest, by such reiteration, a *habit* be formed and confirmed, which may not, in the end, prove favourable, either to the happiness or advantage, of him who is enslaved thereby.

The *cacoethes scribendi*, so often complained of by the reading part of the world; and so frequently rued by those who have long exercised the vocation of *book-making*; may be adverted to, as a good illustration of the above remark: for, assuredly, the ingenious Mr. D'Israeli would never have found materials, for his "Calamities

“ of Authors,” had the larger proportion of such manufacturers, been content with their *first experiment* ; and secured themselves, by this judicious abstinence, both from forming “ the evil habit of writing ;” and from suffering those pains and penalties, which, in too many instances, have pursued and rewarded a determined perseverance in it.

Whether or not it might have been fortunate for myself, to have felt the full and practical influence of these sage observations, early in life, as far as they relate to publication, I, probably, have never considered ; and, certainly, shall not now, pretend to determine ; sufficient be it for the reader to know, (as I have already hinted) that the ill-success of my “ Tour round Lynington,” by no means diminished the desire of distinguishing myself as an author. It seemed, indeed,

“ As if increase of appetite had grown
“ By what it fed on :”

for, in the course of four years, from the time of my *first act of publication*, I threw into the ocean of English literature, — another duodecimo ; three octavo volumes of a decent thickness ; a quarto pamphlet ; a more substantial bantling of the same superficial dimensions ; and actually issued proposals for a topographical work, in three bulky folio volumes !

It will be perceived by this beautiful gradation in the respective sizes of my successive literary productions, that I did not, at once, wing my adventurous flight beyond the limits of all moderation; but proceeded, step by step, (though it must be admitted with a somewhat rapid advance) from the humblest, to the proudest, and most ponderous form of published literature.

Connected with some of these publications, there were certain circumstances sufficiently *odd*, to merit a slight attention.

Of the *contents* of the duodecimo, I recollect nothing, save its title, — “A Southampton “Guide:” but, I take it for granted, that it embraced most of that local information, which is interesting to the curious stranger or traveller, when he sojourns in, or passes through, any place, remarkable for its remaining vestiges of “the olden time;” or consecrated, from its having been “dignified,” (as Johnson says) “by “wisdom, bravery, or virtue.” Whether any of the fragments of this work, have survived the ravages of five and forty years, I know not. It is not improbable, however, that its *substratum* might be discovered, by the original architect, in the successive “Southampton Guides,” which, within that period, have professed to supply the reader, with matter *not previously* submitted to the public notice. One circumstance, indeed, connected with this diminutive production, I

never can forget : as it was equally novel to, and unexpected by me ; the receipt of a *five pound* note from the bookseller, as a foretaste of those profits, which he hoped to receive from its sale. The present it is true, made but poor amends, in a pecuniary point of view, for the balance against me, on the “ Companion in a Tour round “ Lymington ;” but, as I regarded it in the light of a *præmium virtutis*, or reward of merit ; the sum assumed a value in my estimation, which, weighed against the scale of previous loss and disappointment, made it quickly “ kick the “ beam.”

An “ Abridged Civil and Natural History “ of the Isle of Wight,” speedily followed my “ Southampton Guide.” It was suggested by Sir Richard Worsley’s “ History ;” and indebted to that elegant quarto for most of its materials. No traveller or tourist, I presume, ever visited the Isle of Wight, without feelings of admiration, at the varied beauties which it presents to his eye ; and the interesting objects, both natural and artificial, which it offers to his taste : but, he sees, at *this* moment, only the faded forms of those attractions, which it displayed half a century ago. They have lost their former natural freshness. The air of *simplicity* which then characterised the moral and social habits of the island, has disappeared. At the time when I published its abridged history, this part of his Majesty’s

dominions was, by no means, universally known ; and (comparatively speaking) not frequently visited. Its silent shores, and sweet retreats, had not been paced, and intruded into, by the fashionable or idle crowds, which, now, for half the year, sweep over all its surface. It had not become a military depot : nor had barracks deformed the rural neighbourhood of its provincial town. The market-day at Newport was then celebrated for its exhibition of a blaze of rustic beauty ; and the local arrangement and admirable management of the poor (which are happily in operation at this moment) not only prevented the appearance of a beggar within the limits of the island, but absolutely precluded all distressing pauperism among the lowest classes of its population.

I do not, it is true, recollect those halcyon times of this beautiful district, when (according to Sir Richard Worsley) no *foxes* or *attorneys* were to be found in it ; and when, one of the latter profession being discovered there, the inhabitants affixed a bundle of lighted candles to his coat skirt, and shipped him off for the main land ; but I do remember it, when its romantic, magnificent, and undisturbed scenery, would have afforded delightful opportunities for the enjoyments of the picturesque taste ; for the solace of the perturbed spirit ; and for the im-

provement of the mind, in all that's really good and great : —

“ For Wisdom's self

“ Oft seeks to such retired solitudes,

“ Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,

“ She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,

“ That in the various bustle of resort,

“ Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired. *

* In August and September last, I had the pleasure of reviving, in a visit to the island, some of those *deep feelings* and delightful associations, which its “everlasting hills;” awful cliffs; rude rocks; and gloomy caverns, had, in early youth, indelibly impressed upon my glowing mind. An event, also, had just occurred, that gave an additional, though a painful interest, to the scenery with which I had been, heretofore, so intensely familiar: the loss of the Carn-Brea Castle, Indiaman, whose hull went to pieces, on the very night of my arrival at Yarmouth. On this disastrous occasion, the conduct of my friend, Josiah Dornford, Esquire, lieutenant in the navy, and commander of the preventive service, at Freshwater Gate, was so high-minded, heroic, and humane, that I cannot resist giving all that publicity to it, which it may derive from these humble sheets.

Mr. Dornford was taking his customary afternoon walk, with his lady and children, on Sunday, the 5th July, when he perceived a large ship, about four miles to the eastward, which had run on shore, and was evidently in a situation of the most desperate peril. The wind blew tremendously; the sea raged; and the surf broke awfully on the shore; circumstances, in themselves, which might have deterred the stoutest heart from venturing to the assistance of the endangered crew; while *stronger reasons* opposed themselves to such an effort on Mr. Dornford's part, — *the wife and seven children* by which he was surrounded. But, no

As the historical events, and civil transactions of the island, were narrated, in my "Abridge-

personal considerations could damp his high courage, or check the holy impulses of his humanity. He summoned his crew; launched his boat; and with infinite difficulty and danger, providentially reached the ship. He saw, in a moment, the impossibility of getting her off, and the probability of her soon going to pieces: and urged the necessity of the female passengers being instantly conveyed to land. His boat carried them thither; while he remained through the night in the vessel, (which was every instant in danger of becoming a wreck,) to afford all the advice and assistance in his power. The violence of the storm would not permit the return of the boat to the ship. Twice she attempted it, and twice was driven back. The anxiety of the night to those on board, may be better conceived than described. Perhaps, however, they were too busily employed, to be very sensible of their danger. They constructed two rafts; got out the long-boat; and cut away the main-mast, the mizen-mast falling with it. In the morning the boat was able to reach the ship, and convey the gentlemen passengers to land; and the wind increasing during the day, all hands, with extreme difficulty, reached the shore in the evening, and the vessel was left to her fate. As the gale relaxed a little on Tuesday, the 7th, some of the crew of the Carn-Brea Castle again reached the ship; but soon reviving in all its fury, the poor men became alarmed, and after cutting away the foremast, made signals of distress. Again Mr. Dornford risked his safety to rescue those in peril; and, (his own crew refusing to accompany him,) put to sea with two of the Carn-Brea's crew; a revenue-cutter sailor; and one of the preventive men: but, his companions, whose hearts were not so well strung as his own, after having pulled two thirds of the distance to the ship, became panic-struck, and returned again to land. It pleased God, however, that the ship should keep together

“ment,” on the authority of Sir Richard Worsley, I have no doubt of their correctness; but, I cannot help questioning the scientific accuracy of my remarks, on the *natural* history of the district; as I full well recollect, being completely puzzled by the *echini* which are occasionally found upon the downs; and, (as I was, at that time, entirely ignorant on the subject of *organised fossils*,) doubting, whether they were a species of *lusus naturæ*, or, of *thunderbolts*, according to the universal tradition of the island peasantry. *

through the night; and the storm be lulled on the ensuing day; so that the boats were once more enabled to gain the wreck, and bring all that remained on board, safely to the shore.

The passengers felt themselves so entirely indebted for their safety, (under Providence,) to Mr. Dornford's heroism and humanity, that they expressed their sentiments of gratitude to him, as speedily as possible, in the present of a superb embossed silver salver, bearing this inscription:

“To Lieut. JOSIAH DORNFORD, R.N. In testimony of their gratitude for the assistance received from him, on the occasion of the wreck of the Carn-Brea Castle, on the 5th July, 1829; this trifle is presented by the passengers:

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Mrs. Bertrand, | Mrs. Jackson, |
| Mrs. Simmonds, | Miss F. Foquett. |
| I. E. Robertson, Esq., B.E.I. | Will. Jackson, Esq., Surgeon; B.N.I. |
| Capt. Bertrand, 14th Ft. | I. B. Alexander, Esq., B.E.I. |
| Capt. Simmonds, 21st Reg. B.E.I. | Lieut. Brook, B.N.I.” |

* Not many months after the publication of my “Abridged History,” I drew up, for the Board of Agriculture, a

“ An Attempt to ascertain the Situation of the “ ancient Clausentum,” in thin quarto, was a work on which I had certainly more reason to pride myself, than on either of its precursors ; as it obtained an approbation very flattering to a young author, — the good word of the reviews of the day.

If I were to say, that it evinced some ingenuity, I should not, perchance, speak too boastingly. That Southampton, or some place in its neighbourhood, was the site of the ancient Roman station, called *Clausentum* in the *itineraries*, had been determined by antiquaries, long before the appearance of my quarto ; but its exact locality, was still a matter of doubt ; and to have fixed this to the satisfaction of wiser, and more acute men than myself, might be considered as a reasonable foundation for a little feeling of self-complacency. The work had some value, independently of *my* share in its execution : as its vignette was engraved by Alken, from a drawing by my venerable friend, the Rev. William Gilpin, then vicar of Boldre. It represented the western end of a *ruined abbey* : a subject not very appropriate, it must be confessed, to a dissertation on a Roman station : but, the incongruity was all my own ; for, though my

view of the Husbandry, &c. of the Island, and adjoining district. It was a bold attempt. I know not how I executed it. I fear but indifferently.

reverend friend warned me of this want of connection, between the ornament and the topic; and kindly offered to prepare for my dissertation, a more characteristic drawing: yet, so earnest was my desire, and great my hurry, to surprise and enlighten the antiquarian world with my discovery, that I preferred the sacrifice of consistency, to the pain of procrastination; and requested a sketch which was already in Mr. Gilpin's port-folio; instead of waiting a short time, for one which would, certainly, have far better suited the purpose, to which it was intended to be applied.

The success of my *Clausentum* excited me to aim at higher game: —

Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

I had seen Mr. Wyndham's "Wiltshire extracted from Domesday-Book;" and the idea immediately occurred to my mind, that a similar work relating to Hampshire, would be at once a creditable and an advantageous undertaking. The plan did not want the countenance and patronage of several of the most respectable inhabitants of the southern part of Hampshire; who suggested, that the work should be published by subscription, in one volume, quarto, at the price of one guinea per copy.*

* The title of this quarto, is as follows: "Hampshire extracted from Domesday-book: with the original Domes-

Hitherto, I had considered myself as quite competent, to accomplish, *single-handed*, every literary speculation, which had engaged my attention: each had been written for my own amusement; published at my own risk; no money had been advanced, for the embryo birth, when it should be brought into the light: no pledge given for its undistorted form, and healthy constitution. But, the case was now altered, in every respect: and I deemed it but prudent, as well as just, when I reflected on the situation in which I stood, and the magnitude of the concern in which I had engaged; to call in the assistance of some friend, who might partake the labour, and share its reward. That friend was at hand; and an agreement soon took place between us; that I should extract from the original survey, the portion which regarded Hampshire; throw it into unabbreviated latinity; and write the preliminary dissertation; notes; and glossary: and that he should translate the extract into English; and superintend the printing of the work; or, in esoteric language, “carry it through the press.”

day of the County: containing an account of this curious record: a view of the Anglo-Saxon History, and form of Government; from the reign of Alfred: together with a slight sketch of the most material alterations which the latter underwent at the period of the Conquest. To which is added, a Glossary explanatory of the obsolete Words.”

As the character and fortunes of my co-adjutor, were marked by some interesting peculiarities, I must draw the reader's attention to them for a short time, ere I make further mention of my "Hampshire extracted from "Domesday-book."

The Revd. Philip Le Brock was a native of the Island of Jersey or Guernsey : a member, I believe, of Queen's College, Oxford ; and, for some years, the curate of the parish of Milton, a village between Christ-church and Lymington. The public knew him nearly forty years since, by his several pamphlets, on politics, and finance ; horticulture and mechanics ; all equally characterized, by a singular combination, of wild theory, and fantastic notions : with striking facts ; acute observations ; and sound practical information. In one of these effusions, for instance, he suggested the practicability, of paying off, or at least lessening, the National Debt ; by appointing committees, or delegates, to make domiciliary visits, through the empire, and solicit contributions from door to door, for that patriotic purpose ; and in another, he discoursed largely, on the blessing conferred upon that man, whose estate contained an exhausted *gravel-pit* ; which, being converted into a vineyard, would, with due care, produce a beverage, rich as the juice obtained from Constantia ; and more exhilarating than the produce of the vint-

ages of Champagne or Burgundy. In truth, that fine film which separates rational associations from the hallucinations of fancy, was, in this worthy man, of peculiar tenuity; and there was always reason to fear, that, under any strong mental excitement, it would be rent asunder; and eccentricity be converted into insanity. Two singular speculations which he reduced to practice, will sufficiently confirm this remark.

Mr. Le Brock had formed in his mind, a *beau idéal* of education; and determined, himself, to undertake the execution of his system. He accordingly, published proposals, (under the patronage of the late Sir Jacob Wolfe, Bart.*) for the reception of a certain number of pupils, at his house on Ashley Hill, near Lymington. The dead languages, and most of the modern tongues of Europe, were, but common branches of his comprehensive plan; which included the whole range of sciences, and every department of natural and moral philosophy. But, the trite method of instilling such instruction into the youthful mind, was by no means accordant with his views of education. He had no idea of the value of dry, sedentary fagging: and preferred the exercise of the *Lyceum*, to the motionless

* A most worthy man, but equally singular with himself: who always wore an *equilateral triangle* hat, and carried his gloves in the *front spout* of it. He was an *Helluo librorum*, but, with a *digestion* not commensurate with his *appetite*.

drudgery of the school-room form. A marked feature of his prospectus, therefore, was a sort of *peripatetic* scheme; an ambulatory schooling; in which, like *Plato* of old, accompanying his pupils in their walks, he would discourse on subjects of science: unfold the beauties of the classics by apposite quotations; and lead their ductile minds, to severer, and improving thought, by drawing moral inferences, from the various phenomena of nature, which they might encounter in their different excursions. The domestic arrangements were, in the mean while, to be conducted on a plan of elegant economy, under the direction of an *accomplished matronly housekeeper*; duly qualified, not only for the peculiar charges of her situation; but for those minute and delicate attentions, which, in case of sickness, only a mother's tenderness can perfectly supply.

After the lapse of a few weeks, from the time of issuing his proposals, Mr. Le Brock obtained two pupils, of the ages of fifteen and sixteen, spirited and genteel young men; and considerable curiosity was excited, as to the *effects* of this speculative system of perfect education, when brought into visible operation. Its success, however, upon trial, did not seem calculated, to ensure the universal adoption of the novel scheme. It soon appeared, as might naturally have been expected, that the pupils preferred

the *out-of-door* instruction, to the sedentary labours of the school-room. The two young gentlemen were at every dance, and every party — there was not a brook in which they did not fish; not a manor on which they did not shoot; nor was their appearance unfrequent among the red coats, at the rear of Mr. Gilbert's fox-hounds. In short, a few months only had elapsed, before the elder youth, ran away with the *grave* and *accomplished housekeeper*, (a buxom widow of thirty); and the other was removed by his relatives; lest so edifying an example might have been followed by their own son, had the importation of another *matron* into the academy, afforded an opportunity of such imitation.

The well-known solecism, "misfortunes never come single," was applicable in all its force, to Mr. Le Brock's establishment on Ashley Hill; for, shortly after the sudden disappearance of the pupil and the housekeeper; the mansion itself threatened to fill up the measure of desertion, by changing its "local habitation and its name." With respect to this edifice, Mr. Le Brock was himself the sole deviser of the plan, and superintendent of its execution. Conceiving that considerable sums of money were uselessly wasted on the *roofs* of houses, in heavy timbers, and costly slating; he determined to avoid such an unnecessary expence, by substituting light spars,

and *paper*, in the room of these ponderous materials. The fine-drawn rafters, were accordingly disposed in a range a little deviating from the horizontal line, so as to form a roof nearly flat ; but, at the same time with an inclination to the north, sufficient to give direction and vent to the rain that might fall upon it. On this slight frame work, a flooring of half-inch deal was fixed ; and alternate coatings of coarse brown paper and tar, to the thickness of half an inch, completed the first and last example of a *paper-roof*, ever seen in Britain. A hot summer dried and consolidated the mass into a state sufficiently hard, to allow of its being trodden on, without injury ; and the ingenious inventor of the process, fully satisfied with this trial of its efficacy, determined on guarding the discovery, and its inevitable enormous profits, by a *patent*. Fortunately, a delay occurred to prevent an immediate application for the exemplification, and an event took place, in the course of a few weeks, which rendered all further thought on that head, quite unnecessary. The gloomy month of November came ; his wings loaded with more than an usual weight of rain ; and accompanied by blasts,

“ Of force sufficient to uproot the oak :”

the fillagree wood-work of the roof was shaken out of its bearings : the paper became saturated with wet : the gutter was choked ; and, at

length, dislocated, shattered, melted, and overwhelmed, down came, "with hideous ruin," the unhappy roof; deluged the house; half-drowned the family; and destroyed every anticipation of success, from the projected patent.

It was not long after this catastrophe, that Mr. Le Brock sold his premises at Ashley Hill, and quitted the neighbourhood of Lymington for the metropolis: to the extreme concern, of a very large circle of friends and acquaintance, to whom he had endeared himself, by his agreeable singularity; unwearied cheerfulness; warm benevolence; and unconquerable sweetness of temper. Disappointments, the necessary consequences of wild speculations, never ruffled the steady stream of his good-humour; nor could the laugh of ridicule, which ill-nature was too apt to direct against himself and his plans, ever disturb the uniform tenour of his kindly feelings. One fatal result, however, followed his propensity to speculation and experiment. It swallowed up his little patrimony; and reduced him, I fear, before the close of life, to penury and distress.

I had not seen or heard of this eccentric, but amiable man, for a considerable time; when having occasion to go to London, I determined; if I could learn his residence, to call upon him. It might be about the year 1794. With much difficulty, I discovered his retreat; an aërial dwelling, on the highest floor, of some chambers

in the Temple. A mutual friend of Mr. Le Brock and myself, accompanied me, in my ascent to his apartment, early on a spring morning. It was a confined, wainscotted room, within a very small anti-chamber; scantily and meanly furnished; and apparently without a bed. We made some little disturbance on our entrance; and seeing no one there, shouted the name of Le Brock. A response, in the well-known hilarious accents of our friend, was, to our astonishment, speedily heard; and, in the same moment, a pannel of the wainscot flew back, and the hitherto invisible inhabitant of the room, was seen, in his night-cap, cooped up in a sort of box, similar to the smallest birth, in the cabin of the smallest coasting trader. We found, from his conversation, that his present employment was the translation, for the editor of the Courier, or the Times, of foreign intelligence from the French journals: but, were quite satisfied, from the appearance of all around us, that the remuneration of his incessant labour, was far inadequate to his exertions, or his merits. I know not, that at any period of my life, I so ardently wished for the gifts of fortune, as at that moment, that I might release the embarrassment, by which it was obvious this good creature was surrounded, and bring him back to that station in society, which he heretofore had so worthily filled. It was a consolation, however, to observe, that his

humbled fortunes neither depressed his spirits, nor disturbed his good humour. He spoke of his avocation, as an easy one while it lasted; and hinted, that he had some literary *speculation* on the *tapis*, which would soon enable him to throw off its trammels, and raise him, eventually, to fortune and reputation. I saw him no more; but his last observation prepared me for the news, which reached me in two or three years after our last meeting. His mind became incapable of attending with steadiness to any one object: he was deprived of his employment: the inconveniences of poverty increased upon him; and want began to stare him in the face: when, perhaps happily, he lost all consciousness of his situation, in intellectual aberration; and died, an incurable, in St. Luke's.

It was some time, however, before Mr. Le Brock's adoption of his plan of tuition, that he engaged as my assistant in the preparation and publication of "the Hampshire Domesday-book." As the original record was in London; and I had occasion, in my researches, for many costly and ponderous volumes, not readily procured in the country; it was arranged, that we should make a journey to the metropolis; and there prosecute our joint labour, as long as a residence in it should be necessary. The work went rapidly on, and a small portion only of the Record remained for translation, when an indis-

pensable engagement called Mr. Le Brock from London, and deprived me of my assistant. I had often heard, that this vast capital was an *omnium gatherum* of wares, intellectual as well as material: where talent of every *calibre*, and learning of every kind, may be *purchased* as readily as a tea-totum or pop-gun. It therefore occurred to me, that by applying to my worthy publisher, the late Mr. Blamire of the Strand, I might, through him, procure, for a certain quantity of the current coin of the kingdom, as much erudition as would finish the translation, and enable me to complete my quarto. Mr. Blamire listened to my application with his wonted good humour; and smilingly replied, that he “had always a sufficient stock of that *ware* on hand; and that my wants should be supplied, early on the following morning.”

I had just swallowed my first basin of tea, and commenced my second muffin, when a loud *knuckle-rap*, announced to me, that some one of importance or authority, stood at my parlour door. “Come in,” said I; and a personage entered, whom I had never seen before; and who instantly inspired me with the wish, that I might never cast eye on him again. It is far from impossible, that the “grim feature” may still be living: I therefore conceal his name; though I know of no reasons, why I should not indulge my reader with a slight description of

his person and bearing. Of his published literature, I would just remark, that two novels and a little work of fancy, owned him for their author: productions which were well received at the time of their publication.

The personage in question appeared to me, to be rather turned of thirty; somewhat above the middle height: a man of prodigiously strong "thews and sinews," which stood out in high relief, from a frame lank and dry, the result of incessant thinking; never-ending literary toil; and unvaried slender diet. His face was thin and pale; his eye-brow, thick and black: his organs of vision keen and fierce: his "elf-locks," as the author of *Waverley* would have called them, hung, "unkempt" upon his shoulders; and no kind razor had traversed his bristly chin for the better part of a week. The stockings which he wore, evidenced the notability of his wife: marvellously foul was his linen; and his mahogany-coloured coat, which had long indignantly discharged its original dye of black, appeared to be little better than a thing of "shreds and patches." His port, however, showed no correspondence with the meanness of the outward man. He bore the consciousness of superior talent on his front; and approaching the breakfast-table with a quick, but lofty step — "I understand from Mr. Blamire, Sir," said he, "that you have occasion

“ for the assistance of some literary gentleman,
“ in the prosecution of a work, attended with
“ some little difficulty to its author. My ser-
“ vices are quite at your command, Sir, on any
“ subject, in any department of learning. I
“ have a smattering of the oriental languages :
“ and am not ignorant of the Hebrew and
“ Chaldee. Greek and Latin are of course
“ familiar to me ; and my acquaintance with
“ French, Spanish, and Italian, is, I flatter
“ myself, rather above par. The mention of
“ my works, — and — and —, will, I
“ am sure, be my sufficient introduction to you.
“ Doubtless, you have seen the remarks of the
“ Monthly, the Analytical, and the Critical Re-
“ views, on these literary labours : as well as
“ the laudatory mention of them, by the Gen-
“ tleman’s, the Town and Country, and the
“ Lady’s Magazines. Such marked encourage-
“ ment from a discerning public, keeps me, ge-
“ nerally speaking, incessantly employed. But,
“ the publishing season is now over : a modicum
“ of leisure is at present afforded me ; which,
“ I am sure, I cannot occupy more usefully or
“ agreeably to both parties, than by lending
“ you that helping hand, which Mr. Blamire
“ tells me you require.” So saying, he

“ Grinn’d horribly a ghastly smile ;”

drew a chair ; and planted himself at the breakfast table.

My surprise, for the moment, struck me dumb : but, in some degree, recovering my presence of mind, and making it up, at the same time, on the subject of *literary assistance*, I replied — “ Sir, I feel greatly indebted for your most obliging offer. I cannot possibly doubt your more than necessary qualifications for any species of literary undertaking. I imagined, indeed, that I might have had occasion for the aid of some such a competent and learned gentleman as yourself : but — circumstances have occurred — a — my plan is changed — a — I shall shortly return into the country — a — and for the present, I must decline the honour of your services. — But, possibly, Sir, you have not breakfasted, — will you do me the favour of — a — ?” He did not allow me to finish my form of invitation ; but, seizing a twopenny loaf with the eagerness of a tiger ; and devouring it with the appetite of a Boshman ; convinced me, in a trice, that he had, on that day at least, omitted his usual matutinal meal. Never did I feel more relieved, than when, having completely filled himself, he took his hat and withdrew.

A circumstance somewhat singular arose out of the publication of “ Hampshire extracted from Domesday Book :” as the volume

formed the foundation of one of the most bare-faced *piracies*, ever committed on the literary property of an unfortunate author.

Three or four years after my work had issued from the press, an anonymous letter reached me, (couched not in the most courteous terms,) containing a judicious, but most severe criticism, on a recent publication in SIX VOLUMES QUARTO, entitled "Collections for the History of Hampshire;" and purporting to have been prepared and published, by Richard Warner Jun., of Sway; who, the writer of the letter, very justly thought, could be no other man than myself. Conscious, that among all my literary offences, such an imposition upon the public purse and taste, could not be laid to my charge; I fired with indignation at the intelligence; determined to procure the work; and if I found it to tally with the description I had received; immediately to take those measures against the publisher, which the law, in such cases, had "made and provided."

The work soon arrived, and presented the under-written title-page to my notice* : but, so ingeniously *disposed*, (as a typographer would name it,) that the only prominent words which struck upon the eye, were, "HISTORY of HAMPSHIRE by RICHARD WARNER, of Sway, &c.

* "Collections for the History of Hampshire and the Bishopric of Winchester; including the Isles of Wight,

Without looking at the preface, I turned impatiently to the body of the work; skimmed the contents of its six volumes; and perceived, with equal astonishment and wrath, that the compiler had incorporated into his "Collections," not only my "Domes-day Book," *verbatim ac literatim*; but also, nearly the whole of my "History of the Isle of Wight:" "Clausentum;" and "Topographical Remarks on the South-western Parts of Hampshire," a work in two volumes, octavo, which I had published in the year 1793. That I should, incontinently, have recourse to "John Doe and Richard Roe," was my fixed resolve. The honour and fortune of the whole corps of authors, appeared to me, to be identified with my case, and under my protection; and I should, probably, have speedily given directions to some man of the law, to vindicate the rights of myself and my literary brethren, had not chance, rather than design, turned my attention to the *Preface*; where I found the following soothing and conciliatory passages.

"In the progress of the following pages, the reader will find, that not the least considerable part of instruction and entertainment,

"Jersey, Guernsey, and Sarke: by D. Y. with the original "Domes-day book of the County, &c., by Richard Warner, Junr., of Sway, Hants; and of St. Mary Hall, Oxford: London, 1795."

“ proceeds from the *indefatigable and discerning*
 “ *researches* of Mr. Warner; whose declaration
 “ of his design to relinquish a pursuit of this
 “ kind ” (a history of Hampshire) “ is much to
 “ be lamented by the public : and without whose
 “ secession from such a task, *to him less difficult,*
 “ the present *feebler efforts* would never have
 “ appeared.”

“ It is impossible to reflect upon the *profound*
 “ *knowledge, and correct discoveries* of this gen-
 “ tleman,” (*risum teneatis amici?*) “ as an anti-
 “ quarian, without congratulating ourselves on
 “ the possession, the fruit of his *literary taste!*
 “ of an exact copy, of a here necessary part of
 “ Domes-day Book, with a faithful translation
 “ by the same *attentive hand* : both of which are
 “ incorporated in this work.

“ It is also, with the *curious and comprehen-*
 “ *sively elucidating remarks* of Mr. Warner, con-
 “ cerning the south-western parts of Hampshire,
 “ that much of the following matter is enriched.
 “ What *flows from such a pen,* attracts notice
 “ in consequence of its value : and to neglect
 “ it, were an *absurd resistance to the general*
 “ *opinion, which has already decided, that it*
 “ *is intrinsic !!!*”

Canst thou wonder, gentle reader, that my ire
 insensibly subsided ; and my frown gradually
 disappeared, as I swallowed this “ sop to Cer-
 berus ? ” Could I think further of John Doe,

Richard Roe, and the man of law, after perusing such a just and grateful tribute to my superior sagacity and erudition?—Impossible.—All hostile intentions were immediately dismissed from my mind: and I thought no more of suing the publisher; or disturbing the collector D—Y—, in the possession of his practical profits. —

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

*Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves: &c.**

This world, it must be confessed, is not very remarkable for the reciprocation of “kind doings.” I had shown no common lenity to one author, and it was not too much to expect, that I might experience similar grace from another; should accident, and not design, place me in such a situation, as that from which D. Y. had been suffered to escape, with his borrowed feathers unplucked, and the contents of his purse undiminished. But, the subsequent recital will testify, how much I was deceived in this expectation.

I had already taken orders, and was exercising my professional functions, as curate to that

* Casting my eye the other day, accidentally, over Rivington's Catalogue, I found the following insertion: a proof that the world, or at least the Booksellers, still give me credit for being the compiler of this huge mass of literary lumber. “2716. Warner's (Richard) Collections for “the History of Hampshire, and the Bishopric of Winchester, including the Isles of Wight, Jersey, Guernsey, and Sarke; plates. 3 vols. 20. Complete, Russia: “5l. 15s. 6d.”

exalted character, the late Rev. William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre, Hants; when a friend presented to me a copy of the “*Forme of Cury* ;” published by the well-known Rev. Samuel Pegge, from a manuscript in the possession of Gustavus Brander, Esq. The subject of the curious volume interested me. I dipped deeply into the *culinary antiquities* of our forefathers: soon became acquainted with the most renowned cooks of former times: familiar with the table *condiments* of Greece and Rome; and conversant with the kitchen *nyms* (or receipts) of the Saxons, Normans, and old English. “It were a “pity,” thought I, “to keep such *useful information* from the world:” and, in the course of a few months, had prepared for publication, (a quarto volume,) containing (with Mr. Pegge’s consent) the “*Forme of Cury*,” and divers other documents of a similar character. *

* The work bore the following title: “*Antiquitates Culinariæ*; or curious tracts relating to the culinary affairs of the old English: with a preliminary discourse; notes; and illustrations; by the Reverend Richard Warner of Sway, near Lymington, Hants.

“ Πολλοι τοι πλέονας λιμοῦ κορος ᾤλεσεν ἀνδρας.”

“ *Non in caro nidore voluptas*

“ *Summa, sed in teipso est; tu pulmentaria quære sudando.*

“ London. Blamire. 1791.” Only two hundred and fifty copies were printed: two hundred and twenty five, in royal quarto; and twenty five on elephant paper.

As it appeared to me to be essential, that a work of so much *taste*, should be embellished with engravings, I looked around for appropriate decorations of this nature; and had a *vignette* executed from Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry:" and the representation of an Anglo-Saxon entertainment, from Strutt's "Horda Angle Cynnan." Still, however, some plate, more descriptive of *ancient English feasting*, was wanting; and being aware of Mr. Grose's ability to supply this *desideratum*, I requested a mutual friend, to solicit the kind-hearted adjutant, for the favour of such a communication. The application was obligingly received; and a correspondence took place between Captain Grose and myself on the subject of my Antiquitates. Two of his letters (and they are all that I have preserved,) will be found in the Appendix. * He readily promised all the assistance in his power: modestly professing his inability to be of much use, as he was little skilled in the human figure. After several letters had passed between Mr. Grose and myself, I received one from him, stating,

* The major part of Captain Grose's letters to me, were sent to London, to be read in evidence, in the legal proceedings on the subject of the "Peacock Feast" engraving. These letters were unfortunately, lost, either in London, or on their way back again into Hampshire.

that he had made many efforts to execute such a drawing as I desired; but, had been so unsuccessful in satisfying himself, with any of those attempts; as obliged him to relinquish all further endeavours to oblige me in this respect: that, in lieu of such a drawing, he had sent me a fine engraved representation of “a Peacock Feast,” from a sepulchral brass, in King’s Lynne church in Norfolk, published by his friend John Carter, in a magnificent work, on ecclesiastical antiquities: *that he had obtained his permission for my insertion of it in the Antiquitates Culinarie*: and that, if I had it engraven on a reduced scale, it would certainly form a sufficiently appropriate embellishment to the volume. I adopted Mr. Grose’s hint; followed his directions; and published my quarto; so little aware of trespassing upon Mr. Carter’s property, or infringing the law; that the subscription to the plate, declared it to be taken from that gentleman’s superb folio. This simplicity of heart cost me dear. The *Culinary Antiquities* had not been published two months, ere I was served with the customary horrid slip of parchment, announcing the commencement of an action, brought by John Carter, plaintiff, against Richard Warner, defendant, for a *literary piracy*. *

* The following letter, received some years after this transaction, from the late excellent and upright John Nichols, Esq.; himself a bright ornament of antiquarian

In the first moment of calmness after the tremendous shock, I wrote largely and feelingly to Mr. Carter; detailing all the circumstances connected with my application to Mr. Grose: the tenor of our mutual correspondence: and, more especially, dwelling on Mr. Carter's *oral permission*, through the learned adjutant, for the introduction of the "Peacock Feast" into my

literature: beloved as a man; honored as a scholar; and remembered with affection by all who knew him; will manifest, that Mr. Carter's conduct towards me, made no favorable impression, on Mr. Nichols's honorable mind. It mentions, also, other particulars relating to my "Culinary Antiquities."

" May 26, 1813.

" Dear Sir,

" I perfectly recollect the *unhandsome* mode in which your quarto volume was, in a manner, stifled in the birth. I regretted much at the time, that I had not secured a copy: and at Mr. Gough's sale, I happened not to be present, when his copy was sold for *1l. 2s. 0d.* only — but, I am sorry to say, I know not the purchaser. Perhaps *Leigh and Sotheby* may be able to inform you.

" Of the Sepulchral Monuments, you possess by far the *richest* and most *valuable* volume. But, the others are *most rare*: several of them having been *burned*; and now not to be had *at any price*. Of the *second volume*, nearly 70 copies were bought *cheap*, by a bookseller, who afterwards *retailed* them.

" Heartily wishing you success in all your undertakings,

" I am, dear Sir,

" Your very obedient Servant,

" J. NICHOLS."

recent publication. I despatched a letter, also, to Mr. Grose, (who, unfortunately, had lately gone to Ireland) acquainting him with the miserable predicament in which I stood; and requesting his immediate and earnest interference, with the irritated draughtsman. I wrote, further, to a legal friend in London, (about to be called to the bar) to exercise all his eloquence, and use all his skill, in endeavours to allay Mr. Carter's wrath: and if his efforts failed, to retain some *juris jurumque peritū*s; who would be able, at least, to make "the best of a bad bargain," and mitigate damages.

Carter, however, remained inexorable; for the law was decidedly in his favour. I had sinned in the very teeth of the act of parliament; and confessed my offence, by the subscription to my plate: and, worse than all, the plaintiff's *word-of-mouth consent to the use of his "Peacock Feast,"* could not be proved; inasmuch, as poor Mr. Grose, at this critical period of my fate, was carried off, in Ireland, by an apoplectic seizure; and prevented from bearing the only testimony, which could secure a verdict in my favour.

As, under these untoward circumstances, I could set up no defence, judgment was suffered to go by default; and a jury were impanelled, at the Guildhall, I believe, to assess the damages sustained by Mr. Carter. Their verdict adjudged

the defendant, to pay twenty pounds to the injured party; and, (more sad to say) prohibited the further sale of my work. My legal friend managed the business, as far as it concerned myself, with all possible economy: and my counsel, in compassion to a young author, and in consideration of the hardness of his case, generously declined accepting a fee for his services on the occasion: but, notwithstanding these reliefs to my pocket, so unusually experienced by defendants in the court of King's Bench; the prosecution cost me *seventy pounds!*

The case occasioned much conversation among the *literate*s of the day. Mr. Carter got a little money; but, certainly, no credit, by his harsh, and, to me, almost ruinous proceedings: and all the unsold copies of the "Culinary Antiquities," went, I presume, into the *waste-paper loft* of the publisher.

The "Preliminary Discourse" of the work was a somewhat *lengthy* one; but, enriched by the following "Hints" from the very learned Colonel Mitford; and improved, I trust, by the judicious "Observations" which succeed them, of the Rev. William Gilpin: remarks which every young author may peruse, and, if he please, adopt, with equal advantage to himself, and his reader.

HINTS BY COL. MITFORD.

“ The art of cookery was not in its origin, an
“ art of Luxury, but of Necessity. In the hot
“ climates animals are not easily fatted: their
“ flesh is generally lean and stringy: and, in
“ many places, if kept a few hours, it begins to
“ putrefy. Something more than mere roasting or
“ boiling is necessary to render it *digestible*: the
“ *condiment* is useful, therefore, to make it *keep*.

“ The very cold climates have wants of a dif-
“ ferent kind. It is necessary to prepare in
“ summer, the food to serve in winter. This
“ was a want, formerly, even in our temperate
“ climate, before the improvement of husbandry,
“ enabled people to fatten cattle in winter as in
“ summer; and to raise vegetables, and keep
“ them in perfection through the winter.

“ Many vegetables, raw or simply boiled, will
“ disagree with many stomachs, to which they
“ will afford a very wholesome food, if mixed
“ with something of an oily nature; as butter;
“ oil of olives, &c. Salt and spices are also often
“ useful, to make that a valuable food, which
“ may be injurious without them. Here is another
“ use of cookery; on which borders, as, on al-
“ most every use of every thing, another abuse.

“ In our climate, (except perhaps for a short
“ time, in the very hot season) French cookery,
“ is, for the most part, an absurdity: it is the

“ art of spoiling good meat. The same art, in
“ the south of France, is highly valuable: it is
“ the art of making bad meat eatable. The
“ French convert many vegetables, and some
“ animals; and some parts of other animals, into
“ wholesome food; which our housewives, for
“ want of their art, neglect, or throw away.

“ The kitchen of the Highlander; the Lap-
“ lander; the Arab; and the Hindoo, may de-
“ serve consideration. For the Arab, Shaw’s
“ travels may be consulted. The kitchen of the
“ New Zealander should not be past unnoticed.

“ At the blockade of Sphacteria, in the seventh
“ year of the Peloponnesian war; poppy-heads
“ bruised, and mixed with honey, were eaten.

“ In the fifth or sixth year of the same war, a
“ galley was sent, with an account of the reversal
“ of the decree, condemning the Mitylenæans:
“ meat, honey, and wine, mixed together, or
“ some such mess, used by the crew.

“ Aristophanes in ‘The Knights,’ teaches to
“ make, what are commonly translated *sausages*;
“ but, which appear to have been rather what
“ we call ‘black-puddings.’ This passage shows,
“ that the Athenians did not waste the *blood* of
“ animals, killed for meat; but, made it a part
“ of their food.

“ In the ‘Plutus,’ I think he mentions pease
“ pottage, and other windy messes; the food of
“ slaves, and the lowest people.

“ In the ‘ Acharnanians,’ or ‘ The Peace,’ he
 “ mentions *eels* from the Lake Copais; dressed
 “ with I forget what, as a luxury much esteemed
 “ at Athens.”

OBSERVATIONS BY THE REV. WM. GILPIN.

“ I have taken great liberties with y^r style, w^{ch}
 “ I do on y^e principle of *performing a trust*. You
 “ may adopt, or not, as you please. A good
 “ style, in my opinion, consists in y^e fewest, and
 “ easiest words — arranged in y^e simplest, and
 “ most natural order — and running as smoothly
 “ as y^e ear will admit — on these principles, I
 “ have used my correcting pen — all quaint
 “ phrases, and embarrassed sentences, should be
 “ avoided. You will find an example of what
 “ I mean, by an embarrassed sentence, in y^e
 “ middle of y^e 46th page — where you must read
 “ 2 or 3 lines, before you can guess what is to
 “ come.

“ With regard to y^e work itself, I think it a
 “ very entertaining one. But still I think many
 “ things might be added. You say little of
 “ *drink*. The history of *bread* might be useful,
 “ and entertaining. You might tell us how y^e
 “ poor lived: and with regard to y^r conclusion,
 “ I think you are much too short. You might
 “ introduce a little more morality. You might
 “ draw equal instruction from y^e necessities of

“ mankind, and from their luxuries. You might
 “ shew y^e y^e stomach of a man, is able to con-
 “ vert into aliment a greater variety of things,
 “ than y^e stomach of any other animal: w^{ch}
 “ shews, (what y^e naturalist proves fr^m his being
 “ better able to bear y^e extremes of heat and
 “ cold) that he is fitted by nature to bear every
 “ climate. Indeed, his reason assists him, by
 “ y^e art of cookery, to alter and adapt his food.
 “ It is a melancholy consideration, y^t while half
 “ mankind are pining in want, y^e other half are
 “ consuming the blessings of Heaven, in intem-
 “ perance. These and other similar observations
 “ occur.

“ You make much use of y^e word *viands*. I
 “ have always erased it. People take dislikes to
 “ words. I conceive *viands* to be rather a poe-
 “ tical word: at least, it is not so plain, and good
 “ a word, I think, as *food*.

“ I conclude with wishing you not to be hasty
 “ in publication. *A hasty work is seldom long-*
 “ *lived.*”

The last “observation” seemed to be all but
 prophetic. The work *was* brought forth *in*
haste; and *died* almost as soon as it was born.

The premature fate, however, of this *royal*
quarto, and the *expense* attending its funeral,
 did not deter me, almost on the “morrow,” from
 trying “fresh woods and pastures new,” in the
 inviting regions of antiquarian literature. I had

purchased the original drawings of Captain Grose, as far as they regarded Hampshire; and made large topographical collections, referring to the southern division of that county: and, by the early part of the year 1793, a work in two volumes, on this subject, *to be embellished* with, I think, 20 plates, was ready for publication.* I say *to be embellished*, for such would have been the case, had not the fates determined otherwise. Seven hundred and fifty copies of the work, were lying at the publisher's (Mr. Blamire), to be stitched, and boarded, as soon as the engravings arrived from the copper-plate printer. He had promised them on the succeeding Saturday; and advertisements had announced, that on the Monday following, "Topographical Remarks, &c." were to be published, in two vols. octavo, price 1*l.* 1*s.* in boards. I was quiet in the country, calculating, night and morning, the probable profit of four or five heavy editions, of so *popular* a production; when a notification reached me by the post; that a *tremendous fire* had occurred in St. Martin's Lane, the residence of the unfortunate copper-plate printer; by which, his, and other houses, had been reduced to ashes; and the whole of my plates and impressions, (together

* It bore this title: "Topographical Remarks, relating to the South-western parts of Hampshire; to which is added, a descriptive Poem: by the Reverend Richard Warner. London. Blamire. 1793."

ther with much property far more valuable) been entirely consumed!

The work came out, without its embellishments; and a few copies were sold, at ten shillings each!*

* I had the satisfaction of receiving the *condolences* of some sympathising friends, on my disaster: and amongst the rest, those of the worthy Mr. Astle, Keeper of the Tower Records, to whom I sent a copy of the imperfect work. His letter, on this occasion, was as follows:—

“ Battersea Rise, Surry,

“ June 6. 1793.

“ Dear Sir,

“ Accept my best thanks for your obliging present, which I received last week, but having been from home, I have not as yet been able to peruse your work. I lament *much* the *loss* of your *plates*. I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you *here*, when you come to town; and my deputy will give any assistance at the Tower.

“ I am, with best wishes,

“ Dear Sir, &c.

“ THOMAS ASTLE.”

A very heavy loss was sustained by this untoward accident; but, a considerable portion of it fell, (in consequence of a previous agreement) on my worthy publisher, Mr. Blamire, of the Strand; whose conduct, on the occasion, did great credit to his feelings. Indeed, I have always experienced on the part of the London publishers, (and my intercourse with them has been pretty extensive) honour, uprightiness, and liberality: and I cannot but regard those severe remarks, which are too frequently levelled, against what the accusers are pleased to call their *extortion* and *tyranny*, altogether unfounded and unjust. Their risk is great; their trouble immense; and well deserve a liberal

My mind must have been pretty well impregnated with the spirit of perseverance, at that period of my life, since, so far was it from shrinking under these repeated and expensive; literary mischances, that, (after a little excusable groaning and writhing) I issued proposals for the completion and publication of a work, "The History of Hampshire," (for which I was then making collections) to be comprised in three volumes folio, of nearly 1000 pages each.* But, from the date of the appearance of my "Ly-mington Tour" in the world, I had adopted the encouraging injunction, as my motto, *Macte novâ virtute puer*, "Go on as you've begun ;"

remuneration. Nor is their utility to literature, as a body, at all unequivocal. They are an essential class of *middle men*, between the manufacturer and consumer ; the author and the public. Their CAPITAL is the ocean, on which the *Argosies* of the writer are first launched ; and afterwards borne to every district in the wide republic of letters : and, (to vary the metaphor) their capital, is, in the literary world, the principle of light and heat ; that fosters many a germ of learning and science ; assists and encourages its gradual growth ; and brings it, at last, to blaze in open day, which, without such nurture and aid, would have perished in the seed ; or, at best, shot up into a neglected and ephemeral plant.

* I give these proposals in the Appendix, as a *curiosity*. The "History of Hampshire," according to my *plan* of the work, (which I alone was to execute) would have required, at least half a dozen lettered men of various accomplishments, and ten whole years, for its completion !

and had determined, in spite of difficulties and dangers, to pursue the glorious career, as long as I had strength to wield a goose-quill.

The pains that I devoted to the preparations for this Herculean labour, were by no means trifling. Indeed, the countenance afforded to its plan, by the two county members; Sir Wm. Heathcote, Bart., and J. Clarke Jervis, Esq.; by Sir Harry Burrard, Bart.; George Rose, Esq.: a highly-gifted divine, who is now on the bench of bishops; and the Rev. William Gilpin: would have been a sufficient encouragement, to a less sanguine young man than myself, to have at least, attempted its completion: but, alas! “the sinews of war,” were wanting. The exchequer of an humble curate, afforded very insufficient funds, for the expenses, of that distant research; local inspection; chargeable correspondence; constant journeying; and costly purchase of desirable materials; which the compilation of the history of a large county necessarily involved: and, after visiting, for the purpose of collection, many places of antiquity and curiosity in Hants: the universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the British Museum, and the Record Office in the Tower — and buying a variety of drawings, manuscripts, and original documents, bearing upon my subject; I perceived the drain on my finances to be so great; and the accumulation of materials so small, when com-

pared with the mass which it remained for me to collect; that, with a heart ill at ease, I relinquished my design; recalled my proposals; and parted with my chest of materials, for about a third of the money which I had expended in gathering them together. Certainly, if I ever languished for *preferment* in the profession of which I am a member, it was at *that* period of my life. Not for the indulgence of idleness, or enjoyment of luxury; but, that I might be sufficiently at ease in my possessions, to prosecute a work, to the completion of which I had looked forwards, with no common degree of desire and satisfaction.

Again, (it may be thought) an useful warning had been afforded me, of the unproductiveness of authorship, as a friend to the pocket, or a solace to the spirit. But *habit* is deaf to warning. The press still spread its witcheries before me: and fed my fancy with visions of future literary greatness. Again I took up my pen, and in the course of a few weeks, completed a work in two volumes, entitled "Netley Abbey; a Gothic Story." It was well received; and lived, like the other romances of that period, its little day; a circumstance, which was rather an agreeable surprise to me; for, I will candidly confess, that, so far from attending to Mr. Gilpin's judicious caution against *haste*, I had no fixed plan of the plot or conduct of my story,

when I commenced it; but created both, as I proceeded in the work — that I wrote the *copy* while the printer was employed upon it; and gave it no other *revisal*, than that which it is customary to bestow on a *proof-sheet*.

At the distance of forty years from its publication, I have been perusing *Netley Abbey*; and though, perhaps, I cannot admire its composition, I am pleased to see, that it advocates the cause of piety, virtue, and honour; and concludes with these imperishable truths, that, “THERE IS
“NO SITUATION TO WHICH PERSECUTED VIRTUE
“CAN BE REDUCED, SO LOW, AS TO AUTHORISE
“DESPAIR: THAT THERE ARE NO CIRCUMSTANCES
“TO WHICH HARDENED IMPIETY CAN BE RAISED,
“SO ELEVATED AND SECURE, AS TO PRECLUDE
“THE DANGER OF DOWNFALL AND DISGRACE.”

Many years subsequently to the publication of *Netley Abbey*, I conceived the idea, of writing a sort of *antiquarian novel*, called *ÆLLA*, founded on an Anglo-Saxon story; and had, from time to time, made some notes for the purpose; when the author of *Waverley*, suddenly astonished the reading world, with that beautiful product of his exuberant fancy: and by a rapid succession of works of the same character, (and in some instances of equal merit) so elevated the *tone* of novel writing, that I

shrank, *instanter*, with dismay, from entering the lists, where, it appeared to me, victory and praise, would be exclusively awarded, to this puissant knight; and where defeat and disgrace, must, inevitably, follow HIM, who should venture to break a lance, with so redoubted a champion. Others, however, it seems, (though sooth to say, much better armed for the joust than myself) have not considered this literary hero, either as invincible or incomparable, in the field of fiction: and in contesting for the guerdon, have evinced so much skill, power, and address, as to render it a mooted point, to whom it ought to be conceded. Of these antagonist chevaliers, in the arena of letters, the best mounted; best appointed; and most formidable; is, unquestionably, the author of PELHAM; THE DISOWNED; and DEVEREUX. With a rapidity equal to that of the author of WAVERLEY, (a haste, however, which bears no marks of negligence or exhaustion,) he has added, in an astonishingly short space of time, to this department of our national literature, the three above-mentioned novels: of which, (though it be difficult to determine their comparative merits,) it may be fairly said, they are all admirable. But, though of the same *class* with the bewitching works of the author of *Waverley*; they differ from his productions, in several of their specific features. It appears to me, indeed, that each of these

writers, has his own peculiar excellences; and that, while in a comparison with the whole class of contemporary English novelists, they are very giants in strength and stature; the particular attributes of the one, are so nicely balanced against those of the other, that neither seems to exceed his fellow, in height or power. Thus, for instance; if we allow to the author of *Waverley* a more creative imagination; we must concede to the writer of *Pelham*, the sounder judgment; and that too, exercised over a greater exuberance of diction; and a richer treasury of illustration. If the *former* paint with incomparable vividness and truth, the *common* feelings of our nature; the *uppermost* emotions, (so to speak) of the Human *Heart*: — the *latter* penetrates into its darkest recesses: and developes those deeply-hidden, and almost invisible *moral germs*, which, in after life, give colour to character, and direction to action; and form the future coward or hero; villain or saint. If the one, view, and describe, *external nature*, with the eye and skill of the most consummate master of the graphic art — the other, traces with equal power and success, the multiform lineaments of conflicting feelings, and excited passions. If the author of *Waverley* charm us with the *naïveté*, simplicity, and characteristical humour of his *dialogues* — the author of *Pelham*, dazzles us with the spirit,

brilliancy, and wit; the profound thought, and esoteric remark, of his *conversations*: and, while the *former* brings before our eye, in almost palpable reality, the forms and fashions; the costumes, manners, and sentiments, of “the olden time” — the *latter* (evidently more conversant with the *élite* of society: the sons and daughters of *haut ton*, than his great rival;) sketches, with the most delicate pencil, and to the very life, the foibles and follies; the unsound principles, and gilded corruptions, of the high-born fashionable world.

I would close these few remarks, which I have ventured to offer on the literary productions of the two most celebrated manufacturers of works of fancy, in modern times, with an extract from “The Dwarf” of the one, and “The Disowned,” of the other; as, in some degree, illustrative of what I have said above: premising, that as far as my acquaintance with English literature extends, I cannot point out, within that compass, any two passages, (at all similar in subject) more eloquent, beautiful, and touching, than the following: —

The first is from “The Disowned;” chap. xxii.; describing a scene between TALBOT and CLARENCE.

“Whatever the difference between us may be, I know well, that an old man’s blessing is never without its value.

“ AS CLARENCE clasped his benefactor’s hand,
“ the tears gush’d from his eyes. — Is there one
“ being, stubborn as the rock to *misfortune*,
“ whom *kindness* does not affect? — For our
“ part, it seems to us, to come with a double
“ grace and tenderness, from the old. It seems
“ in *them*, the hoarded, and long-purified bene-
“ volence of years — as if it had survived and
“ conquered the baseness and selfishness of the
“ ordeal it had passed — as if the winds which
“ had broken the form, had swept in vain across
“ the heart: and the frost, which had chilled
“ the blood, and whitened the thin locks; had
“ possessed no power over the warm tide of the
“ affections. — It is the triumph of Nature over
“ Art: it is the voice of the angel which is yet
“ within us. Nor is this all — the tenderness of
“ age is twice blessed: blessed, in its trophies
“ over the obduracy of encrusting, and with-
“ ing years: blessed, because it is tinged with
“ the sanctity of the grave — because it tells us,
“ that the heart will blossom even upon the
“ precincts of the tomb: and flatters us, with
“ the inviolacy and immortality of love!”

The other extract is from a scene between Hobbie and his grandmother in “The Dwarf.”

“ ‘ A true friend, indeed: God bless him!’
“ exclaimed Hobbie; ‘ let’s on and away, and
“ take the chase after him.’

“ ‘ O, my child, before you run on danger,
“ let me hear you but say, ‘ His will be done!’ ”

“ ‘ Urge me not, mother — not now.—’ He
“ was rushing out, when, looking back, he
“ observed his grandmother make a mute atti-
“ tude of affliction. He returned hastily; threw
“ himself into her arms, and said: ‘ Yes, mother,
“ I *can* say, ‘ His will be done,’ since it will
“ comfort *you*.’ ”

“ ‘ May HE go forth — may HE go forth with
“ you, my deair bairn — and, O, may HE give
“ you cause to say, on your return: ‘ His name
“ be praised!’ ”

CHAP. X.

THE circumstances attending my entrance into the clerical profession, were, I would fain believe, sufficiently “out of the common way” to interest the reader.

I had already kept eight terms at the University of Oxford, and (under the conviction of having lost much precious time) was preparing myself for the Church, with no common ardour and perseverance; when the offer of a curacy for me, was made to my father, so peculiarly advantageous to my interests, and agreeable to my wishes; that I determined, if possible, to obtain immediate ordination; that I might be ready to fill the charge, when it should become vacant, at the end of little more than three months from the time of the offer being made. The curacy was that of the parish of Boldre, in Hampshire, of which the Rev. William Gilpin was vicar; a friend and neighbour of my family; a man whom I had long venerated; and felt exceedingly desirous of being connected with, as his professional assistant.

There were serious difficulties, however, in the way of my ordination. I had not taken my

degree : and the bishop in whose diocese Boldre was situated, would not confer deacon's orders, unless the candidate carried with him to the examination, that necessary qualification. But, I could oppose an expedient to the obstacle. My good friend Warren Hastings, was well acquainted with the Archbishop of York ; and on intimate terms of friendship, with Mr. Markham, His Grace's eldest son ; then staying with his father. In compliance with my desire, Mr. Hastings most obligingly wrote to both ; stated my case ; and solicited permission for me to present myself as a candidate, at the Archbishop's ordination, to be holden very speedily, at Bishopthorp Palace, near York.

By the return of the post, a favourable answer to Mr. Hastings's application arrived : a friend procured for me a title, a few miles from Rotherham : and, provided with every necessary document and qualification, except a degree, I left the neighbourhood of Lymington, for a three months' sojournment, in the county of York : and, in a few days presented myself to the archbishop. Mr. Hastings's recommendation had wrought a sort of magical effect in my favour, at the palace. I was received as an old acquaintance ; treated as a friend ; and requested to become an inmate, as long as I should remain in that part of Yorkshire. A desire to survey

all that was remarkable in the city of York and its vicinity; or, perhaps, an awkward shyness, that instinctively shrank from a large circle of utter strangers; induced me to decline the hospitable and flattering invitation; but, I occasionally saw the delightful family at the palace, during the ordination week; and, certainly, can number but few hours in my life, which have been more *agreeably* spent, than in their cheerful society. It was quite exhilarating to witness the harmony and affection, that, apparently, subsisted between all the branches of the Archbishop's numerous circle: and not to feel the benign influence of that atmosphere of kindness and good-humour, which seemed to embrace the happy group, would have argued a *numbness of soul*, which, thank Heaven, has never formed a part of my natural constitution. His Grace himself, though venerable as a patriarch in figure, and full of Attic salt, and elegant erudition, was quite alive, to the happiness of childhood, and the gaiety of youth. Mrs. Markham, a native, I believe, of Amsterdam, appeared to be the very Genius of innocent fun: and the large cluster of grown, and growing up, sons and daughters which surrounded them, intellectual, accomplished, and sportive, threw over the family-picture at Bishopthorp Palace, the glow of a perpetual sunshine. One day at the Archbishop's,

in particular, was marked, as *Strap* classically expresses it, with "a white stone:" the day which closed the examinations of the candidates for ordination. We had passed through the ordeal, satisfactorily to ourselves and the chaplain; escaped, not only the horror of plucking, but, even the murmur of disapprobation: and were to contrast the palpitations of the morning, in the examining chamber, with the unalloyed pleasures of the Archbishop's hospitable board, at the rational hour of three o'clock.

It chanced, that I had been able to afford some little assistance, during the process of examination, to one of the candidates who were present on the occasion; but whose name I have not in my remembrance. He appeared to be about forty years of age, and was, as I afterwards discovered, a native of the North-Riding of Yorkshire. The singularity of this candidate's appearance, and the perfect simplicity of his manners, interested me exceedingly: and, on the announcement of dinner, I contrived to place myself next to him, at the sumptuously-covered board. Our situation was near the head of the table, within two or three seats of Mrs. Markham. The quaint appearance of my neighbour, instantly attracted the laughter-loving eye, of the lady of the feast: and I soon perceived, that not one of his gestures escaped her keen observation. But, good-nature was her charac-

teristic; and the same kind attentions were awarded to the *oddity*, as to every other guest in her immediate vicinity.

In sober truth, the figure and bearing of this worthy man, were not ill calculated to stir the fancy to a merry mood. A dark blue coat, of antique cut; a black waistcoat, and inexpressibles; and speckled worsted stockings, covered his gaunt and lofty person; which was surmounted by a large head, bearing a thick crop of lank raven locks, which, nicely smoothed with oil, shone, as the glossy scalp of an ancient minstrel, "like a mallard's wing." Nature had cast his countenance in a grave and saturnine mould: but, the complete novelty of the scene around; and the rich display of good things before him, had, for the time being, mingled a permanent grin of satisfaction, with the usual rigidity of his features, that rendered the unnatural combination irresistibly ludicrous.

Utterly unused to the forms of a fashionable table, my worthy friend had nothing left for it, but to resign all free-agency, and do as those around him did: to comply with every invitation to a fresh slice, or a full glass: and patiently to suffer the unexpected abduction of his plate, though he might not have despatched more than a moiety of its savoury contents. It must be confessed, that he managed the business of *imitation* with sufficient adroitness, until the removal

of the *sweets*, and the introduction of the *water glasses* : but here fortune failed him ; and determined, in her spite, to *play off* both Mrs. Markham and her guest. The latter, whose wonder had been excited by these crystal vessels, carefully observed, as he supposed, the *uses* to which they were applied, the washings and the wipings, &c. ; but, alas ! there was one material point, in which he had altogether mistaken the complicated process : for, having duly performed the necessary ablutions and purifications of face and mouth, he carried the goblet to his lips, and, without drawing breath, drained it to the very dregs !

*Ille impiger hausit
Spumantem pateram.*

It was not in Mrs. Markham's nature, to resist the impulse to risibility at so marvellous a sight. Her little round frame shook with convulsive laughter : nor could she thoroughly compose her features into any thing like gravity, during the remainder of the day.

As I had a carriage waiting for me from York, I requested that I might convey my new acquaintance to his lodging in that city. On our way thither, I learned his "short and simple annals." He was the son of an humble Yorkshire farmer : had received a moderate education, at one of the cheap seminaries in his native

county: had married a peasant's daughter, the prolific mother of his six healthy children: and had kept, for some years, a small school, in a remote and unfrequented spot, in that part of England. It had been, he said, his long-indulged wish, and highest ambition, to be admitted to holy orders; and to obtain the curacy of the parish in which he resided: "And now," continued he, "Sir, Providence has granted that wish; and I am the happiest man in the world. The profits of my school are about 70*l.* a year; and that, added to the 25*l.* which I shall receive from the curacy, will give me an income of nearly 100*l.* per annum." — "But it will require much economy, my good friend," said I, "to make this small sum supply the wants of so large a family as your's." — "Why not, Sir?" he briskly replied: "we have, thank God! done very comfortably, even hitherto; and surely, with *such an addition*, I cannot fear that we should now do worse. Besides, Sir, I suffer no unnecessary expenses in my family; nor am I a spendthrift myself. The coat I have on, was made for my marriage, sixteen years ago. I have no occasion for a horse; for, I can walk my forty miles a day: and as for a carriage, I was never in one, in all my life, before to-night; except, when very young, I once travelled from Doncaster to York, in the stage coach. No, Sir, I have

“no fears; and am, thank God, the *happiest man in the world.*”

At this moment we were passing through a dark and narrow street in the city of York; when my companion, suddenly thrusting out his right arm; dashed it through the front window (which was of plate glass, the carriage being a second-hand chariot) seized the driver's skirts of his coat; and loudly vociferated — “Stop: here are my quarters.” — The accident and accompanying shout, shocked in some degree my nervous system; and overwhelmed my poor fellow-traveller with embarrassment and mortification. He made a thousand apologies for his awkwardness: talked about sharing the expense; and protested, that, “he saw the stars so clearly, he had no idea, there was *any glass* between him and them.” I soon quieted his perturbation however; and though I paid a guinea for the repair of the fracture, considered myself as amply remunerated, in having found, what the Eastern potentate had so long, and ineffectually sought for, through his wide dominions—*a happy man!*

The title on which I had been ordained was that of *Wales*, an obscure village in the deanery of Doncaster; to whose incumbent at that time, I shall give the name of the Rev. Wm. Johnson. With this gentleman I spent a part of the time of my sojournment in Yorkshire; though my

principal quarters were at a lodging in Rotherham. The residence of my new acquaintance was "a low-browed" mansion, of small dimensions; and with a paucity of apartments; sufficiently roomy, however, for the minister and his wife; who were without children. The style of the interior of the dwelling may be estimated, from the character of the best, and only spare sleeping-room, which was allotted to my accommodation; where I reposed on a half-testered linsley woolsey bed, placed on a floor of *cement*. Our table, too, frugal though neat, indicated no superfluity of riches: while the single female servant, who, like a *Proteus*, assumed in succession, the various forms of cook, housemaid, butler, and groom, completely satisfied me, that the perpetual curacy of *Wales*, was not the best piece of church preferment in England.

But, the picture would be incomplete, without the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

The excellent little incumbent, (for, though small his stature, "large was his bounty, and "his soul sincere") had reached middle life, at the time I became his temporary assistant. His countenance, it is true, could at no age, have boasted any feature that might be termed handsome; but, there was a smile of good-humour, and a beam of benevolence which played over the rugged whole, which went more directly to the heart, than the most perfect symmetry, and

the finest contour could have done. Chiefly occupied in rural affairs, and the business of his parish, his "talk," indeed, was, principally, "of 'bullocks,'" and parochial duties: but, a vein of good feeling and good sense, pervaded all he said; and gave an interest and charm to his conversation, that wit and learning do not always impart. His habits were simple and temperate — early rising, and a hearty breakfast: occupation among his parishioners, and a survey of his twenty acres: a one o'clock dinner, and reading himself into a nap: a light supper, followed by the

" Little tube of mighty power,
 " Charmer of the idle hour;
 " With lip of wax, and eye of fire;"

completed the routine of each of his days, from Monday morning to Saturday night; varied only by a dedication of the last afternoon in the week, to preparations for the Sabbath; and left no nook of his mind, or his time, so vacant or unemployed, as to allow room or opportunity, for a single "blue-devil" to intrude on either.

Mrs. Johnson was a mate exactly formed and fitted for her husband: cast in the same diminutive and ordinary mould, with himself; with a like benign disposition; and a similar taste for quiet, simple, and useful occupations. Her economy was exact, but, practised as much for

the sake of her poor neighbours, as in consideration of her good-man's circumscribed exchequer: she rivalled Mrs. Primrose in her home-made wines: and produced at 50 per cent. less expense, than even Mrs. Rundle herself could have done, some of the most savoury dishes I had ever tasted.

But, alas! perfection must not be expected in the human character! One little foible ('twas all I could detect) reduced Mrs. Johnson to the level of our common kind: but, where, let me ask, was the *plain woman* ever to be found, who felt not, more or less, the influence of *personal vanity*?

In the centre of the little dining-room, stood a small oaken table, which, though not an absolute *fixture*, was perpetually stationary: and *on no account to be moved*, even to facilitate the operations of dusting the mat, or scouring the floor. The reason of this prohibition, did not long remain a mystery to me. Immediately opposite to Mrs. Johnson's customary seat at this article of furniture, was an old fashioned *mirrour*; which, by a nice adjustment to the wainscot, formed an angle of forty-five degrees with its plane; and reflected as much of Mrs. Johnson's person as appeared above the board. It cannot be denied I fear, that the good lady paid *almost* as much attention to the unsubstantial figure in the looking-glass, as to the living

guests who sat by her side. Indeed, it too nearly approached to *image-worship*: and often have I observed, that, when she was kindly pressing me to eat with her voluble tongue, her eye was directed to the attractive crystal; and her fingers employed, in adjusting her little periwig; twitching her cap; or smoothing her tucker. But, venial was the fault; for her admiration of self, lessened, in no degree, her kindness and benevolence to others: nor, inspired a wish, for a field of more extensive display; for more varied delights; or more expensive pleasures; than she enjoyed in her own retired village, and peaceful and “well-ordered home.” In short, both Mrs. Johnson and her husband, had discovered the true philosopher’s stone—CONTENT—and, like May’s “Old Couple,” lived humbly,

“ but, lived happy,
 “ And in ” their peace domestic, “ found
 “ More real comforts, than societys
 “ Of man could yield; than citys could afford;
 “ And all the lustres of a court could give.”

They have, for many years, been gathered to their fathers; and finished their course in peace and hope: and if, through my worldly career, I have looked with something more than indifference, on the fillagree of fashion; the glitter of riches; the trappings of greatness; or,

whatever else constitutes “the pride of life” — the lesson was taught, or, the feeling impressed, when I domesticated with these worthy people; and observed, that the most solid enjoyments, and best satisfactions, of this fleeting state of existence, were quite compatible with a *narrow income*; and to be derived, under any circumstances, from *moderate wishes*; *innocent pursuits*; the *benevolent disposition*; and the *contented spirit*.

The Sabbath succeeded the day on which I arrived at the parsonage house of *Wales*; when I was to enter upon the exercise of my professional functions. The church stood at some distance from the manse; so that the ride thither, afforded me an opportunity of learning from Mr. Johnson, all necessary particulars, respecting the parochial duty which I had undertaken to fulfil; and to obtain several useful hints, with regard to the manner and order of going through those services, which, for the first time in my life, I was now about to perform. In the course of our colloquy, I mentioned the embarrassment of a friend of mine, who, having engaged to assist a brother-clergyman, for two or three Sundays, during his absence from a little country church, in the West of England, had discovered, on mounting the reading-desk, that the *Bible* was a *black-letter* one: and, on desiring the clerk to provide him with another, had one placed in his

hands, of so small a print, as to be unable to read it, from his own defective sight, and the darkness of the fabric. The anecdote seemed to tickle the fancy of my companion, beyond all porportionate measure — I stared — In a few moments Mr. Johnson recovered himself, — and said, that *I* should find sufficient *light* ; and moreover, be greatly relieved in reading the service, by the *singers*, who were accustomed to give two psalms, of six verses each ; one after “ the morning prayer,” and the other before the sermon. We reached the church ; at which a larger congregation than usual was present ; attracted by a natural curiosity, of witnessing the *début* of a young divine. With a palpitating heart I ascended the reading-desk ; and with a tremulous hand, carefully marked the portions in the Prayer-book, which I was successively to read ; looked to the columns of the “ proper Lessons ;” and opened the folio, which lay on my left hand, to find and mark them ; when, to my no small surprise, I discovered, that the book was what antiquaries denominate a BREECHES BIBLE * : of the date of the sixteenth century ; and printed in *black-letter* ! The cause

* This name has been given to those early editions of the Bible, in which the translation of the 7th verse of the iii. chap. of Genesis, has the words, “ made themselves *breeches* ;” instead of, “ made themselves *aprons*.”

of Mr. Johnson's unusual excitement, was now no longer a mystery to me : for, I had described to him a situation, in which, he was aware, that I myself was about to be placed. But, though startled at the vision, I was not overwhelmed. My *antiquarian pursuits* here stood me in good stead. The grotesque type had been long familiar to me : and I read the Lessons with as much *steadiness of voice*, as if a *Baskerville* had been spread before me.

My nerves, however, did not so manfully stand the shock, of what Mr. Johnson had been pleased to call the *singing*. A psalm was given out by the clerk. I looked around, in vain, for the choir ; and conjectured, for a moment, that he was to be the *precentor*, and the congregation to unite with this "chief musician," in universal harmony. But, I was deceived. Two rough heads suddenly emerged from a dark pew, at the further end of the church ; and, without instrument, or pitch-pipe, commenced a sonorous *duet*, that had as much pretension to *musical cadence*, as the "harsh thunder," which Milton attributes to the grating hinges of "the infernal doors." I endeavoured to detect some regular, or at least some known tune, amid their shoutings : but, the only intelligible notes which met my ear, brought to my recollection, the old popular Jacobitical ditty : "Over the water to "Charley."

The glaring impropriety of such a noisy interruption of the calm, sober, and solemn services of our beautiful Liturgy, struck me forcibly at the time; and has, on many subsequent occasions, painfully recurred to my mind. — That psalmody *might* be made a very useful, affecting, and improving branch of our public worship, no one will deny: but, in order to render it so, important *alterations* must be adopted in our present system of conducting it; and, a thorough *reformation* effected, in more than half the *singing-galleries* in England. That spirit of insubordination and independence, which exists too generally among these *soi-disant performers*, must be checked; and the *performances* themselves, be suggested and directed by the *minister* alone. All complicated, difficult, and incongruous *airs* must be laid aside; and the psalms that are given out, be strictly confined to those which are to be found, in our two authorised versions: and above all, the *tunes* to be sung, must be sufficiently plain, easy, and well-known, to enable the whole congregation to join in the harmony: and of that solemn, or plaintive character, as will bring the feelings of the heart, to correspond with the expressions of the lips, while the worshippers are engaged in this important branch of their public devotions. Our dissenting brethren, have, in a great measure, accomplished all this: nor are there wanting

instances in our own church, where such a system of psalmody as I have alluded to, has been adopted; and the most satisfactory results derived from its observance. Indeed, I myself, a few weeks after I had been astounded by the vocalists of Wales parish, had the pleasure of listening to, and joining in, a church-harmony very much of this description; when, accompanied by a friend, I paid a visit to the Rev. Mr. Alderson, the estimable curate of the poet Mason, at his living of *Aston* in Yorkshire.

If the application of the term *taste* be allowable to a place of worship, and the service performed in it: I should say, that the purest exercise of this principle, was visible in *Aston* church, and in all its adjuncts.

A chaste elegance characterised the interior of the fabric. In the centre of the neat gallery at its western extremity, stood a handsome barrel-organ: on one side of which, sat six or eight little boys; and on the other, as many little girls; plainly, but decently, and uniformly clothed; who, I understood, were the scholars of a charity-school, supported by the benevolent rector. These formed the choir: and had been properly instructed for the purpose. Mr. Mason, a musician as well as a poet, had composed several simple, and solemn airs, which were pricked upon the barrel-organ: and had moreover, thrown portions of some of the Psalms of

David, into his own beautiful versification; lowering the composition, however, to the level of the ordinary understanding. A book containing these psalms, was placed on every seat. At the proper intervals between the services, the psalm was announced. The boys sang the first verse; the girls the second; and with this regular alternation, the two divisions, went through the whole of the portion appointed to be sung; concluding with the *Gloria Patri*, given in the full harmony of all their united voices. I never heard church music, before or since, that so powerfully affected me. The combination of so many sweet soprano voices, was, in itself, novel and striking; while the idea of the simplicity, and comparative innocence of the childish choristers, so congruous to the service in which they were engaged, associated itself with the solemn feelings usually excited in a place of worship; and produced a holy frame of mind, which only required *permanence*, to render the auditor a half-angelic being. More than once, while I listened to these touching strains, which seemed

“ to take the prison’d soul,
“ And lap it in Elysium :”

my mind was deeply impressed, with the beauty, truth, and appropriateness, of that striking text: “ Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings,

“ hast thou ordained praise.” It must be observed, that such of the congregation as could sing, accompanied the children’s voices : but, in that low and subdued tone, which merely gave depth and fulness to the harmony ; without overpowering the sweeter and more affecting sounds, that came from the gallery above.

My time flew rapidly and pleasantly away, at the place of my cure, and in the neighbourhood of Rotherham : and though among my crowd of engagements, my head still teemed with literary *speculations*, I found no opportunity to bring any of them into a *substantial* form. The genius himself of hospitality and festiveness, appeared to have fixed his throne in the happy spot, on which it was my lot to have fallen : and to have utterly prohibited, within his district, any use or exercise of paper, ink, or pen : and had I, instead of a sojourner, been a dweller in the land, I shrewdly suspect, that the corps of antiquaries, would have lost one of their most devoted, though humblest coadjutors.

But, the period of my continuance in Yorkshire at length arrived : at the end of three months I quitted this magnificent county, with a strong and grateful feeling of the kindness and liberality ; the good sense, and manly independence, of that *middle* class of its inhabitants with which I had associated.

The parish of *Boldre* in Hampshire, presented

a much wider scope for professional exertion, than the little district, which had hitherto occupied my attention; as it included a tract of country, of nearly four and twenty miles in circumference; and a large, though widely-scattered population; the greater part of whom, had, from time immemorial, been poor and ignorant; and, not a few, lawless, profligate and daring. Much, however, had been done to civilise and reform the reckless mass, by the discreet zeal, and indefatigable perseverance, of the high-charactered vicar, the Rev. William Gilpin: so that, at the period of my engaging in the cure of the parish, it wore a much fairer moral aspect, than had been the case previously to the incumbency of the venerable vicar. Great, indeed, would have been the marvel, had not at least a partial success, crowned the labours of this admirable pastor: for never did a clergyman more earnestly yearn for the spiritual welfare; or more sedulously strive to secure the moral improvement, and promote the temporal comfort, of those committed to his pastoral care, than the Rev. William Gilpin. In this part of his character, he formed an exact counterpart, of the beautiful portrait which he has himself painted, of that pious Reformer, his own celebrated ancestor, the Rev. Bernard Gilpin.

“As to the discharge of his functions, no man
“could be more strongly influenced by what

“ he thought the duties of it. The motives of
“ convenience, or present interest, had no kind
“ of weight with him. As the income was no
“ part of his concern, he only considered the
“ office ; which he thought was such a charge,
“ as a man would rather dread than solicit ; but
“ when Providence called him to it, (for what
“ was not procured by any endeavours of his
“ own, he could not not but ascribe to Provi-
“ dence) he accepted it, though with reluctance.
“ He then showed ; that if a sense of the im-
“ portance of his office made him distrust his
“ abilities, it made him still most diligent in
“ exerting them. The very repose to which his
“ age laid claim, he would not indulge ; but as
“ long as he had strength sufficient, persevered
“ in the laborious practice of such methods of
“ instruction, as he imagined would most benefit
“ those under his care. Of popular applause he
“ was regardless, so far as mere reputation was
“ concerned ; but, as the favour of the mul-
“ titude was one step towards gaining their
“ attention, in that light he valued it. He
“ reprov'd vice wherever he found it, with the
“ utmost freedom. As he was contented in his
“ station, and superior to all dependence, he
“ avoided the danger of being tempted to an
“ unbecoming compliance ; and whether he re-
“ prov'd in public or in private, his unblamable
“ life, and the seriousness with which he spake,

“gave an irresistible weight to what he said.
“He studied the low capacities of the people
“among whom he lived, and knew how to adapt
“his arguments to their apprehension.”

But, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the exalted worth, and varied excellences of the Rev. William Gilpin, without giving a more minute and detailed view, of his character, under the different aspects of the *parish-priest* ; the *author* ; the *artist* ; and the *man*. An intimate intercourse with him, for some years ; and the honour of his occasional correspondence, when circumstances had removed me from his society ; enabled me to draw up the following slight biographical sketch shortly after the decease of his amiable relict ; when his person and habits were bright in my recollection ; and the sense of his kindness fresh in my heart.

CHAP. XI.

IT has been often remarked, that the lives of literary, contemplative, and retired men, afford but barren subjects for the biographer; being seldom fertile in events, that can stir the imagination, or amuse the fancy. Removed, (perhaps happily so) from scenes of bustle and adventure, their career through the world has been compared, to the course of the obscure and nameless rivulet, which however it may refresh and gladden the mead in its vicinity, is neither seen, nor heard, nor cared for, from afar.

The remark, though specious, is very far from being well founded: since incident and achievement form, by no means, the most necessary ingredients for the personal memoir: or impart to it that character of moral usefulness, which alone can render this species of composition valuable and improving. To excite to worthy action, by the examples of departed excellence: to stimulate to intellectual exertion, by painting the progress of mind, and the advancement in knowledge, of those who have gone before us; and to awaken the love and imitation of virtue, by an exhibition of its beauty, embodied in men

like ourselves, who, while they displayed its charms, experienced its advantages; are the legitimate ends of biographical narrative; — ends which may be as fully attained, by the moral analysis of those characters, who have dignified private life by their virtue or learning; as by the splendid portraitures of the more active and more exalted; who have filled a larger space in public society, and afforded the most attractive subjects for the pen of the historian, or the song of the bard.

Of this private and unobtrusive description, was the life of the late Rev. William Gilpin; varied by no striking events, or peculiar vicissitudes; but, exemplary and influential; graced by a cultivated intellect, and an elegant taste; sanctified by the love and practice of virtue; and splendid with “the beauty of holiness.”

Mr. Gilpin was born about the year 1724, at Scaleby Castle, in Cumberland.* In a letter

* Mr. Gilpin, though no antiquary, was pleased with a glance at the vestiges of by-gone ages; and notwithstanding that he often smiled at my enthusiasm, would lend a willing ear to the results of all my sober-minded researches. He had been long curious to know something of the ancient history of SCALEBY CASTLE, the residence of his ancestors: and I had spared no pains to afford him the desired information; but, without success, until *pure accident* put it in my power, to oblige him in this trifling matter. In “Cuthell’s Catalogue” for the year 1791, I saw a second-hand copy of Tanner’s *Notitia Monastica*, marked for sale. The book was sent down to my order; and, on opening it, the first

to one of his correspondents, from which, the following extract is taken, he gives a very interesting account of the connection between himself and this venerable mansion; as well as of the occasion, on which it was lost to his family.

“ At the time of my birth, it was the mansion
“ of my grandfather, who was one of the most
“ esteemed men in Cumberland. He was a
“ counsellor of note; and a leading man in all
“ the affairs of the county. But, what would not
“ have been his least recommendation to you
“ and me, I imagine, he was a person of very
“ fine taste; as I infer, both from some pic-
“ tures I have seen of his collecting, and of his
“ painting.

“ My mother was his *ward*; and she gave her
“ hand, when she came of age, to one of his
“ younger sons, who had chosen the army for

object that met my eye, was a small, original, parchment charter, about nine inches long, and five deep; (without its appendant seal, however;) purporting to be a grant from the Lord of that district, of *Scaleby Castle*; to a collateral ancestor (if I remember well) of the Gilpins. The document was of the age of one of the earliest Edwards. I transcribed it immediately, with all its Latin contractions: made another copy in words at length; and, finally, translated it, and carried the whole to my Reverend friend. I seldom had seen him so pleased, as with this little present: he shook me by the hand; and promised he would never *laugh at an antiquary again*. The charter and its copies, are, I presume, now among the papers of Mr. Gilpin's family.

“ his profession. This marriage was a state of
“ uninterrupted happiness, saving the common
“ casualties of life, through the space of half a
“ century. They were both good people : both
“ of improved minds ; and both made their re-
“ spective duties their pleasure. It is but a few
“ years since, that they both died in a very
“ advanced age.

“ On the marriage, my grandfather was un-
“ willing that his son and daughter should go
“ immediately to housekeeping, especially as my
“ father would be called much abroad ; and
“ therefore, he gave them an invitation to live at
“ Scaleby Castle ; which was then the cheerful
“ resort of many folks, children and grand-
“ children of the family, who always found there
“ a pleasant home to bring them together. In
“ a twelvemonth’s time *I* made one among
“ them.

“ During my being at school and college,
“ great revolutions happened at Scaleby Castle.
“ My father’s elder brother had succeeded to
“ the estate : he was an honest, good-tempered
“ man ; but, had neither the sense nor prudence
“ of his father or younger brother. In short,
“ without any vice worse than vanity and indis-
“ cretion, he contrived to run his estate deeply
“ in debt. The finishing stroke, I have been
“ told, was an imprudent bond he entered into
“ with government, in behalf of the Receiver-

“ general of the county. The event was, the
“ Receiver failed, and Scaleby Castle was sold.

“ In the mean time, my father gave up all
“ thoughts of promotion in the army, by accept-
“ ing an independent company of invalids, gar-
“ risoned at Carlisle. He thought it a great
“ thing for him at that time, as indeed it was,
“ because it enabled him to fix himself, where
“ he had before fixed his family.

“ When the rebellion broke out in 1745, he
“ was the commanding officer at Carlisle, and
“ did all he could, (which was afterwards ap-
“ proved) to put the place into a state of defence:
“ and it was generally believed, that, if he had
“ not been superseded by a superior officer,
“ whom the Duke of Cumberland sent to take
“ the command, the place would never have
“ surrendered. Not that this officer, whose name
“ was *Durand*, left any thing undone: my father
“ and he were on the most amicable footing;
“ and when he was brought before a court-mar-
“ tial for having given up the place, my father
“ was his grand evidence, and contributed chiefly
“ to his acquittal. But, the fact was, *Durand*
“ was an unknown man; whereas my father
“ was intimately acquainted with all the gentle-
“ men of the country, who had military commands
“ in Carlisle: the colonel of the Cumberland
“ militia was his nephew; and every body looked
“ up to him with respect and confidence: though

“ he himself always said, the duke had done him
 “ the greatest favour by superseding him, for it
 “ would not have been in his power to have
 “ done more than his superior officer did. The
 “ memory of this worthy man is still highly re-
 “ spected at Carlisle ; as you would easily learn,
 “ if you should happen to meet with any of its
 “ old inhabitants. I must add too, that he also
 “ was a good painter : but, I do not think he
 “ had the picturesque genius of my grandfather,
 “ which I conceive to have been somewhat ex-
 “ traordinary.”

Before quitting the subject of Mr. Gilpin's parents, I feel that it will be pardonable (disregarding the order of time), to insert from his own letters, a few particulars connected with the decease of this estimable pair.

“ These two faithful friends,” says he, “ had
 “ now lived fifty years together, in perfect hap-
 “ piness with each other. The time was come,
 “ when it pleased God to separate them. She
 “ began to decline about the beginning of the
 “ year 1772, and grew gradually worse, till the
 “ February of the succeeding year ; and then
 “ her end appeared to be speedily approaching.
 “ As her strength decayed her resignation in-
 “ creased. My father's tender care over her
 “ may be easily conceived from his character.
 “ Nothing could exceed it.

“ Their parting scene became, by an accident,

“ a very affecting one to both. As he sat by
“ her bed, a few hours before she expired, she
“ desired him to take up a Prayer-book, which
“ lay at hand, and to read the twenty-third psalm.
“ Little exertions of this kind, in the moment of
“ tenderness, are often painful tasks. When we
“ speak our own language, we can check, and
“ vary the voice with our feelings : but under a
“ continued exertion, it often begins to quiver,
“ and is lost — it was so on this occasion. When
“ he came to the passage — *though I walk through*
“ *the valley of the shadow of death* — his tender
“ feelings got the better of him : his voice was
“ totally extinguished by them ; and, notwith-
“ standing all his efforts to control the emotion,
“ he burst into a flood of tears. She, who had
“ probably, on no occasion, seen his manly heart
“ so much subdued, was, on her part, greatly
“ agitated. Her thoughts, which had been com-
“ posed, and had taken another direction, were
“ now brought back in a flow of tenderness.
“ Yet, she begged it might infuse joy through
“ *his* heart, as it did through hers, that, at that
“ awful moment, she could say, *never had any*
“ *woman been more blessed with a friend, than she*
“ *had been with him. ‘ My thanks, my gratitude,’*
“ said she, *‘ are poor : but, may the Almighty*
“ *recompense and bless you for ever.’* This was
“ the last tender interview between them. In a
“ few hours after this she expired.”

What Captain Gilpin's sentiments and state of feeling were, on her death, may be estimated, from the following affecting, but delightful letter to his son, soon after her burial : —

“ My dear Son,

“ I received a letter from you a few days ago,
“ and another from grandson John.

“ Your good mother's death was not unex-
“ pected. I perceived her growing weaker and
“ weaker for these twelve months past : but I
“ would not have you think, that I give myself
“ up to grief. I have lost her for the present, it
“ is true : but, I thank God, I am greatly sup-
“ ported. I look forward. I remember her in
“ every thing I see : but, the remembrance
“ brings joy. I loved her when a boy : a school-
“ boy — she a girl two years younger than my-
“ self. — We agreed — we kept our agreement —
“ seven years united us : her sole endeavour was
“ to make me happy : she made me happy.
“ These are pleasing ideas. I talk with her
“ every day ; and return the same kind answers,
“ which I know she herself would have given
“ me. I enjoy as good health as most people of
“ my years : but, how long I shall survive the
“ good woman who has gone before me, God
“ only knows. May we all make it our sincere
“ endeavour, so to live here, that we may happily
“ meet together hereafter. O happy day (the

“ thought is joyous) when fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sons, daughters, and friends, shall be united in love and happiness, for ever and ever! May God grant this happy meeting to us all!

“ I am, my dear Son,

“ Your affectionate Father,

“ J. B. GILPIN.

“ Carlisle, April 3, 1773.”

About three years after Mrs. Gilpin's death, Captain Gilpin was seized with an inflammation in his bowels, which carried him off in a few days. The particulars of this sad-event, were communicated by one of his daughters, in a letter to her brother.

“ The event is now over. I was alone with him in the room when he died. As nearly as I can recollect them, I will repeat to you his last words. He told me, a little before his death, that he felt its approach, and rejoiced in the prospect. ‘ For, though I thought it my duty,’ said he, ‘ to be cheerful, for the sake of you all; yet, the world has been nothing to me, since I lost your dear mother. But, we shall soon meet to part no more. The sorrows and afflictions of this life are now over: and though my pain is acute at this moment, I would not exchange my situation with any earthly being; in the blessed

“ ‘hope of those joys which eye hath not seen,
 “ ‘nor ear heard — I meet my God, and my
 “ ‘Redeemer! Do you, my dear girl, never
 “ ‘forget this scene. Nothing but doing your
 “ ‘duty, can support you in such a moment as
 “ ‘this.’

“ These were his last words ; but no language
 “ can paint his countenance as he uttered them.
 “ Death had no terrors for him. As I hung
 “ over my dying father, I felt a wish for nothing,
 “ but that firm faith, and animated hope which
 “ he possessed. May the remembrance be lasting
 “ of the death of such a parent ! ”

The following inscription was written by their dutiful and affectionate son ; and inscribed on their grave-stone : —

“ *Sacred to the memory of Captain JOHN BER-*
 “ *NARD GILPIN, and of MATILDA GILPIN his*
 “ *wife, who lived together in conjugal felicity,*
 “ *fifty years, and bequeathed to their posterity,*
 “ *(that best of all legacies) a most amiable and*
 “ *instructive example. She died in the year*
 “ *1773, at the age of 70 : and he in the year*
 “ *1776, at the age of 75.”*

On Mr. Gilpin’s entrance into holy orders, he was prevailed upon, by the advice of his friends, to apply for some preferment, to a quarter, through which it was reasonable to hope, such a favour might be obtained. The circumstances attending

this application, and its result, are thus related in another of Mr. Gilpin's epistolary communications : —

“ You ask me about the LOWTHER and *Carlisle* families. I know not on what subject they divided ; but, they headed opposite parties at the time you mention.

“ Sir WILLIAM LOWTHER was not the heir of the Lord Viscount LONSDALE ; but, of old Sir JAMES LOWTHER. The story which I alluded to, with regard to General STANWIX and Sir JAMES LOWTHER, was this. — When I first left college and had no employment, my friends put me on asking Sir JAMES for a small living, which he then had vacant in Cumberland. I did not care to ask him myself, but as I knew General STANWIX (who, as well as Sir JAMES, was then in London) had always professed particular esteem for my father (though my father never much esteemed him) I went to his house ; told him my case ; and begged he would carry my request to Sir JAMES. The General highly approved the thing ; assured me it would give him *infinite pleasure* ; and if I would drink a dish of tea with his wife and daughter, he would go that instant to Ormond-Street, where Sir JAMES lived. In a reasonable time he came back, and with a grave face told me, that Sir JAMES had already promised the living. So I thanked him for his kind endea-

“ yours, and all was well. I never was in Sir
 “ JAMES’s company in my life, but once; and
 “ that once happened to be just after this event.
 “ I took the opportunity to mention to him, the
 “ trouble I had given him through General
 “ STANWIX; and to thank him for the obliging
 “ message he had sent me. ‘ Shir; shir:’ said
 “ he (for he always spoke through his teeth),
 “ ‘ General STANWIX never mentioned the thing
 “ to me — I never heard of it before.’ The fact
 “ was, I believe, the general went to the coffee-
 “ house: read the paper; and came back with
 “ a story, which he thought it very unlikely I
 “ should ever hear of more. Long before this,
 “ my father always thought him a hollow man.
 “ He was afterwards drowned, with his wife and
 “ family, in their passage from Ireland: and it
 “ became matter of a curious law-suit, *which of*
 “ *them was drowned first.*”

Being thus disappointed in the hope of preferment, Mr. Gilpin accepted a curacy in the north of England, in the neighbourhood of his aunt, Mrs. APPLEBY,—of whose character, mode of living, and extraordinary domestic economy, he gives the following curious account:—

“ You desire to know something of Mrs.
 “ APPLEBY’s economy: I had many opportuni-
 “ ties of seeing it. The first situation I had,
 “ after I left college, was a curacy, within two
 “ miles of her house; where I always spent

“ Sunday evening, and generally, much of the
“ week. In herself she was a woman of no
“ expense. She had been left a widow in the
“ prime of life: but wore mourning till her
“ death; which I have always thought very
“ becoming. She was a cheerful woman, and
“ made herself very agreeable to young people;
“ but indulged in no amusement.

“ Her carriage was very little expense. Her
“ coach-horses went to plough; and her plough-
“ man sat upon the coach-box. Her family, as
“ I remember, consisted of two maids: an in-
“ door servant: an out-servant; and a gardener.
“ But, you will remember, that provisions were
“ cheap; and servants’ wages low. She was
“ always esteemed the principal person of the
“ country, within a dozen miles round her; and
“ all the poor people respected the *Madam*, as
“ they called her, like a mother. When her
“ elder brother’s affairs went wrong, she took
“ her sister and Anne, and maintained them. I
“ never heard that her fortune was more than
“ ONE HUNDRED A YEAR; but, probably her
“ house, and a few acres round it, which she
“ cultivated, were not included in this estimate.
“ Her son, also, MR. DACRE, who was not only
“ a very respectable man, but a most dutiful and
“ affectionate son, was, probably, very kind to
“ her; and furnished her family with corn, and

“malt, and game, and fish, of which he had abundance.”

Mr. Gilpin continued to be a bachelor, for some years after he had taken orders. Though the affections of his heart had been long engaged; and though it was his opinion through life, that, early marriages were, in general, judicious: yet, circumstances of prudential consideration, prevented him from acting upon this principle in his own case: and it was not till after he had passed his thirtieth year, that he formed the matrimonial connection, whose history he has so beautifully touched, in the following simple narrative:—

“When my uncle was in possession of Scaleby Castle, before his affairs went wrong, he took a little niece, a fatherless child, to bring up. He had no children of his own; and his wife and he considered her as such: nor were my father and mother fonder of any of their own children, than they were of her. She used often to be at Carlisle, to play with her cousins: and her cousins were as often at Scaleby, to play with her. She was a pretty little girl; and every body said, she was a very good little girl. In short, one of her cousins, though only a school-boy, took a particular fancy to her. He soon after made his father and mother his confidants; and they were far from discouraging him. They probably thought

“ (as I do now,) that early attachments, though
“ not favourable to ambition and worldly schemes,
“ are far from being unfavourable to virtue ; and
“ my father, good man (which alone would
“ endear his memory to me,) painted her pic-
“ ture, and sent it me to Oxford ; though the
“ poor girl herself, was then ignorant of the
“ occasion. In process of time, however, the
“ plot began to open. The two cousins became
“ acquainted with each other’s sentiments : and
“ though, (as neither of them had any thing to
“ depend on but themselves) it was several years
“ before the drama was concluded by a marriage ;
“ yet at length this step was thought prudent by
“ all their friends ; and they have now (1791)
“ lived together about thirty years, without
“ having been almost as many days separated.
“ No marriage could be more happy. All their
“ schemes succeeded : and they are now, in
“ their old age, in affluent circumstances, and
“ have six fine grand-children, to bear their
“ name after them. They have often said to
“ each other, they never knew what could be
“ called an affliction : and only have to hope,
“ that God will be pleased to work with them
“ by felicity ; as he often does with others by
“ calamity. This intermarriage, and some others
“ of the same kind amongst us, made a humor-
“ ous friend of mine once tell me, ‘ I know not
“ ‘ which it is ; but, either your family think no

“ ‘other family fit to marry into; or, no other
“ ‘family will marry with them.’ ”

It was not long after his marriage that Mr. Gilpin entered upon that scheme of life, which he had determined on, as the means of present maintenance, and future competence — the business of Education; and he accordingly took the Rev. *Daniel Sanxy's* school, at Cheam in Surry. No man could be better qualified than himself for so important a profession. His conscientious rectitude, indeed, was a sufficient guarantee, that he would undertake the performance of no function, which he did not feel himself competent to fulfil: and the manner in which he conducted this weighty charge, was alike creditable to his head and his heart.

An elegant and accurate, rather than a profound scholar, the boys committed to his care, imbibed a delicacy of taste, and a feeling of the beauties of the authors which they read, that rarely grew out of the mechanical routine adopted in other large private boarding-schools: while the *principles* on which his whole system of education was conducted — the fear of disgrace: the spirit of emulation: and praise of desert — encouraged all the nobler sentiments of the mind; and produced that dignity of character in youth, which is the surest foundation of honourable, virtuous, and useful conduct in after-life. But, the circumstance that chiefly

distinguished Cheam school from other seminaries of a like description; and which might afford a useful hint to those who stand at the head of such-like institutions, was — *the conscientious regard paid by the exemplary master to the religious principles and moral habits*, of the scholars under his care. Vice or impiety found no plea, excuse, or palliation with Mr. Gilpin. No premeditated breach of honour, truth, or virtue, was overlooked by him; and no instance of deliberate profaneness pardoned, in compliment to extraordinary talent, or vivacity of spirit: while the principles of worthy conduct, and a reverence and love of rational piety; were instilled both by precept and example, so judiciously conveyed and displayed, as insensibly to insinuate themselves into the heart; and gradually incorporate with the character. That base system of *tyranny*, in the older over the younger boys, which disgraces the public schools of our free country, and inspires, in succession, a sense of degradation, and an insolence of spirit, was unknown at Cheam: and no priority of situation in the school: no elevation of rank; or physical superiority; entitled any one to lord it over his fellows: to treat them harshly; or employ them servilely. While the principles of the *Christian* were carefully inculcated, the manners of the *gentleman* were not neglected: nor did a lad ever leave Cheam school, without having

enjoyed every opportunity and encouragement, for becoming in after-life, a credit to his instructor; an honour to his own profession or situation in society; and an useful and valuable member of the community. The examples of Viscount Sidmouth: Lord Bexley: the late William Locke, Esq. of Norbury Park: Colonel Mitford, the historian of ancient Greece; and several other eminent characters, educated at Cheam school, might be adduced as instances of the truth of this assertion.

From the moderation of Mr. Gilpin's terms of tuition, and the liberality of every branch of his establishment, many years elapsed, before he had accumulated a sum sufficient, as he considered, for a competence in declining life: but, at length, having accumulated ten thousand pounds, (to which he had limited his wishes and ambition) and being presented, about the same time, by Colonel Mitford, to the vicarage of Boldre, in Hampshire (of the value of 120*l.* per annum) he relinquished his school, to his second son, the Rev. WILLIAM GILPIN; and, having made some necessary, and judicious alterations in the parsonage house, he retired into the country, and sat down for life at Boldre.

On inspecting into the nature and state of his parish, Mr. Gilpin soon discovered, that he had only changed the kind, and not lessened the weight, of his labours. I have already hinted, at

the semi-barbarous condition of this district, five and forty years ago. Utterly neglected by their former pastor ; and exposed to every temptation of pillage and robbery, from their proximity to the deer, the game, and the fuel of the New Forest ; the lower class of the parishioners of Boldre, were then little better than a gang of gypsies : and, without the opportunity of the humblest education ; the means of religious instruction ; or the benefit of decent example in their spiritual instructor ; presented a picture of almost ferine life, which had few parallels in our civilised country.

To cure these evils, was both a point of conscience, and an object of constant assiduity, with Mr. Gilpin ; and his professional character cannot be placed in a more amiable, excellent, or dignified light ; than by repeating the remark—that, after some residence in Boldre ; by frequent visits to the cottages of the poor ; by persuasive and mild *vivá voce* exhortation ; by a strict attention to their wants ; and a ready relief of their necessities ; by friendly personal advice, and plain pulpit instruction to the adult poor ; and by conferring an humble, but useful education on their children ; he *materially reformed his parish* ; and introduced habits of comparative order and decency, into a tract of country, which was almost proverbial, before his residence there, for a general spirit of lawlessness

and spoliation, among the lower orders of its population.

If we regard Mr. Gilpin as an *author*, the number and value of his publications; and the charms of his *style*, which was simple and correct; beautiful and elegant; will place him high upon the list of the best modern writers of our country.

His publications were numerous, and have long been standard works in English literature. They are sufficiently familiar to all readers of sound taste, and sober piety; and have obtained that general estimation, which render praise or recommendation alike superfluous. Perfectly original in literary composition; whatever might be his subject, he threw over it a grace peculiarly and exclusively his own. His pen, like his pencil, owned no archetype, except NATURE; but, it was Nature in her best dress of simplicity and delicacy. Not, that it must be thought his writings were the off-hand productions of negligent haste. The contrary was remarkably the case; for I have often heard him declare, that, with respect to his more considerable works, he even went beyond HORACE'S rule, *nonnumquam prematur in annum*; and kept them by him for *twelve years*, before they were presented to the world: a circumstance that sufficiently accounts for their fine polish; remarkable accuracy; and finished excellence. It may be remarked in-

deed, that a practice which militates so strongly against the *natural impatience* of an author, is not likely to be very generally imitated : but, we cannot avoid, at the same time, both feeling and acknowledging, the good sense and advantage of following an example, founded on the advice, of one of the most judicious rhetoricians of antiquity. *

Every man who has been much in the habit of literary composition, must be well aware of the benefit, (whether or not he avail himself of it) which might be derived to his work, from the revision of a clear and impartial eye ; to detect and point out, those errors and inaccuracies, which are almost sure to escape his own ; and I believe that most writers, who have published hastily, and without such assistance, have found occasion to regret their neglecting to obtain it. The reason is obvious. The mind, in the warmth of composition, completely occupied with the subject, has little attention to bestow on the *mechanical* part of the work. Its business is with ideas, and not with grammatical niceties : and hence it happens, that a thousand minor defects in style and expression, escape the observation of the author, which are sufficiently obvious to an indifferent reader ; whose attention less interested on the subject, is more especially

* Quintil. lib. x. c. 4.

directed to the *manner* in which it is handled, and the *language* in which it is clothed.

Now the practice applauded by HORACE ; recommended by QUINTILIAN, and adopted by Mr. GILPIN, *scripta reponantur ad aliquod tempus, ut ad eâ, post intervallum, velut nova, atque aliena redeamus*, effects the service of a friendly revisor. In process of time, the interest of the author's *subject* fades from his mind ; and he looks at his *work* with the calm attention of an indifferent reader. By occasional references to it, and perusing it under different impressions of mind ; he gradually analyses every part of it : perceives its mistakes, and discovers its inelegances : and by these means, affords himself an opportunity of correcting, polishing, and perfecting it, before it meets the public eye.

Mr. Gilpin's first work, was, I believe, the life of his lineal ancestor (in 1753) the celebrated BERNARD GILPIN, commonly called the *Northern Apostle*, and rector of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham : a piece of biography, written *con amore* ; not only with exquisite simplicity and grace, but with all the feeling of a mind smitten with the love of piety and virtue ; and emulous of following the bright example which it had undertaken to portray. This life was reprinted in 1755, accompanied by that of Latimer ; and followed by others of John Wickliffe, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and Zisca,

in 1775 ; and by that of Cranmer in 1784. Previously to the publication of the last work, however, he printed, in 1779, “ Lectures on the “ Church Catechism ;” a little book, drawn up for the use of the young men educated at his academy, and admirably calculated, from its practical nature, to be beneficial to those for whose advantage it was written. In the year 1790, he printed his chief and most elaborate work, “ An Exposition of the New Testament ;” which had for many years occupied much of his time, thoughts, and attention. The public approbation quickly justified the opinion, which had engaged him to undertake this work : that it was possible to clothe the New Testament in an English dress, of plain and simple elegance, which, without altering its sense, might clear its meaning, and increase its beauty. Testimonies of respect and approbation, from various learned and pious men, crowded on him from all quarters, on its publication ; one of which he has mentioned in the following manner, in a letter dated 15th September 1795. “ My acquaintance with a worthy clergyman, Mr. Green, of “ Hardingham, in Norfolk, was the occasion of “ my troubling you. I was never personally acquainted with him ; but when I first printed “ my Exposition on the New Testament, he “ wrote me a very friendly letter, informing me “ that ever since he had seen the Epistle to Phi-

“ lemon modernized in the Christian Hero, by
“ Sir Richard Steel, he had wished to see the
“ whole New Testament expounded in some-
“ thing of the same familiar manner ; and that
“ mine had entirely met his approbation. And
“ then, to evidence his sincerity, he mentioned
“ to me two or three passages which he thought
“ might be improved. As I received these
“ corrections candidly, and wished for further
“ remarks, he read the book critically, and from
“ time to time gave me several other remarks,
“ almost all of which I adopted. This critical
“ correspondence, on scriptural subjects of dif-
“ ferent kinds, continued till his death, which
“ happened at the end of the last year. After
“ his death, his executors, or one of his friends,
“ made me a present of his works, which were
“ out of print ; and, at my desire, gave me a
“ few particulars of his life, with which I was
“ totally unacquainted. His works consist of
“ translations, from the Hebrew (for he was
“ esteemed among our best Hebrew scholars,)
“ of the Psalms, and other practical parts of
“ scripture ; and I cannot but think, he gave the
“ first hint to the Bishop of London ; Dr. Blaney ;
“ and the present Primate of Ireland ; who fol-
“ lowed with translations of different parts of
“ the Bible, in the manner of Mr. Green. Mr.
“ Green’s Psalms were printed sixteen years
“ before Bishop Lowth published his Isaiah,

“ which was the first of these Biblical works I
“ have mentioned.”

It was not to be expected, however, that so novel an attempt as that of modernizing the books of the New Testament, should be received by all, with an equal approbation. Some objections appeared, both to the principle itself, and the manner of executing it. To one of the latter description, which had been privately suggested by a friend, Mr. Gilpin returned the following vindication. “ You wish I had left the sacred
“ writers more in possession of their bold, figu-
“ rative expressions, and had been more full in
“ my explications. With regard to the first, (as
“ I have just been telling a very sensible man,
“ unknown though to me, who wrote to me on
“ that subject, out of Warwickshire,) I cannot
“ see how the harmony of composition would
“ have allowed me to do otherwise. You are
“ still in possession of these bold figurative ex-
“ pressions. I admire them with you ; but do
“ not pretend to vie with them. If I modernize
“ one part, and not another, I fear I should pro-
“ duce rather a disagreeable mode of composi-
“ tion. Those bold flights which are of a piece
“ with the original scriptures, would agree ill, I
“ fear, with the coldness of modern language.
“ As to your exceptions of my conciseness, I
“ hope they will vanish, if you will read atten-
“ tively my title-page, which sets forth, that I

“ mean chiefly to convey, as far as I can, the
 “ leading sense and connection. As this my
 “ design in attending to the leading sense chiefly
 “ does not seem to be generally taken up, I
 “ shall, in another edition, say something more
 “ on the subject.”

In the year 1788, Mr. Gilpin printed two sermons, the one preached at the visitation of the Bishop of Winchester, in 1788; and the other at that of the Chancellor of Winchester, in 1790. In 1790, came out his *Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty*, made in the year 1776, on several parts of Great Britain, particularly the Highlands of Scotland, in 2 vols. 8vo. This publication was followed by *Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty*, made in the year 1772, on several parts of England, particularly in the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, in 2 vols. 8vo. He then published *Remarks on Forest Scenery*; 2 vols. 8vo.; — *Essays on Picturesque Beauty*; — *Picturesque Travels, and the Art of Sketching Landscape*; — *Essays on Print*; — *Observations on the Wye*; — *Picturesque Remarks on the Western Parts of England*; — *Sermons to a Country Congregation, and Hints for Sermons* ;*

* Were I required to give an opinion, as to the relative merits and value, of Mr. Gilpin's more serious publications, I should, without hesitation, point to his *Sermons*; which appear to my poor judgment, to rank among the most

— Moral Contracts, or the Power of Religion exemplified under different Characters;—Amusements of Clergymen;—Life of John Trueman, and Richard Atkins, for the Use of Servants' Halls, Farm-houses, and Cottages;—An Ac-

useful compositions of this description, in the English language. Sufficiently correct and refined to please the most polished taste; they are, at the same time, so plain and simple, as to be perfectly intelligible to the humblest classes, and the most ordinary understandings. Pregnant alike with the truths of Scripture, and the feelings of a pious mind, they breathe the very spirit of holiness; while a vein of *practical enforcement* pervades their pages, which suffers no deceived sinner, or conscious hypocrite, to rest easy under the flattering delusion; that any forms of faith; professions of zeal; or observances of worship, will avail aught in the work of salvation; unless they be associated, with a righteous, upright, and moral conduct. There are those, it is true, who affect to think lightly of these admirable discourses; and to speak of them in terms little short of contempt; as being wanting in unction: naked of doctrine; and defective in spirituality: but, it may be well doubted, whether these objecting Divines, have themselves, as yet “apprehended” the principles; or imbibed the spirit of the Gospel. If to propound, clearly and forcibly, all the *essential* doctrines of our most holy faith; and to deduce from these, all the obligations to a religious, moral, and useful life, be to “preach the Gospel,” Mr. Gilpin’s claim to that praise, is certainly unimpeachable; and must ever be impregnable: for, we may venture to predict, that, as long as sober and rational, (the only genuine) Christianity shall exist in our country, there will never be wanting many, who will consider the late Rev. William Gilpin, as a “Preacher of Righteousness;” and rank him among those, who “though they be dead, they yet speak.”

count of William Baker. His posthumous works were, "Observations on the coast of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent;" and "Dialogues."

With respect to his two little popular tracts, "The Life of John Trueman and Richard Atkins," and "An Account of William Baker," some circumstances connected with them are curious, and deserve to be recorded. In mentioning these publications in one of his letters, he says, "I am very glad my little books pleased you. Instruction, I have observed, is generally given to low people in the way of precept, which they often do not understand, and are rarely very attentive to. I had an inclination to try the way of example; and in the account of Trueman and Atkins (which I endeavoured, as well as I could to copy from nature,) I have touched most of the characters in low life, that appeared to me praiseworthy, or the reverse. The first edition, which was not so full, I drew up merely for my own parish. But some of my friends saw it and were pleased with it; and it fell accidentally into the hands of a learned and ingenious prelate (the Bishop of Worcester,) with whom I am not acquainted. But he wished to have some of them for his parish of Hartlebury; and advised me to print it for sale. I accordingly printed a second edition at a low price; which I could the better afford, as I told Blamire, he should have

“ no profits from it, to which he readily consented. The other little affair, the life of Baker, is content to circulate only in my own parish ; except among such of my friends, to whom I have given it. The good old man desired me to be his executor ; and I undertook also to be his historian.”

It is mortifying to reflect, that with regard to the subject of this last pamphlet, (who was a real character,) the worthy and unsuspecting Vicar of Boldre, should have been the dupe of vulgar artifice, and consummate hypocrisy, concealed under the cloak of apparent blunt candour and rugged honesty. William Baker was an old rustic, resident in a wild part of the parish of Boldre. In one of his walks, Mr. Gilpin had lighted upon his cottage. On entering it, he found its inhabitant, an aged, but stout and athletic man, eating his humble dinner. All within was neat and clean : and something indicative of strong sense, and a cheerful mind, appeared in the countenance of the old peasant. Mr. Gilpin sat down, informed Baker who he was, and entered into conversation with him. He soon perceived that his host, though without much education, was a man of clear head and strong mind : *abnormis sapiens, crassaque Minervá* ; well versed in the Bible ; full of maxims of prudence and economy ; and apparently, of the most open, blunt, and independent character. Highly in-

terested by his visit, Mr. Gilpin frequently repeated it; and from the conversations which passed, during this intercourse, between Baker and himself, he drew up that beautiful account which he published in the work above mentioned. The misapprehension of Baker's real character, was not done away, till some time after the death of the old man; and considering it as exemplary at the time of his decease, Mr. Gilpin wrote a short epitaph; and had it engraven on Baker's tomb-stone, as a salutary monition to the parishioners of Boldre, who were in the same humble class of life with the deceased. At length, however, he was undeceived; and had the sorrow, rather than the mortification, to find, that Baker had been, through life, a worthless and flagitious character: that age, instead of curing, had only altered the nature of his vices; and that by all, except the pastor, he had ever been known, and despised, as a consummate rogue, an oppressive extortioner, and a base hypocrite.

The merits of Mr. Gilpin's productions in the art of drawing may be comprised in three words, — genius, originality, and taste. It has long been admitted as a decided point, by those who are competent to judge and determine on the subject, that his drawings manifest the most sublime genius, in the style of composition, and the effects of light and shade. His sketches in Indian ink, indeed, are undeniable proofs of his

possessing this quality in a high degree, since they exhibit that certain criterion of it, the production of astonishing effect with very little effort. Hasty and spirited sketches, they are intended rather to convey the general idea of an object, than its specific delineation; and cannot consequently be admired by those, who look for minute imitation as a necessary characteristic of excellence in the art: but they make ample amends for the absence of portraiture, by grand conceptions of the picturesque. He himself, indeed, has anticipated, and answered, the objection that may be advanced against the want of exact resemblance between his compositions and real scenery, in the "Account of the Prints" prefixed to his "Observations on several Parts of Great Britain, particularly the Highlands of Scotland." "With regard to the Prints," says he, "which adorn these volumes, I can only say, what I have said of those in other publications of the same kind; that few of them pretend to be exact portraits. They, in general, only characterize the counties through which the reader is carried. They were slightly taken in the course of a hasty journey; and at best meant only to preserve the great lines of the country."

Mr. Gilpin's claim to originality as an artist, arises from his having opened a new source of enjoyment in surveying the works of nature.

His theory of the picturesque has unfolded the principles of the pleasure which such scenery conveys to the mind: his rules have reduced them to a science; and his drawings have illustrated the one, and exemplified the other. Equally obvious, in the productions of his pencil, is his refined *taste*. Not that this quality was confined to his drawings; since it pervaded all he wrote, said, or did. He seems indeed to have touched nothing, either with pencil or pen, without communicating to it as much grace as the object was capable of receiving. When he deviated from nature, it was only to improve her; to select and exhibit her beauties, and correct or conceal her deformities; a principle incontrovertibly admissible into works of mere art; where, as the object is to please, those particulars alone which are calculated to produce that emotion, ought legitimately to be admitted. In that disposition of objects, constituting picturesque scenery, included in the idea of planning or laying out, ornamental grounds, he was perhaps unequalled. Most of the improvements made in the gardens of Warwick Castle, about thirty-five years ago, were (if I am rightly informed) executed from his hints: and the disposition of his own confined grounds, at the parsonage of Boldre, evinced how much beauty and variety could be thrown over a very few acres, by the magic touch of superior taste.

If we ascend from the contemplation of Mr. Gilpin's exercises of amusement, to his performance of professional duties, we shall find him equally the object of respect and admiration.

When Mr. Gilpin took possession of his preferment, the value of it (independently of trifling surplice fees) amounted, as I have before said, to 120*l.* per annum; a sum which he divided with his curate: but with respect to the parochial *labours* he by no means admitted this assistant to an equal participation; for, as long as vigorous health continued, he was himself "instant in season and out of season" in the exercise of every pastoral duty. Nor was he less independent than diligent; less intrepid in the reproof of impiety and vice; or less decisive and firm in the measures which he adopted to discountenance them. A remarkable instance of his conscientious discharge of duty in this respect occurred about seven and thirty years ago; during the period of my professional connection with him; when notwithstanding the odium to which the exercise of ecclesiastical punishments is exposed, he boldly had recourse to them, in order to correct an offender, of considerable property in his parish; on whom the gentler measures, of advice, persuasion, and remonstrance, had proved to be inefficacious. The case was as follows:— One of the principal and most opulent farmers of Boldre, a married man, with a large family, and

amiable wife, had long given much offence to his more serious neighbours, by his disorderly life. His conduct at length reached the ears of Mr. Gilpin, who, with almost fatherly tenderness, endeavoured mildly, but earnestly, to bring him to a sense both of his folly and his danger. The man, however, was incorrigible; and instead of reforming, became more abandoned; publicly keeping a mistress in the neighbourhood of his own house. Threats of the spiritual Court were resorted to, but without avail; and Mr. Gilpin found it necessary either to suffer such a scandal to his parish to remain unnoticed, and the influence of his evil example to diffuse itself without a check, or to have recourse to a remedy, which, however efficacious, he was well aware, would be far from popular. He did not hesitate a moment between the performance of his duty, and the probability of incurring obloquy by fulfilling it. A process was instituted against the farmer in the ecclesiastical Court, and as he continued refractory, excommunication was on the point of being awarded against him. The culprit, however, now took fright, made concessions, and implored mercy; and by an application to the Court, the final punishment was withheld, on condition of his appearing publicly in the church, (brought in by the two churchwardens,) and there, in the face of the congregation, repeating after the curate (who

was myself) a paper containing a candid confession of his crime, an avowal of his contrition, and deprecation of God's anger. The ceremony was accordingly regularly gone through, before an immense audience; and, at the conclusion of it, Mr. Gilpin, ascending the pulpit, delivered with a firm voice, and in the most impressive manner, an admirable appropriate sermon on this novel and memorable occasion.

The style of Mr. Gilpin's *preaching* indeed, at all times, was highly interesting. Nature had bestowed upon him a commanding person, and a full and musical voice: education had given him all the classic proprieties and simple graces of public speaking; but it was the piety of the heart which constituted the chief charm of his delivery; and threw into his manner; feeling without affectation; earnestness without harshness; and fervour without passion. Rather desirous of rendering himself intelligible to his poorer parishioners, than of gratifying the taste of his more polished hearers, his sermons were remarkably plain, and admirably adapted to the comprehension and improvement of the lower classes, from the many familiar illustrations which they almost constantly contained, drawn from their peculiar habits and occupations in life. His *reading* of the *scriptures* also, more especially of the prophets, might be said to be inimitable. He seemed to be warmed with a

portion of their own fire; to have caught a spark of the inspiration of these gifted seers, when he recited their awful predictions, or delivered their terrible denunciations. The lofty imagery of oriental composition, acquired additional sublimity from the full melody of his sonorous tones, and the deep devotion of his solemn but forcible manner. Rather *practical*, than *doctrinal* in his discourse, it was more his endeavour to excite his hearers to holiness, virtue, and benevolence, by illustrating and enforcing the precept, than by discussing the mysterious and speculative points of theology. The veil which covers "the deep things of God" he did not attempt to remove; his aim not being to amuse the fancy with explications of things inexplicable; but to improve the heart, and amend the conduct, by displaying "the power of the commandment." The whole character of Mr. Gilpin's religion indeed, was cheerful, mild, and charitable; darkened by no tenets as gloomy as they are unfruitful; soured by no spiritual pride; tainted by no intolerant spirit. *Humility* and *charity* were the foundation stones of his scriptural faith. Difference of opinion on doctrinal points never exposed a fellow-christian to his hatred, or contempt. Willing to believe that all were sincere in their faith, if their "life were in the right," and not daring dogmatically to pronounce upon the infallibility of his

own opinions; he forbore from censuring what might, possibly, not be erroneous; and readily conceded to other men, that liberty of judgment, which he exercised so conscientiously himself. Nay, he went further, both in charity and good sense; for he admitted, that Christianity might be inculcated in more modes than one; and that sectarianism by no means involved a corruption of the Christian faith; an hindrance to the propagation of the Gospel; or of the growth of piety and virtue, among men. Of this truly evangelical temper he evidences a striking proof in the following letter on the subject of Methodists: —

“ You and I think perfectly alike about Methodists. It appears to me, that, by the merciful providence of God, the Gospel has two great modes of access to the human heart, both perhaps conducive to the same good end. The one is through the channel of the imagination; the other, through that of reason. The former is more adapted to the ignorant and unenlightened part of mankind, who cannot reason, nor see the force of evidence. The Methodists all seem inclined to this mode of address. They apply to the imagination, and endeavour to inspire enthusiastic fervours; which may be very conducive, I doubt not, to excite piety and devotion. But if we grant that this mode of application may be of use to

“ the ignorant and uninformed ; the sectary, on
 “ his part, should grant that it is not adapted to
 “ general use. To convince the learned infidel,
 “ you must not open upon him with the absolute
 “ necessity of faith, till you have convinced
 “ him of the foundation of that faith ; nor tell
 “ him affecting stories of the sufferings of Christ,
 “ till he be satisfied of the reality of those suffer-
 “ ings. Again, when worldly prejudices, and
 “ refined modes of immorality, have mixed them-
 “ selves with Christian doctrines, some learning
 “ is necessary to disentangle all this maze of
 “ errors : and if the enthusiastic preacher call
 “ this worldly wisdom, I should be apt to call
 “ him uncandid. Let us all do the best we can,
 “ says yours,” &c.

But whatever concession Mr. Gilpin might make to the agency of a pious imagination in others, he allowed no flight of it in himself. His faith and teaching were equally regulated by the plain declarations of Holy Writ ; nor did he hold or inculcate any opinions as certain, however they might be adapted even to the amiable wishes of the human mind, unless they had their unequivocal foundation in Scripture. A few lines from a letter of his, on *the recognition of friends in another world*, will illustrate this feature of his character.

“ I do not know that ever I opposed your
 “ favourite opinion. I think it by far the most

“ probable, that we shall all meet together here-
“ after ; though whether we shall form any
“ friendships hereafter ; exactly as we form them
“ here, is, I think, a matter of some doubt.
“ Here we love one another, and often contract
“ our friendships, for the sake of elegant man-
“ ners ; natural affections ; pleasing humours ;
“ good sense ; knowledge ; and a variety of
“ other endowments and acquirements. Here-
“ after, I apprehend, these things will appear to
“ little advantage, where accounts are to be
“ settled by different degrees of *Christian per-*
“ *fection*. Now, it may happen, that in those
“ accomplishments (if I may so speak) of hu-
“ mility, charity, a forgiving temper, and the
“ like, which alone pass current hereafter, we
“ may be above or below our earthly friends ;
“ and will therefore be no more suited to form
“ friendships with them, than an ignorant peasant
“ is with a philosopher. But, however these
“ things may be hereafter, we may all make our-
“ selves very easy in the reflection, that all will
“ be ordered in such a way, as most undoubtedly
“ to promote our best happiness.”

The sober and scriptural tone of Mr. Gilpin's piety, however, was ever in sweet unison with all the fine feelings and affections of the heart. Aware that Christianity was intended to improve, refine, and exalt, and not to annihilate, the sensibilities of nature, he freely admitted their

indulgence, where they trenched on no duty, and were carried to no excess. With respect to that deep and natural emotion, grief on the death, or apprehended loss, of dear and valued connections; he thus expresses himself in a letter of consolation, to one who was suffering the agony of the expected decease of a beloved relative : —

“ I wish it were in my power to administer
“ any comfort to feelings like yours. I hope,
“ however, that recovery is not yet to be de-
“ spaired of. But, as God often, for his own
“ reasons, takes the wise and the good out of
“ the world, before the course of nature ; so, if
“ we could only persuade ourselves, that God
“ Almighty knows better than we do, what is
“ right, we should possess the true secret of
“ bearing affliction. One should think, there
“ was no great difficulty in bringing ourselves to
“ this conclusion ; nor is there in theory, but
“ practice, wayward practice, makes the obstacle.
“ And yet, perhaps, the philosophy of the Gospel
“ does not require so strict an obedience to this
“ great truth. A greater philosopher than any
“ of the stoic school, allows more indulgence, I
“ think, to human feelings. We must consider
“ his example as precept ; and we are assured,
“ that he not only had strong affections ; but it
“ is recorded, that on the death of a friend, *Jesus*
“ *wept*. I hope, however, that I shall find, you

“ have had occasion at this time, neither for the
“ stoicism of Christianity, nor for its more indul-
“ gent allowances.”

The barbarous and immoral state in which Mr. Gilpin found his parish, when he settled at Boldre, gave him much concern; and induced him to adopt strenuous but discreet measures, for its reformation and improvement. Directing his attention, in the first place, to the aged and impotent paupers, and the friendless and unprotected poor children of the parish; he procured a healthy and convenient workhouse to be erected; where the one were decently lodged, and comfortably provided for, and the others trained to habits of activity and order, and taught the principles of Christian religion. He then founded a school, for teaching the elementary parts of learning, in the week days, to a certain number of the male and female children of the labourers and peasantry; and for the general religious instruction of the poor boys and girls of the parish on the Sunday. Aware of the difficulty of bringing adults to habits of sobriety and decorum, who had been trained up, and occupied through life, in a course of depredation and licentiousness; he conceived, that one great means to so desirable a result would be, to give education and decent manners to their *children*; that the parents might be gradually induced to regard and adopt them, by having always before their

eyes, at home, the advantage of the one, and the becomingness of the other. For the foundation of this school he had raised 400*l.* by his various publications; and to provide a fund for its perpetual endowment, he resolved to dedicate all the future productions of his pencil: to direct them by his will to be sold, and the profits of the sale to be invested in the hands of certain trustees, and applied to that benevolent and useful purpose. From this period, it was difficult to procure an original drawing from him. Before, he had been largely liberal in presenting them to his acquaintance; but he now considered them as consecrated to better ends, than that of friendly compliment: as a treasure destined for the poor, which he was continually adding to, but would on no account diminish.* Independently of the living of Boldre, Mr. Gilpin had no church preferment, except a prebend of Salisbury, which was presented to him in the handsomest manner by a prelate,

* The trustees named were the Earls Dartmouth and Harcourt, the Bishop of Durham, Lord Redesdale, Mr. Addington (Lord Sidmouth), Mr. Yorke, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Harry Neale, and Colonel Mitford. Christie sold the drawings for 1625*l.*: the principal purchasers of them were, — Sir Robert Harvey; Ladies Tankerville, Beauchamp, and Proctor; Lords Ossulston and De Blaquiere; Messrs. Vansittart, Locke, Legge, Maitland, Davenport, Forbes, Alexander, and Rogers; Dr. Monro; and Colonel Mitford.

(Bishop Barrington,) whose patronage, while he held the see of Salisbury and after his translation to the more extended Bishopric of Durham, was conscientious, judicious, and for the most part properly discriminating.

It is delightful to see the graver parts of an excellent character, relieved and illumined by amenity of manners, cheerfulness of disposition, and sweetness of temper ; and to find our admiration of the truly pious pastor, confirmed on a nearer view, by qualities which must secure him our esteem as a man. Such was the case with Mr. Gilpin : no man ever combined, in a more remarkable degree, the excellences of the head and the heart ; and no man ever displayed more strikingly, the natural relationship that subsists between real religion and general grace of character.

In person Mr. Gilpin was rather above the middle size ; of an athletic form ; corpulent, but not unwieldy : with an expanse of forehead, that indicated superior intellect ; and a countenance in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Generally lighted up by a benignant smile, it beamed with peace from within, and with benevolence to all around him ; but in the moment of reproof or remonstrance, it assumed a dignified solemnity, which silenced and abashed. His conversation, though correct and refined, was animated and agreeable ; replete with anecdote ;

enlivened with chastened and good-natured wit ; and to all appearance, entirely free from embarrassment. Such, however, was not the case. His singular modesty led him to believe, that he was deficient in the faculty of conversation ; and he has lamented, in a letter, (what would never have been suspected, without his own confession,) that he felt such an incapacity to support it, as repressed his powers both of thought and expression. “ I have had a visit from Mr. Seward. “ He is a very informed man, and has the most “ pleasing talents in conversation, of almost any “ person I meet with ; talents which I almost “ envy, as I possess so little of them myself. I “ have lived so little in company, and so much “ with a book and a pen, that I rarely think, with- “ out one in my hand. I rarely talk on any “ subject in company ; but, when I leave it, I “ recollect fifty things which I might have said, “ and which did not at that time occur.” A considerable portion of Mr. Gilpin’s hours indeed, were spent in private reflection and composition. Fond of solitary exercise, he usually passed a great part of the morning, in some sequestered and shady walk, with his pencil and tablets in his hand. Here his mind expatiated without restraint ; and here he committed to paper those ideas, fresh and glowing from their storehouse, which he afterwards moulded into his instructive and entertaining publications.

The remainder of the day he dedicated to family intercourse. After dinner he usually played a single game of backgammon or chess with Mrs. Gilpin; and in the evening, exercised his pencil; while one of the ladies (his wife or wife's sister) read some literary work of interest or edification. Remarkably temperate, and careless about the indulgence of the palate himself, his table never exhibited expensive delicacies, or superfluous covers. It was always, however, sufficient for the purposes of decent hospitality, and a friend was ever welcomed to it with the sincerest cordiality. This feature of his character he has admirably depicted in the following letter:—

“ I spent a day with your friends at —— ;
“ that is, till a late dinner hour. I seldom dine
“ abroad, for it is among my infirmities, to think
“ conversation spoiled by the conviviality of
“ eating and drinking, and the clashing of cups
“ and plates, and table compliments, and servants’
“ waiting, and twenty other etceteras. I was
“ never fond of eating and drinking; but from
“ habit, I have now taken a thorough dislike to
“ them both; and never dine pleasantly, but on
“ my own bit of mutton, and a draught of small
“ beer after it (for I never drink wine), and so
“ the job is over. I do ill, however, in connecting
“ these remarks with the ——s; whose table,
“ like themselves, is elegant, temperate, and

“ what it should be : nay I suspect Mr. ———
 “ in his heart to be of our sect ; for I have
 “ often dined with him, and have as often seen
 “ him attentive to every body but himself. I
 “ spent a day also, but would not dine, with
 “ Mr. Walpole, at Strawberry Hill. We had
 “ often corresponded, and were well acquainted
 “ with each other, but never met before. I had
 “ seen his house also, but never his curious
 “ cabinets, which he showed us with a politeness
 “ that hurt me ; for he was so much crippled
 “ with the gout, that he could hardly move
 “ from one to the other. He is certainly a man
 “ of great taste ; but for me there is a little too
 “ much of the antiquary mixed with it.”*

* Mr. Gilpin rarely went from home, after his settlement at Boldre. The occasion of the Journey adverted to in the above letter, was to pay a visit in 1791, to his son and his family, at Cheam, in Surrey. The feelings of an affectionate and amiable heart, are beautifully expressed, in describing a principal source of his pleasure and amusement, while under his son's roof. “ I seldom go from home : but, I have lately been a journey into Surrey, to see my children ; and grand-children, three little girls, and a boy. The little girls are fine children : but, the boy, little William, about two years old, I durst produce, for weight, beauty, eloquence, discretion, or any other good quality, before the best judges of children, with any boy in Britain. It will appear odd to you ; but, I had more pleasure in seeing that little boy draw his waggon after dinner, at the end of the room ; and avoid a coil of the carpet, or a corner of the chair, with the most judicious earnestness ; than I should have had, at looking at the finest picture, which

The frugality of Mr. Gilpin's table, however, by no means implied any thing approaching to

“ either the Pope, or the Duke of Tuscany, could have “ shown me.” Mr. Gilpin *undertook* (for to him it was a great undertaking) an expedition from home, while I was his curate. The Bishop of Salisbury (Barrington) had pressed him to pass a few days at the palace; and “ wrung “ from him his hard consent ” to go. On his return home, he detailed to me the events of his journey, and the *phænomena* he had remarked, with the most delightful *naïvetè*. — Barrington was a splendid man; and his gorgeous establishment, and numerous retinue, had quite astonished the good Vicar of Boldre. A ride to Stonehenge, in particular, moved his marvel beyond measure: “ for,” said he, “ Sir, there were two postillions, three outriders, and four “ horses, to convey the bishop and myself, the distance of “ seven miles and back again. I must confess, that it “ brought to my mind, the progress of a mitred abbot: “ or the journeys of Cardinal Wolsey.” *One* circumstance however, connected with the equipment, was quite unintelligible to him, till explained by the bishop. In front of the saddles of the outriders, he had observed certain hairy appendages, which, like the *Platypus* of *Australia*, united in themselves the characteristics of divers species: bearing equal resemblance to a bag, and a pocket; a fur cap, and a leathern case. “ ‘ And pray, my Lord,’ said I, ‘ what may be “ ‘ the meaning and use of these saddle adornments; which “ ‘ are quite novel to my eye?’ — ‘ Oh! they are *holster* “ ‘ *pipes*.’ — ‘ For what purpose are they designed?’ — “ ‘ To carry *pistols* in.’ — Strange, thought I, that an “ English bishop should require such implements of defence! I recollected, indeed, that the disciples had been “ directed to carry *swords* with them on their journey: “ Judæa however was a lawless country, infested with “ banditti, and ferocious animals: but, you know, Sir, that “ we are a civilised people, and have no wild beasts.”

parsimony, in the general conduct of his household. The establishment, and style of living at Boldre Vicarage, were marked alike by liberality and economy; and though the vicar's income could not amount to 700*l.* per annum, yet, a discreet management, enabled him to support his carriage and pair; his two male domestics, and as many female servants; while a large portion of it went to supply the wants of the poor. Of himself, and of every thing about him, *simplicity* was the characteristic: but, it was simplicity associated with taste; graced by virtue; and sanctified by piety. In the enjoyment of this innocent, useful, and holy life, Mr. Gilpin was permitted, by the goodness of Providence, to pass many happy years among his parishioners at Boldre, respected, revered, and beloved, by all who could estimate the worth of his character, and the charms of his society. But, the time of his removal to a better world at length arrived.

Mr. Gilpin had now attained to an advanced age, and his health, which had been robust, began to decline. The decay, however, was gradual: neither exasperated by pain; nor accompanied by any diminution of mental vigour. But, it prevented him from taking his usual exercise; and confined him to the parlour apartment of his house. In a letter of the 19th October 1801, he writes thus to me, of the then present state of his health: —

“ You are beginning life : Mrs. G. and I are
“ ending it ; but, through the blessing of God,
“ with much more comfort than we could expect
“ at our years. Since my late illness, I have
“ never been perfectly well : it has left a cough
“ and shortness of breath. I am obliged to see
“ more company than I wish. But I have a
“ kind friend, who manages things dexterously
“ for me. I commonly sit in my bow-window
“ parlour *below stairs*, and all company is carried
“ into the drawing-room *above* : and such com-
“ pany as I wish to see, or want to see, she sends
“ down to me.”

In the mean time, the infirmities of Mrs. Gilpin, induced, (or, at least, increased,) by some unfortunate and repeated accidents, obliged her to remain a prisoner in her *bed-room*, on the drawing-room floor ; so that this affectionate couple were separated from each other's society, though in the same house ; and obliged to have recourse to a frequent interchange of notes, as a medium of communicating their mutual sentiments to each other. This correspondence continued, I believe, for some months, and was carried on, as I have been told, in the most cheerful manner. The hand of death, which fell first on Mr. Gilpin, at length terminated it ; and he expired, after a few days' increased illness, on the fifth day of April 1804, at the age of eighty ; bewailed by his connections : lamented by his neighbours ; and re-

gretted by a numerous circle of literary and enlightened friends, acquaintance, and correspondents. Holy hope and Christian affiance, beamed in his eye, till it closed ; and “ his last “ faltering accents whispered praise.* ” Such was the last scene of Mr. Gilpin’s life, of whom it may be said, with a better application than to any character of heathen antiquity, *non illi fuit vita erepta, sed mors donata* ; for his assured change was from “ corruptible to incorruption, “ from mortal to immortality ! ” The shock of his loss to Mrs. Gilpin in her very infirm state, was severe, and for a moment overwhelming : but faith soon triumphed over affliction, and sorrow was gradually softened down into cheerful resignation. She survived him (still, for the most part, a prisoner to her bed,) for three years and three months, and then, with the same peace, the same prospects, and the same certainty of everlasting happiness, fell asleep in the Lord.

* Mr. Gilpin’s disease terminated suddenly. The day preceding it, was marked by an interesting circumstance. Mr. Goldwin, his immediate neighbour, called, as he was accustomed frequently to do, on the venerable man, and sat with him for some time. The invalid’s spirits were cheerful ; and his countenance wore its usual placid and beamy smile. “ You will be surprised to hear,” said he, “ that I have been building in my old age.” — “ Indeed ! “ and what may the structure be ? ” — “ It is my *tomb* : “ and I am happy to say, I have *this morning finished it.* ” Shortly after Mr. Goldwin left him, Mr. Gilpin *fell* ; never to speak again : and died on the succeeding day !

One grave in Boldre church-yard contains the mortal remains of this exemplary pair: over which stands a stone with the following epitaph, the former part of which was written by Mr. Gilpin, some time previously to his death.

“ In a quiet mansion beneath this stone, secured from the afflictions, and the still more dangerous enjoyments of life, lie the remains of William Gilpin, sometime vicar of this parish; together with the remains of Margaret his wife. After living above fifty years in happy union, they hope to be raised, in God’s good time, through the atonement of a blessed Redeemer for their repented transgressions, to a state of joyful immortality. Here it will be a new joy, to see several of their good neighbours, who now lie scattered in these sacred precincts around them.

“ He died April 5th, 1804, at the age of eighty.
“ She died July 14th, 1807, at the age of eighty-two.”

Speaking of his father’s family, (in a letter, 16th Oct. 1793,) Mr. Gilpin says, “ My father’s family were numerous, but there are only six of us alive, three sons and three daughters. One of the daughters is married to gentleman in Worcestershire of the name of Mosely: another was married to a clergyman at Carlisle, of the name of Farish, who is lately dead;

“ and the third is unmarried. My father was
“ related to a Lancashire gentleman of the name
“ of Saurey, and very intimate with him ; and
“ he gave one of his sons his name. I have
“ only two sons ; I had two daughters, but they
“ both died young.” These two gentleman are
both living. John, the elder, has been settled
most respectably in Philadelphia, for many years :
and William, the younger, took Cheam school
when it was relinquished by his father, and after
conscientiously, honourably, and usefully super-
intending it for a considerable time, retired some
years since, to a country living in Shropshire,
to instruct, and benefit, and bless, like his father,
the flock committed to his care.

Of the former of these respectable characters,
Mr. Gilpin has given this pleasing picture in one
of his letters.

“ Pray did I ever tell you that I had a son
“ settled in America? At the conclusion of the
“ American war, when all things looked dismal
“ at home, he had a great inclination, being yet
“ unsettled in business, to try his fortune there,
“ chiefly by the advice of the late Leonidas
“ Glover, who was always particularly friendly
“ to me and mine. I consented ; but I believe
“ he would have returned, if he had not met with
“ an object at Philadelphia, (in a very respect-
“ able family, to which he had been recom-
“ mended,) who detained him. He bought a

“ little estate therefore ; and if he is not likely
“ to be rich, he is likely to be (what you will
“ allow to be nearly as good.) very happy. He
“ purchased also several thousand acres of waste
“ lands, yet uncultivated. They have already
“ risen in value ; and by the time my three grand-
“ children, William, Barnard, and Edwin, or
“ their children, are fit to cultivate them, civili-
“ sation will, probably, have crept up to them :
“ so that in a century or two, I shall, probably,
“ enlarge myself over several leagues of the New
“ World, and have a considerable interest both
“ in Europe and America. May I not think
“ myself somebody ? Last spring my son came
“ over, and paid us a short visit, and we
“ have just heard, he had arrived safely again
“ across the Atlantic. He was always a well-
“ disposed young man ; but I think the manners
“ of the country have given him a more serious
“ turn ; which I was well pleased with. His
“ chief employment while he was here, was
“ transcribing a family record, which I drew up
“ some time ago, of my great grandfather, my
“ grandfather, and father ; who were all very
“ valuable men ; and I encouraged him in it,
“ for the sake of William, Barnard, and Edwin,
“ whom it may hereafter have a tendency, to
“ excite to good and honourable deeds. In-
“ deed, I have often thought, such little records
“ might be very useful in families ; whether the

“ subjects of them were good or bad. A light-
“ house may serve equally the purpose of leading
“ you into a haven, or deterring you from a
“ rock. I have the pleasure, however, to re-
“ flect, that my three ancestors, (beyond whom
“ I can obtain no family anecdotes,) were all
“ beacons of the former kind.”

In taking my leave of this exemplary family, I cannot but remark, that as its various deceased branches were, for the most part, virtuous and happy in their lives; so their death-beds exhibited many striking examples of that “ peace at
“ the last,” which is the final, and best reward of the good on this side the grave. In a letter from Mrs. Farish to her brother, the Rev. William Gilpin, she describes the death of their mother, the wife of Captain Gilpin. She was with her, during her last illness, and represents her as dying with the greatest composure: “ willing
“ either to live or to die; but choosing the latter
“ if it might please God. Her husband seeing
“ daily the decay of his dearest friend; both
“ awaiting, with equal resignation, the inevitable
“ stroke; yet each endeavouring to cheer the
“ other. No downcast looks; no formal parting
“ words; but each striving from an innate recti-
“ tude of heart, which should with the greater
“ cheerfulness, submit. She sent the kindest
“ remembrances to all her absent children and
“ grandchildren; and expired without a groan.”

Mrs. Farish says, she slipped away, as she had always wished to do, in the night, without having any of her own family with her, which she wished to avoid, in order to spare their feelings. The two servants who sat up with her, were the only witnesses of her departure, whom she had earnestly desired, not to communicate the circumstance to the family, till the morning, in case it should take place during the night.

Two of Mr. Gilpin's aunts also, were blessed with the same tranquil change from time to eternity. The one, Mrs. Anne Gilpin, was suddenly seized with an attack of peripneumony. The disorder resisted all medical applications; gradually increased for a week; and on the eighth day terminated her existence. She maintained a placid cheerfulness to the last; was never heard to utter a complaint; and expired (lying on her bed) in the act of singing a psalm.

The cause of his other aunt's decease (Mrs. Appleby) was a violent cold, attended with debility and loss of appetite. But though weak in body, she maintained her firmness of mind. She never kept her bed, and continued to the last, to do every thing for herself, as she had been accustomed when in health and strength. Neither her spirits forsook, nor her intellect failed her. Just previously to the moment of her death, she walked into her closet, and desired her son-in-law Dr. Carlyle, to read a prayer of thankfulness to

God, for the many blessings he had been pleased to bestow upon her; expressing at the same time, the most unreserved submission to his will. She then returned into her own room, and asked for a dish of tea. It was given her; she drank it; gave back the cup to Dr. Carlyle; dropt her head upon her breast, and died without a struggle.

Mr. Farish, Mr. Gilpin's brother-in-law, was another example of an easy and placid death. "This excellent man (says Mr. Gilpin, in one of his letters) died February 24th, 1793. The manner of his death corresponded with his amiable and peaceful life. He had been long in a declining state, and though he never kept his bed, he used now and then to rest upon a pallet in his parlour. One day when he did not appear worse than usual, he lay down, and taking hold of his wife's hand, who sat by him, said he wished he could fall asleep. In less than two minutes, with the quietness of a child going to sleep, he expired."

It is impossible to contemplate these remarkable instances of peaceful dissolution, without acknowledging the efficacy of religion, in divesting the last great trial to which man is subject, of its gloom; and illuminating it with cheerful submission to the will of God. No other principle is equal to such effects. Vanity, or the love of glory; infidelity, or hardened profligacy; may

feel or affect indifference at the final hour ; but, their triumph is at best a negative one — for, apathy is not resignation ; nor does the sullen relinquishment of a good, which cannot longer be retained, bear any resemblance to the restitution of a blessing, enjoyed with thankfulness, as long as it is bestowed, and returned with gratitude when it is recalled. It is to PIETY alone, exemplified in an innocent and benevolent life, that God has given the high privilege of a joyful death. Through her operation, the EUTHANASIA, or happy dissolution, which the heathen emperor so earnestly desired for himself and his friends*, is no longer a cold ethical speculation, but a warm religious reality. PIETY embodies the dream of philosophy, and creates a cheerful, as well as tranquil termination of life. She robs the last enemy of all his power to distress or alarm, by pointing to a future state of bliss and recognition ; where the consciousness of the faithful will be revived, and their virtuous attachments renewed, refined, and perpetuated. She cleaves the clouds in the sight of a departing Stephen ; and displays the glories of the invisible world ; and, while the silver cord of life is

* *Nam ferè quoties audisset cito ac nullo cruciatu defunctum quempiam sibi et suis, εὐθανασίαν similem, præcabatur.* — Suet. in Vit. Aug. 99.

loosing, and the golden bowl is breaking, enables the dying Christian to exclaim, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

CHAP. XII.

No one denies, that the character in after life, is materially influenced, by the moral impressions which the mind receives in infancy and early youth, through the medium of *instruction* : but, there are too few, who refer to a cause equally adequate and intelligible, those *minute circumstances*, which give a direction, to the situation and condition of man in society : which fix his locality ; determine his profession ; and sow the first seeds of those events and relations, that form, ultimately, the chief happiness or misery of his temporal existence.

These scarcely-to-be-detected sources of mortal weal or woe, are usually attributed, to that imaginary fortuitous principle, which man calls “ chance,” or “ accident ” — an “ airy nothing ;” or, at best, an unsubstantial creation of fancy ; brought into being, by the indolent or careless, to avoid the trouble of tracing effects to their causes : or by the perverse or vicious, who prefer casualty, to design ; confusion, to order ; and unmeaning irregularity, to the definite arrangements of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness.

But, such an application of these almost invisible germs, from which spring the future character of our lives, squares not with *my* philosophy. The first truth in reasoning which I imbibed, was, *ex nihilo nihil fit*: and, turning away from the non-entity, “Chance:” I very early came to this immovable conclusion — that, the concerns of the moral, as well as the material world, are under the direction of a SPECIAL PROVIDENCE — of a MIGHTY HAND, which, while it

“wheels the silent spheres,”

disposes and directs, in the same steady and unwearied manner; those seemingly-inconsiderable incidents, in the first season of the life of man, which have a decided influence, on all the steps, and over all the events, of his subsequent years: — of a BEING of all-seeing wisdom, and ever-energising beneficence, who not only “spieth out all our ways.” but, at the same time, “ordereth all our goings.”

On the throwing back my eye upon my own somewhat lengthened, and not unchequered career, I find much to assure me, that my *conclusion* was not a false one: since, I perceive, in clear retrospection, unclouded by the slightest shade of superstition, the most slender, and, apparently, the most casual, occurrences, leading to, and bearing on, those great results, which

have formed the most important features of my past and present state. One of those minute circumstances to which I now allude, was the incident that produced my removal from Hampshire to Bath : an incident with which my reader has a claim to be made acquainted : as it not only threw the most beneficial influences over the last moiety of my life ; but, also, gave occasion to, and furnished subjects for, the larger proportion of my printed literary productions. I must reach, however, the end of the chapter, before the fact can be introduced in chronological order.

I had continued, for nearly four years, in my situation as curate to the venerable vicar of Boldre, when an offer reached me, from my deceased friend the late Rev. Henry Drummond, of the cure of Fawley parish ; a spot on the western bank of the Southampton river ; and a living, of which Mr. Drummond was the then rector. The obliging proposal demanded some thought ; as it involved many considerations both of loss and gain.

The idea of dropping my professional connection with Mr. Gilpin, was very painful to me. His kindness had been fatherly : his society delightful : his example attractive and influential. Numerous estimable friends surrounded me and my family, in our present situation, with whom we lived in intimacy and confidence. The rou-

tine of my duty, though somewhat laborious, had become familiar to me : and I was not without the hope, of its having been fulfilled, in a manner agreeable to my vicar, and useful to his parishioners. In addition to these reasons against migration, I was to consider ; that, the proffered cure bore the ominous name of *Fawley kill-parson*, from the supposed unhealthiness of the situation of the parish : that, there were two places of worship in it, a church and a chapel, nearly four miles apart from each other : that, the district of which I was to undertake the charge, extended in length and breadth, almost to the dimensions of Boldre parish : that, the roads therein were execrable : and that, two dreary heaths, and a distance of ten miles, were to be traversed, in order to bring me and mine, in contact with those friends, whom we should leave behind us.

On the other hand, the reasons for removing to Fawley were many and important. In a *lucrative* point of view, there could be no comparison between the two curacies ; my stipend would be nearly doubled by the new appointment ; a capital mansion completely furnished, was attached to the cure ; together with an excellent garden ; and a sufficiency of land for all the purposes of my family. These and other advantages, indeed, appeared to be so preponderating, in the estimation of my excellent

incumbent, Mr. Gilpin, that he strongly advised me not to reject them ; and thus relieved my mind from the apprehension, that he might feel hurt, by my dissolving a connection, which he had constantly endeavoured to render both serviceable and agreeable to me. I was assured further, that, the alarming appellation applied to Fawley, was a *calumny* or *misnomer* : that, however awful the murrain might have been, in former times, among its pastors, there had been no instances of such premature mortality within the last half century : nor was the parish deficient in grey-headed old men, or far-advanced crones of the softer sex. Another recommendation for the projected change, was, that the residence of Colonel Mitford, the learned historian of ancient Greece, to whom I had been introduced by Mr. Gilpin, stood within the parish of Fawley, in the hamlet of Exbury : and that my friend Mr. Jeans, resided on the rectory of Dibden, which adjoined to the living of Mr. Drummond : and, finally, I was pleased with the idea, that the retirement of the new abode, would afford me more leisure and opportunity, for the indulgence of my “ruling passion,” (then in its height,) the *love of authorship* ; and thought, with much complacency, on the proximity of Fawley to Southampton ; which might enable me, with so little trouble, to place my literary bantlings, as they were successively produced, under the

care and protection of that typographer, who had brought my first *little one* into the world. The *pros* weighed down the *cons*; and I went to Fawley.*

There were few circumstances that occurred to me during my six and twenty months' residence at this place, worthy the reader's notice, or connected with my literary retrospections; nor should I trouble him with the two following; did I not flatter myself, that the one might afford an useful hint to those young divines, who may chance to be placed (like myself, at Fawley,) in a parish whose circuit is wide, and

* The moral and intellectual condition of this parish, was little less barbarous, than that of Boldre had been, previously to Mr. Gilpin's incumbency: and the degradation had proceeded from the same causes; smuggling, and the proximity of the New Forest. A deep cloud of ignorance involved the peasantry and cottagers. My two *clerks* of Fawley and Exbury, (an office usually filled by the most learned of the villagers,) may be deduced as fair examples, of the general state of information among my new parishioners. The former, instead of repeating the words "Caterpillars innumerable," when delivering the response in which it is contained, invariably said *Cattamamumble*: and he of Exbury, as constantly shouted out, "*Varsity* to hear us, &c." in the room of "Vouchsafe to hear us, &c." — I took considerable pains to correct these two gross errors in recitation; but, so invincible is the combination of ignorance and habit, that though my admonitions and remonstrances were continued for nearly two years; I never could entirely overcome these verbal perversions of John Noyce and Richard Armstrong.

“ whose ways are mire” — and that the other, while it teaches an important maxim, may exemplify and enforce the necessity of observing it — viz. “ Never to commit *that* to be done by *another*, which it is our duty, and which we have “ the ability and opportunity, to do, *ourselves*.”

One gloomy night in November, (as the novelist has it,) I was sitting by the side of a cheerful sea-coal fire; with the urn smoking, and the fresh made tea exhaling its odour, before me; when the clerk of Exbury arrived; and required my immediate attendance, at a cottage about four miles off, to baptize a child which was “ in a desperate bad way.” The sky was black as Erebus; and the lanes (bad at the best,) were so clogged with mud, and with the sleet, which was then falling, that Moses gave it as his decided opinion, no *horseman* could safely perform the journey: a *pleasant walk*, therefore, was determined on: a lantern provided: and preceded by the clerk; and accompanied by my friend Jeans, who was then at Fawley parsonage, and most heroically, as well as kindly, volunteered to escort me back again, I started for Exbury. In due time, neither drowned, nor suffocated, we reached the cottage; but, on opening the door, I discovered to my no small surprise, instead of a scene of grief, or alarm; the mother of the child, and granny, eating a mess of potatoes; and the babe himself, full

two months old, in a cradle beside them, as sound asleep as a roach; as fat as a capon; and as rosy as a Dorsetshire red-streak. "How in the world," said I to the old lady, "could you think of sending for me such a night as this; and to a child, as well and as hearty as I am?" "Lord love 'e," replied the female sage: "why it were but dree hours ago, e had the *worm-twitches* so despered, I counted that every breath e draaw'd, would 'a bin his last." "And pray what is the reason, that the boy has not been brought long ago, to the chapel, to be christened?" — "Lord bless 'e, because we could'nt vind his veather." The fact appeared to be, that the child was illegitimate: that the worthless seducer had run away; and that granny and her daughter, either ignorantly imagined his presence to be necessary at the ceremony; or, had carelessly neglected the rite of baptism, till they were reminded of its necessity, by the *worm-twitches* of the babe. On our way home Mr. Jeans reminded me, that upon future occasions of a similar description, I need not consider myself as obliged to obey the summons; for that, our church was, properly, "very jealous of *private domestic baptism*; and that, according to her canons, no minister was compelled to administer the solemn rite, without receiving, from the medical attendant, or midwife, a *written certificate* of the infant's

“life being in immediate jeopardy.” I availed myself of this information; and, incontinently, circulated its import through the parish and chapelry: and from that time forward, had no nocturnal visits to pay to young gentlemen of two months old, troubled with the *worm-twitches*.

The other *admonitory anecdote* to which I alluded, was this: — Having occasion to go for a short time into the neighbourhood of Hereford, I committed my parochial duty to a brother of the profession, who, I considered, was quite competent to perform its plain and regular routine. Towards the close of my absence, a very respectable farmer in the parish, lost his young and amiable wife, in her confinement. A day was appointed for her funeral; and a sermon requested to be preached on the occasion. Anxious to remain my destined time with the family I was visiting; instead, most unfortunately, of returning and taking the duty *myself*, I employed *another*, (*my locum tenens*) for the purpose. Among the discourses in my sermon-drawer, I had one on the subject of DEATH; in which I had contrasted the departure of the virtuous and the good, with that of the profligate and impenitent; and thrown as much force as I could muster, into the latter description, in order to make the deeper impression on my hearers; as I held that mankind in general, are more influenced by their fears, than their hopes. This

discourse, I conceived, would suit the approaching occasion. I wrote therefore to a friend, (quite qualified to execute the commission;) to select the sermon; erase the description of departing impenitence; prefix a few appropriate introductory sentences; add as many practical inferences bearing upon the recent melancholy event; and deliver the discourse into the hands of my proxy, with a request that he would preach it, as added to and marked, at the ensuing funeral. The church was thronged: and my friend attended the service. The reader may imagine the astonishment of my correspondent, and the feelings of the *congregation*; when the preacher, by a confusion of mistakes quite incredible, and scarcely conceivable, dropped the prefatory and concluding remarks: omitted the calm and consolatory dying scene of the resigned and pious Christian; and gave, in its stead, and that too, with all his force, the appalling picture, of a distracted and despairing end! I cannot recal this event to my mind, and reflect what the emotions of those auditors, who, at the time, were most deeply interested, must have been, without considerable pain, and regret.

The mention of my journey into Herefordshire, suggests to me the memory of a very worthy, and rather remarkable man; with whom I then formed an acquaintance, which ripened afterwards into a cordial friendship, terminated only

by his decease, about three years ago. He was known to the world, by a solitary publication : but few men could boast a larger circle of real friends, than the late James Wathen, Esq. of Hereford. Among the amateurs and professors of the graphic art, to which he was enthusiastically attached, his acquaintance might be said to be all but universal. His qualities, indeed, were a passport to general esteem and regard ; for, few were the men, among the crowd with which I have mixed, whom I could compare with Mr. Wathen ; in singleness of heart ; blamelessness of life ; and mildness and benevolence of spirit. His education had been humble ; but a good natural understanding, acting upon considerable English reading, and bottomed on sound and just principles, had stored his mind with much useful knowledge ; and rendered his conversation not only entertaining, but instructive. An ardent admirer of Nature, and all her wild and picturesque scenery ; his spirit dwelt with the far-off rocks and woods, and mountains and cataracts : but the enthusiasm of the amateur, was merged in the piety of the son ; and never, till his *blind* and aged widowed mother breathed her last, did he omit leading her down from her chamber every morning ; and conducting her to it again, at the hour of repose : though, possibly, in the interval he would walk forty miles, (for as a pedestrian he was a phenomenon, and con-

tinued so till the age of 70!) to visit a spot congenial to his taste; or add to the immense collection of his own sketches and drawings.

Mr. Wathen had passed middle life when he lost his mother. He then simplified his affairs; and determined to pursue the bent of his inclinations; that of travelling as a pedestrian, not only through England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, but over all those parts of Europe, which are usually visited by the British tourist. His baggage was as light and scanty as Sterne's; but, unlike the sentimentalist, he carried it *about his person* — a couple of shirts stuffed into his pockets; a few necessary articles in a small bundle; under one arm his portfolio; and a stick and umbrella in his vacant hand. The amount of the miles which he had walked thus accoutred, in a few years, almost exceeded belief. His continental tour alone, which led him through France, Switzerland, Italy, and a part of Germany; included a circuit of nearly 3,000 miles.*

* The longest walk, which (as I have understood from Mr. Wathen) he ever performed, within the twenty-four hours, was one of sixty-three miles, on the road from London to Hereford: but, he was *fresh* enough after it, to attend a musical party on the same evening. — “I taught “the boy to read,” said old Quin, of our excellent late king, when he heard of his admirable recitation of his accession speech in the House of Lords; and my friend Wathen might have said of me, “I taught him first to be a

But, the survey he had thus taken of most of the civilised parts of Europe only excited a desire of visiting more distant regions. He longed to *make some sketches* in Asia: and an opportunity fortunately occurred, for the gratification of this anxious wish. Captain Prendergast, his old school-fellow, who commanded an East-Indiaman, (about to make a voyage to Madras and China,) aware of Mr. Wathen's desire, offered him a free passage in his vessel, provided he could obtain the consent of the Directors to make the trip. This was easily procured; and Wathen shipped himself on board the East-Indiaman. To him, however, the expedition might be said, rather to have been a *walk* than a *voyage*: for, every day during the passage, when the weather permitted, he paced the quarter-deck, for two watches, or the space of eight hours; thus securing to himself constant pedestrian exercise, to the amount of at least twenty miles a day.

“pedestrian;” for I had no idea of “getting over the country,” by any modes of locomotion save those of a horse or a carriage, till he took me into training; and broke me in, by degrees, to a walk of sixty miles, along the margin of the beautiful river Wye, from Hereford to Chepstow. We were three days on our *route*; but novel as the scenery and our mode of progress were to me, they appeared, in my estimation, to be the three *shortest* days I ever spent in my life. How then can *time* be merely a succession of ideas?

His age at this time, was between sixty and seventy years. The vessel touched at Madras; Pulo Penang; Malacca; Macao; and Canton: at all which places, my friend made copious notes, and numerous sketches. His bland and courteous manners; kind and benevolent feelings; and honest, simple intentions; were recognised and esteemed, wherever he went; and, singular to say, conciliated alike the savage Malay, and the suspicious Chinese. From the former, he received rude, but warm hospitality: and by the latter, was admitted (a very rare case I apprehend) to familiar domestic intercourse.

Shortly after his return from this voyage, Mr. Wathen came to my house, and showed me his collection both of drawings and remarks. The former were curious, as representations of places and things, little known to Europeans: the latter were interesting, as the results of good sense; good feeling; and attentive observation. I advised and I prevailed upon him, to select and print: and volunteered what little assistance my deeper insight into the mysteries of publication, would enable me to afford. The work came out, under some such title as "Wathen's Picturesque Voyage to India," &c. It was a thin quarto, embellished with a considerable number of pleasing aquatint engravings. I know not what its success might be: but, it had many claims to

popularity ; for, though its diction did not glitter with eloquence, or sparkle with point ; the simple language in which it told “ a plain unvarnished “ tale,” was well adapted to please the reader of pure taste, and gratify the lover of truth.

For the latter years of his life Mr. Wathen did not reside so much at Hereford, as he had formerly done. The reason of this was not unknown to me. When we had first met in that then agreeable city, its society was of the most attractive description. A feeling of good-fellowship, and neighbourly regard, pervaded all the higher class of its inhabitants. There was a constant alternation of friendly visits among them ; an universal interchange of kind offices ; and, I verily believe, as little thinking evil of each other, as in any place of an equal extent and population in this our Christian country. A general taste for music, also, vocal and instrumental, prevailed in Hereford at the period of which I speak : the choir was good ; amateurs were numerous ; and the whole city appeared to be united together, literally and figuratively, by the bond of *harmony*. But, it was a subject of deep regret to my friend Wathen, that Hereford had, for a long time previously to his death, lost the charm of its former social character. Its cheerful atmosphere had deserted it : and mist and gloom had usurped the place, of that genial sunshine, which had hitherto fostered all the truly Christian sympa-

thies, that cause brethren to dwell together in unity. A clergyman of the *new school* had gotten footing in Hereford ; and his *novel doctrines* soon introduced and diffused, their customary anti-evangelical effects — spiritual pride, and want of charity ; polemical wrangling, and social discord ; the separation of “ very friends ” ; and, worse than all, divisions in domestic circles. My friend, whose mind was deeply imbued with the meek, and mild, spirit of the Gospel ; his understanding entirely convinced by its simple and reasonable tenets ; and his life regulated by its salutary and benevolent precepts — saw with equal dismay and sorrow, the progress of these “ strange ” opinions among his former friends and familiar associates : and has repeatedly communicated to me, instances, that had fallen under his own knowledge, of their pernicious influence, in severing the firmest intimacies ; dissolving the nearest natural ties ; and obliterating the very form and fashion of innocent hilarity. He was well aware, that to disrobe Religion of her meekness, benevolence, and cheerfulness, was not only to alter her character ; but to destroy her very nature : and he rightly conceived, that the temple of “ our most holy faith,” in the soul of man, must be built upon, and supported by, the grand corner-stones of HUMILITY and CHARITY.

Of literary men, save Colonel Mitford, and

Mr. Jeans, I saw but little during my sojourn in the parish of Fawley. Its situation, though beautiful, was retired, or rather isolated; having no public road through it: and being bounded on one side by a large river: on another by the strait between Hampshire and the Isle of Wight: and opposing much ingress from every other quarter, by the badness of its roads. There was room for *study* indeed; but, very few opportunities of drawing on the stores of *living* wisdom and learning; of bringing the mind into that state of *activity*, (most strengthening and improving to it,) which is produced, by the intellectual collision of conversation; by the interchange of remark and sentiment, in *vivâ voce* intercourse.

Among the most agreeable interruptions to the customary monotony of my life at Fawley, I may reckon a visit to our family, from a gentleman well known to the literary and reading part of the public; John Tweddell, Esq., whose premature fate was as deeply lamented, as his character was universally esteemed. He came to us with a mutual friend; and what rendered his sojourn more particularly interesting, was the circumstance, of its preceding, only by a short interval, his departure on that tour, from which, alas! it was the will of Heaven, he never should return! The world well knew, and properly appreciated, the high intellectual qualities;

and rare acquired accomplishments of Mr. Tweddell; his genius and learning; his eloquence and his wit*: but the world could not know the variety and extent of those better qualities, his *private virtues*: his filial piety, and fraternal affection: his warmth of feeling; and benevolence of spirit; his steadiness in friendship, and sincerity in profession. *These* could only be estimated by his intimate associates: but combined with, and graced by, an attractive intellectual countenance, and gay, but most polished manners; sparkling, but unoffending wit; and beautiful, but unaffected colloquial diction; they formed a character so complete, and rendered his society so fascinating, that few of those intimate friends, will, I apprehend, hesitate to acknowledge, they “ne’er shall see his like again.”

The loss of Mr. Tweddell’s papers, has been a serious injury to British literature. His erudition, and acuteness; taste, activity, and perseverance; must have enabled him to accumulate an immense mass of valuable, varied,

* A spirited, and pleasing copy of verses by Mr. Tweddell, will be found in the Appendix. He was a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; where he gained many honours and prizes for his classical compositions. Most of these compositions were given to the world in 1791, under the title of *Prolusiones Juveniles Præmiis Academicis Dignatæ*: &c. His Letters from the Continent, form a standard book in our language.

and entertaining information : but, perhaps, the most interesting branch of his materials for publication, would have been his notes on *Switzerland* ; of which he himself speaks in his letters, with a modest preference : since it was a country exactly suited to his high musings, and imaginative mind : a romantic region, which he traversed *on foot* ; whose deepest recesses and loftiest eminences had been penetrated into, and surmounted, by this inquisitive and adventurous traveller.

The public, I conceive, have long made up their mind on the question — “ What is become “ of Mr. Tweddell’s papers ? ” — Were I called upon to give my judgment in this behalf, I should say, that they *are now no more*, — that they have been *destroyed* — destroyed, not by casualty, or open plunder — but designedly and secretly — lest by any accident, or at any time, hereafter, they should appear, in silent, but palpable proof, of an act as mean in the selfishness of its motive, as it was fatal to the awakened rational curiosity of the lettered public.

Not many months had elapsed from the period of our fixing at Fawley, ere we had reason to feel, that the reports of its insalubrity were not altogether unfounded. The profusion of wood which *then* ornamented its surface ; but deteriorated its atmosphere ; the marshy lands in many parts of the district ; and the vast surface

of mud in the river, exposed to the action of the sun during the hours of the ebb tide; united together, to produce almost constant *malaria*, exceedingly prejudicial to those, who had been accustomed to live in situations exposed to all the winds of heaven. The hand of sickness, alas! lay long and heavy on our dwelling! a removal to Bath was necessary for some of my family; and it was arranged, that, on their departure, I should remain at the curacy, till an opportunity occurred, (an almost hopeless anticipation,) of a professional engagement in the place of their new residence.

It is a tribute of gratitude which I owe to the memory of the late Henry Drummond Esq., (the father of my deceased friend, the rector of Fawley;) to advert to his generous behaviour to me, on the breaking up of our family establishment. The anecdote may not be without its use also; in affording a salutary hint to the young and inexperienced, who are sometimes apt, under the influence of foolish fastidiousness; false delicacy; or false pride; to reject favours, sincerely offered on the one part, and much desired, or perchance, urgently needed, by those to whom they are proffered.

I had looked at lodgings as the place of my abode, during my continuance in the parish of Fawley; and partly agreed to engage them. The gentleman alluded to, accidentally heard of the

arrangement which I meant to adopt: and in that feeling of friendliness which had always marked his conduct towards myself, immediately despatched a note to me, requesting that I would alter my intended arrangement; and stating, that, in a few days, he was about to leave the country, and go to "his winter quarters" in London, for several months; that his house near Fawley (a beautiful residence, called *Cadlands*, on the western bank of the Southampton river,) would not be occupied, during the interval, save by the servants who were usually left in it; that orders had been given to them, to furnish me with whatever could make me comfortable; and that, as soon as I should be left alone, I might avail myself forthwith, of those accommodations, which were very much at my service.

Though "glad as a bird," at the offer, I thought it but right, to *coquet* a little in my answer. "I felt deeply obliged by his *polite attention*: but, could not think of intruding "so grossly upon it: the inconvenience to him "must be great: I felt ashamed at the idea of "his incurring so much expense on my account;" and more to the same effect. Mr. Drummond's reply was speedy, and, to me, memorable: "He would not have made the offer, "had it not been as convenient and pleasurable "to him to tender it; as he felt it would be

“ agreeable and desirable to me to accept it; and
 “ he therefore expected, that without further
 “ *solicitations*, I should remove to *Cadlands*, on
 “ the departure of my friends.”

As lord of this elegant mansion, I spent several weeks: not only with every want supplied; but amid an abundance of comforts, which far exceeded my wishes or ambition. But, alas! there was a worm in the gourd, that withered its surface, and spoiled its flavour. I was *alone* — with no one who could participate in my advantages: no one with whom I could “ hold sweet counsel:” interchange thought: reciprocate the confidence of friendship, or the offices of kindness. I missed the presence and value of that sweetest of all melodies, the *human voice*: and felt, strongly and deeply, the affecting question of the poet;

“ Oh! *solitude*; where are the charms
 “ Which the sages descry in thy face?”

I became languid, unwell, and depressed: and I know not how this abatement in my health and spirits would have terminated; had not the singular incident occurred, alluded to in the former part of this chapter, to remove me from a situation, where I had an opportunity of learning the useful lesson — that no combination of external advantages, will repay the loss, of vigour of body, and serenity of mind.

I had crossed the river one November day, to transact some business, and to dine, in the opposite town of Southampton. The evening was dark, and I hurried down the street to my boat, which was waiting for me at the quay. In my haste, I came in rude contact with the shoulder of a person who was walking in an opposite direction to my own. I felt that I was to blame, and made my apology accordingly. "Bless me," exclaimed the gentleman, (in a voice that I immediately recognised to be that of the Rev. Mr. A——n's,) "is that Warner?" — "The same unquestionably," said I. "Why, I fully thought you had been at Bath. I left that place only a few days ago; and learned while I was there, that the rector of Walcot had appointed you, to his vacant curacy of All Saints' Chapel; and that you were every day expected there to undertake the charge." — "Would that it were true, my friend," I replied; "but not a breath of such good tidings has reached my ear. I know neither the rector, nor his chapel; and am perfectly sure, that my family are as little acquainted with the former as myself. Adieu!"

My passage across the river afforded me leisure for meditation; and I ruminated much on the oddity of the adventure. My epistolary intercourse with Bath was frequent: but I had received no communication that bore at all upon

the business of Mr. Sibley (the Rector's name,) or his curacy : information which I felt sure I should have received, had there been any foundation for the Rev. Mr. A——n's intelligence. I resolved, however, at all events, to inform my connections at Bath of my *rencontre* with this gentleman ; and to request, they would make the earliest enquiries, on a subject so interesting to us all. In a few days an answer from them arrived. They had *not heard* of the *vacancy*, nor were *acquainted* with the *Rector of Walcot* ; but, had applied to a friend of that gentleman, both for information and assistance. The Rev. Dr. Griffiths (the person alluded to) afforded the one ; and promised them the other : the curacy was vacant ; and he would apply to Mr. Sibley. He redeemed his pledge. “ The Rector “ of Walcot *knew not Mr. Warner even by name*. “ There were many applicants for the situation : “ but, in consequence of his regard for Dr. G. ; “ and his confidence in the propriety of his re- “ commendation ; he would nominate his friend “ to the curacy, provided he could make it con- “ venient to enter shortly upon the duty.”

In the course of a fortnight, my place at Fawley was supplied ; and, in a short time (for some weeks of illness intervened), I became one of the curates of Walcot parish, Bath. As such, I continued to officiate for a few months, when, in consequence of another circumstance, almost

as remarkable as that which I have related, I obtained the curacy of the populous parish of St. James's, in the same city. This I held, for three and twenty years; with what credit to myself, or usefulness to my flock, I leave to others to determine.

The source of Mr. A——n's intelligence to me, in the street of Southampton, has never been explained: for, singular to say, from that moment to the present time, (an interval of nearly six and thirty years) I have neither seen, nor heard of, the gentleman in question.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

CT
788
W326A3
1830
v.1

Warner, Richard
Literary recollections

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
