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# Literary Recollections ;

BY

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JUVABIT MEMINISSE.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# Literary Recollections.

RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM  
QUID VETAT?

## CORRIGENDA ET ADDENDA.

VOL. II.

- Page 23. line 18. after the words *be destroyed* : add ; “ This work, after  
“ many omissions, substitutions, and alterations, was  
“ at length published, by R. Cruttwell, Bath, 1807,  
“ under the title : ‘ An Explanation of John i.  
“ 1 to 18.’ ”
124. line 26. for *consisting* : read *consistency*.
143. line 8. for *Mr. Backer* : read *Mr. Becker*.
264. line 32. add the word, *written*.
425. line 22. *Dr. Hartley &c.* : this note is to come in at the bottom  
of page 426.

my acquaintance with it, this equally beautiful and singular town, had boasted itself to be, (and the claim was universally allowed,) the *Temple of elegant Pleasure* ; where the rites of the goddess were better systematised, and her laws more rigidly obeyed ; than in any other spot within His Majesty's dominions.

It was to the great *Hierophant* BEAU NASH, if, (*sit mihi fas audita loqui*,) it be permitted to me, to narrate, with a good-humoured smile, the rise, decline, and fall, of the defunct system of

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# Literary Recollections.

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RIDENTEM DICERE VERUM  
QUID VETAT?

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## CHAP. XIII.

AMONG the great observable changes, which have gradually taken place within the last five and thirty years, in our towns of large population, and places of fashionable resort; I could scarcely point out any so striking, as the alteration which has occurred in the public habits and character of the city of Bath.

For the better part of a century, previously to my acquaintance with it, this equally beautiful and singular town, had boasted itself to be, (and the claim was universally allowed,) the *Temple of elegant Pleasure*; where the rites of the goddess were better systematised, and her laws more rigidly obeyed; than in any other spot within His Majesty's dominions.

It was to the great *Hierophant* BEAU NASH, if, (*sit mihi fas audita loqui,*) it be permitted to me, to narrate, with a good-humoured smile, the rise, decline, and fall, of the defunct system of

*Bath amusements* — it was to this *High-Priest* of elegant pleasure, I repeat, that the ancient city of which I speak, was originally indebted, for this organisation of its public diversions; and for the code of enactments, which, during his life, preserved it in its pristine dignity and utility.\*

\* Nash enforced as well as legislated. When the old Duchess of Queensbury, who would not go to court because she could not wear an apron, appeared in the original rooms, with one of these *illegal* appendages to her attire; the despotic *arbiter elegantiarum*, insisted upon divestment, or departure: and the haughty dame submitted: untied her apron, and gave it to an attendant.

The late Dr. Harrington has recorded the local honours, and characteristic traits of Beau Nash, in the following Latin and English epitaphs, in the abbey-church at Bath:—

“ Adeste O cives, adeste lugentes !

“ Hic silent leges

“ RICARDI NASH, Armig.

“ Nihil amplius imperantis;

“ Qui diu et utilissimè

“ Assumptus Bathoniæ

“ Elegantiæ arbiter,

“ Eheu !

“ Morti (ultimo designatori)

“ Haud indecorè succubuit,

“ Ann. Dom. MDCCLXI. Ætat. suæ LXXXVII.

“ Beatus ille qui sibi imperiosus !”

“ If social virtues make remembrance dear,

“ Or manners pure on decent rule depend ;

“ To *his* remains consign one grateful tear,

“ Of Youth the Guardian, and of all the Friend.

Acting upon the *grand principle* of congregating the devotees of fashionable amusement, regularly and frequently, into one brilliant focus; he had discountenanced all private parties and select *coteries*: and the daily and nightly attendance at the public Rooms, formed as integral a part of the business and duty of Bath visitors, as their diurnal operations of eating and drinking.

This goodly frame of things, like all other human institutions, continued to flourish in its first perfection, no longer than it was nourished and protected, by the care and vigilance of its great founder. From the moment of *Beau Nash's* quitting the scene of his power and pride; those corruptions and relaxations (which first sap, and then crumble, the mightiest states) crept, insensibly, into his formal and elaborate system of public punctilio: and the fear of violating the law that prohibited the domestic rout, and enforced a regular attendance at the public assemblies in which he had presided, gradually evaporated.\* Powerful efforts, indeed, were

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“ Now sleeps Dominion ; here no Bounty flows,  
“ Nor more avails the festive scene to grace,  
“ Beneath that hand which no discernment shows,  
“ Untaught to honour, or distinguish place.”

\* To BATH, — “ as it was,” about seventy or eighty years ago — its amusements well regulated, and well attended — its fashions and habits, of the good old English



made at subsequent periods, to repair and re-integrate ; but that love of change, and those principles of *revolution*, which, (brewed and concocted by the continental philosophers of the last century,) blew up, about forty years ago, the *fillagree* court of France ; reached, and diffused themselves among, the Bath votaries of fashion ; and taught them to despise dominion ; and follow their own irregular fancies, rather than the

stamp — its hours of refection and repose early, and health-inspiring — its markets cheap, as well as plentiful — its accommodations snug and cosey — and its fish-stalls teeming with *John Dories* : QUIN, of facetious memory, one of the best judges, that ever existed, of what constitutes human comfort — applied this complimentary character — “ that it “ was the best place in the wide world, for *an old cock to go “ to roost in.*” — Here the bland epicure himself finished his luxurious days. His remains were deposited in the Abbey Church ; and sleep silently under the following encomiastic lines from the pen of his friend Garrick : —

“ The tongue which set the table in a roar,  
 “ And charm’d the public ear, is heard no more :  
 “ Closed are those eyes the harbingers of wit,  
 “ Which spake, before the tongue, what Shakspeare writ :  
 “ Cold is that hand, which, living, was stretch’d forth,  
 “ At Friendship’s call, to succour modest worth : —  
 “ Here lies JAMES QUIN ! — Deign, reader, to be taught,  
 “ Whate’er thy strength of body, force of thought,  
 “ In Nature’s happiest mould however cast,  
 “ To this complexion thou must come at last.

“ D. GARRICK.

“ Ob. MDCCLVI. Ætatis LXXIII.”

municipal laws of their defunct monarch; and the remonstrances, (for alas! *enforcement* expired with *Nash*) of his several able successors. Late dinners began, by little and little, to interfere with the regular *early* attendance at the Upper and Lower Rooms: and fatal "at homes," on the ball nights, to prevent that attendance altogether.

But, though shorn of its beams, the glory of the Bath Rooms had not faded away, when I first became acquainted with them. Indeed, an improving aspect of affairs had taken place; and the solemn dignity of *Tyson*, who presided in "the court above:" and the strict discipline of *King* \*, (well qualified, by his commission in the

\* Once, and only once, I had the pleasure of conversing with the illustrious Porson: and, strange to say, it was at a *ball*, in the Lower Rooms, on an unusually crowded night. A very ingenious friend of mine, Dr. Davis, of Bath, who was "this same learned Theban's" *chaperon*, on the occasion, did me the favour of introducing me to him. The Professor appeared to be quite "at sea;" and neither to understand, nor to relish the scene before him. On separating from him, Mr. KING, the master of the ceremonies addressed me: "Pray Mr. W. who is the *man* you have been speaking to? — I can't say, I *much* like *his* appearance:" and to own the truth, Porson, with lank uncombed locks; a loose neckcloth; and wrinkled stockings; exhibited a striking contrast to the gay and gorgeous crowd around. — "Who is that *gentleman*, Mr. KING?" replied I, "the greatest man that has visited your rooms, since their first erection. — It is the celebrated Porson: the most profound scholar in Europe: who has more Greek under

army, for command) who bore the sceptre of the “nether world;” if they had not restored the

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“that mop of hair, than can be found in all the heads in the “room: ay, if we even include those of the *Orchestra!*” — “Indeed!” said the monarch: and — ordered a new dance!

Two anecdotes were told me of this extraordinary man, shortly after the above occurrence, by my brother-in-law, John Pearson, Esq., the present Advocate-General of Bengal. Mr. Pearson was one of the party, when Porson made the following witty answer to Dr. Parr: — “A great “difficulty, Mr. Porson,” said the Doctor, addressing the Professor, after the discharge of a more than usually dense cloud of tobacco-smoke: “a very great difficulty that, — “the existence of *evil* in the world!” “Why, I must confess,” replied the Professor, after returning the puff, “I never could see the *good* of it.” — The other incident was related to Mr. Pearson, by James Perry; the late able proprietor, of the *MORNING CHRONICLE*: it occurred at his own house. Many of my readers will recollect the memorable night, on which William Pitt and his ingenious friend and jovial comptator, Harry Dundas, went into the House of Commons, in a condition usually described by the phrase “of being half seas over.” The Minister tried to rise, in order to try to speak, but was, very benevolently, pulled down by his neighbours. Harry, I believe, sat discreetly silent. Perry, on his return from the House of Commons, related the extraordinary scene to the Greek Professor; then supping at his house. Porson was delighted with the recital; called for pen and ink, and, ere “the lark sang “at Heaven’s gates,” manufactured, with the aid of pipe and tankard, *one hundred and one epigrams*, on the amusing subject. They were printed, in succession, in the *Morning Chronicle*: and all were pregnant with more or less point and wit. I recollect only the following one: —



pristine lustre of these receptacles of the gay and the beautiful, had at least arrested, for a time, their decadence; and bidden them, in the words of the lovely friend of the gay Lord Lyttleton, “live a little longer.”

But, alas! this comparatively happy state of things, was but of short endurance. The two energetic representatives of *Beau Nash* were called away. Taste and fashion, now no longer

“*Pitt*. — I cannot see the Speaker, Hal. can you?”

“*Harry*. — Not see the Speaker? D——’e I see *two*.”

“Tale follows tale, as wave succeeds to wave.”

I have spoken of the MORNING CHRONICLE, and the name of that celebrated paper, brings to my mind some curious particulars respecting its fortunes. I was intimate for some years, with the aged widow of the late John Bellamy of Chandos Street, the FATHER OF THE WHIG-CLUB. He had been a friend and encourager of Mr. Gray, who purchased, with money lent to him by Mr. B. that daily Journal, towards the close of the last century. Mrs. B. presented me with a note written by Mr. Gray to her husband, on the completion of this purchase; stating, that he had the pleasure of informing Mr. Bellamy, he had that morning bought the paper in question; types; good will &c., for 340*l*. The bargain was immense; for I have understood, that this paper cleared at one time 13,000*l*. per annum. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was conducted by uncommon talents: and aided by the frequent contributions of Fox: Erskine: Jekyl: Porson; and other meteors of that stirring period; the early part of the French revolutionary war.

checked, chose for their solace and display, the private, rather than the public arena : the Lower Rooms, utterly deserted and despised, after divers conversions and appropriations, were sold by private contract, and are now, happily, become a *literary institution* : while the Upper Rooms, smitten with irrecoverable consumption, hold on, as fame reports, a sickly, precarious existence ; alarming, each successive season, the small knot of their remaining supporters and friends, with the dismal prospect of their speedy irretrievable extinction :

“ And e'en so fares it with the things of earth  
“ Which seem most constant: there will come the cloud  
“ That shall infold them up, and leave their place  
“ A seat for emptiness.”

Another obvious feature of the great change which has taken place in the character and habits of Bath, within my recollection, is the absence of that public encouragement of *vocal* and *instrumental harmony*, which formerly rendered its *concerts* so universally, and deservedly celebrated : and stamped them with an excellence, inferior only to that which the musical *fêtes* of the metropolis could boast. Regular as its returning season ; crowded as the alleys of its thickly thronged market ; and brilliant as the gems that glittered on the neck of its *prima donna* ; the *concert of Bath*, exhibited, in “ the

“olden time,” all that could attract the eye, as well as delight the ear; and few were the sacrifices which the *élite* of the place would not have readily made, rather than have foregone a public amusement, which was *then* as popular as it was unrivalled. The auspices of Rauzzini, indeed, would have gone far in themselves, to render it perfect in its kind\* : but, it was the genial influence of *popular* taste and favour, that backed his exertions : and enabled him to people his orchestra, with MARA; and BILLINGTON; and STORACE; and BANTI; and Miss SHARP, (his best and favourite pupil;) and CATALANI, and BRAHAM, when they were in early and perfect voice; together with a long and crowded

\* I knew SIGNOR VENANZIO RAUZZINI well; dining, as I occasionally did, with my worthy friend Mr. Becker, the accomplished water-colour artist, who boarded with him. Rauzzini was a great man in his way: more remarkable, however, for science and taste, as a composer, than for genius or originality. When a performer at the Opera-house, his *acting* had astonished; and his *singing*, delighted Garrick. From the fair promise of riches and fame which the metropolis held out to him, he retired in early life, to Bath; where he spent his last five and thirty years. He was an amiable, benevolent, and cheerful man: but, too generous to acquire competence; and too open-hearted to escape imposition. When in his prime, he might be considered as the best musical teacher and accompanier in Europe. The brilliant group of public singers mentioned above, all received their original vocal graces, or final polish from *Rauzzini*. He died in 1810, universally esteemed and regretted.

troop of "chief musicians;" and celebrated players, on all kinds of instruments, from the *Jews' harp* upwards, to the *kettle-drum*.

But, what shall we say of the *Bath concert* in these degenerate days?

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this,

"The counterfeit presentment of two brothers!"

— that it is scarcely "the shadow of the shade" of its predecessor: meagre in aspect, and rare in occurrence; and, on these infrequent occasions, enlivened only by a *single star*, in the room of that *galaxy* of glittering talents, with which it was, formerly, constantly resplendent. *Domestic harmony* is, doubtless, as universal among the fashionable at Bath, as with the high-fliers of other populous places: but, "the concord "of sweet sounds," which was wont to echo through its gorgeous public rooms, and enrapture the brilliant crowds that filled them, is, it may well be feared, "for ever hushed."

The encouragement of the *histrionic* art, also, is no longer known in the place which was formerly noted as the cradle of performers for the London stage. SIDDONS, KEMBLE, and OLD EDWIN trod the Bath boards, before they ventured to present themselves to a metropolitan audience: and in my time, fostered by public support, the play-bills were wont to announce to the patrons of this popular amusement, the fine



tragic powers of HENDERSON; the *vis comica* of DONOVAN: the drollery of ELLISTON: the *naïve* humour of BISSET; the broad farce of the younger EDWIN; and the pathos and beauty of the interesting MISS WALLACE. But, here again, an alteration has taken place in the public habits and character of the city of Bath, to the full as great, as those we have already noticed. Other, and less *vulgar* pleasures, (but, who *dare doubt*, more innocent and rational,) have superseded the ancient customary attendance on the Bath *drama*; and, as a natural consequence, its *corps* is shrunk; and its *bills* no longer promise the rare talents, by which they formerly attracted notice. Who, however, can marvel at their diminution and deterioration; since, the means of their vigour and support have been almost entirely withdrawn? If it be true, that players “live to please,” it is most unquestionable, also, that they must “eat to live;” and the necessary *pabulum* can never be afforded them—by *galleries*, naked of gods: *pits*, deficient in the *dii minores gentium*: and “a beggarly account of empty *boxes*!”

But, *amoto ludo* — To have done with balls, concerts, and plays. — Nothing contrasts more strongly in the condition of former and modern Bath; than, its *intellectual* character, at the period of my settling therein; and the *state of letters*, in

the same place, at the present time. Not that I would be thought, (for a moment,) to suppose or assert, that this elegant city has *not* its full complement of learned, ingenious, and scientific gentlemen; whose literary taste, and scholastic acquirements, would throw a lustre over any society, among which they might mingle.\* But, it may be truly said of it, that its race of “giants” has passed away. The phalanx of *litterati*, whom it was my good fortune to alight among, in 1794, have disappeared; nor, would it now be easy to find, a cluster of enlightened men, comparable with those, who then and there, threw into our mass of national literature, works which will be as imperishable as the English language; and either delighted, or improved the public, by their diversified productions, in almost every department of taste, erudition, and science.

\* The LITERARY INSTITUTION, which sits in classical beauty on the ruins of the Lower Rooms, bids fair, not only to encourage a general taste for letters, among the Bathonians; but to add to the stock of our published literature. Many are the able men, among its members and supporters; and none more so, than my learned and accomplished friends, the Rev. John Hunter, the Historian of *Hallamshire*, &c.: Sir George Gibbes: the Rev. T. Falconer, M.D.: J. and P. Duncan Esqrs.: Dr. Parry: Dr. Davis: the Rev. E. Mangin: Hastings Elwyn Esq. &c. The *papers* read before the Society, have been philosophical or ingenious: and the *lectures*; appropriate, luminous, and improving.

Were I to assume the privilege of *Nestor*, and recapitulate the names and deeds, of all the Bath literary worthies, with whom I mixed in common acquaintance, or intimate intercourse, in my former years; I might, possibly, be considered as *prosey* as the old Grecian chieftain. It will therefore be sufficient for my argument, and enough for my reader, if I enumerate the following distinguished ornaments of English literature, who made Bath their constant, or frequent place of abode, at the time to which I am at present directing my “retrospections:”—Biographical sketches; or personal anecdotes, of many of these gentlemen, will, I am persuaded, be equally creditable to them, and interesting to others. The list embraces; DANIEL WEBB Esq.; WILLIAM MELMOTH Esq.; GOVERNOR POWNAL; CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY Esq.; Dr. FRAZER; Dr. FALCONER; Dr. HARRINGTON; Dr. PARRY; Dr. COGAN; the Rev. Dr. M'LAINÉ; the Rev. JOSEPH TOWNSEND; the Rev. RICHARD GRAVES; the Rev. JOHN SIMPSON; the Rev. DAVID JARDINE; and DAVID HARTLEY Esq., &c. &c.

There are few well read persons, unacquainted with the writings of Mr. Webb: his “Enquiry into the Beauties of Painting, &c. :” his “Remarks on the Beauty of Poetry:” his “Observations on the Correspondence between Poetry and Music:” his “Reasons for thinking that the Greek Language was borrowed

“from the Chinese :” his “Literary Amusements, in verse and prose ;” and his “Selections from Mons. Pauw ; with Additions ;” and though many may consider him, (and perhaps with some truth) as occasionally inclined to *paradox* : yet none will dispute that his various works, more especially his “Enquiry ;” “Remarks ;” and “Observations ;” abound with taste ; acuteness ; and intellectual feeling. Mr. Webb’s thoughts, indeed, are frequently novel and ingenious ; and, for the most part, solid and judicious. His diction is pure, correct, and polished. His definitions terse, clear, and philosophical. Few writers have the faculty of expressing so much, in so small a compass : but, though concise, he is always explicit ; and though sometimes profound, is never unintelligible. I have often been struck with this *pregnancy* of his *explanations* : and would adduce the following passage as an example of this beauty in composition. Speaking of *taste* and *science*, he remarks :

“Were I to define the *former*, I should say, “that *taste* was a facility in the mind, to be “moved with what is excellent in an art ; it is “a *feeling* of the truth. But, *science* is to be “informed of that truth ; and of the means by “which its effects are produced.”

Mr. Melmoth’s just pretensions to the character of an English classic, are founded, on his “Letters from Sir Thomas Fitzosborne, on se-



“veral Subjects :” printed in 1742 : his “Translations of Pliny’s Epistles :” in 1747 : and of “Cicero’s Letters to his Friends :” his “Answer to Bryant ;” in 1794 : and “The Remains of his Father :” in 1796. These works rank high among the most pleasing in the English language ; for judicious criticism ; useful learning ; richness of style ; and ingenious remark ; though, perhaps, the admirers of Cicero, will not accompany him, in his doubts, of the *patriotism* of this accomplished philosopher. The manners of Mr. Melmoth were peculiarly urbane. No man blended more happily than himself, the polish of the gentleman, with the accomplishments of the scholar.

GOVERNOR POWNAL distinguished himself both as a public character, and an author. Opposed strongly in sentiment to the American war, most of his speeches in Parliament, and many of his published writings, bore upon that interesting subject. Other of his publications, were of a metaphysical ; antiquarian ; and statistical description. He was a man of considerable learning ; varied acquirement ; and extensive experience. I had the misfortune to differ from him on a point of antiquarianism : but this opposition of opinion, never interrupted, for an instant, the harmony of personal intercourse. We fought the battle fairly before the public : left them to decide, to whom the prize should be awarded :

and met in private, as though we had ever been of one and the same mind. It must be allowed, however, that the matter in dispute was one of a *capital* nature. Among the remains of Roman antiquity dug up at Bath, was a mass of sculptured masonry, which had evidently been the *tympanum* of an ancient temple. The *head* and its accompaniments, which appear in high relief upon its area, were reasonably concluded to refer to the deity, in whose honour the fane had been erected. The Governor wrote a quarto pamphlet, to prove, by much recondite learning, that this *head* represented the *sun*; and that, therefore, the structure must have been dedicated to *Sol*. I argued, that the character of the countenance, and serpent locks which encircle it, indicated *Medusa*, an appropriate emblem of *Minerva*: that its accompanying ornaments — an *owl*; an *olive branch*; and a *helmet* — all were attributable to the daughter of Jove, in her two-fold character, of the goddess of wisdom, and of war: and consequently, that the *tympanum* in question, must have been a member of that temple of *Minerva*, which *Solinus* expressly tells us, formed one of the principal ornaments of the ancient Roman *Aqua Solis*: or, modern city of Bath. What the determination of the public might be, with regard to the disputed *head*, I am not aware; it was, probably, that of the umpire, who had been called in, to decide upon the production

of the poor sign-painter, employed to delineate a *horse's head*; and who was to declare, whether the sign represented an *equine* or a *human* portrait: the critic looked long, and attentively, at the ambiguous daub; hemmed thrice; and then drily observed, that "much might be said on *both sides* of the question." Governor Pownall died at Bath 25th February 1805: aged 83.

Of CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY Esq. I knew but little; for the latter years of his life were passed in domestic seclusion. It is somewhat singular, that the author of a work so witty, satirical, and novel, as "The New Bath Guide," should have left behind him, merely this solitary monument of his lively fancy, and peculiar genius; but, no other publication, save this, has, as I am aware, been attributed to him. "The New Bath Guide" might have been considered as a perfectly *original* work, had not its *subject* been obviously suggested, by the "Humphrey Clinker" of the inimitable *Smollett*; who was for some time resident in Bath, and, probably, an intimate acquaintance, as well as a favourite author, of Mr. Anstey's. But, superior as this piece of poetical drollery may be, to any thing of a similar description in our language, it has some defects, which bar its claim to excellence: for its wit approaches, occasionally, to profaneness; and its humour trenches too often upon decency. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to ridicule hypocri-

tical pretensions to sanctity, without rendering religion itself a laughing-stock ; and wounding the feelings of the sincerely pious. It is at least an error, into which some of our best modern novelists have fallen, and that to a tremendous degree : but, happy are the writers of these works of fancy, who never draw from the treasury of Holy Scripture, to give point to absurdity in *character* : nor degrade the phraseology which it consecrates, to the base purposes of vulgar, licentious, or ridiculous *colloquy*. Mr. Anstey died at the age of 80, in the year 1805. “ The “ Pleader’s Guide,” by one of his sons, evinces that genius is hereditary in his family.

It is a “ retrospection ” affording me much pleasure, to look back upon the hours which I have spent with the ingenious, cheerful, and amiable, author of “ The Spiritual Quixote : ” the Rev. RICHARD GRAVES, Rector of Claverton, near Bath. Never did the hand of advanced age, lie lighter upon a human being : or less exert its withering influence on the intellect, genius, and feelings of a nonagenarian, than on Mr. Graves. When in his 88th year I attended with him at a visitation : sat near to him at table : and listened, with astonishment, to his uninterrupted flow of neat and epigrammatic impromptus ; lively *jeux d’esprit* ; and entertaining anecdotes. Most of his works (and they were numerous) are instinct with the same spirit of wit and poignancy :



though others, more serious, vindicate his claim to sterling, and diversified erudition. The literary production, however, with which Mr. Graves's name is principally associated, and which probably will survive his other works, is, "The Spiritual Quixote;" a novel, entirely *sui generis*, as far as English literature extends: but, unhappily, liable to the same objection, which has been advanced against the "New Bath Guide:" since every *caricature*, lowers, either more or less, in our estimation, the dignified and just proportions of its original subject. It is generally asserted, but, I know not with what truth, that the hero of "The Spiritual Quixote," *Timothy Wildgoose*, was sketched from a then living character; an estimable divine, with whom I was afterwards intimately acquainted; the Rev. Joseph Townsend, Rector of Pewsey, Wiltshire. He had certainly, in very early life, afforded some food for satire, by the exercise of a sincere, but injudicious zeal in his profession; a spirit which evaporated, under the influence of maturer years; a wider experience; and soberer views of religious truth: but, it has always been my opinion, that the prototype of Mr. Graves's *Timothy Wildgoose*, is not to be sought in the person of Mr. Townsend, with whom the novelist was well acquainted: but, in the character of the celebrated fanatic Sir Harry Treſlawney, Baronet.

When Mr. Graves was approaching the period

of his days, he received and accepted, the offer of a piece of preferment, under somewhat singular circumstances. The rectory of Croscombe, Somersetshire, had become vacant, and the patron felt desirous of alienating its perpetual advowson. This could not be effected, however, unless there were a living incumbent on the preferment at the time of the sale. He cast his eye, therefore, through the diocese, in search of the oldest clergyman within it, to whom Croscombe might be presented; ensuring thereby a speedy vacancy; and enhancing, in the same proportion, the amount of the purchase-money. Mr. Graves proved to be the rarest example of longevity, among his brethren of the cloth: to him therefore the rectory was proffered. Some years afterwards I chanced to be inducted into the same living; and learned from the churchwarden, that he was present when a similar ceremony had been performed in behalf of Mr. Graves. The old gentleman, he told me, in the true spirit of his character, could not, on this occasion, forbear discharging a few witticisms, on the *generosity* of the patron; and his own *perfect competency* to fulfil the duties of the office he was about to be put in possession of: nor, was it without a look and tone of his native drollery, that, on being introduced into the belfry, he exclaimed, "Where is the bell-rope, "I cannot see it?" and having pulled it with all

his feeble might, again enquired: "Does it ring; "for I *cannot hear it?*" The desired result was effected; and the legal induction completed. Mr. Graves died in 1804.

Another accomplished scholar, with whom I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted, shortly after my settlement in Bath, was the Rev. DAVID JARDINE, the minister of the Unitarian congregation in that city: a gentleman of singular worth in his private character; and whose celebrity would have been extensive, had he chosen to have contended for the prize of lettered fame. The public can know and appreciate his talents, only, I believe, through the medium of his *Sermons*: but they are quite sufficient to prove the clearness of his intellect; the force of his understanding; and the excellence of his heart. The spirit of liberality that breathes through them, while it does honour to the ministerial character; shows, that the preacher, though sincerely convinced of the truth of his own opinions, could maintain them with calmness and diffidence; and give full credit to those from whom he differed, for uprightness and consistency; for every good quality of the understanding; and every holy motive of the conscience. Speedily would the reeking scars of the Christian Church be healed, were its various connections and sects to differ from each other in the spirit of candour

and meekness, which influenced the pen of the Rev. David Jardine. He died in March 1797.

Very similar in general character and literary attainments to David Jardine, was my excellent friend, the Rev. JOHN SIMPSON; with whom I enjoyed an occasional confidential intercourse, till the period of his decease. The established church could not, unfortunately, "claim him for her own;" but, with Mr. Simpson, dissent was not acrimony; nor theological discussion, the parent, or offspring of unchristian feeling. Enjoying an ample fortune, he had a favourable opportunity of pursuing the strong bent of his mind, the study of divinity: and it may truly be said, that he was *totus in illis*. I never knew a more steady, patient, or circumspect student of the word of God. A very good Hebrew scholar, and well versed in the Greek language: with a penetrating, but calm judgment: a quick, but sober intellect; and a highly-pious, but well-regulated mind; he was admirably qualified for the very important task of scriptural explication: and had he given his numerous manuscripts in this department of theology, to the press, I have little doubt, that the religious part of the public would have read them with considerable gratification. But his caution in publishing was extreme; for I have known him more than once, withdraw a manuscript from the printer, and cancel the worked-off sheets,



under the sensitive, but highly praiseworthy feeling, either that he had not given sufficient thought to his subject; or that some error had crept into his reasoning; or that the point he wished to establish, was not satisfactorily proved. A remarkable instance of Mr. Simpson's characteristic diffidence and circumspection in this respect, occurred under my own immediate cognisance. He had prepared an ingenious and elaborate explication of the eighteen first verses of the first chapter of St. John's gospel. The printer received the manuscript; and immediately set his compositors and press-men to work. Some sheets had already been completed, when Mr. Simpson, distrusting the foundation, or conduct of his argument; called again upon his printer; took back the explication, and ordered the printed matter to be destroyed. Of whatever he published, Mr. Simpson obligingly presented a copy to me. I esteem all his writings, but consider as by far the most valuable of them, his "Internal and Presumptive Evidences on Christianity, considered separately; and, as Uniting to form one Argument," thick octavo, 1801. Indeed, I am not aware of any work in the English language, on the same subject, so systematic, logical, and satisfactory; so comprehensive in its argument: so luminous in its arrangement; so convincing in its conclusions. It is evidently the result of profound

thought ; mature study ; and extensive reading ; excited, assisted, and directed, by a spirit of piety, sincere, sober, and benevolent. Mr. Simpson was on terms of the strictest intimacy with the celebrated and venerable Dr. Maclaine ; who spent the latter years of his life at Bath. He saw, and conversed with, his aged friend, a few days preceding his dissolution ; and immediately afterwards, committed to paper, the substance of the doctor's discourse on the trying occasion. Mr. Simpson repeated to me the particulars of the interview, shortly after it occurred, and a mutual friend obliged me with a copy of Mr. Simpson's minutes of it, when that gentleman was no more. — It will be found in the subsequent “ biographical sketch” of Doctor Maclaine.

Connected as he was in intimate friendship with Mr. Simpson, the name of Dr. COGAN will appropriately follow the mention of that estimable divine. His mind was of a rare and somewhat extraordinary character, combining the faculties of intense and steadily-directed thought, with a quick perception, and a playful fancy : nor were his habits less uncommon, or, apparently, compatible ; for he would alike devote himself, to profound speculation, and all the occupations of social and active life. Nature had made him an acute metaphysician ; and a careful education under Dr. Aikin, the father of Mrs. Barbauld, had directed his particular at-

tention to theology ; circumstances which will account both for the subjects of the greater part of his published works, and for the ability with which he has treated them.\*

With his “ Philosophical and Ethical Treatises “ on the Passions ;” and his “ Theological Disquisitions ; or an Enquiry into those Principles “ of Religion which are most influential, in “ directing and regulating the Passions of the “ Mind ;” I had occasion to be closely acquainted ; as Dr. Cogan did me the honour, of submitting the manuscript of each, to my criticism and correction. How patiently he bore the one, and flatteringly adopted the other, will appear from one of his letters to me, given in the Appendix : which I submit to the reader, rather as a proof of this valuable man’s candour and modesty ; than of the merits of a far humbler critic, and less useful writer than himself.

Dr. Cogan entered early into the ministry of the connection of Christians with which he was associated ; but quitted it about 1765, for the

\* A specimen of his Theological Views : the clearness with which he has unfolded, and the power with which he has substantiated them ; may be seen in his “ Letters to “ William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. on the Doctrine of Hereditary Depravity. By a Layman :” a work, to which Dr. Parr put the seal of his approbation, by the following note, written in his own copy of it.

“ Excellent. Cogan’s arguments are unanswerable : and “ Wilberforce, very discreetly, made no attempt to answer.”  
Bib. Parr. p. 552.

medical profession; and received a Leyden degree in 1767. After a practice of some years in Amsterdam and London, he resided for a long time in Bath and its neighbourhood; and to the conclusion of his life in 1818 passed his time in alternate visits to this latter city and the metropolis. He closed his days, not merely in composure, but with cheerfulness: and consoled his half-brother and the eldest of his nephews, as they were standing near his bed, and silently deploring his anticipated departure, with these memorable words: "You now lament *my* condition: but, it will speedily be *your own*. I am merely preceding you a little while. Suppose your boys were to undergo an examination to-morrow morning; what would it signify, that one of them should go to bed at six o'clock this evening; another at seven; another at eight; and another at ten — they would all meet together at the same hour to-morrow."

Dr. Cogan, and Dr. Lettsom, were the original founders of the Humane Society in London; and I had the honour of co-operating with the former gentleman, in the establishing of the first institution of a similar nature in Bath.

One of the most agreeable circumstances of my "literary life," was my introduction to the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Mac-laine. He had been pleased with some sermons which I preached at St. James's Church, Bath;



and afterwards published, under the title of “ Practical Discourses :” \* and intimated a wish to know me, to a noble Scotch family, who were our mutual friends. The reader may be assured that my introductory visit could not be otherwise than highly gratifying to me : when the venerable man, himself so deservedly celebrated as a writer, a preacher, and a divine, took me by the hand, and good-humouredly said, — “ Sir, you are a “ BOANERGES. — You speak the truth ; and speak

\* The first sermon which I preached at the Abbey-church, chanced to be one of these *Practical Discourses*. On returning to the vestry, I was stopped by a little man in black, with a quick eye ; sharp features ; puckered face ; and a full-bottomed wig, by no means well-fitted to his head. He seized my hand ; shook it heartily ; and exclaimed in a shrill but sonorous voice : “ Many thanks, my “ dear Sir, for your excellent sermon. — You, I see, like “ myself, *leather away upon GOOD WORKS* :” I expressed my pleasure at his satisfaction ; and begged to know, to whom I was indebted for so flattering an opinion of my Discourse. “ Oh, aye, true, Sir. My name is Shepherd, Sir : Dr. Shepherd, Sir ; pretty well known I believe in Bath.” — And, indeed, such was the case ; for there were few of its inhabitants more remarkable for singularity of character, and oddity in manner, than Dr. Shepherd ; not many, more able scholars ; and none better acquainted with the Scriptures ; or more deeply read in ecclesiastical history, and casuistical divinity. He had been an academic ; and ordained into the Established Church ; but had frequently preached in the fields ; at a market-cross ; and from the top of a hogshead. I became well acquainted with him, and had much pleasure in his conversation. Quite in advanced age, he married his female domestic : lost his footing in society ; was forgotten ; and died.

“it in thunder.” But, the conversation of Dr. Maclaine did not require the fragrance of such “honeyed words” as these, to render it redolent of delight, interest, and instruction. It was a rich fund of acute remark; sage reflection; and entertaining anecdote: while his manner, charmed alike by its simplicity and candor — a simplicity that dissipated embarrassment: and a candor that engaged confidence. He was among the few men who are not spoiled by a court. Though he had lived, for fifty years, at the Hague, as much among princes, nobles, and senators, as any private individual of his day; yet, not a particle of his natural character had been abraded by its long collision with artificial life: for its surface, though highly polished, still reflected all the native virtues of his heart — the honest and independent spirit; warmth of feeling; singleness of meaning; and uprightness of intention.\*

\* This account of Dr. Maclaine, is, in a great measure, adopted from a biographical sketch which I gave of him, in the appendix to my “Letter to the Honorable and Right Reverend Henry Ryder, D. D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester: on Evangelical Preachers, &c.: 1818:” in which I had summed up his character in the following words. “Wise without austerity: deeply learned without arrogance: sincerely pious without ostentation: of refined wit, untinged with severity: of polished manners, unsophisticated by affectation: of warm benevolence, and lively sensibility, but cool in judgment, and unbending in principle; he lived much in the world, without being injured

Dr. Maclaine was born in 1723. He lost his mother when only seven years of age; and his father at the age of seventeen. Glasgow claimed the honour of his education: which being completed, he accepted an invitation to Holland, from his maternal uncle, and went to that country at the age of twenty. On the decease of this relative, young Maclaine succeeded to the situation which he had filled—that of minister to the English church at the Hague: an office that he held for fifty years, with consummate credit to himself, and to the most perfect satisfaction of his congregation; befriending the poor, and the distressed: admired for his talents; beloved for his virtues; and revered for his piety. But, the friendships which he enjoyed were not confined within the narrow circle of his own people. He was high in the confidence of the court of Holland, and the leading characters of the state; for few men blended a deeper knowledge of modern with ancient history: a more accurate view of the general politics of Europe; or a more profound knowledge of the human mind, than himself.

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“by its vices, or infected with its follies, and confuted, by  
“a visible proof, the unsoundness of that paradox, of the  
“ingenious author, against whom he exercised his pen  
“(Soame Jenyns), that the Religion of Jesus Christ, cannot  
“go hand in hand, with secular business, and rational  
“social enjoyment.”

It is probable that the Doctor would have finished his days in a situation so agreeable to his taste, and advantageous to his family; had he not been forced from it, by that tremendous event, the French Revolution, which, like an universal earthquake, shook to pieces the fabric of society, in almost all the countries of Europe. It was not long, before the spirit of the storm winged its flight into Holland: the French power was established there; and as many of the Stadtholder's friends as could conveniently escape, prepared to quit the country. Dr. Mac-laine was among the number; and as soon as the Prince of Orange retired from the Hague; he, in company with many others, hurried to Scheveling, with his daughter, in order to embark for England. His adventures were interesting and perplexing. The town, when he entered it, presented a mournful spectacle: almost every person he met, being in tears; having just taken leave of the Stadtholder, to whom they were all sincerely attached. Several of those who had accompanied the Doctor from the Hague, were fortunate enough to get on board some vessels that were lying off the shore: but, before he and his daughter could reach the boat which was to convey them away; the town's people apprehending, that if any person of consequence or property should quit the place, the contribution would fall with intolerable weight on those who



remained behind, circulated a report, that all the seamen who went to England would be there detained. In consequence of this rumour, which circulated with the rapidity of wildfire, the sailors, to a man, refused to put off from the shore, and those belonging to Dr. Maclaine's boat were the first to announce this determination. Disappointed thus of their escape to England, he and his fair companion were under the necessity of returning to the Hague. It was late at night when they reached that city; and the Doctor's son, whom he had left in possession of his house, was, together with his family, sound in repose. Some alarm prevailed, for a short time, among those within, at so unseasonable a disturbance. At length, however, the voices of the two travellers were recognised; and themselves gladly received.

In the course of four days after the flight of the Stadtholder from the Hague, the French troops entered the place. According to Dr. Maclaine's account, their march into it was conducted in the most pacific manner, and with the strictest attention to military discipline. No person was injured or insulted: nor the house of any inhabitant plundered, with the exception of the palace of the Prince of Orange. Upon this (as well as on the residences of the Prince at Loo and Breda,) the hand of the spoiler fell with the roughest violence. Dr. Maclaine's

house was opposite to the palace ; and he himself saw the costly and masterly pictures ; the precious cabinets ; and rich collections of curiosities in every branch of natural history, which that residence contained ; rudely thrown about, carelessly packed ; piled upon sledges ; and carried off to Paris. The prince's own horses were employed in this work of transportation ; and, as if conscious of its sacrilegious character, reared, kicked, and resisted to such a degree, as to be scarcely controllable.

As the French troops were now billeted upon the inhabitants, Dr. Maclaine wrote to the commissary *Marlas* ; requesting that he might be indulged with officers for his inmates, instead of common soldiers. The request was immediately granted : and two officers were appointed to his house : both, fortunately for the Doctor's family, men of honour and gentlemen, and one of them a nephew of the commissary *Marlas*. Through his means, an acquaintance soon commenced between the Doctor and *Marlas*, who proved to be a man of genius, taste, and learning ; agreeable in his manners ; and estimable in his character. The acquaintance ripened into a friendship ; so warm on the part of *Marlas*, that, when the Doctor left the Hague, the commissary parted from him with tears.

The troubles in Holland had greatly impaired Dr. Maclaine's health. A long anticipation of

the evils about to befall that country: the condition of the Stadtholder's family, to which he was sincerely attached; and his own disappointment at Scheveling: with his constant efforts to appear cheerful under the critical state of his circumstances, were too much for his constitution, and induced a paralytic affection, shortly after his fruitless attempt to escape. Disastrous as this attack might be, it had, notwithstanding, one advantageous consequence; a reasonable plea for resigning his situation as minister of the Episcopal Church at the Hague, and soliciting a passport, for his removal into England. The formal permission to depart, after much delay, and considerable anxiety, he at length obtained; and, accompanied by his daughter, arrived safely in England; and proceeded immediately to London, to wait upon the family of the Stadtholder. The meeting was very affecting. His Serene Highness received his friend, and companion in calamity, with a flood of tears. Not so the Princess of Orange, whom the Doctor shortly after visited. She did not weep: but, the struggle which she endured to maintain her loftiness of character, and suppress her emotions, was more affecting to the philosophical mind of Doctor Maclaine, than the unrestrained grief of her royal husband. \*

\* *Segur* and *Caillaud*, in their memoirs, speak unfavorably of this princess; averring that she was proud and imperious:

The shock which Dr. Maclaine's health had received, rendered a trial of the Bath waters desirable. He went to that city with his daughter; and finding that he received the benefit which he had anticipated from the use of the medicinal springs, he made Bath his residence for the remainder of his days. The diminution of his property occasioned by the revolution in Holland, rendered economy important; his house was, therefore, small; and his establishment humble; but this contrast to his former liberal, hospitable, and elegant style of living, served only to reflect a lustre on the character of Dr. Maclaine; and to bring out, in higher relief, the excellences of his mind and heart; calm content; cheerful resignation; pious gratitude;

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revengeful and implacable. But Dr. Maclaine's account of her, (and his opportunities of studying her character, were peculiarly favorable) was of a very different description. Niece to the great Frederic of Prussia, she inherited some of the best features of his character: dignity of mind, and superiority of talent. Her knowledge of politics was profound: her firmness immovable, her spirit unconquerable. "If, to her share some female errors" had fallen, they might notwithstanding have been pardoned; for she had endured one of the most dreaded evils which can befall a woman in early life — the loss of personal charms. On her arrival in Holland, she was extremely beautiful. Shortly after her marriage, the *small-pox*, that "fell destroyer," came; and though it left her person fine, tall, and commanding, deprived her of all the attractions of her face.



bright hope; firm faith; and comprehensive charity. Precluded from much study by the nature of his complaint; the hours which the Doctor gave to the world, were chiefly spent in conversation with the noble, the wise, and the good, who visited him in his retreat, or met him in his wheel-chair during his daily airings; and who left him, if not bettered by his example, at least improved by his communications.

In this tranquil and delightful state of mind, exemplifying in his manners, the best traits of the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian, Dr. Maclaine passed his time at Bath, till the 25th of November 1804; when he was removed to that happy state, for which his whole life had been a preparation. His approach to the grave was gradual; but, equally obvious to himself and his friends; and, however distressing to *them*, had nothing appalling in it to the retiring Christian. Nature (for he was all tenderness and affection) demanded her tribute of regret, at the prospect of his speedy separation from those he loved on earth; but, she could neither disturb his serenity; nor shake his fortitude. His intellect to the last, was clear; his spirit composed; his temper cheerful, mild, and obliging; and, if ever the beautiful creation of poetical fancy, were embodied in reality, the closing scene of Dr. Maclaine's life was its actual exemplification:

“ Onward he moves to meet his latter end,  
 “ Angels themselves befriending Virtue’s friend :  
 “ Sinks to the earth with” gradual “ decay ;  
 “ While Resignation gently slopes the way ;  
 “ And, all his prospects brightening at the last,  
 “ His Heav’n commences ere this world be past.”

There was not a more prominent feature indeed in the character of this excellent man, than, a *cheerful piety* ; a piety, that saw and felt the GOD of LOVE in every feature of the physical and moral world ; and rested with a full confidence on his *mercy*, through JESUS CHRIST, freely, impartially, and universally offered, to *all* who humbly endeavour to do his will. The following short letter to a friend, will convey a pleasing view of his firm conviction of the verity of our holy faith : and of the delightful tone of feeling, with which that faith was accompanied : —

“ My dear Friend.

“ I am much obliged to *you*, for the communication of Mr. Gisborne’s letter : and to  
 “ *him*, for the ‘ Ode to the Memory of Cowper ;’  
 “ which I have read again and again, with a  
 “ feeling heart, and delicious drops swelling my  
 “ eyelids. You may well think, also, that Mr.  
 “ Gisborne’s obliging mention of me, must give  
 “ me pleasure, as you know my veneration for  
 “ him ; to which by his character and writings  
 “ he has so high a claim. I cannot, however,

“ flatter myself’ with having contributed, (by  
“ some materials which he may have gathered from  
“ Mosheim) any thing to the beauty or solidity  
“ of his *edifice* \* ; but, if I had, I am amply  
“ rewarded, by the high pleasure, and cor-  
“ roborated feelings of comfort, with which I sit  
“ under its roof, and walk through all its apart-  
“ ments. It is really a noble series of buildings;  
“ firmly connected, and terminating in a glorious  
“ prospect.”

But, perhaps, the strongest, and most unequivocal proof, of the solidity of Dr. Maclaine’s religious persuasion, and of the satisfaction which this reasonable faith conveyed to his mind, in the most trying hour of human existence, may be drawn from his conversation with the Rev. John Simpson, (mentioned in some of the foregoing pages,) which took place a short time previously to his decease. Both these gentlemen were characters of genuine piety ; extensive learning ; strong penetration ; and deep and cautious research : a similarity of qualities and pursuits, which cemented a cordial friendship between them, not to be dissolved by little differences on certain speculative points of theology. Their conversations usually took a literary, or serious turn. The last which they enjoyed together, was naturally of the latter

\* Mr. Gisborne’s “ Familiar Survey of the Christian Religion.”

description, and it was during *this*, that Dr. Maclaine expressed himself in the following terms : —

“ 13th Nov. 1804.

“ I feel that I am going very gradually. I shall not be long here ; but, I have been used to consider my latter end, and am not now disturbed at its approach.

“ I have always had a religious turn of mind, which has kept me from bad habits. When very young, I was fond of attending places of worship of all kinds, and of going to funerals, being impressed with the solemnity of the service.

“ I have no pain, only a troublesome hiccough ; and though very weak ; and daily becoming more and more so ; yet, the faculties of my mind are in a better state than they were two months ago. I can *now* contemplate, clearly, the grand scene to which I am going : it appears to my mind very magnificent and very awful. There is no cloud in the prospect that is before me, though I say it with humble confidence, and reliance on the divine mercy, through the mediation of my blessed Redeemer ; whom I always loved too much, to fear that he will now forsake me.

“ All is bright. I think of the Being of all perfection, into whose presence I am going,



“ and whom I ‘ shall see as He is :’ and the more  
 “ I dwell upon such infinite perfections, the more  
 “ I am filled with awe and wonder. I am quite  
 “ lost in astonishment ; though I can contemplate  
 “ him as my kind Parent ; who has bestowed on  
 “ me so many mercies, and now will not leave  
 “ me nor forsake me : who knows my frame and  
 “ remembers that I am but dust.

“ I think almost continually, of the sublime  
 “ objects in the new scene that is before me ; of  
 “ the society that I shall join in that untried state ;  
 “ and I feel the subject very awful : but, it is a  
 “ pleasing awe, accompanied with the highest  
 “ reverence and trust in an HEAVENLY FATHER !”

It will not be denied, that certain *habits* of thought throughout life, will induce peculiar frames of mind, and particular views of futurity, consistent with these habits at the close of it : a fact, which renders it probable, that Hume might actually die with composure, as an *infidel* : and Huntingdon with presumptuous confidence, as an extravagant *enthusiast*.

The *pride of philosophy* which had identified itself with the mind of the *metaphysician* : and the *spiritual pride* which had entwined itself with all the associations of the *preacher*, would continue to operate as strongly upon the thinking faculty of each, at the hour of dissolution, as they had done through life : and produce those calm or triumphant death-bed scenes, which are so

loudly vaunted by the deluded admirers of the one, and the fanatical followers of the other. But, if the children of error, from this final act of the drama, (which merely exhibits a character supported with consistency to the end,) draw an inference, favourable to the sincerity of their masters, and to the truth of their systems; how much greater reason has the humble Christian, to feel his faith corroborated, and his hopes confirmed, by such a death-bed as that of the venerable, virtuous, and wise Maclaine — a man, whom few ever surpassed in vigour of intellect; and none exceeded in sanctity of life: whose understanding was not weakened by the vanity of the sophist; nor his reason led astray by the false lights of the visionary — who had patience for the investigation of religious truth — judgment to sift, and weigh, and appreciate its evidence — and acuteness to detect its deficiency, if, in any point, that evidence had been found wanting — and who expired, with the full conviction in his heart, and the decided confession on his lips, that the Gospel of JESUS CHRIST was true; its revelations divine; and its promises sure, certain, and steadfast.

Dr. Maclaine was buried in the Abbey-church, Bath, where a monument was erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription, written, I believe, by his friend the Rev. John Simpson: —

" Subtus  
 " Jacent Reliquiæ  
 " ARCHIBALDI MACLAINE, D. D.  
 " Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ apud Hagam  
 " Comitis, per quinquaginta annos  
 " Pastoris dilectissimi,  
 " Ingenuus, eruditus, pius,  
 " Æquè mirâ suavitate morum  
 " Ac famâ scientiæ præclarâ  
 " Fuit ornatus.  
 " Mortalium curis tandem fatigatus  
 " Et quo proprior, eo lætior ad Cælum  
 " Prospiciens, in complexu  
 " Dei placide quievit,  
 " XX Nov. MDCCCIV. Æt. LXXXII.  
 " Amicissimus H. Hope  
 " H. M. P. C." \*

Doctor Maclaine's publications were not numerous ; but, they will ever be standard works. His translation of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History appeared in 1765 : a book known, and es-

\* The reader will observe, that this epitaph has a delicate reference to the subject of Dr. Maclaine's last declaration to Mr. Simpson. The following free translation of it, is at his service.

" Beneath lie the remains of Archibald Maclaine, D.D. the  
 " most affectionately-beloved pastor of the English Church  
 " at the Hague, for 50 years. Liberal, learned, pious, his  
 " admirable courtesy of manners was as engaging, as his  
 " distinguished erudition was profound. At length worn  
 " out by mortal cares, and viewing Heaven, the more cheer-  
 " fully, the nearer he approached to it ; he calmly fell  
 " asleep in the bosom of his God, 25th Nov. 1804, aged 82.  
 " His affectionate friend, H. Hope, erected this monument  
 " to his memory."

teemed throughout all Protestant Europe ; not only for the value of the text, but for the erudition, acuteness, critical skill, and spirit of liberal and fearless enquiry, which pervade the notes, additions, dissertations, and appendixes, of the translator. In the year 1777 he printed a series of admirable “ Letters ” addressed to *Soame Jenyns*, Esq. on his Defence of Christianity, a work which exhibited “ a singular mixture of piety, wit, error, wisdom, and paradox, and is founded upon principles, which would lead men either to scepticism or enthusiasm, according to their different dispositions.” \* The “ Letters ”

\* When Soame Jenyns published his elegant little work on the internal evidence of Christianity, considerable doubts were entertained, whether he intended it as a subtle piece of irony, or a serious argument in support of our most holy faith. But, the supposition of his not being in *earnest*, did him great injustice. A friend of mine, who knew him intimately for years, has assured me, that no man appeared, from his conversation and habits, to be more deeply impressed with a thorough conviction of the truth of Christianity and its most important doctrines ; and of the divinity, beauty, and authority of its precepts, than Soame Jenyns. In truth he was eminently pious. The fact appears to be, that he pushed his argument *too far* : and by endeavouring to prove *too much*, shocked the common sense of his readers ; and of course, failed to work conviction in their minds. His argument, if properly managed, would be the most irrefragable, perhaps, of any that could be advanced in behalf of the New Testament. Its *external* evidence appeals only to the understanding ; the *internal*, to the heart : the one bottoms itself on deep erudition ; sharp-sighted criticism ; historical proofs ; and comparative views of man in



abound in sound argument ; delicate irony ; sagacious remarks ; and eloquent diction. His portraiture of friendship, (the *cordial drop* which Heaven has thrown into the cup of life to render it palatable,) I have always considered, as one of the most philosophical and beautiful definitions in the English language.

“ *Friendship* is a *sincere, fervent, and permanent* union of minds ; *formed by mutual affection* and esteem — *founded* on real *worth*, and *cemented* by intimate *acquaintance* ; frequent intercourse ; exchange of good offices ; and similitude of tastes, temper, and manners — it is inseparably *attended* with perfect *candour*, and unreserved openness of heart — interests itself with quick feeling and strong sensibility in the pleasures and pains of its object — is raised above all suspicion and jealousy ; above every mean and selfish view — sheds indulgence upon infirmities and imperfections — and with the greatest tenderness and delicacy of affection, unites the interests of those whom it

his social state, which are open only to the learned, experienced and observant. — The other comes home to the business and bosoms of all men : is felt as well as seen ; and proves the truth and divinity of revelation, by rendering its *fitness* for the promotion of man’s well being here and hereafter, a subject not of theory or argument ; but, a *fact of actual personal experience*.

“ connects ; and makes their joys and sorrows  
“ common.”

Doctor Maclaine's SERMONS are master-pieces in that department of literary composition. Their author, a sagacious philosopher, as well as a profound divine ; discarding alike, the fine-spun cobwebs of the speculative theologian : and the perplexing and unsubstantial fancies of the scholastic one—the wild notions of the enthusiastical ; and the gloomy and demoralising views of the fanatical believer — spreads before his hearers and readers, the fair original form of their Christian faith, in her beauty of holiness, and garb of moral righteousness : and in language at once correct but eloquent ; forcible but temperate ; perspicuous but refined ; unfolds all the ESSENTIAL TENETS of a Christian's BELIEF ; and enforces all the religious, social, and personal VIRTUES which it is incumbent on him to PRACTISE.

I know but of one more literary work, for which the public are indebted to Dr. Maclaine — I have, however, never seen it ; and am aware of its existence, only from his own information. It was a *Letter* or *Dialogue* (I am not certain which) on the iniquitous “Partition of Poland”—a composition of such caustic irony, and poignant satire, as excited the keenest curiosity in the Great Frederick to discover its author : and gave that extraordinary man, more mental disturbance,

(as Dr. Maclaine himself told me,) than all his military checks by Laudohn or Daun.

Rich in information and anecdote, (as I have before remarked) the conversation of this very enlightened divine, was a high intellectual treat; nor could any one quit his society, without bearing away from it, much to interest, entertain, and improve. The following particulars of his communications, either dwell on my recollection; or have come to my knowledge:—

With respect to the French revolution in Holland; the Doctor remarked, that its first stroke in that country, threw the Prince of Orange into despair; from which he could only be roused, by the exhortations and example, of the Princess his wife; a woman (as has already been said) of strong understanding and intrepid mind. But, previously to this trying epoch, in the year 1787, her masculine mind had developed itself, in a display of the greatest talents, and most undaunted spirit. When she came from Nimeguen to the Hague, it was universally thought, that she had a deep and *double plan* in her view, equally characterised by sagacity and hardihood—in the first place, that of succeeding in the re-establishment of her husband, if the Orange party should be sufficiently strong: but, in the second place, if this plan should fail, that the insults which would, probably, be offered to her, might rouse the indignation of her brother the King of

Prussia, and induce him to act strenuously in her defence. The former plan did not take place : but the latter fell out as she had anticipated. Insults were offered to her : she was not permitted to enter the Hague ; and the King of Prussia determined to avenge her. The part he took, by means of the Duke of Brunswick, is well known. A short time before the Princess set out from Nimeguen to the Hague, Mr. Gohm, secretary to Sir James Harris, and a particular friend of Dr. Maclaine, called upon him one morning. After the usual salutations had passed, Gohm drew his chair close to the Doctor, and looking at him very mysteriously, said, “ The Princess will be here in a week or ten days : but — it is a *very great secret.*” Dr. Maclaine thought there was something singular and ambiguous in his manner of saying the words, and replied ; “ What do you mean ? Is it such a secret, that I must not speak of it to any one ? ” “ Most assuredly,” returned the other, “ it is a very great secret — you must not speak of it to any one — unless, indeed, to any of your *particular friends.*” — “ And what do you mean by particular friends ? ” — “ Oh, I don’t know ; *any good sort of people.*” “ In short,” continued Dr. Maclaine, “ I found, at last, that I was to be *the trumpeter.*”

The conduct of the Princess on the commencement of the revolution in Holland, was quite in



unison with her prior heroic conduct. When the Prince of Orange was told by the assembly, that, should the French insist on their giving him up, they could not but comply with the demand, he summoned sufficient presence of mind to preserve an unaltered countenance ; and, going as speedily as possible to the Princess, communicated to her the danger of their situation. Here, however, his fortitude was shaken ; and his agitation became extreme. It was now that his consort assumed her high-mindedness : she calmed ; she encouraged ; she cheered him : and at length inspired him with the determination, to endeavour to effect an immediate escape from the impending evil. Means of putting the design into execution, as far as regarded the females, were quickly adopted : and the Princess, with her daughter-in-law ; her little grand-daughter ; the child's nurse ; and two gentlemen ; embarked on board a fishing-boat, open to the weather, in the midships, or *hold* ; into which they were let down (there being no steps) by being held under the arms. Here they all lay, covered with sails, or tarpaulin, to defend them from the inclemency of the elements, which were terrifically boisterous. The passage proved to be difficult and dangerous : but, at length, they were landed in safety, at Yarmouth, in Norfolk. On their arrival, they waited immediately on the mayor of the place ; who received the illustrious

fugitives, with every mark of respect. He happened, at the moment of their announcement, to be presiding at a corporation dinner : and, seeing the exhausted state of the Princess and her party, he requested to know whether it would be agreeable to her Serene Highness, to honour him with her company at his own table, or, to have one prepared for herself and the hereditary Princess, in an adjoining room. She chose the former ; and sat down with the mayor and his party. Both herself, and the young Princess, (who was only 18 years of age) behaved with the utmost composure, until the mayor, in compliment to his royal guests, proposed the health of the Prince of Orange. The sensibility of the young lady, then overcame her fortitude ; and she fainted away.

As soon as the Prince of Orange had secured the flight of his wife and her party, he returned to the Hague, and again showed himself in public. But, he found his situation to be too desperate, for him to remain longer in Holland. He again heard the determination expressed, that, were the French to demand him, he should be given up ; and he saw, that he could not confide in the loyalty of his people. Under the pretence, therefore, of visiting his country seat, he and his sons, (with the exception of prince Frederick,) quitted the Hague, as secretly and expeditiously as they could. That Prince re-

mained behind however, only for a short time, in order to lessen suspicion ; and, on the day appointed, waiting on the governor, he told him he had received a summons to attend his father. A passport was issued to him for that purpose, and he instantly set off to join the Prince of Orange's party. Thus once more happily restored to the society of each other, they embarked at Scheveling on board a coal-barge, and arrived without accident at Yarmouth. In the middle of the night, the Princess of Orange, who was still in that town, heard a rap at her chamber-door. She demanded, who was there ? and who but a mother and a wife can conceive her transport, when the answer informed her, it was her husband and her sons.

The Prince Frederick just mentioned was a younger son of the Stadtholder. Of this young man Dr. Maclaine gave the highest possible character ; and he knew him well, and loved him much. He attributed to him, the most noble, generous, and exalted mind ; combined with the greatest gentleness of manners, and sweetness of disposition ; rendered still more attractive, by an uncommon share of modesty. He was a great friend of the Archduke Charles, and held in high estimation by the Emperor of Germany, who made him a field-marshal, though he had not reached the age, at which it is customary to confer such

an honour. When he died, he had an army of 50,000 men under his command.

Prince Frederick served first under the Duke of York; and behaved nobly at the siege of Charleroi. At the siege of Menin, also, when some of the troops retired, he rallied; headed; brought them back; and made a bold and successful attack. His gallantry, however, cost him a severe wound, from a cannon-ball, which struck him in front of his shoulder, and carried into the flesh, a part of the epaulette. The wound was dressed by some unskilful surgeons, who omitted to extract this fragment. It continued to give him severe pain; and about a year after it had been received, being then at the Hague, he said to Dr. Maclaine, "I believe I must have my "shoulder opened again." He accordingly submitted it to the most eminent surgeons at the Hague. They performed the operation, and extracted a large piece of the epaulette, and several splinters of the bone. Dr. Maclaine was with him at the commencement of the operation; but the Prince, fearing it might affect his friend too much, desired the Doctor to withdraw into an adjoining room. The surgeons desired the Prince to turn his head aside, while they made the incision: but, he declined it: carefully observed the progress of the operation; and requested them to cut sufficiently deep. They afterwards declared to Dr. Maclaine, that his



calmness, kindness, and heroism, were beyond all parallel.

The Prince had studied under the Doctor, and always lived on terms of the most confidential intimacy with his preceptor. Shortly after Dr. Maclaine's final settlement in Bath, Prince Frederick came thither; and during his sojourn there, was constant in his daily visits to this venerable friend. The day before he quitted it, he called upon the Doctor, as usual, and after a short pause, said, — "I go away to-morrow; but " must first have some conversation with you." They went out together; and did not return till late. This was their last conversation; and what passed during it, never transpired: Dr. Maclaine merely said, while tears filled his eyes, that "he never should forget that morning." The Prince and his preceptor met no more: as the former died at Padua, of a putrid fever, shortly after he had left England.

The death of this promising Prince, was the severest sorrow which the Stadtholder and his Princess experienced during their exile. To his mother the loss was irreparable; for his tenderness and affection for her were most exemplary. When the account of his death appeared to be certainly confirmed; our late excellent King, with his accustomed kindness and feeling, communicated it to her in the gentlest manner. Some contradictory intelligence, however, re-

specting the young Prince, arriving soon after, the fond mother adopted the flattering hope, that the former news might not be true. But the pleasing delusion proved to be of short continuance. In the course of a few days his untimely fate was placed beyond a doubt, and the disconsolate mother suffered a renewed distress; and was, in a manner, bereaved twice over, of her beloved son. He was only twenty-three years of age, when he fell a victim to the dire disease, which, as Dr. Maclaine said, robbed his country of a future hero; who would have equalled any of his illustrious ancestors, in every public and private virtue.

Among his intimate friends, no one was more esteemed, or spoken of in higher terms, by Dr. Maclaine, than Monsieur Salzas. Sprung from a noble family in Switzerland, but very limited in his circumstances, Salzas had been compelled to adopt the line of tuition; and had become preceptor to the sons of a considerable person in Holland, who was afterwards minister from the States-General to the British Court. At the Hague, Salzas became known to Lord Holderness, the British Minister at that Court; and was made his private secretary. When his Lordship was made preceptor to the Prince of Wales, (the present King, in the first establishment of his Royal Highness, which was soon changed,) Salzas was appointed to the office of

sub-preceptor, which included the duty, of sleeping in the same apartment with the Prince and Duke of York, and being constantly about their persons. On the resignation of Lord Holderness, Salzas resigned his appointment also; and though a wish was intimated that he would continue it, he could not be prevailed upon to remain without his patron. Many years after this event, (in 1788,) Dr. Maclaine came to England; but, being desirous of living quite privately, during his stay, avoided going to court; though his late Majesty had at a prior period honoured him with his notice. He chanced, however, to go to Windsor; and, while walking there, on the terrace, met his Majesty. The King immediately addressed him; and asked many questions relative to Holland, which had been a scene of great agitation during the preceding year. In the course of the conversation, His Majesty suddenly said; “ Dr. Maclaine, you are acquainted with a very “ valuable friend of mine, Monsieur de Salzas:” and after enquiring of his health, and manner of life, added, “ I have written him many letters to “ persuade him to return to me; but, he always “ declines it.” The Doctor replied, he was surprised to hear this from His Majesty, as Monsieur Salzas invariably spoke of His Majesty, with the deepest respect and attachment. The King immediately said, “ I am glad to hear you say

“ so : it gives me great pleasure to find, that he  
“ returns the same affection for me, that I  
“ shall always bear towards him.” In what an  
amiable point of view, does this little anecdote  
place the character of our late estimable monarch !

Sir Francis D’Ivernois was well known to Dr. Maclaine, through an introductory letter from the late Lord Lansdowne ; which, when D’Ivernois was travelling with Mr. Whitbread, he presented to the Doctor. This foreigner had originally come over to England, with a proposal to government, that the emigrants from Geneva, should be received and settled in Ireland. A town was actually built for them, near the Marquis of Waterford’s estate, but the plan did not succeed. D’Ivernois, on his return from England, visited Dr. Maclaine, and then prophesied to him, that the French government would be overturned from its foundations, before two years were at an end. “ And what will “ they put in its place ? ” enquired the Doctor. “ A limited monarchy, like that of England ; ” was D’Ivernois’ answer. This opinion he had formed in France ; for when there in 1786, and 1787, he had been much at the *Palais Royal*, and from frequent intercourse with Rabaut de St. Etienne, Condorcet, and others, as well as the Duke of Orleans, had discovered, that they were arranging the plan of a revolution ; and pre-



paring every thing for a reformation in the government upon the above-mentioned plan.

D'Ivernois was with the democratic party, in the time of the great contest at Geneva, prior to the conquest of Switzerland by the French. De Luc, also, with whom Dr. Maclaine was well acquainted, took the same side, for a time; though he afterwards changed his opinion, and inclined to the aristocratic party. But, D'Ivernois continued steady to the cause he had espoused; and it was with a band of these Genevan democrats, that he went into Ireland. An establishment of Genevese in that country, was, at first, deemed very desirable; as it offered the pleasing prospect, that their industry, skill, and activity, might animate and civilise the Irish. Of the causes of its ill-success Dr. Maclaine was ignorant. D'Ivernois came afterwards into England, when he offered himself for, and was employed as, a travelling tutor; an office, for which, Dr. Maclaine said, he was admirably qualified. Handsome in person; accomplished in manners; of high breeding; and extensive information; he had every requisite for "getting on in the world." To all this he added, a superior understanding; great classical taste; profound political knowledge; and a fine style in literary composition. The last talent he exercised successfully in the service of Mr. Pitt; through whose influence, he became a baronet.

A large collection of King William the Third's letters to the Grand Pensionary Heinsius, was in the possession of Dr. Maclaine. They impressed him, he said, with the highest idea of the probity, candour, moderation, and simplicity, of that great, and heroic monarch's mind. "Their style," he continued, "is pithy and laconic; and the letters concise; seldom longer than a page and a half; but inconceivably clear and intelligent." The collection had been in the hands of a descendent of Heinsius, who had five copies of them transcribed, for the purpose of presenting them to several distinguished persons. He accordingly did present them to the Stadtholder: the Duke of Brunswick; and some one else; and intended another copy for Count Bentinck, (the old Count de Roone, who was in England in 1770, on a visit to his younger son, Captain John Bentinck). This nobleman, however, died, on the very day the papers were to be put into his hands: and the descendant of Heinsius presented them to Dr. Maclaine. He wished much to complete this collection, by procuring copies of the *answers* of Heinsius, which were then in the King's Library at Kensington; and when he came over to England in 1788, with Lord Dover, he asked his Lordship, whether it would not be possible to get a sight of these papers. "Oh no:" replied Lord D., "you are too late. His Majesty is so offended with the use that Dalrymple made of the papers

“ which he was permitted to see ; that he is de-  
“ termined no one shall have any future access  
“ to the documents.”

The Stadtholder had a very powerful memory. He once asked Dr. Maclaine, whether he could remember the names and succession of all the Roman Emperors? The Doctor answered, that he doubted whether he *could* recollect them all in their *regular order*. Upon this, the Prince repeated their names in exact succession. He then ran over the names of all the Roman Consuls, from the beginning to the end of the series : afterwards, the names of all the Kings of France, from Clovis, downwards : all the Kings of Spain and Portugal ; and many similar lists. Dr. Maclaine expressed his surprise, that His Highness could find time among the many important objects of his situation, to store his memory so largely : but added, that “ he had “ once met with a person whose memory was “ still more wonderful than that of his Serene “ Highness.” The Prince eagerly asked, “ what “ could that man do ? ” The Doctor, replied, that the person in question, had waited on the Greffier Fagel, to display the extraordinary talent which he possessed ; offering to give any proof of it that might be required. A newspaper was lying on the table ; he was requested to read it through, and then repeat it verbatim. He accordingly did so, not omitting a word of

its miscellaneous contents. The Greffier Fagel expressed unbounded astonishment at such a wonderful instance of accurate recollection. "Oh," replied the man, "this is nothing. Shall I now repeat the same paper backwards; paragraph by paragraph?" — "That is impossible," said the Greffier. — "By no means," returned the other, "if you have patience to hear it." — "Proceed then." The man began with the colophon; ran through every article backwards, and ended with the heading of the paper. When I first heard this anecdote, I could not but suspect, that the Stadtholder had played off a little trick on Dr. Maclaine; and availed himself of the lines in Gray's *memoria technica*, for the purpose of astonishing him. My suspicion has since been confirmed; for on looking into the original edition of this useful little publication; I find there every list of names and dates, which his Serene Highness had repeated.

The late Lord Charlemount, certainly one of the greatest men, and purest patriots which Ireland has produced, when a very young man, made the tour of Europe. He stayed for a short time at the Hague, and became acquainted with Dr. Maclaine: who was charmed with the intellectual endowments; noble principles; and splendid accomplishments of the young nobleman; then, high in health, vigour, and animal spirits. Some time afterwards, the Doctor went



to Spa ; and again met with his Lordship ; now on his return home from Italy. “ But, oh, how “ fall’n, how chang’d ! ” He saw him wan, feeble, and emaciated ; seated in a sedan-chair ; wrapped in flannel from head to foot ; and placed in a situation, sheltered from every breath of air ; and deriving warmth from the rays of a hot sun. His Lordship had been to Rome, and formed an unhappy intimacy with a high-born profligate of that voluptuous city. He continued to be a valetudinarian through life. The anecdote, it is hoped, may not be without its salutary warning, to some of our gay and fashionable youths, who are attracted to this most interesting, but most dangerous capital.

Among his other friends, Doctor Maclaine numbered Lord Ligonier, (ambassador in Spain during the reign of Charles the Third,) who communicated to him the following whimsical circumstance. A morning had been appointed for his Lordship to attend the levee of the Prince of the Asturias, the late Charles the Fourth. As he entered the ante-room, he saw several of the grandees coming out of the chamber of audience, full dressed, and walking gravely on, with a *fool’s cap upon the head of each*. Struck with the sight, he enquired, what the meaning of it might be ? The Spanish minister, who conducted him, replied, it was merely a *fancy of the Prince*, who kept a great number of

those caps in his apartment, one of which he always put upon the head of the person who was presented to him. — “Is such a favour intended to be conferred upon me?” said his Lordship — “because, the King, my master, would be far from pleased, were I to submit to such an indignity.” The minister hesitated for a moment; but at length promised, that he would endeavour to prevail upon the Prince to waive this august part of the ceremonial. He accordingly went into the presence-chamber to consult with Charles upon the point in question: but quickly returned with an answer, that Lord Ligonier must be *crowned*, like all the other visitors of his Royal Highness. “I’ll be d—d if I will,” retorted his Lordship: “and therefore present my respects to his Royal Highness, and say, that I wish him a good morning.” — “Nay, nay;” said the Spaniard, “stay a little; and I’ll again step in to the Prince.” — Once more, the minister returned to his Lordship, assuring him, that he might now go in with safety, to the sagacious heir apparent, who had given up the idea of conferring upon him the order of the *fool’s cap*. Lord Ligonier entered the presence-chamber, and was introduced to the Prince. He conversed with his Lordship for a considerable time, with the greatest affability. It did not escape Lord Ligonier’s attention, however, that, during the interview, the Prince stood with his

back to the fire-place, having one hand behind him ; and he naturally enough suspected, that a trick might be intended to be played him at the last. But, the Englishman's mind was made up "for the nonce." He kept a sharp look out, and watched every motion of his Royal Highness. The time for quitting the "celestial presence" at length arrived. His Lordship, approaching to take his leave, made a very low bow, still keeping his eye on the Prince's hand ; which, at the very moment, when he was again raising his head, attempted to place upon it, the customary mark of princely favour. His Lordship's fist was clenched ; he smote the fool's cap to the further end of the apartment ; made another profound bow ; and departed.

Doctor Maclaine dined with Dr. Markham, the Archbishop of York, just previously to the marriage of the Archbishop's daughter with the Earl of Mansfield. While they were at table, a letter was brought to his grace, from his former pupil, his present Majesty, (then Prince of Wales,) to congratulate him on the approaching marriage of his daughter : couched in terms of so much tenderness and affection (like the letter of a son to a father), that the good old man shed tears whilst reading it. On another occasion, also, (Dr. Maclaine observed) the Prince of Wales's conduct to the Archbishop was equally kind and condescending. His Royal Highness had written

to him to request the presentation of a living, then vacant, to one of his friends. The Archbishop replied, with great concern, that it had been already promised : but, added an assurance, that his Royal Highness might command the next piece of preferment that should fall, of equal value. This letter the Prince answered by return of post, in expressions of the highest regard ; requesting the Archbishop not to make himself uneasy, at being unable to comply with the request ; and only begging him (in the most delicate manner) not to be unmindful of the friend he had recommended, on a future occasion. Accordingly, when the next good living in the Archbishop's gift became vacant, the venerable prelate presented it to the gentleman in question ; and the Prince instantly acknowledged the obligation, in another letter, written with equal elegance and friendliness. The circumstances were alike creditable to both parties.

Dr. Maclaine had a natural taste, and a strong relish for "the concord of sweet sounds ;" but, often said, that he had rarely heard any, till he had reached man's estate, except the popular Irish air of Aleen-a-roon ; and a few of the Scotch melodies, when he was at Glasgow. The first time he ever heard music in perfection, was at the Hague, when Handel went thither, to attend the Princess of Orange, daughter of George the Second. This celebrated musician performed



voluntaries before her, on the organ, at the great church, twice a week, to which she was accustomed to invite all the noblesse; the foreign ministers; and the clergy. The Doctor described himself as perfectly transported at the performances; experiencing sensations of delight, which he had no conception that it was in the power of harmony to produce. He was expressing his pleasure one day to Dr. Burney, (the author of the History of Music,) and added, "indeed I am always exceeding affected by CHURCH *music*:" to which Burney immediately replied: "Sir, *there is no other music.*"

I was on one occasion, making some enquiries of Dr. Maclaine, respecting Mons. Saurin, the celebrated French Protestant preacher. He by no means held his character, in high esteem: and concluded his observations on him, with this strong figurative remark: "Sir, he was a man, who, whilst electrifying, or melting his congregation from the pulpit; *would be cutting off the gold fringe at the bottom of the cushion.*"

## CHAP. XIV.

THE medical character of Bath, shone bright and wide, in the year 1794 ; for, it reflected the lustre of four of the most enlightened physicians of the day ; who then resided and practised in that city. The names of Frazer : Falconer : Parry : and Harrington, indeed, carry with them their own eulogy. The literature of England has been enriched by the works of two of these gentlemen ; and the present generation must pass away, before the extensive, honorable, and successful practice of every and all of them, can possibly be forgotten.

My acquaintance with Dr. Frazer, was neither long nor intimate. He quitted Bath for the metropolis, about a year after it had become the place of my abode. His removal, I recollect, was a cause of surprise to all who knew him : for his fame had long been established at Bath ; his skill universally acknowledged ; and his success quite unexampled. It was in this meridian of prosperity, that he left all, and went to town : but, the change, I have understood, was altogether inauspicious and unfortunate. The chief practice of London, had been long either in able,

or favourite hands, and Dr. Frazer's expectations were cruelly disappointed.\*

I recollect it as an honour and a privilege, to have been on the list of the friends of the late Dr. Falconer: as it brought me into frequent intercourse, with a man as remarkable for the gifts and acquirements of the mind, as for the virtues of the heart. Few students had read more extensively, or more successfully, than this gentleman. His knowledge of the Latin language, was uncommon: his acquaintance with

\* A few years after my arrival in Bath, the late Dr. Haygarth, who had long practised at Chester, and acquired celebrity by his attention to the causes and nature of contagious fevers, &c. removed his residence to that city. His reputation had preceded him there, and his business soon became considerable. His weekly *conversazioni* were very agreeable; as they collected together most of the literary men, who were either residents or visitors in the place. For some time previously to his decease, he declined all but gratuitous practice. It was in the year 1805, that the accomplished Dr. Currie, the acute author of "Jasper Wilson's Letter to William Pitt," and the benevolent editor of Burns's works, left Liverpool, and settled in Bath; for the twofold purpose, of recovering his health, and prosecuting his profession. Had the former privilege been granted to him, the latter object would have been completely obtained. But, alas! his days were numbered! He called upon me on the eve of his journey into Devonshire. The hand of death was evidently upon him. The hectic flush of his cheek; his short and difficult breathing; and emaciated form, prepared his Bath friends for the melancholy tidings which they received in the course of a short time, of his having fallen a victim to consumption, at Sidmouth, the 31st August, 1805; in the 50th year of his age.

general literature comprehensive: his intellect bright and quick; and his memory more than ordinarily tenacious. I would say, however, that his prominent mental characteristic, was (though a thorough gentleman in feeling and bearing) deep and incessant *thought* — but, his mind was powerful and healthy; and quite equal to the burden of its labour. That his *external* manner received a slight tinge from this not very common direction of the intellectual faculties; will be in the clear remembrance of all those who knew Dr. Falconer: but the little peculiarities which grew out of it, formed only a trifling deviation from the tame uniformity of customary personal habits — such as, momentary fits of absence; occasional inattention to the men and things immediately around him; and, ever and anon, an *inspection*, apparently so earnest, of the *trifling objects* of art or curiosity; as seemed to indicate, that every faculty was concentrated in his admiration of these *nugæ*; while his thoughts were busily employed on subjects infinitely more important, than the toys before him. Of this last trait in the Doctor's character, I remember a remarkable instance, which was communicated to me, by Mrs. Jefferys, (the extraordinary sister of the extraordinary John Wilkes,) than whom, no one entertained a higher regard for the subject of her anecdote.

A friend of this lady had come to Bath, for medical advice; and applied to Mrs. J. to re-



commend to her a practitioner of ability and integrity. She immediately named her friend Dr. Falconer, in terms which bespoke her own confidence in his attention and skill. The Doctor was accordingly requested to attend the stranger. He waited upon her: was admitted: and after the common forms of salutation, walked towards the fire-place, on the mantle-piece of which, were arranged some little ornaments of china-ware. "Favour me with the symptoms of your complaint, Madam;" said Dr. Falconer, and immediately took up one of the vases, and began to examine it closely, and, to all appearance, with the greatest possible interest. The Lady commenced her melancholy details of aches and pains; continued it for some time; and then, suddenly *stopp'd*. "Why do you not proceed, Madam?" — "Because I perceive, Doctor, that your attention is so completely occupied by the trifles on the slab, as not to allow you to direct the slightest portion of it to the subject of my ailments." — "Say you so, my good Madam? You are exceedingly deceived. Not a syllable has escaped me;" and sitting down by her side, Dr. Falconer repeated to her with minute exactness, every sentence she had uttered. The patient's prejudice instantly vanished: she was delighted with her *attentive* doctor; who soon increased her gratitude to him, by her perfect cure.

It is not paradoxical to say, that this *habit* in Dr. Falconer, of *apparently* directing his *especial* attention to an unimportant nick-nack, while the *thinking faculty* was employed upon speculations of a weighty or lofty nature; actually *assisted* him, in fixing his thoughts, more intently and exclusively, upon the recondite topic. The toy or trifle, was just sufficient to *attract* his *attention*, and prevent it from being applied to, or distracted by, surrounding objects; without requiring any exercise of *thought* upon *itself*: and, consequently, this intellectual faculty, undisturbed by foreign associations, was brought to bear, solely and steadily, upon that class of ideas, which constituted the real subject of his mental contemplation.\*

\* I met with a confirmation of the reasonableness of this hypothesis about twelve years ago, in the person of *George Bidder*, a child of eight years old; who exhibited in public, an astonishing faculty of *off-hand* calculation, without the assistance of pen, ink, chalk, or any other implement for notation. In the course of from five to ten minutes, according to the difficulty of the question, this extraordinary lad would give accurate answers to the most complicated numerical queries. Having heard the question which was proposed to him, he ceased to look at the company, and directed his eyes to a *tectotum*, which he *spun* and *surveyed* as long as his mind was engaged in the *calculating process*. Unless he had this *merely amusing* object before him, to divert his attention from the surrounding external objects, and to enable him to throw the whole power of thought upon this operation, he was incapable of affording any solution of the question proposed.

Many of the results of Dr. Falconer's profound reflection and diligent reading, are before the public, in his printed works. Their subjects are, in some instances, ingenious and novel; in all, interesting and important: evincing his intimate acquaintance with classical literature; with sacred and profane history; with the higher branches of natural philosophy; with grand views of the art and practice of medicine; with general and local law; with the theory of mind; and the abstractions of metaphysics. On civil and ecclesiastical law (a topic so little attended to and understood), his opinion was a satisfactory authority: for, he had not only studied it with great application, but written on it, copiously and elaborately. A few years before his death, he allowed me to peruse a commentary (or rather a voluminous mass of notes) which he had composed on the President Montesquieu's celebrated work. I was quite surprised, by the reading displayed in it; which embraced references to many of the best productions of the ancients; and much of the less familiar literature of the middle ages: and was equally delighted with the strength of thought; acuteness of remark; and above all, the high tone of moral feeling, with which almost every page of it was fraught.

But, among all the high qualities of Dr. Falconer's character, none shone with brighter lustre, than a sober Christian piety, and a vir-

tuous and honourable principle. With him, religion was a feeling, and not a name: it had its dwelling in his heart; and its exemplification, in a conduct of uniform integrity and uprightness; kindness and beneficence. His love of sincerity was ardent: his regard for truth, severe and uncompromising. A circumstance illustrative of this moral trait in the Doctor, occurs to my recollection. Many years since, I dined at his house with a large party, among whom was my friend Dr. Parr. A discussion took place respecting Samuel Johnson's *conversational powers*. They were highly lauded by Parr. Dr. Falconer expressed no great esteem of them; and no envy at those who had had the opportunity, (which never occurred to himself,) of listening to them; for, said he, "Johnson was quite a monopoliser of the conversation: he would let no one talk except himself." "And pray," returned Parr, "what would you have gone into Johnson's company for, but to hear him talk?" "No, Sir," responded Dr. Falconer with energy; "No, Sir; Johnson talked for *victory*, and not for *truth* — and all such talk I *utterly abhor!*" \*

\* Dr. Parr entertained the highest respect for the understanding, erudition, and moral integrity, of Dr. Falconer. In almost every letter which I received from the former learned character, an express and complimentary mention is made of the Doctor, and his son, my esteemed friend, the Reverend Thomas Falconer, M. D. Vide Appendix.



That Dr. Falconer's practice should have been proportioned to his real lofty claims to success, was not to be expected. He had been born for a wider sphere, and more scientific circle, than the little world of Bath; for a metropolitan theatre, where the native force of his character could have been felt; and the depth and variety of his attainments, accurately fathomed, and duly appreciated. To have numbered, however, the late Duke of Portland; Lord Chancellor Thurlow; and William Pitt, among his patients, is proof sufficient, that his worth as an able physician, and a wise and experienced man, was correctly estimated by those, whose confidence and good opinion were of far higher value and praise than mere vulgar popularity. *Laudatus a laudatis*, ought to satisfy the ambition of any reasonable man.

The introduction of Mrs. Jefferys' name in the anecdote above related, of Dr. Falconer and his female patient, reminds me of certain peculiar circumstances, in the character of John Wilkes's sister, which rendered her one of the most singular ladies I ever had the honour of knowing.

Nothing could be further removed from beauty and feminine grace, than the general contour, or particular features, of her countenance: they were, indeed, all but frightful. Yet, their natural bland expression; and the intelligence that

sparkled in her eye, rendered her face far from an unpleasing object of contemplation.

The invariable nocturnal and diurnal habits of Mrs. Jefferys, as they were followed at the age of 75, and indeed, later in life, may be described in a few lines. She retired early to bed, in a room whose window was thrown up, night and day, winter and summer, without regard to the blast or the tempest, the rain or the snow; and whose furniture principally consisted, of ten or a dozen German wooden clocks, chiming or cuckooing, in delightful discordance, whenever they struck the passing hour. No fire was ever kindled in this temple of the winds. At day-break Mrs. Jefferys rose from her all but comfortable bed; ate a sparing breakfast of a dish of chocolate, and a few slices of toast, thin and narrow as a penny ribbon; and occupied herself with her books and papers, till the hour of *morning calls*. These visits were very gratifying to her: but she only received, and never returned them. At the hour of three her chairmen attended with her own sedan, to convey her to the boarding-house, where she was accustomed to dine. Thither she never *walked*; for having been alarmed (as it was said) at one period of her life, by encountering a *mad dog* in her ambulations, she had formed a resolution never again to put her foot upon the pavement. A bottle of her own old Madeira

accompanied her in the chair. At the boarding table a particular seat was invariably occupied by Mrs. Jefferys; a gentleman flanked her on each side; for she always avowed her partiality for the male sex, "who," she observed, "have more *sinew* of *mind*, as well as body, than we women:" and with these favoured neighbours she liberally shared her bottle of "London particular." Her diet at the boarding-table, for a considerable portion of time, (I think I may say, for years,) was such, as few would credit without a voucher; (and I pledge myself for the fact,) fewer still could imagine; and fewer, I trow, among His Majesty's liege subjects would imitate: a sirloin of beef; a mighty round of the same truly British aliment; a loin of veal; or any other joint, well coated with that *pinguid matter*, vulgarly called fat, was ever provided for Mrs. Jefferys' especial accommodation. On slices of this said *fat*, (detached from every particle of lean,) and on small masses of *chalk*, placed beside her plate, would Mrs. J. make a hearty, and I presume, wholesome meal, (for it agreed with her right well,) alternating a mouthful of the one with a piece of the other; thus neutralising the *sebacic acid* of the former, with the *alkaline principle* of the latter; and diluting, amalgamating, and assimilating the delicious compound, with half a dozen glasses of her own generous wine. The day would be

finished by two or three hours of conversation ; and the sedan would again convey her, at an early time of night, to her own house in Gay Street. As Mrs. J.'s understanding was of a masculine structure and strength, her mind well stored with reading, and her experience of "men and things" by no means confined, her conversation was exceedingly agreeable ; an interest much heightened by its utter freedom from those draw-backs on the colloquy of the *blues*, effort, affectation, and pedantry : while the freedom with which she spoke of herself, her fortunes, and adventures, rendered it both anecdotal and curious. Her several marriages (for thrice had she sacrificed on the altar of hymen,) formed a subject on which she was, occasionally, nothing loath to dilate. "My "first match," she would say, "was a foolish, "but happy one ; my second, a prudent, but "agreeable one ; my third, an insane and mi- "serable one : but still I may consider myself "fortunate upon the whole ; for, is there not "great luck in drawing two prizes out of three "tickets ?" Well, indeed, might the good old lady apply the bitterest epithets to her last matrimonial trip ; for, as the voyage commenced under inauspicious omens, foul weather quickly rendered it highly unpleasant ; and a *separation* between herself and her *consort* speedily took place. As the widow of Alderman Haley, she



had enjoyed a very large provision for life. This—spite of her homeliness of feature, attracted many admirers; and “in evil hour” she pronounced the fatal “I will,” in favour of a transatlantic suitor. “Three weeks after marriage,” they discovered that nature had never intended them for each other; and an agreement took place between them, that they should live asunder; the gentleman in America, herself in England; and that her large jointure should be equally shared by the respective parties. Lessened, however, as Mrs. J.’s means were by this arrangement, she contrived to exercise a very extensive charity; for never did a more generous or humane spirit, dwell in the gentle heart of woman. That her bounties were large and frequent, I know full well. Many have passed through my own hands, to the indigent objects for whom they were designed: and in my visits to the distressed, I have not infrequently discovered, that Mrs. J.’s Christian philanthropy had already alleviated their wants. That her heart was responsive to the tale of misfortune, may be collected from the following anecdote. A waiter at the boarding-table which she was accustomed to frequent, had been deprived of his little all, by the treachery of a person to whom he had intrusted it. She remarked the unusual melancholy of his countenance, and learned its cause; from the mistress of the house.

At her usual hour of departure, the poor fellow lighted Mrs. J. to her chair; and on stepping into it, she slipped into his hand a 5*l.* bank note, which she had previously abstracted from her purse for the benevolent purpose. It is melancholy to reflect, that towards the close of her long life, this tide of true Christian generosity was impeded, by a cessation of her remittances from America; and that, had it not been for the dutiful kindness of a near relation, this noble-spirited woman, who had lived in splendid ease, and in the exercise of active beneficence for more than half a century, would have needed that bounty which she had so frequently and so freely bestowed on others.

My "recollections" of Dr. Parry, are associated with feelings of more than common interest: for, circumstances of a peculiar nature, interwove themselves with the commencement, continuance, and termination, of the intimate acquaintance that subsisted between us; and which ceased only with his death. To his consummate skill, (under Divine Providence,) was I indebted, immediately on my arrival at Bath, for recovery from a state of desperate disease. His kind attentions, alleviated my sufferings under agonising pain. His converse affectionate, encouraging, and cheerful, soothed my spirit in sorrow, debility, and lassitude. The efforts of his profound medical knowledge, were

*gratuitously* tried \*, (though alas! in vain) to “keep awhile one parent from the skies:” nor were the closing scenes of life, of other equally-beloved relatives, without the solace of the same able, friendly, and liberal assistance.

I knew Dr. Parry, also, under situations of the *strongest contrast*: when the aspects of his own personal condition, were utterly dissimilar, but alike deeply impressive.

I saw, and admired, in common with others, his majestic person, stately step, and commanding manner; nor, were the features of his mind,

\* Many a rude joke, and much caustic satire, have been directed against what the laughers have been pleased to call the *rapacity* of the Bath physicians: but, I verily believe, that the charge has no better foundation than that of most other vulgar and popular clamours. My friendships have been many, and my acquaintance numerous, among this respectable body of men. My knowledge of their practice was equally intimate and observant, for a quarter of a century: and, during that long period, though innumerable instances came within it, of a *gratuitous devotion* of their skill and time, to patients whose humble situation disabled them from remunerating their attendance, and of a *liberal consideration*, of the limited circumstances of the class above the poor; I could scarcely name a single example, where the inordinate love of fees overcame the principles of humanity, generosity, and honour. The remark, indeed, may be extended to the whole body of the *regularly educated* physicians of our country. They are letter'd, well-informed men: and *education* and *benevolence* are more closely united together, than superficial thinkers are apt to imagine. *Didicisse artes emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

his vivid intellect, brilliant genius, and capacious understanding; his comprehensive knowledge, and his faculty of communicating it to others, clearly, strikingly, and eloquently, less the objects of my frequent and delighted observation. I knew him in his plenitude of health and strength, and mental sunshine; exercising his high professional talents, extensively and successfully: giving a tone to medical opinion: and collecting, through the medium of his immense practice, materials to corroborate, and proofs to substantiate, his own ingenious pathological and therapeutical speculations — and I knew him, (so mysterious and “past finding out,” are the ways of Heaven!) when, in the very mid-day of vigour, prosperity, and fame, he was, in one moment, smitten with incurable disease: his mind, for a season, spoiled of all its bright and solid attributes; and his powerful bodily frame, reduced to more than infant weakness!

It pleased God, indeed, to arrest the arm of death; to delay the summons of departure; and, after a time, to restore to the sufferer, his mental faculties. But, the powers of his uncommonly vigorous frame returned not again. For nearly six years Dr. Parry's constitution struggled with almost incessant pain; and complicated disease; sinking slowly, but gradually, into complete exhaustion. The conflict was



terminated, by the triumph of the universal destroyer, on the 9th of March 1822.

It was during this painfully-protracted period of his suffering, that my most impressive, and affecting interviews with Dr. Parry took place. At his especial request, I saw him repeatedly, in the chamber of sickness ; joined with him in prayer ; and in the most solemn rite of the established church ; and derived edification from his meek submission ; and cheerful resignation ; and deep devotion. It was there that I saw an improving example of the union of the *good* and the *great* in the human character : and a visible proof, that saint-like piety is perfectly compatible, with exalted talent, rare accomplishment, and profound philosophy : and it was there, that I saw, developed in beautiful form and embodied in incessant action, the sacred feelings of conjugal love, and filial affection ; vigilant to watch the languid eye, and interpret the imperfectly-pronounced word ; to guide the feeble hand ; to supply the frequent want ; and anticipate the wish that could not be expressed.\*

\* My feelings were much moved by a little incident that occurred during one of my visits to Dr. Parry. I made some enquiries respecting my distinguished friend, the Doctor's noble son, Captain Sir Edward Parry, R. N., who was then prosecuting his adventurous voyage to the North Pole. The question seemed to throw a momentary light

A heathen moralist has told us, that “a good man struggling with calamity, is a sight worthy the contemplation of the immortal gods.” But, dark, cheerless, and freezing, is the view of ethical apathy, when brought into comparison, with the example of the *suffering Christian*: of him who receives with humility and meekness, the merciful chastening of his Heavenly Father: who is enlightened under its gloom, by a lively Faith: animated by holy Hope; and warmed by the feeling of universal Charity — who waits, in pious patience, for his call to rest; and, though his outward man be perishing, is renewed, day by day, in the inner man; is strengthened by sensible aid from heaven; and comforted and cheered, by promises most sure and steadfast, of an happy immortality to those “who die in the Lord.”

Dr. Parry was released in the 66th year of his age.

The mind of this amiable man was of the

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and life into the Doctor's benumbed and exhausted system. He called for an atlas:—a large map of the world was spread before him; and, with his tremulous hand, he *attempted* to trace out the long and intricate course which the bold navigator had pursued; and the exact spot in which he then supposed him to be. The effort was *vain*: but, the anticipated “fame of his son,” which appeared to present itself to his mind at the time, in visible brightness, checked every painful reflection at the impotent endeavour.

master-order ; like that of his friend and correspondent, Edmund Burke ; it could diffuse itself in grand generalisations ; or narrow its views to a consideration of minute particulars. It was qualified alike, to speculate and to prove ; to create a theory by the force of thought ; and to substantiate its truth, by acute observation, diligent experiment, careful induction, and satisfactory reasoning. No better evidence of this can be desired, than Dr. Parry's professional publications ; incomplete as they are, from their interruption by his lengthened, but mortal illness. His doctrine of nervous *disorders*, forms one of the most brilliant theories of modern times ; involving the two important discoveries, (demonstrated by experiment,) First, The reproduction of *pervious arteries*, in some animals, in which large portions of the carotid had been cut away. Secondly, The nature of *the pulse* ; which he proved to be unconnected with an alternate dilatation and contraction of the *arterial* tubes ; establishing at the same time, the singular (and to that period, unknown) fact, that in *them* there is no inherent "irritability." It was as early as the year 1788, that Dr. Parry first announced the general principles of this doctrine, (destined to work so great a change in customary medical practice,) and obtained a silver medal for a paper on the subject, printed in the transactions of the London Medical So-

ciety; but any thing like a detailed view of it, did not appear till the year 1815, when he published his “Elements of *Pathology* and *Therapeutics* ;” though it must be remarked, that even this volume afforded little more than a sketch, of that full and complete development of his system, which he intended (had life been spared) to have laid before the world, at some subsequent and more convenient period. However unfortunate for the public, this procrastination of Dr. Parry might be in arranging and connecting his materials, so as to exhibit in the most advantageous light, the principles which he had deduced from them; yet it reflected the highest credit on himself; since it arose entirely from the most praiseworthy caution, and earnest desire to verify his conclusions, by the results of long experience, and the multiplication of incontrovertible facts. A portion of his own fame, indeed, was the sacrifice of this delay; since the *publicity* given to his opinions by an extensive practice, regulated upon principles of his own, differing (at that period) *toto cælo*, from the principles which regulated the practice of others, afforded an opportunity for the silent and gradual adoption of his mode of medical treatment, by many of his professional brethren; thereby occasioning to himself, a loss of that well-merited celebrity, which, had he published earlier, would have attached to priority of dis-



covery ; and an unquestionable claim on mankind for benefits conferred.

But, however others may have availed themselves of the *utility* of Dr. Parry's discoveries, the *merit* of them is all his own. From the earliest period of his medical studies, his attention had been especially directed, to the physiology and diseases of the nervous system ; and finding all on this subject, mysterious, obscure, and irreducible to any distinct rule of practice, he sought for some tangible sources of influence and management. Cases soon occurred to his diligent observation, which clearly convinced, and perfectly satisfied him, that, in *by far the greater number of* affections of the brains and nerves, and in almost all the diseases called *nervous*, the circulating system had, with *them*, a palpable and direct relation of cause and effect. By modifying this relation under a variety of circumstances, he obtained an evident and tangible means of *controlling symptoms* ; which, as they had hitherto been *attacked* upon no correct principles, had, (unless accidentally,) evaded all attempts at cure or alleviation. By suspending, or diminishing the flow of blood into the head, by pressure on one or both carotids, he was able to suspend or diminish, a long train of nervous and spasmodic symptoms. This experiment suggested, at once, to his sagacious mind, all its important, possible, probable, and certain

results; and formed the basis of that wide and beautiful structure of pathology and therapeutics, of which he alike conceived the design, marked out the plan, and effected the completion.

But Dr. Parry's mind had grace as well as force; and associated the principles of taste, with the truths of science. His feeling for the arts, was vivid and correct; his judgment in painting, that of a *connoisseur*; his knowledge of music considerable; his literary composition elegant; and his critical skill, acute and delicate. A familiarity with the classics, and an acquaintance with several modern languages, were to be numbered among his acquirements: and while his powers of conversation marked him as a general scholar; his polished manners evinced the thorough gentleman. Nor must the uncommon talent be forgotten, with which he occasionally delighted his particular friends. The style, power, and general excellence of Dr. Parry's *singing*, will not readily be forgotten, by those who have had the pleasure of listening to it. It was the union of the melodious tones of a surprisingly fine, deep, but mellow voice, with pure taste, and nice judgment. I recollect an evening, several years ago, when, in a small and select party, his vocal powers were heard with particular advantage and effect: Madame Mara, and a young lady, (now no more) with whose

voice even Mara was enraptured, formed part of the circle. The trio sang a succession of glees; which were only interrupted by solos from Dr. Parry; and Scotch ballads by Madame Mara. — I never, before or since, listened to such exquisite vocal harmony.

Whether Dr. Parry were a *poet* or not, I have no authority to pronounce: but, that he had a true *feeling* for good lyrics, I can fearlessly avouch. When Coleridge's spirited poem "France, an Ode" was published, I bought a copy, carried it with me to the Doctor, and requested him to do me the favour of reading it. He obligingly complied. The subject pleased him; for it spoke, indignantly, "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn," of the oppression of Swiss freedom, by the then tyrants of Europe. I never heard finer recitation. The magic of his voice; the clearness of his enunciation; the correctness and force of his emphasis; and the depth of his pathos, were to me, almost overcoming.

The publications of Dr. Parry were not confined to medical subjects. Familiar with natural philosophy and natural history, in all its branches, he occasionally directed his attention, to the labours and produce of the field, and the garden: to the improvement of the domestic cattle; more especially of our breeds of sheep, and of the texture of their wools. His thoughts



and experiments on these and other similar subjects, were, from time to time, conveyed to the numerous public societies, and institutions, of which he was a member; and appear in the printed transactions of these respective establishments.

Dr. Parry left behind him, a considerable mass of materials, to be arranged, and employed in future publication, had it pleased God, to have prolonged his life; and afforded him leisure for the purpose. All that could be effected in the reduction of this chaos into order, has been done, by my excellent and talented friend, Charles Henry Parry, Esq., M. D.; who gave to the world in 1825, "Collections from the Unpublished Medical Writings," of his justly-celebrated father. To these he has prefixed a "Preface," and certain "Introductory Essays." If the *latter* fully establish the editor's claim to the character of a sound philosopher; a distinguished pathologist; and an able practitioner; the *former* exhibits him in the still more attractive light, of the vindicator of the fair fame of his deceased parent; in language

\* An estimate may be formed of the high esteem entertained by the public, of these miscellaneous communications by Dr. Parry, on subjects connected with agriculture, husbandry, horticulture, and other topics of a similar nature, from an article in "The British Farmer's Magazine." Vol. iii. p. 67.



instinct with filial piety, and glowing with eloquent diction. Its conclusion appears to me to be particularly beautiful. "To this ordeal" (time and unprejudiced experience) "they willingly consign the correction or the confirmation of opinions, which, to them have appeared consistent with the real order and quality of phænomena, and superior in their practical value, to the doctrine of an inscrutable agency, and of certain unseen and incalculable effects. That this system is very far from perfection, is a trivial and irrelevant objection. A perfect system was never contemplated; and a more complete arrangement was prevented, by the decree that arrested its author, in his mid-career of industry and observation. — The architect is no more! A few years would have consolidated into a more noble structure, the fragments which are impressed with his feelings, and with his energy. These scattered masses are collected together: and if they do not form a monument entirely worthy of his name, they will still, it is hoped, constitute a heaped memorial, of some beauty, and of so much durability, as may preserve even his human existence from a merciless and enduring oblivion."

The character of the late venerable Henry Harington, Esq., M. D. stood in strong, but pleasing contrast, to those of Dr. Falconer, and

Dr. Parry. If the minds of the two latter gentlemen, were chiefly marked, by force, depth, and comprehensiveness, that of Dr. Harington, reflected lights of an equally delightful, though less splendid hue: genius, original, but mild: taste, correct and refined: the happy union of *naive* simplicity with perfect urbanity: and a quiet, but cheering hilarity, the offspring of an imperturbable harmony of temper, and a heart beating with every gentle and benevolent feeling. His manners and conversation, indeed, were so “full of sun-shine,” as to bear about them a sort of curative influence: and I have more than once heard it observed by his patients, that his visits were, on this account, not less efficacious, in tranquillising and encouraging the mind, than his prescriptions, in relieving bodily disease. His fund of anecdote never failed: and the point and quaintness which he threw into every story; and the dry and quiet humour with which he narrated it, *were quite his own.*

The amusing anecdotes, and shrewd remarks of Dr. Harington, borrowed a part of their effect, from the character of his countenance, and the antique air of his costume. He was the *last of the physicians*, as far as regarded *dress*. I knew him intimately for twenty years, and never detected the least change in his appearance, either in person or attire. His form tall, thin, and rather stooping, gave him the aspect of advanced

age, before he had reached his three score years and ten : his face, pale, long, and lined, indicated a placid, benevolent, and contemplative mind ; great delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste : his features were frequently lighted up by a smile ; rarely curled into a laugh ; and never ruffled by a passion : he wore the triangular hat ; and the powdered full-bottomed wig of the physician of yore ; the court fashioned coat, and the deep pocketed waistcoat. The whole of his dress cut from the same piece of cloth, was, of course, uniform in colour, and usually of a stony hue ; and to complete his picture, he was never seen walking in the street, without a white pocket handkerchief applied to his mouth, to guard his chest from the influence of the cold external air.

Dr. Harington's business was never extensive in Bath ; for, not exclusively devoted to his profession, he gave up a part of his time, to the cultivation of elegant literature, and the pursuit of the fine arts. But, in the neighbourhood of Wells, (where he had settled on his first start into life,) and in the country to the westward of that city, his medical skill was both sought after and acknowledged. Through this district, the professional success, and personal worth of Dr. Harington will long be recollected ; for, it may truly be said of him, that no one ever employed him as a physician, without loving him as a man.



A talent for the lighter species of poetry, the gay, the witty, and the humorous, may be mentioned as one feature of Dr. Harington's mind; but its exercises formed only an amusement for his more leisure hours; and I know not that the public are in possession of any examples of it, save what may be found in a small collection of poems published by him in 1756; entitled "*Euphæmia, or the Power of Harmony*;" from which Dr. Percy has extracted a beautiful copy of verses, pregnant with elegance and point, called "the Witch of Wokey," and introduced it into the first volume (page 330) of his "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*." \*

That Dr. Harington was deeply versed in the science, and skilled in the composition of music, is universally known and acknowledged. A great variety of his catches, glees, duets, &c. are before the world; and enjoy a popularity, which will be coeval, in this country, with our taste for vocal harmony. His "*Eloi*," (composed at the age of seventy) has, for many years, met the applause of every competent judge among our musical professors and ama-

\* Dr. Harington indulged his turn for gay versification, and unoffending humour, on a variety of occasions and characters, which occurred or appeared from time to time, within the city in which he resided. Some of them were printed in the local papers. A few years before he died, he collected them together, and presented me with copies of the whole. They will be found in the Appendix.



teurs. Master, both of the theory, and the composition of music, he would often be seen, gliding into the principal music shop of Bath, when it was void of company : and, silently sitting down, to the Piano Forte, would, under the influence of the spirit of harmony that stirred within him, strike out the most magnificent or moving *chords*, *voluntaries*, and *fugues*. Compared with his powers, however, his compositions were but few and slight. But, genius is rarely accompanied by industry. It delights in creating ; and not in imitation. Its own imaginings come spontaneously ; and its stores are poured out without effort ; and, free as light itself, it shrinks from that patient labour, which it must necessarily exercise, if it would place its stores in the possession of others.

The enjoyment which Dr. Harington received, from the performance of those who could play well, was by no means diminished, by his own exquisite taste, and singular skill in *off-hand* composition. No man ever experienced more intense delight than himself, from this rational source of intellectual pleasure. He invited me one morning, many years ago, to accompany him to the Bath concert-room, (supposed to be one of the best apartments in England, for the circulation of sound,) to hear a performer on the pedal harp, who had been prevailed upon by the family with whom he was

staying, to afford to the public, an opportunity of hearing his unrivalled powers, on that noble instrument. We went early to secure a *good place*. The Doctor looked round the room, and noticed the spot on which the performer was to be stationed. He then took me into the *gallery*; and planted me next to the wall, against which the harper was to stand, on the floor below. "Here," said he, "you will hear the vibration of every note." The performer appeared: a *Count Marat*; one of the most magnificent, and most noble-countenanced men, I ever beheld. He seized his harp, as it had been a feather, with the grasp of a giant; swung it round with a rapidity and ease, that made its chords whistle in the air; and commenced a prelude, of such powerful and varied harmony, as appeared to realise the conceptions of the Poet:

" Now the rich stream of Music winds along,  
" Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
" Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:  
" Now rolling down the steep amain,  
" Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:  
" The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar."

He then asked, if any person present, had a printed musical air? Several were handed to him. He declined selecting one himself, and begged it might be chosen by an indifferent person. — It was placed before him. He played

it over, threw away the sheet of notes ; and commenced a series of *impromptu variations*, increasing in difficulty and complexity as he proceeded ; so varied in time, measure, and character, but still completely impregnated with the original air, as not only astonished his audience, but actually moved the greater part of them, to rise from their seats, and listen to him standing. I expressed my wonder to the Doctor. He nodded assent. Very few words passed between us ; but I saw that his spirit was deeply impressed.— We met a few days afterwards : I mentioned his silence : he allowed it ; and confessed, that every faculty had been absorbed, by the ecstasy which he experienced, from the music he had heard.

Dr. Harington was “ a stricken deer.” His sorrows had been, at different periods of his life, severe : and to fill up his cup of misfortune, it pleased God, some years before his death, to afflict him with the loss of sight. Previously to the occurrence of this calamity, he felt it to be a prudent step, to dispose of his small, but curious and valuable library. He communicated his intention to me. The reason which he alleged for the sale, was, the gradual decay of his vision. I knew, however, that *other* motives might be added to this apparently reasonable one ; and really believe, that I felt a pang almost equal to his own, at the moment of this commu-

nication, when I reflected, on the sadness with which he must anticipate, the loss of those long-cherished, and highly-valued friends; the companions of his silent, solitary hours; which had been wont to add lustre to his days of brightness; and to tranquillise and heal his spirit, when fretted with the vexations, or wounded by the afflictions of mortality.

But, neither vicissitude nor misfortune could overwhelm the mind of Dr. Harington. It had been deeply imbued, in early youth, with the principles of religion, virtue, and benevolence; every day of his long life, was a practical comment upon these principles; and, under all "the changes and chances" of it, even to its very close, he felt that support from them, which they are mercifully intended, "by the God of "all consolation," to afford. He died at Bath, the 16th of January 1816: aged 89 years.

*Multis ille bonis febilis occidit.*

I shall not, I trust, be charged with an incongruity, if I associate with the foregoing "biographical sketches," of former *medical* characters in Bath, a memorial of another departed friend; who, though not of that profession, had studied physic successfully under Dr. Cullen; and obtained considerable celebrity, by a publication on the healing art. He had been accustomed, before I entered upon the ministry of



St. James's parish, to reside for half the year at Bath ; and continued so to do, till his decease in 1816.

The gentleman I allude to, was the Rev. *Joseph T. Townsend*, Rector of Pewsey, Wilts., well known as an author ; and highly respected and esteemed, as a man ; a divine ; a parish priest ; an interesting companion ; and an active, firm, and sincere friend. Mr. Townsend took orders about the year 1764, and having, probably, imbibed Calvinistic notions, during his residence in Scotland, commenced his ministerial career, in the true spirit of Whitfield ;

“ Dealing damnation round the land ;”

preaching frequently at Lady Huntingdon's ; and, haranguing, occasionally, from the top of a hogshead, in the open air.\* Maturer years,

\* It is impossible that I should ever forget an afternoon of incessant, and almost agonising, laughter, which I spent many years since, at a friend's house, who had, (rather unfortunately,) invited the eccentric Dr. Sheppard, (mentioned in a former note,) to meet the Rev. Mr. Townsend, at a small select dinner party. These two divines had commenced their ministry at the same time, holding the same opinions, and exercising their functions in a similar extravagant manner. Sheppard, (who, though a practical preacher, and as he had himself assured me, “a leatherer “away upon good works,” still continued to profess what is called *moderate Calvinism* ;) had always felt a little sore, at the desertion of his old acquaintance, from those theological principles, which they had in early life mutually held ;

however, brought soberer thoughts. Reflection, and the dispassionate study of the Bible, convinced him, that his opinions were unscriptural and untenable; and from the harsh and gloomy

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and determined to take this opportunity of rallying Mr. Townsend on his apostacy. A few glasses of wine inspired him for the attack. He begged to recall to his brother clerk's remembrance, the particulars of their former ministerial career; described, with irresistible comicality, the various adventures, strange occurrences, and hair-breadth escapes they had experienced, in holding forth from tubs and market-crosses, in barns and fields; started from his chair, mimicked the voice and manner; and gesticulated the action of his former companion in schism; and this with a volubility that precluded all reply; and a power of farce that put all gravity to flight. The contrast, too, between the persons and appearance of the two parties, rendered the scene inimitable and complete: the slight and short figure of Dr. Sheppard, resembling the thin end of a scrag of mutton, and full of motion as a pea upon the head of a drum; and his little angular features, twisted into a grin, equally laughable and provoking, — opposed to the gaunt, upright, gigantic person of Mr. Townsend; his solemn countenance flushed at times with indignation, and ever and anon, struggling with an unwilling SMILE, compelled by the Doctor's exquisite drollery, to *degenerate* into a *heartly laugh*. — The table was, verily, in a roar; nor did I recover my composure for a week. The unusual height of Mr. Townsend, had obtained for him that honorary distinction, which the common people of all nations, are so prone to bestow on such as are distinguished by any personal peculiarity, — a NICK NAME. He had been very active in the reparation and regulation of the highways in his neighbourhood; and received the appellation of the COLLOSSUS OF RHODES.

enthusiast, he mellowed into the pious, rational, and benevolent Christian; the calm reasoner; and the solemn, but tranquil preacher. Tremendous, however, must have been his pulpit oratory, during the æra of his religious excitation; for his stature was between six and seven feet in height; his arms were vast and long; a forehead high, and broad, and marked with mighty organs, indicated vivid imagination; intense fervour; inflexible determination; and all the sterner powers of the mind: and his voice, at all times sepulchral; but, when exerted, of passing loudness; was admirably adapted, to arouse, to denounce, and to alarm. I have heard, indeed, (and I can believe it,) that Mr. Townsend's preaching, in the early period of his ministry, was quite electrifying. He rarely, however, adverted to this season of his misdirected zeal; or to the adventures and circumstances connected with it. Once only, I heard him speak on the subject; when he related the following anecdote to me. Mr. Townsend numbered among his intimate acquaintance, *John Horne Tooke*, who, held for some time, the curacy of Brentford. One morning, this singular man called upon Mr. Townsend, and intimated, that he had to request a particular favour of him. — “What may it be?” — “Why, you must know, I had resolved to give to my parishioners two sermons, on successive Sundays,



“ and contrasted with each other, as much as possible — the one, on the punishment and misery of the wicked, in a future state : the other, on the rewards and joys of the good. Now, my friend, I have written and preached the first ; and the congregation expect, (naturally enough, for I left them very *awkwardly situated*,) the second part on the ensuing Sunday. I happen, however, to be too much engaged, either to write or preach ; and, therefore, you will do me an unspeakable kindness, if you go, and *take them out of Gehenna for me.*” Mr. Townsend readily complied ; but acknowledged, that, in the *then* state of his theological views, he should have much preferred undertaking the *reprobatory* discourse.

I always regarded Mr. Townsend as having more general knowledge and varied information, than any man I ever knew.\* Others might have excelled him in certain departments of learning ; or gone beyond him, in particular branches of scientific pursuit : but, Mr. Town-

\* I co-operated with Mr. Townsend, and other literary friends, five and twenty years back, in the establishment of a public library, and scientific institution, in Bath : but, the scheme did not succeed. The public attention was too intensely directed to the stupendous events of the existing war ; and the pockets of individuals were too largely drawn upon to support its expenses, to allow either time or money to be devoted to such a purely peace establishment. It languished for two or three years, and then expired. The books were sold, and the room shut up.



send, with a very considerable share of erudition, and a more than ordinary insight into universal science, had, moreover, an immense treasure of that *practical wisdom*

“ Which, tho’ no art, is fairly worth the seven :”

and which is not gathered out of books ; but plucked from the living tree of knowledge — *man* and his works.

Mr. Townsend did not rest satisfied with closet speculations ; but was constantly out and about in the midst of the world’s business : mixing with all its classes ; and extracting from each, that particular species of knowledge which is more peculiarly its own. His motto was, that, “ something might be learned from every “ man :” nor did any one ever act upon that principle, with more tact and success than himself. I have often been both surprised and amused, at the dexterity with which he would exercise this useful art of *mental tooth-drawing* : the numerous apposite questions he would ask ; the management he would use, in confining the conversation to the specific point at which he aimed : and the felicitous manner, in which he would introduce his common expression of “ wonderful !” which, while it flattered the vanity of the informant, increased his readiness to afford the information.

Even the *studies* of Mr. Townsend were so

managed, as to associate themselves with the active concerns of every-day-life. He was an excellent Hebrew scholar : but, he had not possessed himself of the *roots* of this venerable language, by solitary fagging ; he literally carried them at *his fingers' ends* : marked a certain number of them, (as he has himself assured me,) on the broad *nails*, of his large hands, every morning ; coned, and silently repeated, these tri-literals, at every vacant moment of his busy hours, during the day ; and, when they were firmly fixed in his mind, obliterated them from his manual *horn-books* ; which were thus prepared to receive a new series of roots, on the succeeding morning.\*

Whether Mr. Townsend had acquired his knowledge of other languages, by the same *ad unguem* process, I cannot determine : but, however obtained, that knowledge was unusually great ; for it comprehended many of the modern tongues ; the ancient and present Greek ; Latin ; and several of the oriental dialects. When he had reached his three-score years and ten, I myself saw him commencing a sharp attack upon the *Sanscrit*. In common with many

\* If we reckon the *roots* at four and twenty hundred, and allow *six* to each expansive nail ; and further suppose, that the *sixty* thus borne by the two hands, were fixed in the memory between the morning and evening ablutions ; we may attribute to Mr. Townsend, the extraordinary industry, of having acquired a complete knowledge of the Hebrew, "root and branch," in the short space of forty days !

other scholars of high name, he conceived, that the original language of mankind was to be found in the Biblical Hebrew : and to establish this as a fact, was the great object to which he directed his uncommon erudition. His labour in this line of literary pioneering, may be partly estimated from the first volume of his " History of Moses ;" but, to appreciate it fairly, it was necessary to turn over his immense philological and lexicographical collections ; his huge mass of manuscript materials ; and his comparisons of nearly 30,000 words, in more than twenty languages.

The variety of Mr. Townsend's intellectual and literary pursuits was uncommonly great ; and their *dissimilarity* also, may be considered as equally remarkable ; for they included and combined, divinity and geology ; etymology and politics ; medicine and statistics. On all these topics his printed thoughts are before the world ; and though they have been in a great degree overwhelmed, by the inundation of works, which has poured incessantly into the ocean of literature since the period of his last publication, (for what book can *now* hope to live for twenty years?) yet, the popularity of most of them, was high in their day : and, as they successively came out, their author received his meed of praise, for immense research ; rare learning ; sound science ; ingenious hypothesis ; and valuable information.

The works which Mr. Townsend published are, (as far at least as I know,) the following: — “Every true Christian a New Creature: 1765.” “Observations on various plans for the Relief of the Poor: 1788.” “Free Thoughts on Despotic Government: 1781.” “An account of a Journey through Spain\* :” 3 vols. 1791. “Physician’s Vade Mecum: 1794.” “A Guide to Health: 1795,” 2 vols. “A Dissertation on the Poor Laws: 1796:” “Sermons on various Subjects: 1805.” “The Character of Moses established: 1812—1815:” 2 vols. 4to.

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\* A curious circumstance occurs to my mind, connected with this publication, which was very well received at the time; and holds, at the present day, a respectable character among statistical travels. I had read the account which Mr. Townsend gives of a plate-glass manufactory, in some town in Spain; and been astonished by the weight which he assigned to each respective plate, as it came from the furnace, and before it was polished. I asked him whether the statement in the book agreed with the fact: after a silence of a few moments, he replied, “that he had lost the recollection both of the manufactory and its products; but, that I might be assured of the accuracy of every detail in his book; as he had noted the particulars of each account on the spot; — had carefully superintended the printing of the volumes; and had then dismissed their contents from his mind.” This will be the usual result of such notations. Having committed our observations to paper, we consider them as secure from being forgotten; memory is no longer exercised upon them; and, in time, they escape from the keeping of the mind.



Mr. Townsend was exceedingly partial, not only to the theory, but the *practice*; of medicine; and accompanied, as this *penchant* was, by considerable skill, and most kind and benevolent feelings; the ready and gratuitous exercise of his art, among the poorer and humbler classes, was a public blessing wherever he went. In his own extensive, and, latterly, impoverished parish of Pewsey, the advantage was very widely and sensibly experienced. I have heard him relate, that, on his first settling there, the state both of medicine and surgery, was at a deplorably low ebb: as the health and limbs of the lower orders, were under the care and cure of the *blacksmith*, who acted both as the physician and chirurgion of the village. What the *practice* of this gifted Cyclops might be in pharmaceutical cases, I know not; but, if it resembled one of his *surgical* operations, it must have been equally simple, easy, and efficacious; for, Mr. Townsend assured me, that the mode in which he *lanced* infants' gums, was, by *sawing* through the covering integument of the tooth, with the *thumb nail* of his enormous right hand; which said nail he carefully kept at a length convenient for this very useful purpose.

Two instances of the successful exertion of Mr. T.'s medical science, related to me by himself, are before my mind. They are proofs of his sagacity and tact. With the old Marquiss of Lansdowne, Mr. Townsend was on terms of

intimacy and friendship. His Lordship knew his value; respected his acquirements; and admired his virtues. He was the Marquiss's companion in several little tours in England and Wales. In one of these expeditions, they were passing through Cornwall, and halted at an obscure inn, to refresh the horses. A youth belonging to the house, either the ostler, or the landlord's son, lay desperately ill, above stairs. Mr. Townsend heard of his situation, and kindly went to visit him. He found the patient under high fever, and violent delirium. No lancet could be procured: no medical aid was at hand. "Have you any *clay* in the neighbourhood?" said Mr. T. — "Yes," was the answer. "Bring me then a lump of it." — It was soon provided; the boy's head shaved; and Mr. T. having moulded the moist and cold mass into the form of a cap, placed it on the patient's head. The effect of the application fully justified the measure. The lad quickly became tranquil: fell into a sound sleep, and, after several hours' repose, awoke, sensible, calm, and entirely relieved from the pain that had before oppressed him.\*

\* During this Cornish tour, the Marquiss and his companion, called on the Reverend and erudite Mr. Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, at his parsonage at Ruan Llanian, in Cornwall. Mr. Townsend described the appearance of the sage, and his apartment, to be that of a Troglodyte in his den: the one unshaven, uncombed, and half-dressed; the other, an *omnium gatherum* of books and

In *this* case, the cure was effected, without the physician's deriving any benefit from it: in

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babies; pots and platters; dirty tables and broken chairs. I once myself, beheld an example of the same *literary slut-tishness* in the parlour of a writer, much talked of in his day. Dr. Wolcot, or Peter Pindar, as he was commonly called, had often pressed me to visit him, when I went to London. I called on him, in company with a friend, at his chambers in (I believe) New Inn. As we entered the room, a dirty drab rose from the table, (for the poet was breakfasting at one o'clock,) and glided into an inner apartment. Pindar himself wore a greasy night-cap on his head, and was involved in a flannel mantle, marvellously discoloured; on his foul table-cloth were spread, plates of sausages and ham, eggs and muffins; tea in a pot without a spout; and a bottle, sending out the strong odour of British spirits. Around on the dusty and dingy carpet, lay a mingled mass of pamphlets and manuscripts, muddy shoes, a hat with a hole in it, and two old wigs! We talked for an hour. Peter said some *strong*, but coarse, and offensive things. He was very indignant at the execution of *Coigly*, for sedition, which had just taken place. "Sir," said he, "it was a *murder*, and nothing else. It was the devil bringing his action, and trying the cause in h—ll!"

I must not overlook a whimsical circumstance that occurred to the old Marquiss of Lansdowne, and Mr. Townsend, during one of their tours in Wales. They had spent a day and night at Col. Johns' beautiful seat in Cardiganshire, Havôd. The succeeding day chanced to be very hot. "Proceeding at a rapid pace, and earnest in conversation," said Mr. T. "we were suddenly surprised by a report from the seat beneath us, loud as the discharge of a pistol! We looked at each other with astonishment! In the twinkling of an eye, the sound was repeated; and firings to the number of twelve, followed each other in rapid succession. We stopped and examined the box of



the other instance, which Mr. T. related to me, a species of *fee* rewarded his skill.

My friend, like every other geologist and mineralogist, (for he was both,) had his *collection*; and like them, also, was desirous of adding to it, a specimen of every curious product of "the earth's crust." A gentleman, residing a few miles from Bath, had discovered on his estate, (in the red ground associated with the *mountain limestone*) a quantity of beautiful *geodes*; or agatised nodules, hollow within; having their concaves lined with variously-tinted siliceous crystals; and cubic, or dog-toothed calcareous spar. Tenacious, however, of his treasure, he would allow no one to participate in it: and having procured as many of the *geodes* as were sufficient to satisfy himself, he ordered the quarry to be closed; and would neither permit further search to be made; nor part with a single specimen, to gratify the longing of any

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"combustibles on which we had been sitting; when the  
"mystery was explained. The Marquiss had, on the pre-  
"ceding day, spoke highly of Col. Johns' *champagne*;  
"and our hospitable host, who, (like Aboulcasim, in the  
"Persian Tales,) always presented to his guests what they  
"admired, had ordered a dozen bottles of this nectar to be  
"placed in the seat of the carriage. The *excitable* liquor  
"fermented with the heat of the weather, and the rapidity  
"of our motion; expelled the corks from the bottles; and  
"produced the very unaccountable reports with which our  
"nerves had been shocked."



other collector. Mr. Townsend made every effort, direct, and indirect, to obtain a nodule; but, without effect. I accompanied him one day to the gentleman's house, to see the collection; and a glorious sight it was; a *closet*, full, from top to bottom, of sparkling gems: and I heard, also, some *broad hints*, unsuccessfully given, for the presentation of a single nodule. His endeavours for a specimen, however, did not terminate here. The collector was a valedudinarian: hipped from head to foot: suffering somewhat from actual debility; but more, from imaginary indisposition. "How are you, to day, Mr. ——?" said Mr. T. to the hypochondriac, in a morning call. — "Exceedingly unwell, Sir: no sleep: no appetite — I never can rally again." — "Oh! do not speak so despondingly, my dear friend; you may soon be set to rights, depend upon it. Favour me with a sight of your tongue:—Umph! white and dry. — Your pulse, if you please: — As I thought! quick and feeble. — I see how it is. — Strong nervous affection — a case of frequent occurrence, and of most easy cure. — I have no doubt, that, with the blessing of Providence, I shall be able, in a short time, to relieve you from every unpleasant symptom; and restore you to health and vigour. You will be careful to take the medicines I prescribe; and observe the rules I lay down." —

“Ten thousand thanks for your kindness, my  
“ dear Sir: I will be all obedience to your  
“ directions. — How shall I requite this good-  
“ ness.” — “ Oh! don’t mention it, Mr. — ;  
“ oblige me with a sheet of paper to write the  
“ recipes:” and Mr. — opened the closet.  
“ Wonderful!” exclaimed Mr. Townsend, “ I  
“ protest I never see those geodes without asto-  
“ nishment!” — “ Do you admire them *so much*,  
“ my dear sir? — How happy shall I be to gra-  
“ tify you! — Select as many as you please: and  
“ when my servant goes to Bath with the pre-  
“ scription, he shall leave them at your house.”  
— Mr. Townsend got his geodes; and the  
donor was amply repaid, by the benefit which  
he received, from the real medical skill of his  
clerical friend.

It was to this excellent man, that I am  
indebted, for all the little knowledge which I  
possess, of geology, mineralogy, and organised  
fossils. I had picked up, from time to time,  
whatever appeared curious to me in my walks,  
and placed these articles on a series of shelves,  
which I dignified with the title of *the collection*.  
Mr. Townsend was breakfasting with me: he  
spoke on the subject of geology; and, in the  
pride of my heart, I shewed him my specimens;  
requested he would name them; and explain to  
me their nature. He surveyed them for a  
few moments in silence: turned slowly towards

me; and with that perfect gravity, which his countenance usually wore, mildly said, — “not worth a single farthing — all you can do with them, is, to throw them, immediately, upon the turnpike-road.”

I was not long, in following his directions; and speedily benefited, by the instructions and assistance which he afforded me, in this branch of natural history.

His own acquirements in geology and its subordinate adjuncts, were very extensive; speaking with a reference to the state of the science, twenty years ago. *He*, first discovered, that all flints, were, more or less, *hydrophanous*; and that some of those organised ones, now called *alcyonia*, are peculiarly, and beautifully so. His acquaintance with the stratification of Britain was complete; and of the organised remains peculiar to each of the secondary strata, most accurate. He had traversed, his own country; Wales; Scotland; Ireland; Holland; Flanders; France; Switzerland, and Spain, in search of geological facts, to substantiate the truth of the Mosaical account of the Deluge; had attended the lectures of, and conversed with, all the most celebrated mineralogists, chemists, and natural philosophers of the Continent; *Daubanton*; *De Romé de Lisle*; the *Abbé Haiiy*; *Besson*; *Hasenfratz*; *Chaptal*; and *Stoutz*; and had been himself, a patient and laborious examiner, of the



geological phenomena which presented themselves to his observation, on every spot that he visited. But, though thus deriving his information from the most scientific and celebrated sources, from personal research and actual inspection; he has acknowledged, with that modesty, and greatness of mind, which mark the true philosopher, that the person to whom he was chiefly indebted for his insight into British stratification, was a man of humble birth, and narrow fortune, Mr. William Smith; who formerly lived at Tucking-Mill in the neighbourhood of Bath; and whose geological maps, have, since that period, been received by the public, with admiration and applause.\*

\* Mr. Townsend has made the following honourable mention of Mr. Smith, in his preface to his "Character of Moses established for Veracity, as an Historian: 1813." "The discoveries of this skilful engineer, have been of vast importance to geology; and will be of infinite value to his nation. To a strong understanding, a retentive memory, indefatigable ardour, and more than common sagacity, this extraordinary man unites a perfect contempt for money, when compared with science. Had he kept his discoveries to himself, he might have accumulated wealth; but, with unparralleled disinterestedness of mind, he scorned concealment, and made known his discoveries to every one who wished for information." Page v. I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Smith well; and the advantage of occasionally deriving information from him; and it gives me pleasure to reflect, that I had an opportunity of making a slight return for his kindness, by procuring an offer to be made to him, which, had it been accepted, would certainly have given him in-



My sincere respect for the memory of Mr. Townsend, would, were I to follow its impulse,

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dependence; and probably led to wealth and honour. The circumstance ought not to be concealed, as it reflects much credit on the character of Mr. Smith. When Count Orloff was in England, about ten or twelve years ago, I had the pleasure of much intercourse with his Excellency, whilst he continued at Bath; and occasionally numbered him among my guests, at the breakfasts which I was in the habit of giving to scientific, literary, and other friends, at Widcombe Cottage, my residence, near Bath. Attached to the Count's *suite*, and placed under his protection, by the Emperor Alexander, was *Dr. Hamel*, a Russian Physician, (now well known to all the scientific institutions in Europe,) then a young man about 23 years of age. His acquirements were astonishing. His familiarity with most modern languages was not, perhaps, remarkable for a Russian; but, the fluency with which he spoke, and the correctness with which he wrote English, (for I subsequently corresponded with him,) after a few month's study and practice of it, were equal to those of a lettered native. He had obtained upwards of twenty gold prize medals, from the Petersburg Academy of Sciences: and, following up the discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy, brought over with him to England, and presented to the astonished professor, *one pound* either of *sodium*, or *potassium*, (I do not remember which,) while the illustrious chemist himself, was producing it only in grains and scruples. Some time after Count Orloff had quitted Bath, Dr. Hamel was commissioned by the Emperor, to find out, and engage, some English practical mineralogist, who would be competent to direct and superintend, the coal works, in one of the southern provinces of the Russian Empire. Dr. Hamel applied to me for information on the subject; and I immediately recommended Mr. Smith, as a person every way eligible for such a situation. He was then in London: I obtained his address; and sent it to Dr.

lead me into a length of remark upon his character and attainments, incompatible with the

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Hamel. A correspondence commenced between them: and offers of the most flattering description were made by the Emperor's agent. But, Mr. Smith was a patriot, and unwilling to sell his valuable services to a foreign country. He was engaged too, at the moment, in arranging the minerals for the British Museum; and promises, were made to him, if he would forego the Russian offer, of permanent and lucrative employ in his own country. In a short time, Dr. Hamel announced to me, and regretted, Mr. Smith's final refusal. I know not whether these promises have been performed to Mr. Smith: if not, he has been treated unjustly; and the country deprived of services which might have been importantly useful to it. I must make this long note still longer, by a further mention of Count Orloff, as a Briton may well be pardoned, in feeling flattered by the compliment which the anecdote reflects on his country. After one of my breakfasts at Widcombe Cottage, his Excellency and myself retired into my study. He was very thoughtful, sighed deeply, and exclaimed, "I am ver unhappy!" "May I ask the cause of your Excellency's uneasiness?" "Oh! I wish I had never come to England!" "I grieve to hear your Excellency say so." "Yes, Sir; I see so much difference between your country and my own. You have arts, learning, manufactures, civilisation, and comforts, far beyond the Russian. We are hundred year behind you. We never can overtake you. We never can be as you are. I wish I had never seen it. I wish I had never come to England!" I was affected by the Count's speech and manner, but could not avoid feeling pleased with such an honest tribute of praise to my native land: for where is the Englishman who will not exclaim with the poet:

" Britain, with thy faults, I love thee still?"

I have heard nothing of Count Orloff for several years. If

nature of my work : I will therefore close this biographical sketch, with the communication of a very singular fact, related to me, in the first instance by him ; but which has since been confirmed, by a voucher scarcely to be resisted —

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he be still living, he and his amiable Countess have, and well deserve to have, my best wishes for their continued health and happiness : if he be no more, Russia has to deplore the loss, of one of her most amiable and most patriotic nobles.

At my literary breakfasts, (as I hope without vanity I may venture to call them,) which are above adverted to, I had the pleasure of receiving many characters, whose talents and virtues reflected honour on their humble host ; among distinguished foreigners, were, his late Excellency, Chevalier Bacounin, the nephew of Count Woronzow, and President of the Imperial Society of Sciences, at Petersburg ; his present Excellency, the Baron Verstolk de Soelen, for some years Plenipotentiary from the court of Holland to Petersburg, and now Minister Secretary of State for the foreign affairs of the Netherlands ; Sir Everhard Monck, Physician Royal, of Lun, in Sweden ; Dr. Franck, Physician Royal of Vienna ; Dr. Bosquet, of Amsterdam, a young man of extraordinary talent, &c. Among my own countrymen, were, the late estimable and patriotic Earl of Selkirk ; the accomplished Lord Webb Seymour ; the illustrious Sir Humphrey Davy ; John Law, Bishop of Elphin ; Thomas Stock, Bishop of Waterford ; Dr. Samuel Parr ; the Rev. John Conybeare ; Henry Barry, Esq. *cum multis aliis*. With the exception of three or four, all these highly gifted and excellent men, have preceded me to the silent tomb ; but their memory will not speedily perish : —

“ The actions of the just, ”

“ Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.”



an indisputably true report, of Dr. Alsop's *vivâ voce* declaration on his dying bed.

Lord William Petty was the third son of the old Marquiss of Lansdowne, and brother of the present highly-gifted Lord of Bowood. He had attained to the age of seven or eight years; as remarkable for the precocity of his understanding, as he was unfortunate in the delicate state of his constitutional health. The Marquiss, called to London, by his parliamentary duties, had left the child at Bowood, for the winter, with Mr. Jarvis, his tutor, and suitable domestics. The late Dr. Priestley, also, the Marquiss's librarian, made one of the party. On an ill-omen'd day, beautiful and brilliant, but intensely cold, the game-keeper, in compliance with Lord William's request, took the lad before him on horseback. His Lordship rode with his waistcoat open, and chest exposed; and an inflammation on the lungs, was the immediate consequence of this incaution. On the first appearance of indisposition, Mr. Alsop of Calne, the family apothecary, (himself much attached to the child,) was summon'd to attend his Lordship. His treatment promised a favourable result, and after a few days, he left him, in the forenoon, apparently out of danger. Towards evening, however, the symptoms becoming decidedly worse, the family were alarmed; and Mr. Jarvis thought it right, to call for Mr. Alsop's immediate assistance. It



was night before this gentleman reached Bowood: but an unclouded moon showed every object in unequivocal distinctness. Mr. Alsop had passed through the Lodge Gate, and was proceeding to the house, when, to his utter astonishment, he saw Lord William coming towards him, in all the buoyancy of childhood, restored, apparently, to health and vigour. — “ I am delighted, my dear “ Lord,” he exclaimed, “ to see you : but, for “ Heaven’s sake, go immediately within doors ; “ it is death to you to be here at this time of “ night.” The child made no reply : but, turning round, was quickly out of sight. Mr. Alsop, unspeakably surprised, hurried to the house. Here, all was distress and confusion : for, *Lord William had expired a few minutes before he reached the portico.*

The sad event being, with all speed, announced to the Marquiss of Lansdowne, in London, orders were soon received at Bowood, for the interment of the corpse, and the arrangement of the funeral procession. The former was directed to take place at High-Wickham, in the vault which contained the remains of *Lord William’s mother* : the latter was appointed to halt at two specified places, during the two nights on which it would be on the road. Mr. Jarvis and Dr. Priestley \*

\* Mr. Townsend was intimately acquainted with Dr. Priestley ; but, though he esteemed him highly, as a sincere and excellent man, he entertained no high opinion of his

attended the body. On the first day of the melancholy journey, the latter gentleman, who had hitherto said little on the subject of the appearance to Mr. Alsop, suddenly addressed his companion, with considerable emotion, in nearly these words. "There are some very singular circumstances connected with this event, Mr. Jarvis; and a most remarkable coincidence, between a dream of the late Lord William, and our present mournful engagement. A

scholarship. He considered him as a mere *index-hunter*. The Doctor's mind was too ardent, active, and excursive, for patient and profound literary research. His constant motto seems to have been;

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

An instinctive impulse was perpetually goading him on, (and *other folks* have felt the *oïstrum*), to writing and publication; and, consequently, no sufficient leisure was afforded for deep and dogged fagging. His proper sphere was *natural philosophy*; and *there* he threw out lights, which shed a glory upon himself, while they illuminated the world: but his fame will never be increased, by any thing which he has left to us in *Theology*.

Dr. Priestley's business, as librarian at Bowood, did not consist, (as Mr. Townsend informed me,) so much in reading *to*, as reading *for* the Marquiss. Whatever might be the literary object which occupied his Lordship's mind for the time being: whether it were a political point, on which he wished to be informed — or, a speech for which he was desirous of being prepared; Dr. Priestley referred to every book or tract that bore directly on the topic — skimmed the volume — marked all the applicable passages, and spread it upon the table, for the Marquiss's inspection.

“ few weeks ago, as I was passing by his room  
“ door one morning, he called me to his bed-  
“ side. ‘ Doctor,’ said he, ‘ what is your Christian  
“ name?’ — ‘ Surely,’ said I, ‘ you know it is  
“ Joseph.’ — ‘ Well then,’ replied he, in a lively  
“ manner, ‘ if you are a *Joseph*, you can inter-  
“ pret a *dream* for me, which I had last night. I  
“ dreamed, Doctor, that I set out upon a long  
“ journey; that I stopped the first night at *Hun-*  
“ *gerford*; whither I went without touching the  
“ ground: that I flew from thence to *Salt Hill*,  
“ where I remained the next night; and arrived  
“ at High-Wickham, on the third day; where  
“ my dear Mamma, beautiful as an angel,  
“ stretched out her arms, and caught me within  
“ them.’ — ‘ Now,’ continued the Doctor, ‘ these  
“ are precisely the places where the dear child’s  
“ corpse will remain, on this and the succeeding  
“ night, before we reach his mother’s vault,  
“ which is finally to receive it.’” \*

\* Another instance of these mysterious delusions of the imagination, (if such they must be called,) came within my own personal knowledge. Whilst I filled the curacy of Fawley, I was accustomed, occasionally, to spend a day or two at Lymington, and usually slept at the house of a friend of mine, a solicitor of that town. He had a client, by the name of Wyat, keeper of a turnpike-gate in the vicinity of Lymington, who, then, lay exceedingly ill; and for whom my friend had recently made a will. The gentleman, of whom I speak, was accustomed to attend on every market-day at the town of Beaulieu, a place about seven miles from Lymington; the approach to which was over a wild com-

I make no further remark on this singular narrative, than to assure the reader, of my own solemn belief of the truth of all its particulars.

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mon, called Beaulieu Heath, between three and four miles in breadth; cut up by innumerable tracks, and destitute of all trees or plants, save furze-bushes, and heather. One evening, on returning from a party to my friend's house, I learned, with some surprise, that he had not yet come back from Beaulieu, whither he had gone early in the morning. The midnight hour approached — but a glorious full moon prevented any alarm for his safety. Just before twelve he arrived, greatly heated and somewhat agitated. I enquired the cause. He closed the door, and then narrated as follows:—

“On leaving Lymington,” said he, “this morning, as I passed the turnpike, I enquired after poor Wyat; and learned from his wife that he was desperately ill, and not likely to recover. My business at Beaulieu detained me till late in the evening. I did not mount my horse before the clock struck ten: but, as the night was exceedingly fine, I rode slowly, my mind much occupied with the business which I had gone out to transact, but failed in accomplishing. I had scarcely entered upon the heath, when I saw, about a hundred yards before me, a man sitting on the ground close to the tract which my horse had taken. On approaching him, I discovered, to my extreme astonishment, the form and countenance of Wyat; the one extremely emaciated, the other deadly pale. When within half-a-dozen yards of him, he started up and proceeded at a brisk walk along the road on which I was riding. I called him by name, but he did not answer. I put my horse into a swinging trot, in order to overtake him — repeating my request that he would stop; but, by changing his walk into a run, he still kept a few yards before me; occasionally turning his head, and showing, as at first, the exact features of Wyat. I was alarmed; and spurred my horse to its utmost speed — but all in



On the 6th of November 1816, Mr. Townsend (to use the expression, of a mutual friend, and a kindred spirit to his own) “fell, like the oak  
“of the forest, not to be replaced within the  
“revolution of centuries.”

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“vain; the figure still headed me; and, though the pursuit  
“continued nearly three miles, I could never overtake it:  
“and, at length, lost sight of it altogether among the holly-  
“trees, at the hither end of Beaulieu Heath. I continued  
“to ride as hard as I could to the turnpike, and there en-  
“quired, again, how the sick man was, and whether he had  
“been out of the house that evening. A neighbour who  
“attended the gate for the afflicted family, answered, that  
“he had ‘been in Heaven for more than two hours.’ He  
“was dead, and I had seen his *spirit*: for how else can you  
“account for the circumstance?” I leave it to the reader’s  
sagacity to discover a satisfactory answer to this question;  
for, I confess, my own inability to solve the mystery. No  
common supposition will do it; for my friend was a grave,  
steady, and by no means a fanciful man, and of unim-  
peachable veracity.

“There are more things in heaven and earth —  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy!”

## CHAP. XV.

THERE is nothing more true, than the popular observation, that, though it be a rare thing, for a man to grow weary in speaking of himself, it is by no means an uncommon one, for others to be fatigued by such communications. I shall not, therefore, dwell for an unseemly length of time, on the account of my successive publications, after I had become a denizen of that celebrated city, which, having been, anciently, under the joint tutelage of Apollo and Minerva, invigorated, while it inspired my pen; but, *get over the ground*, with as much rapidity, as the number of my literary coursers, various in size, form, and character, will enable me to effect.

My habitual predilection for archæological lore and antiquarian research, accompanied me to my new place of residence; nor, did a long time elapse, ere it was gratified to my utmost wish.

The former occupancy of Bath by the Romans, had been sufficiently testified, independently of historical records, by numerous fragments of masonry, and sculpture, as well as by

various inscriptions, which had been found, from time to time, within the ancient walls, or in the immediate vicinity, of the city. These were the property of the corporation; but had been hitherto unaccountably neglected: they were dispersed in various nooks and corners; obscured with dirt; and exposed to constant mutilation. I sighed when I beheld them; but kindled, at the same moment, with the *great idea*, not only of attempting their rescue from darkness, dishonour, and oblivion; but of exalting them, through the *medium of the press*, into public notice; and crowning them with their rightful celebrity and admiration. My views were speedily communicated to Dr. Harington, a leading member of the Body Corporate, who highly approved the plan; and laid it, with his sanction, before the chamber. A formal authority was speedily awarded to me, to take what measures I pleased with the fragments: and the corporation, with that liberality which always characterises their public acts, directed, that proper apartments should be prepared to receive the remains; and voted, at the same time, that the expenses of the Dissertation which I proposed to publish respecting them, should be defrayed out of their chest. I lost no time in commencing and prosecuting my labours; and, (assisted by two able friends) had to report, in the course of a few months, that all the spe-

cimens of Roman masonry were purified ; removed, and arranged ; the inscriptions interpreted ; and the Dissertation printed. It is somewhat singular to say, that the most tedious, difficult, and vexatious part, of this very humble imitation of cleansing the Augean stable, was the *correction* of the *proof sheets* of my printed work. The worthy typographer, (Mr. Meyler, Editor of the *Bath Herald*,) into whose hands the manuscript was placed by order of the corporation, had, at that time, but one compositor for general business. That the youth of this *man of letters*, had been past, unblessed by any intercourse with the Muses, I argued from his utter ignorance of Greek and Latin, and his marvellous deficiency in his own vernacular language : and that *bad spirits* had acquired a fatal influence over his manhood, was clearly evidenced by the atmosphere which surrounded him, strongly impregnated with the fumes of British Geneva ; by the pallid character of his countenance ; and the *squalor* of his customary attire. He shook, moreover, like a plate of *blanc-mange*. In fact, such was the tremulousness of his hand, that, whilst *setting up* one letter, in his frame, he generally *knocked down* the two neighbouring ones. In vain did I carefully examine *proof* and *revise* of the same sheet : the correction of one mistake, invariably produced the appearance of two, when the pages



came again to my hands: so that, having, in vain, struggled against my fate through four sheets, I resolved to submit to it; and to content myself with cleansing the first proof from its most glaring errors, and then leaving it to chance and the compositor. The work at length saw the day \*, “with all its imperfections on its “head;” amounting, I should imagine, (for I never had the hardihood to count them) to 150 errata in 111 pages. What the *reviews* said of it (if, indeed, they thought it worth their notice) I am not aware: but, it certainly well deserved their castigation. My excellent and facetious friend, Dr. Stock, then Bishop of Killalla, (himself a profound classical critic) read the unfortunate volume, a few years after its publication; and with that speaking smile, so peculiar to himself, said good-humouredly to me: “Och! “my dear Warner, I see you are determined to “astonish the world as much by your *blunders*, “as your *discoveries*.”

But this literary trifle, with all its drawbacks, met with so much local approbation, as encouraged me to contemplate the manufacture of a far greater antiquarian article: no less, indeed,

\* The title of it was, “An Illustration of the Roman “Antiquities discovered at Bath,” &c. 1797. The interesting fragments have been presented to the Bath Literary Institution; and are now in that beautiful structure.

than the "History" of the city, whose *Roman Antiquities* I had attempted to illustrate. Again I consulted my friend Dr. Harington: and once more received his encouragement; together with a promise of the assistance of his communications. Mr. Cruttwell, my parishioner, and future printer, agreed to take upon himself, every expense connected with the work; the charges attending the collection of materials; of engraving the plates, &c. &c.; venturing his chance of reimbursement, out of the profits of the sale; and engaging to divide the surplus of such profits, should any arise, with the author of the volume.\* Royal patronage, it was reason-

\* I have much satisfaction in paying a tribute of respect and regard to the memory of one of the best men, with whom I was ever acquainted — the late Mr. Richard Cruttwell, of Bath, printer and editor, for 31 years, of the BATH CHRONICLE — a man of sound understanding; solid sense; considerable information; sincere, but sober piety; warm benevolence, and incorruptible integrity. As a PRINTER, his WILSON'S BIBLE establishes his reputation on a lasting basis. As a NEWSPAPER EDITOR, his BATH CHRONICLE, (conducted since his decease, in 1799, till within this twelvemonth, by his eldest son), sufficiently evidences his independence of spirit; consisting of principle — patriotic, honourable, and liberal feeling. As a MAN, he was beloved, not only by his immediate family, but by a wide circle of sincere friends; esteemed by his neighbours; and respected by his fellow-citizens. As a CHRISTIAN, he "walked humbly with "his God;" and the blessing of God was upon him. The BATH CHRONICLE was established, originally, in 1757. Mr. Cruttwell purchased it in 1768. Ever since his decease it

ably supposed, would confer both respectability and popularity upon the History; and John

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has continued to be, and still is, conducted upon the same honourable and discreet principles, which characterised it when under the direction of the deceased Mr. Cruttwell. I had much pleasure, for several years, in writing the "Newsman's New-Year's Address" for this excellent provincial paper: a few of these productions I have thrown into the Appendix.

The Rev. Clement Cruttwell, (brother of Mr. Richard Cruttwell,) lived for many years in Bath, and was one among my former friends. Originally brought up to physic, he had signalised himself by an able work on "The Treatment of Lying-in Women;" but, at the suggestion, (I believe,) of Dr. Wilson, (son of the well-known Bishop of Sodor and Man,) he took orders, and obtained the mastership of Lucas's Hospital, Berkshire, in the gift of the Grocers' Company. Few men have exceeded him in literary industry. He edited Wilson's Sermons, and prefixed to them a short life of the excellent Bishop. To him, also, the public are indebted for the collation and arrangement of the parallel passages in Wilson's Bible. His *CONCORDANCE* is a monument of consummate patience, unwearied perseverance, and stupendous labour; and his *GAZETTEER*, is, unquestionably, the most comprehensive and useful work of that description in the English language.

I cannot but linger for another moment, (though my heart saddens the while,) on the long list of the late Mr. Richard Cruttwell's family and descendants, whom it has been my lot to visit, both as a friend and a minister, in the most awful crisis of human existence; but, truly may I say, that, in my long and frequent intercourse with the sick and the dying, I have never seen more striking examples, of patience and resignation; holy hope, and humble affiance; than in these (many, alas! too early,) victims of the grave.



Palmer, Esq., who then represented the city of Bath, and whom I had the pleasure of knowing\*, obligingly engaged to solicit his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for the honour of his name, as patron of the work. The Prince condescendingly assented to the application: and I commenced my operations of collecting, arranging, compiling, and composing. Nor were my pains

\* I embrace, with pleasure, an opportunity of offering my meed of respect, to the memory of the late John Palmer, Esq., whose personal kindness bound him to his friends; and whose public services merit the gratitude of his country. He was born at Bath, in 1742. His education, though not classical, had been respectable; but his mind made up every scholastic deficiency, by its clearness, vigour, steadiness, and solidity. A heart, honourable, generous, and sympathising; and manners, cheerful, courteous, and kind, — completed a character at once estimable and rare. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that, to him, our country is indebted for a system of *letter-carriage*, which the world had never witnessed before, and which it does not equal: a system which works with the precision and certainty of a clock, and receives and delivers millions of letters, almost at a given minute, in every city and town through the United Kingdom. A considerable time elapsed before Mr. Palmer's promised remuneration was settled and allowed by Parliament. A grant, at length, was made of 50,000*l.* as his reward, independently of a pension before allowed to him of 3,000*l.* per annum. His son, General Palmer, (then one of the representatives of Bath), strenuously exerted himself in the House for the settlement of the business; and, justly distinguished as he is, on other accounts, never appeared, perhaps, in a more honourable light, than when he thus, ably, eloquently, and feelingly, advocated his father's claim on the gratitude, honour, and justice of his country.



or assiduity inconsiderable, for I visited Oxford and Cambridge for materials: the British Museum; and other public libraries; penetrated into the Augmentation Office; and was *shut up in the Tower*.

In the course of two years, the "History of Bath" appeared: and was received with decent civility by the public; with the exception however, of a very rough salutation from the *Critical Review*. This castigating article, the production of *Whitaker*, the Manchester historian, was as harsh and uncouth, as the character and figure of its writer. He thought that he discovered the *cloven-foot* of *Whiggism*, in some hole or corner of the work; and being at that time (for those were days of excitation) half-cracked with ultra-loyalty, he vented his spleen at the *politics*, by a fierce attack upon the composition. The discomposure however, occasioned by this uncivil treatment, was quickly dispersed, and amply repaid, by the approbation which the royal patron was pleased to bestow, upon the undertaking, completion, and presentation, of the volume. This was notified to me, by the following letter from the late Colonel M'Mahon: and where is the author, who would not have stood two inches faller, on reading the delicious sentence with which it concluded?

“ Carlton House, January 13, 1801.

“ SIR,

“ I was honoured with the receipt of  
“ your letter ; and with the work you have dedi-  
“ cated to the Prince of Wales.

“ I took the earliest moment to present to his  
“ Royal Highness the book you had the good-  
“ ness to entrust to my care ; and have it in  
“ command from the Prince, to make you his  
“ sincere acknowledgments, for the very hand-  
“ some mark of personal attachment you have  
“ manifested towards him, in dedicating to His  
“ Royal Highness, a work of *such infinite merit*  
“ and *research* ; and so *justly entitled to universal*  
“ *esteem and approbation.*

“ I have the honour to be, Sir,

“ With great regard and respect,

“ Your very obedient Servant,

“ Rev. Mr. Warner.”

“ J. M<sup>C</sup>MAHON.”

Before dismissing my “ History of Bath,” however, it is quite due to it, that I should observe, the above letter was not the only *royal honour* conferred on this publication. It was its high fortune, to blush once more in *red morocco*, in the hands of an illustrious member of the most illustrious family in England. When her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and the Princess Elizabeth, honoured the city of Bath with their presence in the year 1817, all due preparations were very properly made by the civil authorities of the

place, to receive their august visitors with every mark of respect; and to manifest towards them every testimony of loyalty and affection. I also prepared my *nuzzar*, (as the Hindoo would call his offering of fruits or flowers to the *Nawab*,) on the auspicious occasion. My "History of Bath," (the reader will doubtless think of "the benefit bill" of "Master Apollo Daggerwood,") bound in a right royal manner, was the present, which I begged leave to have the honour of tendering to Her Majesty; inclosing within its superb covers, a *manuscript poem*, written by myself, in allusion to the royal visit. The humble gift was accepted; a letter of thanks returned through the lord in waiting; accompanied by a notification, that, on such a day, at such a time, I should join the party, in the Pump Room; who were then to be presented to the Queen. The group assembled at the appointed hour, "black spirits and grey;" of various grades, ages, and aspects, awaiting the coming of the royal party. Ere long, Her Majesty and the Princess appeared; took their glasses of water, and placed themselves in the centre of the circle. My turn of presentation speedily arrived — I gave my best bow, and received a gracious courtesy. The Queen looked down, and spoke so low, that I could catch only a few of her words; but, they were words of mighty import — *learned work — ingenious poem!* I

certainly should have been half suffocated with vanity, at this high praise of my *History* and *verses*, had not I, most fortunately, at the very moment when Her Majesty lauded the *latter*, caught the countenance of the Princess; whose compressed lips, struggling to restrain a smile; and laughing eye, speaking outright the merriment of her fancy; checked the rising ebullition, by fully convincing me, there were *some* present, who did not give me credit for such high poetical inspiration, as the Queen had been pleased to attribute to the HISTORIAN OF BATH.\*

\* That the reader may participate in the amusement of this amiable and excellent princess — I have introduced my manuscript poem into the Appendix. I was glad to have an opportunity of affording a higher gratification to the Queen and Princess, than the presentation of my book; by lending to them an exquisite, highly-finished, miniature, full-length portrait, of the ever-to-be-lamented late PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

It was returned with the following note:—

“ Mr. Disbrowe presents his compliments to Mr. Warner. He returns the picture of the Princess Charlotte. The Queen and Princess Elizabeth were obliged to Mr. Warner for a sight of it, Mr. Disbrowe begs leave to return his best thanks for the Old Church of England Principles, which Mr. Warner was so good as to send to him.

“ Bath, December 20, 1817.”

The late Col. Disbrowe was a very amiable, worthy, and agreeable man. I saw him several times during the Queen's stay in Bath. He came up to my residence at Widcombe Cottage, one morning, to receive the miniature. Mistaking the back for the front door, he flew through the kitchen, (to the astonishment of the cook,) like a meteor; and dashing



It was many years after the publication of my "History of Bath," before I attempted any other

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into my study, without any announcement, he surprised me, —not poring over my books, nor dallying with the muses, but,—in a morning-gown and workman's apron covered with glue and shreds, (like a tarred-and-feathered transatlantic custom-house *officer*), making a *perspective box* for my two daughters. What a *phenomenon* to report to the Queen, and Princess Elizabeth!!! Seeing me a little confused at his forcible entry, he, good-humouredly, said, "Oh, don't be disturbed. When you call on me in London, it's a hundred to one, if you don't find me making a *peep-show* for my children." The miniature painting above alluded to, was executed by the well-known and justly celebrated Miss Jones, who lived in Mount Street, Berkeley Square. It was lent to me, and I returned it with the following lines. Miss Jones, (who was much beloved by the princess,) read them to Her Royal Highness, who was pleased to express her pleasure and approbation.

Hail! gifted pencil! skill'd to trace,  
 With more than mimic art,  
 The characters of Charlotte's face —  
 The mirror of her heart;

And, by thy magic tints, create  
 The counterpart of mien:  
 And, rarer still, delineate  
 The qualities within!

For well those beaming eyes bespeak,  
 That sense and sweetness join'd  
 The Royal Maid adorn; and make  
 The features of her mind!

And well that noble form displays  
 The dignity of soul!

(strictly speaking,) antiquarian work. My "History of the Abbey of Glaston," in one vol. royal quarto, then appeared:" but as it is a recent publication, I consider it in the light of a *living character*, and consequently, not an object of remark.

In the beginning of the year 1798, I entered upon a new *walk* in literature, and published a *Pedestrian Tour* into Wales; an agreeable excursion, which I had made with my friend Richard Cruttwell, Esq., during the preceding autumn. The circumstance which gave rise to this expedition is worthy a remark.

The papers had announced, that Thaddeus

Which, call'd to rule in future days,  
Shall rule with mild controul.

Oh! may the guardian care of Heav'n  
Protect such loveliness!  
And when, by God, the sceptre's given,  
May God that sceptre bless.

My name was already known to her Royal Highness. I had written, preached, and published, a sermon, after the battle of Waterloo, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the slain. More than 100*l.* were collected at the church doors. I sent a copy of it to Dr. Fisher, then Bishop of Salisbury. In his answer to my letter he says —

— "This must be my apology for having so long delayed to thank you for your very excellent sermon, preached on the day of the thanksgiving. I was so much pleased with it, that I read it to *my Royal Pupil.*"

"Windsor, July 29, 1814."

Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, had arrived at Bristol, and was lodged in the house of Mr. Vanderhorst, a foreign consul in that city.

The reader may possibly recollect, that this glorious man was originally a poor gentleman of Brzeschi, in Poland : that he had served, in North America, under Washington ; and afterwards, during the troubles in Poland, had been elected Chief of the Confederacy ; and appointed to the command of the Polish army, which was mustered to resist the unjust aggressions of the Russians ; and defend the devoted country. All that man could effect, in the honourable and important post to which he had been raised, Kosciuszko performed ; and if he could not command success, he at least deserved it, from the sincerity of his principle ; the gallantry of his spirit ; the vigilance, discretion, and heroism of his conduct. But, the *fiat* had passed, that Poland should be conquered and dismembered. On the 5th of October 1794, the unequal battle was fought, at Matchevitz in Poland, between the Baron de Fergen and his myriads, and the little patriotic band commanded by Kosciuszko, which decided the fate of the hero and his country. When six thousand of his adherents lay dead at his feet ; and sixteen hundred more, were either wounded or captured, he endeavoured to escape by the swiftness of his horse. He was overtaken, however, by a party of Cossacks : one

of whom, not aware of his rank, thrust a spear into his back, and he fell senseless to the ground. A monastery received him ; where, (his person being recognised,) surgical aid was administered, and proper attentions afforded him. When sufficiently restored for travelling, he was sent a prisoner to Petersburg. Here Kosciuszko remained, for some time, in confinement ; but being at length liberated, he determined to retire to America, and proceeded to Bristol, in his way to the United States.

Both my friend and myself burned to see and converse with, so exalted a character ; and having obtained an introduction to the Consul, who entertained the fallen General, we set out *on foot* to obtain the wished-for interview. The day was brilliant ; the country beautiful ; and from the heights which we ascended in our devious walk, the distant mountains of Wales, disclosed themselves in tempting perspective. We talked of the wonders and glories of this, to us, *terra incognita* : expressed a mutual wish to visit its mountains, rocks, and cataracts : agreed that a *pedestrian tour* through the principality, would be nothing more than the multiplication of a certain number of walks to Bristol and back again ; and finally determined, ere we reached the Consul's house, on "a walk through Wales ;" or, at least, through as much of it, as could be



traversed during the time that we could spare for the purpose.\*

Our reception by the Consul was polite. — He notified our visit and wish to the General; who requested that he might immediately see us. I never contemplated a more interesting human figure, than Kosciuszko, stretched upon his couch. His wounds were still unhealed, and he was unable to sit upright. He appeared to be a small man, spare and delicate. — A black silk bandage crossed his fair and high, but somewhat wrinkled forehead. Beneath it, his dark eagle eye, sent forth a stream of light; that indicated the steady flame of patriotism, which still burned within his soul; unquenched by disaster, and wounds; weakness, poverty, and exile. Contrasted with its brightness, was the paleness of his countenance, and the wan cast of every feature. He spoke very tolerable English; though in a low and feeble tone: but his conversation, replete with fine sense, lively remark, and sagacious answers, evidenced a noble understanding, and a cultivated mind. On rising to depart, I offered him my hand: he took it. My eye filled with tears: and he gave it a warmer grasp. — I muttered something about “brighter prospects,” and “happier days.” — He faintly

\* We were out 18 days, and walked 462 miles; and, consequently, 26, upon the average, every day — *minus* six miles on the whole number.

smiled, and said, (they were his last words to me,) “ Ah! sir, he who devotes himself for his “ country, must not look for his reward on this “ side the grave!”

The reception of my first “ Walk through “ Wales,” ought to have afforded gratification to its author. It had that novelty, which usually ensures popularity; and a demand for a second edition, very speedily followed the publication of the first. In the course of four years, as many impressions were called for by the public. I may also say, that it originated a taste, among the younger part of my countrymen, for *pedestrian tours* into the principality: so that, since its appearance, the number of genteel *foot travellers* there, has, (as I have been informed) nearly equalled those, who have flown through its romantic and picturesque scenery, in the various vehicles of our country of everlasting migration, from the *one-horse-chaise*, to the barouche and four, with two out-riders. But, my “ Walk” did more than this, for it animated the *old* to resume the use of their legs; and inspired the *fair sex*, with a desire to emulate my exertions; or, (which I would rather believe) to follow my example. A retired medical friend of mine, who resided at Bath, and had long passed his grand climacteric; prevailed upon another senior at Southampton, to accompany him on foot, through the land of leeks and goats:

and three spirited young women of my own parish, set out, the year after my publication, with satchel on back, and staff in hand, to perform a similar pilgrimage. They actually reached Caernarvon, and would have effected the whole tour; had not one of them accidentally been severely indisposed, which obliged them to return, in a carriage, to Bath.

The acquisition of a very agreeable acquaintance, and a future correspondent, was one of the pleasant consequences of this pedestrian tour. I had spoken, in my volume, in warm terms of admiration (though by no means with that praise which they deserved) of Hafôd, the magnificent seat of Col. Johnes, in Cardiganshire, and of its generous owner — and with sympathy, of the case of a poor fellow, (our guide in conducting us through the grounds) who had been formerly in his employ, but had been dismissed for poaching. The “Walk” had been published only a few months, when I received a letter from the Colonel, expressing his thanks for the “flattering notice” which I had bestowed upon the place and himself; giving me the most flattering invitation to become his guest: and, what was still more gratifying to my feelings, informing me, that, in consequence of what I had said respecting the dismissed labourer, he had again received him into his favour and service.

In my ramble through Wales, in the ensuing autumn, I paid a visit to the Colonel: who received me, and my party, with the kindest courtesy; and entertained us, for two days, with unbounded hospitality. The house, and surrounding grounds, with all their various beauties, (which I had seen only imperfectly before,) were now minutely shewn to us. Every object was calculated to excite admiration: the exquisite Gobelin tapestry of his drawing-room: and the superb collection of books; with the unrivalled and tasteful apartment in which they were contained. We were delighted too, with his lovely and most accomplished, but delicate daughter; who, at the early age of 12 or 13, shone as a pattern of all that is intellectual, amiable, and attractive in the softer sex.—To be brief; for the two days which we spent at this delicious place, all was pleasure and enjoyment, splendid display, and princely cheer. In a few years, alas! how saddening was the change at Colonel Johnes's! A tremendous fire destroyed his mansion; consumed its gorgeous furniture; and reduced his matchless library to ashes: and still more grievous, because the result was irremediable, the arm of death deprived him of his only child; the idol of his heart; the object of his brightest hopes, and fondest wishes. I never saw him after this calamitous event; but, have understood, that it inflicted a wound on his



spirit, which was never healed, but in the grave.

On the sixth of August, 1798, I left Bath for a "Second Walk in Wales;" determined to visit those parts of the principality, which my limited term of absence, in the preceding year, had prevented me from exploring. My former companion was to meet me at Liverpool. Two other friends started with me from home. Our tour included a circuit of 783 miles; which we completed between the 6th of August and the 18th of September. An account of this expedition was published in the spring of 1799: and on the first of January, in the succeeding year, (the volume being out of print) a *second* edition made its appearance in the world.

The friends who accompanied me from Bath, were by no means every-day characters. It has seldom fallen to my lot, to meet with so interesting a youth, as the younger of them, (then only 18 years of age,) the late Clement Cruttwell, Esq., of Bath: nor shall I ever forget the delightful *naiveté*: infinite good-humour; sportive fancy; and ever-flowing cheerfulness and benevolence, of my other friend, the present William Johnson, Esq., Wine Merchant, of Bourdeaux.

The youth had never seen the sea, nor crossed the Severn. All beyond its banks, was a new world to him; and strange would it have been, had not the sunshine of his spirit under the

novel impression, been reflected by the feelings of his more mature and experienced companions. His delight at beholding the ocean, from the summit of Plinlimmon ; brought forcibly to the thoughts, the transport of the Greeks, when, in the celebrated retreat of the ten thousand, they beheld the element on which they were to be wafted to their native lands. — I would, that my mention of this estimable and intelligent young man, were associated in my mind, with no melancholy “recollections ;” but, the inscrutable counsels of Heaven had decreed, that the bright visions of his youth should be disappointed ; and the fair promise of lengthened happiness and certain fame, which his manhood held out, be obscured by protracted disease, and annihilated by a premature death. He left London, (after having walked the hospitals,) the favourite pupil of Sir Charles Blicke ; and the friend of Abernethy. His reputation had preceded him to Bath ; where, early, and highly-merited success, gave the assurance of speedy opulence. A young family bloomed around him ; and prosperity, under all its forms, seemed to shine upon his dwelling. It was the divine will, however, that the clouds should overshadow it. Mr. C. Cruttwell became ill : and symptoms, not to be mistaken, too soon convinced his anxious friends, that incurable consumption was his complaint. His sufferings were long and

distressing: but, like the refiner's fire, they only served to render his spirit more bright and pure, and "better fitted for its master's use." I was oftentimes beside his dying bed; and almost witnessed his departure. The scene, however, had its consolations, as well as its sorrows; for it was an exhibition of all those Christian graces, which, through redeeming love, are mercifully accepted as the passport to future bliss!

Mr. Johnson, my other *compagnon de voyage*, had lived chiefly in France; and associated all the *gaiété de cœur* of that sprightly nation, with all the sterling virtues of his old British stock. He was a perennial fountain of good spirits; blended excellent sense, with perfect *naïveté*; and sang, with a taste and voice, very rarely found, except in professors of the art. In early youth he had deeply imbibed the French revolutionary principles; enrolled himself among the national guards; and borne a commission in the republican army. For some time, he served under *Dumourier*; where he was efficient, not only as an officer, but as a *vocalist*; for, frequently, when his soldiers were exhausted with a march, or disgusted with an approaching service; he would mount on an ammunition waggon, or piece of ordnance; thunder out some of their national airs, with all his deep enthusiasm, and exciting animation; and, in a short time, dissipate their tedium or gloom, and revive all their

feelings of ardour and recklessness. Often, among the rocks of the valleys, and on the summits of the mountains in Wales, did we prevail upon our accomplished songster, to give us the sublime *Marseillois* Hymn, and the enlivening *Ca ira* ; and felt a *stirring within us*, which well accounted for the effect produced on the mad *sans culottes*, by the vocal powers of Mr. Johnson. His political delirium did not long continue. Awakened by the unprincipled ambition of the rulers ; and the sanguinary spirit of the more vulgar instruments, in this marvellous scene of moral and political disorganisation ; he turned from it in disgust ; quitted the army ; retired, with his father and family, from Bourdeaux ; came to Bath ; and remained in that city, till the peace of Amiens enabled the party to return to their concerns in France.

It was not the least of the pleasures which I derived from this tour, that I formed a most agreeable acquaintance with the late venerable, amiable, and celebrated *Mr. Pennant* ; experienced his hospitality ; and inspected his incomparable port-folios ; and the rich treasure of natural rarities which he had collected together, at *Downing*, his beautiful seat about three miles from Holywell.

The publication of “ A Walk through some of the Western Counties of England,” succeeded that which I have just mentioned. The tour



was commenced on the 1st of September 1799 ; concluded on the 21st of the same month ; and included within it, a distance of 386 miles. The account of it was published in 1800 ; embellished by two *aquatint engravings* ; which I mention, because the pleasing view of “ Culbone Church,” was executed by Alken, from a drawing by my friend *Mr. Backer*, who, at that time, stood at the head of our water-colour draughtsmen. I do not dwell with pleasure on the recollection of this tour. I was *alone* : a word, which sufficiently accounts for the imperfect satisfaction derived from every agreeable circumstance of the journey. The weather too was unfavourable. Deluges of rain fell towards the conclusion of my expedition ; and, for many miles around, the lower grounds of Somerset, exhibited the saddening picture, which I beheld on my return to Bath. “ The meadows around it, which, in the expressive language of Eastern poetry, ‘ laughed and sang’ with verdure and cultivation, when I set out on my walk, were now invisible ; and in their stead, appeared one wide, and troubled sheet of water. The labours of the husbandman were destroyed : the hopes of the harvest annihilated. A sky, dark, and heavy with deluges of rain, curtained in the scene ; while the sullen wind and muttering thunder, not ‘ loud but deep,’ proclaimed the tidings of aug-

“ mented storms, and aggravated horrors : pre-  
“ sent distress, and future want.”\* — (p. 220.)

During the intervals of my tours ; and, as the almost incessant occupations of my situation allowed seasons of relaxation ; I had amused myself with *excursions* from Bath, each confined to a distance of thirty or forty miles from the city. A great variety of very interesting objects came within my observation during these tours ; and the notes which I had taken of them were copious. These were seen by an intelligent friend ; who recommended to me, to frame, from them, *three independent excursions from Bath*, for the use of the visitors of that place ; which might not only direct their attention to the many magnificent seats, and spots of beautiful natural scenery in its vicinity : but, be considered as a necessary guide and companion, to these objects of curiosity. He assured me, at the same time, that he would assist the work, by giving me his observations on the numerous pictures and portraits, which

\* The publication of this “ Walk,” occasioned a correspondence, and subsequent acquaintance, between myself and the very accomplished late Rev. John Swete, of Oxton House, Devon. I give some of his letters in the Appendix, for the sake of those who may have purchased my “ West-ern Walk,” as they will correct certain errors, and supply some deficiencies in that volume. A few years after this “ Walk,” I published my “ Tour through Cornwall :” 1 vol. octavo ; but I recollect no circumstance connected with it worth mentioning.

I should have to describe in the course of it. I will not say, he “wrung from me my hard consent.” I willingly acceded to the suggestion; and in 1801, published “Excursions from Bath:” in one volume octavo.

The gentleman alluded to, had not passed through life without observation. Many will recollect the late Thomas Thompson, Esq.; for some time a representative in Parliament for the borough of Evesham. He was the illegitimate son of Levi the Jew, well known in the city and on the exchange. His father had given Mr. Thompson an excellent education: his genius was sprightly; and his taste in the arts, refined: but, he was to be classed rather among the *belle-lettres*, than the well-informed men; for, though he knew a little of most things, he was profound in none. Plunged, unhappily, in early manhood, into the vortex of fashionable dissipation, the most precious period of his life, had been wasted in worse than idleness: and he had to lament, and frequently did he lament, that the only “wages” he had earned from a wild course of lavish expenditure, were, an injured fortune, and a broken constitution. The munificence of his father to him, had been princely: but, it could not keep pace with his extravagance; for *play* was one among the many modes, by which he ruined his finances. Previously to my knowledge of Bath, Mr. Thompson had been in the habit of fre-

quenting that city, during the season. At that time, the late Lord Peterborough, was the *nucleus* of a knot of gentlemen, who were notorious for deep play, at a then celebrated club-room. Mr. Thompson obtained admittance to the party; but the precious privilege cost him 30,000*l.* \* He had seen, and deplored his error, ere I became acquainted with him: and, I believe, nothing would have tempted him, to have touched again either a card or a die. From the period of this loss, he devoted himself, as far as his shattered health would allow, to some of the lighter species of literature; and, amongst other of his quiet occupations, amused himself in *illustrating* Pennant's London; a pursuit, which, at that time, was very common among those who had a taste for the *elegances* of literature. He told me, that he had expended upon this volume, in rare prints and fine drawings, upwards of 700*l.*: and I have often looked over a folio belonging to him, which he called his "Blackguards," that had been fitted up, in a similar manner, at an expense of 200*l.* After residing for a considerable time at Bath, Mr.

\* I knew another victim to high play, at the same place, about 33 years since: a West-Indian gentleman, hospitable, generous, and honourable, as he was affluent. He had no propensity to the destructive practice, but was persuaded to adopt it as an amusement. He did so; and, in the course of a very short time, was obliged to quit Bath, with his wife and nine children, and retire beyond the Atlantic.



Thompson went to *Orleans*, a short time after the peace of Amiens ; and died 12 or 15 years ago. \*

My *pedestrian* tours terminated with the "Excursions from Bath:" but, I had long contemplated an expedition into the north of England, and through the southern counties of Scotland ; a plan which circumstances enabled me to execute, partially, in the summer of 1801. The results of this journey, were published

\* Mr. Thompson was very intimate with Dr. Beddoes. I had the pleasure of meeting this celebrated man, frequently, at my friend's lodging. Upon these occasions, (the trio only being present,) the Doctor would exercise those powers of conversation, with which he was highly endowed, but which he seldom displayed, in general society. His talk, however, was rather speculative and theoretical, than of acknowledged facts and established truths ; and took its colour from the visionary cast of his character. I have often thought of the resemblance, and, at the same time, the dissimilarity, between Dr. Beddoes and another acquaintance of mine, the late illustrious James Watt, of Soho : they were both men of the clearest intellect, rare sagacity, refined sense, extensive information, and penetrating genius ; but, here the likeness ceased ; for, to these attributes, Mr. Watt added, (what the other had not,) the steadiest understanding, and the most cautious judgment. The difference, in short, between them, might be stated to be this ; that, Dr. Beddoes was a most ingenious theorist, and Mr. Watt a sound practical philosopher ; and the consequence will be, that, after a season, the speculations of Dr. Beddoes will be thought of no more, while the useful inventions of James Watt ; and the various modes in which he has made philosophy a handmaid to the arts ; will render his name and reputation as lasting as British civilisation.

early in the year 1802; in two vols. octavo; under the title of "A Tour through the Northern Counties of England, and the borders of Scotland, by the Rev. Rd. Warner." The distance accomplished was 1157 miles.

Again I was most fortunate in a *fidus Achates*, as the companion of my *iter.*: my valued friend and correspondent, his present Excellency the Baron Verstolk de Soelen, Minister Secretary of State for the foreign affairs of the Netherlands; and late Dutch envoy and plenipotentiary, for several years, at the court of Petersburg. Should these pages ever meet his eye, I trust that the esteem and regard which dictated the following slight sketch of his very superior character and attainments, will, at once, excuse to him its insertion, and atone for its imperfection.

The Baron Verstolk de Soelen, is of a noble family in the province of Guelderland. His education had been domestic, and entrusted to a learned Swiss gentleman; a judicious and fortunate arrangement, which engrafted on the solid and sensible character of the Belgian, all the fine feeling and ardour, of the imaginative Helvetian. This excellent tutor, identified with, and highly regarded by, Mr. Verstolk's family; died previously to the expiration of the term of his engagement in it. The shock of the event, was, to the pupil, severe; and his remembrance of it long and bitter. In early manhood, my

accomplished friend came to England, where our acquaintance commenced; and after quitting it, visited some of the Continental countries. On his return to Holland, his talents were quickly perceived, and duly appreciated; and he was successively called, to take an active part in the affairs of the Netherlands, under the Grand Pensionary Schimmelpenninck; King Lewis; and the Emperor Napoleon. As soon as the union of the eighteen provinces, forming the present kingdom of the Netherlands, was established, the Chevalier Verstolk de Soelen, was first put at the head of the administration, for both parts of the province of Holland; and soon afterwards appointed governor of Guelderland. His situation was now difficult and delicate; for it became his duty, to exhibit to the French troops advancing towards the Dutch boundaries, a written protestation, against the Emperor Napoleon's infringement of the independence of the kingdom of Holland. The result of this remonstrance is well known: but Buonaparte, saw so much discretion, wisdom, and firmness, in the Chevalier's conduct on this and other occasions, that he invested him with the dignity of the prefecture of the province of Friezland; an office which he accepted on the purest principles of patriotism; as it enabled him to throw himself, like a shield, between the rigors of the conqueror's system, and the rights,

persons and property of his countrymen. In the spring of 1815, M. Verstolk took possession from the allied powers, in the name of the king of the Netherlands, of the great dukedom of Zuremburg; and of the divisions of the provinces of Liege, Limburg, and Namur, situated on the right side of the Maese: and organised the whole of that district; which, for some days, was left open to the French, after the battles of Ligny and Waterloo. The consummate judgment which he had exercised, during the arduous circumstances, and in the difficult situations in which he had been placed, was noticed and approved by his discerning sovereign: who, in the winter of 1815, appointed him to the important office of Dutch envoy to the court of Petersburg; where he remained for several years; and acted as one of the negotiators, and signers, of the marriage-articles, between the Prince of Orange, and the Grand-Duchess Anna Pawlowna. On his return from Russia, his royal master honoured him with the office of Minister Secretary of State for the foreign affairs of the Netherlands, which situation the Baron Verstolk de Soelen still retains. \*

\* There is not, perhaps, a potentate in Europe, more alive to the high duties of his responsible situation, or more diligent in his performance of them, than the present King of the Netherlands. To the great object, of *wisely governing* his people, all his time is arranged, and all his habits



The numerous objects of curiosity which our "Northern Tour" embraced; scenes of the most picturesque beauty, and magnificent character; the noblest models of architecture, and the richest specimens of art; afforded a high degree of pleasure to both the travellers: but, certainly should be recollected by myself, with peculiar satisfaction; as they were associated with the remarks of a man of most correct and refined taste, who viewed the one, with the enthusiasm of genius; and analysed the other, with the sagacity of a connoisseur.\*

It was an unfortunate circumstance, that a severe indisposition, experienced by both of us,

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adapted. His vigilant eye is upon every wheel of the great political machine of his country: and his ready attention afforded to every project of improvement, or call for redress. He appears to consider the prosperity of his subjects, as an essential constituent of his own personal comfort and happiness. A thorough man of business, and an acute observer, himself, he can duly appreciate the talents of other men, for active employment; fathom their integrity, and estimate their personal character: and is, consequently, in no danger of being deceived by ignorance, duped by craft, or intimidated by presumption.

\* It was at the instance of His Excellency the Baron Verstolk de Soelen, that I received a diploma from "the Imperial Cæsarean Society of Natural History at Moscow," constituting me an Honorary Member of that Institution, on the 15th of February, 1818; and another from "the Dutch Society of Sciences at Harlem," notifying a similar honour conferred on me, the 22d May, 1819.

arising from colds taken at Bamborough Castle, Northumberland, curtailed our journey, and obliged *me* to relinquish the idea of the tour into Scotland. My companion, who had less illness, and, possibly, more energy than myself; left me, at my request, at Berwick-upon-Tweed, to pursue his route to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and to meet, or wait for me, at “merrie Carlisle.” I mention the circumstance, because it is connected with a striking illustration of the doctrine of *association*; that mysterious principle of man’s complex nature, which binds in indissoluble union, certain emotions of the mind, with certain impressions on the organs of the senses; and, spite of distance in time or place, revives the one in the soul, when the other is presented to our physical system. — I was stretched upon my bed, when my friend departed for Edinburgh, early in the morning. The day passed in silence and solitude; unbroken and unvaried, save by the hollow voice, and gaunt presence of the man of physic. I had been lowered by a discipline, which would have humbled the pride, and diminished the strength, of the stoutest of the horse grenadier guards. The idea of a gulf, three hundred miles wide, between me and my family, suddenly intruded itself into my fancy; and brought in its rear, “a grisly troop” of wild and mournful notions, of — “a land of “strangers;” “a neglected sick bed;” and “a

“foreign funeral.” In short, if those ill-conditioned, but happily, invisible entities, commonly ccleped *blue devils*, ever visited the couch of a languishing man, they assuredly, at this time, had entire possession of me. The shades of evening, only increased “the gloomy habit of “my soul;” the curfew tolling the *knell* of *parting day*, was converted by imagination, into a certain prognostic of *my own* speedy dismissal; when, to complete the conquest of my little remaining fortitude, the band of an invalid regiment, quartered in Berwick, marched slowly under my chamber window, playing with exquisite taste and pathos, the beautiful national air — *Farewell to Lochaber*.

The reader may imagine, as he pleases, of the *effect* produced on my mind, *at the time*, by this additional drop of bitter to my cup of melancholy; I will only assure him, that, ever *since* that period, this tune, whenever I have heard it, has thrown a deep shade of sadness over my spirits.

One of the most agreeable occurrences of the “Northern Tour” to myself and companion, was our introduction to Mr. Coleridge; and his delightful society for three or four days, amid the romantic scenery of the lakes of Cumberland.\* It is quite possible, that this highly-

\* The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Coleridge, was during the year previous to the peace. The ex-

gifted man, may have long forgotten our ramble over those healthy mountains, and through those smiling valleys, in which his soul once delighted; — our call at the peaceful retreat of Wordsworth, — and our visit to Buttermere, and its ill-fated maiden: but, “the wear and tear” of thirty years, have not obliterated from *my* memory, these and other incidents of our temporary intercourse: impressed upon it, as they were, by the charms of his conversation; the flashings of his genius; the simplicity of his manners; and the ardour of his benevolence.\*

cellent poet parted from me with a *pun*. I observed that his *diameter* was increased since we met, and that he bore before him a striking prognostic of future obesity. — “True,” said he, stroking the ample rotundity: “but, you must re-  
“collect, my dear sir, that these are *belligerent* times.”

\* The recollection often occurs to my mind; and it is redolent of the purest satisfaction, that the circumstances of my life, have introduced me to the acquaintance or intimacy, of some of the most gifted poets of the day: the intellectual and philosophical WORDSWORTH — the soaring and radiant COLERIDGE — the talented and lettered SOUTHEY — the pure, natural, and original CRABBE — the melodious, touching, imaginative, and moral BOWLES — men who have enlisted *Genius* in the cause of Piety, Virtue, and Philosophy; and, at once, delighted and bettered mankind:

— *Pii Vates, et Phœbo digna locuti —  
Quique sui memores alios fecêre merendo.*

To this brilliant list of the sons of song, I may add the name of a female writer, (known to me from her infancy, as were her parents before her,) whose powers of composi-



I pass over some intervening years, and several lighter publications, of spare dimensions,

tion are as various, as, (I had almost said,) unrivalled: who blends, (in uncommon union,) exquisite pathos, with the most *naïve* humour, and irresistible comicality; whose pen produces, alternately, the most original prose, and beautiful effusions of poetry; and whose pencil can transfer to paper, with surprising effect, the grotesque forms and laughable figures created by her sportive but innocent fancy — the authoress of “ELLEN FITZ ARTHUR” — “THE WIDOW’S TALE,” &c. &c.; and one of the most accomplished occasional contributors, to Blackwood’s powerful, and entertaining, Magazine — CAROLINE BOWLES.

I must not forget to mention a remarkable instance of the tenaciousness of Mr. Coleridge’s memory, which occurred to my observation, during the time we were together in Cumberland. I mentioned the pleasure I had received from his poems. He spoke of them, not merely modestly, but, as I considered, disparagingly. I ventured to differ from him widely: and quoted some passages of high merit. Among others, I repeated the opening of his “Ode to the Departing Year;” and remarked on the felicitous use of the epithet, “beautiful,” in that well-known line: —

“And stood up, *beautiful*, before the cloudy seat.”

He demurr’d as to the merit of the line, but said, he had introduced the same epithet more happily into another poem. I demanded “which?” “It was not printed, nor a word of it committed to paper.” — “Could he repeat the line?” He recited a stanza. — “Did he recollect more of it?” He repeated a long poem: about a year after this, Mr. Coleridge dined with me at my house near Bath. In the evening I reminded him of the pleasure which he had afforded to myself and friend, by the repetition of a poem among the mountains of Cumberland. “Had he printed it?” — “No.” — “Would he give me a copy of it?” — “It was not written down.” — “Could he

and only temporary interest ; and consign to oblivion, my "Miscellanies," in two vols. duod. because, I have literally forgotten what their contents might be ; and my "Illustrations of "the Waverley Novels," three vols. octavo ; inasmuch, as the mighty master himself, having taken into his own hands, this necessary completion of his marvellous series of bewitching publications ; my poor *avant courier*, may as well be dismissed, from the recollection both of myself and others. I would, however, invite the attention of the reader, for a few minutes, to the *last* of those of my publications, which, (with the exception of the "Illustrations of the Waverley Novels," and the History of Glaston "Abbey,") are not strictly *professional*, since it will lead me to the particular mention of a departed man of letters, the late Rev. Dr. SAMUEL PARR ; whose name must ever be associated, with much that is good and great in human character.

It had often occurred to my mind, that a periodical *publication*, in the nature of a *magazine*, might be established at Bath, with every prospect of its being well supported, by the large stock of *lighter talent*, which forms the staple

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"oblige the ladies by reciting it?" This he very readily and obligingly did. It met with great applause ; and, in about two years, appeared in print, under the title, I believe, of "Cristabel."

commodity of the place ; and by that crowd of "gentlemen who write at ease," which is found in Milsom-street or the Pump-room, during its season of fashionable resort. In the summer of 1814, my plan, (sketched and matured, exclusively, by myself, having no co-operation save my printer,) was submitted to the public of Bath, Bristol, and Cheltenham. The proposals indicated, that a number of the work, price 1s. would appear every fortnight ; and the *introduction* to the first number, explained in the following terms, the *nature* of the *subjects* intended to be discussed in this periodical *melange* : —

"RELIGION. — Deeply sensible of the seriousness of this subject, and equally aware of its importance, we would not profane its sanctity by mingling it with lighter themes. Neither anxious to proselyte to any particular party of christians, nor desirous of dogmatising with respect to any particular religious opinions ; we shall not admit into our plan, the discussion of controverted points of theology, nor the consideration of disputed passages of Holy Writ : but content ourselves, with offering occasionally to our readers, such proofs of the authenticity of the Scriptures, and illustrations of their text, as arise from a comparison of the state of manners in the oriental world, in the present day, with that described in the Bible ; drawn from the accounts of those, who have enjoyed the opportunity of per-

sonally remarking the customs and habits of the inhabitants of the East, and of becoming acquainted, on the spot, with their notions, opinions, and traditions.

“MORALS. — That every literary work should have a tendency to discountenance vice, and give confidence to virtue, is a principle which we hold to be true and sacred. But, as in all objects of human pursuit, there are more modes than one, of obtaining the end in view ; so, in the business of reformation, we would willingly adopt that method, which works its effect through the medium of the *agreeable*. In a word, we would unite the *utile* with the *dulce* ; exercise the feathery rod of Horace, rather than the cat-o'-nine tails of Juvenal ; or, to come nearer our own times, imitate (if it were within our ability) the elegant raillery of Addison ; in preference to the “grave saws” of the powerful, but tremendous Johnson. But, even in the exercise of this gentle instrument of moral correction, we shall be careful not to lay ourselves open to well-grounded charges of offence. Our pages will never be disgraced by *personalities* ; nor, when they castigate the vice, or ridicule the folly, will they ever descend, to indicate the man.

“CRITICISM.—Had we the sagacity of a Bentley, or the brilliancy of that great Northern constellation, yclept the Edinburgh Review, (which, for the roughness of its grasp, may well be likened unto



the *Ursa Major*,) we should, notwithstanding; direct our critical touchstone, rather to the discovery and display of beauties, than to the detection and exhibition of faults. Though we by no means concede to the assertion of Voltaire, who, with his characteristic spleen, used to assert, that “ Reviewers attacked every day that which “ was best, and praised that which was worst ; “ and converted the noble profession of letters, “ into a trade as base and despicable as themselves ; ” yet, we cannot but consider them, as sometimes exercising their assumed power with more severity, and less impartiality, than become a bench of *English Judges* ; and would, consequently, willingly avoid any approximation to such *unconstitutional* tyranny. We promise indeed to our patrons, that our observations on the works of others, shall be always characterised by that spirit of lenity, which we should wish others to exercise on our own, were they of sufficient importance to be arraigned at the bar of criticism ; and that, in delivering these our remarks, we shall ever feel, that we are handling a matter of the *greatest delicacy* ; a matter that involves “ the food and raiment,” and (to some happy few) what is still dearer than both food and raiment, the literary fame, of those who cater for the intellectual appetite of the public.

POETRY. — Popular as the Muses are amongst us in the present day, we should deem it our

duty, were it not our inclination, to offer occasional sacrifices on their altar; and, ever and anon, to adorn our pages with the flowers of Parnassus. We would not, however, wish to propitiate the genius of modern inspiration: nor suffer our imagination to wander into the “darkness visible,” and “palpable obscure,” of modern song. For to say the truth, the opinion we entertain of too many of our contemporary brother bards is somewhat low; nor can we help considering them in the light of sponges, filled with dirty water; which, squeezed by the rough hand of necessity, or the gentler pressure of vanity, pour out their streams vapid and foul; either neutralised by mock sentiment and sickly sensibility, or (like the witches’ broth in *Macbeth*) turbid by the admixture of every moral and physical monster; —

“ By all prodigious things,  
 “ Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
 “ Than fables yet have feign’d, or fear conceiv’d,  
 “ Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimæras dire.”

MILTON.

Our aim, on the contrary, would be to catch, were it within our reach, the mantle of the spirit of the *old school*; and to endeavour to transfuse into the poetical productions of the *Omnium Gatherum*, *something like*—the fine sense of Pope; the dignity of Dryden; the feeling of Thom-

son ; the simplicity and force, the sublimity and piety, of the incomparable Cowper.

ANECDOTE. — This article, in all its species, literary, biographical, personal, and historical, will fill a large space in our sheets. It is a food that suits all palates, and is agreeable at all seasons. Here, satiety does not follow repetition, nor is disgust the consequence of repletion. The age itself is a *story-telling* one ; and we may indulge, therefore, our propensity to this sort of gossip, without fear of fatiguing our readers ; particularly when we apprise them, that the subjects of our anecdotes shall be *actual entities* ; and the want of *point* be always compensated by the make-weight of *truth*.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER. — Antiquities, translations, original correspondence, and such other subjects as are not comprehended under the foregoing heads, will engage our frequent notice. Somewhat time-worn and old-fashioned ourselves, we feel peculiar satisfaction, in tracing the vestiges, rummaging the records, and exploring the arcana of “*elder days*.” *Antiquities* therefore, more especially such as are national or local, may be expected as a frequent article ; and should our natural generosity be kept alive by a popular reception of our work, the reader will frequently be indulged with an engraving, illustrative of the subject in discussion.

The first Number of the *Omnium Gatherum* (for such was the inauspicious name of my Periodical,) appeared in October 1814; and, fully assured in my own mind, of its immediate popularity, and future fame, I ventured to print no less than 750 copies! Nobody, however, save my typographer, had reason to rejoice in this weighty impression. The sale did not exceed 150 numbers; and no notice, public or private; good, bad, or indifferent, was conferred upon my unhappy production. I soon found, indeed, that (as in the History of Hampshire,) I had miscalculated my own powers. The contributions to my *Omnium Gatherum* were slow and few; and to work out a number of it, every fortnight, in the laboratory of my own solitary brain, was more than I could stand for any length of time. The demand, moreover, for the several numbers, fearfully decreased, as they successively came out; so that the counter of my printer, was relieved only from thirty-four of the seventh and last *Omnium Gatherum*. I deemed it prudent, therefore, to close my account with my mechanical and only assistant; and dropped my pen with the following FAREWELL to my reader: —

“*Jacta sit alea!*” exclaimed Cæsar, after a night of terrible deliberation, when he had determined to pass the Rubicon. ‘The die is cast!’ say



the editors of the *Omnium Gatherum*, after a little prudential consideration ; and the connection between their work and its readers must, from the present moment, cease for ever. Not that they are become weary of their periodical labours, or feel less pleasure in carrying them on, than they experienced in commencing them ; but, they have seen too much of the world, to be ignorant that *expensive amusements* must end in ruin ; and are aware, that as the carriage-wheel is at length worn out by ceaseless revolution, unless it be supplied with its due proportion of unctuous matter — so, cheerful labour must eventually be converted into intolerable toil, if it be not animated and encouraged, by a moderate and equitable share of reward. What should have occasioned that trifling demand for their work, which renders the resolution of discontinuing it imperative, they, like all other unsuccessful speculators in the line of authorship, are at a loss to conjecture. It *may* be, that the *quantity* of the matter contained in their respective numbers, is not adequate, in the popular estimation, to the price demanded for each ; particularly at a time when the load of corn is lessening in value, and the quartern loaf enlarging in bulk ; and when, consequently, a shilling's worth of literature, should be nearly double the size of its dimensions two years ago. It *may* be,

that the nature of their communications is not suited to the *public taste*; which, entirely occupied with subjects useful, improving, or profound, turns with contempt, from themes of a lighter and less instructive description. Or it *may* be, as one of our most sensible correspondents has suggested, “that our papers are somewhat too serious and religious for common readers; and too free from party spirit and fanaticism, for the bigot and righteous overmuch.” Whatever the *cause* of our unpopularity, however, may be, the *effect* is fatal to the continuance of the *Omnium Gatherum*: we therefore drop our pen, and take our leave, in perfect good humour with those who have *not* patronised our work; with deep feelings of gratitude towards the *very few* friends who have encouraged it; and with the pleasing reflection, that on a serious and last revision of what the *Omnium Gatherum* contains, we do not perceive a single sentiment in it, which we could wish had been omitted; or find even a solitary line, that we are desirous to expunge. On this subject we shall sleep *in peace!*”

I had, for several years, bestowed but little thought on my *Omnium Gatherum*, after its failure; save by occasionally recollecting it, with that mingled emotion of sorrow and resentment, which a man feels, when he recals the memory

of one whom he has loved, but by whom he has been deceived; when, on looking over the printed catalogue of my late lettered friend, Dr. Parr's, library, I saw the following mention of this almost "still-born" production:—

*Omnium Gatherum*, &c. ("very entertaining; and published, I believe, by Mr. Warner.")\*

The terms of approbation bestowed upon the *OMNIUM GATHERUM*, by a literary Rhadamanthus, who would not have permitted its delinquencies to go unpunished, had it borne many imperfections on its head; suggested, for a moment, the idea of republishing it, under another name, and in another form; but, with the morrow, came better thoughts— I determined not to venture its shipwreck a second time; but content myself with embracing the first auspicious opportunity which might occur, of offering to the amateurs of "light reading," a few articles from a publication, which, from the narrowness of its sale, may almost be regarded, in the light of an original manuscript.†

I have already observed, that the *OMNIUM GATHERUM* would induce a recollection of the

\* Bib. Par. p. 525.

† Two or three papers from the *Omnium Gatherum*, will be found in the Appendix. A considerable part, also, of the "biographical sketch," of the Rev. William Gilpin, is extracted from the same work.

second Greek scholar of the generation which has passed away : but as Cervantes said of his celebrated hero's answer to the ecclesiastic :

*Pero esta respuesta capitulo por si merèce :*

the late Dr. Samuel Parr “deserves a chapter  
“for himself.”



## CHAP. XVI.

IN estimating the merits and defects of those, to whom, while living, the attention of the public had been drawn, by their mental superiority, or transcendant acquirements; a due regard should ever be paid, to the *situations* in which they were placed, and the *circumstances* by which they were surrounded, in *early life*; since, it is quite in the course of things, that *these*, as they might have been favourable or adverse; unruffled or perplexing; should have given a deep tinge to the future character of the individuals; and marked them, through the whole of their sojourn, with the sunny manners, which are the natural reflection of a prosperous youth; or, with those sombre, unyielding, and impetuous *traits*, which almost necessarily result, from the mind being ill at ease, during that season of our years, when the most indelible impressions are made upon it.

In cases, where success has never encouraged the unfoldings of conscious talent: where hope, yet young, has not only been deferred till the heart sickened; but, altogether defrauded, of all its self-promised, and well-merited guerdons:

where pecuniary disabilities have checked the aspirings of juvenile genius ; and obstructed the energies of incipient study—it would indeed be a marvellous thing, were no weaknesses or foibles to attach to those, who have been subjected to such an inauspicious commencement of their career. On the contrary, we might most reasonably expect to find, a seasoning — of that *vanity*, which usually grows out of the individual's solitary contemplation of his own superior powers and attainments — of that *impatience of contradiction*, which too often attends the consciousness of unrivalled knowledge — of that rough, and repulsive *independence of spirit*, which generally results from the struggles of unaided labour — and of that *quickness*, or, perhaps, *fiercé of temper*, which, almost always springs out of the irritating conviction of unrewarded desert.

They, who were fortunate enough to be intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Parr ; who had studied him in the nakedness of his natural character ; who are aware of the disappointments and inconveniences, which clouded his “ hours of prime ;” and have sufficient insight into human nature, to know that the above-mentioned imperfections, must be the nearly inevitable consequences of such disadvantages — they, I repeat, will be fully prepared to acknowledge, that these foibles actually formed a part of the man

— that they, at times, lowered the dignity of his moral bearing; and lessened the charms of his social converse. But, admitting this, they will still contend — that the giant-strength of his intellect; the unparalleled exuberance of his mind; the profundity and comprehensiveness of his knowledge; the generous beatings of his heart; and the solid virtues of his life — his scriptural piety and evangelical charity; his integrity and sincerity; his kindness and benevolence; his steadiness in friendship, and liberality of sentiment; his sympathy with sorrow, and promptitude to relieve or mitigate it; his detestation of oppression, and dauntless efforts to redress it — richly redeemed all that was weak or little about him; and constituted one of those exalted characters, at once to be admired and beloved, which, like the *Oases* of the Arabian deserts, form rare, but refreshing spots of brightness and joy, in the wilderness of the moral world.\*

\* The two memoirs, which I have seen, of Dr. Parr, by his two friends — John Johnstone, Esq. M.D., of Birmingham, and the learned and laborious George Barker, Esq., of Thetford, Norfolk, — are pleasing proofs, that his character has been duly appreciated by those who knew him best: and are sufficient securities, that his memory and fame will be, in future, guarded from the attacks of malignity, the errors of misconception, and the mistakes of ignorance. Dr. Johnstone's portrait of Parr is drawn by the hand of a master, who has transfused a portion of the light, and life, and mind, of the original, into his own accurate representa-

Five and twenty years have passed away, since I first became acquainted with this remarkable man, through the introduction of a friend of his, and a connection of my own. This gentleman carried me to the Doctor's parsonage at Hatton. He was on the point at the time of our arrival of fulfilling a dinner engagement with Mr. Parke, of Warwick; and *insisted* (for he seldom requested), that we should be his *umbræ* at the festal table; which, he assured us, would be filled only with "good men and true." The day passed in choice hilarity: no cloud hung over us, save that produced by the Doctor's pipe. He was in high spirits; smoked manfully; talked abundantly; bandied some good quotations from Aristophanes with his future brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Eyre; rallied his *fellow-whigs* on their *disinterestedness* and *patriotism*; and gave two or three happy political toasts, bearing, with the keenest satire, on the public transactions of the day.

He had astonished, as well as delighted, his

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tion of it: while Mr. Barker's *Parriana*, (as far as the work has proceeded,) not only exhibits a correct likeness of the powers, virtues, and eccentricities of this extraordinary man; but, abounds with the most curious literary anecdotes, and entertaining biographical notices, of characters remarkable in the commonwealth of letters — cotemporary with the Doctor; and either directly, or indirectly, connected with himself or his writings.



new acquaintance ; — he saw it ; and, determined to convince me, that he was as much “ a Master “ of Arts ” as a Doctor of Divinity ; he again *insisted*, that I should mount the gig, and place myself under his guidance and direction as driver of the vehicle. I know not whether alarm or mirth were uppermost in my mind, during our ride of four miles : I can only say, that, while the circumstances which occasioned the one, are altogether forgotten, the object that tickled my fancy for half an hour, is quite clear at this instant to my mental vision — being no less than the celebrated Doctor himself, in his strange amorphous driving *hat*, his voluminous *wig*, his court-cut *coat*, and Marcella short *cassock* ; his elbows drawn in towards his sides, in opposition to all the laws of Jehu ; his right hand tugging at the off-rein, and flourishing a whip ; and his left one *at the other side of the gig*, managing, with equal grace and skill, the near rein. Altogether it was a phenomenon not to be paralleled, perhaps,

“ On the vasty round of this terrene : ”

I could not but observe, however, and the remark gave me pleasure, that the Doctor, who always “ dwelt among his people,” was too well known, and too much respected in the neighbourhood, to excite a sneer or a smile, from the

groups we passed; notwithstanding the Halo of oddities which he bore about him.\*

\* I once chanced to be the Doctor's sole companion, when we did not escape, so entirely, from that pointed remark, which even vanity itself would be unambitious to obtain. He was staying at Bath, a few years after the commencement of our acquaintance; and being invited to meet him at dinner, at the late Dr. Percival's, my learned friend had arranged, that I should conduct him *on foot*, to the place of entertainment, a distance of half a mile from his lodgings. I found him at the appointed time, (for he was rigidly *punctual*,) ready to set out: but, I confess, my heart sunk within me, when I reconnoitred his attire — a *spouted hat*, with its appropriate *rose* in front—an ill-fitting, bushy, every-day wig: (the dress one being borne in a box, by a *Tonsor*, who was to follow us;) and a coat of sober *purple*, ornamented, both before and behind, with a profusion of what are generally denominated *frogs*. In addition to all this finery, a rich *satin scarf* descended from the Doctor's shoulders; well secured in front, by being drawn through the horizontal loops, on the face of the coat. The weather was hot, and ever and anon, the Doctor marched, for some time, *without his hat*. I did not *often* look up as we passed through the gayest streets in Bath; but, in the occasional glances which I threw around me, I caught the pretty simper of the ladies, and the unmeaning stare of the dandies, at “the great “vision” — as well as the broad grin of the stationary chairman, or passing coachman.

The Doctor's sedulous care, and peculiar taste, with respect to his *visiting garb*, are not to be marvelled at, as he made no scruple to confess, that he was “fond of fine “clothes.”

I have said, that Dr. Parr was ever *punctual*. An inattention on *my* part, in this respect, incurred, in one instance, his serious indignation. I had promised to meet him at a certain hour at a friend's house, in order to accompany him on a morning visit. The day chanced to be wet. I had

The hilarity of the day was somewhat contrasted by a sombrous and unenlivened evening. The Doctor's first lady did not make it her study to render the parsonage agreeable either to himself or his friends. He completely characterised her, indeed, in two words, when, in his manuscript note on Dr. Priestley's Theological Repository, he says, "these six volumes were given by Dr. Priestley, to my late *sagacious* and *serious* wife, Jane Parr;" for whatever her other qualities might be, the most striking ones, certainly, were *acuteness* and *austerity*; the one exercised too frequently to make her agreeable; the other maintained too constantly to allow her

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waited till the shower ceased; and was a quarter of an hour "behind my time." I found him in the parlour of the house of appointment, sitting on a great chair, with his hat on, and his *umbrella spread over his head*, which he was rapidly twirling round; so completely had his displeasure gotten the better of his presence of mind. I attempted an excuse. "Sir," said the Doctor, "your behaviour will not admit of an excuse: inattention to an appointment is a grievous breach of morals." We made our morning call; but the Doctor spoke not a word to me. We adjourned to a friend's house to dinner. The Doctor still pretended as though he knew me not. We entered the dining-room — but here, the odour, or the sight, dissipated his displeasure. Turning towards me with his usual amenity: "Richard," said he, "come and sit by me. I forgive you for this once; but, don't do so again: it involves a lie as well as an incivility."

to be amiable.\* She did not, however, attend the breakfast-table on the ensuing morning; and the Doctor was again himself. The variety of topics which he discussed; the diction in which he clothed his observations; and the new and radiant lights which he threw upon the manifold subjects, were, to me, quite astonishing. One of these, in particular, he treated in the most luminous manner. I enquired respecting the objects of antiquarian celebrity in his neighbourhood. He ran rapidly over the list of ruined or ancient edifices, worth seeing; and launched out into a dissertation on general architecture, so eloquent and complete, that I could not but wish, either, that the "winged words" could have been arrested in their flight; or that I had possessed the memory of Woodfall, who could carry away in his mind, from the House of Commons, all the best speeches, of the best orators, without losing a tittle of their beauties. Considering architecture (like all other arts,) as originating in the necessities of man, he traced its progress from the wigwam and the hut, to the most august buildings of the most classical times; nicely discriminated its various styles; appropriated to each of these, its just claim to

\* Dr. Parr entertained the highest respect for the understanding of his first wife. He often said, that "she was wiser than himself; for," he has been heard to add, "she can confute Mackintosh, and I cannot."



the praise of taste ; dwelt long and warmly on the superior charms of the *gothic* ; its “ long-drawn aisles ;” clustered pillars ; “ crisped roofs ;” and “ storied windows ;” clearly deduced its elegant arch from the intersection of the Roman semicircular one ; pointed out the distinctions between the ecclesiastical, castelated, and domestic architecture of our ancestors ; marked the periods of its growth, perfection, and degradation ; and sent me off, incontinently, to survey the ruins of Kenilworth Castle ; the superb scene of the most splendid galas, of the most gorgeous reign in the English History — that of the lion-hearted Queen Elizabeth.

Occasional letters passed between Dr. Parr and myself, after my visit to Hatton ; but I did not again see him till the year 1805 ; when, at his express request, I met him at the White Hart Inn, in Bath, on an occasion, most calamitous to himself, and which drew largely on the sympathy of his friends.

His favourite daughter Catherine, long indisposed, had, by the recommendation of the physician, been removed to Teignmouth for change of air. But, her disorder (consumption,) baffling every endeavour to save her, the doctor was summoned into Devonshire, to attend her last moments, and close her eyes. On his way to the sea he announced to me by note, his passing through Bath, and the cause of his journey. In

a few weeks afterwards, I received from him the following letter : —

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I write this from Exeter, where I just  
 “ now arrived, in a mourning-coach. My heart  
 “ is almost broken. We shall be at Bath on  
 “ Thursday evening ; and I beg of you to be in  
 “ readiness to see me. I will send to Mr.  
 “ Cruttwell, for I know not the inn we go to ;  
 “ and if you are at his house, this will bring you  
 “ within my reach.

“ Pray convey by letter, or rather, have the  
 “ goodness personally to deliver intelligence of  
 “ the sad event, to Miss C. R., the intimate  
 “ friend of my beloved Catherine : her father  
 “ lives in or near Queen’s Square. Tell C. that  
 “ if it be possible for us to sustain the shock, we  
 “ shall send for her.

“ My wife, and only surviving daughter \* are  
 “ with me. [Turn over.] Pray insert, in some  
 “ Bath Paper, these words : —

“ Nov. 22d died at East Teignmouth,  
 “ Miss Catherine Jane Parr, younger daughter  
 “ of the Rev. Dr. Parr of Hatton, Warwick-  
 “ shire.

“ I am your sincere, and most

“ wretched well-wisher,

“ S. PARR.”

\* This daughter was the late Mrs. Wynne, a lady of remarkable talent. In the Appendix will be found a humorous letter written by her on the subject of vaccination.

“ All is changed — I cannot be at Bath till Friday ; mind this — I shall see you on Friday. — Remember C. R.”

I was prepared by the nature of the foregoing letter, to witness a scene of distress ; but, I had formed no accurate conception, of the deep anguish which overwhelmed the bereaved and disconsolate father, when we met. He pressed my hand in speechless sorrow ; while the big tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheek. The impulses of Dr. Parr were violent ; and he never restrained them. He felt intensely himself ; and gave every man credit for participating in, or at least understanding, his feelings. Every emotion, therefore, had its strong expression, and appropriate gesture ; and, had not the scene been of far too sacred a character for critical remark, I should have thought that the impassioned grief of the smitten parent, would have formed a perfect study for the best exercise of the art, of the sculptor, of the painter, or the tragedian. The cold and severe cast of Mrs. Parr’s countenance ; and the calm and silent sorrow of Mrs. Wynne, (the surviving daughter,) formed a striking contrast, to the unconcealed and strongly expressed workings, of the Doctor’s labouring heart.

A few other friends were present on this occasion. He had ordered dinner, and expected

that we should partake of it. He placed me next to himself at table ; it was indeed a painful pre-eminence, for it would have been out of nature, not to have sympathised deeply, in his frequent and most affecting bursts of sorrow. After the repast, another gentleman and myself retired with him to a smoking room. The indulgence of his accustomed habit, to which he was much addicted, seemed, for a time, to tranquillise his spirit ; and he talked much, and with his accustomed force and eloquence, on several subjects of a literary and serious nature. But, the hour of his departure at length arrived ; and it was announced to him by Mrs. Wynne — the *funeral procession* was prepared to set off.—The message electrified him.—For a moment he was still as death ; but, never shall I forget the deprecating, supplicatory, and imploring look, which he cast towards heaven, during that moment : or the unutterable agony with which he strained his remaining daughter to his breast ; and grasped the hands of his two friends, when he bade us adieu !

The next opportunity afforded to me of much personal intercourse with Dr. Parr, occurred under far more cheerful and gratifying circumstances. It was during a visit which he paid to Bath, early in the autumn of 1807. An estimable friend of my family, and a very favourite pupil of Dr. Parr's, the late Thomas Cottle, Esq., of Roundhill, in the Island of Nevis, had arrived



in England from the West-Indies, and proposed making Bath, the residence of himself and his domestic circle, for some months.\* Being then in frequent correspondence with the Doctor, I mentioned to him, in one of my letters, the agreeable intelligence, of his former Tyro being in our neighbourhood. In the course of a few posts, I received the Doctor's answer to my epistle;

\* I cannot content myself with the bare mention of this most amiable and lamented friend, who, whilst living, was a blessing to the island on which he resided; and left behind him a name, which, I trust, will operate as an incentive to all that is honourable and upright — humane and christian-like — on those who may be placed, hereafter, in the same responsible and important situations, which he filled during his residence in *Nevis*. For upwards of thirty years Mr. Cottle held the office of a member of His Majesty's Council in the island; and, for the larger portion of that period, acted as president of the same board — with a moderation that allayed animosity; a discretion that conciliated esteem; and a wisdom and firmness that commanded respect. But the range of Mr. Cottle's benevolence took a wider field than that of civil and forensic duty. He was a *Christian*; and deeply felt his obligation to bring the ignorant and unenlightened, to a participation in those spiritual privileges and blessings which he himself enjoyed. Upon this principle he built, at his own exclusive expense, a chapel upon his estate, for all the adults belonging to his property; and founded a school for the religious education of their progeny. A few years before his death, he retired, in a great degree, from public business, and occupied much of his time in the encouragement of useful inventions and beneficial processes in agriculture; and died, in his 67th year, at his estate of Roundhill, *Nevis*, in the year 1828, universally esteemed, beloved, and deplored.

containing the following notice of that part of it, which regarded Mr. Cottle.

“ You gladden my very soul by telling me, “ that Mr. Cottle is in Bath. I know, dear sir, “ by long experience, the integrity of his prin- “ ciples, and the kindness of his heart. Lose “ not a moment in conveying to him my best “ compliments and best wishes. Charge him to “ write to me without delay, — bid him give “ me a full account of his health ; and assure “ him of my great regard.”\*

After a correspondence of some months, between Dr. Parr and Mr. Cottle, the former agreed to comply with his wish, and to pay him a visit at Bath. But, the undertaking was of too serious and important a nature, to be attempted, without the most minute previous preparations ; regulations ; and stipulations. The last of these were contained in a letter of the 26th of August 1807, to Mr. Cottle ; which is so entirely characteristical of the worthy Doctor, as, in itself, to afford a complete picture of his mind and habits. A copy of the letter was obligingly given to me by Mr. Cottle on its receipt.

“ DEAR MR. COTTLE,

“ Mr. Warner will tell you of the blunder “ which I made with ——, and which threw me

\* This letter, and some others from Dr. Parr, will be found in the Appendix.

“ back a week. I shall strive ; strive ; strive ;  
“ to reach Bath on Monday se’nnight, and to  
“ reach it by five o’clock in the afternoon, so as  
“ to dine with you. — And now, dear sir, I  
“ must desire you and Mrs. C. to attend to what  
“ I am going to say. — Keep yourselves quite  
“ at ease ; — let me be quite at my own ease —  
“ and these two important ends are to be at-  
“ tained, by your permitting me to take just the  
“ same food, and no other, which you are ac-  
“ customed to take yourselves. — Many people  
“ *talk* this ; but I do really *mean* it : and indeed,  
“ my old pupil, you would make me wretched,  
“ very wretched, by admitting the slightest  
“ alteration in your way of living on my account.  
“ Believe me, this is the only way of making me  
“ comfortable ; and it is the *very best* way in  
“ which you can show your regard for me. I  
“ certainly shall take the liberty of telling your  
“ good lady, one or two luxuries to which I am  
“ addicted ; — the first, is a shoulder of mutton,  
“ not over-roasted, nor under-roasted ; and richly  
“ encrusted with flour and salt ; — the second, is  
“ a plain suet-pudding ; — the third, is a plain  
“ farmerly plumb-pudding ; — the fourth, is a  
“ kind of high-festival dish, adapted to the sto-  
“ mach of a pampered priest, and consists in hot  
“ boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp  
“ sauce ; — and the catalogue of dainties will be  
“ closed, with a request, to be one day indulged

“ with a cranberry tart — and when I dine with  
“ my brother Warner, he is to treat with soals,  
“ which are excellent in your part of the world,  
“ — and I charge you, to charge him, to charge  
“ — — — and my favourite, to receive  
“ me in a plain way. Show me your faith by  
“ your deeds. Now, my dear Mr. Cottle, I am  
“ going to Bath, solely for the friendly purpose  
“ of shaking you once more by the hand, before  
“ I die : and I do assure you, with my wonted  
“ sincerity, that, having *such* a purpose before  
“ me, I shall undertake my journey with great  
“ and *peculiar* satisfaction : and I beg leave to  
“ add, that Mrs. Parr, entertaining for you the  
“ same regard which I do, is extremely bent  
“ upon this my expedition ; and would have  
“ accompanied me, if her presence at Hatton  
“ had not been necessary to attend her only  
“ remaining daughter, who expects every hour  
“ to lie in. — This is the plain truth. — I am  
“ coming to see Mr. and Mrs. Cottle — I am  
“ *not* coming to diffuse myself among the belles  
“ or the beaux ; nor among the grandees ; nor  
“ among the scholars of Bath. I must live  
“ quietly and privately ; and Mr. W.’s very  
“ good sense, will enable him to enter tho-  
“ roughly into my views. — Oh ! he is a  
“ naughty varlet, and has secretly goaded you  
“ to employ your influence for carrying a point,  
“ of which he would himself have despaired.



“ — I never *preach* except at the call of *duty* ;  
“ and that call I hear in my own parish  
“ church, and in the churches of neighbouring  
“ villages, when my clerical neighbours are ill,  
“ or when they go out for their amusement. —  
“ But, I preach volunteers, neither in towns,  
“ nor cities, nor villages ; and I believe that  
“ *Bath* is the very last place in the world, where  
“ I could be prevailed upon to mount a pulpit.  
“ If Fox, Pitt, and Burke, were to employ their  
“ eloquence in English ; if it were to be en-  
“ forced by Cicero, in Latin ; and by Demos-  
“ thenes, in Greek ; — if Aristotle, Thomas  
“ Aquinas, and Duns Scotus, assailed me with all  
“ the subtleties of their logic — if the Pope of  
“ Rome ; the Patriarch of Constantinople ; and  
“ the Primates of England and Ireland, were to  
“ hold up the terrors of ecclesiastical authority  
“ — if the three furies were to try the force of  
“ their angry menace — if the three graces were  
“ to address me, with the soft and sweet allure-  
“ ments of persuasion — all these contrivances  
“ and efforts, conjointly and separately, would  
“ be insufficient to vanquish my reluctance to  
“ preach a sermon at Bath. I am an old-fa-  
“ shioned, and long-winded preacher : — the old  
“ would fall asleep ; the young would titter ;  
“ the middle-aged would be listless and weary ;  
“ and some witlings would scribble epigrams  
“ in your Bath newspapers, upon the length, and

“ the dulness, and pedantry of my discourse. —  
“ Woe be to that crafty priest, Richard Warner,  
“ for drawing you into a snare. — He knows my  
“ habitual unwillingness to preach, except in  
“ my own church; and he also knows my  
“ opinion about the popular pulpiteers in your  
“ town; and I desire you, to bid him, to prepare  
“ himself for a most tremendous castigation  
“ from me.

“ I hope that Mr. W. has favoured me with  
“ very minute directions to find your house.  
“ Pray do not wait beyond five o'clock on  
“ Monday se'nnight; for my movements are, in  
“ some measure, dependent upon — — —.  
“ I must stop at Glo'ster, and give some direc-  
“ tions at the foundery about my bells. I am  
“ very eager to be with you on the day above-  
“ mentioned; and yet I dare not fix the hour.  
“ I hope my brother Warner will be in the way,  
“ to assist me about the choice of some person,  
“ who is worthy of shaving my consecrated  
“ beard, and dressing my orthodox wigs. I think  
“ we shall all be *very happy* together; and Mr.  
“ W. will expect to find me fraught with indig-  
“ nation, against the oppressive and frantic expe-  
“ dition, which is going on in the north. I  
“ presume that neither — — —, nor — — —, nor — — —,  
“ overflow with political zeal; and if I should  
“ discover any lurking partialities towards the  
“ eloquence of Canning; the piety of Perceval;

“ the honesty of Castlereagh ; the sincerity of  
“ Lord — ; the innocence of Lord M — ;  
“ the heroism of — — ; or the patriotism  
“ of — — — , I shall remember, that, in  
“ times of old, the priest was skilled in the duties  
“ of exorcism ; and shall employ the utmost force  
“ of my knowledge, and argumentation and re-  
“ futation, in expelling from your minds, all the  
“ demons of credulity, bigotry, and intolerance.  
“ But, I trust, that you will give me very little  
“ trouble in this way ; and that the ladies will  
“ put neither julep ; nor opium ; nor worm-  
“ wood ; nor arsenic, into my glass of wine,  
“ when I drink to the immortal memory of  
“ Charles Fox ! I leave Hatton on Monday ;  
“ and, perhaps, I shall write a line or two be-  
“ fore I quit Birmingham.”

The Doctor had, in his letter, anticipated rightly, of the enjoyment of the party during his residence in Bath. We were, indeed, “ very  
“ happy ;” and so many traits of the excellence of his heart ; the kindness of his spirit ; and the fervour of his benevolence ; developed themselves, in this interval of a few weeks, that, however his friends might, previously, have respected and esteemed him, for the lofty stature of his intellect ; the vast store of his knowledge ; and his uncommon accomplishments as a scholar ; we now felt ourselves more closely drawn towards

him, by the attractive loadstone of his personal virtues.

Many were the days of social delight which I passed in the company of Dr. Parr, whilst he continued in Bath : but, one, in particular, remains traced on my memory, in the brightest colours. He had promised to dine at my cottage. I was aware of his partiality for the society of men younger than himself ; and a few friends, far inferior to the Doctor in years ; but quite qualified to be his companions, gave him the meeting. All was sunshine. Everything chanced to please him. The dishes were to his heart's content. The wine, (of which, however, he always drank but little,) was old and highly-flavoured : and I had provided a large stock of common shag-tobacco ; which he always chose rather than the most genuine 'Cnaster. He had too, what he preferred to all besides, the attention, admiration, and honest, open-hearted converse, of sensible young men. I never saw him, before or afterwards, in such gallant spirits. Every puff of his pipe was a prelude to a pointed joke ; an apt quotation ; or a capital story. One of the latter he dwelt upon with great delight ; and related with the most minute particularity. Its burthen was a *bull-baiting* : for which practice, he candidly confessed, he had ever a secret, but unconquerable predilection. " You see," said he, pulling up his loose coat-sleeve above his



elbow, and exposing his vast, muscular, and hirsute arm, to the gaze of the company, “you see that I am a kind of *taurine* man ; and must, therefore, be *naturally* addicted to the sport.” The baiting had occurred at Cambridge, during one of his latter visits to the University. His anxiety to witness it was uncontrollable : but, as his personal appearance on the arena, could not be thought of, he hired a garret near the place of exhibition ; disrobed himself of his academical dress : put a night-cap on his head, in the lieu of his *notorious wig* : and thus disguised, enjoyed, from the elevated window, his favourite amusement, in secrecy and solitude.

I was well aware the Doctor had great pleasure in a rubber of *penny whist* ; at which he either was, or believed himself to be, a great proficient. In the evening, therefore, the card-table was prepared. Fortune decreed that he should have *me* for a partner. For a time, I presume, I committed no heinous breach of the laws of Hoyle ; as the business of the board of green cloth went on regularly, and satisfactorily. Ambitious, however, to impress my partner with an idea of my consummate knowledge of the game, I made a *finesse*. It failed ; and we lost the rubber. The Doctor, knitting his mighty brows, *inflicted* upon me one of his gorgon looks ; and most caustically exclaimed — “ Dick, you have all the *cunning* of a Bath sharper, without his *skill*.” Hap-

pily for my re-instatement in his favour, his next hand of cards was a brilliant one. The features of his disturbed physiognomy assumed their natural arrangement; and, in a tone of conciliation, he mildly said: "I acquit you of *trickery*, "Richard: would that I could of *stupidity* — "however, I believe your intention was good; "and that's no mean praise."

Notwithstanding the Doctor's determination, so strongly expressed, in his letter to my friend Mr. C., *not to preach in Bath*, I ventured to sound him on the subject: but, he was immovable; and positively refused to fill my pulpit. He had no objection, he said, to take the communion service; and assist me, afterwards, at the administration of the sacrament: but, no other ministerial function, would he exercise in Bath. I therefore engaged his services, at the approaching Eucharist; and on the appointed Sunday, he was early in the vestry. Several persons were present. He took myself and the clerk aside; and gave the latter the strictest injunctions, reiterated with peculiar emphasis, that, when the Doctor commenced the communion service, with the Lord's Prayer, the clerk should carefully abstain from repeating it *audibly* after him. As the latter was a very nervous man, I could not but dread, that, should any thing occur out of the common course of things, he would forget the directions he had received; and which he

had promised to observe : and so it turned out. The Doctor proceeded to the altar, and myself to the reading-desk ; where I went through the morning-service, and then joined him at the table. The anthem ceased ; and Dr. Parr commenced the Lord's Prayer ; but, in a manner so *peculiarly* impressive and solemn, that I am doubtful, whether *surprise* were not the effect produced by this mode of repetition, rather than *devotion*. At all events, it completely confused the clerk ; who, unmindful of the cautions which had been given to him, repeated loudly after the reader, every sentence which succeeded the first ; to the manifest disturbance, mortification, and I fear, indignation, of the really devout Doctor.

The truth appears to be, that the *energy* of *passion* should never be thrown into the repetition of any written or public form of prayer. In private and solitary devotion, the soul may pour out itself in its own thoughts ; and enshrine them in its own strongest feelings. But, in the recitation of a *printed service*, before a congregation ; a *calm solemnity* of manner, is infinitely more judicious, satisfactory, and effective, than a highly impassioned one. Extemporaneous oratory can take the mind by storm ; and communicate its own emotions to those whom it addresses ; and thus certain of finding a responsive chord in every other bosom, may claim a licence, to indulge in the audible and visible exhibition, of the

deepest feelings of its own. But, the case is very different, with the mere *reader* of a settled, and oft-recurring, formulary. The more sedate emotions of the mind only, are within the reach of *his* influence; and, consequently, if he infuse into his manner, any manifestation of intense feeling; the very familiarity of the words he uses, will preclude the congregation from sympathising with his frame of mind, and lead them to charge him either with affectation or extravagance.

But, though I might be somewhat doubtful, as to the propriety of Dr. Parr's own manner of *reading*, I was well satisfied of his perfect knowledge of the *theory* of the art; and derived many useful hints from his kind and wise communications on the subject. He dictated to me also, a *prayer* to be used before my sermon. I wrote it down in his presence, together with the notes which accompany it; and present both to my reader as literary curiosities. The words in *italics*, were marked as peculiarly emphatic by himself.

“ O Lord God! who art ever more ready to  
“ hear than we to pray, and who art wont to  
“ give us *far* more than we either desire or *can*  
“ deserve; pour down thy blessings upon *us*.

“ Increase our faith: confirm our hope; and  
“ enlarge our charity.

“ Preserve us, by thy continual help, from the  
“ numberless temptations of a world, in which



“ thou hast appointed us to watch and to strive  
 “ without ceasing, for the improvement of our  
 “ own souls as the heirs of immortal life : for the  
 “ furtherance of thy *great* glory; and the accom-  
 “ plishment of thy unsearchable, but most  
 “ righteous and benevolent purposes, in the crea-  
 “ tion and moral government of the whole human  
 “ race.

“ Guide, we beseech thee, our understanding,  
 “ and purify our hearts, by that wisdom from  
 “ above, which alone can make us the faithful  
 “ *doers*, as well as the attentive hearers of thy  
 “ holy word : and, finally, Oh ! Father of Mer-  
 “ cies, deliver us from the guilt and misery of  
 “ all sin, through the mediation of Jesus Christ,  
 “ by the aid of whose intercession, and under the  
 “ sanction of whose *command*, we thus call upon  
 “ thee :

“ Our Father,” &c.

*“ The foregoing prayer was originally drawn up  
 by Dr. William Bennett, Lord Bishop of Cloyne,  
 when he was tutor of Emmanuel College, Cam-  
 bridge, and it has since been altered by Dr. Parr.  
 In the original, there was this sentence — “ Give  
 “ us attention to hear thy holy word : grace  
 “ to understand ; and steadiness to follow it.”  
 Dr. Parr thought that wisdom was a better word  
 than grace : and he objected to the words “ steady”  
 and “ followed,” as defective both in seriousness  
 and energy. He moreover wished, as one triad*

*had preceded, not to admit another : because two triads appeared to him, injurious to the simplicity of a short address to the Deity. His general wish was, to infuse a little more philosophy into the "matter;" and a little more solemnity into the "manner" — and for this purpose he not only substituted the third sentence, but introduced several phrases into the others; except the first. He gave a copy of it to Dr. Maltby: and believes, that another copy of it will not be unacceptable to his friend Mr. Richard Warner: but, he takes the liberty of suggesting, that such a prayer should not be used; except upon particular occasions: the choice of which, he leaves to the judgment and the piety of Mr. Warner."*

The following words he subscribed with his own hand:

"S. Parr, Sep. 22. 1807.

Seymour Street, Bath."

Dr. Parr wished to visit Bristol and Clifton, during his stay at Bath. Mr. Cottle and myself accompanied him thither. We had much interesting and confidential conversation in the course of the day. I asked him, if he had known Dr. Samuel Johnson? — "Yes Sir," said he "and I have never forgiven, nor shall ever forgive myself, that I did not write his life\*: for, I

\* He has recorded the same sentiment in the note prefixed to the list of the thirty-four works which he had set

“should then have measured myself by the “Doctor.” That he had very serious intentions of executing such a work, (which would, probably, have been one of the most valuable pieces of biography ever composed) is evident, from the frequent declarations to that effect, which he made to many of his friends; as well as from the collection of works, that he set apart from his library, as books of reference, to assist him in compiling the life of this illustrious sage. I took the liberty, also, of repeating to him the anecdote of his celebrated reply to a well-known man of high talent, respecting *Coigly*; and of enquiring whether there was any actual foundation for it? — Turning sharply round: “Where “did you hear that, Richard?” said he.—“Oh! “from many quarters.” — “Well, I believe it is “pretty correct — but he provoked me to it.” \*

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apart to consult in his *projected Life of Dr. S. Johnson*. — “He will ever have to lament,” (thus Dr. Parr writes of himself,) “that, amidst his cares, his sorrows, and his wants, “he did not write the life of his learned and revered “friend.” — Bib. Par. 706.

\* The anecdote, though well known, may be original to some of my readers. Dr. Parr, and the brilliant character in question, met, one day, at a large party, and the conversation turning upon the execution of *Coigly*, the Irish priest, which had lately occurred, a difference of opinion arose among the company, respecting the equity of his sentence, and the legality of his punishment. Mr. M. argued warmly in defence of the proceedings which had taken place;

Our walk to Clifton, from Bristol, and back, rendered it necessary for us to seek refreshment : and we seated ourselves in a dining-room, at the Bush Tavern : where, in a few minutes, “ a clumsy beef-steak ” (as the Irish labourer in *Rosina*, expresses himself) “ with a broad yellow selvage to it,” smoked before us. The Doctor rubbed his hands with satisfaction ; and ate his lunch with appetite : and, on the removal of the cloth, called for his *pipe*, the necessary adjunct to all his meals. The attendant bowed : begged the gentleman’s pardon ; but, “ must inform him, “ that no smoking was permitted in their house.” — “ Not smoke, sir ! send up your master : ” — a spruce gentleman soon appeared. — “ Do you “ keep this Inn, sir ? ” — “ No, sir : but master “ is busy. I am the head waiter.” — “ Well, “ then, Mr. Head Waiter,” (with considerable emphasis, and a dark scowl under his bushy eyebrows) : “ can I have a pipe here ? ” — “ No, Sir,

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and Dr. P. as strenuously against them. Heated by the dispute, Mr. M. at length attacked the *personal character* of the unfortunate culprit, and declared that he *could not conceive* one of more black or atrocious a die. “ Yes, Jemmy,” retorted the indignant Grecian, (preluding this *coup de grace* by a mighty cloud of tobacco-smoke,) “ a much worse man “ may be *easily conceived* ; for, he was an *Irishman*, and he “ might have been a *Scotchman* ; he was a *Priest*, and he “ might have been a *Lawyer* ; he was a *Martyr*, and he “ might have been an *Apostate*.”



“ we do not suffer it at the Bush. ” — “ Admirable! *you* do not suffer it at the *Bush*. Bah! Why, sir, I have smoked in the dining-rooms of half the nobility in England: and the Duchess of Devonshire herself, has told me, that I might do the same in every apartment in her mansion, except her dressing-room: and not *suffer a pipe* in this dark hole of a *Bristol public-house*! Ama—a—zing! Bring the bill, sir! ” — We had ridden five miles on our return: and were snugly seated in a little inn, on the Bath road, with pipes and tobacco before us, before Dr. Parr’s indignation, at the *refinement* of the Bush Tavern, in Bristol, had entirely subsided.

In the year succeeding his visit to Mr. Cottle, Dr. Parr wished to engage me in the execution of a commission of a rather delicate nature. Dr. Joseph White, then Arabic professor at Oxford, had come to Bath for the benefit of his health. He lodged in my parish; and I had the great pleasure of being much in his society. He was a man of bland and engaging manners: pleasing, but not forcible, in his conversation: and with a certain carelessness, indolence, and abstraction of mind hanging about him, which, we may hope, will, in some measure, account for the *literary scrapes* into which he had fallen; without attributing to him, in these affairs, the slightest aberration from the laws of honour or truth.

Several years previously to my knowledge of Dr. White, (with whom, it is well known, Parr was at one time very intimate,) the latter had lent, or rather presented to the Arabic professor, two original manuscript sermons. Circumstances had subsequently occurred, which appeared to Dr. Parr's mind, to justify him in reclaiming them; and, as Dr. White had previously spoken to me on the subject, Parr directed me, to explain his reasons for the demand; and to urge the return of the manuscripts. Happily, before I could fulfil his commission, Dr. White had left Bath; and I was saved the pain, of such an embarrassing explanation. But Parr was not to be baffled in his determination. He never gave up a point; and was determined to carry the present one: and although my commission terminated unsuccessfully, (for the sermons never passed through my hands,) yet, I was pleased, afterwards, to find, that they had been restored to their author, and that he and the Professor were at peace.\*

\* Among Dr. Parr's letters in the *Appendix*, will be found one on this subject.

Dr. Parr had a high esteem for the erudition of Dr. White; and held his memory in respect. In his copy of the "Controversy about *White's Bampton Lectures*," he writes — "Dr. White was a very learned man, and a very fine writer; and, from respect to his memory, Dr. Parr has given particular directions about these books."—*Bib. Par.* p. 688.

I had the pain, a second time, to correspond with Dr. Parr, when he was in affliction. Among his numerous pupils, there was one, for whom he always entertained the warmest affection; and whom he honoured with his most confidential friendship, to the hour of that gentleman's death; — the Rev. John Bartlam, Rector of Boeley, Warwickshire. Mr. Bartlam, indeed, had strong claims upon the Doctor's regard; for he possessed many excellent qualities in common with his tutor, — high classical attainments; warm and generous feelings; a heart, upright and honourable; full of liberal sentiments, candour, sincerity, disinterestedness, and simplicity. I knew him well; and regarded him much; for, he was one of those, whom we may truly speak of, as —

*Animæ, quales non candidiores  
Terra tulit.*

It will be in the recollection of many of my readers, that, early in March, in the year 1823, while this estimable man was sitting in a book-seller's shop at the west end of the town, waiting the arrival of his intimate friend, the Honourable Mr. Eardley, he fell from his chair, and instantaneously expired.

The public papers announced to me and my family the fatal event: and condolences were immediately sent from us to the worthy Doctor on the afflictive occasion. His answer (dated

the 18th March, 1823) was full of anguish. "The loss of my dear friend," says he, "*the depositary of all my secrets*, is irretrievable. "His death was without pain; and his virtues "will have their reward in heaven; — yet, yet, "my sorrows will never cease. I have little "sleep; and my spirits are dreadfully depressed."

This chasm indeed, in the Doctor's friendships, was not to be supplied: for, Mr. Bartlam, while he cheered him with his frequent society: and consulted with him on every point of business, and subject of importance; wrote for him, also, the greater part of his letters; a task which Dr. Parr, from his utter inability to write a legible hand, was quite unable to perform.

What the exact nature of Dr. Parr's *theological opinions* might be, I, of course, never sought to know from himself: and as he never thought fit explicitly to avow them to me, I have no authority to pronounce upon them. He frequently spoke indeed, in my presence, on various points connected with divinity: and once told me, that his sentiments on this important subject, *were known only to one man in the world besides himself*. I conjectured, at the time, that this individual might have been his bosom friend Mr. Bartlam; but, as the Doctor was silent on that particular, I have no better foundation than surmise, for that notion. From remarks which he casually made; and hints that he occasionally threw out;



I should have supposed, that he had framed his scheme of faith, on the literal interpretation of that celebrated declaration of our Blessed Lord, in the 17th chap. of John, 3d verse — “THIS IS LIFE ETERNAL, THAT THEY MAY KNOW THEE, THE ONLY TRUE GOD: AND JESUS CHRIST WHOM THOU HAST SENT:” and that, consequently, his system of belief, assimilated itself to what is commonly called HIGH ARIANISM: but, on the other hand, the character which he attributes to, and the praise he bestows upon, certain *Socinian* works, contained in his library, would encourage the notion, that his theological opinions were much lower, than those of the school of Dr. Samuel Clarke.\*

Speaking of “a *Sermon*” of Dr. PRIESTLEY’S; and “a *Charge*” of Mr. BELSHAM’S, he says: Bib. Par. 549.

“A very judicious sermon by Dr. Priestley; and charge by Mr. Belsham, at the ordination of Mr. Field at Warwick: 1790.” †

\* His sentiments with respect to the Sacrament of the Supper of our Lord, are explicitly declared, in the note inserted in his copy of Hoadley.—“On the Sacrament,” he writes, “my serious opinions agree with those of Hoadley, Bell, and John Taylor, of Norwich.”—Bib. Par. p. 20.

† Dr. Parr entertained a high esteem for the talents, acquirements, and personal virtues of Dr. Priestley. In his “LETTER from IRENOPOLIS, &c.,” he has bestowed upon him, one of the most eloquent and elegant eulogies ever written.

“Yet, while I disclaim all allusion to local events, I will

Again, p. 559. "COGAN'S Letters to WIL-  
LIAM WILBERFORCE, Esq. on the Doctrine of

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" make you a concession, which you have my leave to apply  
" to persons of higher ranks as ecclesiastics, and of greater  
" celebrity as scholars, than your town can supply—that, in  
" too many instances such modes of defence have been used  
" against this formidable heresiarch, as would hardly be jus-  
" tifiable in the support of Revelation itself, against the arro-  
" gance of a Bolingbroke; the buffoonery of a Mandeville;  
" and the levity of a Voltaire. But, the cause of orthodoxy  
" requires not such aids. The Church of England approves  
" them not: the Spirit of Christianity warrants them not.  
" Let Dr. Priestley, indeed, be confuted, where he is mistaken.  
" Let him be exposed, where he is superficial. Let him be  
" repressed, where he is dogmatical. Let him be rebuked,  
" where he is censorious; but, let not his attainments be  
" depreciated: because they are numerous, almost without  
" a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed; because, they  
" are superlatively great. Let not his morals be vilified;  
" because, they are correct without austerity; and exemplary  
" without ostentation: because they present, even to common  
" observers, the innocence of a hermit, and the simplicity of  
" a patriarch; and because, a philosophic eye will, at once,  
" discover in them, *the deep-fixed root of virtuous principle,*  
" *and the solid trunk of virtuous habits.*" — p. 18.

I always considered this "Letter" as the best, because the most vernacular of all Dr. Parr's works; and once hinted this opinion to him. He coincided in the notion; and informed me, that he had written it in one day, at two sittings: little more than three hours each. I presented to him, on another occasion, a copy of the "Sonnet" addressed to himself by my friend the Rev. Henry Richman, (given in a former part of this work,) after the Birmingham Riots, and the publication of his Letter. He was exceedingly pleased with it; and observed, that it had the odour of the 17th century—the impress of the hand of *one of the Giants.*

“ Hereditary Depravity : 1806.” “ Excellent.  
 “ COGAN’s arguments are unanswerable : and  
 “ WILBERFORCE, very discreetly, made no  
 “ attempt to answer.”

Again, p. 21. “ THOMAS BELSHAM’s Epistles  
 “ of Paul translated, &c.” 2 vols. quarto. 1822.

“ This excellent work of Belsham was given  
 “ to me by the writer. I do not *entirely* agree  
 “ with him upon some doctrinal : but, I ought to  
 “ commend the matter, style, and spirit of the  
 “ preface : and, in my opinion, the translation does  
 “ great credit, to the diligence ; judgment ; eru-  
 “ dition, and piety of my much respected friend.”

And again : *ibid.* “ THOMAS BELSHAM’s reply  
 “ to the calumnious charges of Dr. MOYSEY,  
 “ (the present Archdeacon of Bath,) the Bamp-  
 “ ton lecturer.”

“ A most able reply indeed. S. Parr.” —  
 And, (he might have added,) one of the most  
*stunning* and *caustic* specimens of analytical cri-  
 ticism, extant.

But, whatever the complexion of Dr. Parr’s  
 private theological sentiments might be, his  
*piety*, was obviously, and unquestionably, of a  
 bright and solid character : ardent without en-  
 thusiasm ; and strongly expressed without affect-  
 ation. Proofs of this habit of his mind, must be  
 familiar to the recollection of all who knew him  
 intimately.

On one occasion he was telling me how much

his indignation had been moved, by the entire absence of this feeling, in a lady, of whom he had before thought well. They were surveying the interior of a country church, perfectly plain and unornamented: when his companion approaching the communion-table, lifted up its covering, and displayed a new crimson furniture, with the striking words, richly embroidered upon it, — “ Oh! taste and see, how gracious the “ Lord is!” She instantly exclaimed, “ Bless “ me! how very *pretty* this is!” — “ Pretty!” added the Doctor, curling his lip with unutterable scorn — and, in another moment, casting his eyes towards heaven, with the look of a dying saint, and laying his hand upon his heart, he solemnly breathed out, “ glorious — sublime — “ divine!”

It was not till within the last year, that I obtained a sight of the “ *Bibliotheca Parriana* :” and became aware of the severe and unjust reflections which it contains, from the pen of Dr. Parr, on the character of Dr. Paley. No man of proper feeling, indeed, can read the following passage, coming from such a hand, without considerable pain : —

“ *Paley, (Archdeacon,) the vain, the inconsistent, “ the \*\*\*, the selfish, the acute, the witty :*

“ *I never thought Paley an honest man. — He “ could not afford, forsooth, to have a conscience: “ and he had none. He had great sagacity, wit,*



“ *and science, and some good humour :*” \* Nor, should we be able to exonerate the writer of such a passage from the charge of malignity, or, at least of envy, were there no other method of accounting for this very false view which Parr had taken of Paley’s character, than by attributing to him one or both of these base and unchristian emotions. But, it has occurred to me, more than once, that his unhappy impressions with respect to one of the best and most enlightened of our English Divines, arose from two other, and far more excusable causes; I mean from Parr’s *not conceiving*, or *understanding* Paley’s real character; and, from his *mistaking* Paley’s political *moderation* for political *inconsistency*.

The acquaintance of these two great men, was, I apprehend, slight; and their meetings unfrequent: for there was no similarity in the particular habits of their minds, to draw them into close and confidential contact. Though superior to Dr. Paley in acquired knowledge; and at least his equal, in the powers of his understanding; Parr was inferior to him in activity of intellect. Paley appeared to grasp truth, as it were by intuition: Parr obtained it by the elaborate process of patient ratiocination. A sound conclusion came to the mind of Paley at a

\* Bib. Par. p. 672.

glance: Parr sought here, and there, and every where, for it; though he was sure to find, and produce it, at the last. Correspondent with the rapidity of the succession of Dr. Paley's ideas, was his quick, and careless, and off-hand expression of them; while the thoughts of Dr. Parr, were revolved, digested, and arranged, in his mind, before he delivered them in formal speech. Hence it happened, that the one frequently, the other seldom, committed himself in conversation: that the playfulness of Paley's fancy, and the vivacity of his disposition, combined with the warmth of his heart, and the candour of his nature, often developed themselves, in sprightly, jocose, and out-of-the-way expressions; which, though at the time, sufficiently secured (one might have hoped,) from misapprehension, by the nod, or wink, or wreathed smile, that accompanied them, were liable to be clothed by malice, with an unintended meaning: or might, by a graver and slower mind, like that of Parr's, be *actually misunderstood*; and contemplated as the expression of real sentiments, when, in sober truth, they were only those *επεα πτερόεντα*, which the speaker neither cogitates upon before, nor thinks of after utterance.

But, in the second place: as Dr. Parr could not, for a moment, in common sense, common decency, or common charity, doubt Dr. Paley's *moral honesty*: it seems very fair to suppose, that,

in the offensive passage above quoted, he contemplated the aspersed party, when he wrote it, under a *political* aspect; and *mistook* the *modification* of Paley's politics, for an absolute and unpardonable *change* of his principles in this respect. But, here again, the two divines entirely differed in mind and character. Paley regarded politics as subordinate to other, and far better things: but they were identified with the very nature of Parr. On Paley, they sat as loosely as the Toga: they encased Parr like a coat of mail. The former, therefore, lowered the tone of his political creed, in proportion as the course of human events suggested the abandonment of the strongest of its tenets; while the latter, not only clung to his original opinions on the same subject, with the adherence of a pious Roman Catholic to the dogmata of his infallible Church; but regarded all those who were more yielding to the imperative call of existing circumstances than himself; alike deficient in political honesty, and in genuine patriotism.

If the above remarks have any force in them, it will be allowed, perhaps, that Dr. Parr ought to be relieved from the imputation of *malice prepense*, in forming and avowing his injurious opinion of the celebrated Paley: but, should they be deemed an insufficient vindication of the act; let displeasure alight, where it ought to fall. — *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* Whatever be the sacrifice, the

name and fame of PALEY must “be saved harmless.” The character of the man who was the favoured friend and chaplain of the illustrious EDMUND LAW, Bishop of Carlisle\* : the

\* This acute and enlightened prelate, died at Rose Castle, on the 14th of August, 1787. He was followed to the grave by three of his sons — John, Bishop of Elphin; Edward, Lord Ellenborough; and George Henry, the present Bishop of Bath and Wells; and Dr. Paley, his friend and chaplain, read the funeral service. The world appreciated and honoured his talents; but, it was not acquainted with his high but retiring virtues. The amenity of his temper was such, that he was never known, under any circumstances, however irritating, or unexpected, to raise his voice above its natural mild pitch. Talent seemed to have been hereditary in his family; as all the three sons, above mentioned, took distinguished degrees at Cambridge: John being second wrangler and first medallist; Edward, third wrangler and first medallist; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, second wrangler and first medallist. I had the honour of knowing the Bishop of Elphin: and venerated the vastness of his mind; the profusion of his knowledge; the inflexibility of his integrity; the manliness of his principles; the candour of his character; and the rare simplicity of his manners and appearance. His countenance was more indicative of intellectual power, than any one I ever beheld; and the originality, clearness, and force of his remarks; and the rich and appropriate language in which he clothed them, when interested in his subject, corresponded with the magnitude of his faculties, and the extent of his information. I heard him once in all his glory. I was showing him a large and fine collection of organised fossils, which I then possessed. The objects were not familiar to him; but the beauty of their appearance, and the singularity of their forms, deeply interested him; and, immediately, suggested to his mind, the *evidence* they afforded of the operation of infinite wisdom,



confidential companion of his not less talented son, JOHN LAW, Bishop of Elphin :— a man, whom the CHURCH of ENGLAND justly regards,

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power, and goodness combined : the proofs of a Deity, in marks of design, and ends produced ; a topic on which he expatiated with an acuteness that surprised ; an eloquence that delighted ; and a piety that warmed all who heard him. There was an intrepidity, and a firmness in his character, which rendered it not merely respectable, but grand and dignified. During the rebellion in Ireland, his conduct was heroic. When the danger became imminent, and his very palace was in jeopardy, the carriage which conveyed his family to Dublin for security, carried him back to his see, to abide all hazards, and oppose all attacks. His *straight-forwardness*, also, was *not* less exemplary and rare. The Archbishop of — and himself had been invited to a party. The Bishop arrived first. After a time, the metropolitan was announced. On his entering the room, the Bishop of Elphin addressed him thus : “ My Lord Archbishop, I have “ been defending your character. Some persons here have “ said, that you were worth one hundred thousand *poonds* ;” (in his Cumberland dialect)—“ Now, I told them, it was impos- “ sible. A Christian bishop could never be worth that sum.” Combined with this hardihood of character, was a large portion of sympathy, generosity, and benevolence. When Dr. Priestley’s misfortunes compelled him to retire to America, the Bishop of Elphin, though differing from him entirely in principles, compassionated the case of the persecuted philosopher ; sent to him, by a private hand, the sum of 100*l.*, strictly enjoining his friend to conceal the name of the person from whom it came. His Lordship was, successively, Bishop of Clonfert, Killalla, and Elphin. He died in 1810, leaving the bulk of his fortune and valuable library to Dr. Brinkley, Bishop of Cloyne. His remains were interred in the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin.

as one of her brightest ornaments : and to whom the WHOLE CHRISTIAN WORLD is deeply indebted, for the most satisfactory exposition of the evidences of that faith which it professes — the reputation of such a man as this, must not be suffered to fall a victim to spleen ; or prejudice ; or misapprehension : — and no authority, however high ; and no assertion, however positive ; should be permitted to shake, for a single moment, our confidence in his excellence ; our gratitude for his services ; and our regret at his loss.

But, peace be to the ashes of both these distinguished men ! They are now gone, we may humbly hope, to that state of light and love, from whence misconception ; asperity ; and bitterness, are utterly excluded : where the real character of each will be naked to the other : and where they “ shall know even as they are “ known.” \*

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During Dr. Parr’s visit to Bath, just described, I introduced him, at his special request, to my very learned and amiable friend, Dr. Stock, then Bishop of Killalla, and afterwards Bishop of Waterford.

We went to his Lordship’s house, in *court guise*, as was Dr. Parr’s *wont* ; a circumstance

\* Dr. Parr closed his kindnesses to me, by inserting my name in the list of those on whom he conferred his last token of friendship — a *mourning ring* !

which, I perceived, tickled the Prelate's fancy not a little : as he was himself, not only a man of perfectly unaffected manners ; but, of Halcyon spirits ; and an acute and discriminating mind ; with a quick and nice perception of the ridiculous ; and a strong propensity to enjoy any thing *outré*, in his own good-humoured and peculiar way.

I doubt whether the meeting of these Grecian luminaries afforded much satisfaction to either party. As scholars, and good men, they doubtless felt a reciprocal esteem for each other : but the pomp of Parr, ill agreed with the *naïveté* of the Bishop ; who never walked upon stilts, but, on the common ground with other men ; while the playful manner of the prelate, almost approaching to quizzing, when the subject awakened his " merry mood ; " was in harmony, neither with the dignity, nor gravity of Parr. They differed a little on some points respecting the versification of their favourite language : but, as I candidly confess, I am not *aufait* in the mysteries of the *digamma*, or the intricacies of *Greek rhythm*, I cannot assert to which of the two, the chaplet of victory ought to have been awarded. Certain it is, however, neither appeared to have convinced the other ; for when Parr and myself were returning home, he observed to me, with some emphasis, " The Irish never had any good " Greek scholars ; " and, as we took leave of the

Bishop, his lordship gave me a *queer look*, which seemed to say, "Bozzy, I have seen your "Doctor."

My respect and regard for the Bishop of Waterford, (whom I first knew in 1806,) were sincere; for, there was much about him to command the one, and engage the other. He had, besides, spoken "words of kindness" to me, at a season when they fall on the soul like drops of rain upon the parched and withering plant; penetrate to its very core; and stamp an impress there, that never can be obliterated. His attainments as a classical scholar were unquestionable; but to these he added, what is now rarely found among our divines, a solid knowledge of the Hebrew, and, (I believe,) a slight acquaintance with some of the Oriental languages. As a logician, he was acute; as a writer, correct; as a preacher, impressive; but the charm of his society was more especially derived from the spirit, point, and cheerfulness of his conversation; enlivened by anecdote; seasoned with wit; and impregnated with good, and generous, and liberal sentiment. He has unconsciously drawn a complete, and therefore pleasing, portrait of himself; the firmness and force of his character; the energies and resources of his mind, in his "Narrative of what passed at "Killalla, in the County of Mayo, and Parts "adjacent, during the French Invasion in the "Summer of 1798: by an EYE-WITNESS;"



a book which came to a fifth edition in 1809, and of which he presented a copy to me. The following extract gives a faithful *fac simile* of the man; and that too, when he was surrounded with the most appalling circumstances. The event took place, in consequence of the apprehension of a second landing of the French in 1798.

“ In half an hour the town of Killalla had  
“ scarcely an inhabitant left, except the military.  
“ The occasion was so instantaneous, that all  
“ were in motion before they had time to reflect  
“ how they should go, or whether they ought to  
“ go at all; for the weather was cold and stormy :  
“ the road to the next town (Ballina), deep mud,  
“ especially near Killalla; and the last invasion,  
“ had left to very few, any other means of con-  
“ veyance than their feet. On foot the Bishop  
“ set out, at the head of his whole household,  
“ except two sons, who stayed to preserve their  
“ father’s property as long as they could. Two  
“ little daughters by his side, waded through the  
“ dirt. The other children rode in cars, with  
“ their mother and aunt; invalids, who had not  
“ been exposed to the air for the last two months;  
“ and one of them, Mrs. Stock, liable, on any  
“ cold, to an attack of the gout in her stomach,  
“ which had more than once threatened her ex-  
“ istence. While they were on the road, gusts  
“ of wind, and at last, a heavy shower of rain,

“fell upon them. All seemed to the Bishop, to be  
 “now over. He must expect to lose the mother  
 “of such a family : the companion with whom  
 “he had passed twenty years of his life, in the  
 “sunshine of a most perfect agreement : a sun-  
 “shine absolutely uninterrupted by one transient  
 “cloud. He saw it almost without a reflection.  
 “There is a pause of mind on the apprehended  
 “explosion of some enormous mischief, resem-  
 “bling the stillness which fills the horizon before  
 “a thunder-clap. At intervals —when thought  
 “returned—what he was able to do, he did.—He  
 “raised his eyes, and adored in silence, the up-  
 “lifted hand of the ALMIGHTY ! That hand, as  
 “he had soon the happiness to experience, was  
 “lifted, not to destroy, but to save !” (p. 163.)

The family, including Mrs. Stock, were providentially preserved, both from injury and indisposition.

This worthy prelate was born the 2d January 1742 : and at a proper age, placed under the care of Dr. Gast ; the amiable and learned Archdeacon of Glandelagh. It must have been a source of great satisfaction to the mind of Dr. Stock, in after life, that he had an opportunity of manifesting his regard for this good man, by completing and publishing, for the benefit of Dr. Gast's family (after his decease), a *History of Greece*, in two octavo volumes ; a book esteemed in Ireland to be one of the best, on

that interesting subject, that can be placed in the hands of a youthful student.

“ At the age of fourteen,” (as an obliging correspondent informs me,) “ young Stock entered Trinity College, the *alma mater* of his native city. Here his assiduity was rewarded by the acquisition of several premiums, together with a scholarship, during his undergraduate course; encouraged by which prognostics of more eminent distinction, he turned his thoughts to the arduous task of preparing to compete for a fellowship. No university in Europe, probably, prescribes so difficult an examination, as that which the candidates for a Dublin fellowship are required to undergo. The health of our young academician broke down under the labour of a twelvemonth’s *sapping*; and when ‘ the great, the important day, big with his fate,’ arrived, his tottering limbs were scarcely able to convey him from his father’s house to the hall of examination. With the body, when thus debilitated, its spiritual companion is sure to sympathise. Stock’s answering, on his first morning of examination, appeared so unsatisfactory to his own mind, that, as soon as he returned home to Essex Bridge, he informed his father the attempt was hopeless, and went straight to bed. Hereupon occurred one of those seemingly fortuitous events, which to a pious and observant



“ mind, carry, however, the strongest evidence of  
“ a superintending Providence. The chance of  
“ his obtaining a fellowship, on which we may  
“ say the whole fortune of his future life turned,  
“ seemed quite extinct: for, with his now shat-  
“ tered constitution, another year’s hard reading,  
“ in anticipation of the next vacancy, could not  
“ be thought of. We see him, then, in bed, and  
“ asleep. The hour for resuming the examin-  
“ ation is fast approaching. His college tutor,  
“ Dr. Theaker Wilder, happens to be passing  
“ through the street, and calls to know how his  
“ young friend gets on. Hearing that he had  
“ abandoned the contest, he raves, rushes to his  
“ chamber, pulls off the bed-clothes, orders him  
“ a dose of assafoetida, to revive his spirits, and  
“ sends him away in a sedan-chair to the hall.  
“ His success that afternoon becomes more  
“ apparent, next morning it is still more so; and  
“ when the fourth day’s arduous contest is con-  
“ cluded, he finds himself (at the age of twenty-  
“ one) in possession of that honourable office,  
“ which was destined by the will of Providence  
“ to open to him, in after life, the road to an  
“ extensive sphere of usefulness. The Bishop,  
“ who took pleasure in relating these circum-  
“ stances, used to add, that the friend, to whose  
“ boisterous kindness he was so much indebted,  
“ dined with his father on the day his election  
“ was announced, and drank *at least one extra*



“ bottle of wine in congratulatory bumpers to  
“ the new Fellow.

“ Continuing for many years to suffer under  
“ the effects of this first shock to his constitution,  
“ he found it necessary to decline the laborious,  
“ but lucrative employment, of a college tutor,  
“ and devoted the leisure so gained, partly to the  
“ study of ethics and theology, his favourite  
“ branches of philosophy, and partly to a dili-  
“ gent perusal of the Greek and Latin classics.  
“ For both these pursuits he found ample op-  
“ portunity and convenience, in the range of the  
“ extensive library of Trinity College, to which  
“ he was appointed junior librarian. But Dr.  
“ Stock’s active and conscientious mind was not  
“ to be satisfied with the enjoyment of any  
“ pleasure which terminated in self. He must  
“ make others participate in the fruits of his  
“ labour, or they lost with him half their relish.  
“ Perceiving that the editions then in use of  
“ several of the classic authors, required revisal  
“ of their text, elucidation, and a new form and  
“ size more accommodated to the convenience  
“ of academic students, he undertook succes-  
“ sively to perform this task for Demosthenes,  
“ his two sets of orations, ‘ De Coronâ,’ and  
“ ‘ *Contra Philippum*\*’; for a selection of Lucian’s

\* I never saw the Bishop’s edition of the select orations of Demosthenes; or, of his dialogues from Lucian; but, I presume, they must be rigidly correct, from the process of

“ most esteemed dialogues; and for Tacitus. To  
 “ the two former of these authors he annexed  
 “ approved Latin versions, corrected by himself;  
 “ and to all he added notes and illustrations,  
 “ with preliminary sketches, &c. The pure  
 “ Latinity, and critical acumen, displayed in these  
 “ editorial labours, have been much and justly  
 “ admired. His thoughts, in fact, about this  
 “ period, had acquired a habit of clothing them-  
 “ selves spontaneously in the purest Latin diction;  
 “ and a copy is extant of his Demosthenes, inter-  
 “ leaved for the purpose of annotation, in which

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unexampled patience which he had pursued, (as he himself informed me,) in *correcting* all the sheets. The elaborate process consisted, in perforating a piece of paper; making the hole sufficiently large to admit of a single letter, and its accent; and passing the aperture, over every letter in every word, from the beginning to the end of each sheet. He never, indeed, gave much trouble to his typographer; for, his manuscripts were always written with the most perfect exactness and beauty. During his residence in Bath, he translated from the Hebrew; printed and published, with notes, the Books of Isaiah and Job. Of his manuscript of the former, I have some fragments; and their writing, (especially of the Hebrew characters,) is like copper-plate. I never, to the best of my knowledge, met with more than three *perfect calligraphists* in my life; and nothing could be more singularly contrasted, than their characters and condition: they were the late *Bishop of Waterford*; the celebrated *Dr. Halloran*—(of whom more hereafter); and a *poor man*, by the name of *Spragg*, who copied for me a large collection of my manuscript sermons. Professor Porson's handwriting never fell under my notice. The two *worst* writers among my correspondents, were the two *most* learned of them—Dr. Parr, and the Rev H. Richman.

“ the recent deaths of two of his brothers are  
“ recorded in that language, in bursts of tender  
“ eloquence worthy of the age of Tully.

“ In 1772, Dr. Stock accompanied his friend,  
“ the elder Dr. Kearney, S.F. T.C.D., on a tour  
“ to the Continent, where they passed upwards  
“ of two years, chiefly in Italy, enjoying the  
“ delightful reminiscences which that classic  
“ land excites in minds like theirs, wherein the  
“ Cæsars and Pompeys, the Catos and Scipios,  
“ are familiar as domestic friends ; and on which  
“ the Tusculan and Alban villas, the Forum,  
“ and the Via Sacra, are mapped and delineated  
“ as perspicuously as their own college gardens.”

Dr. Stock enjoyed, successively, the living of Lusk ; the Archdeaconry of Lismore ; (presented to him by his brother-in-law, Dr. Newcome, the Archbishop of Armagh,) the living of Delgany ; the see of Killalla ; and that of Waterford. While prelate of the former see, one among his many acts of kindness, which rendered him as much beloved as he was respected, is worthy of a record in letters of gold.

A worthy clergyman, encumbered with a large family, waited upon the Bishop, in the first year of his residence at Killalla, and petitioned to be continued as the curate of the living which he served ; his rector having been killed by a ball from the French, when they landed at Killalla. His lordship invited the good man to remain to

dinner: and as soon as the cloth was removed, he proposed the health of his surprised and delighted guest, not as *Curate*, but as *Vicar of Cross Molinà*.

The Bishop died while sitting in his wheel-chair, 14th August 1813. "After faithfully serving his generation by the will of God, he fell "asleep," to wake again in the presence of his divine Redeemer, "whose he was; and whom he "had served."—His principal works were, *Isaiah and Job: with the Hebrew Texts; English Translations, and Notes; both printed at Bath, by Richard Cruttwell.*



## CHAP. XVII.

THERE are, I apprehend, few moral phenomena less frequently offered to our observation, than that of a mind, which has been incessantly exercised, through youth and manhood, in the stirring concerns of active employment; deriving satisfaction in the later years of life, from an entire escape out of the bustle and toils of business; and from enjoying a full and free opportunity, of following its own pursuits, and carving out its own amusements, for the remainder of its temporal sojourn. It is true, indeed, that nothing is more common, among those who are thus unweariedly occupied, than the *wish* for such an opportunity:—

*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant:*

than the anticipated pleasure of an old age of ease, quiet, and freedom from the galling shackles by which they are in the present fettered; but experience, almost general, assures us, that when this aspiration is complied with, the usual result is—bitter disappointment to the expectants; that emancipation from labour does not ensure repose; and that the want of cus-

tomary employment, is, to them, the parent of *ennui*. The cause of this is quite intelligible. The objects which had engaged the constant thoughts of characters thus circumstanced; which had excited their hopes, or roused their fears; given an interest to every day, and an occupation for every hour, are now withdrawn; the necessity for that exertion, which keeps both body and spirit in healthy vigour, has ceased: the mind, unequal, or reluctant to volunteer its labour, becomes fatigued by its own indolence; and it is ere long confessed, that even continued and oppressive toil, is a far preferable condition of being, to that of *having nothing to do*.

But, perhaps, among the various classes of men to whom these observations apply, it will be found, that they who quit, for the imaginary charms of seclusion, that busy world of *politics*, in which they have spent their choicest and most vigorous days, are the least able to bear the lassitude of retirement, or to find a substitute in stillness, for the absence of those constant stimulants, with which a political career is ever attended. Employed, as they have long been, in the business of nations; identified with concerns that affect the whole civilised world; and engaged in incessant and vigilant struggles, to obtain or preserve a place; to oppose or supplant a rival; the circumscribed sphere of mere domestic life, with all its comparatively petty en-

gagements, is a narrow, tame, and insipid scene of action; where the hush of passion, and the silenced call for effort, compel the mind to retreat into itself; to feel its own vacuity; and to reflect, that as its race had begun in “vanity,” so has it ended in “vexation of spirit.”

“Ye groves, (the statesman at his desk exclaims,  
 “Sick of a thousand disappointed aims,)  
 “My patrimonial treasure and my pride,  
 “Beneath your shades, your grey possessor hide —  
 “Receive me! languishing for that repose  
 “The servant of the public never knows.  
 “He sighs — for, after all, by slow degrees,  
 “The spot he loved has lost the power to please.  
 “— He feels, while grasping at his faded joys,  
 “A secret thirst of his renounced employs.  
 “He chides the tardiness of every post;  
 “Pants to be told of battles won or lost:  
 “Blames his own indolence; observes, though late,  
 “’Tis criminal to leave a sinking state:  
 “Flies to the levee, and, received with grace,  
 “Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.”\*

COWPER.

\* In the autumn of the year 1792, I was one day with a late worthy and laborious statesman, at his beautiful marine villa, at Muddiford, near Christ Church, Hants. In the evening we walked upon the beach. All was tranquil. Harmony seemed to pervade the whole face of nature. The waves curled gently to the shore: the ocean was one still expanse of the most intense blue: the sun was setting gloriously in the west; and throwing its last purple light on the snow-white cliffs at the extremity of the Isle of Wight; and on the wedge-like needle rocks beneath them. The statesman expatiated warmly, (as well he might,) on

But, however rigidly this picture may resemble the generality of retired politicians, or discarded statesmen, it is not an accurate portrait of them all. Instances might be pointed out, which, though not

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
“In Vallambrosa :”

are quite sufficient to form exceptions to an universal rule : men, who after mixing themselves up, long and intimately, with political concerns, have voluntarily quitted the agitating employ ; and found in philosophy, or something better than philosophy, a certain antidote against any *tædium vitæ*, for the residue of their “ mortal coil.”

There never, perhaps, was a more striking example of this uncommon case, than in the late DAVID HARTLEY, Esq., whom, for twenty years,

the majesty and beauty of the scene before us : compared its deep serenity with the toils of state, the fatigues of office, and the irritations of public life ; and, mused and marvelled, that man should, in his folly and perverseness, exchange these objects of everlasting gratification, for any of the tinselled guerdons that ambition could offer to his foolish heart. I fully agreed with him in his feelings and sentiments. We parted : and the next time I had the pleasure of seeing him, was—in a dense fog in London ; almost overwhelmed with political documents, at his own official chambers in Westminster.



I had the great pleasure of numbering among my friends.

For a large portion of his life, Mr. Hartley had been deeply immersed in politics. He had lived in familiar intercourse, and active co-operation, with the great Lord Chatham, in his more advanced years; and with his son William Pitt, in his early career. He had associated, more or less intimately and confidentially, with the late Duke of Portland and the Marquiss of Rockingham\*; with the late Duke of Norfolk and

\* Lord Rockingham's political principles were not of the same high tone as those of David Hartley. When his Lordship came into administration in 1782, he entirely omitted Mr. H. in the ministerial arrangement. The stubborn, uncompromising spirit of Mr. Hartley's political sentiments, had not escaped his Lordship's notice; and he was perfectly aware, would not harmonise with his own views. In the year 1783, the Duke of Portland came in; and almost immediately proposed to make D. Hartley one of the Lords of the Treasury. This place was, accordingly, allotted for him; but, before a final settlement could occur, the old Duke of Norfolk earnestly desired that Lord Surrey might be one of the Lords of the Treasury. There being, at that time, only one vacancy, the Duke of P. felt himself embarrassed, and communicated his dilemma to David Hartley, who immediately replied — "Then, send me plenipotentiary to the United States: I shall be of more use in that situation." The Duke was extremely pleased, and mentioned his *wish to go* to Charles Fox, who, delighted with the arrangement, exclaimed, with his accustomed animation: "Will he, by G —!" and went, instantly, to notify it to the King. Mr. Hartley was, in consequence, appointed

the Marquiss of Lansdown; with Sir George Saville, Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and all the other able men, who, forty years ago, formed the most distinguished members of the *whig* party in England. He had sat in the House of Commons for fourteen years, as a representative of Hull, and taken a share in the debates which occurred during his session there; and had filled the high and responsible situation, of Envoy Plenipotentiary at Paris; for the discussion and settlement of the preliminaries of peace, with Dr. Franklin and the other delegates of the United States.\* When

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as envoy, not to America, but to meet and settle preliminaries with the American Commissioners at Paris.

On the appointment of David Hartley, as envoy to the *American States*, before that appointment was altered; Fox, on his communication of it to the King, asked His Majesty whether it would be *agreeable* to him, to receive an American Minister in return. The King's reply was just and proper; manly and ingenuous; and specifically adapted to the unfortunate situation of affairs: "Mr. Fox, the *phrase* " of your question rather surprises me. It cannot be "*agreeable* to me; but, I can, and I do *agree* to it." Fox, himself, related this to David Hartley, acknowledging that his own phrase, *agreeable*, was unsuitable; and that His Majesty's answer was frank, noble, and *pointed*.

\* When Wedderburne, (afterwards Lord Loughborough,) spoke of Franklin, standing before the Privy Council, in the words, "What does the *hoary traitor* say?" little did he dream, that this same hoary traitor would give a commonwealth to the Western World; and rend from the crown of Great Britain, the most valuable of all her co-

his principles, however, dictated to him the propriety of retiring from the world of politics; as he quitted it without reluctance, so the absence of its excitements, neither occasioned a feeling of regret, nor induced a moment of apathy. It is probable, indeed, that the last five and twenty years of his life, (bating his suffering from a domestic calamity, the loss of his sister, whom he most tenderly loved,) were not only the most happy he had ever known, but, as far as the occupation of *mind* is concerned, the most incessantly employed: completely, and delightfully filled up, by the active exercise of thought: by philosophical investigations; ingenious experiments; mechanical inventions; and acts of frequent, but unobtrusive benevolence.

It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Hartley's mind was of a texture peculiarly adapted to value and enjoy the calm delights of retirement. He inherited the placid tempera-

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lonial possessions! Dr. Franklin and Dr. Hartley had a sincere respect for each other; and been in occasional correspondence, for years before they met in Paris. They had many great and good points of character in common; and each his distinct and identical excellences: for, if Dr. Franklin surpassed Mr. H. in the gigantic natural powers of his mind — in brilliancy of genius — in his wide experience of the world — and his deep insight into the human heart; David Hartley was his superior, in the singleness of his views, and in the perfect simplicity, candour, and straightforwardness of his nature.

ment of his great and good father ; the first, perhaps, of our English metaphysicians : the same clear analytical intellect ; the same devotion to the pure and single pursuit of truth ; the same simplicity and ingenuousness of general character\*. His resources, therefore, lay within

\* The countenance of the celebrated Dr. Hartley beamed with all the lights of his luminous and virtuous mind. Shackleton painted a very correct likeness of him, which was engraved ; and prefixed to his son's quarto edition of his father's great work. David Hartley presented me with a proof impression of the print. This engraving was once the occasion of some embarrassment to me. A large party were assembled to breakfast with me, at my house near Bath. Some branches of the late Earl of Selkirk's family were among the company. They had brought with them a very prepossessing young lady from Scotland ; whose name, though, of course, announced, I had either not heard, or had forgotten. She sat beside me at breakfast. Opposite to us were three portraits. She looked attentively at them for a few moments, and said, " Pray, Mr. W., whose portraits are those to the left hand ? The right-hand one I know well ; but the central, and that next to it, are new to me."—" Oh ! the middle one is a print of my friend David Hartley ; and that to the right, a print of his great and good father, Doctor Hartley, author of the well-known ' Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and Expectations : ' one of the most sensible, rational, and satisfactory metaphysical writers, in my opinion, that ever lived. By the bye, I have a little quarrel with your Scotch philosophers : they do not, I think, treat our metaphysicians, Locke, Clarke, and Hartley, with the respect they deserve. Indeed, I am *quite hurt*, that *Dugald Stewart* should have spoken so lightly of Dr. Hartley, as he does, in his admirable ' Philosophy of the Human Mind.'"—The excellent girl coloured, and replied ; " I am sure, *my*



himself. They did not depend upon *externals*: and when customary stimulants of this description failed him; he found in his natural composure, an antidote against the sting of disappointment; and in his mental activity, a complete security from listlessness and discontent.

It may be observed also, that Mr. Hartley engaged in public concerns, in a spirit more lofty, and with views more pure, than those which influence the herd of common politicians. He was a real *patriot*; and when he wrote the following sketch of the august character, he faithfully transcribed a picture of himself:—

“ Other merits must distinguish the *patriot*.  
 “ He must have the cause at heart; and know  
 “ that it is a good one: his profession must be  
 “ his constant meditation; his study; his mis-  
 “ tress; his amusement. He must be temperate;  
 “ benevolent; thoughtful; provident; patient;  
 “ vigilant; fruitful in expedients; flexible in con-  
 “ duct; inflexible in honesty; indefatigable; en-  
 “ terprising; cool, and determined. His great  
 “ designs will be contemplated in the silent  
 “ closet; weighed in the moral balance; and

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“ *father* would be very sorry to know, that he had written  
 “ any thing which gave Mr. Warner pain!” — She was the  
 “ *daughter* of the Scotch professor. I got out of the scrape  
 as well as I could.

“penned into practicable plans with care and exactness. His confederacies will be formed, on the basis of wise and virtuous connections, intimacies, and friendships. An integrity that knows no craft; an honour that knows no suspicion; a dignity which knows nothing that is unbecoming; and an undaunted spirit, that knows no fear, are the proper cements of a patriotic association.”\*

By these honest principles, they who knew him best, were most aware, that David Hartley was entirely influenced in his political life. It was not the spirit of *faction* that engaged him in it; nor the senseless love of *power*; nor the selfish thirst of *place* or *patronage*, that identified him with the *opposition* party: but, a sincere desire to serve his country; and to be an instrument in the adoption of those measures, which *he* thought, would rescue it from constitutional and political ruin.

Though an avowed and steady *whig*, Mr. Hartley was sincerely attached to our form of government in church and state; as it had been settled at the Revolution; and re-sanctioned, at the establishment of the present Reigning Family, on the throne of Great Britain. However extended, abused, or misunderstood, the meaning

\* From his “Character of a Patriot,” which he distributed among his friends.

of the term may have been, since his participation in politics ; *his whiggism* revolted alike, from the sanguinary horrors of jacobinism ; the chimerical visions of democracy ; the senseless desire for mere unbeneficial change ; and the dangerous passion for political experiment. Aware of the principle of deterioration and decay, which every human institution bears within itself ; the object which he contemplated, as the legitimate end of his party, was, to repair, and not remake : to restore the form, without altering its integral parts : and to bring back the British Constitution, to its original harmony of feature : purity of structure ; and means of general prosperity and usefulness.

The two great political objects, which seem to have chiefly occupied the mind of David Hartley, during the active part of his life, were the *American war* and the *state of Ireland*.

For some time previously to the unhappy contest with the Colonies ; Mr. H. had deprecated those measures of the administration, which, he conceived, would necessarily drive them into rebellion : and during the continuance of the disastrous struggle, he opposed, with inflexible firmness, the further prosecution of it, not only from its *inexpediency*, but from its *injustice*. He hailed the prospect of its termination, with the purest satisfaction ; and confessed, that one of the brightest hours in his life, was that, in which he

received the appointment of Envoy Plenipotentiary, to discuss and arrange the preliminaries of peace; and put an end to an unnatural and sanguinary contest, which he had always regarded with unqualified horror.\* As he entered upon his official appointment with the purest intentions, so he prosecuted its great object with exemplary industry and vigour: and there is little doubt, that, had he been fairly supported by the integrity and zeal of ministers at home; terms might have been adjusted with America, far more favourable for the mother country, than

\* There were some singular circumstances connected with David Hartley's appointment as Plenipotentiary, which are submitted to the reader, on his own authority. As soon as his appointment took place, Mr. H. went to Charles Fox, then one of the secretaries of state, to receive his instructions. They talked confidentially as friends, on the subject of the embassy; and Fox said to H., "I wish *you* would draw up *your own instructions*." David Hartley *actually did this*; and Fox highly approved of them; and cordially united with the new Envoy, in every sentiment which he had expressed in them. Soon, however, his yielding mind succumbed to the influence of the ministers with whom he had coalesced; and, from that moment, he ceased to forward Mr. Hartley's measures for peace. The American ministers were so well convinced of this lukewarmness and its cause; that, when David Hartley showed them the articles which he was to propose, they said, "You will never sign *these articles* with us." — "How can that be?" replied he; "I am sent hither to propose them." They immediately answered, "Depend upon it, you will *never sign them*." — The event showed, that their presage was well founded.



those which were ultimately obtained. But, the fatal *coalition* between Lord North and Fox had taken place ; which seemed to shed a malignant influence over every measure, subsequent to the unnatural junction : and, either languor, inconsistency, or intrigue, in the ministry in England, paralysed, or counteracted, all the envoy's operations abroad. One curious fact, will sufficiently show the character of the proceedings of the inauspicious coalition, with their plenipotentiary at the court of France. Previously to Mr. Hartley's preparations for his departure from Paris, he drew up a memorial addressed to the American States ; grounded on the broadest political principles, and supported by the most statesman-like arguments ; in which he proved to demonstration, that their alliance with this country, would be infinitely more advantageous to their new-born commonwealth, than an alliance with France ; or any other nation in Europe. This document he immediately transmitted to Mr. Fox ; who returned it with this strong expression of approbation ; that " it was cogent and convincing in the " highest degree : " but, no official directions accompanied the reply. Mr. Hartley then handed the paper to the American commissioners. They were exceedingly embarrassed ; and said : " This will be known to the French ministers, " before you get your despatches respecting it, " from your own court." The English envoy

considered their alarm as imaginary ; but it was perfectly well founded : for he has often declared, that Mr. Fox did not write to him again *for nine weeks*.

The purity and disinterestedness of David Hartley's political views, were well known to his late Majesty ; and the integrity of his own heart, led him to esteem the man who entertained them, though they were in opposition to the principles and measures of his ministry. He appeared to derive pleasure from an intercourse with him, and indulged Mr. Hartley in frequent *private conversations* ; finding occasions for such conferences, in visits to his *experiment* house, on Putney Common ; under the veil of seeing the progress and success of the *fire-plate* processes. The conversation was directed, on these occasions, to political topics ; and encouragement given to Mr. Hartley, to deliver his opinions freely and fully. During one of these interviews, David Hartley took occasion to say to the king : “ It has often given me great concern, to oppose your Majesty's measures, with regard to America, as I have done in parliament ; but I have been obliged *conscientiously* to do so : and if it were to do again, I could not do otherwise.” — “ I believe so,” said the King.—“ I think you have acted like an *honest* man ; and I bear you no ill will for it.” — One is at a loss, which to admire most ; the sincerity of such a

declaration ; or the noble cordiality with which it was received.

Mr. Hartley was accustomed to relate other instances of his late Majesty's condescension and kindness to him ; which may be considered as further proofs, of the king's nice discrimination between the virtues of the man, and the views of the politician.

Though acting in constant political opposition to Lord North, as long as he was exclusively minister, David Hartley had a personal regard for his lordship ; which was as cordially returned by the Premier. The parties had been intimate at the university ; and kept up their acquaintance through life. His late Majesty was aware, both of their mutual esteem ; their political differences ; and the severity with which David Hartley occasionally treated his old fellow-collegian in the House of Commons. On the first visit which the king made to the experiment-house at Putney, he was attended only by Lord North and General Carpenter. As they were all standing near the flames, the heat became almost insupportable, and Lord North drew back. His Majesty remarked his retreat, and good-humouredly exclaimed : “ Hey, my Lord ; can't stand fire — hey ? — Never flinch. This, you know, is not the *first time* that Mr. Hartley has *roasted* you — hey ? ” \*

\* It is delightful to observe, that, in this country, (and I

On another royal visit to the experiment-house, in the year 1778, His Majesty remained two hours

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apprehend, we may consider it as an exclusive privilege,) that the political squabbles in our Houses of Parliament, *very rarely* influence or diminish the good feelings of the opponents towards each other in private life ; or infringe upon the courtesy and kindness of social intercourse. In the very fervour of the American contest, David Hartley met Lord North at a crowded masquerade : and, although the dress and assumed character of the former, might have been regarded as the severest satire upon his lordship, yet the minister was as much amused at it as the rest of the company. Frequently, during the evening, the parties came in contact with each other ; and diverted themselves, and all around them, with an abundance of good-humoured joke, and brilliant repartee. Mr. Hartley was dressed in the character of a *Turn-coat*, (Lord N. had been once in *opposition*,) his hat laced with *Louis d'ors*, and his pocket filled with grants of pensions, and mock bank-bills. In his hand he carried a long staff, having a *weather-cock* on its top ; on one side of which was written, " O Liberty ! O Virtue ! O my Country !" and, on the other side, " Value received, " 1000*l.* a year." Round the staff was a label, bearing the words, " Each cries, this is levelled at me." The humour of the dress, and the spirit with which the character was supported, were much applauded.

Mr. Hartley always described Lord North, as a man of most easy and placid temper, and beloved even by his political opponents. He said, that his lordship often saw the impropriety, and even the pernicious tendency of the proceedings he was obliged to follow, though he had not the resolution to adhere to his better opinion, at the risk of losing his place. He observed, that he had held many private interviews with his lordship, on the subject of the American war ; and that Lord Rockingham once reproached



with Mr. Hartley, conversing on a variety of subjects; but, more especially on *political* ones. Republics were mentioned: and Mr. H. said, that “he thought there was no danger of republican principles being popular in this country. That it was by no means fitted for

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him for it, and said, “Why, will you *lend* yourself thus to Lord North?”—To which he replied, “I beg your pardon, my Lord: I am not a *lender*; but, a *borrower*.”

When Mr. Thornton came over from Dr. Franklin, with proposals for an exchange of prisoners — “to alleviate,” (in Dr. F.’s words,) “the miseries of war; and to make earth less like hell:” it was hoped, that these proposals might tend to a negotiation for peace; and, in this hope, Mr. Hartley obtained several conferences with Lord North, which, at his Lordship’s request, *took place by night*. On one occasion the parties met at eleven o’clock, P.M., and did not separate till dawn. Some years after this interview, when Mr. H. urged to Lord N. the inexpediency and total impracticability of continuing the war; and the obvious advantages of concluding peace before it *should be too late*: Lord N. listened with deep attention; but, hung down his head, and made no reply. Mr. H. proceeded — concluded — and waited for an answer. Lord N. did not speak. D. H. urged the argument further, and with greater force. Still no reply. — Fearing he had proceeded too far: he asked, if he had given offence? — “O no!” said Lord N., with a sigh: “you have spoken honestly; forcibly; and with every possible propriety.” D. H. thought that he had made a deep impression on the minister in favour of pacification. In the morning he received a note from him, intimating that *all plans for peace were inadmissible*. The change in Lord N.’s sentiments, had been effected, some how or other, during the night.

“such a form of government ; that every gentleman and man of property had more people below, than above him ; and had, therefore, an interest of the same kind as that of the aristocracy, in preserving the existing form of government. That the landed and the moneyed interests were so intermingled, there *must* always be a *nobility*, and a *gentry*, as well as a *commonalty*.” *Holland* being immediately spoken of, Mr. H. observed, “that the democratic form of government was there suited to the condition of the people ; that, as they consisted of merchants and traders ; so, the constitution of *Holland* was not adapted for that class of society, which we call “*gentry*.” Nearly *ten* years after this conversation had passed, Mr. H. was at court, and being among the diplomatic corps, accidentally stood next to the Dutch minister, with whom His Majesty was conversing : and, singular to say, on the Constitution of *Holland*. Seeing Mr. Hartley near him, the king turned briskly to him, and said, “I know what *your* sentiments are : you have told me already, that you do not consider *Holland* as a country for a *gentleman* to live in.” Great was the surprise of Mr. H. at His Majesty’s recollection of the conversation, at the experiment-house ; and not trifling his embarrassment, at being thus addressed in the hearing of the Dutch minister ; particularly at the change

made in his expression, from “Holland not being  
“ a country adapted by its constitution, for what  
“ we call *gentry*,” — to — “not being a country  
“ for a *gentleman to live in.*” As it was entirely  
out of etiquette, however, to contradict His  
Majesty, Mr. H. could only reply: “I perfectly  
“ well remember the conversation to which your  
“ Majesty alludes: and I also well remember,  
“ that I said, the nature of the constitution of  
“ Holland, made it not a country for *gentry.*”  
This he was obliged to say in English; as the  
king spoke to him in that language; and it  
would have been improper to have made his  
reply in French. It is probable, therefore, that  
the Dutch minister understood the obvious dis-  
tinction between the speech, and the royal report  
of it. The king, however, would not let David  
Hartley off so easily. I presume he wished to  
make him a gentle return, a sort of *quid pro quo*,  
for his former parliamentary opposition; and  
immediately said to the foreign diplomatist:  
“Oui: ce monsieur dit, que votre patrie n’est  
“ pas convenable pour qu’un gentilhomme puisse  
“ y vivre.”\*

I have remarked, that one of the great political

\* Mr. Hartley had several conversations with His late Majesty at the Queen’s Palace at Kew, by the royal command. The pretext was, either the business of the fire-plates, or the tempering of steel: the real subjects of the intercourse were, politics, and chiefly American.

topics which engaged Mr. Hartley's thoughts, was, *the state of Ireland*. He had been in that country in early life: knew many of its most leading characters; and took a deep interest in its political welfare. The point to which all his views and wishes, with respect to that country, were directed, was the establishment and maintenance of the *Protestant ascendancy* there. With this strong desire impressed upon his mind; he was not only anxious, that the great landholders of Ireland, resident in this country, should dwell in the land where their property lay; and identify themselves with the people from whom they derived their incomes: but, he also conceived; that the important office of Lord Lieutenant; should be filled by a personage of *royal blood*: not only, as the best security for its high duties being fulfilled in the best possible manner; but, because such an arrangement, would be most gratifying to the Irish themselves; amalgamate them more closely with the sister isle; and attach them more devotedly to the august family on the throne of Great Britain. Full of this patriotic idea, Mr. Hartley drew up a paper on the state of Ireland; and introduced into it, the novel suggestion. The document was shown to, and approved by, many of the ablest statesmen of the day: and whatever may now be thought of its wisdom or its policy; there can be only one opinion of the evidence which it affords, of the



sincerity of Mr. Hartley's feelings in favour of Ireland; of his zeal for the happiness of the empire at large; and of his own personal loyalty to his king and country.\*

\* This paper will be found among the documents, which I have given in the Appendix. Prefixed to it, are the following "Memoranda relating to Ireland."

"In 1758, during the time of the great Lord Chatham's administration, and, in the midst of success and conquest, a clause in a militia bill of England being made, it was proposed that this clause should be made binding upon Ireland also. This was objected to in Ireland. The Duke of Bedford was Lord Lieutenant; and Rigby, Secretary. It was suspected by the Irish, that this clause was intended to introduce a plan for an *Union* between England and Ireland; and it occasioned great riots in Dublin. The Lords and Commons were surrounded and insulted, as they went to the Parliament House: many were pulled out of their chairs and coaches; some wounded, and cast into the kennel; and others compelled to swear allegiance to the mob.

"In 1782, during the administration of Lord Rockingham and Charles Fox, Poyning's law was repealed; by which the Irish Parliament became independent of the Parliament of England.

"In 1783, when Mr. Pitt (junior) came into office, an attempt was made, by means of some clauses in an English bill, to introduce, as a trifle of no consequence, a system of again legislating for Ireland. But, the Irish saw through the artifice, and refused to admit it.

"In 1785, a paper was written by David Hartley.

"In 1788, during the K.'s illness, this paper was sent to one whom it concerned; but, probably, was not delivered.

"During the K.'s illness, the Irish expressed their desire, that the P. of W. should be regent, at least for their king-

The retreat of David Hartley from public life, was, I apprehend, first suggested to his mind by the decease of his great and good friend, Sir George Saville, in the year 1784. He had lived, for nearly three and thirty years, on terms of the closest and most cordial intimacy with this exalted character. *His amor unus erat.* They were kindred spirits: bound to each other by the purest, and most endearing ties of friendship — a similarity of sentiments; feelings; pursuits; and political principles. Their intimacy had commenced at a period of life, when the unsophisticated heart still feels as Nature dictates: no rival views or conflicting interests had disturbed its serenity: and it was only terminated by death, before the frost of age could chill its ardour. Dr. Ogle, afterwards Dean of Winchester, had introduced Mr. Hartley to Sir George Saville, in 1751: and so sincere a regard

“ dom: and the Duke of Leinster, and many other persons, came over on an embassy to him. But, by the time they arrived in England, His Majesty was recovered.

“ In 1796, a certain person came to Bath; and there was an interview between him and another person, but nothing confidential passed. This was in the end of November.

“ In December, 1796, the *paper* was sent and received.

“ In 1797, January 5. there was a meeting again between the two persons, and the *paper* was highly approved. There it rests: being left by the author, in the hands of those personages only, who have a right to decide upon it. It remains in secrecy from all others.”

grew out of the introduction, that the Baronet, two years after it, invited his friend to live with him in his house in Hanover Square. The invitation was accepted; and this mansion became, in a great measure, Mr. Hartley's home, till the year 1757: when he was appointed the *travelling fellow* of Merton College; and left England for the Continent. The personal intercourse between the friends, was suspended for some time during Mr. Hartley's absence from his country; but renewed, with equal warmth on both sides, on his return: and continued to be as frequent as it was confidential, till Sir George's death; who testified his regard for his surviving friend, by a legacy of 2000*l*.

If a shade of difference ever existed between the political opinions of David Hartley and Sir George Saville, it arose, from the circumstance of the former being officially employed under the *coalition administration*. Nothing could reconcile Sir George to this piece of political patch-work. He held it in utter abomination; and candidly expressed his thoughts upon it, to his friend, in the following energetic, and unanswerable letter. Ill health had interrupted Sir George's parliamentary exertions at the time he wrote it: and he died in less than a year after the date of the letter.

“ Rufford, March 15th, 1783.

“ DEAR H.

“ I hardly think that I should have  
“ been so very ready at answering by the very  
“ same post, if it were not for a wise word or  
“ two, which do not digest very kindly; and  
“ which *I want to bring up*.

“ For myself, in the first place, however, I  
“ am, certainly, and very sensibly recovering.  
“ Having, however, a pretty good *presentiment*  
“ (*Gallicè*) of the degree of health and strength,  
“ which I am to look upon, probably, as the  
“ *average* of my future state of body; and I  
“ must suit my occupations to it: which, I  
“ hope, I shall be well able to do. My doubt  
“ about *public business*, is, whether to give it  
“ up before, or after the *question of Reform*;  
“ which I should, if possible, make a point of  
“ attending, if in any degree consistent with  
“ safety. By a side wind, Mr. Wyvill has a  
“ hint of this.

“ The point which sticks in my stomach,  
“ appears, perhaps, in a stronger light to me  
“ (from my usual theoretic way of seeing poli-  
“ tical matters) than may occur to another:  
“ and certainly, beside this, my natural propen-  
“ sity is increased; and my *theoretic*, possibly,  
“ become *visionary*, by my situation out of the  
“ noise and bustle; and by seeing you all, not



“ as being in the midst of you, but in a distant  
 “ perspective.

“ Although I grant that nothing in this world  
 “ is to be done by *solitary* efforts : and that,  
 “ therefore, if a man will not be content with  
 “ being a *well meaning non-effective*, he must not  
 “ be sentimentally nice about his *accomplices*  
 “ — yet, there is reason and measure in this, as  
 “ in all other things in the world. The discredit  
 “ or evils of an alliance, may, in private life,  
 “ overbalance, as well as be outweighed, by the  
 “ *fortune* gained by the match.

“ It seemed, I grant, very strange indeed to  
 “ me, that there should be such pointing and  
 “ scoffing, because men *voted together* (on the  
 “ peace), who had *differed so much*. Such ex-  
 “ pressions as these — ‘ Well : miracles hav’n’t  
 “ ‘ ceased.’ — ‘ Little did I think ever to see Lord  
 “ North, and Charles Fox, &c. &c. on the same  
 “ side of the house, &c.’ — All this talk, I say,  
 “ seems to me to be nonsense ; or else, I am  
 “ sure, the cant cry, of *measures not men*, is  
 “ nonsense.—‘ *There ! no consistency ! sometimes*  
 “ ‘ *up-hill : sometimes down-hill : sometimes with*  
 “ ‘ *the wind : sometimes against it ! I wish I could*  
 “ ‘ *find some one principle this traveller goes by.*’  
 “ — This, too, I allow to be perfect nonsense.  
 “ — But, to *unite as allies generally*, with men  
 “ one *ought to impeach* — to act with a man  
 “ who has *done more mischief in a given time*,

“ than one would have thought could have been  
 “ well *contrived* — (and that *time*, not a short  
 “ one: not a spurt of speed: but, long enough,  
 “ to prove good bottom, wind, and perseverance  
 “ in mischief) — obtaining parliamentary sanction  
 “ to shelter himself under, by contracts, by  
 “ loans, and by a corruption so gross, so  
 “ notorious, that it extorted from the very body  
 “ itself, votes *declaratory* and *remedial* of that  
 “ corruption, (a circumstance so striking and  
 “ disgraceful, as to damn any minister’s æra  
 “ under whose reign it happened,) I say, to join  
 “ cordially with *such* a man, can be justified but  
 “ one way (if it can at all), viz. *the lesser of*  
 “ *two evils* — Lord Sh — is worse.

“ I say, *if it can at all*, because there is a  
 “ third way, and that is, *not cutting in at all*. I  
 “ don’t deny the *possibility*, of its being so ne-  
 “ cessary that the virtuous party should come  
 “ in, *pro bono publico*, that this third way *may*  
 “ be out of the question — but, when the *persons*  
 “ for whose *commodo* this virtuous party is by  
 “ all means to come in, stand upon that argu-  
 “ ment, I am prejudiced, and inclined, perhaps,  
 “ not to give it all the weight it deserves. You  
 “ must know, I took great offence, at Charles  
 “ Fox’s expression of ‘ *Amicitia sempiternæ,*  
 “ ‘ *inimicitia breves*: you know I always opposed  
 “ ‘ him,’ (Lord North,) ‘ on the American war:  
 “ ‘ *that* is over; so *I* bear no malice.’ Now,

“ I should like a judge, who would say, ‘ Gen-  
 “ tlemen of the jury, you may, it is true,  
 “ ‘ well have been angry at this *murderer* ; but,  
 “ ‘ that’s all over now, so *you must bear no*  
 “ ‘ *malice.*’—What have we to do with friend-  
 “ ships and enmities? It is indecent to talk  
 “ of them. Charles Fox’s own natural moral  
 “ sense, would have made him not hazard such  
 “ an expression, I am sure, but that all (even  
 “ pretence of) *public feeling*, is laid aside ; and,  
 “ it is so habitually understood and felt, that all  
 “ save *private feelings* are a *sham* ; that, neither  
 “ C. Fox nor the public, are at all startled, at  
 “ an expression, which, in private life, would  
 “ make you kick that man down stairs, who  
 “ gravely told you, that *he* had settled to be  
 “ *friends with*, and trust some of *your* concerns  
 “ to, a man who had cheated you *as long as he*  
 “ *could cheat you* ; but, as now that was utterly  
 “ at an end, (*viz. because he could cheat you no*  
 “ *longer*) he, for his part, bore no malice.

“ In fact, all parties, naturally enough, join in  
 “ such a point as this : but, surely, utterly to  
 “ the defeating of every principle, on which  
 “ honours should flow from the crown. The  
 “ comers-in get the obnoxious man *out of the*  
 “ *way*. The criminal is honoured.

“ You will perceive that the Duke of Port-  
 “ land’s *second condition* : a peerage for Lord  
 “ North, has made me break out thus. How-

“ ever, there can be no good in talking this.  
 “ Nobody will, I dare say, ask my opinion :  
 “ nor would it, I believe, do much for *bono*  
 “ *publico*, should I proclaim it in the streets ; so  
 “ I make no conscience of holding my tongue.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ G. S.”

David Hartley received the rudiments of a very classical education, from his excellent father\* : and, what was infinitely of more importance to him, imbibed from the same source, the principles of sincere religion ; irreproachable honour ; and inflexible integrity. His studies were afterwards forwarded, first at Sodbury school ; and, afterwards, at the academy of Mr. Paget, at Pointington, who, removing to Sher-

\* Though David Hartley's mind was characterised rather by intellectual acuteness, than by genius or fancy ; yet he had not been deficient, in youth at least, in poetical feeling. He wrote extremely good Latin verses ; and, at the age of 13., produced the following epitaph on a Miss Lucia Bird ; a friend, and, possibly, an early flame of the ingenuous youth.

Farewell, blest maid ! Forgive, if we deplore  
 The gentle, lovely Lucia, now no more !  
 Speed thy *æthereal* to its heavenly home ;  
 And rest thy *mortal*, in this earthly tomb !  
 'Twas late we saw thee 'midst the virgin throng,  
 Guileless as gay : and innocent as young.  
 We own the justice of this hard decree ;  
 Though grief to us, eternal joy to thee !



borne endowed school, took his pupil with him ; where he continued till the Lent term of 1747, when (at the age of 15.) he entered at Oxford, as a gentleman commoner of Corpus, under the tuition of Dr. Forster, the celebrated Hebrew scholar. Between this excellent divine and his young pupil, a strong attachment subsisted, till the death of the former ; cemented on the Doctor's part by his obligations to Dr. Hartley, who had recommended him to the notice and patronage of his friend Butler, Bishop of Durham. It was at this period of his life, that David Hartley imbibed that taste for speculation ; abstract reasoning ; and the pursuits of natural philosophy ; which formed the prominent features of his after-character, and the principal occupations of his time, for the larger portion of his life. He studied mathematics under Professor Bliss ; and astronomical science with Dr. Bradley. Having obtained a Postmastership at Merton, he changed his college ; and, in due time, became a Fellow of that establishment : a situation, which, as he never married, he held till the time of his death. It was just after he had entered at Merton, that a little event occurred, which he never forgot, and took pleasure in relating ; as it formed the only exception to the course of undeviating sobriety, which he preserved, during the whole of his academical

life.\* A jovial meeting had taken place at a neighbouring college, at which ShuteBarrington; Collingwood Banks; and David Hartley, were among the compotators. The wine had its customary effects, when it is taken in too large a quantity; and the trio returned to their college, in a state of complete intoxication. Banks, however, was the least capable of maintaining his *perpendicularity*; and Barrington and Hartley, after acting as his buttresses for several paces, lost their hold of him, and he sank at their feet. *Procumbit humi Bos*. Barrington, dreadfully alarmed, started off to obtain assistance; and to contrive, if possible, some method of smuggling the defunct into college, without the knowledge of the ruling powers. David Hartley was left

\* When Mr. Hartley went to college, and found himself his own master, he first adopted that *diet of bread and butter, and tea*, in lieu of meat and wine, which, with few exceptions, he practised through life. He used to say, that it was not from any peculiar principles of abstinence; but from taste and inclination, that he did this—as he felt a natural dislike to animal food and fermented liquors. He made no scruple, however, of deviating from this plan when in society. I have dined with him, and rather marvelled at the freedom with which he partook of the good things before him. But, weeks of fasting invariably followed the festal day. He was subject to inflammatory attacks; but always conquered them by inanition. He told me he had once cured himself of a severe access of fever, by living for a *fortnight on tea alone*—without medicine, farinaceous food, or animal fibre.

in charge of the unfortunate victim of the *last bottle*. While ruminating upon his situation, and his charge; he observed symptoms of motion in the latter — Banks began to roll from side to side; became a little sensible of his state; and supposing himself to be alone, (for his vision was as yet imperfect) broke out into a passionate lamentation of his folly and sin; abused himself and his condition; and protested most solemnly, that “if he could but *once get up again*, he “would never more convert himself into a “beast.” David Hartley confessed, that this soliloquy of his prostrate friend, did more towards disgusting him with wine and its effects, than any tutor’s lecture could have effected.\*

\* Mr. Hartley’s habitual temperance and abstemiousness, is thus described, in a letter to a friend, in 1801:—  
“For restoration of the bodily frame to health, you will  
“have access to the best advisers. But, as every one  
“may be allowed to praise the bridge which has carried  
“him, from a delicate constitution in early life, to the  
“completion of 70 years: I may claim that privilege;  
“having attained those years, in present perfect, and robust  
“health. That bridge, to me, has been, a *constitutional*  
“*abstinence in diet and food*, without any premeditation, or  
“organised system of abstinence. If my whole life, from  
“16 years to 70, were to be taken together, I might safely  
“say, that I have not taken *meat or wine*, more than *one*  
“*day in four* — I believe, at the utmost. I have not been  
“pedantic, or scrupulous: but, upon a balance, I have  
“been a great economist of my constitution. I shall not  
“argue from pedantry; but, for the safer side, upon balance.  
“I speak of adults, and of persons whose livelihood does

Collingwood Banks died young ; but Mr. Hartley lived to see his other partner in the accidental debauch, the Lord Bishop of Durham.

Shortly after Mr. Hartley had completed his tour, as travelling Fellow of Merton College, and returned to England ; he brought his invention of *fire-plates* into action, and petitioned parliament for a grant, to enable him to prosecute his experiments, as well as to reward his discovery. The plan was ingenious, though simple : it consisted, in the introduction of plates of iron, about an eighth of an inch in thickness, between the joists and the boards, of every floor, in the house intended to be protected from the destroying element. Whether, therefore, the fire began above or below stairs, its progress was checked. If above, the *floor* only could be consumed. If below, it was the *ceiling* alone which would suffer : the flame having destroyed *that*, had no further supply of combustible ; the access of air was prevented ; its circulation interrupted ; the iron plate could not be rendered red-hot ; and the boards above, were consequently only

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“ not depend upon labour : let quantities and qualities be  
“ ascertained, such as may be necessary to keep the body  
“ *in statu quo*, and the circulation of the pulse to its consti-  
“ tutional beat : for, ‘ our every pulse that beats, beats to  
“ ‘ eternity, and tolls our doom ! ’ ”



warmed, and not ignited.\* In the spring of 1774, parliament granted to Mr. Hartley 2500*l.*, as a reward for the public utility of his invention, and as an aid towards furthering his endeavours to improve it.

Another ingenious discovery occupied much of Mr. Hartley's thoughts and time; more particularly, after his abstracting himself from political concerns. This was a new mode of *tempering* iron; or converting that metal into *steel*. Hitherto, the process of this conversion had been, to subject the iron instruments, (whatever they might be,) scythes, hatchets, reaping-hooks, chisels, &c., to the action of fire: but the plan was often inefficient, and the result almost always uncertain; more especially, with respect to those implements, such as scythes and reaping-hooks, which, from their awkward forms and dimensions, could not well be submitted throughout their whole length, *at the same moment*, to the

\* I once accompanied that truly great man, the late James Watt, Esq., of Soho, to Mr. Hartley's house in Bath, to see the result of an experiment tried with the *fire-plates*, on the model of a chamber-floor, about six feet in diameter. The plates were placed between two ranges of inch-thick deal planks. Joists were nailed to the under flooring. This apparatus being supported by uprights, a fire was kindled beneath. It burnt fiercely for half an hour. The platform was then examined. The joists and under planks were charred, but not consumed: the plates not red-hot; and the upper boards only warmed, and not discoloured.

*same degree of heat* ; a point absolutely necessary to be obtained, in order to give them an *uniform temper*. Mr. Hartley's contrivance for surmounting this difficulty, was beautifully simple. *Oil* does not evaporate, till it reaches the six hundredth degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The point of heat necessary to temper iron, is under this degree : consequently, by heating the oil to the necessary point, in vessels whose forms are adapted to receive the entire instruments ; and then plunging the instruments into the oil ; the due degree of heat is given to *every part* of them, at the *same instant of time*, and an uniform and perfect tempering obtained. For this discovery Mr. Hartley received an unsolicited patent from America, in April, 1791.\*

It might reasonably be supposed, that two such highly useful inventions as those which I have described, would have proved a source, of large and lasting profits, to the ingenious discoverer of them : and so in truth they might have done, to a man better qualified than Mr. Hartley was, to descend into the detail of business ; and meet the mechanic, manufacturer, and merchant,

\* On Mr. Hartley's decease, a considerable quantity of tools and implements ; such as hatchets, planes, chisels, &c., which had undergone his process of tempering, were found in the house. These were sold by public auction, by order of the executors. I enquired afterwards, of a hardware dealer, the purchaser of a large lot of them, " how they turned out ? " — His answer was — " Admirably ! "

upon their own ground. But, here Mr. Hartley was deficient : his speculative turn of mind ; his retiring habits ; and his utter distaste for any thing like *book-keeping* ; entirely unfitted him for managing that important *practical* concern—the disposal of the articles after they had been prepared : or, a minute attention to any plan by which they might have been largely sold. Hence it happened, that his fortune was but little benefited by two discoveries, which, from their obvious utility, obtained an immediate popularity with the public ; and, under happier auspices, might have secured a large exclusive profit, to their ingenious inventor, for many succeeding years.

My acquaintance with Mr. Hartley commenced in 1795, when I was the bearer of a letter from the Rev. William Gilpin to Mrs. MARY HARTLEY, the sister of my future friend. The exemplary Vicar of Boldre and this lady had corresponded frequently and confidentially, for many years ; but without any personal communication with each other. How this epistolary intercourse began, I know not ; but, the cause of its continuance, and the means by which the friendship between the parties, was every day more firmly cemented, could not be a secret, to those who knew them both. Mr. Gilpin and Mrs. Mary Hartley were, in truth, among “ the excellent ones of the earth ;” and their regard was

the natural approximation of minds towards each other, which had "every good gift," and all Christian virtues, in common. Their tastes and intellectual pursuits, also, assimilated: for natural and moral beauty; and the quiet, refined, and elegant arts, were the study and amusement of both. These, with the higher topics of religious discussion, and scriptural enquiry; formed the subjects of a regular and uninterrupted correspondence between them for twenty years; which was terminated only by the death of the lady, in 1803.

Mrs. Mary Hartley was, indeed, one of the most extraordinary women of her day: accomplished to a degree far superior to the generality of her sex. She too, like her half-brother David Hartley, (for the Doctor had been married twice, and Mary was the child of the second connection,) had enjoyed the high advantage of an education by her excellent parent; and imbibed all his piety\*, and much of his philosophical spirit.

\* A prominent feature of the great Dr. Hartley's mind, (and it is most gratifying to find Christian piety identified with such an intellect as his,) was a deep religious feeling; — a firm and practical belief in the truth of revelation. In a letter put into my hands, written by his daughter, she says, "My father was very frequently praying; and from "this practice, he seemed to acquire comfort in affliction; "and resolution in virtue. How early he began this practice, I know not; but, from his conversation, I should "imagine that it was from his very boyhood. Although his



Her knowledge of the Latin language was considerable : her skill in the Italian and French, critical. Every branch of the graphic art was familiar to her pencil ; and, whether the subjects of her drawing were living or inanimate nature, she threw a grace and spirit into the delineation, that manifested the taste and power of a master.\*

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“ temper was gay and cheerful, he was uniformly a virtuous, “ sober, and studious young man ; — never addicted to any “ vice ; — never guilty of any excess. He had a noble, “ disinterested, generous mind ; and the highest feelings of “ philanthropy and compassion. Towards God he had an “ humble, grateful, and thankful mind ; with a constant “ fear of offending ; and a perpetual remembrance that he “ was always in the divine presence.”

\* The superior talent of Mrs. Mary Hartley in drawing : her knowledge of its principles, and skill in applying them ; together with her extensive acquaintance and correspondence, with persons of rank, fortune, and taste ; rendered it highly desirable, to all the young artists in her neighbourhood, to obtain her notice, advice, and patronage. It was her delight to confer these on every promising youth, when genius was associated with moral worth. The late Sir Thomas Lawrence, when he quitted Bath, to establish himself in London, benefited largely by her countenance, recommendation, and advice. The extent and acknowledgment of his obligations to her, in this respect, appear in four letters addressed to her, occurring in the Appendix. To the present Thomas Barker, Esq., of Bath, also, when he first started into notice and fame, Mrs. M. Hartley showed marks of particular kindness and encouragement. She saw and predicted, his future excellence : and the grandeur of conception ; power of expression ; magic of colouring ; soul, feeling, and pathos ; pervading his “ Woodman,” and

Neither was she unvisited by the muse ; and, though her poetry, of which I have seen many specimens, was charactered rather by harmony than force : there was a tenderness of sentiment, and a strength of thought, mingled with its me-

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“ Maid of the Inn,” not only evince the sagacity of her opinion ; but prove, what great and good things we might still expect from Mr. Barker, were the range for the exercise of his art, commensurate to his ability in the practice of it.

As the curiosity and interest of the public are still alive to the name and memory of that great deceased master in the art of painting, the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, it may not be irrelevant, to add, in this place, a few circumstances connected with his residence and professional employ while he remained at Bath. If it were highly honourable to the character of Lawrence, that, during this period, he maintained his father and mother, by the exercise of his pencil ; it was equally creditable to my great and good friend, the late Dr. Falconer, the patron of all that was ingenious and virtuous, to encourage and befriend the young man in this career of successful effort, stimulated by filial piety. Dr. Falconer gave him his advice ; assistance ; and friendship. Most of Lawrence’s leisure was passed at the Doctor’s house. Under his hospitable roof, were begun and completed, many of the best of the artist’s early drawings. Among others, I have contemplated, with delight, two pencil ones, of Cassandra, and a Christ’s head : every line of which is radiant with genius ; and full of the promise of future excellence and fame. Lawrence, to his praise be it spoken, never forgot his obligations to Dr. Falconer. They were expressed to the eldest of his grandsons, in September last ; when he requested him to step into a parlour, and look at two drawings, which, he told him, were finished in the house of the young man’s excellent grandfather.

lody, that rendered it at once affecting and didactic. Nor was Mrs. Mary Hartley less remarkable for every feminine grace and attractive virtue, than for original talent, and uncommon acquirement. Diffidence and modesty ; an humble opinion of herself and her endowments ; combined with a glowing sensibility of heart ; and an extreme gentleness and polish of manners, completed a moral portrait, as beautiful as it is infrequent. She had known “the uses of adversity ;” and obtained the “jewel” which it usually confers. Her illnesses had been frequent and desperate : one of which had deprived her of a foot ; and for all her latter years, confined her to her room when at home, and to her wheel-chair when abroad. Her heart had been wounded in its tenderest part : and her “young hopes” withered, by that blight from which there is no recovery — the death of their object. Family sorrows, too, had been showered down upon her in abundance ; nor had she been spared from frequent and perplexing domestic troubles. But, the ordeal had refined, and not corroded her spirit — it had elevated her piety ; increased her lowliness of mind ; exalted her resignation ; given a keener edge to her sensibility ; and enlarged, and invigorated her Christian charity.

The temper with which she received these chastening dispensations, is thus beautifully expressed, in one of those of her letters with which



I have been obliged.\* “ I believe prosperity  
 “ agrees best with my brother’s mind ; and ad-  
 “ versity with mine. He is not made insolent,  
 “ or proud, or selfish, by prosperity : nor is he  
 “ luxurious in worldly follies ; but his benevo-  
 “ lence finds room to exercise itself in every  
 “ humane and charitable design, as I can, with  
 “ gratitude, bear witness.

“ For my own part, when I am well and  
 “ happy, I am too apt to enjoy the societies, and  
 “ bask in the flatteries of life : but, afflictions  
 “ always bring me to reflection. I then see the  
 “ insignificance of every thing in this life ; and  
 “ I learn to place my hopes in a better.”

Again, with respect to *resignation*, she says :—  
 “ Most of the virtues involve restrictions on our  
 “ present pleasures. They propose to us to  
 “ relinquish some temporary gratification, on the  
 “ prospect of a future superior happiness. By  
 “ practising *temperance*, we restrain the sensual  
 “ appetites. By exerting *industry*, we conquer  
 “ the indulgences of sloth. By *relieving* the  
 “ distress of *others* ; we often expose ourselves  
 “ to suffer in their stead. By adhering to *truth*  
 “ and *justice*, when some greater gain seems to be  
 “ offered from practising falsehood and injustice,  
 “ we sacrifice something of present advantage.  
 “ The virtue of *resignation alone* sacrifices no-  
 “ thing. When we are told to ‘ cast our care

\* Two of these letters are given in the Appendix.



“ ‘upon God, because he careth for us ;’ it is not  
 “ so much a *duty* that we are *ordered* to obey ;  
 “ as a *consolation* that is *given* to our anxieties  
 “ and afflictions. — *He* who had felt for us, and  
 “ knew what man could suffer ; left to us, as a  
 “ legacy of comfort under our sorrows, the  
 “ blessed assurance, that, ‘ not a sparrow falleth  
 “ ‘ to the ground,’ without the care of him who  
 “ made it : — *this* is the only true consolation in  
 “ affliction. The consideration of *necessity* ; that  
 “ we *cannot* help ourselves — that past events  
 “ *cannot* be recalled — that what *is*, *must* be —  
 “ and that we *cannot help* submitting ourselves  
 “ to the will of that Being who has us *totally* in  
 “ his power — these, and such like, are arguments  
 “ that may silence the voice of complaint ; but,  
 “ they cannot give repose to the heart. *Nothing*  
 “ can do that, but the consideration, that *HE*,  
 “ under whose power we are, is our Father and  
 “ our Friend : that He raiseth up those who are  
 “ bowed down : that He healeth the broken in  
 “ heart : that ‘ He *knoweth* whereof we are  
 “ ‘ made ; and *remembereth* that we are but  
 “ ‘ dust.’ ”

A *mind* entertaining views of this encouraging  
 cast ; and supported by such truly Christian  
 principles, could neither be soured ; nor stunned ;  
 nor overwhelmed ; by the afflictions of mortality,  
 however severe or enduring they might be. Mrs.  
 Mary Hartley possessed this inestimable treasure :

and enjoyed all its high privileges. Her temper was ever sweet, calm, and unruffled; her spirits uniformly cheerful, though serene; her affections strong, and unimpaired to the last; her sympathy intense, as it was sincere; and her benevolence equally impartial, and unlimited. To her, no moment brought lassitude or impatience on its wing: reading, writing, and drawing; the management of a large correspondence with the good, and the wise; and the conversation of her enlightened brother, so completely filled up every portion of her very retired life, that she would often say, "she had no fault to find with *time*, "but that it was too short." She died, at the age of 66 years, on the 7th day of July, 1803.

The character and disposition of David Hartley, bore a strong resemblance to those of his amiable sister, in all important points: though profound and constant thought, had thrown a slight shade of gravity over his manner, from which that of Mrs. Mary Hartley was entirely free. Perhaps, also, he entertained rather too great a contempt for some of the common and indifferent practices of the world; which, among those who did not know him well, occasioned his independence to be sometimes mistaken for sternness: and his simplicity, for affectation, or eccentric coxcombry. From his youth, he had adopted a puritanical plainness of attire; to which he inflexibly adhered, to the end of his

life. At the age of forty, he sat for his portrait to Romney the painter. A mezzotinto engraving was made from the picture by James Walker; a copy of which he presented to me. The singularity of his costume is striking; but faithful to the original. The hair, smoothly combed, and *without powder*, (a perfect phenomenon at the time of the painting,) is divided on the forehead, according to the fashion usually termed the *Nazarene*. The neck of the shirt, has the *falling collar* of the 17th century; round which passes a narrow black silk ribbon, tied in a beau-knot in front. A loose court-cut coat, of a dark hue, covers a waistcoat, and descends beyond a nether garment: both of black velvet. Such continued to be Mr. Hartley's attire during the whole of my acquaintance with him; with the additions, of a moderately broad-brimmed hat; a pair of high-quartered shoes; and a still more remarkable feature of dress — worsted stockings, from which *the feet had been carefully cut off*: a plan which, he averred, was highly conducive to health; and favourable to pedestrian exercise. Nor could Mr. Hartley boast that natural gift, which, though purely accidental, is equally calculated to produce a favourable prepossession; and to excite and fix the “pleased attention” — a fine or melodious voice: for his tone in speaking, was high, harsh, and rather disagreeable than attractive: but, it must not be forgotten,

that this absence of all "liquid sound," was abundantly made up, by sterling sense; choice remark; and varied information.

His last illness found Mr. Hartley armed with the firmness of a man; the calmness of a philosopher; and the humility, resignation, and affiance of a Christian. Towards its close, the faculties of the mind participated in the exhaustion of the bodily frame. I saw him the day previous to his decease. His state was that of unconscious, but placid existence. He died, as if he had fallen asleep, without groan or struggle, on Sunday evening, the 19th December 1813.



## CHAP. XVIII.

ILL would it become a minister of the Gospel, if, in enumerating those literary productions, which have occupied a large portion of the interval, between his boyhood, and grand climacteric, he were unable to introduce into the list, some, which referred, exclusively, to his own sacred profession : and had, for their undivided object, *not* the amusement of indolence; the gratification of curiosity; or, the regale of fancy : but, the instruction of his fellow-creatures in “ the wisdom “ which is from above : ” the illustration of those Scriptures, which he holds to be divine : the annunciation of those doctrines, which he believes to be true : the enforcement of those precepts, which he knows to be commanded. That the cultivation of elegant, or curious literature ; and the communication to others, of the results of his enquiries, and the fruits of his labours ; are objects incompatible with the character and duties of a clergyman ; is a proposition as absurd as it is false : since, the attainment of knowledge in any of its legitimate varieties, betters, while it enlarges, the mind that acquires it ; and the diffusion of it, by the press, as it increases the stock of public pleasure, so it promotes the growth

of general improvement. But, holding thus much to be incontestably true, we must at the same time acknowledge, that neither the thoughts nor hours of the minister of religion, should be, altogether, devoted to subjects of a secular nature. He must not be *totus in illis*. Every profession, has a claim upon the largest portion of the time and attention of him who exercises it: and, assuredly, the complex and important one of the parish priest, which involves in its due discharge, the future, as well as temporal well-being of multitudes, cannot be considered as forming a proper exception to this general rule.

I acknowledge it to be a source of no small satisfaction to my mind, that, in calling up the "recollections" of my "literary life," (if I may be indulged in the use of so pompous a phrase,) I find them associated with the publication of many works, which bear solely upon religious and moral topics; and which, however they might have been executed or received, were conscientiously designed, to establish "the truth "as it is in Christ Jesus;" to encourage the growth of Christian piety; and enforce the obligations of Christian virtue. A short account of these several productions: and a notice of circumstances connected with some of them; will relieve myself from the task of writing; and my reader from the fatigue of perusing what I have

Of the *nine* occasional sermons which I have preached and printed, as public events or local institutions, called for such professional services, I will say nothing: with the solitary exception of one particular discourse; which, as its result proved materially injurious to my own interests, may serve the friendly purpose, of a *warning* to others, who have fewer years and less experience than myself.

“Politics and the pulpit,” Burke somewhere says, “are terms which have little agreement.”\* Six and twenty years ago, however, I did not coincide in opinion with this profoundly-wise

\* I cannot express my *present* opinions on this head more clearly, than by using my own words: — “The temporal  
 “maxims of courts; and the mysterious schemes of minis-  
 “tries; bear no resemblance to, and can have no alliance  
 “with, the simple principles of religion, and the plain  
 “morality of CHRIST. The preachers of the Gospel, there-  
 “fore, have no authority, to become the heralds of senates;  
 “or the interpreters of cabinet intrigues. They have no  
 “right, to make the church re-echo the clamours of popular  
 “opinion; or the reasonings of worldly policy. Their busi-  
 “ness is of a far different, nobler, and more exalted nature.  
 “They are to disrobe the natural man of his original cor-  
 “ruption; his carnal desires; and violent passions: and to  
 “clothe him with the beauty of holiness; with spiritual  
 “affections; and christian principles. To preach the con-  
 “solatory and animating doctrines, of a religion that pro-  
 “mises to man a better existence, beyond this fleeting scene  
 “of temporal things; and to enforce those holy, mild, and  
 “peaceful precepts, by the performance of which, he may  
 “hope, through the mediation of the Saviour, to taste the  
 “accomplishment of that blessed assurance.”



man ; but rather chose another of his axioms as the rule of my pulpit instruction : that, as “ *public calamity* is a mighty leveller ; so, there are “ occasions, when any, even the slightest chance “ of doing good, must be laid hold on, even by “ the most inconsiderable persons.” Under this impression, I prepared for the day appointed for the *fast*, in May 1804, a sermon on the then political situation of the country. Its subject, was the *inconsistency of war with the profession of Christianity* : its object, to silence the clamour for the continuance of hostilities, that then echoed through the country ; and to denounce that fierce spirit of party, which, at that time, armed every man against his brother, if he differed from himself in political opinion. My church was crowded to excess : and the impression made upon my auditors great ; though, I must candidly acknowledge, not very favourable to the preacher. A few were unquestionably pleased with the exhortation ; but, the great majority, felt the impropriety of its issuing from such a place as the *pulpit*. A circumstance also, purely accidental, added to the displeasure of the *dissenters*. A few minutes before I commenced the service of the day, a large body of *military* (without previous notice to myself, and contrary to my expectation,) were marched into the church ; and it was, naturally enough, though most erroneously, imagined, by those, who disliked the ser-



mon, that I had written it for the especial *edification* of these sons of Mars. To do away this unfounded imputation, and for other reasons, I immediately published the discourse.\* It went rapidly through *four* editions; and excited a paper war, for and against the principles which it advocated. The weapons used on both sides, were deficient neither in keenness nor point. In time, however, its agitated subject, shared the fate of most disputed questions; and was forgotten, even by those, who had mingled most warmly in the literary contest. But, its consequences to *myself* did not terminate here. After the lapse of many years, a highly respectable character, desirous of obtaining preferment for me, solicited a great Law Lord, who had then much patronage at his command, (and who has since, by his energetic patriotism, enrolled his name among the chief worthies of his country,) to remember his early friend, in the disposal of his Lordship's ecclesiastical favours. The request was received with complacency: the name of the applicant noted down in *the book*; and an assurance given, that, on the first opportunity, the wish should be fulfilled. Nearly two years had passed without bearing on their wings the promised living; and my friend again waited on the

\* Its title was, — “ War inconsistent with Christianity: a Fast Sermon. By the Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath. Preached May 25. 1804.” — Cruttwell, Bath.”

patron, to refresh the memory of his Lordship, or, at least, learn the cause of the delay. He was heard, as before, with courtesy : but somewhat embarrassed by the nature of the reply — his Lordship “ had lately read a *sermon* of Mr. “ Warner’s ; the sentiments of which were not “ calculated to awaken feelings in his favour, “ with any member of the government.” My friend assured him, that “ several years had “ elapsed since the delivery of that sermon ; that “ nobody could doubt the loyalty of the gentle- “ man in question ; who had always been, and “ was at that moment, a firm friend to the “ constitution and government of his country.” The laconic and chilling answer of the patron — “ I hope he is,” checked all further conversation on the subject, and quashed every hope of the promised living.

I will candidly confess, that I felt some irritation, as well as disappointment, when I learnt the result of his Lordship’s view of my unfortunate discourse : but, I have since thought, and I retain the opinion, that the line of conduct which he adopted on the occasion, was not only justifiable, but positively *right*. Connected as he was, with the *government* of the country, ill would it have become him, to have conferred any *official* favour on one, whom he conscientiously considered to be unfriendly to that government : and it must be acknowledged, that a *poli-*

*tical* sermon, denouncing war, at the very moment when the nation was hotly engaged in hostilities, afforded sufficient grounds for his Lordship's suspicion, that the politics of the preacher, could not be in perfect harmony with those of the administration.\*

In the year 1804, I published, in two volumes octavo, a work entitled "Practical Discourses."

This title may, possibly, not be considered as the best that could have been chosen for the work: inasmuch, as the first volume consisted, chiefly, of sermons on "the Evidences of Christi-

\* An incident of a more comic character, arose out of the preaching of this inauspicious, and incautious sermon. During the time of its delivery, I observed some disturbance in one of the pews. It was occasioned, by the abrupt departure of *two gentlemen* from the church, whose *political sensibility* was completely overcome by the subject of my discourse. I paused till they had made good their retreat. The rest of the congregation *sat it out*. On the ensuing Fast-day, I prepared another sermon for the occasion, on the text, James iii. 17. "The wisdom from above, is first pure, then *peaceable*, &c." While announcing this beautiful passage, I observed that the pew opener, — a worthy man, who felt a very laudable pride in preserving order and decency in the church, — was busily employed in the middle aisle. Before I had preached for ten minutes, a commotion arose in the seat occupied by the two gentlemen above mentioned. They appeared to be endeavouring to open the door, but could not effect it. On returning to the vestry, I enquired of the pew-opener, whether he could account for the disturbance in the stranger's seat.—"Oh, yes, sir! very well.—When I "heard your *text*, I didn't know *what was coming*; and afeard "the gemmen might again *bolt*, I *lock'd 'em in*."



“ anity : ” derived from the arguments of PROPHECY ; MIRACLES ; the INTERNAL CHARACTER of our “ most holy faith : ” and its PROPAGATION and ESTABLISHMENT : but, as these were attempted to be modelled upon the noble principle of Paley, and adapted to the use of all sects, and connections of Christians \* ; and as the remaining discourses bore, principally, upon *Christian morality* ; enforcing the practice of all the religious, social, and personal duties of life ; I know not that I could have chosen a title more appropriate to my purpose.

It has frequently occurred to me, however, since the publication of the above work, that the sermons in the collection, which may more strictly be considered as *practical* ones, are not composed upon the most judicious and useful plan for pulpit discourses. They enforce, it is true, the practice of all the duties of a Christian life : but, they are deficient in the developement of those

\* “ It has been my care,” says the Archdeacon, “ to preserve the separation between evidences and doctrines, as inviolable as I could : to remove from the primary question all considerations which have been unnecessarily joined with it ; and to offer a defence of Christianity, which every *Christian* might read, without seeing the tenets in which he had been brought up, attacked, or decried ; and it has always afforded satisfaction to my mind, to observe that this was practicable ; that few, or none of our controversies with one another, affect, or relate to, the *proofs of our religion* — that the *rent* never descends to the *foundation*.”



*great objects of faith*, which form the true motives of moral action: and which alone, being accepted by the understanding, and impressed upon the heart, can secure an uniform course of holy and righteous conduct. *Philosophy* can furnish neither motives to allure, nor sanctions to awe, so proud and wayward a creature as man, into steady religious and moral obedience. *Reason*, with all her high and just pretensions, may be misled by prejudice; or blinded by passion; and *conscience* herself, be drugged into a death-like slumber, by the treachery of the heart, or the deceitfulness of sin. A foundation more broad, immovable, and enduring, than any or all of these principles, must be laid by the preacher, as the basis of his moral exhortations. He must *first* hold up to his hearers the *peculiar* and *influential doctrines*, of our most holy faith — the lost and helpless condition of the natural man, and his unspeakable need of a redeemer — the actual manifestation of this redemption, through the infinite mercy of God, in the person of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; “the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world:” the atonement for the original offence; the propitiation for all repented iniquity; the Saviour, Legislator, and Judge, of the universal race of man — he must speak of the efficacious aids, and the sanctifying influences, of God’s Holy Spirit, sought and obtained by prayer, and holiness of life, to assist the Christian in the

arduous task of working out his salvation :— and he must display the awful realities of an unseen future state of bliss and woe, to be enjoyed or endured, as man fulfils, or disregards, the *conditions* of salvation ; repentance ; faith ; and good works.

Having thus laid his foundation, in *motives*, calculated to engage all the faculties of the mind, and all the feelings of the heart, in the cause of holiness and virtue ; he may, with the fairest hopes of success, proceed to build thereon persuasions, and admonitions, and injunctions, to moral obedience ; and, like his great Lord and Master, and his holy Apostles, define and enforce all those graces and virtues, without the practice of which no man can see the Lord ; and specify and denounce, all those moral offences, whose wilful commission, will render the mediation of the Saviour of none effect to the transgressor ; and effectually exclude him from the Kingdom of Heaven.

It was, I believe, in the year 1800, that the late Dr. Joseph White, the learned professor of Arabic, at Oxford, published his DIATESSARON, or an arrangement of the original Greek texts of the four Holy Evangelists : forming an unbroken history of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, as far as the four Gospel accounts of the blessed Redeemer extend.\*

\* Dr. Parr's opinion of the utility of this work appears

The volume was obligingly presented to me ; and the idea immediately suggested itself, that a similar arrangement of the English text, of the authorised version, might form an importantly useful work, for mere English readers ; for schools ; and private families. I wrote therefore immediately to Dr. White, the Editor of the *DIATESSARON* : and to the delegates of the Clarendon Press, at whose expense it had been printed ; explaining my views, and requesting to know, whether any objection would exist on their part, against such a publication. A polite letter from the Doctor ; and another from the then Bishop of Oxford, on the part of the Delegates ; fully authorised me to proceed in my undertaking. In a few weeks a large impression of it was printed : under the title of “ A Chronological  
 “ History of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST,  
 “ from the compounded Texts of the four Holy  
 “ Evangelists : or the ENGLISH DIATESSARON ;  
 “ with a map of the HOLY LAND.” It is some-

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from a note written in a copy of Professor White's “ *Diatessaron* ; sive Integra Historia Jesu Christi, Græce,” in the Doctor's library :—“ The gift of the learned Dr. White, who “ ingenuously reminded me of what I had forgotten, that “ the dedication was written by me. Every candidate for “ orders should be well versed, in the *Diatessaron* ; and every “ reader of the New Testament will derive from it the “ greatest advantage—for, it collects the facts of the Gospel “ into a clear historical form. — S. P.”



what singular, that at the very time when I was applying to the Oxford authorities, for permission to publish my arrangement of the DIATESSARON; another clergyman, the Rev. — Thirlwall, was printing a *similar volume*, at his own risk: and that, neither of us was aware of the other's operations, till both the editions were on the point of issuing from the press. Though the circumstance was rather inauspicious to *my* edition; which came before the public, subsequently to that of Mr. Thirlwall, yet, the obvious utility of the volume, secured to it a popularity, sufficient to take off the whole of a large impression, in the course of three or four years.

Occupied with other concerns, and engaged in other publications, I lost sight of the DIATESSARON, for a considerable length of time; and should, probably, have never bestowed more trouble upon it, had I not received a notification from London, that a large supply of the first edition, had been required for the use of one of our *public schools*. This application determined me, not only to reprint the ENGLISH DIATESSARON: but to make such additions to it; and accompany it with such illustrations; as should render it, not only useful to the young; but serviceable, as well as entertaining, to readers of a riper age. Sparing neither of time nor research, in the preparation of my volume, I laboured, with considerable assiduity, for nearly



a year, in collecting, and arranging the notes, and other varied information which it contains; and published it in 1819, with the following title:—“A Chronological History of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, from the compounded Texts of the four Holy Evangelists; or, the ENGLISH DIATESSARON: with a map of the Holy Land; explanatory notes; illustrations from late oriental travellers, and Rabbinical writers; and preliminary articles of useful information; adapted to the use of families, schools, and young persons, entering on the study, or intended for the profession, of divinity.” The preliminary articles (exclusively of the preface) consisted of—the various schemes of the times, places, and occasions, of the writing of the Gospels, according to several learned authors—an account of the Jewish sects or parties, mentioned in the Gospels—a list of works of approved English Divines, useful as introductions to, and explanations of, the Scriptures of the New Testament—ditto, of approved writers, illustrative or explanatory, of the whole or parts of the Scriptures of the New Testament, useful to the young student of divinity—ditto, of approved works of general introduction—ditto, of approved commentators, on the whole of the Scriptures of the New Testament—ditto, of verbal critics—ditto, of commentators on the four Gospels—on St. Matthew’s Gospel—on the

Acts of the Apostles — on some of the Epistles — on the Revelations of St. John — on all the Epistles — on the quotations in the New Testament from the old one — a list of the most useful editions of the New Testament — ditto, of Greek concordances to the New Testament — ditto, of useful lexicons to the New Testament. The articles which concluded the volume were: — a brief HARMONY of the Evangelists — a VOCABULARY of the *proper names* occurring in the authorised version of the four Gospels (properly accentuated), with their Syriac orthography, and respective significations — an INDEX of the texts explained or illustrated in the notes — and, finally, a copious GENERAL INDEX. The illustrations from Rabbinical writers; and notes on the manners, customs, and history of the Jews; were, in a great measure, selected from Wetstein's edition of the Greek Testament; Dr. Lightfoot's elaborate works; and Gilbert Wakefield's translation of St. Matthew's Gospel.\* The identities and resemblances

\* A clergyman of Bristol: the Rev. T. E. Biddulph: in a pamphlet, entitled "Evangelical preaching defended: Bristol, 1829," — (as if *genuine* Gospel preaching needed any defence,) — is inclined to fix upon me the charge of being a *Racovian Divine*, from the use I have made, in my *Diatessaron*, of Gilbert Wakefield's annotations on St. Matthew's Gospel. Had this worthy gentleman troubled himself to read my notes, he would have discovered, that not a single *doctrinal* one, strictly speaking, is to be found among them: and that Gilbert Wakefield's authority is referred to, only

observable at the present day, in the Eastern regions; of existing practices, opinions, and popular habits, with, and to, those noticed or described in the Gospels; were drawn from a large variety of the most authentic and approved oriental travellers.\*

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for that information, which he was very competent to afford—historical and antiquarian notices; classical and scriptural illustrations; and ingenious critical remarks, and explanations. My *doctrinal views* might have been much more candidly and satisfactorily estimated, from some of my *hundred and sixty-seven* printed sermons. I would add, that Mr. B.'s pamphlet is written in a spirit of harshness and discourtesy, by no means becoming an old clergyman—

*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

Nay; rather be it *our* business, “to spread friendship, and “cover heats.”

\* Many of these were derived from the entertaining volumes of the late amiable and accomplished Dr. E. D. Clarke. He was so obliging as to correct and settle my map of Palestine, prefixed to the Diatessaron. The friendly and unostentatious manner in which this favour was conferred, (so characteristic of his kindness and simplicity,) will appear from the following letter.

“Cambridge, June 21. 1819.

“Dear Sir,

“I write to express the sense I entertain, of the very “flattering manner in which you have been pleased to mention me, in the valuable work which you have prepared for “publication. I can only wish, that I deserved the encomium “you have so liberally bestowed.

“With respect to your MAP, it is, *generally*, correct; but, “CANAN, instead of lying to the SW. of NAZARETH, upon



It is with the utmost truth I can say, that, after the hey-day of youth, I always thought humbly of my own literary productions; when they had once been embodied in print. In the hour of conception, and during the time of composition, self-complacency might associate

“ the river KISON; is distant nearly three hours from NAZARETH, towards the NE.

“ I think you have put TIBERIAS, rather too far to the south. It ought to be under the H of the word GENESARETH.

“ I remain, Dear Sir,

“ Very truly yours,

“ E. D. CLARKE.

“ To the Rev. RICHARD WARNER.”

The mention of Dr. Clarke, with which he was pleased to be gratified, is as follows:—

“ Dr. Clarke is a traveller peculiarly interesting. He paints like a master; and writes like a scholar. His descriptions are all vivid and picturesque; and his remarks sagacious, just, and philosophical. His narrations are so animated, as to identify the reader with the agents in them; and, at the same time, so natural, as to impress his mind, with an irresistible conviction of their reality. His conjectures are ingenious and probable; and his learning, varied and extensive. At times, too, his eloquence is of the first order; and, what is better still, his piety is awakened by every object adapted to excite it. When he stands ‘on holy ground,’ he rises above his common stature. He seems to catch a portion of the ‘inspiration that breathes around;’ and writes with a splendour, which is only generated, by the action of religious feelings, on fine sense, and cultivated taste. Witness his approach to Patmos; his remarks on Cæsarea,” &c. &c.—  
Preface, p. vi.



itself with hope; and anticipate success, as a tribute due to *merit*, rather than as an accident arising out of good fortune. But, ere the work had been long submitted to the public notice, this feeling was always extinguished; and succeeded by the mortifying consciousness, of the very trifling addition which I had made, to the store of general knowledge, or popular entertainment. I have never, therefore, felt the pain of disappointment; and seldom experienced the emotion of surprise, when the *literary venture* has suffered shipwreck early in its voyage. With respect to the DIATESSARON, however, I must confess, that I indulged the expectation of a wider, and more enduring notice, than it actually obtained. I had bestowed much thought and pains upon it, in order to render it not only useful, but entertaining also. My endeavour had been, to engage the attention, by amusing the mind: and to insinuate religious and moral instruction, through the medium of interesting and pleasurable reading.

But, though the general reception of the work, did not accord with my anticipations of its popularity; I had the satisfaction of receiving testimonies of approbation of it, from those, whose situation in the church, and rank in the world of letters, were highly creditable to the DIATESSARON; and gratifying to the feelings of its editor. I may be allowed, perhaps, to mention

one among the number of those, by whom the volume had the good fortune to be highly esteemed. He was, indeed, a particular friend, and a layman: but one, whose judgment could not be blinded by partiality; and whose extensive acquaintance with scriptural and theological literature, rendered his opinion on works, connected with those topics, of more than common value.

Acquainted with most, and corresponding with many, of the accomplished and lettered characters of his day; the late Henry Barry, Esq., will be generally remembered among the higher, and better-informed circles, as at once an ornament and a loss to both. Gifted by nature with an intellect acute and vigorous; and stored with a comprehensive, but well-digested knowledge of men and things; his mind, rich in original ideas, and abounding with accumulated facts, poured itself forth, in conversation, diversified, instructive, and entertaining, though terse and axiomatic—in judgments prompt, but yet profound; and in opinions, which, though they might not always command assent, were, notwithstanding, ever listened to with pleasure, from the originality by which they were characterised; and the splendour of diction with which they were adorned. Mr. Barry received his education, in or near Worcester, the residence of his father: but, he quitted school

early : went into the army ; and served with consummate credit, both in Canada and South Carolina, during the American war. Being appointed private military secretary to the Marquis of Hastings, (then Lord Rawdon,) who ever entertained the highest regard for him ; he penned those despatches, and other professional papers, which, at the time, were so generally admired for their clearness and brevity ; and drew, more than once, from His late Majesty, expressions of high approbation. Towards the conclusion of the American war, he acquired, with the rank of major, fresh laurels in India, under the command of General (then Colonel) Macleod : and, subsequently, had, for a considerable time, an independent command entrusted to him. It was during this period, that Major Barry gave a proof of his zeal and intrepidity, which throws ordinary acts of heroism completely into the shade. When attacking a hill-fort, his troops were driven back. Again they were marched to the intrenchments, and a second time repulsed. He was himself then ill ; and unequal to active exertion. He commanded, therefore, two of his stoutest grenadiers, to take him in their arms, and *throw him over* the enemy's intrenchments. They instantly obeyed. He called to his troops to follow him. The example inspired them with fresh ardour. They rushed forwards with irresistible fury : the fort was taken by storm : and

Major Barry, with his own hand, tore down the Moslem crescent; and hoisted the British colours in their room. But, this achievement of glory was not accomplished, without severe injury to the hero. He received several desperate wounds; and one or two balls, remained unextracted in his body, and giving him occasional pain, to the end of his days. On a report of this action being made to the East India Directors, that honourable body immediately voted to Major Barry, a present of three or four thousand pounds, (I know not which,) and asked, and obtained for him, the rank of lieutenant-colonel without purchase. On the conclusion of the American war, Colonel Barry, in consequence of his infirm state of health, quitted the army: but, so highly were his military science, and solid judgment, esteemed in his profession, that, when his intimate friend, General Knox, made a military progress through Ireland during the rebellion in that country; and when he was afterwards sent to assist the Duke of York, in extricating the British army, from the consequences of his unfortunate contest with the French, under Marshal Brune, he requested Colonel Barry to be his companion, assistant, and adviser, on both the important missions.

For the last twenty years of his life, the greater part of Mr. Barry's time, was spent in Bath; and much of his society was enjoyed by my



family. It was intercourse with a man, whose private virtues were to be esteemed, even more than his rare talents were to be admired. It was contact with a character, at once pleasing and improving: in which strong intellectual qualities, were polished by the manners of the gentleman, and adorned by the graces of the Christian.

Mr. Barry's dissolution was preceded by a gradual decay. I saw him often in these hours of weakness. He was expecting, and prepared for the event. The world was fast fading away from before him: and he had formed a just estimate, of the nothingness of it, and its concerns. A few days before he died I called upon him. A large parcel of letters, just delivered by the post, lay on his writing-table. I remarked on the number of his correspondents; and the pleasure he must derive from such an epistolary intercourse. He smiled faintly, and said, the "barter of vanity fair." These were his last words to me. His death-stroke fell upon him, while at the dinner-table of the boarding-house in which he lived. He was carried into his own room; and, in a short time, ceased to breathe.

My edition of the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER; was published in the year 1809.\* Ten years

\* For the notes on the *Psalms*, in this work, I was indebted to my friend, the Rev. Thomas Falconer, M.D., of Bath.

had elapsed from its appearance, when I received a letter from the late learned and lamented Archdeacon Nares; wherein, among other matters, he mentions this publication, in terms too flattering indeed, but, so descriptive of the *nature* and *design* of the work, as will, I trust, be received as an excuse for my introducing the following extract from it: —

“ 22. Hart Street, Bloomsbury,  
“ February, 22. 1819.

“ DEAR SIR,

————— “ The work contains ex-  
“ actly what I wanted to see: what I could not  
“ find in any previous commentary; and what I  
“ could not investigate for myself, from the hints  
“ given by Nichols, without considerable labour;  
“ namely, an account of the *sources*, from which  
“ the admirable devotions of our Liturgy were  
“ drawn. I had ventured to assert, that, what  
“ was taken from the ancient *missals*, instead of  
“ being a reproach, as the early dissenters consi-  
“ dered it, stamped the highest value on the  
“ work; being, in truth, the venerable remains  
“ of petitions, framed in the best, and purest ages  
“ of Christianity. In your excellent book, the  
“ proof of this meets us almost in every page:  
“ and the venerable names of St. Ambrose, Gre-  
“ gory, and others, prove sufficiently, that the  
“ bigotry of those, who would have rejected,  
“ what such men had thought worthy of pre-

“ serving, would have been most adverse to true  
 “ piety. Your notes, though short, are judicious  
 “ and edifying; and the work altogether does  
 “ honour to those talents, which have so often,  
 “ and so lately, been exerted in the cause of our  
 “ apostolical Church.”\*

\* I have always felt myself much honoured by the appro-  
 bation of a man so excellent and lettered as the late Arch-  
 deacon Nares. Under the sanction of this feeling, I venture  
 to introduce another passage, from the letter above quoted :

“ I could expatiate with pleasure on the utility and merit of  
 “ several others of your late publications; but, I forbear,  
 “ lest I should appear to speak the language of flattery. I  
 “ am, however, happy to assure you, that I regard you as  
 “ one of the most active and successful defenders of the  
 “ Church, particularly against fanatics, and unfair opponents:  
 “ and that I shall always highly value the tokens which I  
 “ have received of your esteem.

“ I am, with respect and regard, &c. &c.

“ ROBT. NARES.”

In my edition of the DIATESSARON, 1819, (p. 387.) I had  
 spoken my sincere sentiments of that beautiful and valuable  
 work of Archdeacon Nares: “ The Veracity of the Evange-  
 “ lists demonstrated,” &c. Shortly after the publication of  
 my volume, I received a letter from Mr. Nares, from which  
 I extract the following passages: premising, however, that  
 I may truly say, with Dr. E. D. Clarke, “ I can only wish that  
 “ I deserved the encomium he has so liberally bestowed:”—

“ But, if I was pleased to find myself at all recollected by  
 “ you, judge, how much my satisfaction must have been  
 “ increased, when I found, with what partial warmth you  
 “ had eulogised and quoted my book on the Veracity of the  
 “ Evangelists.

“ I will not deny, that the book is a favourite child of my  
 “ own; and, therefore, to see it praised by a person so

In the year 1809, I executed a purpose, which I had long had in my mind ; that of preaching and printing, “ A Series of Practical Sermons on “ SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.” The superior efficacy of *example to precept*, in alluring to virtue, and deterring from vice, is universally acknowledged : and, next to the influence produced upon the mind, by the living prototype, “ evidently set forth before the eyes,” is, the *moral portrait*, delineated with its peculiar characteristics ; and enlivened by the introduction of interesting biographical notices. Mere didactic instruction ; dry argument ; and even solemn exhortation, address themselves only to the calmer faculties of the mind ; and, if they awaken attention at all, cannot command its continuance : but, the vivid representation of beings like ourselves, acting under the influence of motives and feelings incidental to our common nature ; and placed amid circumstances, by which we

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“ highly qualified to estimate any such production, was  
 “ a gratification, which I have more frequently wished than  
 “ obtained.

“ With feelings, however, quite independent of that cir-  
 “ cumstance, I heartily wish success to this present, and  
 “ every other production of your pen, which is always  
 “ actively and judiciously employed in the service of reli-  
 “ gion — the sound religion of our admirable Church.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ With much gratitude, Dear Sir, &c.

“ R. NARES.”



also may, haply, be surrounded, seizes upon the *imaginative faculty* ; we identify ourselves, as it were, with the being thus described ; and feel, to a certain degree, during the whole moral developement, as though our own existence and interests, were bound up together with those, of the character of which the preacher speaks.

I was not disappointed, in my expectation of the *effect* which would be produced on the congregation of St. James's church, by such a series of sermons, as I have just described. My audience was, uniformly, more than usually numerous and attentive, during the whole course of them ; a circumstance, which encouraged me to deliver another similar series in the succeeding year, with the like satisfactory result. These were published in 1811.

If the general opinion of the usefulness of a work, may be estimated from its popularity, apparent from an extensive and continued sale ; I should be inclined to hope, that the public had affixed the character of *utility*, to my "Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels," published in 2 vols. 1816.\*

\* Sermons on the EPISTLES or GOSPELS for the Sundays throughout the year, (including Christmas-day and Good Friday,) for the use of families and country congregations; with two sermons for male and female benefit societies : to which is prefixed a PREFATORY DISCOURSE, &c. &c. — Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co., Paternoster Row. Fifth edition : 1826.

But, however this may be, their pretensions, as far as the graces of composition are concerned, must be allowed to be of the most humble description: for, nothing was aimed at, in writing them, but perfect simplicity of diction: a “plainness of speech,” which should approve itself to the commonest understanding: a mode of argument suited to the lowest exercise of the reasoning faculty — one praise, however, is fairly their due: that, not a proposition is hazarded in them, without the authority of the Bible to avouch it: nor an assertion made, unsupported by the express declarations of the Word of God: that all the *doctrines*, essential (“according to the Scriptures,”) to man’s salvation, are intelligibly unfolded; and all the great *duties* of life, religious and moral, social and personal, legitimately deduced from those doctrines; and enforced upon the mind, heart, and conscience, of the hearer, with all the power, that the preacher could command.

Thus guarded, apparently, on every quarter, from any objection against their style and matter, it might reasonably have been supposed, that the “Sermons on the Epistles and Gospels,” would have escaped censure and contempt, though they might not obtain approbation and respect: yet, as it will appear, from the following anecdote, such has not, at all times, been their happy lot. If a smile should be excited on the reader’s

countenance, by the incident, while we are treating of such grave matters, as form the subject of my final chapter; I must shelter myself under the well-known Horatian rule; *ridentem dicere*, &c.

Two or three years after the publication of the sermons in question, I sojourned, (with my family,) for a considerable time, at a village on the southern coast of England. Its pastor, a man of talents far superior to my own, but averse to the trouble of composition, requested me to procure for him a copy of these discourses. They were soon in his possession. I was pleased with his approbation of them; and felt more gratified, when he assured me, that he should, thenceforth, use no other in his pulpit: but, preach them, in their regular order, to his parishioners. He had them transcribed; and commenced the series. In the course of a few months, being again at Bath; I was introduced, at a friend's house, to a gentleman of my own cloth; and informed, that he had been residing, for some time, at the village above alluded to. Neither his countenance nor manner, prepossessed me much in his favour: for the one was cold and harsh; the other, supercilious and self-important: and I felt quite satisfied, that as this conversation was the first, so it would be the last, which we should hold together. I enquired after my friends at

the place from which he had lately come. “He  
 “believed they were well: but, he knew not  
 “much of them: he rarely made new acquaint-  
 “tance.” “Doubtless, Sir, you know Mr. —,  
 “the resident curate?” — “A ve—ry, ve—ry  
 “little.” “You have filled his pulpit, I sup-  
 “pose?” — “No, Sir: I twice offered to preach  
 “for him: but, singular to say, he twice declined  
 “the offer.” “Did you attend his church, Sir?”  
 “Not more than three or four Sundays; for,  
 “between ourselves, he preached *such trash*,  
 “that I could not stand it.” I kept my own  
 counsel; said nothing of my sermons; smiled;  
 and adopting Sir Joshua Reynolds’s mode of  
 digesting unpalatable conversation—took a *pinch*  
*of snuff*:

“When they talked of their Raffaelles, Correggios, and stuff;  
 “He shifted his trumpet, and *only took snuff*.”

The cause of this gentleman’s contemptuous  
 opinion of my sermons, was not long a secret to  
 me. He was of the NEW SCHOOL, and did not  
 relish PRACTICAL DISCOURSES.\*

\* It is, I trust, merely an act of *se defendendo*, to say,  
 that I have letters, by me, from an English, and an Irish  
 metropolitan — from four living prelates, and other dig-  
 nified clergy, expressive of their approbation of these  
 sermons; and that a letter is now lying by me, from the late



My next work of any magnitude, on the subject of divinity, was "OLD CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND PRINCIPLES opposed to the NEW LIGHT :"\* in three vols. duod.

The object before my mind in this publication was — 1st, To afford a clear and familiar view of the *harmony* of the *Bible* : of the *connection* between the Old and New Testaments ; of their mutual *dependence* upon each other : of the wonderful and beautiful *consistency* of the whole ; and of the exact *correspondence*, between the *histories, characters, types and prophecies*, of the Mosaical covenant : and the *events, personages, realities, and fulfilments*, of the evangelic one : 2ndly, To prove, that the *doctrines, principles,*

amiable Bishop of Salisbury, (Dr. Fisher,) containing the following flattering communication :—

“ Seymour Street, April 30, 1818.

“ Dear Sir,

—— “ I take this opportunity, also, to express my  
“ approbation of your Sermons for every Sunday in the  
“ Year. *I have adopted the use of them in my own family ;*  
“ and recommend them on all occasions to friends.

“ I am, dear Sir, &c.”

\* OLD CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND PRINCIPLES opposed to the NEW LIGHT, in a Series of plain, doctrinal, and practical sermons, on the first Lesson in the Morning Service of the different Sundays and great Festivals throughout the Year, &c. : 3 vols. — Longman, Rees, Orme, & Co., Paternoster Row.

and *ordinances* of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH, perfectly harmonise with this view of the word of God: that they are *scriptural*, *reasonable*, and *edifying*; and calculated to render its members, holy, virtuous, and practically useful: and 3dly, To show that the opinions, both of the CALVINISTIC, and of the EVANGELICAL CLERGY, as they are commonly called, are *not* consonant with the *Holy Scriptures*: with *reason*: nor with the *principles* of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH; as they are developed in the PRAYER-BOOK; and in the best works of our most *orthodox divines*.

The effect produced by the delivery of these discourses from the pulpit, was sufficiently satisfactory to the preacher: but, it is rather remarkable, that it, indirectly, involved me in a situation of embarrassment, equally novel and perplexing.

I had observed among my auditors, a gentleman of striking, but not prepossessing appearance. From his garb, I supposed him to be a clergyman. His large black eye was intelligent, but fierce; and not rendered less so, by the broad brow of the same hue, which surmounted it. His strongly-marked features indicated capacity of mind, and force of understanding; but there existed no trait among them, that could allure to confidence, or excite esteem. I ought to have been warned by his physiognomy; and certainly, *si mens non læva fuisset*, should never have admitted the *horse* within the *walls*.

I found him one Sunday morning in my vestry ; and had the honour of being introduced to him, by —— himself. “ He was a doctor in divinity. “ He had presided over a large and most respectable academy, in Devonshire. He had “ been the chaplain of a first-rate man of war : “ and had shared in the conflict and glory of “ Trafalgar. He had come to Bath and settled “ in my parish, for the sake of an invalided “ member of his family ; and was very desirous “ to lighten the labours of the parochial minister, “ as well as to exercise the functions of his own “ sacred profession. He had been deeply interested in the *series of sermons* which I was “ *then delivering* to my congregation ; and felt “ that he ought to express his obligations, and “ make his return, by offering to take any part “ of my duty, which I might be pleased to “ entrust to him.” The appearance of kindness (not to advert to the influence of *compliment*,) has always disarmed me of my judgment. I expressed myself to be obliged : accepted his offer ; and requested him to fill my pulpit on the ensuing Sunday morning. The congregation were charmed. The Doctor’s voice was magnificent : his delivery energetic : his sermon admirable. He continued to assist me in my parochial duties. I found him to be a man of considerable scholarship, and great general information ; and, understanding that he wished to increase his income

by private tuition, I aided him with my advice and recommendation, in taking a house, and arranging his establishment; and procured for him his first pupil, the son of one of my particular acquaintance. The Doctor's fame as a reader and preacher echoed through Bath; and my estimable friend, the late archdeacon and rector of Bath, Dr. Phillott \*, requested me to introduce him to this clerical prodigy. I did so; the archdeacon was as much struck as myself with the Rev. stranger; who repeatedly displayed his oratorical powers, from the pulpit of the abbey-church.

The course of things continued to flow on thus smoothly and satisfactorily for some time; when, one morning, I was surprised by a visit from the archdeacon, in a state of agitation, very unlike his usual serene and cheerful temperament. He

\* This estimable man was my first and most useful friend on my arrival at Bath. He soon became my rector; and afterwards the archdeacon of the district in which I officiated. In both situations, he rendered himself universally respected and beloved. Our regard, was, I believe, mutual; and our friendship uninterrupted till the hour of his death. Painful as the office was to myself, my high regard for his surviving affectionate family, induced a ready compliance with their wish, that I should read the funeral service over his remains, and preach a sermon on the occasion of his decease. In this discourse, I introduced an imperfect sketch of the Archdeacon's character. This outline will be found in the Appendix.



had heard that our powerful ally was an *impostor* ; that he had *never taken orders* ; and that, though part of his autobiography was founded in fact : yet, it had been loaded with so many *additions*, and might be charged with so many *omissions*, as rendered it any thing rather than authentic history. He concluded by requesting me to sift the affair to the bottom. My measures were quick : I instantly sent for the gentleman in question ; detailed to him the particulars which I had heard ; and requested that he would enable me to refute the *calumnies* against him, that were floating, at that moment, through Bath, by giving me a sight of those papers which would prove him to be, verily and indeed, the character he had professed himself to be. He affected indignant surprise : but would go immediately to his house ; bring his papers ; and show me documents sufficient to shame his enemies, and confirm the good opinion of his friends. In a quarter of an hour he was with me again, and the credentials in his hands. I untied, and perused them — “ Why, Sir,” said I, “ here are nothing “ more than papers for *deacon’s orders* ! where “ are those which relate to your priest’s ordina- “ tion and doctor’s degree ? ” “ Sir, the maid “ has been rummaging in the drawer, and dis- “ placed them.” “ Cannot you produce them “ to me, Sir.” (coolly) — “ No, Sir : ” (with “ flames flashing from his eye,) “ if I could

“ have found, I should have brought them.” —  
“ Then, Sir, I am sorry to say, you have not  
“ afforded me the means of vindicating your  
“ character.” His natural ferocity broke out :  
“ he would be suspected by no man : he had  
“ *served His Majesty*, and knew how to defend  
“ his own reputation.” But I was not to be  
bullied ; and, bowing him civilly out of the room,  
communicated the result of my enquiry to the  
Archdeacon : and advised the father of the pupil,  
incontinently to remove his child to his own  
home. In a few weeks, the doughty Doctor had  
broken up his establishment ; sold his goods and  
chattels ; and quitted Bath.

About two years subsequently to these events,  
two gentlemen from Wootton-Underedge, in  
Gloucestershire, called upon me. They had  
heard (they told me,) of the circumstances  
which I have just related : and had every reason  
to believe, that the person principally concerned  
in them, was, at that moment, playing the same  
game, under a borrowed name, in their parish,  
(of which he had been curate, for some months  
past,) as he had been engaged in at Bath. That he  
had absolutely fascinated the congregation by  
his powers in the desk and pulpit ; and been  
admitted into an intimacy with the most respect-  
able families in the neighbourhood ; but, that  
suspicions were afloat with regard to his respect-  
ability ; and that they had come to Bath, for the

means either of disproving or confirming them. "Did I know the person of the gentleman spoken of?" — "Perfectly." — "Could I identify him, if I saw him?" — "Unquestionably." — "Had he a peculiar manner of pronouncing the seventh word in the Lord's prayer; hollowed, instead of hallowed?" — "Exactly so." — "Would I accompany them, that night, to Wootton-Underedge (about 30 miles); attend the church the next morning; and ascertain, whether the curate were the same person who had rendered himself so notorious at Bath?" — "With the utmost readiness." — In ten minutes we were in a post-chaise; and before nine, at our place of destination. — But, *ibi omnis effusus labor!* The bird was flown. Vigilant as a hawk, he had discovered the expedition of the two gentlemen; suspected its purpose; and, packing up his bag and baggage, had left Wootton-Underedge that morning, for ever and aye.

The recollection of this bold clerical adventurer was fading from my mind, when, an article which appeared in the public papers in 1818, to the following effect, brought him, and his divers pranks, again before me: — that LAWRENCE O'HALLORAN (the *Proteus* in question) had been convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to seven years' transportation, for forging a frank to a letter, by which the revenue was defrauded



of 10*d.* Thus terminated the career of Dr. O'HALLORAN'S *pulpit eloquence!*\*

A series of twenty-four sermons, entitled SUNDAY EVENING DISCOURSES, formed the next work on the subject of Divinity, which I ventured to offer to the notice of the public.\* It appeared early in 1828. Whatever judgment may be passed upon the merit or demerit of its *execution*, there cannot exist two opinions as to the utility of its *design*; which is, simply this: — To embrace, in the compass of a few sermons (adapted to the comprehension of the menial and youthful members of *families*,) a clear,

\* On his trial he persisted in pleading guilty, because, he said, the only person who could establish his innocence, was dead. The forgery had been committed in the preceding year, and, he observed, that the charge would not have been brought against him, but for a subsequent quarrel with his rector, the person who received the letter. He was the tutor of several celebrated men; among whom was the late Sir R. Gifford. — *Gent. Mag.* lxxxviii. 11. 462. Halloran was chaplain of the Britannia, at the Battle of Trafalgar. He told me, that the commander of that ship requested him to repeat the word of command through a speaking trumpet during the engagement: an office for which Halloran was well qualified, from the extraordinary strength and clearness of his voice. His hand-writing was the most beautiful I ever beheld.

\* The title was as follows: "SUNDAY EVENING DISCOURSES; or, a compendious System of Scriptural Divinity, for the use of Households; to which is added, a Visitation Sermon. Two vols. duod. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-Row. 1828."



concise, but complete *body*, of *divinity* — SIMPLE and perspicuous, that it may be intelligible to the uncultivated or juvenile understanding: SCRIPTURAL, that it may not be perplexed by “the vain words which man’s wisdom teacheth:” and PRACTICAL, that it may lead the hearers to the great end of all religion, the glorification of God, and the salvation of the soul, by a life of faith and practice; holiness and rectitude; benevolence and usefulness. The public reception of this work, has not been unsatisfactory to the author; and he may (he conceives,) without being too sanguine, anticipate private and individual approbation; when an amiable living prelate, himself the author of one of the most useful books in divinity, thus speaks his opinion of the sermons, and of the use to which they are applied, in his Lordship’s family:

Octr. 28. 1829.

“MY DEAR SIR,

————— “The sermons, *which we read on the Sunday*, are particularly good and interesting, from the simplicity and ease of their style.”

Of the various, and perhaps, too numerous, works which I have published, there is no one which gave me more pleasure in its preparation, or which dwells more delightfully on my recollection; no one that, to my own judgment and

feelings, appears more worthy of the attention of others, than my edition of the PSALTER, or PSALMS of DAVID, printed in the year 1828.\*

Beautiful, sublime, and divine, as is the unquestioned character of “these songs of Zion;” though they be pre-eminently calculated to excite every holy feeling; to quiet every perturbed emotion; to awaken and invigorate every good resolution; to sanctify the heart, while they gratify the taste; to influence as oracles, while they delight as compositions.—yet, it cannot be doubted, that to the majority of those who peruse them in private, or repeat them in public, their contents (as presented to them in the authorised version of the PRAYER-BOOK) are, to a certain extent, as the words of a “sealed book;” and neither delight them with *all* the *beauty* which they intrinsically possess; nor afford them *all* the *usefulness*, which they are capable of bestowing.

The *causes* which thus prevent the PSALMS of DAVID from being entirely and generally

\* Its title runs thus: “THE PSALTER; OR, PSALMS OF DAVID; according to the Version and Arrangement of the BOOK of COMMON PRAYER: illustrated, explained, and adapted, to general Use, in public and private Worship; with preliminary Dissertations, and accompanying Notes, intended as a KEY to the PSALMS, and a COMPANION to the PRAYER-BOOK.” London: C. & J. Rivington. One vol. octavo. 10s. 6d.

understood; and the *mode* which the editor has adopted, for rendering them more particularly and universally intelligible, will be best explained by the following quotation from the PREFACE to the volume: —

“*Generally* able and correct as the prayer-book translation may be, yet, as it was made, in a great measure, from the Greek Septuagint, and the Latin Vulgate, and by persons not critically skilled in the Hebrew; many passages occur in it, in which the *original* text has been either obscurely, or mistakenly, rendered; and consequently, the force of such sentences materially lessened, or their meaning unfortunately distorted. A purer Hebrew text, and the labours of later Hebrew scholars, have, indeed, dissipated many of these obscurities, and corrected most of these errors: but, the improvements have not reached, as yet, our PRAYER-BOOK translation; and, of course, they who use this version exclusively, have still to struggle with the perplexities which it presents.

“Another circumstance lessening, in some degree, to the general reader, the delight and edification which the Psalms of David are capable of conveying to the devout mind; (a circumstance which is not counteracted in the authorised version,) arises from the very *nature* of these divine compositions themselves.

“The Psalms acknowledge none of the regular forms which fetter prosaic writing. They deal in

‘Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.’

Theirs, is the language of high devotion ; intense feeling : and prophetic annunciation. They are transcripts of the soul, agitated, in the present, by all the most powerful emotions of our nature : and labouring with awful visions, and glorious anticipations, of the future : exhibiting sudden bursts of impassioned expression ; rapid changes of time and place ; and a total disregard to the unities and congruities, which characterise every formal species of literary composition ; and must, in consequence, be frequently enigmatical, if not unintelligible, to the ordinary understanding.

“If, to all this, we add, that many of the Psalms are also *interlocutory* : that is, presenting a variety of speakers, who are to be identified only by the nature of the context : and that, *in the original*, there is no preparatory intimation of the change of persons so speaking, a want which is not supplied in the *Prayer-Book version* ; we shall feel, that a considerable portion of these heavenly songs, must be obscure (to say the least,) to the popular mind : and shall agree in opinion with the learned Bishop Horsley, that ‘of  
‘ all the books of the Old Testament, the book of



‘Psalms is the most universally read, but, as little as any understood.\*’

“It cannot be doubted, indeed, that the *Prayer-Book version* of the Psalms, even under this veiled form, emits a light sufficient to ‘direct the feet,’ and ‘gladden the heart,’ of every sincere worshipper, however slow may be his understanding, or inconsiderable his scholastic advantages : but, it is equally evident, (as I have before hinted,) that he cannot be alive to *all* the excellences which it possesses, nor obtain *all* the improvement that it may afford, while it presents to his mind, unexplained and undissipated, the difficulties and obscurities which we have just enumerated. *Something* will still be wanting, to enable him to ‘pray with his understanding,’ as well as his ‘spirit :’ and, if he should be questioned like the Ethiopian worshipper, as to his comprehending, in many instances, the meaning, force, and beauty, of the sacred text ; he would have to return the Chamberlain’s answer to the enquiry, ‘How can I, except some man should guide me?’

“To supply in some measure, this advantage, to those of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH, who need it : to afford a KEY to the *Prayer-Book version of the Psalms*, which shall, to a certain extent, let in

\* “The Book of Psalms, translated from the Hebrew,” vol. i. p. ix. second edition.

light upon its present obscurities ; unravel some of its perplexities ; unfold many of its hidden charms ; and give access to its more recondite treasures ; is the object of the following work, —which, waiving every pretension to *originality of materials* ; assumes only the humble merit, of condensing within a small compass, a considerable mass of that illustrative matter, which has been already accumulated to the Editor's hands, by the best commentaries, ancient and modern, on this invaluable portion of the sacred canon.

“ As he had it in his contemplation to render the volume a meet COMPANION of the BOOK of COMMON PRAYER, as far as the PSALTER is concerned ; he has endeavoured to adapt it to the use of PUBLIC WORSHIP, by adhering rigidly to the Prayer-Book *version* of the Psalms, (even to their punctuation : ) their *arrangement* under the days of the month : and their *division* into morning and evening service. He has been equally scrupulous, also, that his illustrations, and explanations, should not interfere with the received order of the verses. Having, in the preliminary portion of the volume, *classed* the several Psalms, under certain *general heads*, he has added the proper *characteristic term*, to the number of each Psalm. Immediately under this notification, is placed a short, but, it is hoped, a clear account, of the *subject*, *occasion*, and *author*, of the same Psalm, as far as the labours of the learned have

been available to him, in this respect: and, with regard to those Psalms, which are obviously of a *dramatic*, or *dialogue*-form of composition, (in order to render them more intelligible and striking, by marking the interchange of speeches, and appropriating each to its respective character,) he has placed, at the head of each Psalm, an intimation of the several personages, supposed to be introduced as speakers in it, pointing out the verses, at which the several speeches commence and terminate.

The *essence* of the *notes*, (with the exception of the editorial ones, chiefly illustrative of the literary graces of these sublime lyrics,) is drawn, as above remarked, from various, creditable, *printed* sources; to which are added, many *manuscript* observations on the book of Psalms, by the learned and intellectual Right Reverend Edmund Law, formerly Lord Bishop of Carlisle; contained in an interleaved Bible, which belonged to that excellent Prelate, and which was most kindly and liberally submitted to the Editor's use, by his Lordship's son, the present distinguished Bishop of Bath and Wells. To these extracts, the name of BISHOP LAW, is appended.\*

\* I am induced to transcribe the following NOTE on Psalm cxxxvii., not merely as an example of the nature of my annotations; but, because its subject is likely to be transferred to canvas, by the able pencil of my friend, Thomas



Of my last, and very recent publications, one pamphlet on CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION: and three others, on what is usually called EVANGELICAL PREACHING, it will be decorous in me to say but little.

With respect to the subject of the first-mentioned pamphlet, the question has been set at

Shew, Esq., of Bath, one of our most accomplished amateur artists.

“ *Ver. I. By the waters of Babylon, &c.*] What a noble subject would this affecting Psalm afford to a painter of skill, taste, and feeling! — A crowd of Jewish captives, retired from the uproar and revelry of Babylon, (which is dimly seen in the *back* of the canvas,) and clothed in the servile garb, appear seated on the silent bank of the Euphrates, weeping over the recollection of departed happiness, in the land of their fathers; and bewailing the actual sorrows of their present thralldom. In another part of the *foreground*, a band of their gorgeously robed tyrants are seen, demanding from them, in haughtiness and scorn, one of the sweet melodies of their native country. A portion of the exiles, lost in grief, heed not the insolence of the cruel foe. Others point to their harps, pendent from the willows that overshadow them, waving as they hang, and breathing wild harmony to the passing breeze: indicating, by their expressive gesture, that the spirit of song had fled their souls; and the touch of the lyre had been forgotten by their hand. While a third group, (roused to indignation, by the inhuman taunt of their goading masters :) their animated eye, kindled at once, by patriotism and prescience, and bent on their persecutors in stern and steady gaze,) declare, in awful language, their everlasting attachment to the land of their temple and their God; and the fearful doom of those, who had torn them from these objects of their love and veneration.”—ED.



rest by an ACT of PARLIAMENT. The stupendous experiment has been ventured on; and God grant! that its result may be auspicious to the prosperity, peace, and permanence, of our PROTESTANT CONSTITUTION, CHURCH, and GOVERNMENT.

Of the subject of the other pamphlets, the public will probably feel, that they have already had “enough, and more than enough\* ;” and I would not, willingly, induce disgust upon satiety.

I crave, however, the boon, (it is the last mark of favour which I shall solicit from my reader,) of being indulged in a parting observation — it is this: that the *present times* require, (if I read them aright,) a far different style of *pulpit instruction*, than that which is adopted by the ministers in question.—Licentious; and thoughtless; and sceptical; as are the days in which we live, they call upon the watchmen of Zion, in a tone, loud as the sound of mighty waters, for a *spiritual teaching*, (like that of our blessed Lord, and his immediate evangelists,) adapted to the *moral, responsible, and rational* nature of their hearers: — a *teaching*, that shall present clearly, and constantly, to the view of the dissipated and

\* Mrs. Wynne, the highly-talented elder daughter of Dr. Parr, used to say, that the character of her father's celebrated Spital-Sermon, was contained in its first seven words: “Enough there is, and more than enough.”

vicious, the pure and righteous *precepts* of the Gospel: and the necessity of *obedience* to them, as a *condition* of salvation: — a *teaching*, that shall rouse the reckless and indolent, to serious thought, and holy, benevolent and useful action, by enforcing powerfully and incessantly, the indispensable obligation to frequent religious reflection; and the unwearied cultivation of virtuous habits: — a *teaching*, which, limiting its *doctrinal views* to the plain and intelligible tenets of the TRUE GOSPEL FAITH, shall convince the reason of the philosophical unbeliever, and silence the objections of the common-place sceptic: which shall proselyte the pride of understanding to the simplicity of evangelical truth; and by its light-imparting, and soul-saving influence, on these converts from darkness and perdition, shall verify the axiom of the immortal Paley: that “he who makes Christianity most RATIONAL, “ makes it most CREDIBLE.”

JAMQUE OPUS EXEGI—

but, here I cut short my motto: and close my  
LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.

## AN APOLOGY

FOR

## THE FOREGOING MELANGE.

IT is affirmed by some of our most sagacious culinary antiquaries, that the origin of the complex, but admirable, and universally esteemed condiment, commonly called MINCE-PYE, may very satisfactorily be attributed, to the following circumstance : —

In the earlier ages of our country, when its present widely-spread internal trade and retail business were yet in their infancy ; and none of the modern facilities were afforded to the cook, to supply herself “ on the spur of the moment,” with the more delicate necessaries of the kitchen : it was the practice of all prudent housewives, to lay in, at the conclusion of every year, (from some contiguous periodical fair,) a stock, sufficient for the ensuing annual consumption, of several minor palatable articles ; which, before *gastronomy* became a *science*, were esteemed by all good eaters, as indispensable ingredients, in every *sweet* composition for the table — such as raisins ; currants ; citrons ; and “ spices of the “ best.”

The ample cupboard ; or, classically speaking, the *pan-try*, (*then* receding deep within the wainscoat of the dining-parlour itself, and wisely there constructed, to preclude all secret plunder,) formed the safe depository of these precious stores : which, ranged “in order due,” on its broad and regularly-descending shelves, could, as occasion called, be readily drawn forth, (without the dangerous introduction of the rush-light into the dark recess) by the well practised hand of the prudent matron,

Accustomed to calculate with the most rigid accuracy, as to the time of their duration, the provident purchaser of these little niceties, was usually found to have so justly proportioned the *supply* to the *demand* ; that, “when merry Christmas-tide came round,” the groaning shelves, relieved from their respective burdens, exhibited nothing, save a *thinly scattered residue*, of the divers dainties with which they had been loaded.

Nought, however, touching domestic economy, was beneath the notice of our frugal forefathers. This *goodly litter* of the cupboard, thus various in kind and aspect, was carefully swept into one common receptacle : the mingled mass enveloped in pastry ; and enclosed within the duly heated oven : from whence, at the hour of the punctual dinner, it was transferred to the oaken table,

“ which long had stood

“ The rage of conquering years inviolate ; ”



where, perfect in form ; colour ; odour ; flavour ; and temperament ; it smoked, the glory of the hospitable Christmas board, hailed from every quarter, by the honourable and imperishable denomination of the MINCE-PYE.

Would my kind reader, in his friendliness, permit me to *allegorise* this praiseworthy economical practice of “auld lang syne ;” and to apply it to myself, and the following work ; I should do so in this wise — *my* Christmas-eve is arrived : the close of the year is before me in short perspective : my stock of literary materials is all but exhausted ; and nought remains at the bottom of my escrutoire, save unconnected fragments, shreds, and scraps, of scribbled paper, divers in character, form, and complexion. These, with the thriftiness, (would that I could add, with the skill) of the ancient housewife, having combined and kneaded into one solid compound ; I now *serve up* : not in the proud confidence, that it will obtain the justly merited honours and gratulations, so universally awarded to the far-famed Christmas viand above described ; but, with the modest hope, that my MÉLANGE may receive, at least, a *negative* welcome ; and prove not altogether unpalatable, or unpopular, with a public of healthy appetite, and discriminating taste.



## APPENDIX.

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## No. I.

## PROPOSALS

FOR COMPILING AND PUBLISHING A GENERAL HISTORY  
OF THE COUNTY OF SOUTHAMPTON: BY RICHARD  
WARNER, JUNIOR.

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The following gentlemen engaged to become trustees for the subscriptions advanced; and guarantees to the public, for the proper application of the money which they received. George Rose, Esq.; Sir Harry Burrard, Baronet; Sir William Heathcote, Baronet, and — Chute, Esquire (Members for the County); Dr. Huntingford (the present Bishop of Hereford); and the Rev. William Gilpin, Vicar of Boldre.

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**T**HERE is no department, perhaps, in the whole range of literary composition, that involves more variety and information in it; or is more capable of being converted to the purposes of general utility, than Provincial History.

It is indeed true, that the local compilations which have appeared hitherto (with certain valuable exceptions) under the title of County Histories, by no means corroborate this assertion; since they are, in general, but dull accumulations of dry materials, interesting, at most, to those who live within the confined districts of which they treat.

The abuse or perversion of any study, however, by no means implies that it is useless or nugatory. Topographical researches, and local antiquities, may still venture to claim the attention and development of others, though in the hands of some, they have been unproductive either

of instruction or amusement: and indeed the present age seems fully aware of the importance of such disquisitions, by the many county or parochial histories, which have of late years been given to the public, or are at this moment preparing for the press. We no longer think the investigation of topical antiquities an irksome or unprofitable toil. We see them replete with curious notices of the laws, religion, arts, sciences, manners, modes of thinking, prejudices, superstitions, and virtues of our ancestors. We perceive them to be an exhaustless reservoir, from whence continually emerge, characters claiming our attention or applause, which in the extensiveness of general history had been overlooked and neglected. We discern in them those minute, but interesting, events of domestic life, and family anecdotes, which so nicely pourtray the complexion, manners, and opinions of the times when they occurred. And, finally, we mark in them, the gradual progress of our forefathers in the arts of society and civilisation; the steps by which they rose from wretchedness, ignorance, and barbarism, to comfort, intelligence, and refinement; a speculation the most gratifying that can be imagined to an enlightened mind.

Exclusively of these agreeable sources of information, which Provincial History thus unfolds, it has other advantages to recommend its encouragement and pursuit.

The revolutions and descents of property, present an ample field of discussion, which is not only interesting in the highest degree to the proprietors of the possessions it notices, but engages the attention of the indifferent person, by the occasional historical and biographical disquisitions with which it is connected; the eccentricities of ancient tenure which it illustrates, and the obsolete but curious local customs it hands down and develops.

National policy, and natural history are also promoted and assisted by these topical labours; inasmuch as they

enumerate the productions, investigate the soil, describe the different modes of agriculture, and delineate the appearance of the country of which they treat; and bring forward to notice many curious particulars, and beautiful anomalies in physiology, which may not hitherto have reached the observation of the naturalist.

If the truth of these observations be admitted, (and it cannot be well disallowed,) the following proposals of adding to the stock of our national topography, by compiling and publishing a History of Hampshire, may with the greater confidence be submitted to the public. The Editor, however, does not engage to raise so vast a superstructure on the slender foundation of his own abilities: a large collection of materials for the purpose already amassed to his hands, which he has purchased at a considerable expense, and some valuable MSS. that have been obligingly communicated to him, will smooth and reduce the difficulties of the undertaking; while several eminent names in the antiquarian, heraldic, and physiological lines, with that liberality which generally accompanies intellectual excellence, have promised to forward the work by their helps and communications.

Supported by aids and encouragements so important and flattering, the Editor will cheerfully enter upon the History of Hampshire, provided the following proposals meet the approbation of the gentlemen of that county.

1st, It is proposed that the intended work be comprized in three volumes, folio.

2d, That the *first* volume be divided into two parts. The *former* to contain the civil, military, and ecclesiastical History of the County, from the earliest times to the present æra; in which department would be included a full account of every religious house within the county to its dissolution: the *latter* part to be occupied by distinct histories of the Isle of Wight, Winchester, Southampton, and New Forest.



3d, That the whole of the *second* volume, and so much of the *third* as might be requisite, should contain the history of every *parish* in Hampshire, (not treated of in the *second* division of the *first* volume) arranged alphabetically. In this department of the work the history of the *property* of the county, or the *descents* of its several *manors* and *estates*, with notices of such *possessors* of them as had been remarkable in their time, would be included; as well as genealogical disquisitions, and biographical anecdotes, of learned, brave, distinguished, or singular characters, who have flourished in the several districts described. The various Celtic, Belgic, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman antiquities also, together with every curious particular in the *natural history* of each parish, would, in this department, be duly attended to.

4th, That the *latter* part of the *third* volume do consist of an appendix, forming a complete *chartularium Hantoniense*, or repository of curious papers which have a reference to the county of Hants: comprehending all such unpublished and original grants, charters, donatory deeds, authentic epistolary correspondence, &c. &c. as should be extracted from the public repositories, or come to the hands of the editor by private communication. The whole would be properly digested and arranged, and concluded with copious indexes.

5th, That the embellishments of this work do consist of ancient and modern maps, and surveys of the county of Hants: views of ancient and modern edifices; representations of curious productions of Art and Nature; delineations of cities, towns, villages, and spots particularly striking or beautiful. The whole of these would be drawn and engraven at the expense of the editor, excepting every *private mansion* or *family seat*, the plates of which (as is usual in similar cases) he would expect to have transmitted to him, by those who were desirous of having such representations inserted in the work.



N. B. As the editor has purchased a considerable number of drawings, by the late accurate Mr. Grose, of antiquities within this county; and as the first artists would be employed to engrave them, it is presumed, the ornamental parts of the History of Hampshire, would be executed in a style of excellence, equal, if not superior to the plates of any publication of the same nature that has hitherto appeared.

6th, That a list of subscribers to the work be prefixed to the first volume of it; that any plate contributed to it, be dedicated to the person who presents the same, and that every *private* communication be acknowledged in the work, unless this mode of notification be forbidden by the communicator.

7th, That the subscription be opened the 1st of September, 1791, and closed the 1st of March, 1792, at which period, should the number of subscribers amount to one hundred and fifty, or upwards, the history of Hants would be actually commenced: but should not so large a number be by that time obtained, the intended work would be dropped, and all subscriptions returned which had been received. The editor, however, freely declares, that if he be deterred from prosecuting the work by this discouragement, he would, notwithstanding, be happy to communicate all the materials he had collected towards it, to any other gentleman, who might be deemed more equal to the task, or better able to undertake it at his own individual risk, than himself.

8th, That the price of a copy, to every subscriber, be twelve guineas.

9th, That the sum of four guineas be advanced by every subscriber, to raise a fund, which might enable the editor, to extract the numerous materials relating to Hampshire, deposited in the collegiate and conventual libraries of Normandy; the libraries of the two universities; the British Museum; and the public offices of the

realm ; to defray the expenses of transcribing, delineating, engraving, and printing ; and of corroborating the notices and evidences which he collects from books and MSS. by an *actual survey* and *inspection* of the places to which they relate.

10th, That on the receipt of the *first* volume in boards, the further sum of four guineas be paid ; and the remainder of the subscription on the delivery of the *third* volume.

11th, But as human existence is extremely precarious ; as youth and health are no certain security for its long duration ; and the editor might be prevented by death from finishing the History of Hampshire ; an objection may be expected to arise on the part of the public, against advancing a sum of money on an undertaking, the completion of which a thousand accidents might frustrate. In answer to this, the editor hereby engages, that in case of his decease, previously to the execution of the intended work, the whole of his collections, manuscripts, drawings, and engravings, which have any reference to Hampshire, should be committed, *by will*, to the care of the mayor and corporation of Southampton, to be by them preserved, till the *majority* of the *subscribers* should have determined upon some other person to continue the work ; to which person the said collections should be then delivered.

It is scarcely possible to speak decisively, as to the periods when the different volumes of the History of Hampshire might respectively appear : but, as considerable collections for the purpose are already in the hands of the editor, he has reason to hope, that, with the important assistance of his literary friends, and the liberal communications of the gentlemen of the county, he might be enabled to produce the *first* volume in the course of *five* years from the close of the subscription ; and to complete the whole in nine or ten.

## No. II.

## A POETICAL IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN UPON A BUFF-COLOURED FAN, BY THE LATE  
JOHN TWEDDELL, ESQ.; AND ADDRESSED TO MISS J. H.,  
ON HER PREFERRING PITT'S ORANGE, TO FOX'S BUFF.

---

The occasion of the opposition choosing blue and buff, for their costume, was the circumstance of these two colours being the uniform of an American regiment, during the American War, called Mrs. Washington's regiment.

---

TELL me why, my Tory fair,  
*Orange* decks that rebel hair?  
Lovely miscreant, tell me why  
*Buff* no longer charms thine eye?  
Is it Taste, or is it Fashion,  
Which to *Orange* lends attraction?  
— 'Tis not Taste: for Taste is true  
To the shade of *Buff* and *Blue*.  
Then 'tis Fashion: which would paint  
Beelzebub in garb of saint.

In these different colours see,  
Types of different policy:  
Chatham's boy, whose wayward sight  
Darkness better loves than light;  
Darker *Orange* chose, to be  
Emblem of his mystery.  
Fox, whose counsels, like his heart,  
Open are, and void of art;

On his patriot banner, high  
Waves the flag of Liberty  
*Buff*, the Constitution's growth:  
Naked *Buff*, the type of Truth!  
    Clad in *Buff*, for ever go  
Saints above, and saints below:  
Clad in *Buff*, delight to dwell  
All the Loves round *Isabel*.  
Rival *Buff*, what colour can:  
Fairest riband; fairest fan?  
*Buff*, the dress of Adam's charmer:  
*Buff*, triumphant Beauty's armour!



## No. III.

## NUGÆ, BY THE LATE DR. HARINGTON.

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SUNG IN THE ENTERTAINMENT OF KING BLADUD,  
BY EDWYN, 1779.

## AN APOLOGY FOR BLADUD'S BEING A SWINEHERD.

## 1.

To Bath's *fair market* *Bladud* brought,  
His *hogs* of *speckled* breed ;  
Thereby to show — no *man* he thought,  
A *spotless* life could lead.  
His pride, 'tis plain, could not be much ;  
Nor was he *Jew* you find,  
For those *good folks* no *pig* will touch,  
Save of the *Guinea* kind.

## 2.

I feel no *shame*, this *youth* averr'd,  
Since not one *prince* alive,  
But often keeps a *grunting* herd,  
Will neither *lead* nor *drive*.  
Then why despise the *simple swine*,  
So like *ourselves* in fate ?  
Do we not *scratch our ears* and *whine* ;  
— *Stuck* in *misfortune's gate* ?

## 3.

The *world* throughout is far from *nice*,  
 If we its *sweetness* try :  
 'Tis *folly-stain'd*, and *rank* with vice,  
 And made a mere *pig-sty*.  
 At *best* but *like* — I'll show you *what*,  
 A *round* of *collar'd brawn* ;  
 Where some have *lean* and some have *fat*,  
 And *some* a deal of — *horn*.

## 4.

Like *wrong sow* gotten by the *ear*,  
 How oft are *we* mistaken !  
 And does not *he most wise* appear,  
 Who best can — save his *bacon* ?  
 In point of taste, we all must own,  
 The *sty* beats *stall* and *crib* ;  
 The *daintiest* dish by *Adam known*,  
 It was his dear — *Spare* — *Rib*.

## 5.

How oft is *man* in *corners hung*,  
*Smoke-dried* with *worldly cares* ;  
 How oft in *sorrow's pickle* flung,  
 And soused o'er *head* and *ears* !  
 Then tell me, *Sirs*, if *such* our fate,  
 Where does the *difference* lie —  
 Save *rich* and *great* are *styed* in state,  
 And *fatten'd* up — to *die* ?

THE FOLLOWING

## DIPLOMA,

*Lately obtained by the celebrated Canine Professor of Physic in this city, from the ancient Academy near Athens, called Cynosarges, or The Temple of the White Dog, is now submitted to the public, as a testimony of the highest honour : this university having been instituted by Antisthenes, surnamed Aplocyon, or The Sincere Dog, whose followers were hence called Cynics, as appears from the Greek author Diogenes Laërtius:—*

CELEBERRIMO viro *Jacobo Whittick*, Doctori in *Cyno-Medicina*, apud *Canile Suum*, in vico auspiciatissime dicto *Guinea Lane*, Bathon. Salutem.

Siquidem supplicabat nostræ Academiæ, haud ita pridem, Celeberrimus *Jacobus Whittick*, olim inter *Peripateticos* sellarum gestator\*, sed modo inter *Aquapotores* unus tantum *Cynico-Medicus*, ut ad gradum Doctoris admitteretur; hac inter alias, gravesque causas, allata, quia nempe, uno saltem, gradu, *Uxorem præcedere*, voluit: ideoque *Doctoratum* ambivit, ut *Uxor* ejus, *præstitis disputationibus*, jamdudum fuisset *Regens-Magister*. Noverint igitur Universi, quod Nos Academici, propter has res *peripatetice gestas*, inde ac *Cynice digestas*, prædicto *Jacobo*, tenore præsentium, liberam concedimus potestatem, et facultatem *dogmatice* practicandi in *Cyno-Medicina* per totum terrarum orbem; scilicet, purgandi, bleedandi, glysterrandi, curandi, et necandi canes *Mollossos*, *Melitæos*, *Pecuarios*, *Veruversatores*, omnigenosque

\* Anglicè, a chairman.

Canes : exceptis vero, et semper repudiandis, [ut minime *Aquapoturis*] istis *Cynobipedibus*, anglicè *The Sad Dogs*, quibus, ut fatetur, *tribus Anticyris est Caput insanabile*. Denique, honoris causâ, saltem quantum possumus, si minus quantum decet, Liceat *Jacobo nostro dilecto*, [ut *Cynosura Medicinæ*] posita jam sella gestatoria, levatisque humeris, *Vehiculum haud minus gratum*, appetere ; quo, ut solitum erat, *omnia præ se ferat*, quo, etiam pulverem si non *Olympicum*, adhuc *Aureum*, colligere juvet, et *Sirio* monstrante viam, sublimi feriat Sydera vertice. Dat. sub sigillo hujus Universitatis die *Caniculari* primo, 1786.

---

EPITAPH

ON MISS MARIA LINLEY, WHO DIED SINGING THE MESSIAH  
OF HANDEL, IN A VIOLENT FEVER, AT BATH.

IN Memoriam

Ah ! silentis *MARIÆ LINLEY*.

Quæ, usque ad exitum vitæ,

Sacra quàm apta *HANDELI*,

Dulcè mirèque spirabat !

Eheu ! Eheu ! lugete *Mortales* !

Eja verò gaudete *Cœlestes* !

Dulces ad *Amplexus*,

*Socians* jam *Citharæ Melos*,

redit *pergrata*,

En ! iterum *soror* ;

Suaviusque Nil manet *HOSANNIS*.

IMITATION.

Weep ! Mortals, weep ! — while ye complain,

Let Angels wake a joyful strain.

Again, amidst her native spheres,

The soul of melody appears.



Ætherial spirits ! blissful race !  
 A sister meets your fond embrace :  
 She comes ! — ye need no sweeter lays,  
 To crown the choral hymn of praise.

---

THE BATH SCHOOL-BOYS' ADDRESS,

TO THEIR WORTHY MASTER,

BEGGING A HOLYDAY, ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

---

— In reluctantes dracones  
 Eggit Amor pugnæ.      HOR.

---

WHILST *collar'd* knights, with bending knee,  
 At court their homage pay ;  
 We bend to ask — *our* necks you'll free,  
 — Not *collar us* this day.

What SAINT for worthier deed of might,  
 Hath CHRISTENDOM to brag on ?  
 Like ENGLAND'S GEORGE, who, fierce in fight,  
 Hew'd down the *mystic* DRAGON.

In vain to seek for rivalry,  
 From pole to pole we may go :  
 What's PORTUGAL'S gaunt ANTHONY ?  
 Or haughty SPAIN'S IAGO ?

Shall dastard DENNIS, pride of FRANCE,  
 Uplift his meagre head,  
 For teaching living frogs to dance,  
 And fricasseeing dead ?

Shall CAMBRIA, choked with choler, squeak  
 What TAFFY did excel in?  
 Whose paltry pride's a porridge leek,  
 His prowess — not worth telling.

Howl not, IERNE, thy *dear Joy*,  
 Arrah, 'tis wonderful;  
 Poor PATRICK was a blundering boy,  
 Could ne'er subdue — a BULL.

The *child* of CALEDONIA wrought  
 Nae muckle deeds they tell ye;  
 Lank ANDREW ne'er encounter'd aught,  
 Save — *wamblings of his belly*:

When feeling hunger's griping throe,  
 Waged — *bellum intestinum*;  
 With *oatmeal gruel* charged the foe,  
 And swore 'twas — *jus divinum*.

Avaunt ye then — ignoble host!  
 Eke CHRISTIAN, eke BARBARIAN!  
 Nor HERCULES thy bludgeon boast,  
 Thou "*scurvy Fustilarian*."\*

Ourselves, like GEORGE, untaught to yield,  
 To-morrow will advance;  
 MINERVA † bids us to the field,  
 And rout — *fell* IGNORANCE.

Though blind ‡, that *monster's* great, we know,  
 But great our promised meed;

\* Shakspeare.

† Nihil — invita Minerva. — *Hor.*

‡ — ingens cui Lumen ademptum.

Whilst sure to work his overthrow,  
*You, Sir, — our troop shall lead.\**

With mental force BRAVE YOUTHS prepare,  
 For glorious conquest, strive ye ;  
 And let proud SCIENCE' banner wear,  
 ATHENÆ REDIVIVÆ.†

\* Nil desperandum Te duce M——.

† Motto on the Bath School Flag.

## No. IV.

## THE ADDRESS OF KING BLADUD,

FOUNDER OF BATH,

TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN CHARLOTTE,  
ON HER ARRIVAL IN THAT CITY, NOVEMBER 1817.

---

Written by R. W., and inserted in a copy of the History of Bath, which  
R. W. presented, through Lord John Thynne, to the Queen.

---

FROM "yellow meads of Asphodel,"  
And groves of everlasting green;  
Where Britain's ancient heroes dwell,  
Removed from earth's tempestuous scene:

Revisiting his mortal home,  
The seat of Albion's elder kings;  
Behold! e'en Bladud's self is come,  
To welcome Charlotte to his springs.

Full many an age hath roll'd away,  
Mark'd, each, by strange vicissitude,  
Since BADON \* own'd my royal sway;  
And knew me great; and hail'd me good:

\* The ancient British name of Bath, was Caer Badon, or the city of Baths; according to the Monkish writers.



Since first, impell'd by mystic dream \*,  
 Exiled, I sought its winding vale:  
 Plunged in its health-renewing stream;  
 And rose, relieved from loathsome ail. †

Eftsoons, in grateful piety  
 To Him, who heard the leper's prayer,  
 The gorgeous temple, lifted high  
 Its dome colossal 'mid the air. ‡

And palaces, with "crisp'd roof,"  
 Their burnish'd portals 'gan display:  
 And beetling turrets, battle-proof,  
 Frown'd the proud foeman far away.

Then rang, my lofty halls among,  
 The shout of revel, feast, and dance;  
 The awful themes of bardic song;  
 And every sound of jovisaunce.

But, ah! how changed the goodly sight  
 Of peaceful sway, and pleasure's reign,  
 When Rome's fierce eagle wing'd her flight  
 To Albion's devoted plain! §

Then, first, War's terrifying sound  
 Affrighted Avon's gentle flood:

\* One tradition attributes the discovery of the springs to accident; another to a dream. The latter would best suit the purpose of a poet.

† Bladud is said to have laboured under leprosy.

‡ The legendary writers attribute much magnificence to the buildings of Bath, as erected by Bladud. With how much truth, the rude accumulations of stones, at Abury will testify. Bladud's character and style of living also, are subjects of their panegyric.

§ The Romans made their first appearance in the neighbourhood of Bath, in the reign of the emperor Claudius, about A.D. 43.

And, Badon's sacred walls around,  
Ran rivers of my Britons' blood !

Then fell, amain, with sullen groan,  
The pride of deep antiquity —  
My fanes and palaces o'erthrown  
In undistinguish'd ruin lie.

What though the invaders' puny race  
Their fabrics raise, through Bladud's land —  
Idly they imp, with *studied grace*,  
The *giant style* of Bladud's hand.\*

Not long, their desolating power  
Shall hold a vassal world in dread :  
For now arrives Fate's destined hour,  
When Rome must bow her laurell'd head.

Men of the frozen North, arise ! †  
And set the prostrate nations free —  
Lo ! struck to earth, Rome's Genius lies ;  
And Europe joys in liberty. ‡

Haste ! Saxon, haste ! to Badon's gate !  
'Tis Bladud's awful shade that calls —  
The foreign name obliterate § ;  
And drive the tyrant from its walls.

\* Alluding to the insignificance of the classical structures of the Romans, in point of magnitude, when compared with the enormous British piles of Abury, Stonehenge, &c.

† The Goths, Huns, Vandals, or those who over-ran the Roman empire in the fourth and fifth centuries.

‡ It is judiciously observed by Dr. Robertson, that Europe is indebted for all the liberty she enjoys, to the northern nations, who extinguished the arbitrary system of Roman domination, and introduced their own free principles and institutions, in its place.

§ The Roman name of Bath was *Aquæ Solis* : the Waters of the Sun.

Too long my healing waters serve  
 Dull Luxury's enfeebling power :  
 Bid them the failing muscles nerve ;  
 And wasted health and strength restore.\*

The hardy race their task complete ;  
*Freedom* † her fair companion brings,  
*Commerce* enliv'ning every street ;  
 And *Sickness* hastens to my springs.

So sinks the sun in ocean's stream,  
 While darkness shrouds the hemisphere :  
 Anon he trims his glorious beam ;  
 And shines to-morrow, broad and clear.

But list ! — I hear the raven's scream ! ‡  
 From Scania rolls the dreadful sound : —  
 Again, the invaders' faulchions gleam,  
 On Avon's banks ; on Badon's ground.

Then discord fierce, and tumult loud,  
 And carnage, triumph'd through the land :  
 Till Dane and Saxon equal bow'd,  
 To Norman William's stern command. §

\* It does not appear that the Romans applied the hot springs to medicinal purposes. The Saxons knew their value ; as is obvious from the name which they gave to the place, Akemancestre, or the city of *Sick Men*.

† The Saxon institutions may be considered as forming the basis of our common and constitutional law. Their enterprising commercial spirit, is well illustrated in Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons.

‡ The Reafen, or Raven, was the sacred standard of the Danes : originally from Scania, or Scandinavia. They took possession of Bath, under Ceornlin and Cuthwin, A D. 577.

§ It seems improper to denominate William the First's arrival in this country, as the conquest of it : the population was not exterminated ; the legal institutions were not subverted ; the religion was not changed ; and the language was but little altered.

And, better, Curfew's "sullen roar"  
 Than dissonance of civil jar\*—  
 Ah! Heaven avert from Britain's shore,  
 The horrors of intestine war!

Now, once again, m' embattled gate  
 Opens, amain, with willing haste,  
 To hail the pomp of royal state;  
 Reviving all its glories past.

E'en now, before mine eye appears  
 The train of monarchs, wise and brave,  
 Who, through the lapse of rolling years,  
 Have quaff'd, of Badon's healing wave.†

He, great and good, but hapless king,  
 Who wept in death, with anguish wild,  
 (Sharper than serpent's poison'd sting)  
 The treason of a rebel child.‡

And he, the man of lion-heart,  
 Who plough'd, in faith, the distant brine;  
 And braved the Paynim's barbed dart,  
 On holy plains of Palestine.§

\* A good practical illustration of the truth of this sentiment may be seen in the French Revolution, and its consequences; and in the dreadful scene which our own country exhibited, during the great Rebellion, in the seventeenth century.

† The following royal personages have at different times visited Bath, previously to the Revolution:—Osric, Offa, and most of the princes of the Saxon line; Rufus; Henry I. and II.; Edward I. and II.; Richard I.; Edward III.; the Black Prince; Henry IV., V. and VII.; Edward VI.; Elizabeth; James I.; Charles I. and II.; James II. and his queen.

‡ Henry II., whose son, Richard I., was in rebellion against his father at the time of this old king's death.

§ Richard I. Cœur de Lion; and his crusades.



And he, who Caledonia's heath  
 With Caledonia's blood 'ydied:  
 Tore from the Bruce the laurel wreath,  
 And humbled Scotia's warlike pride.\*

And he, alike admired, and fear'd,  
 For gallantry, and courage high:  
 Who, erst, his conquering banner rear'd  
 O'er Gallia's sons that prostrate lie:

And now, begirt with many a knight,  
 Holds the proud feast, unbraced from war,  
 And institutes the mimic fight;—  
 The garter'd knee, and flaming star.†

And he, his son, whose coal-black shield  
 Was well besprent with Gallic blood:‡  
 And he, in Agincourt's dread field,  
 Who Gaul's embattled hosts withstood:§

And he, around whose sceptred head,  
 In firm connected union, twine  
 The rival roses, white and red,  
 And 'suage the feuds of either line.||

And he, the hapless Seymour's son,¶  
 Whose dawn to purest faith was given —

\* Edward I.

† Edward III., who revived the Round Table; introduced tournaments; and instituted the order of the Garter.

‡ Edward the Black Prince; so called from the colour of his armour.

§ Henry V.

|| Henry VIII. His father was son of Owen Tudor, by the widow of Henry V. His mother was Margaret, only child of John Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt. He married Elizabeth daughter of Edward IV.; and thus united the houses of York and Lancaster.

¶ Edward VI., son of Henry VIII., by Jane Seymour. She died two

Scarce is his holy work begun,  
Ere angels summon him to Heaven.

And she, the queen of Tudor's race, \*  
In counsel wise, in spirit high :  
Who dared the haughty Spaniard face,  
And bade his proud Armada fly.

She too, in pomp heraldic, came  
My ancient residence to see ;  
And Badon met the royal dame,  
With pageant, masque, and jubilee. †

But, short the date of human joy !  
Unnumber'd woes man's life deform !  
The halcyon of the summer's sky,  
Too oft' portends the approaching storm.

And see the deep o'ershadowing gloom !  
And, hark ! the fearful cries that ring !  
'Tis Badon, mourning Charles's doom :  
'Tis Badon weeps her murder'd king. †

In vain her gallant sons oppose  
(Firm in their native loyalty)  
The banded might of rebel foes ;  
And bravely fight, and nobly die :

days after the prince's birth. The zeal of this excellent prince, in the cause of the Reformation, was equally laudable and extraordinary, in a youth who died at the early age of 17 years.

\* Queen Elizabeth.

† Alluding to the allegorical style of entertainment with which this queen was received, by the cities and towns through which she made her progresses.

‡ Charles I.

Burst is her gate: her walls resound  
 The traitor's war-whoop, wild and dread:  
 Wolf-like he prowls her streets around;  
 And violates her sacred dead.\*

Still deeper in impiety,  
 Her holy worship he reviles:  
 And, daring Heaven to defy,  
 He desecrates her sainted piles. †

Ah, me! must night for ever lower,  
 On Britain's once resplendent land?  
 Shall bold usurper's hated power,  
 For ever boast uncheck'd command?

No! Britons, no! I ken afar  
 The glories of returning day:  
 Lo! potent Brunswick's brilliant star,  
 Shoots from the east its cheering ray! ‡

Again I trace an awful line  
 Of monarchs, great, and brave, and good,  
 Whose deeds on Fame's proud roll shall shine,  
 Long as old ocean heaves his flood.

I see their fleets, in gallant pride,  
 Resistless o'er the broad sea roll:  
 And Neptune yield his willing tide,  
 To bear them on, from pole to pole.

\* Referring to the atrocities committed by the parliamentary troops, when in possession of Bath.

† Tradition says, that the Oliverian horse were quartered in the Abbey Church; dedicated to St. Peter and Paul.

‡ Referring to the relative geographical situations of Brunswick and England.

I mark their firm embattled bands,  
 Prepared to give the fatal stroke;  
 And tear, from the oppressor's hands,  
 His tyrant scourge and iron yoke.\*

But, list! — the naval thunder roars!  
 Proclaiming loud, “the tug of war;”  
 — 'Tis Nelson fights on foreign shores:  
 At Aboukir and Trafalgar! †

And hark! the battle's mingled cry  
 Speaks the usurper's destined due:  
 What means that shout of victory? —  
 'Tis Wellington at Waterloo. ‡

My Badon, too, in gayer guise,  
 Than e'er she knew since Bladud's reign;  
 From dull obscurity shall rise;  
 And blaze, the Queen of Taste again!

And soon the promised change is seen!  
 Princes, and dames of high degree §,  
 Crowd to her walls of antique mien —  
 The scene of old festivity.

\* Europe's emancipation from the tyranny of Buonaparte, by the exertions of England.

† Actions which annihilated the marine of France and Spain; and confirmed to England the empire of the ocean.

‡ A battle that stamped the English army with the character of the best soldiers in the world.

§ The following royal personages have visited Bath, since the Revolution: Queen Anne; Frederic Prince of Wales, and his consort. The Princess Amelia; the late Dukes of York and Gloucester; His Royal Highness the Prince Regent; their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York; and Duke of Gloucester.



One wish ungratified remain'd —  
 The royal Consort's presence here : —  
 And lo ! e'en now the wish obtain'd ;  
 For Charlotte and her train appear. —

To thee, high dame of Saxon blood !  
 Pleased Badon bends her willing knee :  
 And Bladud pours his ancient flood,  
 A tributary stream to thee !

For thee, he'll exercise once more,  
 (And then resign the potent wand)  
 That magic skill and mystic power,  
 Which Nature's secret laws command.\*

## THE SPELL.

Lo ! thrice my bubbling spring around,  
 I draw the circle magical ;  
 And thrice I stamp the hollow ground,  
 The fiend of sickness to appal :

And, in the goblet sparkling high,  
 Three precious drops I careful pour ;  
 And mutter words of potency  
 To soothe, and heal, and strength restore. —

So, may the Spell have due success,  
 Each pain afflictive to appease :  
 And give the sufferer cause to bless  
 BADON'S clear springs, for health and ease !

\* The monkish writers attribute to Bladud a wonderful proficiency in the magical art.

## No. V.

## ADDRESSES

OF

THE NEWSMAN OF THE BATH CHRONICLE,

FOR THE NEW YEARS' DAY OF 1820, 1822, and 1823.

## THE NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF

THE DISTRIBUTORS OF THE BATH CHRONICLE,

JANUARY 1. 1820.

SCENE — *A Kitchen Party at Squire Openheart's.*

*Tom Trudge.* HIP! ho! what nobody at home,  
 To let in weather-beaten *Tom*?  
 — These *twoods* of maidens mind no more  
 Who's knocking at the kitchen-door,  
 When junketing with Christmas cheer,  
 Than if the cat were mewing here.  
 — A plague on your confounded clatter —  
 You well may sing, and laugh, and chatter,  
 And “keep the table in a roar” —  
 You're on the *right side of the door*.  
 Egad! did worthy Master know  
 That I stood shivering in the snow,

He'd soon make Madam *Betty* budge  
 To pull the bolt for faithful *Trudge*.  
 —As sure as three and three make six,  
 I'll tell his Honour of your tricks,  
 And get you all a thund'ring scold —  
 — Hip! let me in, "poor *Tom's* a-cold."

*Betty*. Dear Mister *Thomas*, is it you  
 I've been so inattentive to?  
 I own 'tis very *imperlite*  
 To make you wait in such a night;  
 But, having ask'd some female friends  
 To eat up Christmas odds and ends,  
 I could not from the *ladies* fly,  
 Till proper opportunity;  
 For *Kitty Brush* had sung a song  
 Of more than fourteen verses long;  
 And told so droll a story after,  
 As almost split our sides with laughter.  
 Pray, then, o'erlook this first offence;  
 And go not in the dumps from hence.  
 Your *Betty*, sure, you'll not be hard on,  
 But readily pronounce her pardon;  
 And while you take her poor excuse,  
 Will suffer her to introduce  
 You and your paper to her party—  
 — You'll meet a welcome frank and hearty.  
 There, too, you'll find the rich mince-pie,  
 And every Christmas nicety;  
 The tankard, white with foaming ale,  
 The wine so red, and beer so pale,  
 Well spiced, and sopp'd, for your regale;  
 Besides, a new crown-piece so bright,  
 A *double gift* for New Year's night,  
 Which Master (granting *my* request)  
 Has sent to greet his annual guest.

*Tom*. Ah, *Betty*! well the poet sung,  
 "There's no resisting woman's tongue;"

For, whether to persuade or thunder,  
 She use this never-resting wonder,  
 All man can do, is—to knock under. }  
 — But, sure, I can't, in such a guise,  
 Present myself to ladies' eyes —  
 I ha'n't been shaved since Sunday morn —  
 My breeches, too, are somewhat torn ;  
 My clothes are stiff with sleet and snow ;  
 Besides, I'm splash'd from top to toe.

*Betty.* Oh, *Thomas*, never heed such trifles,  
 Good-humour all distinctions stifles ;  
 We're met together to be funny,  
 And all is, here, *san seremunny*.  
 We've not a single beau among us,  
 For all the *gentlemen* have flung us ;  
 And every one whom I invited  
 My card has ungentlely slighted.  
 You'll therefore be a downright treasure,  
 Add, greatly, to the ladies' pleasure, }  
 And favour *me* beyond all measure.  
 Come in, then, *Thomas*, I entreat ;  
 Shut to the door ; and take a seat —  
 Here all is snug, and all are friends —  
*Peggy*, who Master's dairy tends ;  
*Jenny*, factotum of the Vicar,  
 Who cleans his boots, and brews his liquor ;  
*Miss Prim*, the maid of *Lady Straddle* ;  
 And *Deb'rah*, cook to *Justice Waddle* ;  
 And *Kitty Brush*, and *Polly Giggle*,  
 Great fav'rites of old Mistress *Wriggle* ;  
 And *Bridget Sobersides*, no less  
 Than Miss *Growgawky's* governess. —  
 — Ladies, I'm sure you're pleased to see  
 A gemman join the company ;  
 Good Master *Thomas Trudge*, my friend,  
 Who carries at his finger's end



News from all quarters of the earth —  
 Who'll name each marriage, death, and birth,  
 And tell to them who lend an ear,  
 All that has happen'd for a year.

*Kitty.* My stars and garters ! how delightful  
 To hear of all, both droll and frightful,  
 That's fallen out, in every clime,  
 For such a charming length of time !  
 Come, sit by me, *Tom*, don't refuse,  
 I loves to hear the public news ;  
 Who's murder'd, who is cast in law,  
 And who has made a *foxes paw*.

*Deborah.* Do, *Kitty*, hold your foolish tongue ;  
 Good Mister *Thomas* knows 'tis wrong,  
 By telling such unseemly freaks,  
 To raise a blush in ladies' cheeks.  
 He knows, 'twill more instructive prove  
 To mention sum'at about *love* ;  
 Who's led a maid to *Highman's* altar ;  
 Or noos'd a beau in *Cubit's* halter ;  
 Or given herself and cash in marriage ;  
 Or lost an heir by a miscarriage.

*Bridget Sobersides.* I marvel, girls, you're in  
 such haste  
 To show your vitiated taste.  
 Who, but a chit of pert fifteen,  
 That nothing of the *world* had seen,  
 Would be so ungenteel and stupid,  
 As care for Hymen, Beau, or Cupid ?  
 — No — Mister *Thomas* will, I'm sure,  
 Treat us with something more demure ;  
 Discourse of ministerial tricks,  
 And Continental politics ;  
 Of battles lost and won, narrate :  
 Of all the deep intrigues of state ;  
 Of who's been in, and who's been out ;  
 And what the government's about.

*Tom.* Ladies, I swear, I fain would please 'e,  
 But that's a thing not quite so easy ;  
 For, should I answer *Kitty's* wish,  
 Good *Deborah* would soon cry, Pish !  
 And, if with *Deb'rah* I comply,  
*Kitty* would echo the same cry.  
 But, howsomdever, if I told  
 All that I could, both new and old,  
 That all would, now, but little be ;  
 Since all is dull, 'by land and sea ;  
 For, as the ancient saying goes,  
 Some one by each *bad* wind that blows  
 Will gain a *good* ; so may we add,  
 That, each *good* wind blows some one *bad*.  
 — Here is a case in point : the *peace*,  
 Which bade the din of battle cease,  
 Which saved a multitude of lives,  
 And sent our soldiers to their wives ;  
 Has play'd the deuce with all our *papers*,  
 And given their *editors* the vapours ;  
 Has knock'd up every *pressman's* revels,  
 And beggar'd all the *printers' devils*.  
 The *COURIER* now, above a year,  
 Has check'd, perforce, his *wide career* ;  
 The *TRAVELLER* near his *end* is come,  
 And makes his journeys *nigher home* ;  
 The "solid *GLOBE*" itself is shaken ;  
 The *OBSERVER* to his bed has taken ;  
 The *SUN*, eclipsed, forgets to blaze ;  
 The *STAR* is shorn of all his rays ;  
 The *EXAMINER* has lost its *point* ;  
 And, e'en "the *TIMES* are out of joint."  
 So that, you see, my pretty maids,  
 You cannot, from such failing trades,  
 Expect, as heretofore, in me  
 A feast for curiosity.

*Miss Prim.* Don't think, friend *Tom*, we'll you excuse  
 From telling us some scraps of news.  
 What though from foreign parts none come,  
 There's always plenty nearer home.  
 The world of BATH can furnish, ever,  
 Something that's new, or droll, or clever.  
 My Lady always is maintaining,  
 Your paper's still most entertaining;  
 And when (though seldom) pleased, will tell  
 Some news from the BATH CHRONICLE;  
 Of *balls* so gay, and *concerts* graver,  
 Where ladies talk, while singers quaver;  
 Of the sweet fashionable *rout*,  
 Where none have room to walk about:  
 Of York-house *dinners* by the Mayor,  
 Served up with REILLY's taste and care;  
 Of dear FREEMASONS, who, of late,  
 Met, their new hall to *dedicate*;  
 And, headed by the ROYAL GRAND,  
 (Bowing, and holding hat in hand,)  
 March'd to the Lodge, in sober state,  
 Their *secret craft* to celebrate.  
 Oh! how I wish they would but show it!  
 I'd give the world and all to know it!

*Bridget Sobersides.* Fye, fye! *Miss Prim*, you're much  
 to blame,

To speak with praise on *such a theme*.  
 I can't endure the *wicked craturs*,  
 They're nothing more than *woman-haters*;  
 For, if they loved our sex, the fellows  
 Would, readily, their *secret tell us*;  
 Besides, they carry *swords* and *travels*,  
 To thrust into each other's bowels;  
 And, in their lodge, have *irons hot*,  
 To burn, or singe—I know not what!

*Tom Trudge.* Lord love your soul, my worthy dame,  
 You need not be in such a flame  
 About these honest *mason brothers*,  
 They're harmless as our buried mothers.  
 — The *instruments* you rave about,  
 Some *upright principle* point out,  
 Which every mason, *good and true*,  
 Will steadily through life pursue.  
 — Thus, in the *trowel* bright, you see  
 An emblem meet of *industry* ;  
 The *sword* speaks this intention plain —  
*With life he'll CHURCH and KING maintain* ;  
 The *apron* shews he's always *ready* ;  
 The *level* marks him ever *steady* ;  
 And by the *square* is understood,  
 His *views* are *just*, his *meaning* good ;  
 That he'll from every *wrong* forbear,  
 And deal with all men *on the square*.  
 His *SECRET*, too, need not alarm,  
 Because it never can do harm :  
 It only teaches *worthy ends* ;  
 To love as *brothers*, live as *friends*. —  
 Ah ! would to heaven, I could see  
 Such *principles* of *amity*  
 O'erspreading now my native land,  
 And *PEACE* and *ORDER*, hand in hand,  
 Marching, like *masons in a band* ;  
 And sowing, wheresoe'er they went,  
 The seeds of virtue and content !  
 Were this the case, we soon should ken  
 A difference in our countrymen ;  
 Have no more talks of *HUNTS* and *HONES*,  
 Of *COBBETT's* tricks, and *TOM PAINE's bones* ;  
 Nor hear our brother-Briton fling  
 Defiance at his *GOD* and *KING* !



Ah! Mistress Sobersides, I grieve  
 To think how men *themselves deceive*,  
 And wilfully their comforts leave,  
 With resolution rash, to follow  
 The senseless whoop, and impious hollow,  
 Of worthless wretches, who design  
 Their LOYALTY to undermine,  
 And blind the foolish people's eyes,  
 That *they alone may share the prize*.  
 That fellow, surely, mad I call,  
 Who dubs himself a RADICAL;  
 And mingles with an ATHEIST BAND  
 To plunge in woe his *native land*;  
 To turn RELIGION out of doors,  
 And banish VIRTUE from our shores;  
 For, should the vile attempt succeed,  
 A curse would light upon his deed;  
 His misery no tongue could tell,  
 On *earth* at first, and then in *hell*!  
 'Tis true, some matters in the nation  
 May need a trifling reformation:  
 And all men would be glad to see  
 A *little more economy*;  
 The *burial* of some *boroughs rotten*,  
 And certain *sinecures* forgotten:  
 But MOBS cannot the work perform  
 Of *wise and temperate reform*.  
 Their only object is *undoing*;  
 Not sound *repair*, but *gen'ral ruin*!  
 The *Parliament* (but give it leisure)  
 Will settle all things to our pleasure:  
 Nor needs our GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION  
 The *hurricane of revolution*,  
 Its little blemishes to mend —  
*Patience* and *time* will work that end: —

What 'cause my cottage, here and there,  
 Has sometimes need of a *repair*,  
 Shall I, more stupid than a stone,  
 Instead of mending, *knock it down*?  
 The man who thus could treat his cottage,  
 All must agree, was *in his dotage*.  
 — But hark! I hear the village chime;  
 I fear I've overstay'd my time,  
 And shall not reach my humble shed,  
 Before my wife is gone to bed;  
 So, with a wish, sincere and hearty,  
 Of *health* and *wealth* to all the *party*,  
 That nothing may such charmers grieve,  
 I empt' my jug, and — take my leave.

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## THE NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF

THE DISTRIBUTORS OF THE BATH CHRONICLE,

JANUARY 1. 1822.

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SCENE—*Grumbleton Hall, the Seat of Justice Peevish.*

*Justice.* ZOUNDS! what a thund'ring at the door!  
 And scutt'ling up and down the house, —  
 The squall of cats, and laughter's roar —  
 Surely, all Bedlam is broke loose!  
 Confound this everlasting *gout*,  
 Which nails me to a brace of chairs!  
 Could I, as formerly, get out,  
 Or, undiscover'd, slip down stairs,  
 I'd silence soon their caterwauling,  
 And make 'em come, when I am bawling.

— Here! Susan, Marg'ret, Kitty, Jenny!  
 What, husseys, is the devil in 'e?  
 Can't ye, or won't ye, hear your master?  
 Were I behind 'e, you'd step faster.

*Jenny.* Lard, Sir! I came as soon as ever  
 Your Worship's summons reach'd my ear.  
 'Tis n't my fault, if I can never

At the same time two persons hear.  
 TOM TROT, the newsman, came just now,  
 Hungry, and cold, and wet, poor soul!  
 And caused, below, a little row:  
 For, TOM, you know, Sir, 's *vastly droll.*

And when I hears a story funny,  
 And sees TOM *acting* it besides,  
 I can't refrain, for love or money,  
 From laughing, like to split my sides —

*Justice.* Silence, you baggage! if you can;  
 And send TOM here immediately.

— Sure, never was a mortal man  
 Plagued with such toads as worry me!  
 But, I believe, I merit all  
 I suffer from these saucy jades,  
 For kicking ROGER from the hall,  
 And swearing I'd keep *nought* but *maids.*

[*To Tom at the door.*]

Come in, you fool! and don't stand bumping  
 Your hob-nail shoes against the door —  
 You craze me with the infernal thumping!  
 "I'm tremblingly alive all o'er."

There — sit thee down — did'st ever see  
 A wretch so woe-begone as me,  
 With gout in toe, and hand, and knee? }

*Tom.* Why, sure, your Worship's case is bad:  
 And gout I know 's a desp'rate curse;  
 But (under favour be it said)  
 It *might*, perhaps, have still been worse.

Your Honour *might* have *smash'd* a *bone* ;  
 Or lost, perchance, a *limb* or two ;  
 Or felt a tightish fit of *stone*,  
 As I (Heaven help me !) often do ;  
 Or *palsy* might your frame have shaken ;  
 Or *madness* carried off your *wits* ;  
 Or *epilepsy* overtaken,  
 And tripp'd your Worship up with *fits* ;  
 Or, Barcelona's fever hurried  
 Good Master t' an untimely grave ;  
 In a few hours sick, dead and buried,  
 In spite of physic's power to save.  
 Besides, I humbly beg to mention,  
 That *poverty* its pains might add  
 (T' offend, I'm sure, I've no intention,)  
 To what your Worship thinks so bad ;  
 And, 'stead of all the comforts round 'e,  
 Supplied by a good fat estate,  
 A body *might*, perhaps, have found 'e  
 Both lame and sick, with *nought* to eat ;  
 Stuff'd in a *cellar*, or an *attic*,  
 Without a bed, and scant of fuel,  
 Tortured with *cramp*, and gout rheumatic,  
 With wife, and all the children, too, ill.  
 This, please you, Sir, 's a situation  
 A *trifle* worse than yours I trow ;  
 And yet there's many in the nation,  
 Who suffer this, and more, just now.  
*Justice.* TOM, none of thy impertinence ;  
 But, if thee can'st, talk common sense —  
 Again, I say, on English ground  
 There cannot, far or near, be found,  
 'Mong rich or poor, a wretched elf,  
 So miserable as myself.  
 — Try, then, my spirits to amuse,  
 With telling me a little *news* ;



For, long have I forsworn the *papers* —  
 They only *irritate* the *vapours*.  
 Fill'd, to the brim, with *public lies*,  
 Or anecdotal *calumnies*,  
 And, what to me is quite as bad,  
*Democracy*, stark-staring mad ;  
 Of such rank stuff I'm grown as weary,  
 As of my old Apothecary.

Tom. To differ from you, Sir, I'm loath ;  
 But, I must ask your Worship's pardon,  
 For saying, that, in very troth,  
 The *newspapers* you're som'at hard on.  
 There *may* be, here and there, a print  
 That deals in *lying politics* ;  
 Or wounds the feelings with a *hint*,  
 And strives for sale by *dirty tricks*.  
 But still, in spite of this abuse,  
 (From what I say I ne'er will shrink,)  
 They have this tendency and use —  
 They teach the public, Sir, to *think* :  
 They keep alive, too, *public spirit* ;  
 And, opening the Nation's eyes,  
 They claim, I trow, the double merit  
 Of making us both *brave* and *wise*.  
 And sure I am, though censure may  
 On *some* of them with justice fall,  
 Yet, no fair man can ever say  
 Such censure should include 'em *all* ;  
 For, long as I've a foot to trudge it,  
 And tongue its character to tell,  
 I'll still defend my weekly budget,  
 Our old and honest CHRONICLE.  
*Sixty new years* it now has seen,  
 And all the while *impartial* been ;  
 Nor *hoax'd* the public with *false news*,  
 Its *party-spleen* to gratify ;

Nor dared its reader's eye abuse  
 With *fabricated private lie*.  
 Determined to extenuate nought  
 That should, in fairness, be reveal'd ;  
 Nor in base *malice* set down aught  
 Which *charity* would wish conceal'd.  
 Adhering to the *good old cause*  
 Of King, and Liberty, and Laws,  
 'T has always check'd the senseless cry  
 Of that foul beast, MOB LIBERTY ;  
 And ever praised our CONSTITUTION,  
 As settled at the REVOLUTION ;  
 Which, knocking up, and kicking down,  
 A *Despot's will*, and *right divine*,  
 Transferr'd a *patriotic crown*  
 To FREEDOM'S FRIENDS — in GEORGE'S LINE.

*Justice*. Why, what the devil's in the fellow,  
 That makes him like a bullock bellow,  
 And look so bold and big ?  
 As sure as I have got the gout,  
 I'll have his *mittimus* made out —  
 The dog's an *arrant Whig* !

*Tom*. Oh ! pray, your Worship, do not call  
 Poor harmless TOM an animal,  
 So much abused in story :  
 It may be, Sir, from lack of sense,  
 But I can't tell the *difference*  
 'Twixt wicked Whig and Tory.  
 I've *heard*, indeed, 'tis somewhere said,  
 This difference lies in each one's *head*,  
 And *covering* of his *crown* :  
 That *Whig* ('twill make your Honour stare)  
 Is seen to wear *another's hair*,  
 While *Tory* wears *his own* !  
 But, be it so, or be it not,  
 To me it matters not a groat,  
 For I'm of neither party.

I love my King, and Country too —  
For each would any service do

With appetite most hearty ;  
But this, an' please you, Sir, I know,  
That King, and Country too, must go,  
When *either's made the other's foe.* }

*Justice.* Why, these are principles, you sot,  
Without a spark of rhyme or reason !

If you proceed another jot,

I'll have you taken up for *treason.*

'Twas just such language, in the spring,

The democrats of Naples held,

When they had manacled their King —

But Austria soon their courage quell'd ;

And, only holding up the whip,

With scarce a battle being fought,

They made the rebels homeward skip,

Again to *old obedience* brought.

*Tom.* I pray you, Sir, your wrath restrain,

While TOM once more your pardon craves,

The *reason* why they fail'd is plain —

Because they're only *fit* for *slaves.*

To *rob* and *plunder* they know how,

And deal the vile *assassin's* blow,

And here their courage ends :

But LIBERTY, of *virtue* born,

And *honour-nourish'd*, turns with scorn

From such unworthy friends !

The Spaniard and the Portuguese

(Who're fifty times as good as these) :

Have done their business better ;

Burning with Freedom's sacred flame,

With steadiness they play'd *their* game,

And knock'd off every fetter.

And, 'fore your Worship takes your nap,

If you'll but look into the map,

Across the broad Atlantic,

You'll Chili see, and rich Peru,  
 And the ill-govern'd Brazils, too,  
     And Mexico, half frantic  
 With joy, at having broke their chains,  
 And snatch'd the haughty tyrant's reins  
     From out his iron paw;  
 And, breathing thanks to bounteous Heaven,  
 For having those rich blessings given,  
     FREEDOM and EQUAL LAW.  
 But what are all these minor things  
 To tidings which your Newsman brings,  
     From t'other side Gibraltar?  
 Gad! all the Greeks are in a fury,  
 And giving, without judge or jury,  
     Their Turkish lords the halter.  
 Of tyranny they've had enough,  
 And curses, from their masters gruff;  
     Of pillage, too, a plenty;  
 And so have raised a patriot band,  
 And wisely given its command  
     To gallant YPSILANTI.  
 Zooks! how I wish our ministry  
 Would send a fleet across the sea,  
     And store of cash behind it;  
 'Twould spirit up the struggling Greek —  
 We *know* the *worth* of what they seek,  
     And ought to *help* 'em *find* it.  
 BOB MADRIGAL (who now and then  
 Pulls out his old poetic pen,  
 And, as the rhyming maggot bites,  
 A stanza for our Print indites,)  
 Has hammer'd out a verse or two, Sir,  
 Which he gave me, and I'll give you, Sir.

---

Hark to the animating sound,  
 Startling the rocks and woods around! —



'Tis FREEDOM'S voice on high, that speaks  
In thunder to her goaded Greeks : —

“ Fall'n offspring of that race of glory,  
“ Immortalised in ancient story,  
“ Who held, of yore, the leafy mountains,  
“ The haunted streams, and sacred fountains  
“ The valleys deep, and painted meads,  
“ (Each sanctified by patriot deeds,)  
“ Scatter'd by Nature's lavish hand  
“ O'er Liberty's enchanting land,  
“ Awake ! arise ! and vindicate your claim  
“ To Freedom's earliest boast — the *Grecian name* !

“ By the unequal battle, won  
“ On the dread plain of Marathon ;  
“ By the well-defended strait,  
“ Where Persia's thousands met their fate  
“ By Sparta's self-devoted band,  
“ Sepulchred on Cæta's strand ;  
“ By Salamis' ennobled flood,  
“ Crimson'd with the invaders' blood :  
“ Awake ! arise ! and drive the turban'd slaves,  
“ To thralldom's soil, beyond Propontis' waves.

“ By every edifice sublime !  
“ Works of your sires, in elder time ;  
“ Works of blended strength and grace,  
“ Which rage nor rapine can efface ;  
“ From within whose ivied walls  
“ Justice for retribution calls  
“ On the destroying Moslem lord,  
“ Barb'rous, inhuman, and abhorr'd ;  
“ Rise ! blaze again in arms, and smile in peace ;  
“ And bid your modern, rival ancient Greece !”

---

*Justice.* Come — that's not bad. I hate the Turk,  
An idle dog, that will not work :  
Besides, they'll *drink no wine* —

And fools-like, harass out their lives  
 With a *plurality* of wives,  
 While *one* would finish mine.  
 But, you 've given us quite enough  
 Of Liberty, and such like stuff,  
 And subjects out of fashion —  
 I want to hear of things domestic,  
 The grand display, and pomp majestic,  
 Of GEORGE'S *Coronation*.

*Tom.* Your Worship, it was my intention,  
 These and some other things to mention,  
 Which in our Chronicle appear,  
 As news of the departed year.

Ah! had your Worship's gouty toe  
 But suffer'd you to town to go,  
 And in the Abbey to have been,  
 What wonders would your eye have seen!  
 Our gracious Monarch (who, God bless him!  
 Was, *four* or *five* times, forced to *dress him*,)  
 In robes of gold, with ermine lined,  
 (And what a length of tail behind!)  
 With Bishops, Dukes, and Lords before,  
 And Knights Companions, many a score,  
 All deck'd with plumes and satin nice,  
 Just like *gay birds* of *Paradise*;  
 And, (odder still!) outlandish swarms  
 Of creatures strange, *all over arms*;  
*Heralds* they 're call'd, (if folks don't fable,)  
 Sad fellows to sit *next at table*;  
 For who, such guests, at *dinner* meeting,  
 Would stand the slightest chance of *eating*?  
 Some said, the sight had finer been,  
 With *Ladies* present, and the *Queen*;  
 But she (poor soul!) was soon to go  
 Beyond the sphere of earthly show;

And leave the world, and all its toys,  
 For brighter scenes, and heavenly joys.  
 Yes, Sir, she's happier far than we,  
 With all our noise and finery :  
 Borne to her everlasting home,  
 And rescued from the ill to come.  
 The Parson told us in his sermon,  
 That, " on the good, when call'd by Death,  
 " Sweet peace descends, like dew on Hermon,  
 " To bless, and waft the parting breath.  
 " That Heaven will be their dwelling-place,  
 " Where no misfortunes can molest:  
 " Where ' wicked men from troubling cease ;'  
 " And ' where the weary be at rest !' "

But Death, not gorged with Royal prey,  
 Has summon'd BONAPARTE away,  
 Of whom I know not what to say ;  
 Except, that, soon the day must come,  
 When *he*, and *we*, shall meet our doom :  
 In the mean time, we've saved, 'tis clear,  
 Three hundred thousand pounds a year !  
 But, if these things so strange and fearful,

Your Worship's tender nerves dismay,  
 Our Chronicle has much that's cheerful  
 To drive the blue devils away.

It tells you of the visit Royal  
 To Paddy's land, *just then so loyal* ;  
 (I wish the *feeling* had been *stronger*,  
 It might, perchance, have *lasted longer* ;)  
 And how the King, in humour frisky,  
 Pledged worthy Pat in genuine whiskey,  
 And how Pat made himself right merry  
 With his *dear friend*, Lord Londonderry :  
 And (gen'rous cratur) spread his table,  
 (For he's, to a proverb, hospitable,)

In town and country, bower and hall,  
 His Royal guest to greet :  
 And now a feast, and now a ball,  
 Proclaim'd his duty meet.  
 It tells you, how the King ran over,  
 In ship and coach, both sea and land,  
 To see his subjects of Hanover,  
 And let 'em kiss — his royal hand.  
 It tells you, of the evils brewing  
 Against the useful *Farming race*,  
 Doom'd to inevitable ruin,  
 Unless you LANDLORDS mend their case.  
 It tells you ———

*Justice.* Tom, I'll hear no more :

You *now* begin to be a *bore* ;  
 So, fill with Port the empty tumbler,  
 (Mind you don't smash the glass, you fumbler,)  
 And take your annual half-a-crown ;  
 Drink the old toast, and get thee down.

*Tom.* Your Worship knows, I don't want *pressing* —  
 I drink your health, and wish this blessing —  
 “ More New-Year's Days than yet you've seen,  
 “ Relieved from *gout*, and freed from *spleen*.”



## THE NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF THE DISTRIBUTORS OF

THE BATH CHRONICLE, JANUARY 1. 1823.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOM TROT, THE NEWSMAN; OLD OAKUM, THE PENSIONED SAILOR;  
AND QUIZ, THE VILLAGE BARBER AND SCHOOLMASTER.

SCENE — *Old Oakum's Cottage.*

*Oakum.* HA! Honest Tom! — Come in, my hearty,  
And join our little New-Year's party:  
We're only two — myself and Quiz,  
With gimlet eye, and cribbage phiz,  
And dingy weather-beaten caxon,  
Which twenty years ago was flaxen;  
The village schoolmaster and barber,  
Who anchors oft in *Oakum harbour*.  
He'll fit your fancy to a *hair*,  
And stories tell will make you stare:  
For much he's travell'd, (merry soul,)  
And often gone from *pole to pole*.

*Quiz.* He! he! — Come — that's as neat a joke,  
As ever Master Oakum spoke —  
'Twill do exactly "for my shop,"  
When I the country bumpkins crop;  
Or from the Justice draw a grin,  
While lathering his worship's chin.

But Oakum's *wit* I long have known,  
 As *razor keen*, and *smooth as hone*,  
 And only equall'd — *by my own*. }  
 His *deeds*, too, I have heard him tell,  
*Three hours* and upwards at a spell.  
 He's paid, 'tis true, the *price of fame*,  
 And lost an *eye*, to gain a *name* :  
 And, if he'd *two legs* 'stead of *one*, }  
 He'd firmer stand, I needs must own, —  
 But what of that, he's got *renown*. }  
 Beside, his left eye's still a piercer,  
 And only makes him look the fiercer :  
 And, though he's mounted upon crutches,  
 Let Frenchmen get within his clutches,  
 Egad, he'd give them such a squeeze,  
 As soon would make their gizzards wheeze.  
 Oh ! he's a nonpareil old boy ! }  
 A second Cæsar (*bar the eye*), }  
 Favour'd alike by MARS and MERCURY.\* }

*Oakum*. Belay your tongue, there, Master Shaver,  
 And let's have none of your *palaver* ;  
 Such lingo I don't understand,  
 For I was not brought up on land :  
 Nor e'er had time, or will, to look  
 At aught beyond the spelling-book.  
 " Hand, reef, and steer," was all I knew,  
 From eight years old to eighty-two :  
 And that's enough : for books, nor writing,  
 Will much assist a man in *fighting* :  
 Nor make him, at his *quarters*, ready :  
 Nor keep him, at the *yard-arm*, steady.  
 What, though a splinter " dowsed my glim,"  
 And chain-shot carried off my limb :

\* Tam Marti quam Mercurio.

My *losses* are not worth the mention;  
 I served my KING, and got my PENSION:  
 And though "a sheer hulk," would yet again  
 Follow my captain on the main;  
 And lose my other leg and eye,  
 Rather than lazily lie by,  
 If call'd to fight the enemy. }

— But, pr'ythee, Thomas, do not stand:  
 Sit thyself down, and "bear a hand,"  
 To empt' the flowing bowl before us,  
 And join in neighbour Quiz's chorus:  
 He said he'd sing a Christmas song;  
 And promised that it *sha'n't be long*.

*Tom.* Thanks, many thanks, my worthy Sir:  
 I'll sit me down, without demur:  
 For miles I've walk'd, above a score,  
 Before I reach'd your friendly door.  
 A glass, too, of this noble liquor,  
 Will make blood circulate the quicker,  
 Wash all the cobwebs down my throat,  
 And give my voice *another note*.

Quiz *sings*. — *Hey, my Kitten, my Kitten;*  
*And hey, my Kitten, my Deary, &c.*

*Oakum.* Well piped, old messmate! Though my ears  
 Full *thrice a week*, for *twenty years*,  
 Have listen'd to the self-same strain;  
 The singer and his song's so *queer*,  
 I'm always glad to lend an ear,  
 To listen to the same again.

— But, Thomas, these are sleepy times  
 To furnish subjects for your *rhymes*.  
 Shiver my timbers! we're as dull  
 As Purser when his belly's full:  
 And want a touch of *naval strife*,  
 To give us all a little life.

Odds gales and hurricanes ! I'd rather  
 Float on a buoy, in stormy weather,  
 Than go on thus, from year to year,  
 And nought of *Britain's navy* hear :  
 No tidings, how our squadrons quench  
 The Spanish pride ; or thresh the French :  
 How they have fought ; or where they've landed ;  
 When they engaged ; and who commanded.  
 Could Oakum, now "laid up" on shore,  
 Meet with such news as this, once more,  
 He'd then, with pleasure, read your Papers,  
 And with the leg that's left cut capers.

*Tom.* Fairly and softly, — worthy Sir :  
 Another war, I don't deny,  
 Would, through the nation, make a *stir*,  
 And raise her glory mast-head high :  
 But, as we've no great store of *cash*,  
 How it would *end*, I som'at doubt :  
 For *Stocks*, I fancy, soon would *smash*,  
 And leave us *nought* to *fight it out*.  
 No ! PEACE, friend Oakum, is the state,  
 That makes a country rich and great !  
 Which gives to *honest* industry  
 Room for exertion fair and free :  
 Which nourishes each useful art,  
 That fills the purse, or glads the heart :  
 And keeps the people's active eyes  
 Fix'd on their rights and liberties.  
 Look in our CHRONICLE, and own  
 The truth of what I've now laid down.  
 See for the *Funds* what Peace has done !  
*Consols* at more than eighty-one !  
 Look at our *weekly price of bread* ;  
*Loaves* bigger than the barber's head,  
 At sixpence each, of wholesome flour,  
 Fit for a monarch to devour !



See *landlords* low'ring, each, his rent;  
*Tithes* less'ning, daily, ten per cent. :  
 That all may have enough to eat,  
 And poor folk *get their share of meat.*  
 What PEACE has done for *learning* too,  
 Our *advertising columns* show.  
 Authors of ev'ry hue and feather,  
 (As thick as gnats in sultry weather,)  
 Are safely brought to bed each day,  
 Of poem, hist'ry, tale, or play.  
 Our bard of tender sentiment  
 Again has breathed the soft "lament;"  
 And, to immortalise the brave,  
     Dropp'd a "melodious tear"  
     On Harold's bloody bier,  
 Decking with laurels "the LAST SAXON'S GRAVE." \*  
 Roused, too, by foe in foreign land,  
     He's tried the *pamphlet* fight,  
     Bold as a feudal knight,  
 And proved the power of his hand.  
 In tourney fierce, with doughty BYRON,  
 Of brazen front, and heart of iron,  
     (Gods ! what a shock of mighty souls !)  
 He's given the *decisive* blow,  
 And laid his great opponent low —  
     They must get *rubs* who play at BOWLES.  
 Our *little Thomas*, too, is come,  
 Revisiting his *cottage home*,  
 Again to tune his "Melodies,"  
 And waken beauty's smiles and sighs.  
 A heart with ev'ry virtue warm,  
 Enshrined in honour's noble form †,

\* A Poem by the Rev. W. L. BOWLES, 1822.

† We have reason to *know* that the public of Great Britain and Ireland are indebted for the return of their incomparable Lyric Bard, T. Moore,

Has "spell'd" him *where he was before* ;  
 And given us one true poet — MOORE.

But should your taste alone delight in  
 The news of war, and tales of fighting ;  
 Consult our pages, and you'll find  
 Enough to satisfy your mind.  
 By all that's good, and wise, and brave,  
 The GREEK no longer is a SLAVE !  
 What though he found no kind ally,  
 To aid his strife for Liberty ;  
 No friendly hand to join the work  
 Of pouring vengeance on the TURK ;  
 By Freedom fired, (with Heaven's blessing,)  
 He's given the turban'd fiend a dressing ;  
 And gain'd, through bloody retribution,  
 A semblance of that *Constitution*,  
 So much renown'd in British story,  
 That forms our strength, our pride, and glory.  
 On *your own element*, you'll see  
 He has spread the flag of *victory* :  
 Dyeing the old Ægean flood  
 With circumcised Moslems' blood ;  
 And to revenge the Scio slaughter,  
*Blown* the foul chieftain *out o' the water*.

*Oakum*. Odds fireships ! But this cheering news  
 All my old sailor's spunk renews !  
 Zounds ! how I long, once more, to fire at  
 That *lubber-dog* the Turkish *pirate* ;  
 And, with a two-and-thirty, join  
 The independent Grecian line.

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(from the banishment to which his misplaced confidence in others had consigned him,) to his rural home near Devizes, to an act of noble generosity and kindness on the part of his friend and neighbour the Marquis of Lansdowne. — *Cork Southern Reporter*.

Yes, Tom, in *freedom* I delight,  
 And still beneath her flag would fight;  
 For, ev'ry British seaman brave  
 Hates, equally, the *tyrant* and the *slave*.

*Tom.* Spoke from the heart, my honest host,  
 For your's (I'm very sure's) no empty boast;  
 And such may Britons ever be, —  
 Gen'rous as brave; and kind as free!  
 But MEXICO, who'd got a *taint*  
 Of this same *general complaint*,  
 'Gainst *parent rule* has made resistance,  
 (At such an *inconvenient distance*,)  
 And finding she could *stand alone*,  
 Has dubb'd an *Emperor* of her own.  
 Her brothers too, across the Isthmus,  
 (*Themselves diseased*) just after Christmas,  
 Despatch'd a message (saucy elves)

To Portugal's *legitimate*,  
 "They'd manage matters for themselves,  
 "And renovate their rotten state:"  
 Wishing, in language far from civil,  
 Their ancient masters at the devil.  
 In Spain, too, what a mighty bustle!  
*Some folks*, I fear, are in a fustle,  
 Lest the gross "swinish multitude"  
 Should grow obstreperous and rude,  
 Because, by civil means, they can't  
 Get all the liberty they want.

Yes, Sir, the HOLY GRAND ALLIANCE,  
 (Who seem to wish the world's reliance  
 Should rest on their *imperial sense*,  
 Instead of *God's good Providence*,)  
 Have lately held a *close* debate,  
 On *privilege legitimate*;  
 And furnish'd, for the Spanish nation,  
 Fine precepts of subordination,

To bind its multitude once more  
 In the same chains they clank'd before.  
 But well I wot, good MASTER CANNING  
 Will overturn their secret planning,  
 And let these politicians see  
 BRITAIN'S THE FRIEND OF LIBERTY !  
 Bred in a *patriotic school*  
 That spurns at all *despotic rule*,  
 He'll not assist to swell the storm,  
 Oppos'd to *rational reform* ;  
 But set his face, and wield his pen,  
 Against such *hole-and-corner men*.

*Oakum*. Well said — odds *cable-tiers* ! I hate  
 All matters *dark*, in church and state.  
 Give me no *plots* ; no *secret* faction ;  
 The *deck*'s the only place for action ;  
 There all can have their proper play —  
 “ Fair and above board : ” that's my way.

*Tom*. Aye, Sir, — this *continental juggling*  
 Has full as bad effects as *smuggling* :  
 For both (their *trash* in *secret* brewing)  
 The noblest *constitutions* ruin.  
 But, speaking of trade contraband,  
 Puts me in mind of Erin's land ;  
 Whose springs of misery are these —  
 DISTILLERIES and ABSENTEES :  
 The *one* producing *idleness*,  
 The *other* goading her distress,  
 By leaving her (abroad to roam),  
 And spending all their cash *from home* !  
 Had not the British heart of late  
 Been melted by poor Ireland's state,  
 And, with her ready sympathy,  
 Sprang forth, her cravings to supply,  
 Thousands had died, by Liffey's flood,  
*Sans* money, clothing, work, or food.



*Quiz.* But, Tom, you'll make the Scotch quite jealous,  
 To *harp* on Ireland, and not tell us  
 Of their *gude* Monarch's welcome visit,  
 (By Momus! I don't mean to *quiz* it,)  
 How they received their *cantie* King  
 With bagpipe's groan, and pibroch's ring;  
 And *loup'd* for joy, and shook their *lugs*;  
 And brought out all their *siller* mugs,  
 To shew their loyalty and *wealth*,  
 And drink the Royal Stranger's health:  
 And how, in Holyrood's famed hall,  
 They *g'ed* a feast right classical  
 Of *sheep's heads singed*, and *cock-a-leekie*,  
 (All for the honour of *Auld Reekie*,)  
 Of *crowdy*, *broose*, and smoking *haggis*,  
 (Which boiled in a leathern bag is;)  
 And how, our gracious Prince (God bless him!)  
 Was pleased in Highland garb to dress him;  
 But, what you're pleas'd to say's no matter:  
 For BARBERS claim a right to chatter —  
 And chuckled, silently, to see  
 Our *neebour's gret ceveletee*;  
 Who *boo'd* with so much "might and main,"  
 They scarce could stand *erect* again.

*Tom.* "Your tongue's no scandal," Quiz, we know,  
 Or else, it should not rattle so.  
 SCOTLAND is *not* a subject fit  
 For *ridicule*, or *saucy wit*:  
 A nation, whose recorded story  
 Glitters with genius, and with glory;  
 Where WALLACE, BRUCE, and SCOTT unite,  
 To prove how well they *war* and *write*:  
 A loyal, wise, and christian people,  
 Without the aid of priest or steeple;  
 That surely might a *model* be,  
 For folk who're *quite as good as we*.

The land of manly worth and female charms :

“ Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.”

*Oakum.* Odds *compasses!* that’s true enough —

With bonny Scots I oft have served ;

And found ’em, as our hawsers tough :

Laddies who ne’er from duty swerved ;

Station’d on top, or poop, or bow,

Firm as their hills, they’d never fly,

But stiffly stand ; or when laid low,

Would *give a cheer*, and *smiling die*.

— But Tom, avast ! don’t “ slip your cable,”

While a full bowl’s upon the table ;

Nor quit the *cabin* of your host,

Before you’ve touch’d his coin, and drunk his toast.

Here goes ! and let your empty glasses ring —

NAVY AND ARMY, CHURCH AND KING !

*Quiz.* Bravo ! old boy ! and now for mine,

Which our three *interests* shall combine ;

And, sure as I’m the *Village Wit*,

Will *printer, sailor, barber*, fit —

(Oh ! that my voice could roar it louder !)

Huzza!—Here goes!—SUCCESS TO PUFFS AND POWDER!

*Oakum.* Now, Tom,—sing out—(*Tom.*) Yes, Sir : I’m

And to my principles still steady, [ready ;

Will give a toast to suit us *all*,

Both high and low, both great and small :

A toast will keep the land in *health*,

And guard our *persons* and our *wealth* ;

I’m sure you’ll drink it with applause :

’Tis Britain’s best and noblest cause —

Here goes ! — OUR CONSTITUTION AND OUR LAWS !

## No. VI.

## EXTRACTS

FROM THE OMNIUM GATHERUM.

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## THE DISAPPOINTED EDITOR.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE OMNIUM GATHERUM.

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London, Oct. 25. 1814.

GENTLEMEN,

It is a principle resulting from the mixed and imperfect nature of the system of the world, that every general good should be purchased at the expense of some particular disadvantage. We see it constantly exemplified both in physics and morals. The storm that purifies the atmosphere, and renders it wholesome for millions, frustrates the crop of the husbandman, destroys his labours, and ruins his hopes; and the civil improvement of states, which increases the mass of general happiness, multiplies the means of rational enjoyment, extends the empire of *mind*, and adds dignity to the nature of man; begets, at the same time, luxury and effeminacy, and withers some of those virtues which are the hardy produce of a more masculine and unpolished state of society. The same remark applies with equal truth to the *political* condition of mankind. No man in his sober senses can doubt, for instance, that the relations of peace and amity (to use the technical language of the times) are highly promotive of the public welfare of states; that they enable industry to exert its labours with success; that they encourage the growth of arts and

sciences ; that they foster and protect the gentler virtues, soften and improve the national character, and by these and other obvious means, become the parent of much *general* good. But at the same time we must allow, that these great aggregate blessings, are attended with a considerable degree of *individual* disadvantage. If peace, for example, give wings to the public commerce of a country, and enable the merchant, freely and without danger, to barter the commodities of his own for those of other nations, and thus supply multitudes with the means of comfort and convenience ; yet it must be recollected, that this parent of public blessings gives a death-blow to the honourable trade of *privateering*, and entirely cuts up the chances of making a rapid fortune by *maritime robbery*. If peace relieve a groaning nation from the burthen of its taxes, and enable honest labour to get salt to its porridge, by the sweat of its brow, and the labour of its hands ; it, at the same time, precludes the *happy few* from the benefits of a *war-loan*, and paralyses the operations of that focus of virtue and disinterestedness, the Stock Exchange. And finally, if peace remove the hideous form of monopoly from the market, and by encouraging fair competition, reduce the great articles of life to their just and equitable value, and thus bring the means of keeping body and soul together within the reach of the great mass of society ; the same friend of millions overturns the tables of the money changers ; disbands the company of contractors ; puts to flight the assembly of commissaries ; and plucks off, from the exhausted body politic, the swarm of leeches, that suck its vital stream, and fatten at the expense of its ruin. But, of all the individuals who have occasion on the return of peace, to apply to themselves the venerable adage, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison," and to *feel* that partial evil is always associated with general good, the editors of London newspapers are the most conspicuous and most pitiable. The definitive treaty, and



their death-warrant, are signed at the same moment; and the herald that proclaims the termination of hostilities, pronounces upon their periodical journals the sentence of oblivion. The fact is demonstrated by *existing circumstances*. Many of those ephemeral or weekly publications, which subsisted entirely on narratives of battles won and lost; of flaming towns, and pillaged provinces; and whose interest rested exclusively on the warlike deeds of tallow-eating Russians and whiskered Cossacks, are, already, either interred and forgotten, or sinking silently, but rapidly, into the gulf of popular neglect; and even those

“ which long had stood,  
“ The rage of conquering years inviolate,”

by imitating the obsequiousness of the weather-cock, and veering about with every change of administration; even these, I say, have experienced a sort of paralysis, and indicated symptoms of *decline*, in a diminution of that eagerness of enquiry after them, which they were wont to command, when they could present to the curiosity of their readers, the constant grateful treats, of sacked villages, stormed castles, slaughtered battalions, and discomfited armies. The influence of *titles* has been found to be no security against unpopularity; and *names* the most promising and captivating, implying unlimited circulation, and imperishable endurance, have given “the lie direct” to their godfathers and godmothers: and only remain melancholy monuments of the vanity of those who imposed them. *Stat nominis umbra*. Yes, gentlemen, the *progress* of “THE TRAVELLER” has been arrested, and his excursions narrowed; the *posting* of the COURIER is checked, and, like a king’s messenger, he may now anticipate undisturbed repose; the *TIMES* are altered in Printing-house-square; the solid GLOBE itself is shaken; the SUN is eclipsed; and the STARS are almost “all put out.”

Amid "this wreck of matter," which the peace of Europe has produced in the department of London Newspapers, it is not surprising, that a new-born weekly journal, which had just made its appearance in public, should have been suffocated and overwhelmed. In the full expectation, and pious wish, that universal hubbub would have continued till Buonaparte's grand-child attained the years of manhood, I had, a few weeks previously to the Cossacks crossing the Rhine, *started* an hebdomadal paper; which (to increase its interest among my fellow-citizens, with whom Sunday is literally a day of *no avocation*;) I published on the sabbath-noon. "The better day, the better deed," had always been a favourite axiom of mine; and that want of employment was a stimulus to curiosity, I both knew by experience, and saw exemplified in all around me. The success, too, of other Sunday papers could not escape my observation. Multiplying like maggots in a rotten cheese, their number seemed only to increase their popularity; and reasonably hoping, that the general taste for such edifying sabbath studies, would grow and diffuse itself with every successive month, I confidently launched my little skiff; and by the aid of a post-horse, and a few large bills pasted up in the most frequented corners of the metropolis, notified, both to the ears and eyes of the public, that the "SUNDAY CRACKER" was afloat. For thirteen weeks complete success attended me; and satisfied that a three years' longer war would make my fortune, I already indulged my fancy in the most agreeable visions of competence and retirement; of a snug box at Kentish Town; and an undisturbed pipe in my little arbour overlooking the turnpike. But, alas, gentlemen, these *feasts* of the imagination were too speedily *dished!* The rapid successes of the Allies put to flight all my hopes of protracted warfare. Every successive

post made my midriff quiver, lest it should bring an account of its being "all up with Boney;" occasion the *premature explosion* of my *cracker*; and kick down the basket of glass, on which my confidence of independence had been erected. Nor was I long suffered to endure the agonies of suspense. Messrs. Platoff, Blücher, and Schwartzenburg, kindly put an end to it by marching into Paris; Buonaparte died dunghill; and that cunning rogue Castlereagh, (a match for them all,) by one *coup-de-main*, settled the preliminary treaty, the fate of my *Cracker*, and the fortunes of myself. The paper manufacturer, in the mean time, had "smelt a rat;" perceived that I could not stand it; and became clamorous for the amount of goods sold and delivered: while Jack Type the letter-founder, (*confound* him,) equally aware that the *Cracker* was a bad concern, sent in a terrific bill for pica, small pica, long primer, and bourgeois, and various other *literary et cetera*. Nought, however, you know, gentlemen, can be had of a cat except her skin. Where there are no receipts, there can be no payments. The bills upon me were returned *non est inventus*; a docket was struck; and in a few days, the Editor of the *Cracker* added one more name to the honourable list of gentlemen, who pay their creditors from 7¼*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* in the pound. Amid the universal wreck of my property on this occasion, (for independently of my press and letter, I had four chairs, a table, and a tester,) it was my good fortune, or my excellent address, to secrete one precious article, — a bundle of *foreign anecdotes*; which I had reserved to fill up my columns, when a contrary wind should prevent arrivals from the Continent, or occasional dearth of news, disable me from supplying my readers with their customary treat of killed and wounded. As this parcel partakes somewhat of the nature of *contraband property*; and as I



am rather better known than trusted in the metropolis, I have not ventured to offer it to any of the *London dealers*. Nor indeed would they treat for it, were I to put myself in their power; since they supply themselves with *home-made* articles of this description, at so cheap a rate; and care so little whether the goods be *genuine* or not; that the price they would allow for my *true* and well-authenticated matter, would by no means recompense me for the risk of vending it. To you, gentlemen, however, I think I may send my ware with more security, and better hopes of remuneration; accompanying it with the assurance, that I trust to your generosity, should your publication succeed; and, on the other hand, relinquish all claim of purchase-money, should you become *fellows in misfortune* with myself, and your *Omnium Gatherum* experience the *same fate* with my unfortunate *Cracker*.

I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

INSOLVENT.

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### THE STORY-TELLER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Cheltenham, Oct. 20. 1814.

GENTLEMEN,

You judge rightly, in promising *anecdotes* as the materials of one of the dishes for your *bill of fare*. They may be compared, indeed, to those popular viands, called by the gods "ambrosial cates," but by vulgar mortals, a roasted leg of mutton, and boiled round of beef, which, the more frequently they are served up, are the better esteemed. To explain the causes *why* anecdotes should



be so unusually and permanently relished is not difficult. They, in the first place, gratify the chief and most violent craving of our nature, the thirst of curiosity; a principle coeval with and extensive as man; engrafted in both sexes; and pervading all ages, ranks, orders, and degrees of our race; equally conspicuous in the young and the old child; and operative alike upon the reflecting sage, the investigating philosopher, the brainless blockhead, the thoughtless coxcomb, and that most demure character among the children of mortality, the tea-sipping virgin in her grand climacteric. In the second place, the pleasure they afford is obtained without trouble; a marvellous recommendation, now-a-days, to every description of enjoyment. No exertion of thought, no labour of mind, no process of ratiocination, is necessary to taste and enjoy the anecdote or the story: all that is required for its reception and relish, is an eye or an ear tolerably free from disease, and a comprehension somewhat raised above the level of idiotism. With such advantages in their favour, it cannot be a matter of surprise, that the charms of *anecdote* should be so deeply felt, and widely acknowledged, as they always have been, now are, and will ever continue to be; or that the good *story-teller* should be one of the most popular characters among the sons of men. It was the conviction, indeed, of the easiness of the path to esteem and celebrity, through the medium of *story-telling*, that induced your humble servant, early in life, to found his hopes of distinction on this quality, and to lay in a stock of materials for so desirable a purpose. Having had my own curiosity highly excited, and exquisitely gratified, by the adventures of Tom Hickathrift, the achievements of Jack the Giant-killer, and the feats of the renowned Thomas Thumb; I naturally concluded, that the curiosity of others also would be equally awakened and delighted by a similar entertainment; and that, by dedicating my-

self to the gratification of this powerful and universal principle, I should at once arrive at popularity, and acquire the universal reputation of *an interesting man*. I accordingly set seriously to work, in getting together a *stock in trade*. During an apprenticeship of a year and a half, my days were spent in hearing, and my nights in reading, stories and anecdotes. In the social hour, my tympanum was ever on the stretch to catch something that would *do for my shop*: and during the solitary one, research was employed for fresh articles, or memory exercised to enable me to deliver to my customers those that were already *on hand*, with readiness and spirit. At length, my portfolio being swelled to its utmost extent; my common place-book, completely surcharged; and my recollection filled even to overflowing; I determined to *commence business*, and *retail*, at proper times and opportunities, the *wares* which I had so long been collecting in the *wholesale* way. Nor were my expectations disappointed, or my labours thrown away. The character of a *most agreeable creature* rewarded my persevering industry; my society was coveted by the young and the old, the grave and the gay. "What a fund of anecdote he has!" was my passport to every party; and "How incomparably he tells a story!" produced more invitations than I could possibly accept. Whenever I appeared, an eager expectation of a regale for *curiosity* marked every countenance; the curled smile, or the broad laugh, relaxed or convulsed the features at my bidding; and the emotions of wonder or terror were as easily excited by the exercise of my faculty, as the change of scene by the wand of an harlequin. But, *non rosa sine spinis*; all advantages have their attendant inconveniences; disappointment treads closely on the heels of success; and mortification is generally the handmaid of triumph. It is true, my ambition was fully gratified by the popularity and celebrity,

which resulted from my powers of entertaining; but alas! my constitution was ruined by the means which I was compelled to adopt, in order to show them off, and give them effect. The incessant routine of feasts, revels, and parties, in which I was necessarily engaged; the frequently-recurring jovial evening, and midnight debauch, where my company was indispensable, made sad havock in my health; and at length, by a sudden and unexpected blow, completely incapacitated me from a longer enjoyment of the celebrity to which I had attained. The circumstances of this misfortune were as follows: I had accepted an invitation to partake of a turtle at Doctor Guttle's, where we were all to eat a great deal, and be wondrous merry. The calipash and calipee smoked upon the table; every countenance was smiling, every eye glistening, and every heart jocund. I had just set the table in a roar, by an excellent story of an alderman who had poisoned himself by mistaking a dish of toad-stools for champignons; and, pluming myself upon my success, was conveying to my mouth a delicious morsel of green fat, when, suddenly, my spoon fell from my hand; my arm dropped by my side; the corner of my mouth took a direction towards my eye; a giddiness seized my head; and I fell back into my chair. In short, gentlemen, I was seized with that description of palsy, which they call hemiplege; and lost entirely, and for ever, the use of my left side. The servants conveyed me home, while the party (as I was afterwards informed) were so thunderstruck with the accident, that nearly half a minute elapsed, before they could resume the use of their knives and forks; nor was the gloom cast over my friends entirely removed, till each of them had tucked under his girdle a couple of bottles of the Doctor's best tawny port. Since this unhappy day, having been confined to my bed, and deprived of intelligible articulation, my talent of *story-telling* has, of course,



lain dormant : but as I still retain the itch of communicating anecdote ; have a large stock of them in my recollection, and escutoire, and possess the free use of my right hand, I would willingly enjoy the pleasure, next in degree to that of narrating stories *vivá voce*, by conveying them to the public through the medium of pen, ink, and paper. Your Omnium Gatherum appears to me to be a desirable vehicle for this purpose ; and should *you* be as inclined to insert, as *I* am to communicate, your subsequent numbers shall never want a supply of original articles of this description, similar to those which are now transmitted to you by, Gentlemen,

Your obedient humble servant,

NARRATOR.

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The celebrated Dr. M. fifty years ago stood at the head of the Bath physicians ; an eminence, to which his skill and success seemed to entitle him. His appetite for *fees*, however, was considered as rather too inordinate ; an unfortunate propensity, which, in two or three instances, rendered him the subject of amusing joke. Colonel —, one of his most constant patients, came regularly to Bath, at the commencement of the season, for the advantage of its waters, in a gouty disorder, with which he had been afflicted for years. Dr. M. calling on his patient one morning, found him in a situation of great anguish and infirmity ; with knees, feet, and hands, tortured with gout, and involved in swathes of flannel. The Doctor, after having administered all the comfort in his power, by relating the news of the day, and writing his customary *repetitum*, got up, to take his leave and—his fee. “ You see, my dear Doctor,” said the patient, “ what an impotent wretch I am ;



“ not able to recompense your good services, by getting  
 “ at my purse: do me the favour to put your hand into  
 “ my breeches pocket, and take out a guinea: they are  
 “ hanging on the chair, by the side of the bed.” The  
 Doctor, rather shocked at the idea of *helping himself*, at-  
 tempted a few words of unwilling excuse. “ Oh! don’t  
 “ feel the least delicacy on the occasion,” said the patient,  
 “ you know, my dear friend, it will not be the first time  
 “ you have *picked my pocket*.” In a short time after this  
 incident, disease triumphed over the efficacy of the Bath wa-  
 ters, and the skill of the physician; and poor Colonel —  
 was reduced to the last extremity. The Doctor, during  
 “ the dread suspense ’twixt life and death,” continued re-  
 gularly *paying and receiving*, viz. his visit and his fee;  
 and reporting daily, to the lamenting or expecting heir,  
 “ a-going, a-going, and a-going.” Symptoms of speedy  
 dissolution now appeared; and having seen the patient in  
 the morning, the Doctor pronounced, that, before evening  
 he would be no more. “ However,” said he, “ I will call  
 “ again once more to-day, and take a farewell look at my  
 “ dear old friend.” In the evening he knocked gently at  
 the door. “ Well, John, how is your master?”—“ Alas!  
 “ sir, he is gone. His eyes are closed; his jaw fallen,  
 “ and his *hand clenched*.”—“ His *hand clenched*, did you  
 “ say? Poor dear man! thinking of his old friend to  
 “ the last. He expected me this evening, and no doubt  
 “ it contains a fee. No! I will not refuse this last testimony  
 “ of his friendship.” The Doctor accordingly mounted  
 to the chamber of the deceased, (who seems, like Vespasian\*,  
 to have died with a joke,) opened his hand, found,  
 and pocketed the guinea; and retired, expressing his  
 satisfaction, that his worthy friend should have remem-  
 bered him to the last.

\* Ut puto, Deus fio.

The same celebrated practitioner was himself subject to severe indisposition. On an occasion of this kind, he requested his friend Dr. Woodward, to come and prescribe for him. Woodward, who was fond of a joke, on entering the room, and seeing the sick man on the sofa, exclaimed, "what, the *great lion* prostrate."—"A truce with your jokes," returned M. "I am very *seriously* ill."—"Well then, my friend, *amoto ludo*, what have you taken to remove your indisposition?"—"Why, Doctor, I have taken so and so."—"Very good; and what effects have the medicines produced?"—"None at all."—"None at all: bless me, that is very extraordinary indeed! You have always administered them in similar cases yourself, I presume?"—"Yes."—"And never found them fail, I take it?"—"No."—"Strange, that they should be inefficacious now! Let me consider a moment: oh, I have it. You have made a sad *omission*, my dear friend. You have not proceeded *secundum artem*, for you forgot to give *yourself a fee*."

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In the year 1761, on the King's birth-day, the late David Hartley dined *tête-à-tête* at Hayes, with the great Lord Chatham, who was confined to his house by indisposition. During their conversation on the political state of affairs, His Lordship said to Mr. Hartley, "Pray, sir, do you know what this money is come for from France? I know that there is a great deal arrived, and that it is paid into the hands of such and such bankers;" (whom he named,) "and I know, that it is not sent to buy into our funds. Do you know what it is sent for?" Not long after this, Dr. Musgrave called upon Mr. Hartley, and told him, that he was lately returned from France, where he had heard such intelligence of money given to several English persons to purchase the peace, that he

thought it his duty to inform the government of it, that they might make such enquiries into the truth of the report, as their judgment suggested. He mentioned the person's name, who had told him that certain sums were given to Lord B.; to another Lord, and to a Lady, for the P—s of W—s. The Frenchman could not recollect the name of that *other* Lord, upon which Musgrave endeavoured to assist his memory, by naming several successively. "Was it Lord Sandwich?" — "No." — "Was it Lord Chatham?" — "No." — "Lord Holland?" — "No." At length, however, the Frenchman seemed suddenly to call to mind the person, and exclaimed, "Oh! now I recollect, it was my Lord Fox." Having imparted all the information he had obtained to Mr. H. the Doctor asked him, if he would go and inform the Duke of Newcastle of it? Mr. Hartley consented, and communicated to the Duke, Dr. Musgrave's intelligence; and added, that the Doctor had recommended to the Duke, to send for the Chevalier D'Eon, from whom he might obtain further information. "No," said the Duke, "that will never do; for D'Eon before he returns an answer, will go to Lord Sandwich, and say, what will you *give* me to say so and so?" When the persons were mentioned to the Duke, whom Musgrave had heard of as having taken the money, the Duke after a moment's thought, said of Lord H. "why to be sure, he's *rogue* enough, but I think, not *fool* enough to take it;" a *bon mot*, which was repeated to Dr. Musgrave, and which he suffered to escape from him in the House of Commons, when he was examined there. The Doctor was an incautious, impetuous, and imprudent man: and said such keen, unexpected things on all sides, that every one was afraid of him. In the course of his examination before the House, one of the members said to him, "Perhaps the person who gave you this inform-

“ation, was a man of no credit or character?” — “I don’t know how that may be,” replied the Doctor; “but this I know, that he was the particular friend of that noble Lord;” fixing his eye upon Lord Beauchamp, the ambassador’s son.

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During the progress of the repeal of the Stamp Act, it was said by Lord Bute, and his friends, that the K— was against the repeal. Lord Rockingham asserted that His M—y had given his *full* approbation. This Lord Strange denied: on which Lord Rockingham said, “it is necessary, then, that we should request an audience, that we may be clearly informed what His M—y’s real sentiments are upon the subject.” The two noblemen, accordingly, applied for an audience, and were admitted to the royal closet. When they came out, Lord Rockingham remarked; “you now see I am authorised to say, that His M—y approves of the measure.” — “No,” replied Lord Strange, “I do not see that by any means; though His M—y has *expressed* his approbation, I do not know that you are authorised to *say* so.” — “Nay, then,” cried Lord R. “we must go in again.” They returned immediately to the K—g, and Lord R. informed His M—y of the doubts entertained by Lord Strange; and requested permission to take down His M—y’s words in writing. Having obtained leave, he wrote the following sentence: — “His M—y has declared his approbation of the repeal of the stamp Act.” The K—g having read the lines, instantly took the pen, and wrote under them these words. “When I said this, the conversation turned only on the *enforcement*, or the *repeal*. No *modification* was then suggested.”

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The religious principles of the late Charles Fox have been frequently called in question, but without sufficient foundation; originating probably with free-thinkers who were desirous of sanctioning their own infidelity, by enlisting so superior a mind in their cause; or with political enemies, who thought to give the *coup de grace* to his reputation, by stamping his character with infidelity. His partiality for Paley's writings, which he read with avidity, proves, at least, that he had a taste for arguments in favour of Christianity. To this favourable symptom of the turn of his mind to subjects and discussions corroborative of our holy faith, may be added an article of his practice, which he communicated to a confidential friend; "that, from early infancy, whenever he went to bed, whether early or late, under the influence of wine, or in his sober senses, he never omitted saying the Lord's Prayer."

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The following curious instances of female presence of mind, were related by Mrs. Trevor, to the late Duchess Dowager of Beaufort:—One night, a lady retired to her chamber to go to bed; and having dismissed her female attendant, sat down for some time to a book, which was her common practice before she pressed her pillow. Having finished her reading, she undressed herself, and was just on the point of extinguishing her candle, when a man suddenly made his appearance from behind a screen, which had hitherto concealed him, and exclaimed, "Stop; madam, I mean you no injury; but I am in great distress, and I must have money." The lady, with the utmost presence of mind and composure, gave him all the money which her pockets contained. He received it with great politeness; and only insisted, that

she would give him her sacred word of honour, not to disturb the family when he was gone. This she promised not to do, and kept her word.

Some years afterwards, being at a public place, she saw, to her great surprise, the same man, very genteelly dressed, and apparently upon a footing of intimacy with people of respectability. To complete her astonishment, he addressed her; declared himself to be the man who had secreted himself in her apartment, and taken her money; and had never ceased to admire her courage, presence of mind, and honourable conduct towards him. That at the time of the robbery he was in very great distress; but had since become possessed by inheritance of a very considerable fortune; which would be still more valuable to him, if he might have the honour of laying it at her feet. The lady, who had ever considered the gentleness and urbanity of the robber in a very romantic light, was affected by his candour; permitted his visits; accepted his offer; and at length became his wife.

A Housemaid in Upper Grosvenor Street, who was inclined to take a draught of ale, after the family had retired to bed, glided silently into the cellar, without a candle. As she was feeling about for the cask, the situation of which was not unknown to her, she put her hand upon something which she immediately perceived to be the head of a man. The girl, with an uncommon share of fortitude and good sense, forbore to cry out; but said in a tone of impatience, "Deuce take Betty, she is always putting the *mops* in the way." She then went on to the cask, quietly drew her beer; retired from the cellar; fastened the door, and alarmed the house. The man was taken, tried, and convicted; and declared, before he quitted the court, that the maid was entirely indebted to her presence of mind for her life; for had she cried out, he *must* instantly have murdered her: but as he firmly

believed she mistook his head for a mop, particularly as she had drawn the beer after she had felt it; he let her go away without injury, not apprehending that she could have given information of any one being in the cellar.

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AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Within the last twelve years a very respectable and gallant officer in the navy, having occasion to go from Portsmouth to Plymouth, *embarked* on board one of the public stages, which run constantly between these two celebrated seaports. As the evening of the first day's journey came on, he was seized with a violent paroxysm of fever. His head became agonised with pain; and his limbs shook with alternate fits of heat and cold. Finding, at length, that he was totally incapable of proceeding to the place of his destination, he desired the coachman to put him down at the first public-house that should present itself. In a short time they reached a small village on the eastern borders of Devonshire; and the coach stopped at a little thatched cottage, which, by a broken sign that hung at the door, announced entertainment for man and horse. An old woman appeared at the door. "Can you make up a bed for a poor sick gentleman?" said the coachman. "No!" replied the woman, "we have only enough for ourselves." "For Heaven's sake," interrupted the suffering patient, "do, my good mother, let me have some place to lie down, for I believe I am dying: I will give you any thing you shall ask for your trouble." The beldame hesitated for a moment, and then said, if his honour would come in and wait for a quarter of an hour, she would try what she could do. The officer accordingly got out of the coach, and was placed in an arm-chair by the fireside,

while Goody went up stairs to prepare the bed. In about half an hour she again came down, and announced to the sick man, that all was ready. With much difficulty he ascended to the cock-loft, and by the help of a rushlight, hastily pulling off his clothes, threw himself into the bed. It was clammy and cold; but overpowered with pain, he had not energy, either to remonstrate against the circumstance, or to endeavour to remedy it. The old woman retired with the light, and he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. All his efforts, however, were vain: his head raged; his limbs became insufferably painful; and bed intolerable. He resolved therefore to dress himself, and walk about the room till morning. He felt about for his shoes, and putting his hand under the bed in search of them, it suddenly came in contact with something cold and damp, that impressed his mind with the idea of a *corpse*. Struck with horror at the circumstance, he sprang out of bed, and again thrusting his hand under it, he caught hold of the *foot of a dead man*. Absolutely delirious with fever and terror, he began thundering with the *heel* of the corpse against the floor, till he had brought up his hostess with a light to his chamber. He now seized his pistols, and swore he would instantly blow her brains out, unless she explained to him the dreadful mystery before him. "Lord a' mercy upon me," said the terrified old hag, falling upon her knees,; "don't ye, for God's sake, commit murder. 'Tis only Billy Dobson the pedlar; a' came here last night, and a' died just as your honour got into the house. I did'n't teak him out of the bed, till a' was quite cold; and I'm sure I put 'en away as carefully as I could, that your honour might n't zee 'en. Do ye, for the love of God, ha' pity upon me." It is needless to add that the sick man, quitted the house as soon as he could. The adventure shook his nerves for a few days, but carried off his fever.



## THE BITER BITTEN.

Smuggling, it appears, is not an exclusive characteristic of the English nation. Our neighbours the French are *up to* all the tricks and artifices of the system, and play off upon John Bull a variety of impositions in the line of contraband trade. A short time after the restoration of intercourse between France and England, a countryman of ours, who was travelling through the Netherlands and Flanders on to Paris, made a purchase at Brussels of 100*l.* worth of lace, which he intended to convey home, free of duty, as a present to his wife. According to the present regulations on the Continent, a heavy impost is paid, at the frontier towns, on all articles of Flemish manufacture, which are brought from thence into France. Of this the gentleman was not aware: and of course when he reached the frontier town, his lace was seized by the officer of the customs. He tried every means to regain the packet from the harpy, but without success. He was given to understand that no compromise could be made; and that the duty, which was a heavy one, must be paid. Unwilling to lose what he had already advanced, and at the same time exceedingly disinclined to pay a considerable additional sum for an article, which, after all, was of no essential importance, he was balancing in his mind whether he should relinquish, or redeem it; when he received a packet from the custom-house containing the object of his anxiety; and a note, informing him, that the officer begged to return his lace, with an apology for having seized it; “for that on a close inspection, it was discovered that the article was of *English* and not Brussels manufacture; and therefore not liable to the duty.”

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When Sir John Sinclair moved in the House of Commons, in the year 1795, for a reward of 1000*l.* to be

granted to Mr. Elkington, whom he stated to be *the best artist for draining the country*; Mr. Jekyll, who sat next to him, whispered in his ear, "you forget the King of Prussia, and the Emperor of Germany; who have shown themselves infinitely more successful artists for draining the country, and have already been much better paid for it."

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Bristol, Oct. 10. 1814.

GENTLEMEN,

IT will doubtless be in your recollection, that, about seventeen years ago, the late Dr. Moyes \* lectured both in this city and at Bath. I had the pleasure of much intercourse with him during his stay in Bristol, and received considerable gratification, as well as information, from the copious fund of philosophical knowledge, which he possessed, and the agreeable manner in which he communicated it. Though he had been deprived of sight at the age of two years, he still retained some indistinct ideas of vision; and remembered the impressions made upon his eye by the carpet of

\* Dr. Moyes was a very ingenious and sensible; agreeable and amiable man. At the conclusion of the last, and commencement of the present century, he was in the habit of delivering lectures on Natural Philosophy, at Bath, almost every year. I saw much of him during his different sojourns there. He had been entirely blind almost from infancy: but the perceptions of his other senses, were wonderfully vivid. I called on him one day, with a widow lady and her daughter, a fine girl of 18. They had not seen the Doctor for two years. As soon as the young lady addressed him, he exclaimed: "Bless me! how much *you are grown*, since I last had the pleasure of *seeing* you." She had, in the interval, made a rapid advance in height: and the Doctor ascertained the fact; by recollecting the *point of elevation*, from whence her voice appeared to him to proceed, *two years before*, and comparing it with the line of increased height, from which, his acute sense of hearing assured him, the sound *now* issued.

green thrown over the face of nature ; and by the effulgence of the mid-day sun. No man was better qualified than himself to fulfil the office of lecturer in experimental philosophy, notwithstanding the deficiency of that sense, which seems indispensable in the exercise of such a profession. His ideas were clear, well arranged, and elegantly expressed ; his apparatus neat, and methodically placed ; and so completely under his management, as, in all appearance, to be subject to his constant inspection. The observations of this worthy man, on points of natural philosophy, appeared to me to be so valuable, that I was accustomed, after our conversations, to put down the particulars of them in my *common-place book*, that they might not escape my recollection. Should the following extracts, containing the Doctor's opinions on the subject of suspended animation, from my *Omnium Gatherum*, be deemed worthy of insertion in yours ; you are at liberty to make use of them ; and at the same time to consider them, only as the first-fruits of communication from one, who, with thanks for the entertainment you have afforded him, and with every good wish for your success, subscribes himself,

Your obedient servant,

GRAMMATEUS.

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March 5. 1797.

I have had much conversation within these few days with Dr. Moyes, on the subject of the real or apparent signs of death. He thinks, that many of those signs are equivocal, which have been generally deemed as certain. He doubts, whether the coldness and stiffness of the body, be positive symptoms of the absence of vitality ; and, indeed, rather thinks they are not so. When he was with me last Monday, he gave an account of an American gentleman in France, who lay for thirty-six

hours apparently dead; and was afterwards perfectly recovered. I asked him many questions last night concerning this anecdote, and enquired particularly, whether he himself knew the man who was so recovered. He told me, he did not know him personally; but he knew all his family well, and had received this history from the gentleman's own brother, whom Dr. Moyes met with in America. The person so recovered was at *that* time alive, but the Doctor did not know whether or not he still were so. It is sufficient, however, that he lived some years after his apparent death; and that Dr. M. had the particulars of the story from his own brother. The transaction, as related by Dr. M., was as follows:—

“ Shortly before the French Revolution, an American  
“ gentleman resident in France, after a sudden attack,  
“ apparently died. At that time it was not easy to  
“ obtain burial for Protestants in consecrated ground;  
“ the difficulty, however, was at length gotten over, by  
“ a secret agreement with the monks of a neighbouring  
“ convent, who had promised to come at the dead of  
“ night to take away the body, and inter it in their own  
“ chapel. The corpse was accordingly laid out, and  
“ prepared for sepulture; and a friend of the deceased  
“ attended, to deliver it into the hands of the monks.  
“ This was thirty-six hours after the gentleman had  
“ appeared to expire. Midnight was now arrived, but  
“ no monks appeared: the friend waited in expectation  
“ of them for a considerable time; but finding that he  
“ waited in vain, he at length determined to retire to  
“ his own home. Before, however, he quitted the  
“ remains, he wished to take a parting look at his old  
“ and valued friend. He approached the coffin, and  
“ gently took hold of one of his lifeless hands. To his  
“ utter astonishment, he perceived a slight degree of  
“ warmth in the limb; he then applied his hand to other  
“ parts, and clearly felt the same effect. Overjoyed at



“ the circumstance, he instantly called in some attendants; ordered the body to be put into bed, and kept warm; and every method to be used for the restoration of life. The endeavour was crowned with success; and in a short time his friend was restored to life and sense, and lived for many years to relate the story of his own resuscitation, and providential escape from premature inhumation.”

I asked Dr. M. what the proper methods were for the restoration of life, independently of warmth and friction; which is a process well known, and always followed in attempts to recover those who have been drowned. He answered, that it was necessary to convey breath into the lungs; but that the mode of doing this, usually practised, was inefficient and erroneous. “ It is usual,” said he, “ to blow air or breath *into* the mouth of the corpse; either by the mouth of another person or a funnel. But these means convey the breath only into the stomach, and not into the lungs, from entering which it is prevented by the valve of the trachea, that intercepts its penetration to the lungs. The breath, on the contrary, ought to be *drawn* out of the lungs, and not infused *into* them. The person who applies his mouth to that of the lifeless subject, should suck the air *out*; for the last breath of a dying person is *inspiration*, not *expiration*. Consequently, when the breath is again *drawn out*, the circumambient air will again rush in; and if the lungs be in a state to receive it, expiration and inspiration will be renewed.”

We had afterwards some conversation on the subject of the *sensations of death*. The Doctor said, “ the easiest kind of death was that of *instant suffocation*. If a man were suddenly to plunge into a completely exhausted receiver, he would instantly, by a kind of stupor or sleep, die without pain.” He gave an instance of this, in the death of a friend of his, who had made some

improvement in the diving bell, and had descended into the sea in the machine which he had constructed. Signs were mutually agreed on, by which the persons on ship-board were to draw the diver up, whenever he signified such a wish. These, however, had not been well explained, or understood by the different parties; and those above omitting to haul up the machine at the proper time, the unfortunate experimentalist enclosed within it, was suffocated. On looking into the machine, when brought upon deck, the assistants discovered their unhappy error. It was, however, some consolation to be assured that the gentleman suffered *no pain* in dissolution: the face was perfectly composed, and the features undisturbed, like those of a person in a sweet sleep; and the hands had been quietly folded upon the breast. Dr. Moyes observed, “that if his friend had felt any *“ pain*, he had nothing more to do, than go out of the  
“ bell, which was open at the bottom, and emerge to  
“ the surface of the water, being a proficient in the art  
“ of swimming. As, however, he did not attempt to do  
“ this, he conceived it to be certain, that death came  
“ on easily and imperceptibly, like the approach of  
“ slumber.”

The Doctor remarked, “that in Otaheite, the mode  
“ of inflicting the punishment of death, is, by binding,  
“ tightly, a wet cloth over the mouth and nose of the  
“ person doomed to die; by which means the access of  
“ all air being prevented, the delinquent is suffocated  
“ in an instant, and without the slightest pain. He  
“ said, that death by *hanging* occasioned struggles, be-  
“ cause it is not *instant* suffocation; and when I asked  
“ him, what occasioned the apparent pain of animals,  
“ expiring in an exhausted receiver, he said the struggles  
“ were produced, by the action of the machine forcing  
“ out the air, more rapidly than nature would have  
“ exhausted it by the breathing of the animal; but that

“ if the animal were put into a receiver, and suffered to  
“ remain quietly there till all the respirable portion of  
“ the air were consumed, it would in that case sink  
“ gradually and tranquilly into an eternal sleep. He  
“ said that if a bird be let down into a glass vessel,  
“ filled with carbonic acid gas, or any unrespirable air,  
“ it would be absolutely dead before it could descend  
“ half-way to the bottom; and this without the least  
“ fluttering of the wings, or the least symptom indicative  
“ of suffering the sensation of pain.”

DR. MOYES then related another story, to prove the easy manner of dying by suffocation, in the instance of a young Scotsman, whom he knew, and who had put an end to his life in the following manner: —

“ One fine summer’s evening, when he was alone and  
“ unobserved, he went from home with his Bible in his  
“ hands; he directed his course to the fields, and  
“ reached the side of a small brook, in which he had  
“ been accustomed occasionally to fish. Plucking a  
“ thorn from a neighbouring bush, he stuck it into the  
“ tenth chapter of Job, and placed the book upon the  
“ bank. The brook was so extremely shallow at the  
“ place where he perpetrated the act of suicide, that its  
“ waters could not even cover his head. He had re-  
“ course therefore to this singular and ingenious con-  
“ trivance to effect his purpose. He placed his feet on  
“ the bank, towards the flowing of the stream, and his  
“ head with the mouth downwards in the water; so  
“ that the water might run into his mouth, as it flowed  
“ downwards. In this posture he was discovered the  
“ next day perfectly dead; but without the smallest  
“ mark of discomposure in his countenance or limbs.  
“ Here it is evident, that death was as instantaneous as  
“ that in Otaheite occasioned by binding a wet towel  
“ over the mouth and nose; for if the unfortunate  
“ young man had felt suffocation *approaching*, or had



“suffered any pain, he had only to lift his head from the water, or merely to turn his mouth from the stream, in order to give himself immediate relief.

After the Doctor had related this anecdote, a gentleman present mentioned the stories which had been told, of persons having again come to life, after they had been put into their coffins. I said, I imagined this to be *impossible*: because, if the want of respirable air in a closed coffin were sufficient to destroy a living person, it must *positively* prevent the restoration of a person apparently dead. The Doctor, however, thought that I reasoned inconclusively; and remarked, that a body which does not breathe, cannot want air, while it *continues in that state*; and therefore it cannot consume the air which was already in the coffin, when the lid was shut down. If it should afterwards resume the faculty of breathing, it may make two or three inspirations; after which, the want of air would produce actual suffocation, in the manner of a quiet sleep. I asked him if it were possible, that during two or three inspirations, the mind might be in a state of agony and terror, perceiving its horrible situation; but he thought it not possible, that in so very short a time, the faculties could be sufficiently awakened, to be capable of perceiving any thing, before the suffocation would take place.

I asked him, what orders he had given concerning himself, in case of his real or apparent death? “None, replied he. “That he left the termination of his life to the will of Providence; and only hoped, that he might live in such a manner as to be well prepared to die, when the hour of his departure arrived. As to the apprehension of suffering pain from the resumption of life in his coffin, he could not feel it; because he believed, that it was impossible *consciousness* should revive under such circumstances.”

I then enquired of him what he would advise to be



done, were he present at the death of another person, where the marks of dissolution appeared to be equivocal. He said he should order the body to be kept warm in bed for a long time, (I think two or three days,) notwithstanding the stiffness of the limbs, which was not a positive symptom of death; and that endeavours should be made, in the manner he had described before, to draw out breath from the lungs, in order to give admission to the external air, if the lungs were capable of receiving it. Success, he observed, might chiefly be expected in these experiments, in sudden and accidental deaths; and in young persons possessed of stamina and vigorous powers: but that, even in cases of age and sickness, they should not be neglected.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE OMNIUM GATHERUM.\*

Bath, Nov. 14. 1814.

GENTLEMEN,

THE anecdote given in your second number, on the authority of the late Dr. Moyes, of an American gentleman restored to life, after thirty-six hours of suspended animation, was in itself highly interesting; but to me *peculiarly* so, from the remembrance of the narrow escape which my *own father* had (whose name was Stone) of being interred in a similar case of *apparent death*.

The circumstance alluded to occurred, to the best of my recollection, about the year 1766 or 1767. He was at that time staying at the house of a Mr. Seaman, in Charlestown, South-Carolina, waiting the termination of

\* This account was communicated to me, by my particular friend, the late Mrs. Christian Short, the sensible and respectable widow of the Rev. Dr. Short, of Worcester. She was Mr. Stone's daughter; resided for many years in Bath, and died there in the year 1818.

a law-suit of considerable importance to his family, and, of course, in a state of much anxiety. The night on which the event occurred, he had made an uncommonly hearty supper from toasted cheese; and being much fatigued, had retired early to bed. The next morning, his black servant went, as usual, into his chamber to call him; and found his master, to his astonishment and grief, apparently a lifeless corpse. Mr. Seaman, on being apprised of the circumstance, instantly despatched a messenger for the best medical assistance. The doctor soon arrived; but finding the body cold and stiff, and exhibiting every other symptom of extinguished life, he naturally conceived it to be entirely useless to attempt any means of restoring animation. He gave it as his opinion, that Mr. Stone had expired shortly after he had gone to bed, and that no hopes of resuscitation remained. In consequence of this opinion, Mr. Seaman secured his friend's papers, money, &c.; sent for a person to make his coffin; and gave directions for his funeral on the ensuing day; an expedition absolutely necessary in the hot climate of South-Carolina. The carpenter soon came, and having measured Mr. Stone, in the presence of Mr. Seaman, they retired together, the latter locking the apartment, and putting the key into his pocket. Early in the evening the receptacle for the deceased was brought home, and Mr. Seaman attended, and accompanied the man to the chamber, to see his friend properly laid in it, and to bid him a last adieu. On approaching the corpse, his astonishment was not a little excited, to perceive the left hand and arm of Mr. Stone removed from the side where he had placed them, and stretched out in an horizontal position. Though conscious that he had prevented all access to the body, yet surprise so much overpowered him, that he hastily enquired whether any person had been in the room? On being answered in the negative, he took hold of the extended hand; and though the change of

temperament (if any) was scarcely perceptible, he of course determined that his friend should not be removed from the bed, till he had been again seen by the medical gentleman, who had attended in the morning. The doctor came accordingly a second time; and on examining the corpse, soon discovered and pointed out, symptoms that manifested the presence of the vital principle. Proper means of restoring animation were instantly adopted. They were soon crowned with success. Mr. Stone was brought back to life, sense, and health; and after continuing abroad another year, to finish his business, he returned to his wife and family in England. To them he of course related, circumstantially, the account of his providential escape; and when he came to that part of his narrative, (of which we had before received some imperfect particulars,) that he was *sensible*, at the time the man was measuring him, of the *purpose* for which he was doing it; and that he suffered extreme agitation and distress at the idea of being interred alive, though he had no power to indicate his consciousness; I expressed my surprise, that this mental anguish did not convulse his frame, so as to exhibit marks of remaining life. To this he replied, “that he still retained, and ever  
“ should retain, a perfect recollection of what his feelings  
“ were upon the occasion; but as they were rather such  
“ as are excited by an imperfect dream, or an attack of  
“ the night-mare, than those vivid ones, which the mind  
“ experiences when its faculties are alert and unimpaired,  
“ he conceived they were not sufficiently *strong* to pro-  
“ duce any great effect upon the muscular system. He be-  
“ lieved, however, the removal of his arm was the con-  
“ sequence of an imperfect struggle; though he certainly  
“ could not have made the efforts which he *imagined*  
“ himself to have done; such as speaking to his friend,  
“ assuring him that he was alive, and entreating his pro-  
“ tection.”

It will not, I trust, be doubted, that such an unexpected, and to his family, as well as himself, such a merciful interposition of Divine Providence, was never recollected or mentioned by any of us, but with feelings of the most sincere and heartfelt gratitude. My father was spared to us for ten years after his return; and I am firmly persuaded, his life was even then shortened, by the shock and affliction occasioned from hearing that his whole property in America had been destroyed by incendiaries; whose indignation he had incurred, by his uniform loyalty, and by his particular declaration, that if stamps could be procured, he would be the first to use them in the business of his law-suit. He was seized with epileptic fits, on hearing the above intelligence, which succeeded each other rapidly, and terminated his existence in about four months. I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

C. S.

## REASON AND INSANITY.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM A DERANGED GENTLEMAN\*,  
TO THE LATE DR. NEWCOME, LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

THERE is nothing more striking in the history of the human mind, than that combination, which it frequently displays, of a *sound reason* with a *disordered*

\* The author of this very sensible letter, was a very lettered Irish Gentleman; and author of "Conway Castle," "Earl Strongbow;" "The Adventures of John of Gaunt;" and of "Richard Cœur de Lion."—I first saw him in 1798, in the poor-house of St. James's parish, where he had been placed for temporary security. I had it, happily, in my power, to be of some service to him; but, he became a victim to his malady, in the succeeding year.



*fancy.* The phenomenon, however, is readily explained, by the theory of perception, and the doctrine of association. It may not, perhaps, be too rash to assert, that all species of insanity (excepting such as arise from a læsian, or disease of the brain itself) depend upon these two principles: and that genuine madness never occurs, but in cases where the organs of perception are peculiarly sensible and delicate; and where the thinking faculty is directed, intensely and perpetually, to one class of associations. Deep and vivid impressions will be the consequence of the former; and a bias of the mind to a solitary object of ratiocination, the effect of the latter; the result of which combination, must, after a time, necessarily be, *that* hallucination, or depraved idea, which constitutes insanity. A remarkable instance of this perversion of the judgment, and delusion of the imagination, produced by the causes above mentioned, occurred in the author of the following letter. He was an Irish gentleman of respectable family, great talents, and elegant education: of happy promise, and with the fairest prospects: but, of that delicate mental constitution, which renders its subject too tenderly alive to the unpleasant or distressing events of human life. Certain disappointments in his views, which met him early in his career, acting upon this morbid sensibility, produced an irritability and suspicion in his character, which at length settled themselves into a belief, that a considerable faction had been formed among his fellow-men, to thwart all his plans, counteract all his endeavours, and blast all his views of success in life. The impression, deep, from the texture of his mind, and strong, from its constant recurrence, became at last decided insanity; and though on all subjects unconnected with this hallucination, he still retained the powers of reason, in a clear and vigorous state, yet, on this unhappy one, no arguments or proofs could convince him, that his notion was

absurd, and his suspicions unfounded. It was during the period of his being in this lamentable condition, that he wrote the following letter; which, though tinged with the hue of his complaint, bears, notwithstanding, striking marks of sound judgment, fine sense, and correct reasoning. It is distressing to relate, that the train of thought which almost exclusively absorbed his mind, became at length so intolerable to him, that he was induced to terminate his existence by poison, at a small village near Bath, in the year 1799.

TO HIS GRACE THE LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND.

Bath, Dec. 8. 1797.

MY LORD,

About a year and a half ago, I applied to Your Grace, both by letter and in person, to sanction and encourage a plan for instructing students of the university, to recite the Liturgy and the Scriptures, in a manner calculated to strengthen the effect of those sublime compositions. This method I had previously proposed to the Provost and Senior Fellows, who thought proper to reject it. I then proposed to them, an edition of those select orations of Cicero, which are read in your universities, upon a plan which would have rendered the study of that orator not only much more easy, but more delightful, than it is at present, with the feeble assistance of the Dauphin edition. I sent in a specimen, by the hands of the Vice Provost, who reported to me, that the idea had been deemed a good one, but, that the college would not advance any pecuniary aids, towards defraying the necessary expenses. They *usually* give such aids to those, who prepare new and approved editions of any classics, for the convenience of the university. Now, they knew that I could not afford to print a book of that description. Meanwhile I had a subscription on foot, for publishing

a book of instruction and entertainment, in 5 vols. duodecimo. This undertaking was likewise completely overthrown, by the *same system of intrigue*, to which I ascribe the miscarriage of the two former. For the *final* destruction of this third project, I am indebted to Mr. Alderman Enshaw.

Now, my Lord, as my livelihood depended on my literary exertions; and as I am able to prove, that those exertions, and every other which I made, in order to obtain a maintenance, have been, for *these seven years past*, opposed and rendered abortive, by a *confederacy, at the head of which is an opulent family in this kingdom*; I am determined to publish a narrative of those transactions, and to follow it up with a prosecution, in which I will sue for damages, tantamount to what I have lost, and as a compensation for all the afflictions I have suffered; unless an annuity of eighty pounds be paid me, until I shall have obtained some provision, which will yield me an income at least equal to that annuity. In the narrative above mentioned, I shall dissect the conduct of the confederates through the whole course of this affair; after which, a judicial investigation will wring the truth out of some of those, who have taken so much trouble to conceal it.

As I had looked forward to the plans above mentioned, as the means of extricating me from the distresses into which the cabal had plunged me, an account of them will necessarily form a material part of the history. In mentioning the proposal relative to the students, I must, of course, mention your Grace, and the heads of the university. Now, my Lord, as I have a sincere respect for you, and should be extremely sorry to say or do any thing displeasing to you, I here subjoin two short paragraphs, extracted from my memoirs, in order that before they are made public, they may be submitted to your examination. If I have said any thing that I ought not

to have said, your Grace perhaps will have the goodness to cause the error to be pointed out to me.

“ Soon after my arrival in Dublin, I paid a visit to the  
 “ Provost, in order to learn his sentiments on this sub-  
 “ ject. For, although I had written *three* respectful and  
 “ respectable epistles to him from London, he had not  
 “ thought fit to condescend to answer one of them. The  
 “ Provost was pleased to talk slightingly of the project ;  
 “ he said (very quietly taking a pinch of snuff,) that every  
 “ professor of oratory, from the time he knew any thing  
 “ of the college, had paid proper attention to the point I  
 “ was recommending ; (the multitude of good readers in  
 “ our churches is a striking proof of this;) that he would  
 “ not do any thing in the business, without the concur-  
 “ rence of the Board ; that if they consented, he would.  
 “ Now, he knew very well that they would *not* consent.  
 “ The Rev. Dr. Elrington, who is himself a member of  
 “ the Board, had had the goodness to signify to me in  
 “ writing, that the scheme was *visionary* ; that the Board,  
 “ he was certain, would never agree to it ; and much  
 “ more to the same effect. Observe, that no *personal*  
 “ objection had been started : observe also, that the Pro-  
 “ vost is threescore and ten : that he is one of the most  
 “ humble and most amiable of mortals ; and that, if, in  
 “ this one instance, he acted weakly and inconsiderately,  
 “ it must have been at the instigation of those, on whose  
 “ opinion he was accustomed to set a value.

“ After I had written to the Provost, and to some of  
 “ the senior fellows, I had also applied by letter to his  
 “ Grace the Lord Primate ; who, besides being supreme  
 “ pontiff, is one of the visitors of the University. I  
 “ thought, at the time I was writing, that he was also  
 “ vice-chancellor. Before I went to the Provost, I  
 “ craved audience of his Grace. He received me politely,  
 “ spoke *pretty* well of the idea of instructing youth to  
 “ perform the service of the church becomingly ; but



“ expressed a few doubts, whether the students would be  
 “ pleased, though my plan should be adopted as an in-  
 “ dispensable branch of college discipline. His Grace  
 “ concluded with saying, that I was rather *late* in my  
 “ application: that most of the bishops were gone out of  
 “ town, and that he himself would shortly retire into the  
 “ country. Upon hearing this, I made my bow. I was  
 “ now thoroughly persuaded, that over and above the  
 “ dislike, which the rulers of the University must have  
 “ had to the proposal, endeavours had been made by the  
 “ confederacy to prevail on them to reject it. As to the  
 “ Primate, he is an excellent prelate, and a very worthy  
 “ private character; but, on this occasion, he must have  
 “ listened to suggestions from *some quarter or other*;  
 “ which were hostile to the undertaking.”

Such, my Lord, is what I have said. If, even in the remotest degree, you have been accessory to the ruin of that enterprise, it must have been in consequence of some partial and disingenuous representation. When the members of a conspiracy wish to acquire partizans, they artfully and unfairly hide whatever is hateful and abominable, and plausibly display their views and motives, in colours the most unobjectionable and alluring. It is now my turn to tell the story; and I here declare, in brief, that the heads of the conspiracy, (who are bankers in London) lost the object they were pursuing, (which was, to ally me to their family,) by their haughtiness and their hypocrisy; that, instead of remedying the mischief at repeated opportunities, they spitefully preferred reducing me to beggary and famine: that, for that purpose, they caballed with all the copy-right booksellers; that they have been *seven years* employed in this persecution: that, during that period, (as will fully appear from the narrative,) I have been *several times on the point of perishing, for want of the most common necessaries*: that the family alluded to had constant intelligence of my situation, by

means of a secret intercourse with the people of the different houses I lodged in: that their brutality must be accounted for, on the principle of that infatuation, with which heaven punishes those who dare offend it, by gross falsehood: that they induced my own relations, and almost every friend I had, to join them in this infernal conspiracy: that at length weary of their wickedness, and my own wretchedness, I am resolved to seek redress from the justice of the country; and, in fine, that I disregard their pelf, despise their alliance, and will punish them for their insolence and barbarity.

The recollection of that plan, relating to the students of the University, leads me, my Lord, to remark, that the *ability* and *sufficiency* of the lower orders of the clergy, are not the only points which cry aloud for the attention of their superiors. This place, from which I write, is almost continually overrun with swarms of young clergymen, who are neither bilious, nervous, gouty, nor rheumatic. The lay part of the company, marvelling at the multitude of healthy and robust divines, ask one another indignantly, whether these clergymen have nothing to do elsewhere. The incessant outcries from all quarters of the kingdom, with regard to the increasing depravity of the inferior classes of the people, are a dismal and disgraceful evidence, how much that people has been neglected. But, if it be not wonderful that the laity should suffer by this neglect, it is also not at all wonderful, that those pastors should feel so little affection for the flock, when we consider with what views the majority of them have undertaken the sacred ministry. Was it the duties, or the temporal emoluments, which induced them to desire it?

The admirable Massillon, in one of his visitation sermons, asks the junior part of his auditory, what *call* they had had to the service of the altar. "Was it not," says he, "that ye might live in sloth and luxury, on the

“patrimony of the church? *Eh! mes enfans?* Was it  
 “not, because your kindred had the disposal of rich  
 “benefices; or because they had powerful interest with  
 “those who possessed patronage?” (Fenelon terms  
 this custom *a horrid sacrilege.*) He also asks them,  
 whether they are aware of the indecency and the im-  
 policy of a clergyman constantly showing himself in  
 public, with the proud gait and audacious aspect of a  
 captain. “Where,” says he, “is that holy cheerfulness,  
 “that look of Christian humility, that unaffected sanctity,  
 “befitting a minister of the Gospel? Your faces are an  
 “unerring index, that ye are not the true men of God.”  
 In another discourse, he tells them, loudly and terribly,  
 that *a bad priest* is one of the greatest villains upon  
 earth; and that *he* is responsible to heaven for any of  
 his flock, whose immorality ruins them in this world,  
 and endangers their salvation in the next.

As to the clergy, who *needlessly* frequent this and other  
 water-drinking places, if they have any regard for the  
 holy function, with which (heaven knows why) they  
 have been invested, or for the established church, or for  
 Christianity, let such of them as have parishes, return to  
 them, and take care of them; and let even those who  
 as yet are unprovided with cure of souls, avoid scenes  
 of dissipation, where their presence scandalises the laity,  
 and profanes that profession, which should never be  
 made cheap, nor exposed to disrespect and aversion.

Last summer, I was gratified, by a clergyman in  
 Wales, with the loan of your Grace's *Observations on the  
 Conduct of our Lord*; a work which gave me much  
 pleasure and consolation. One objection, however,  
 occurred to me; namely, that you seem, in some places,  
 to have softened down, a little too much, the rigid pre-  
 cepts of the Gospel, in order to accommodate to the pre-  
 judices of an age, in which the pursuit of Mammon,  
 appears to be the domineering principle. Is it not

evident, from every chapter of the New Testament, that, to rout the odious and calamitous passion for riches, the ever fertile source of all other mischiefs and miseries, was one of the principal objects of Christ; and that he also endeavoured to lessen that horrible disproportion of property, which is incessantly undermining the happiness of society? Jesus hated the rich, and the rich hated him. The money-changers never forgave him the horsewhipping, which they had received from him in the Temple. It was not so much the corporal pain, as the public affront and ignominy, which galled the purse-proud dealers in gold and silver.

I say, my Lord, that you seem to have complimented *Dives* with rather too great a sacrifice, in endeavouring to sweeten Christianity to his taste. Its divine author meant, that the passions of men should bend and shape themselves to his sanctifying ordinances, and not that *these* should stoop to their grovelling and iniquitous conceptions. He knew that riches too often render us proud, vain, insolent, hard-hearted, and unjust; that they first corrupt the possessor, who afterwards corrupts the rest of society, by his *example*.

You say, my Lord, that many, mistaking Christ's injunctions to despise wealth, imagine, that, according to him, it is unlawful to provide suitably for their families, and, of course, are inclined to reject his religion as unnatural. To obviate this evil, you put a milder construction on the statute, and relax it, so as to comfort the worldly-minded in their speculations. As well as I can recollect, your idea seems to be, that it were even better to *give up* a part of the Christian system, than run the hazard of having the whole of it voted vexatious and impracticable. Accordingly, you say, that men may labour to acquire riches, in order to avoid idleness, and to establish the fortunes of their children. Now, this maxim is much more likely to be misinterpreted, than



that of Christ; and the misinterpretation of it is likely to produce a million of times more mischief, than the misapprehension of the austere injunction of our Redeemer. For where will you draw the line? An alarming latitude will be taken by the worldly-minded of all orders. The late Lord C —, and others like him, would have told you, that, when starving an extensive principality, they were only prudently laying up something for their families. Bolingbroke, you know, has remarked, (and you know also that he has borrowed a part of the notion from Seneca,) that Christianity was a pattern, placed above the reach of human efforts, in order, that, by straining to arrive at such perfection, we might remove farther and farther from its opposite. The Stoics thought the same of their philosophy.

Shall, then, the salutary rigour of the Gospel be relaxed, to satisfy the saucy, for whom that Gospel is too good? who are the unprofitable ground, in which it was foreseen, that the seed of the word would never flourish: who are the tares, intended as a contrast and a trial to the wheat, and are afterwards to be cut down and consumed? The children of Mammon *cannot* love either the Gospel, or Him who sent it; it was not made for *them*: and, therefore, if it be unpalatable to them, let them leave it to those, whose hearts were formed from the beginning, both to receive it and to cherish it.

Those, my Lord, were the only points which struck me as objectionable in that very useful work, which, along with some others from your Grace's pen, is deservedly becoming a standard book among the clergy. I am not able to buy books; otherwise all your writings would have been familiar to me. It is only when they come across me by some favourable accident, like that above-mentioned, that I have an opportunity of benefiting by the productions of my contemporaries. I understand, that the virtuous Wilberforce has published a

a respectable volume on the present state of Christianity. You venerable veterans ought not to despise the auxiliary *tirones*, although they belong not to the *corps ecclesiastique*.

The same clergyman who lent me the *Observations*, lamented that he had not your *Visitation Charge*. I was glad, however, even to hear of it. If you would rescue our church establishment from a degree of odium, which is rapidly increasing, and which, if not speedily removed, will ruin it; keep no measures with those parochial ministers, whose avarice and supineness are daily endangering the whole hierarchy. Had they acted so as to render themselves respected and beloved, we should never have heard of any of them perishing by the hands of assassins; nor seen so many of them fugitives, to avoid the same unhappy fate. If I may judge from your Grace's writings, you are of too gentle a disposition. For, in imitation of our Lord, you ought occasionally to *flagellate*. You have already earned an illustrious name on earth, and secured an exalted seat in heaven, by your exertions as a sound and enlightened theologian. If you devote the residue of your life, to *the purification of the Temple*, you will add new splendours to your reputation, and at length, like the sun, depart in a glorious blaze.

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## No. VII.

## THOUGHTS ON THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND,

BY DAVID HARTLEY.

## D. HARTLEY'S PAPER RESPECTING IRELAND. \*

Thoughts on the kingdom of Ireland, written in the year 1785; during the debates in the British Parliament, on certain Propositions, commonly called the "Irish Propositions."

THE constitution of Ireland is a mixed monarchy, similar to that of England; and all its parts are equally ballanced for internal peace. The crown is in the pos-

\* David Hartley wrote this *memorial*, in the year 1785; but he had some years before, communicated its substance to his intimate friend Sir George Saville; who was extremely struck with it; and exclaimed "that is a great thought. It is worthy of a statesman." In the year 1787, he showed the paper to Charles Fox: and in the year 1791; transmitted it to Lord Charlemount. Both expressed their warm approbation of it. Shortly after, he applied to Lord Rivers, to present the paper to his late Majesty. His Lordship answered, that he would most readily do it: but, that "it must be through the hands of Mr. Pitt." This medium David Hartley delined: and the matter dropped. In November 1796, the then second personage in the kingdom came to Bath, to visit a royal brother. On the 28th of November, this august personage sent to David Hartley, to attend him at eleven o'clock, A.M. — He obeyed: walked about the town with His R. H., and afterwards dined in company with him at the Guild Hall. His R. H. quitted Bath, to spend a few days at Crickhill; and D. Hartley transmitted the memorial to him at that place by post.

About the beginning of January 1797, His R. H. came again to Bath; on a visit to his royal brother, and his Dutchess, at their house in the Crescent. The Stadtholder was at Bath also. D. Hartley paid his respects

session and exercise of all its constitutional prerogatives ; not only without envy or ill-will, but likewise fortified

to the illustrious party : and was received with condescending courtesy and kindness. His R. H. *thanked* David Hartley in the presence of those in the room, for "the paper which he had sent to him" — "What paper?" said the Duke of York — "I will show it to you:" replied His R. H. Upon which Mr. Hartley, addressing himself to the Duke, said: "I have another copy, and if your R. H. will give me leave, I will send it to you." The offer was accepted; and in a quarter of an hour, the memorial was in the hands of the Duke. All this passed in public: but, in the evening of the same day, David Hartley had, accidentally, a few moments' private conversation with His R. H. at the upper rooms; and expressed his hope, that His R. H. "was not *displeased* with the paper he had sent." — "*Displeased!* How could you think it possible? I was much obliged to you:" — and he took his hand in a friendly manner. Other people, however, came up; and nothing more passed. His R. H. left Bath in a few days, about the 11th or 12th of January, 1797. On the 30th of January, David Hartley was in town, and dined with Mr. Scott, at his chambers in the Temple, with Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester; Horne Tooke and others. In the course of the conversation, it was mentioned that a report circulated thorough the political world, of a royal personage being on the point of departing for Ireland, in the capacity of Lord Lieutenant — Paragraphs to the same effect, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*; the *Times*; the *Morning Post*; the *Express*; and *Public Advertiser* Newspapers. In the *Times* of April 4. 1797, (then a ministerial paper), a history was given, of the royal personage above alluded to, having offered to go to Ireland; and of the minister's (Mr. Pitt's) respectful rejection of it. It was said, that His R. H. had received a letter from some Irish noblemen, giving it as their opinion, that, if he were permitted to go over, and to be the bearer of some conciliatory propositions, it would remove all the discontent of Ireland. Among the ensuing letters will be found one from David Hartley to Lord Charlemount, on the subject of the memorial; and his Lordship's interesting answer.

I have mentioned above, that John Horne Tooke made one of the company at Mr. Scott's party. David Hartley knew Mr. Tooke perfectly well: but never admired his political principles. It chanced that I once *met* this extraordinary character. Calling one morning on the accomplished Felix Vaughan, at his lodgings in Essex-street; a gentleman passed me on the stairs. On entering the drawing-room, Mr. Vaughan said: "I wish you had come a few minutes before." — "Why?" — "I would have introduced you to one of the most celebrated men in England: the gentleman you met on the stairs — JOHN HORNE TOOKE."



by other branches of the constitution, which are combined in concurrent interest with the crown. There is a nobility and landed gentry, which in every country are the natural and constant supports of the throne. The pride of birth, hereditary honours, and the ambition of the nobility, in the public employments, attach them to the crown. Similar principles in gradation affect the body of the landed gentry; and one common interest, of all those persons who possess fortunes, unequal and superior to the property of the multitude, ranges them on the part of the crown, against any republican principles of equalization.

The proprietors of land in Ireland, are more bound to the support of quiescent government, than any landed proprietors in any other kingdom in the world. The reason is, because the great landed fortunes of Ireland, have at some time or other, been acquired under the banners of English settlements. And although much time has elapsed since these first settlements, nevertheless, the most ancient titles might be shaken, if any general convulsion were to happen. Besides these obsolete claims against the oldest English settlements and landed titles, which nothing but general confusion could now revive, it is to be considered, that there are lurking claims of more recent date, against which, a very great body of Irish landed proprietors can have no protection, but in the stability of their government. To go no farther back than the reign of King James I., and from thence to the end of that century, viz. to the settlement of Ireland after the revolution; where are the title-deeds, which, within that period, have not been harrowed up again and again by inquisitions, confiscations, settlements, revocations of these settlements, re-settlements, &c. together with numberless acts of fraud and violence attendant upon all these changes? All the proprietors of lands who are conscious to themselves of being under

these circumstances, must be sensible, that any searching times of confusion, might drive them from their possessions into the wide world. As this class now constitutes the body of the protestant interest in Ireland, it is acknowledged by all parties, that the protestant cannot subsist, but by the support of a protestant government, and of a protestant throne. The protestant church of Ireland, which may be called a class of spiritual nobility and gentry, are doubly interested in the support of the foregoing principles. All these parties can only secure *themselves*, by combining their own interests with those of the crown. They have one common cause to support, — the present constitution of mixed monarchy; without any bias or private interest leading towards republican independence. There is another interest growing up in Ireland, which is at present considerable, though partially distributed, viz. the manufacturing and commercial interest: this is a very important interest; and as far as it extends, it coincides in views with the foregoing interests. Peace is the harvest of commerce and manufacture. Of all wars, those which are the most destructive to their interests, are domestic wars; entailing unquiet possessions, and turbulent governments; thereby destroying both the exertions and objects of pacific industry. Besides these obvious interests by which commerce is attached to quiet government, it is to be observed, that commerce partakes of the soil where it is planted. Commerce accumulates property; and therefore, in these kingdoms where the acquisition of land, and every gradation of ascent, is, in course of time, open to the merchant or the manufacturer; they feel themselves ultimately upon the same bottom with the landed interest: they are impatient to acquire settlements in land; they partake of all its interests; they entail their acquired estates upon their families; and, in every respect, occupy the places of

those who have left them; and thus they fill up a new succession of persons, but still grafted upon the same system of landed interest: and by this succession, they are assimilated, from time to time, into the constitution of a landed kingdom; of which, after their adoption, they become similar and concordant parts.

The consideration of these points is essential, in discussing the present state of Ireland, to show, that although Ireland has claimed and acquired to herself, an independence of the legislature of the English parliament; yet they have no wish, or tendency, to become independent of the crown. Their only object has been, to acquire the rank and constitution of an independent kingdom, similar, in every respect, to the mixed monarchy of her sister kingdom. The crown is, therefore, now become the bond of union between the two nations.

Ireland has, hitherto, been a province to the crown and parliament of England. The original settlements of Ireland, were made by joint adventures, of kings of England, and of English subjects. The famous laws in the reign of Henry VII., commonly called *Poyning* laws, which have lately been repealed, to give independence to the legislature of Ireland; were originally passed, for the protection and security of the English pale, and settlers in Ireland. The English settlements in Ireland were, at that time, in a very crude and hazardous state. It had been found impossible, by the principle of conquest alone, to exterminate the old native interest of the original Irish. Several parts of the country were therefore united, from time to time, with the English interests, by compromises of treaties and alliances. Such compromises were substituted in default of power, and the effect which they produced, was, that of enabling the native interests, to contend with the English interests, in council as well as arms. It was to defend the settlers against this consequence, as well as to secure the depend-



ence of the settlers themselves, upon the crown ; that the famous law of *Poyning's* was enacted, for notifying the causes of parliament, to the privycouncil in England. It was both an act of union, and protection to the settlers. In the subsequent periods, from the reign of Henry VII. to William III., though the native interest of the ancient Irish was gradually obliterated ; yet a constant succession of national troubles, produced perpetual changes and uncertainties, in the state of landed property ; there was no permanent body of landed proprietors, receiving and transmitting their landed properties, to hereditary succession, who could claim the character of the hereditary people of Ireland. From the period of the revolution to the present time, a continued state of civil tranquility, and of undisturbed possession, for nearly a century, has organised and drawn forth into form, the inherent spirit and faculties of a nation, ambitious to acquire the coordinate rank and constitution of that mixed monarchy, from which the settlements of Ireland are derived : and under one united crown, to become an independent kingdom.

It is thus, that the Irish nation has arrived through various fortunes and successive gradations, to the claims of an independent kingdom. But, if it be an honourable ambition, which has prompted Ireland to aspire to independent empire ; the same ambition will not permit them to stop there ; or to leave the corresponding parts of that system unfinished. If from a province they are become an independent kingdom, their first attentions ought to be directed to prepare a new and splendid rank for their sovereign ; now no longer the sovereign of a province, but wearing the national crown of the independent kingdom of Ireland. Having requested a separation from the parliament of England, which heretofore has acted in concert towards the government and protection of Ireland, it is a debt which they owe to



themselves, as well as to their sovereign, to strengthen *his* hands, by an additional civil establishment, suitable to royalty, and similar to the civil establishment of the crown of England; a royal household; a court; a marine; ministers, ambassadors, &c., which would again return to themselves, in offices of honour and trust, conferred upon the nobility and gentry of Ireland.

If their sovereign, having been for many years attached and wedded to a sister kingdom, should condescend to adopt his eldest son and heir-apparent, as the partaker of his thrones, to receive the first coronation of an Irish crown at Dublin; would not the ambition which has called for a king, give him that reception of dignity and honour, which would be due to such a king, being the son of their sovereign, and his representative?

But any such step, or the most distant thought towards it, must alone proceed from the will and pleasure of the sovereign. It would not, however, be considered as any derogation to the sovereign. *Collega imperii*, was a title well known, and frequently in use, with the Roman emperors. The occupancy of an united throne, by the heir-apparent, would extend the stability of the reigning family, upon a broad basis. It would be an augmentation of the dignity of the crown, without endangering the liberty of the subject. It would not be any accumulation of power in the crown, operative against the liberty of the subject. It would be an enlargement of the circle of regal dominion, in the place of provincial dominion. Every other member and faculty of the constitution, within this enlarged pale of regal dominion, would receive a corresponding increase, which would therefore preserve the balance of the constitution, as a mixed monarchy. The nobility, and gentry, and people of Ireland, would acquire importance equal to the splendour of the crown: the dignity of the crown, and the

prosperity of the people, would go hand in hand together.

A new creation of an independent kingdom, displayed in all its parts, and claiming its rank among the crowns of Europe, would add a most decided importance to the united empire, amongst all foreign nations, as well as to the family of the sovereign under whom they are united. The transfer of domestic dominion to Ireland, would draw off its subjects from looking to foreign spiritual powers, or entering into the military service of foreign princes. Free liberty of conscience in matters of religion, under a domestic prince, requiring no other tests but those of civil fidelity; would reunite all the divided parts in one national cause; and restore all the sons of Ireland to her own bosom.

The residence of a prince's court would recall the wandering absentee to his native home. It would re-people the country with nobility, gentry, and yeomanry. It would inspire new life into the peasantry, now most dejected and oppressed. Hospitality would smile upon the land; and industry would lay open all its hidden treasures. Manufactures and commerce would carry the glad tidings to the extremities of the earth. All these blessings may happen to Ireland, if a prosperous issue should attend what has been called their emancipation. That lot is now cast: it requires much temper and moderation to steer successfully towards the prosperous issue. The world is crowded with rival nations, who may not wish to see any prosperous end to those things. This maxim is therefore most infallible; that the most distant tendency to any rupture between England and Ireland, would be serving the envious views of foreign rival states, and sacrificing all salutary purposes of our own.

With a domestic prince reigning in Ireland, thereby completing the circle of domestic empire, every possible

jealousy arising from the apprehension of external influence would be removed. The volunteers of Ireland would then become the national and constitutional militia, under the sanction of their own legislature, and under the command of the domestic executive power.

Edward the First gave to the Welsh a native prince to reign over them; this, indeed, was but the favour of a name. The substantial boon which attached Wales to England, being both upon one soil, was their incorporation into one common legislature.

Nature does not equally favour a legislative incorporation of Ireland. Ireland, by the immutable laws of nature is, and always must remain, a distinct and separate island; circumscribed by its own ocean, beyond which nothing can be called domestic. But that which cannot be incorporated, may still be united. The sovereign may be the bond of union. Ireland has hitherto been a royal farm, unimproved, because unoccupied; it has moved in an excentric orb, straining heavily upon the distant hand of government. The occupancy of the throne of that kingdom by the sovereign's eldest son, if approved by the sovereign himself, would relieve the distant pressure; it would restore the equipoise of government; and connect the two islands by the two hands of common sovereignty, instead of one.

The delegation of the kingdom of Ireland to the heir apparent, the inheritance being indivisible, would enlarge the scope of action, without dividing the unity of interest. It would be a bond of affection, and of unity of action, within the royal family. It would consolidate the interests of two generations. A royal settlement for the heir apparent would anticipate a new and splendid sphere of action for the successor, which would reflect its lustre with equal dignity upon the parent sovereign. It would prevent foreign emigrations, by multiplying the



objects of industry and the means of domestic affluence. It would invigorate and protect the distant parts of the united empire, and fortify its extreme barrier, where the hand of government cannot be in full strength, and where ties of common interest are feeble in proportion.

The decline of empire commences from extreme parts. There are in all the political establishments in the world, latent imperfections coeval with their original constitutions. The superintending eye of domestic government may watch over the first token of such defects, and still keep them in a quiescent state; but if they once break out into tumult and contention, various other latent discontents are ever ready to seize the occasion, and to raise their heads. The evils which are first seen are the least part; those which are behind the curtain, form the secret and desperate ambush, to encompass national destruction. In such cases the only prudence of government is prevention, or early and pacific remedy.

The infirmities of the constitution of Ireland are too obvious, to be mistaken, or to be glossed over with fallacious confidence. They extend no less than to the very elements of civil and religious union. The national settlements of landed property, have shallow, and therefore precarious roots. In spirituals, a foreign hierarchy hangs over their heads like a two-edged sword, affecting temporals as well as spirituals, suspended by a single thread. These are the rocks of danger to Ireland. The new constitution which they have so earnestly sought for, may be preferable to provincial dependence. It may be a laudable object of ambition and pursuit; but on the part of a nation which has two internal feeble parts, the meditated change should be courted, not compelled. The completion of that change, by a fundamental system of political establishment, compact and uniform in all its parts, may afford arguments for its adoption, which the



unconnected claims of single and separate parts might not be entitled to. That constitution, if it is to lead to tranquillity and permanence, should arise from a general combination of congenial interests, and become the basis of greatness to those who are to give, and to those who are to receive.

## No. VIII.

## EXTRACT FROM A SERMON,

PREACHED ON THE 25TH OF JUNE, 1815,

ON THE OCCASION OF

THE DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES PHILLOTT, D. D.  
 ARCHDEACON AND RECTOR OF BATH.\*

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NOR, shall I be taxed with unfounded, or perverse partiality, if I point to our departed brother, as an example of those, who have been thus “kept by grace, through faith, unto salvation.” Little would it become me, my brethren, in the office which I hold, and the place wherein I stand, to be the eulogist of man; to descant on the merits of “dust and ashes:” but, surely, to speak with humility, on the virtues of the worthy, or the Christian graces of the good: to present the examples of “the excellent ones of the earth,” as models of imitation; or incentives to laudable conduct; can never be considered as derogatory to the honour of God’s temple; or contrary to that “form of sound words,” which his minister is commanded to preach: nor, may I doubt, that, while I am fulfilling an office of friendship, in

\* Desirous of recording my sense of obligation, for the friendly services; and of my esteem for the memory, of this most worthy man; I have ventured to present the reader with a more ample portrait of his character, than I could conveniently introduce into the body of my work. Dr. Phillott was succeeded in the archdeaconry of Bath, by another estimable, and exemplary character; the late Rev. Josias Thomas, D.D., a sound churchman; an excellent divine; and a practical Christian. He was the son-in-law of Dr. Harrington.

touching the brightest points in the character of him who is no more, as a *man*; a *pastor*; and a *Christian*; I am at the same time, performing an important duty of my situation, in edifying my hearers, and improving myself. Let us, then, in the first place, regard the character of our lost friend; as a man among men; fulfilling the duties of *social life*.

It is not one of the least attractive charms of our holy religion, that it stamps the performance of the social and domestic duties, as an important branch of genuine Christianity. Man, in his fallen state, assaulted both from within, and without, with trials and difficulties, and sorrows; labouring under weaknesses, privations, and disappointments: must necessarily lean, in some measure, on his fellow-creatures, for solace, assistance, and support. In kind compassion to this, his helpless situation, as a solitary being, Providence has mercifully interwoven into his constitution, the *benevolent affections*: which draw him, instinctively and powerfully, towards his brethren in the flesh; and teach him to find pleasure, in the reciprocation of kindness, and the encouragement of sympathetic feeling. To this constitutional provision of our great Creator, for the temporal well-being of Man, the Gospel has added its sacred sanctions: and taught us, that, while by the cultivation of the social affections; and the exercise of the charities of private and domestic life; we are meliorating our state of *nature*: we are, at the same time, improving in our state of *grace*. In the exercise of these instinctive feelings; and the discharge of these prescribed duties; our departed brother may be cited as a brilliant pattern. Kind and accommodating as a neighbour: sincere and faithful as a friend: mild and indulgent as a master: "ready to give and glad to distribute;" pitiful to the victims of sorrow, and beneficent to the children of want; he displayed the loveliness of sympathy, when embodied in the form of

practical benevolence; and, while the sterner virtues of rigid integrity; undeviating truth; and inflexible honour, dignified his character; the milder graces of humanity, beautified it with their softest lustre. — But, it was “within the veil:” in the sanctuary of *home*; that these affections of his heart, were manifested in their most attractive colours. Exemplary in his conjugal, parental and fraternal relations; he both showed and experienced, how much the happiness of man, depends on the interchange of love, between himself, and “those who are of his own household.” In the season of health and strength, the Sun of Peace shone upon his tabernacle; and the blessing of union gladdened those who dwelt together within it: and in the time of sickness, and the hour of death—the assiduous attention of grateful domestics; the tender solace of affectionate relatives: and the tears of the wife, and the children, and the brothers, that fell fast upon his bed of languishment, feelingly expressed “*how* they loved him;” and silently, but forcibly declared, how well he had deserved their love!

Regarded also as a *minister* of the gospel, the character of our lost friend, is equally entitled to the esteem and respect of those who have survived him. When we contemplate the duties of a preacher of the word of God, they appear to be so important, difficult, and various, that we are tempted to exclaim, “who is sufficient for these things?” The *cure of souls*, indeed, is an expression, which in itself carries with it the idea of a responsibility the most awful: and no human being gifted with reflection or conscience, would dare to put forth his hand to touch the “ark of the covenant,” or lift “the veil,” to enter into the “holy of holies,” unless he could hope to be sanctified and strengthened for so sacred a purpose. But the omnipotent Head of the church, has promised his aid to those who are duly appointed to minister therein. “My grace is sufficient



“for thee,” saith our blessed Lord: and every “steward of his mysteries,” who shall earnestly solicit, and conscientiously apply it, may humbly hope to fulfil his arduous work, like our deceased brother, in a manner profitable to others, and salutary to his own soul. Faithful to the trust committed to his charge; and diligent in the performance of its functions, and his own personal duties: he obeyed in sincerity and simplicity of heart, the injunction of the apostle: to “speak the things which become sound doctrine: and in all things to show himself a pattern of good works.” Conscientiously attached to that pure and apostolical part of the church of Christ, the ecclesiastical establishment of his country, (built up by the wisdom and piety, and cemented by the blood of our ancestors,) he faithfully preached its doctrines, and guarded its interests: but, in the assertion of its rights, and the maintenance of its tenets, he never forgot what was due to the feelings of those without the pale; nor suffered his zeal to supersede his charity. He knew the delicate, but important distinction between defence and aggression; between accommodation and compromise; between surrendering his own convictions, and giving offence to the consciences of his brother Christians. “His place,” indeed, in the citadel of our Zion, “shall henceforth know him no more:” and others shall take his dignities and his office: but, his remembrance will long be associated, with the holy name of CHRISTIAN CHARITY; and his example shall survive, to be a model to those who may succeed him, of “the wisdom of the serpent,” blended with “the harmlessness of the dove.”

His *faith* as a *Christian*, was not less exemplary than his virtues as a man, and his uprightness as a minister. Unfeigned, sincere, and scriptural, it held the sober middle course, between wild enthusiasm on the one hand, and rash latitudinarianism on the other. “JESUS CHRIST

“the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,” formed its broad foundation;—the cross and the atonement—sanctification by the spirit;—free grace and *impartial salvation*, through the mercy of God, and the merits of his ever blessed Son, were its pillars and adornments. The assurance of a happy resurrection to those who die in the Lord; and the humble hope of redemption from sin, and a blessed immortality through the blood of a Saviour,—crowned and completed the goodly structure; which, deeply rooted in Christian love, stood against the common blasts, and ruder tempests of mortality, unshaken and unimpaired. “Like a tree planted by “the water side,” his faith was verdant and vigorous to the last. In sorrow, sickness, and decay, it administered hope and peace, and comfort to his soul: and when at length “his flesh and his heart failed:” “GOD “was the strength of his heart;” and, we may humbly trust, will be “his portion for ever.”

Such, my brethren, was the character of *him*, on whose grave I would fain drop an humble offering of respect and affection; gratitude and truth. That he had no faults, who will dare to affirm? for, before the GOD of infinite purity, holiness, and perfection, we must *all* hide our faces, crimsoned with the deep blushes of conscious guilt. But, “there is mercy with the MOST HIGH: “therefore shall He be feared.” The tear of contrition, sanctified by faith in JESUS CHRIST, can never flow in vain: and the weaknesses, and frailties, and errors, of the children of dust and imperfection, sincerely confessed, and deeply deplored, will be for ever obliterated, before an all-merciful Creator, by the washing away of that precious blood, which cleanseth from all abjured sin, and maketh atonement for every repented transgression.

It will be our wisdom, as it is our duty, my brethren, to bear in mind the virtues of the departed; to remember

the excellences of his character ; to imitate the worthiness of his example ; and to draw a lesson of improvement, both from his life and from his death.

“ Though he be dead, yet he speaketh,”—and as he speaks so let him persuade. To the awakened ear of solemn reflection, a small still voice, even now issues from his recent tomb, and thus addresses every soul within these crowded walls:—“ Fellow-mortal! the chambers of the dead are beneath thy feet.\* Thou treadest upon the dust and ashes of those who are no more ; whose time of probation is over ; whose opportunity of working out their salvation, hath passed away. Awake, therefore, thou that sleepest ; up and be doing, for the Lord is at hand. Seize, and apply the moments that are before thee ; for those moments are all that thou canst call thine own. Work while it is day ; for the night quickly cometh, when no man can work — reflect — repent — reform ; and set thine house in order ; for THOU too must shortly DIE !”†

\* The remains of the Archdeacon were interred in the cemetery under St. James's church.

† Dr. Hartley had died, long previously to my acquaintance with David Hartley, his son : but, he has always been *mihi magnus Apollo*. I love those metaphysicians, and those alone ; who like Locke ; and Samuel Clarke ; and Dr. Hartley ; have been the friends and advocates of *Revelation*, and have brought all the powers of their mighty minds, to bear, ultimately, upon the EVIDENCES of CHRISTIANITY : and to prove its admirable adaptation, to the nature, condition, and destination ; the wants, affections, and aspirations ; the present well being, and future felicity, of RESPONSIBLE and IMMORTAL MAN !

## No. IX.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM

DAVID HARTLEY: DR. JORTIN: LAWRENCE STERNE: DR. LAW, BISHOP OF ELPHIN: DR. SAM. JOHNSON: ANDREW BAXTER: JOHN WILKES: FRANCIS GROSE: MRS. MARY HARTLEY: DR. COGAN: LORD CHARLEMONT: SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE: AND DR. SAM. PARR.

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*A Letter from David Hartley, Esq. M. D. to the  
Rev. Edmund Law.*

London, Nov. 6. 1739.

Dear Sir,

I received yours in due time, and have deferred answering it for some posts, that I might give you the better account of the following person and his scheme.

Mr. David Malcolme, minister of Duddingston, near Edinburgh, has for some years past, applied himself to the study of the Highland or Irish language, and taking Mr. Edward Llwyd, a Welsh antiquary for his guide, thinks that he can prove the following propositions, being partly Llwyd's discoveries, partly his own.

1. That the Scotch and Irish are the posterity of the ancient Celtæ mentioned by Cæsar, whereas the Welsh are the posterity of the Belgæ, and a subsequent colony, who drove the more ancient ones into the north. Therefore, though the Welsh and Irish languages have a great affinity, the Irish must be deemed the more simple and ancient.



2. That the Irish or Scotch, must remain in the greatest simplicity and purity in the remote Western Isles, and particularly in that of St. Kilda, a small one lying twenty leagues distant from any other, and which is almost inaccessible.

3. That the affinity of the Irish and Welsh to the ancient Saxon, Teutonic, Runic, &c., and to the present English, German, &c. is extremely evident.

4. That the Irish explains many of the roots of the Greek and Latin tongues, and almost all the ancient names of countries, people, gods, mountains, rivers, &c. all over Europe.

5. That it has a less evident, but still an incontestable relation to Hebrew, Arabic, &c.

6. That the language of the *terra firma* in America, is manifestly derived from it.

And upon the whole he supposes, that there was no confusion of tongues at Babel, and that the original expresses a different thing, but that the one common language was first spoken according to different dialects, and as new words were introduced, became what are called the different languages, which therefore are all related to each other, as mankind themselves are in their original; and that the Irish being the language of a corner, whither some persons were driven in very ancient times, who have since had little intercourse with the rest of the world, must be very simple, antique, and of great use in explaining the mutual relation of all. He is a man of learning, but somewhat desultory I think. Is there any thing in his scheme?

I have sent you a copy of Byrom's proposals, and beg the favour of you to take the subscriptions of all that are disposed, and give receipts in your own name. We would willingly get a considerable number soon to put him into good spirits about it, so pray do all you can.— I will contrive to send you some more proposals.

The piece on ancient and modern learning, is really Addison's, but a mere trifle, I am told. He says, the ancients must have thought some passages more beautiful, some less so, from the different ideas they affixed to the same words. Watts's *World to Come*, and the *Discourse on Moral Obligation*, have not come in my way, or that of any of my friends yet. Cheyne's book I have just seen, and hear that it is still more *outré* than any of his former works. I told your friend Birch, that I would take a copy of your book for him, if he pleased, so you may direct it to him or me, when it occurs. I have the 2d edition. Mr. Fauquier's letters are in the *Political State of Great Britain for September*. Mr. Windham told me his brother had a mind to go out in law. I do not apprehend that he expects that you should have any further trouble about him: he seems very well satisfied.

I shall be glad of any observations, however low they may seem. Real facts are always useful to prove or to illustrate. My Preface would not answer the design you propose, being very short. However, I will endeavour to get the copies of the 3d and 4th parts from Dr. Harding, and send the preface with them. I drew it up rather to fix myself in a method, than as to what I expected should remain as a preface to the work when completed. I go on, though not regularly, but, it is a very laborious work which I have undertaken.

Le Clerc's *History of Physic*, is an excellent work, and worth perusing on other accounts, besides that of physic. You need not read such parts as relate to particulars; the rest will not require much time. I apprehend Shaw has something on the state of physic, which will appear perhaps in a year or two. Physic has made less progress from its first rise under Hippocrates, to this time, than most other arts: I suppose from the complexity of the subject. All the problems in it, have

many more conditions, and some of these no way determinable or computable, than other sciences.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's ever,

D. HARTLEY.

*A Letter from David Hartley, Esq. M. D. to the Rev. Edmund Law, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle.*

Bath, Nov. 25th, 1751.

Dear Sir,

I hope you have had one which I wrote to you a little while ago, but which should have been wrote long before. I am now to thank you for your third edition of the *Considerations*, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. You have improved it considerably by the quotations, especially those from Lord Clarendon. As to your notions of death, I see more into them than I ever did before, and am very ready to acknowledge, that the future life after the resurrection, is the only object of hope proposed by the Gospel; whence one may judge that the intermediate state, if there be one, is of an evanescent nature in respect of happiness or misery. But I am apt to suspect that there is within us a subtle body, indestructible by death, which receives impressions and new modifications from the gross body during the course of our lives, and which is the immediate instrument of thought, much more so than the white medullary substance of the brain. I suspect, also, that thought must continue in this subtle body, after the brain is destroyed; and, therefore, that death is termed sleep in the Scriptures with a peculiar accuracy and significancy, which, I believe, is not unusual in the Scriptures in other things, though we have as yet fathomed but few of the instances. If you say, this would have been intimated had it been so, I answer, A future life itself is concealed

from a considerable part of mankind, at least while they are young. There may be, therefore, something like a dream or vision, in which the soul, mind, or man, is passive; and which arises naturally and necessarily from the impressions of our lives; which affects us with some degree of happiness or misery, and which is not lost, but is a proper preparatory and introduction to the day of judgment, and to the great rewards and punishments then to be assigned to every man according to the deeds done in the body. However, I am very sensible that all this is very conjectural.

I am somewhat surprised that you and your worthy ingenious friend Mr. Taylor, who see so clearly the dependence of the mind upon the brain, should hesitate about free-will, which, in the strict philosophical sense of a *power of doing things that are different, while the previous circumstances remain the same*, is inconsistent with that dependence. The clearing the practical free-will (or voluntary power) from the philosophical, would, I think, have considerable uses, especially in respect of many objections against religion, natural and revealed. You can never enforce the factitious nature of the human moral sense, without giving up philosophical free-will; nor defend the Old Testament so simply and clearly, as by showing the factitious nature of our moral sense, &c. &c. I wish you all success and happiness in your new office, and every thing: and am,

Dear Sir, your most affectionate  
humble Servant,

D. HARTLEY.

“Blessed are they that die in the Lord:” this follows from the whole tenour of the New Testament, as well as from this passage: but whether that blessedness be the immediate happiness of the glorified body, I doubt. We must have Abraham’s faith in this and other things. God grant we may. Whatever is true is best.



*Letter from Dr. Jortin \* to Dr. Law, Master of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle.)*

London, May 18. 1756.

Dear Sir,

The *free* and *candid* trumpery of a dull wrangler, who hath just wit enough to insult his betters, gives me the same concern as the disputes which are perhaps carried on at this time by the T——'s and the W——'s of Jupiter and Saturn; for I suppose there may be absurd mortals in other planets, as well as in ours. However, I am obliged to them for placing me in so much good company, and even for that reason, very willing to forgive them.

As to the Herse who skulks—*post principia*, it was high time for me to break off all communications with him; and at parting, in return for some rudenesses, I gave him a small token to remember me by, wherein his grammatical and classical merits are civilly hinted at. I will no more enter into a formal controversy with him, than I would take the wall of a travelling tinker, lest he should rub me with a dirty kettle, or set his dog at me. I will never throw away an hour again, in reading any thing that he shall publish. I can assure you, I did not read the first anonymous libel quite through, but after turning over some pages, I gave it to a friend and

\* This, and the following letter, are quite characteristic of the different minds of their respective writers. Virtuous as he was playful; and as learned as witty: Jortin always improves while he amuses; and seasons delight with information. Sterne, destitute of principle; and reckless in morals; poisons while he pleases: and though justly asserting a claim to *genius*, (and genius, too, completely *sui generis*) yet, forfeiting the honour otherwise due to the lofty attribute, by degrading it into a corrupter of purity; and a pander to profligacy.

a neighbour, to peruse it if he thought proper, and then to ———, nor do I intend ever to read this second attack. I know, as well as you, what they are capable of; and I hope you are in the same temper with your humble servant, and do not suffer such chicanery to disturb your repose, or interrupt your studies. I say to you as I say to myself,

Quin tu aliquid potius saltem, quorum indiget usus ?

We have other things to mind at this time of life; and in truth, it is hardly worth the while to confute one, who hath been so belaboured, and bemauled, and bemangled in controversy, and who bears twelve holes in his doublet,

Bis sex thoraca petitum,

Perfossisque locis.

My dissertation, which you mention, is a mere stating of the case, and supporting my opinion, without attacking any person, which I hold to be beneath me, and beneath my subject. It lies by, and at present I am busy about another work. I wish some good errand might invite you up to town, because I would beg you to peruse it; and I am sorry I did not offer it to you when I saw you last. Of your approbation I should be very desirous; the censures of our adversaries I should as much despise. They may write to eternity; but they are not such favourites with the public, as to be able to persuade the world, that the Bishop, and you, and I, and Lowth, and Peters, &c. are a set of boobies.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kindness to my son, and he desires me to return you his thanks. They who objected to his youth, might easily do it, I am persuaded without any unkindness meant to him or to me. But, thus it is, we grow old, and our children grow men before we are aware of it; and my son is now a practitioner of no such small standing. Five

years he was clerk to an eminent and worthy master, Mr. Boldero, of Staples' Inn, who hath been his good friend ever since; and five years he hath been attorney and solicitor for himself; and for the course of ten years, hath had neither leisure nor inclination to be idle. He hath chambers at Gray's Inn. My friend, Sir Edward Walpole was so kind, as of his own accord, to make him one of the clerks of the Exchequer pleas, which is an introduction to the practice of that court. So that I think he hath had time and experience enough, to qualify him for business, and he hath been entrusted with affairs of importance before now; and I hope the objection from his want of age is sufficiently removed.

Little is doing in the literary world. Mr. Heathcote's pamphlet against Dr. Patten hath been well received here; and the Doctor, as I am told, meditates a reply. The places in Sir H. Sloane's library will be filled up in a week; and I hope that one friend, and perhaps two friends of mine, will get in there. Dr. Newton is made king's chaplain.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and most humble servant,

J. JORTIN.

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*A Letter from Mr. Sterne, in answer to one received from Dr. Goddard, of York. (No date.)*

Dear Sir,

I HAVE received your kind letter of critical, and I will add, paternal advice too; which, contrary to my natural humour, set me upon looking gravely, and thinking gravely, for half a day together.

Sometimes I concluded you had not spoke out; but had stronger grounds for your hints and cautions, than what your good nature knew well how to tell me; espe-

cially with regard to PRUDENCE as a DIVINE; and that you thought in your heart the vein of humour too free and gay for the solemn colour of my coat: a meditation upon death had been a more suitable trimming to it, I own; but then it could not have been set on by *me*.

Mr. Fothergill, whom I regard in the class I do you, as my best of critics and well-wishers, preaches duly to me on your text: — “Get your preferment first, Lory,” he says, “and then write and welcome.” But, suppose preferment is long a coming, and for aught I know, I may not be preferred till the resurrection of the just, and am all that time in labour, how must I bear my pains? like pious Divines; or rather, like able philosophers, knowing that one passion is only to be combated with another?

But to be serious, if I can; I will use all reasonable caution, only with this caution along with it, — not to spoil my book; that is the air and originality of it, which must resemble the author; and I fear, ’tis the number of these slighter touches which make the resemblance, and identify it from all others of the same stamp, which this understrapping virtue of PRUDENCE would oblige me to strike out.

A very able critic, and one of my colour too, who has read over Tristram, made answer, upon my saying, “I would consider the colour of my coat as I corrected it;” — “That *that* idea in my head, would render my book not worth a groat.”

Still I promise to be cautious, but deny I have gone as far as Swift. *He* keeps a due distance from Rabelais; and *I* keep a due distance from *him*. Swift has said a hundred things I durst not say, unless I was Dean of St. Patrick’s.

I like your caution of *ambitiosa recides ornamenta*; as I revise my book I will shrive my conscience upon that sin; and whatever ornaments are of that kind, shall be defaced without mercy.



Ovid is justly censured, for being *ingenii sui amator*: and it is a reasonable hint to me, as I am not sure that I am clear of it. To sport too much with your wit; or, that game which your wit has pointed out, is surfeiting: like toying with a man's mistress—it may be a very delightful solacement to the inamorato—but little to the bystanders.

Though I plead guilty to a part of this charge, yet 'twould greatly alleviate the crime, if my readers knew how much I suppressed of this desire. I have burnt more wit than I have published upon that very account, since I began to avoid the very fault; I fear, I may have yet given proofs of.

I will reconsider *Slop's Fall*, and my too minute account of it; but, in general, I am persuaded, that the happiness of the Cervantic humour, arises from this very thing—of describing silly and trifling events, with the circumstantial pomp of great ones. Perhaps this is overlooked, and I can ease it. I have a project of getting *Tristram* put into the hands of the Abp. (Archbishop) if he comes down this autumn, which will ease my conscience of all trouble upon the topic of discretion.

I am, dear Sir,

Most truly, your obliged

LAWRENCE STERNE.

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*A Letter from the Right Reverend John Law, Lord Bishop of Elphin, to —*

Elphin, Nov. 6. 1797.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE received your letter, and read it with much pleasure and attention, and agree entirely with you in

the truth of your conclusions, though I don't think that we can *measure* testimony *mathematically*.

Mr. Hume's argument against miracles never made much impression upon my mind, and seemed very little better than one of this sort — there never were any earthquakes, *because we* ourselves have never experienced any: but other people *may*, both earthquakes and miracles.

To say that the course of Nature is *so* uniform, that it never was, nor can be interrupted, is to exclude the Deity from his works: and is a plain begging of the question. Allow a God, and miracles (which are divine interpositions for high and important purposes) instead of being essentially incredible, become probable. A course of nature is then only the mode of the divine agency; and an interruption of its order, the suspension of a law, by the lawgiver.

With respect to human testimony, I think that there may be a degree of testimony, which *cannot deceive*; and that a competent number of credible witnesses, are capable of *proving* an interruption in the course of nature, or any thing that is not impossible. I do not however believe, that we can, strictly speaking, *measure* the value of this testimony, or demonstrate propositions about it *mathematically*. The mensuration of chance I understand, and probabilities: these may be expressed by fractions, because, in every case proposed, the chances concerned may be *precisely numbered*. But, who can tell the proportion of the numerator to the denominator, in a fraction expressing the probability of a fact's happening in the usual course of nature; or, in a fraction, expressing the probability of a miracle, arising from the deposition of one credible witness? In order to do this, we should be able to *measure* the integrity of a witness, and to say, when it is double, or treble, or half that of another.

The probability of facts, and the credibility of those that relate them, are a species of probabilities which admit not, I am afraid, of mathematical computation.

Granting, however, the propriety of *your fractions*, &c., the rest of your reasoning, as yours always will be, is perfectly just.

The paper in the *Phil. Transactions* to which you refer, was written, I believe, by Dr. Halley; and the design of it was, to insinuate, that the evidence for Christianity was a decreasing quantity, and that a time would come, when it would be quite incredible. As if facts could *unhappen*; or what was once true, would not be always so. The whole paper seems to be a misapplication of mathematics.

I am, with the greatest esteem,  
Your very faithful and affectionate servant,

I. ELPHIN.

*From Dr. Samuel Johnson to Francis Fowke, Esq.\**

July 11. 1776.

Sir,

I RECEIVED, some weeks ago, a collection of papers, which contains the trial of my dear friend, JOSEPH

\* Joseph Fowke, Esq., (brother of Francis Fowke) was in the habit of visiting Bath, till the commencement of the present century; when he died at a very advanced age. He was born about 1715: went to India in 1732: remained there till 1748 in the service of the Company; came to England for several years; and returned to India, with the Company's permission to trade as a private merchant. He was again taken into the Company's civil service, in 1778; and remained on the Bengal Establishment till 1788: when he came back to his native country; with a recommendation from Lord Cornwallis, to the Court of Directors, as a person entitled to receive the pension promised to their servants, returning from Bengal, out of employment, and in straitened circumstances. The Court of Directors, however, thought proper to disregard the recommendation,

FOWKE; of whom I cannot easily be induced to think otherwise than well, and who *seems* to have been injured by the prosecution and the sentence. His first desire is, that I should prepare his narrative for the press; his second, that, if I cannot gratify him by publication, I would transmit it to you.

To a compliance with his first request I have this objection, that I live in a reciprocation of civility with Mr. Hastings, and therefore cannot properly diffuse a narrative intended to bring upon him the censure of the public. Of two adversaries, it would be rash to condemn either upon the evidence of the other; and a common friend must keep himself suspended, at least till he has heard both.

I am therefore ready to transmit to you the papers, which have been seen only by myself, and beg to be informed how they may be conveyed to you. I see no legal objection to the publication; and of prudential reasons, Mr. FOWKE and you will be allowed to be fitter judges.

If you would have me send them, let me have proper directions; if a messenger is to call for them, give me notice by the post, that they may be ready for delivery.

To do my dear Mr. FOWKE any good, would give me pleasure; I hope for some opportunity of performing the duties of friendship to him, without violating them with regard to another.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

and refuse the pension. Mr. Fowke had incurred their displeasure, I presume, by having been prosecuted in India, for a *furd*, or libel, against Mr. Hastings; Mr. Barwell; and Mr. Vansittart, in 1775. He had been acquitted in one trial: but fined 50*l.* and obliged to find bail, in the second. The well known *Nundacomar*, and *Rado Churn*, were implicated with Mr. Fowke, in this prosecution. Mr. Fowke was a very sensible and interesting old man.



*From Dr. Samuel Johnson to Joseph Fowke, Esq.*

April 19. 1783.

Dear Sir,

To show you that neither length of time, nor distance of place, withdraws you from my memory, I have sent you a little present, (*a collection of the Doctor's works,*) which will be transmitted by Sir Robert Chambers.

Since we parted, I have suffered much sickness of body, and perturbation of mind. My mind, if I do not flatter myself, is unimpaired, except that, sometimes, my memory is less ready; but my body, though by nature very strong, has given way to repeated shocks;

*Genua labant, vastos quatit æger anhelitus artus.*

This line might have been written on purpose for me: you will see, however, that I have not totally forsaken literature. I can apply better to books, than I could in some more vigorous parts of my life; at least than I did: and I have one more reason for reading,—that time, has, by taking away my companions, left me less opportunity of conversation. I have led an inactive and careless life; it is time at last to be diligent. There is yet provision to be made for eternity.

Let me know, dear sir, what you are doing. Are you accumulating gold, or picking up diamonds? Or are you now sated with Indian wealth, and content with what you have? Have you vigour for bustle, or tranquillity for inaction? Whatever you do, I do not suspect you of plundering or oppressing; and shall rejoice to see you return, with a body unbroken, and a mind uncorrupted.

You and I had hardly any common friends, and therefore I have few anecdotes to relate to you. Mr. Levet, who brought us into acquaintance, died suddenly at my house, last year, in his seventy-eighth year, or about that

age. Mrs. Williams, the blind lady, is still with me, but much broken by a very wearisome and obstinate disease. She is, however, not likely to die; and it would delight me, if you would send her some *petty* token of your remembrance. You may send me one too.

I shall be obliged by any favour that you have opportunity of showing to Mr. Lawrence; he is the son of one of my kindest friends, who is now made useless by a palsy.

Whether we shall ever meet again in this world, who can tell? Let us, however, wish well to each other. Prayers can pass the line, and the tropics.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*A Letter from Andrew Baxter\* to John Wilkes, Esq.*

Whittingham, Jan. 29. 1749-50.

My dearest Mr. Wilkes,

As to the state of my disease, unless I could make suppositions contrary to all probability, I have no rea-

\* The estimable writer of this letter, died shortly after the date which it bears; and left behind him, the character of a holy, intellectual, and benevolent man. Metaphysics; natural philosophy; and divinity; were his pursuits and delight. He was born at Old Aberdeen, in 1687, and died in 1750. Much of his time was spent on the Continent, in the capacity of tutor to various young noblemen. His published works are;

1st, An Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul, &c. 4to. second edition; 2 vols. oct.

2d, An Appendix to the First Part of ditto, in reply to Maclaurin; and afterwards greatly enlarged, &c.

3rd, The Evidence of Reason, in Proof of the Immortality of the Soul &c., collected from the MSS. of Mr. Baxter, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Duncan, Oct. 1779.

The celebrated John Wilkes had the advantage of Mr. Baxter's instruction, in early life; and though it must be confessed that he does not appear

sonable hopes of recovery, the swelling which began at my legs, being now got up to my body and head. I am a trouble to all about me; especially to my poor wife, who has the life of a slave night and day, in helping me to take care of a diseased carcass. Yet, I may linger on a while, as I can still walk a little through the room, and divert myself now and then with reading, nay, and writing down my remarks on what I read. But I can with sincerity assure you, my most dear Mr. Wilkes, death has nothing terrible to me; or rather, I look upon it with pleasure. I have long and often considered and written down, the advantages of a separate state. I shall soon know more than all the men I leave behind me: wonders in material nature and the world of spirits, which never entered into the thoughts of philosophers. The end of knowledge *there* is not to get a name, or form a new sect, but to adore the power and wisdom of the Deity. This kills pride, but heightens happiness and pleasure. All our rational desires, because rational, must be satisfied by a Being, himself infinitely rational. I have long been aware, that nothing can go beyond the grave, but the habits of virtue and innocence. There is no distinction in that world, but what proceeds from virtue and vice. Titles and riches are laid off when the shroud goes on. But, oh! my dearest friend, I cannot conceal from you a topic of my inexpressible pleasure. Punishment is itself pleasant! God does not punish out of envy or revenge, to destroy, as we revengeful men conclude; but to correct and make better. That is the

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to have greatly benefited by it, in a religious or moral point of view; yet, the venerable tutor retained a strong attachment for his pupil, till the hour of his decease. Baxter dedicated to him "The Appendix of his Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul;" and, in that dedication, makes mention of a philosophical conversation which passed between himself and John Wilkes, then 20 years old, in the Capuchins' garden at Spa, in the summer of 1745.



true end of punishment. Boundless punishment would show uncontrollable power; but chastisement, in proportion to our faults, shows the divine perfection of equity; and with a design to correct, not to throw us off, shows mercy. The end of God's punishing us, therefore, is our final happiness. Are not these comfortable topics at the approach of death? Besides; what is it to be free from the pains and infirmities of the body? Though I am satisfied just now, that the weakness of my distressed limbs is as much the immediate effect of that same power and goodness, as their growth and strength was, sixty years ago. Dare I add a word without being thought vain? This is owing to my having reasoned honestly on the nature of that dead substance, *matter*. It is as utterly inert when the tree flourishes, as when the leaf withers: And it is the same divine power differently applied, that directs the last parting throb, and the first drawing breath. Oh the blindness of those who think that *matter* can do any thing of itself! or perform an effect without impulse and direction by immaterial power! As to party philosophers, who are for one side only, and contract a personal dislike to those who are not as stiff; they are to be pitied. I see them making their court to the heads of the party, and thus angling for a little reputation at second hand. It is astonishing, my dear Sir, that all men are forced to own, that *all matter necessarily resists a change of its present state either of rest or action*; and yet, when they come to the genuine consequence of this, to wit, that the Deity performs immediately all that is done in the material universe, they deny the former self-evident truth, and ascribe to this *resisting substance*, a self-motive and self-determining power. I know not one writer on natural philosophy — not one, free from this inconsistency; and though I be the only person, for any thing I know, who has endeavoured to establish the particular providence of the



Deity, and show his constant influence and action on all the parts of matter through the wide universe, from the *inactivity* of this dead substance : yet, I hope, when the present party zeal subsides a little, men will come more easily in to own such a plain truth. And from the same obvious principle, a great many absurd notions in natural philosophy, concerning *powers in matter*, will be rejected. I own, if it had been the will of Heaven, I would have gladly lived till I had put in order the second part of the *Enquiry*, showing the immortality of the human soul : but Infinite Wisdom cannot be mistaken in calling me sooner — our blindness makes us form wishes. I have left seven or eight MS. books, where all the materials I have been collecting for near thirty years, are put down without any order in the book that came next to hand in the place or circumstance I was in at the time. I took all these papers to Holland with me, thinking to put them in order there ; but you know that was impossible ; and since I came home I have been prevented, either by looking over country affairs, or by want of health. There are a great many arguments in philosophy of a very serious nature, few of them brought forward before as I know of : but, as I have hinted above, the doctrine of *separate existence* will make every good man humble, on the deepest researches we make here, and which we are prone to be vain of.

Thus, I have written you every thing I had to say ; and it will be kind of you to send me a *last* letter. I wish you and Mrs. Wilkes all possible prosperity ; and though I cannot do you any service here, yet, I hope our friendship will never end.

ANDREW BAXTER.

*From John Wilkes\*, Esq. to Lady Macdonald.*

Prince's Court, Sept. 18. 1779.

MAY I be permitted, dear Madam, to add a few words to Miss Wilkes's letter; for I find I cannot direct the cover, till I have assured you of the sincere esteem and regard, which you will always command from me.

I do not venture to write a word of news, that I may not disturb the tranquillity of your present peaceful scene; every thing here breathes tumult and confusion: our peace-officers are become bullies, and although totally unfit for war, are every hour breaking the peace of Westminster, as much as the French have done that at Paris. Poor London is outdone: we had there one Lumber-troop, Westminster now furnishes twenty, and all like the guests at a certain supper, — the halt, the lame, and the blind. Arms are given to the greatest rascals in the country, to plunder on the first confusion.

I must mention a spirited act of a Scot, of Sir John Lockhart Ross; when our fleet was retiring up the Channel, he ordered the dead-lights to be put out in his cabin, and a large tarpaulin to cover the wooden figure on the stern of the Royal George, that the King might appear in mourning, during the retreat of the fleet. I grieve to hear that the pursers of our men of war insure their property now, which never appeared till the present inglorious year.

\* John Wilkes, during the latter part of his life, spent much of his time at his marine villa, at the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. When I was engaged in collecting materials for my projected "History of Hampshire," I called on the *mighty Whig*, both to gratify my curiosity, and to obtain a patron for my work. He was either not at home; or, *keeping secret house*. I wrote to him; and enclosed my elaborate plan in the letter. But, no answer ever reached me. He had sufficient sagacity to see, at a glance, that the *man* was disproportioned to the *scheme*: and, very wisely, took no thought on "Proposals" which could never be followed by realisation!

In this gloom of the political horizon, I am contented that dreary winter approaches; and I shall hail the fogs of November, because I hope they will bring your amiable family to the warm capital from the bleak north.

The parliamentary campaign will begin early for your amusement; and if it did not take too much money out of your pocket, it would be almost as entertaining as Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden theatres. I hope it will not end in a deep tragedy, after the ridiculous farce which we have played so long, amid the groans of a too patient audience.

I do not wonder that the prince of the powers of the air raised such a storm on Miss Bosville's \* birth-day. He must hate such sweetness and excellence, and therefore the gentle zephyrs which were coming to pay their court, were frightened away by his boisterousness: but, a charming group of loves and graces attended, and joined the festive train. In fancy's eye, I saw them mingling in the merry dance: and afterwards indulging in the floral games of the Gallery, till "jocund day  
" stood tip-toe on the misty mountain's top."

My best compliments attend Mr. and Miss Bosville; and I beg you will believe me with great truth, dear madam, your obliged and very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

\* Sister to Lady Macdonald.

*From Francis Grose, Esq. to the Rev. Mr. Jackson,  
Christchurch, Hants.*

January 29. 1790.

Dear Sir,

I DID not receive yours until yesterday evening, business having prevented your son from delivering it sooner. I am happy to hear you and Mrs. J. are well, and much obliged to you for the state of Christchurch, in which I feel myself greatly interested, having spent many happy hours there; and I hope still to spend a few more, having received a very polite invitation from the present Prior, of which I mean to avail myself, though not immediately, having, by my long absence from England, a long leeway to fetch up.

With respect to the Culinary Antiquities, I shall at all times be ready to give every assistance in my power to any friend of yours; unluckily I can be of little use here, as I am not expert at the human figure, landscape being my forte. However, I think I can give such sketches as may serve the gentleman's purpose.

In the Roman entertainment, the guests should be all lying on couches, or one large couch, as was the custom after luxury had got a footing among them. I think there are several prints representing such feasts. One or more, in Stapleton's Translation of Juvenal. If not, the appearance is not difficult to conceive.

The Saxon, or Gothic entertainment, I would divide into two, ecclesiastical and civil. In the first, I would represent the installation of a bishop, and place on the table a porpoise or swan, and other magnificent dishes, a sewer on horseback preceding the removes.

In the civil feast, the barons and knights, divested of their armour, accompanied by ladies. The difference



between the upper and lower tables to be particularly marked. These sketches I will attempt to do, but cannot promise them sooner than ten days. — Apropos. — Desire your friend to look at an ancient black-letter book, called “The Dial of Princes,” where he will find two very extraordinary ornamental dishes — cats in paste, and mares in jelly.

N.B. — I quote by memory.

Adieu. — I am, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

F. GROSE.

I sincerely rejoice to hear my Lord Bute is like to get the better of his dreadful accident.

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*From the same to the Rev. R. Warner.*

High Holborne, March 18. 1791.

Sir,

I HAVE by some accident mislaid your letter, so answer it only by memory. I think you wished to know the title of the book, wherein the strange dishes I alluded to are mentioned; it is “The Dial of Princes,” compiled by Don Anthony Guevara, chronicler to the Emperor Charles Vth. Printed by Richard Tottill, A.D. 1582. This is an abbreviation of the title. As the passage in question is very short, I have here transcribed it, though I think the whole chapter would be very pertinent to your subject. Chapter 18th. fol. 434. This Chapter is entitled, “That Nobles and beloved of Princes exceede not in superfluous fare, and that they be not too sumptuous in their meats, a notable Chapter for those that use too much delicacy and superfluitie.”

Page 436. “I sawe also at another feast such kindes

“ meates eaten, as are wont to be sene, but not eaten, as  
 “ a *horse rosted*, a *cat in gely*, little lysars (lizards) with  
 “ whot broth ; frogges fried ; and divers other sortes of  
 “ meates, which I sawe them eate ; but I never knew  
 “ what they were till they were eaten.”

In a Collection of Rules and Regulations for the Government of the King's Household, published this year by the Society of Antiquaries ; there is at the end a Treatise on Ancient Cookery ; and my friend Mr. Douce of Grays-Inn, has in MS. another of the time of Henry VIth, which has never been printed.

In a Collection of Odd Passages, on different subjects that have occurred to me in my reading, I have a prohibition against eating \* \* \* and other filthy matters of the same kind. I have lent out the book ; but will send for it, and transcribe the passage for you. It will greatly abate the surprize of those persons who wonder that seals and porpoises should find their way to the tables of the great.

If there is any thing in which I can be of the least use to you, I beg you will command me. Nothing can give me more pleasure than obliging any of Mr. J.'s friends.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GROSE.

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*From the same to the same.*

London, April 4. 1791.

Sir,

HEREWITH you have the “ Dial of Princes,” which I beg you would keep till you have quite done with it, if you return it in the winter, or send it with your book, it will be quite time enough.

I have been hunting for the horrid receipt for dressing a duck alive, but cannot find the book in which I think

it is; but have written to a friend who has the book, and will communicate his answer in a post or two. I am certain as to the fact of there being such an article, but not quite so clear as to the book.

Knives and forks make a curious article in Tom Coriat, who says his familiar friends scrupled not to call him *Furcifer*, for using a fork. *Fines Morrison*, in his Travels, advises the leaving off the fork in England, as being a piece of refinement or foppery. As I have him at hand, I will transcribe the passage. "Also I admonish him, after his return home, to renew his old friendships: and as souldiers in a good commonwealth, when the warre is ended, return to the works of their calling, (like the followers of Mercury, as well as of Mars;) so that he returning home, lay aside the *spoone* and *forke* of Italy, the affected gestures of France, and all strange apparell; yea, even those manners, which with good judgement he allowes, if they be disagreeable to his countrymen."

Cooks seem to have been persons of consequence in the households of our princes. Witness the manor of Addington, given by the Conqueror to his cook, and still held by the service of presenting the king at his coronation with a dish of plumb water-gruel, called *de la groule*; for the making of which there is the recipe preserved in some of the public offices. The dress is likewise settled, it is a laced *bib* and *apron*. Though that part of the ceremonial, on the installation of knights of the bath, where the master cook threatens to cut off the spurs of any knight who shall misbehave, seems rather to degrade his office. The master cook is, I likewise believe, the executioner for cutting off the hand of any person who shall strike another within the verge of the Court.

In some extracts from the books of account in the chest of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Sandwich, A. D.

1596, among the expenses of entertaining the mayor with a dinner upon St. Bartholomew's day, is the following item: — “ For turnyng the spytte, iiijd.”

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RESPECTING THE TIMES OF EATING.

*Extract from the Haven of Health, by Thomas Cogan, Master of Arts, and Bachelor of Physicke.*

OF DINNER. — “ When foure houres be past after  
 “ breakfast, a man may safely taste his dinner; and the  
 “ most convenient time for dinner is about eleven of the  
 “ clocke before noon. Yet Diogenes the philosopher,  
 “ when he was asked the question what time was best  
 “ for a man to dine; he answered, for a rich man when  
 “ he will, but for a poore man when he may. But the  
 “ usuall time for dinner in the Universities is eleven,  
 “ and elsewhere about noone. At Oxford, in my time,  
 “ they used commonly at dinner boyled biefe with  
 “ pottage, bread and beere, and no more; the quantity  
 “ of biefe was in value an half-a-penny for one man;  
 “ sometimes, if hunger constrayned, they would double  
 “ their commons.”

OF SUPPER. “ About foure houres, or sixe after we  
 “ have dined, the time is convenient for *supper*, which  
 “ *in the Universities is about five of the clock*, in the after-  
 “ noone: and in poore men's houses when leizure will  
 “ serve.”

Having thus set down every thing that occurs to me at present; I shall conclude with my best wishes for your health: and am, Dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS GROSE.



*From Mrs. M. Hartley to the Rev. W. Gilpin.*

Belvedere, April.

I WILL not *dispute* with you, dear Sir, on any point ; but I cannot entirely allow the justness of your criticism on the *muscipula* : — If Holdsworth calls all the principality of Wales together ; Homer, you know, in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, (if that be Homer's,) calls all the gods and goddesses together : and that is more than a sufficient precedent.

As to my situation at Bath, it is not so much in society as you imagine : no one lives so much alone. It is true, that I do like society, if it be very small, and very select. But my brother does not like even that : he loves to be alone ; or, if he converse, it is only with me, now and then ; or with some of his own particular friends. If he hear a rap, or if any visitor call upon me, he flies to his room directly. I do not like to be deprived of his company thus ; and therefore, I am almost always denied. This is a trifling sacrifice to a dear brother, with whom I have lived for above forty years, in the most intimate and confidential friendship ; and whose kind heart makes me full amends for every concession to his taste. I rather wish, for the cheerfulness of his own mind, that he liked society better than he does ; but, he never did in any part of his life ; although he is, at times, so extremely animated in conversation, that many people think him the most sociable and conversable man in the world. But I know well, that, after having thus mixed with company, he *must* have his retreat in solitude, to recruit his spirits : he cannot do without it. Besides he is always thinking ; his mind is always bent upon some important objects : some of them have been, and some may still be, of great importance to the world. I am proud to say,

that he communicates his thoughts to me: *that* makes conversation between us interesting to both; and I feel my lot much more satisfactory so, than if my time was engrossed by the chit-chat of my acquaintance. Yet I have some very valuable friends, whom I see at particular times, when I find it convenient, and when my brother is otherwise engaged. When Dr. Maclaine is with me, he will sometimes join our party. But I have not seen the Doctor very often lately. His mind, poor man, must be under great anxiety for his two sons, who are both in Holland. His daughter is with him here, a very amiable young woman; and they seem to live together in as much friendship and confidence, as my brother and I do. Dr. Maclaine is a man of a very benign and placid disposition: he retains his cheerfulness, and seems to rest contented with his present lot, though I apprehend his fortune has suffered by the changes in Holland; and I am told, that he is not able to live in the style that he has been accustomed to. He has taken a very small house on the opposite side of the way; but he speaks of it as a situation that he likes very much; because the air is clear, healthy, and pleasant. He is much esteemed and respected; and that is the only thing a man wants in old age, beyond clothes and food. The taste for the vanities of life, wears off as years advance. One evening, when he was here, since I received your last, I entered into conversation with him, about the *Moravians*. He says, that their devotion is almost entirely addressed to Jesus Christ, under the title of "the Lamb;" but, they seldom speak of God. He went into one of their chapels here, when they were singing their introductory hymn (with which they always begin). He does not recollect the beginning of the first line; but what followed was thus: —

" Though devils roar, the slaughter'd Lamb we still adore."

He says, the phrases in their prayers and hymns, are enthusiastic, and often extremely indecent. I imagine this is the principal censure he has passed upon them, in his translation of Mosheim; though I have not read that book. He tells me, that since he has been at Bath, a Moravian minister addressed him in the pump-room; and making himself known to him, enquired whether he had any intention to publish another edition of Mosheim; and expressed himself as very much hurt, by the censures he had cast upon the Moravians. Dr. Maclaine answered, that he had received his information from Bishop Warburton, and from that authority on which he thought he might depend; but, that if he had been mistaken, and if the Moravian who then addressed him could rectify his errors, and give him any proofs that he had written an unjust censure, he would most readily insert a paragraph in contradiction. He desired the Moravian to call upon him, that he might talk it over with him; but the man never came, although he lives in Bath. Some years ago, Dr. Maclaine conversed much with Mr. Hutton, a Moravian, who was at the Hague, but who is now dead. I knew him well formerly: he was a worthy, benevolent, simple-minded man; Dr. Maclaine speaks highly of him: but he was surprised, that in their frequent conversations, he never spoke of the note upon the Moravians. At last Dr. Maclaine mentioned it to him, and said, "I wonder, Hutton, that you never say any thing to me about the note I put into Mosheim." But Hutton, he says, did not seem much inclined to converse on the subject; and never entered into it in any future conversation. Of the Moravians who are settled in Holland, Dr. Maclaine speaks well. He says, there is a large establishment, under the protection of a Swedish count whose name I have forgotten. They are a very sober, industrious, ingenuous set of people; regulated by laws



of their own, with regard to their mode of living, their professions, their marriages, their families, &c. : — very earnest in their own tenets ; but very inoffensive to others. Of their zeal, and their earnest endeavours to do good, they have given a most noble instance, in the hazardous mission they undertook, to the cold, savage, n hospitable coast of Labrador. I believe it was the worthy Hutton himself, who came to the Hague to solicit protection and encouragement to this plan ; but I shall enquire farther about it when I see Dr. Maclaine again. He says, that the hardships, the difficulties, the dangers, which the Moravians underwent in this mission, and the good they did, is almost incredible. I had no opportunity to hear much from him about Zinzendorf ; for when I had just mentioned the name, our conversation was interrupted. I shall, perhaps, have some other opportunity to resume the subject. But I do not see Dr. Maclaine, or any visitor often. He is, indeed, a new acquaintance to me ; it was only last spring, that Mrs. Holroyd, (Lord Sheffield's sister,) brought him to visit me first. Therefore, what I have said of him, is more from the reports of others, than from my own knowledge, except, that I see his manners to be gentle, and placid ; and that I find his conversation to be entertaining. He has seen a great deal of the world ; has conversed with a vast variety of people at the Hague ; and is full of anecdote.

I have already made this a very long letter, but I am tempted still to enlarge it a little, because I can have a frank *as big as I please* from an old friend, George Hammond, once my brother's secretary, (when he was plenipo. to the American States at Paris,) and now Under Secretary of State, in Lord Grenville's office. I must therefore add a few words on painting ; for I have just received two interesting prints, which I subscribed for, some months ago, of the Battle of the Nile : from



Pocock. These are coloured prints, and better coloured than prints generally are; yet I am told, that they are very inferior to the original drawings. —

I have had a little more conversation with Dr. Mac-laine about the Moravians; but I have not much that is new to communicate to you; except, that he speaks well of Zinzendorf, as a man of a virtuous, and moral character; though unhappily misled by the fanatical tenets of his sect. Of those tenets, and of the improper tendency of the expressions in their hymns, he speaks as he did before; but, notwithstanding that, he confirms what he told me of the good qualities of the Moravians, who are settled at Utrecht, under the protection of the Swedish Count Renstraw; of their sobriety, industry, and domestic virtues. He likewise enlarged upon the heroism of those Moravian missionaries, who braved all the dangers of cold, hunger, hardships of every kind, and the savage ferocity of the natives of Greenland, Labrador, and other northern parts of America. Whatever enthusiasm may prompt, such hazardous undertakings for the good of mankind, must have a virtuous motive, however absurdity may be mixed with it.

I find I was mistaken when I told you, that my old friend Hutton went to the Hague, to solicit protection and encouragement to this plan, from the Dutch government. He might have some consultation, and probably had, with the Moravians, and with their patron, Count Renstraw: but his principal object was, to obtain from the French, who were then in possession of Canada, permission for the missionaries to settle in the northern parts of their dominion; and he passed on from the Hague to Versailles.

Yours, &c. M. H.

*From the same to the same.*

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been so unlucky as to mislay your last letter, and at the moment I received it, I was so very busy, and so very anxious about the occupation in which I was employed, that I was scarcely able to read it; therefore I fear I shall be little able to answer it by memory; yet I am tempted to write now, because I can get a letter franked by a very worthy and agreeable acquaintance, who will be gone from Bath in a few days more.

I observe, that when I tell you I am too much hurried to write, you look upon it as one of those apologies which are so common among correspondents; and, as I recollect in your last, you seemed to think that I declined the subject of our late letters from indolence; but that is not the case. I only *defer* it — at least I defer thinking about it, till I have more leisure. Whether I shall venture to *write* to you about it, I am not sure; for I am very sensible of my inability to enter into any argument with you; and when I find that we differ, although I know not how to give up my opinion while unconvinced, yet I have many little feelings, that it is much more probable *I* should be in the wrong, than *you*. I am not much flattered with the epithet of *free-thinker*; though there was a time when I should have been. I remember, when I was very young, that I conceived a *free-thinker* to be a man of a free, noble, liberal mind; candid and unprejudiced: but I soon learnt, that in the usual acceptation, it meant deist, atheist, profligate, and every thing abominable. Therefore I am now cautious of associating my name with such a class. I desire no freedom of sentiment, which is contradictory to Christianity; and if it was clearly proved to me that the doctrine of *final salvation to all men* was contrary to Scripture, I should be

dumb, and submit with humility to the too dreadful tenet of everlasting punishment—with the same humility which makes me acquiesce in many other things that I do not understand. Those which you mention are certainly unintelligible to us. We know not why brutes often suffer so severely, neither do we know what state they have been in before they entered this world; nor whether they are to enter into any successive state. We know nothing about them. But, with regard to *our own* present and future state, we receive many informations from Scripture, and the subject is very interesting to us. It cannot be wrong to search into it, as far as our capacities will permit. The words which threaten everlasting punishment to the guilty, are understood by some learned men to be *absolutely* and *metaphysically* eternal; but I find there are other learned men who think those words have a more *undetermined* and *general* sense, and are used very often to express a *limited period*. While, therefore, I perceive that there are various opinions on this subject, I do not conceive myself bound to submit to either; I must remain in uncertainty, which yet I do, with the utmost confidence in the goodness of God. However my understanding may be incompetent for speculative researches, my heart at least is *sure*, that He is our father and protector.

I was very busy when I wrote to you last summer, studying a book, entitled *The Mystery of Salvation to all Men*, as opened in the New Testament. It has no name, but I have been told the author is in America, and I should guess a dissenter. The work is very learned in many parts — *too* learned for *me*; and the style, where I can understand it, seems to me the most embarrassed and the awkwardest that ever I read. But there are arguments which appear to have great weight; particularly in his criticisms upon the sense of several passages, which he thinks favour his opinion. I felt much

interested in the reflections which this book brought to my mind; particularly with regard to my father's opinions; but I have been forced to lay it aside, and to devote all my time and thoughts to subjects of a very different kind, which are more positively my present duty. Some time or other, I hope to have leisure again for these disquisitions; and, if you permit me, may perhaps trouble you again, though it will be always with great deference for talents and abilities, far more able to investigate them than I can ever possess. I own it is a strong presumption on your side of the question, that a man of so benevolent a mind as Mr. F., and so biassed to the doctrine of universal salvation, should yet give up so consolatory a hope, upon a re-examination of the Scriptures.

Your's sincerely,

M. HARTLEY.

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*From Dr. Cogan to the Rev. Richard Warner.*

Dear Sir,

YOUR friendly annotations oblige me much. I perceive, that notwithstanding all the pains I have taken, to be accurate in expressing my ideas, I have sometimes failed: and the admonitions of a friend, are the best protection against the attacks of a foe.

Your remark, that *association* is universally the source of recollection, is certainly just. When I gave limitations, my thoughts were directed alone to those capricious causes which we cannot always trace; and I have corrected the passage in conformity to this sense. I perceive, by your objections to my description of volition, that I had forgotten the exercise of this power, in the very exertions of every other, excepting involuntary perception; which I must certainly advert to.



The different powers of the mind are so closely united in the same act, that it is difficult to separate them. I thought this undertaking an essential part of my plan: I foresaw that it would be as I have found, that it has been difficult: and, I assure you, I fully expected the detection of many more errors. — That part concerning *volition* is the most difficult of any, from the diversity of senses it contains, particularly in the English language. I envy the *ουκ εθελησω* of the Greek. *I will not will*, sounds like a will and a will not, at the same instant. I had prepared a note concerning liberty and necessity, in order to bring my ideas of *volition*, and particularly, concerning the precise nature of a motive, to the test. But, upon second thoughts, I am resolved not to deviate even in the notes, into a subject so remote from the one before me. Your remark concerning an inference being the result of the reasoning powers, is true, in a general sense; but there is such a thing as a conjectural inference: all analogical reasoning is of this kind; which is, I think, a suggestion of the imagination first, and is not a true logical inference, until the judgment is assured by reasoning, that it is just. Hence we say, I *imagine* that in consequence of one fact, some other that is contingent will follow. What you allege will, I believe, render a NOTE necessary. I read Dugald Stewart's Chapter on the Imagination, after I had exhausted my own ideas, with much pleasure. He has taken a road which my plan will not permit me to follow; but I am glad to find his sentiments, in general, are consonant with what I have advanced. I shall make honourable mention of him in a note; though I shall point out what I think an inaccuracy, in his giving an *analytic* power to the *imagination*; and another, where he places the faculty of *invention* in taste. A boy will *relish* a plumb-pudding, which he has not *invented* nor *made*. I am obliged to you for the quota-

tions you have inserted: they are beautiful and appropriate to the subject, but inconsistent with my plan. The beauties of poetry may be illustrated by their conformity to certain established principles; but I dare not bring their authority as an evidence. Besides, as I am treating a subject, to which every thing in nature, in art, in customs, and manners, is applicable, I found myself necessitated to check a propensity I once had; for I found I should plunge into an ocean, and perhaps drown myself and my subject. Could I flatter myself that this work would attract that attention to which my persevering assiduity for several years gives it some claim; it will be an amusement, and a relaxation, to give a future edition, with an interesting selection of passages from poets, historians, and travellers, illustrative of some of the leading traits of the human mind.

The Chapter I now send you, terminates the second disquisition. You will equally oblige me and the printer, by returning it as expeditiously as possible. The business of the Agricultural Society has prevented me, hitherto, from revising and amending some parts of the third disquisition, before I submit it to your inspection. Though last, it is not least, nor least beloved; for it treats copiously of *happiness*.

I have sent the note I mentioned, for your opinion. It is too concise for so important a subject, and might not give full satisfaction; but I think it peeps at daylight. I have also enclosed the small pamphlet I had intended to announce in the note which accompanied a former parcel; but I have changed my design. You will please to accept of it as a small token of my respect.

I subscribe myself, Dear Sir,

Your obliged friend,

T. COGAN.

P. S. In page 60. in the pamphlet, the printer has charged mothers and nurses with *impudence*; assure Mrs. W. I have done nothing more, than charge them with *imprudence*.

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*The following humorous Letter was written by Mrs. Wynne, the eldest Daughter of Dr. Parr, to the Chairman of the Warwick Cow-pox Committee.*

Sir,

HAVING seen, by favour of a medical friend, the late most judicious and irrefragable publication of the Warwick Cow-pox Committee, I am induced by their conspicuous wisdom and science, to lay before them an accurate account of a new method of annihilating that scourge of mankind, the small-pox. I think, Sir, that the virtuous abhorrence in which the Committee hold this destructive enemy to the human race, will preclude all objections to my method, and obviate the stale and narrow prejudices which might arise against it as a novelty. It is now three years, Sir, since I was summoned to a young gentleman belonging to Westminster school, who laboured under a disease which greatly alarmed his boarding dame, by the strangeness of the symptoms and the suddenness of the attack; I found the patient with a slight degree of fever, attended with a small alteration of voice, and a trivial elongation of the ears. I confess, Sir, these symptoms at first distressed me; but, upon observing a number of small pimples of an ash-coloured hue, I exclaimed, Eureka! and hailed myself as the discoverer of the ass-pox; for, Sir, upon making the common enquiries, I found the patient had been accustomed to ride in Tothill Fields upon jack-asses, and he

had assisted in rubbing down one which was much diseased; shortly after which he became rather stupid, and the above-mentioned symptoms increased. For the ears I ordered an oleaginous liniment, and then a strengthening embrocation, which soon contracted them within their accustomed limits. The patient's dislike to usual nourishments was vexatious, till I luckily ordered thistle broth with soaked oats to be administered. On the fourth day he became convalescent; and on the sixth, every symptom subsided. He returned to school, and has since been more docile than before the ass-pox. This young gentleman, and many hundreds of patients, who have been under my inspection, favoured with zebrine inoculation, have since been eighteen, twenty, and even forty times inoculated, without any effect. About this time I was called to attend the late patient's brother in the cow-pox, and found, Sir, the horny excrescences on the os frontis had already attained to a formidable height: that the hoofs were hard and thick; and though I had sustained some surprise from the voice of my other patient, it was nothing when compared with what I endured from the bellowing of a bull in a bed-chamber. Indeed the patient told me, with tears in his eyes, that when he first made complaint of illness, the master, usher, and boys ran with all speed out of the school. I assure you, Sir, that I treated this case according to the Jennerian rules; but more than once I found it would be necessary to have recourse to the knife, in order to eradicate the horns and hoofs, which even resisted the lunar caustic. After a tedious and painful confinement, we at length obtained hope of recovery, which was, however, retarded by the patient going to wash his hoofs in the Thames, just at the moment when a fanatical methodist preacher was haranguing his congregation on the devil's visible appearance to sinners: the mob, Sir, espying the hoofs of my patient, exclaimed that Satan was at hand, and forth-



with his disciples, by their outrages, so disturbed the gentleman's spirits, that his fever was much prolonged. It cannot escape the observation of so wise a Committee, that the symptoms of zebrine inoculation are even less alarming than the inestimable cow-pox, nor can there exist the smallest objection to the propagation of a disease amongst the poor; of which the remedy is so cheap, and so easily procured. In short, Sir, I expect, nay, almost demand, that, in return for my communications, you shall compose another *little book*; and an exhortation recommending inoculation for the ass-pox, in Warwick and its vicinity; which places, I am told, are very remarkably favourable to a trial of this new disease. I shall now, Sir, proceed to state some farther most important discoveries to which I was led by my detestation of the small-pox — my incapacity to endure bellowing — the want of zebrine matter, — and the destruction of four cases of surgical instruments, by attempting to conquer horns and hoofs. By accurate investigation, I found that matter was frequently formed at the bottom of the quills of diseased geese, and I proceeded to inoculate my two apprentices therewith; the disease answered my most sanguine expectations, except that the intellects of these lads have not been so lively since inoculation; but as they are intended for country practitioners, this accident is of no consequence. I desisted, however, from anserine inoculation in London, and, after various experiments on different animals, I was so lucky as at length to find blotches containing laudable pus behind the ears of a hog. I immediately requested my wife to be the first porcine patient, but my arguments and entreaties were in vain; Mrs. Bincks actually refused so resolutely, that I was obliged to perform the operation upon myself, and found the result favourable. My wife, however, who is strangely prejudiced against novelties, pretends, indeed, to have discovered in me

an unusual degree of obstinacy lately, but that I consider as mere calumny.

I am, Sir,  
Your most obedient and most humble servant,  
RALPH BINCKS.\*

*From David Hartley to the Earl of Charlemont.*

Bath, May 7. 1799.

My Lord,

I HAVE been very happy lately, to have had an opportunity of hearing of Your Lordship by a lady now at this place; but it has not been, nor is it still, without much anxiety for Your Lordship's health; however, the most recent accounts are the most favourable, and will, I hope, be followed by restoration to health. This is my most anxious hope, for a most valuable public, as well as private life. I trust that Your Lordship will accept this as the truth from my heart. My sister joins in the fullest sincerity with me, and returns to Your Lordship her grateful thanks for your kind remembrance of her.

I have wished for a long time past, to communicate some particulars to Your Lordship, on a subject which now gives me the greatest anxiety, from the apprehension of finding myself deeply, though not ostensibly, involved in public and national concerns, beyond the reach of a private individual.

In the month of December, 1796, a certain memorial was presented to the personage to whom it referred, with a letter of apology for the interference. I have no reason to suppose that the interference (resting there) has given offence.

\* It was not till the body of my work was printed off, that I found this supposed original letter had been printed in Dr. S. Johnstone's interesting Memoirs of Dr. Parr, p. 649.

There can be no doubt that the contents of the memorial have been known to the administration, from the time of its presentation. It is equally certain that the contents have not been made public by the memorialist, because the real contents are still unknown to the public. Therefore the responsibility of subsequent measures in Ireland, rests solely with the administration. They have not been urged by any incitement of popular adoption to a plan, which, to use a popular phrase, might have been esteemed a proud day for Ireland.

The communication was made by the memorialist to the second personage of the kingdom, with the most decided reserve of the rights of the king.

Since that time no private communications have been made of that memorial. Any communication *antecedent* to that time was free; and it is my desire that it should still remain free.

All communications of national concern, after the act of communicating, cease to be the private or personal property of the party communicating. Thoughts are free; but participation, *ipso facto*, conveys public right to all parties whose personal properties or rights, or whose proportional share in national interests, may be involved either directly or eventually.

I have a long time been discontented with myself, for not having transmitted the foregoing transactions and thoughts to your lordship, at an earlier period: but negative prudence has restrained me, though with constant regret. My hesitations and motives were equipoised.

Soon after the presentation of the memorial, a promiscuous discussion took place in the public papers of this country, nearly approaching, but not closely pertinent to any of the arguments of that memorial — and totally foreign to the fundamental parts of that memorial — which have never been disclosed to the public.

I have therefore maintained my station in silence: but, not without vigilant circumspection. Subsequent horrors of civil war scarcely closed; and the most jealous of all objects of national *contention*, though bearing the name of *union*, still urged and depending, have raised my anxieties to the extremest degree, lest I should find myself involved, beyond the scale of private opinion, in arguments of the deepest political discussion — speculative in times past; now too momentous for private interference.

But, if I were to address administration, it should be concisely thus: —

“Mecum ut voles — cum republica redi in Gratiam.”

I have not been unmindful of the cause of Ireland.

“Rescue Ireland — and all will do well. The fate of the three kingdoms will proceed from Ireland. So far I am a unionist, most sincerely and inflexibly — *To stand or fall together.*” Your lordship knows the rest.

My sister joins in sincerest wishes for the health and happiness of your lordship, and of your family. I have heard of Lord Caulfield lately in England. Upon any other such occasion, I should be happy to have the honour of being introduced to him, to continue my attachment to your lordship’s family.

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. HARTLEY.\*

\* Lord Charlemont had been long in a very declining state of health: and when he received the above letter he appeared to be nearly approaching to the close of his life: an event which took place not long after, to the regret of all good men, and true friends of their country.

He was scarcely able to write: but his anxiety at the alarming aspect of public affairs, an anxiety which probably hastened his end — as well as his friendship for David Hartley; urged him to return the subsequent letter on the 14th May: which was, indeed, almost as speedily, as the post could return from Ireland.



*From the Earl of Charlemont\* to Dr. Hartley.*

Dublin, May 14th, 1799.

Sir,

THOUGH utterly disabled by the miserable state of my health, from *answering* your letter, no surmountable

\* The following eloquent eulogy on this truly great man, was pronounced by Mr. Grattan, in the Irish House of Commons, in his answer to Lord Clare, on the union debate in 1800.

“ In the list of injured characters, I beg leave to say a few words for the good and gracious Earl of Charlemont. An attack, not only on his measures, but on his representative, makes his vindication seasonable.

“ Formed to unite aristocracy and the people ; with the manners of a court, and the principles of a patriot ; with the flame of liberty, and the love of order ; unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom, a veneration for order : and cast on the crowd that followed him, the calm lustre of his own accomplishments ; so that the very rabble grew civilised, as it approached his person.

“ For years did he preside over a great army, without pay or reward ; and he helped to accomplish a great revolution, without a drop of blood.

“ Let slaves utter their slander at the glory which is conferred by the people. His name will stand ! And when their clay shall be gathered to the dirt to which they belong ; His monument, whether in marble, or in the hearts of his countrymen, shall be consulted, as a subject of sorrow, and a source of virtue.”

Mr. Redmond Barry saw Lord Charlemont four or five days previous to his decease. He was even then able to receive his intimate friends ; and he conversed cheerfully. He remarked, that he had no appetite, and was exceedingly weak ; but added, that he felt no pain. During Mr. Barry's visit, Lady Charlemont came into the chamber, and expressed a wish, that he would go into his bed ; as she thought him too weak to sit up. His Lordship replied, that he would rather not : “ for ” said he “ if I once lie down, I shall never rise again.” On the succeeding day, he found himself obliged to take to his bed, and his prediction was verified ; he never rose again. Mr. Barry said, that the powers of nature seemed to have been quite exhausted : but, as their decay had been without suffering, so their extinction was without struggle or groan.

The body of Lord Charlemont was interred at Armagh, on the 10th of August 1799.

A private funeral had been intended by the family : but through what

difficulty can possibly prevent me from, at least, acknowledging its receipt, and thanking you for the honour you have done me by your kind communication; and I the rather wish to send you this very inadequate return for your goodness; because, concise as I am compelled to be, I can, in the very few words I am able to write, declare my opinion, that the very honest and honourable transaction to which you allude, ought not to affect you with the slightest anxiety. Your *memorial*, though unattended by the consequences you wished, must, necessarily, have been highly pleasing to the great personage to whom it was addressed: and your advice might have been followed, had it not been for many intervening, and then unforeseen reasons; among which, the principal appears to me, the impossibility that any person, however dignified, could, as has been clearly shown by recent events, have held the situation you recommend, secure from the machinations of his enemies, to frustrate his good intentions, to degrade, and to disgrace *him*.

This wretched country, the situation of which is, I am convinced, one principal cause of my ailments, appears now to be at the crisis of its fate: invasion seems to

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ever place his beloved remains were carried, almost every individual in it, was eager to pay a last tribute of affection and gratitude, to the patriot and philanthropist the friend of Ireland, and of human kind. The corps of yeomanry, of which his Lordship was captain, joined the procession, with arms reversed. A long train of carriages belonging to the nobility, gentry, and clergy, followed the mourning coaches; and these were succeeded by an immense concourse of people. The procession, notwithstanding its magnitude, was silent and orderly; slow and solemn. The Primate of Ireland, Dr. Newcome; and Lord Lifford, Dean of Armagh, performed the funeral obsequies. The demeanour of all present on the awful occasion, was deeply expressive of their sincere sorrow, at the loss of a man, eminently distinguished for every quality that adorns private life; and who, in his public capacity, displayed an uniform tenor of disinterested patriotism, unwarped by party spirit; and untainted by any venal or ambitious purpose.

hang over it; and intestine commotion, aggravated and inflamed by a long course of misgovernance, preys upon its vitals. Nor yet content with the horrors ever attendant on internal and external hostility, our ill fortune has roused against us, even those whom we have ever esteemed our best and surest friends! Next to the liberty of my country, its perpetual connection with its beloved sister, has ever been the dearest object of my heart; the gratification of which could only have been endangered by the plan now in agitation; this *disuniting* union, a measure which I reprobate as an Irishman, and, if possible, still more as a member of the empire, and an adorer of the British constitution.

But, I will trust, that these black clouds will be dissipated; and that our firmness may yet have the honour of saving the three kingdoms; with which comfortable hope I will conclude; not indeed being able to write more, and with assuring you, that I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged and most obedient servant,

CHARLEMONT.

Please to present my sincere respects to your amiable and truly estimable sister. My grateful compliments also to the friendly lady who, I believe, enclosed your letter; and whose company I should envy you, if indeed I could envy *you* any pleasure.

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*From Sir Thomas Lawrence to Mrs. M. Hartley.*

April 23. 1787.

Madam,

I do myself the honour once more to address you; and again to express my thanks, for the trouble you have taken, in procuring me the sight of so many fine



pictures ; and particularly feel indebted for my introduction to Lady Middleton ; who has kindly offered me the view of her pictures at all times, with liberty of copying any that I wish, which I shall immediately avail myself of, and take this opportunity to improve in the study of oils, which is what I much long for.\*

\* It is highly creditable to that accomplished artist, my friend Thomas Barker, Esq., of Sion Hill Bath, (mentioned in a preceding note,) that he, in conjunction with Mr. Spackman the architect and artist, who received Mr. Barker, (before he went to Italy,) into his house to study painting—first taught Sir Thomas Lawrence the use of oil colours ; and showed him how to *set a palette* : or in other words, to dispose the various colours, according to the established arrangement, adopted by scientific painters. Mr. Barker informs me, that when he had been about a week with Mr. Spackman, that gentleman came into the painting-room to him, and said ; “ I have had a visit from a young brother artist of yours, who called to ask me to show him the use of oil colours, and set his palette ; ” and that, Mr. Lawrence accordingly came again in a few days, to Mr. Spackman’s and was then instructed by that gentleman and Mr. Barker, in this preparatory step to oil painting. Before this Sir Thomas attempted nothing in this department of the art. All his portraits and fine fancy pieces, in the possession of my learned friend Dr. Falconer, are in crayons or pencil. Mr. Barker has given me also the following anecdote of this deceased celebrated artist. While Lawrence’s father kept an inn at Devizes, Sir Joshua Reynolds happened to stop at his house ; and the publican understanding who his illustrious guest was, ventured to introduce himself into the traveller’s apartment, with a parcel of his son’s drawings in his hands ; requesting his inspection and opinion of them. Sir Joshua was surprised at their excellence ; and highly gratified the anxious parent, by immediately exclaiming ; “ this young man has begun, where “ thousands leave off.”

Sir Thomas Lawrence’s labours at Bath bore a sort of *pious* character ; for they were exercised for the support of an embarrassed father and family.

I would add another anecdote regarding this great painter ; the more interesting to the public, as it occurred within these four years ; and to myself, as it reflects great credit on the graphic talents of my ingenious friend, Thomas Shew, Esq. On this gentleman’s return from Italy, he was introduced, by a friend, to Sir Thomas Lawrence. The painter was at work on the portrait of little *Lambton* ; and *Colnaghi*, the printseller, was in the room. While working on his subject, he talked with Mr. Shew on Rome and its pictorial treasures ; complimented him on his being elected an honorary member of the Academy of St. Luke ; and commu-



Through the means of Lady Templetown, I have seen the small, but charming collection, of Mr. Udney. Mr. Agar's I saw with Mr. Pepys. Mrs. Weddell I had the honour of seeing on Friday, who said she had spoke to the Duchess of Northumberland, and that, orders were given to the porter, to admit me to see the paintings at any time.

I yesterday had the pleasure of seeing Mr. D. Hartley; who was pleased to express himself much pleased with your portrait, and said, he should be glad to render me every service in his power: the copy of it I have finished, which I hope will meet with your approbation, Madam; than which there is nothing I shall be prouder of. One of the pictures, by the desire of Mr. Fisher, was sent to

nicated with him freely on his own art, manner of working, &c. He then desired to see Mr. Shew's great panoramic view of the city of Rome. It was produced; and, being twelve feet long, was immediately spread by the President on the green baize floor. He dropped upon his knees to examine it the more carefully; and Mr. Shew assumed the same posture, in order to explain it more particularly. Their situation amused the bystander, who could not refrain expressing his wonder at seeing the President of the Royal Academy *kneeling to a drawing*. Sir Thomas remained for more than a quarter of an hour in this situation; pointing out all the objects which had been familiar to him when in Rome: even to the window of the room in the Quirinal Palace, where he himself had painted Pius VII. He was exceedingly pleased with the view; and with the liberality of a great mind expressed his pleasure. "I must compliment you," said he, "on this performance. It is very correct as to drawing and local colour; and the point of view you have chosen is judicious; the most interesting, indeed, in Rome: particularly as it regards the antiquities and the distances. I advise you by all means to publish it. It is indeed a duty you owe to your countrymen; particularly to those who cannot travel. Besides, it will be highly interesting to the antiquary, as well as the painter." Mr. Shew followed Sir Thomas Lawrence's advice, and published his view: and it will be gratifying to the public to be informed, that a *second edition*, upon a more commodious plan than the first, will, probably, make its appearance early in the ensuing summer.

Mrs. Delany, in St. James's-place, who, when I called there, behaved very politely to me; and desired I would write to Miss Hartley, informing her, a particular friend of Mrs. D. wished much for a copy; and to beg her permission for its being taken. I now, with sentiments of gratitude, which I hope it will ever be my pride to own, conclude myself,

Madam,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

T. LAWRENCE.

*From the same to the same.*

Leicester Square, June 26. 1787.

Madam,

IT is with some concern I feel myself obliged to apologize for my seeming inattention to your condescending letter; especially in that I feel more flattered by it, than by the numerous favours before conferred on me by Miss Hartley; but I hope the plea of being extremely hurried lately, will in some measure excuse it. I must now acquaint you, Madam, with the motives which induced me to make the addition in my price. When I had the honour of being first known to you, four guineas was the sum I had received for nearly a year; some little time before I left Bath, it was raised to five. When I arrived in town, I was advised by my family and friends, to make a distinction between those portraits, where only the head was seen, and those in which the arms were introduced; which advice I the more readily took, from knowing my expenses to be rather heavy, the lodging I am now in, being three guineas the week; but more particularly from this reason — the necessary time to be bestowed on the finishing of crayons, (which I attempted,)

was such, that from proof I found my receipts were more when I painted for two guineas and a half, than they were when I had five. At the same time that I inform Miss Hartley of this, I must blame my own imprudence, in not making myself acquainted with the prices of the painters here, as it is my wish ever to be clear from the charge of presumption, which I fear I have incurred.

I am much honoured and obliged in the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort, and Mrs. M. Townshend, interesting themselves in my behalf, and Madam, if (it) should be your advice, and your concurrence should attend it, the lowering my price shall immediately be done, with the greatest readiness and pleasure.

The exhibition, I have heard from several whose judgment I can trust, has failed much this year. Sir Joshua certainly maintained his superiority above the rest. His portrait of Sir H. Inglefield, was a specimen of the art, that, in my opinion, could not be excelled. The death of Rizzio, by Mr. Opie, there are many fine parts in. He has studied, and that to a great degree, the beauty of *chiaro oscuro*, and fine colouring, but has not, I think, sufficiently attended to the great end of painting—the expressing with truth the human heart in the traits of the countenance. The face of Mary has an expression of horror in it, but it is vulgar, and appears to be impressed with it simply by the deed; not from the victim being the object of her regard and affection. There is something which takes from the dignity of tragedy, in the arm of the principal assassin, being bared for the purpose to the shoulder. It gives too much the idea of a butcher. The head of Ruthven is very fine; as is the effect of a torch, on the heads of those who are rushing in. The figure of David Rizzio is very good, but his figure is not seen in front, and you are presented with a full view of a silk night-gown. Still it has great



merit. Mr. Northcote's picture of the Death of Wat Tyler, has some good painting in it, but not equal to the above. To have had that livid hue, his wound must have been given him, at least eight days before.

There is a sketch of Mr. West's, in which there is a great deal of spirit, and wonderful design, in the composition. The grouping of the figures is indeed very odd: they were from the bottom to the top of the picture. St. Paul is placed at the top of a high rock, and does not appear with the calm dignity of faith; but seems much agitated in the act of throwing the serpent from him. Yet the pencil of a master is to be seen in every part of it.

Feeling highly honoured by your desire to know my real sentiments, they are thus freely given; but accompanied with a hope, that you, Madam, will kindly make allowances for the inexperience of that judgment, with which, he who gives it, has not yet vanity enough to be satisfied.

Having been so highly favoured, and under the obligations which I am to Miss Hartley, it cannot be wondered at, that I should be hurt at her continued ill health; for whom there is no one who esteems and admires goodness combined with such wonderful talent, but must be anxious.

Mrs. Delany and Mr. Fisher are both at Windsor. I shall obey your commands with pleasure, the moment I see them; and will endeavour to learn the person's name.

I had the honour of being introduced to the Duchess of Rutland, at Bath. If, Madam, it could be hinted to the Duchess D. of Beaufort, her Grace sitting to me would be a great favour; and that you would be so good as to fix on a subject for a drawing (my utmost wish in it being to please the lady for whom it is de-



signed); — it would be still an addition to those feelings of gratitude, with which I shall ever remain,

Madam,

Your obliged servant,

T. LAWRENCE.

*From the same to the same.*

Jermyn Street, January 2. 1788.

Madam,

AMONG the many to whom Miss Hartley's health is dear, permit one to express his concern at its not being re-established, whom the feelings of gratitude must ever actuate towards the person he is so much obliged to.

Having but a very faint recollection of the servant's face, I dare not attempt to describe it; but I remember that he was a middle-aged man and out of livery. I think he had on a drab-coloured coat. This, perhaps, may lead to a knowledge of the person. Her Grace being so good as to express a care for the picture, and the man's being out of livery, makes me to imagine she had chosen him as one she could particularly confide in for its safety. I cannot leave the subject, without expressing my thanks, Madam, for your kind interference in it.

I feel much honoured by Mr. Ramsden's kindness. The going abroad is the centre to which all my aims will ever point: and though perhaps difficult for me to attain, yet shall not the hope forsake me. Sorry am I to say, from some untoward circumstances, it has not been in my power to profit by their collections so much as, from the liberality of the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Middleton, I had reason to expect. I hope to regain the time lost. I met with a very flattering reception from Lady M., whom I did myself the honour of calling upon; and I think next week to copy a fine portrait of

Titian's, her ladyship has got. The owls and the weasel, I fancy, must be gone : I do not recollect seeing it.

The justice of your remarks on my picture, Madam, has been fully proved by the alterations made since, being so much for the better. It cannot be wondered at that I should seek for advice where I have ever found improvement.

I remain, Madam,  
Your obliged Servant,  
T. LAWRENCE.

*From the same to the same.*

Jermyn Street, January 25. 1789.

Madam,

I AM extremely concerned to be obliged to apologise to you on a double account ; first, for having been so extremely neglectful in not keeping up a correspondence which I value so much, and more particularly for not immediately answering a letter which gave me the pleasing assurance of still retaining a friendship I am so much honoured in having ; but I hope that to the latter, the simple truth will be sufficient to procure my pardon. I this morning (and not before,) by accident found out that a letter, which I wrote immediately on the receipt of yours, Madam, the servant was so neglectful as to lose, which has given me much uneasiness, as I fear it must have appeared ungrateful in me. I trust, Madam, to your candour and goodness for my pardon.

My not having written to you, Madam, long before, I can offer no reasonable excuse for. I was ashamed when I reflected that I had made a promise I had not fulfilled, and that thought kept me from writing. Perhaps, had I informed Miss Hartley of the truth, that I had made many sketches for a drawing, but had thrown

them by as unworthy a place in her collection, it might have been excused; but a false shame deterred me, and has thus drawn the sin of real negligence on me.

An engagement (*not of pleasure, Madam, for that I would forego,*) obliges me to defer what I wish to say till another opportunity; but I cannot conclude, without returning many thanks for your kindness — without saying how much I am, and how constantly I must remain,

Madam, your highly obliged  
And most grateful servant,

T. LAWRENCE.

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WHILE offering to the reader the following selection and extracts, from Dr. Parr's correspondence with me, I would wish to accompany them with a few brief remarks.

It will be allowed, I think, in the first place, that they speak the language of a kind, benevolent, and affectionate heart; of an upright, honourable, and incorruptible principle; of an independent, disinterested, and magnanimous spirit.

Some expressions which they contain, are, it must be confessed, rather humiliating to the Doctor's *correspondent*: but, as I write with the hope of being useful in my generation, I let them stand; as the hints of a wise and sagacious mind, to the young, the ardent, and inexperienced: in whom, erroneous feeling too often supplies the place of judgment; and to whose minds, false opinions appear, not infrequently, in the garb of truth.

I am perfectly well aware, in the third place, that, where Dr. Parr felt as a friend, he was much too apt to speak and write as a panegyrist. It is obvious, therefore, that all eulogistic expressions on his correspondent, or his works, in the following extracts, must be re-

garded, rather as the ebullitions of spontaneous kindness, than the results of mature consideration. In solemn sincerity, I regard them, myself, as being *undeserved*.

With respect to the *politics* alluded to, in the ensuing letters, it is enough to say ; that their interest with me, has, long since, been no more : and that, while I retain, (and I trust it is identified with my being,) the deepest love and veneration of our glorious constitution and laws ; our protestant government in church and state — I have for many a year, ceased to feel as a *partizan* ; or to interest myself as an *actor*, in the very unsatisfactory concerns of political life.\*

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#### THE FAC SIMILE.

ON casting his eye over the ensuing *caricatura* of alphabetical writing ; the reader will feel the full justice of Sir William Jones's friendly remonstrances with Dr. Parr, on the subject of his abominable scrawling. All the surviving correspondents of the Doctor will acknowledge their propriety ; and wish he had listened to, and been influenced by, the well founded censure and advice of the accomplished baronet.

“ In the name of the Muses let it (the Discourse)  
 “ be written in a *legible* hand ; for, to speak plainly with  
 “ you, your English and Latin characters are so ill  
 “ formed, that I have infinite difficulty to read your  
 “ letters, and have abandoned all thoughts of decypher-  
 “ ing many of them. Your Greek is wholly illegible —  
 “ it is perfect algebra : and your strictures on my *Isæus*,  
 “ excellent and valuable as they are, have given more

\* I have doubted, for a long time, whether or not the following selection and extracts, from Dr. Parr's letters to me, should be printed ; but, as they can only reflect a lustre upon this memorable character, I hope I may feel justified in giving them to the public. I had declined communicating them to the two accomplished biographers of Dr. Parr, Dr. J. Johnstone and Mr. Barker.



“fatigue to my head and eyes, than the whole trans-  
 “lation. Half an hour in the day, would be as much  
 “time as you could employ in forming your characters;  
 “and you would save four times as much of your  
 “friends’ time. I will speak with the sincerity which  
 “you like: either you can write better, or you cannot:  
 “if you can, you ought to write better; if not, you  
 “ought to learn. I scribble this as fast as I can move  
 “the pen, and yet, to me, it is perfectly legible: it  
 “should be plainer still if my pen were better, or I  
 “were less hurried.” — *Dr. J. Johnstone’s Works of Samuel Parr, L.L.D.* vol. i. p. 102.

In the same agreeable “Memoirs of Dr. Samuel  
 “Parr,” page 390.; is a letter from John Tweddell,  
 Esq. with a chain of incomparably witty and humourous  
 allusions to the *cacography* of Parr’s amanuensis, Martin.  
 To say the truth, some of the enlisted auxiliaries, (for  
 the Doctor pressed them into his service wheresoever he  
 found them,) were as incompetent to the act of writing  
 legibly as the great DICTATOR himself.

The accompanying *fac simile* of one of Dr. Parr’s  
 letters, will illustrate the propriety of Sir William Jones’s  
 remonstrance.

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*From Dr. Samuel Parr to the Rev. Richard Warner.*

Dear Sir,

1806.

I HAVE been at Manchester more than six weeks for the  
 recovery of my health, which was seriously endangered  
 by my late affliction, the effects of which will pursue me  
 to the last hour of my wretched existence. I find it  
 extremely painful to write on the past, and am beyond  
 measure distressed by the letters which have come to  
 Hatton since I left it. But I cannot stand acquitted to  
 my own mind, without noticing some particulars that my

daughter has communicated by extracts from your very obliging letter.

I thank you for the book, and when I return I shall read it attentively. Mrs. Wynne, who is a very competent judge, speaks of it highly.

You will forgive me, I am sure, for entreating you to dispense with all interference from me, with Mr. Fox, at the present juncture. My delicacy and sense of propriety, will not permit me to execute my purpose of going to London, where I should have spent part of the spring, if Mr. Pitt had been living. You would smile at the number of applications that have been made to me, from erroneous notions of my political importance, and from a total though venial ignorance of certain sacred rules, which my honour has long prescribed to me, for the regulation of my conduct, and from which I have never deviated.

I have lately visited dear Roscoe, and had the pleasure  
of meeting \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

As I am moving incessantly from one place to another ; and as it is very troublesome for me to write, I must defer sending you a fuller answer, till I get home.

Present my best wishes to \* \* \* \* \*  
and to Dr. Falconer.

I am, with a just and sincere sense of your  
talents and worth, dear Sir,

Your well-wisher and obedient  
servant,

S. PARR.

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*From the same to the same.*

1806. 9 April, Birmingham.

Dear Sir,

I LEFT Manchester on Monday. I shall stay a day or two at Birmingham, and in a fortnight I shall return

and spend some time with both the Drs. Johnstone. Your letter was brought to me in a very large parcel from Hatton. I assure you that the state of my health and spirits, quite disqualifies me for exertion. I received two hundred letters, and wrote one hundred and fifty, on the very spot to which I had fled for the sake of quiet; and I am now exceedingly distressed by the number of letters which I must read and answer. I should think it very uncivil and very unfriendly, not to take a very early opportunity of acknowledging yours. I thank you for sending me the books; and will read them when I have both strength and leisure. In the present state of public affairs, I should think it highly indecorous to interfere with any ministerial arrangements whatsoever, either in appearance or reality. I know the galling and very unusual difficulties which surround my friends, and therefore I am determined not to annoy them by any request whatsoever. This answer I have given to many persons upon many subjects; and in giving it, I am actuated by a strong sense, not of propriety only, but of duty. I am sure that you will pardon me for speaking so plainly.

I wish I could give you a better account of my health and spirits. I thank you very heartily, for all the expressions of kind sympathy, which occur in your letter, and upon which I set great value, because I believe them to be sincere. My spirit, dear sir, is deeply wounded: my studies are interrupted, and I dare not make arrangements even for the passing week. To-morrow I shall call at Portugal House, if not to-day. Give my best compliments, and best wishes to &c. and to Dr. Falconer.

Your sincere well-wisher, and obedient servant,

S. PARR.\*

\* That it may be seen, to what extent my request of Dr. Parr's interference with Mr. Fox, was carried, I subjoin the letter from myself, to



*From the same to the same.*

January 5. 1807.

Dear Sir,

I WAS absent when your very obliging letter came; and since my return, I have been overwhelmed with various

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the Doctor, which gave occasion to the above, and the preceding letters, from him to me.

TO DR. PARR.

Widcombe Cottage, Monday Morning,

My dear Sir,

I take the opportunity of Mr. ———'s return to ——— to trouble you with a small parcel. It contains, amongst other things, a sermon, which, you will see from the preface, I have been compelled to publish in self-defence; and a little tract on the Sacrament, which I have diffused amongst my parishioners. With respect to the latter (as it will soon come to a second edition) I request your impartial, candid criticism; as well as such hints for omissions, additions or improvements, as your deep knowledge of the subject, and intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and the best modes of stirring up its affections, may suggest. Mr. ——— delivered to me your very friendly message, respecting the transmission of my Fast Sermon to Mr. Fox; which I should have immediately attended to, by sending the pamphlet to him, had I not been deterred, by the fear of being considered as intrusive; or, what is still worse, of having been actuated by interested motives, in paying him that public testimony of my respect, which the dedication avows. I conceive (perhaps improperly) such a step might imply that I thought some claim to his attention attached to me, for my having declared those sentiments, which, I am sure, most honest men, and every true friend to his country, must have entertained; though perhaps motives of fear, or prudence, prevented them from giving them public circulation. Under the impression of these feelings, I have taken the liberty of putting up the Fast Sermon, and Madan's Discourse, in the parcel; and submit it to your judgment, whether, if they go to Mr. Fox through your mediation, the mode of conveyance would not be more delicate, than if they went immediately from myself. Young as I am, I have met with too many disappointments in life, to allow me to revel in imaginary prospects of future professional success; but these checks have been attended with this advantage, that should any piece of good fortune befall me, it would bring with it all the pleasure of being unexpected; and none



kinds of business. I now thank you for sending me a very interesting book, and a very excellent sermon. I had been told of the dispute; and my opinion of the merits is confirmed by my perusal of the particulars. Experience has taught me to look with keen vigilance upon ostentatious pretensions to rigid orthodoxy, and superior sanctity; and I certainly have doubted not the wisdom, nor the liberality, but the sincerity of your clerical neighbour, who is said to confine the probability of salvation within the pale of the English Church. There is nothing to countenance this hideous proposition, in the letter of the articles: nothing in the spirit of the service: nothing in the works of theologians, most distinguished by the depth of their learning; the soundness of their reasoning; the correctness of their tenets; and the fervour of their piety. \* \* \* \*

I remember that Mr. Fox once said to the poet Mr. Rogers, "You know I am a great fault-finder:" and you will now say the same of me. The greater part of your sermon is elegant or impressive; and does credit to your taste, your judgment, and your piety; but, I have

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of its gratification would be lessened by anticipation. Add to this that, though trifling in itself, it would be considered as of importance by me. The only reasons, indeed, which could induce me to look with any desire to church preferment, are the precariousness of a curate's situation;

But, God's will be done! We are all happy to hear that you are gradually recovering from the effects of your afflictive loss. May you speedily be restored to your health and peace; and long live to instruct mankind by your wisdom and example.

Your means of restoration, indeed, are sure and solid — the high resources of a great mind; and, what is still better, the certain consolation of an exemplary piety. All here unite in affectionate regards with, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful friend,

RICHARD WARNER.

learned from Horace, and I would imitate in Mr. Fox, the union of sincerity with candour, in the exercise of criticism. Some passages are even gaudy in their diction. The imagery in others is unsuited to the gravity of the pulpit. The first series of interrogatories is too long. *Obligated* is a coarse word; and from this hour, detest and shun the neoteric, affected, intolerable phrase *attached*. Shun it: shun it: shun it! Leave it to the jargon of the bar, and the gabble of garreteers. Mr. Warner, you really are a man of talent: you may be tempted by local circumstances to profusion in ornament; and therefore I frankly point out to you the blemishes which offend me in your composition. If I were to revise before you publish, you would soon find a transition from the pains of reproof to the pleasures of conscious improvement. You gladden my very soul by telling me that Mr. Cottle is come &c. Present my respects to Sir William Watson, and tell him that Collier is in the press\*; and will be accompanied by two other metaphysical tracts, little known, even to such readers as Sir William and myself. I shall carefully return the book which Sir William obligingly lent me. Remember me in terms of great respect and great regard, to Dr. Falconer and his upright son. Pray give my friendly and respectful compliments to ——. Alas! I cannot visit there as I wished and intended. My domestic affliction never, never, will be assuaged. God bless you and yours.

I am truly your well-wisher, and  
obedient servant,

S. PARR.

\* This was Collier's *Clavis Universalis*; which I had received from Sir Wm. Watson; and conveyed to Dr. Parr — Parr republished it.

*From the same to the same.*

Hatton, 20 August, 1807.

Dear Sir,

I HOPE to reach Bath on Monday se'nnight, or at the farthest on Tuesday; and I take the liberty of consulting you on a matter of some little delicacy. My first, and indeed my chief purpose is to visit my worthy pupil Mr. Cottle, whom I wish to shake by the hand, once more before I die. He very kindly asked me to his house, and with him, as a visitor, I shall sojourn for about a week, but not longer. Now you can tell me more distinctly than he is perhaps disposed to do, how far it is convenient for him to receive me, so as to give me a bed: and if upon conversing with him, you find any thing like inconvenience, I hope that you will have the goodness to get me a very plain, ordinary lodging for that time, where I can sleep and dress. I should hope that, as Bath is now rather empty, you would be able to do this: and as I am merely a bird of passage, I do not think of any thing like magnificence or expense in my lodgings. Now I can depend upon your friendliness and good sense, to get this matter settled for me; and you will tell me how to act; for I should go first to the house of Mr. C. I beg of you to inform me in what street he lives, and whether on the right or the left hand. I shall pay a visit to Mr. Howell, whom you saw at Bath, when I passed through: after, to Mr. Charles Barker at Wells; and then I shall rest at Bath, for a day or two on my return. And thus you have the whole of my views: and I shall of course pay my respects to yourself and \* \* for whom I have a very great esteem. I shall bring with me a book for Sir William Watson; and a MS. for our friend Dr. Falconer; and I hope that you will let me sit in your church on a Sunday, that I may have the satisfaction of hearing

you preach. Pray direct your answer to me at Dr.  
John Johnstone's, Temple Row, Birmingham. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

and *versâ vice*, for so we ought to say, and *not vice versâ*. Pray give my best compliments, &c.

I am, with great respect for your talents, and with all good wishes for your happiness, Dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

As I am awkward in strange places, pray favour me with minute directions to find Mr. Cottle's house. I meant to bring my servant, but I am afraid of the fooleries and vices which prevail in great towns; and which may injure the moral habits of my rustic footman.

---

*From the same to the same.*

Dear Sir,

SOME unforeseen obstacle has put it out of power, to reach Bath so soon as I intended; and I am anxious to give the earliest information of this to yourself, and to our friend Mr. Cottle. I shall make every possible effort to reach Bath, on to-morrow or Tuesday fortnight; and later than Wednesday fortnight I certainly shall not be. I shall struggle hard to get to you by the Monday; *i. e.* to-morrow fortnight. I beg your pardon for troubling you with this letter: but I take the liberty of sending it without a frank, because I am unwilling to lose time; and you will do me a great favour by writing to me directly at Hatton, where I shall stay till the end of the week. You may tell me about the lodgings: and pray my good friend, take the trouble of judging,



what you think will be most convenient to Mr. Cottle, and most comfortable to me; and I shall thank you.

You may take the lodgings for me *to enter upon*, as on Tuesday fortnight: and I can pick somewhere or other, if I come on the Monday. Have pity upon me as an awkward old curmudgeon, with many whims and singularities. You must not put me into a fine place; because I smoke: and you must put me with some good *materly* person, who has the good luck to know you, and the good sense to esteem and respect you. Give my best wishes and best compliments to \* \* \* to my much esteemed pupil and friend Mr. Cottle: to Dr. Falconer and his son; and to Sir William Watson.

I am, dear Sir,

truly your well-wisher,

and respectful servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

August 23. 1807. Sunday. Hatton.

---

*From the same to the same.*

April 28. 1808.

Dear Mr. Warner,

I THANK you for both your publications; and both, in my serious judgment, do credit to your taste and your piety. The spirit is quite Christian: the matter, though unpopular, is unanswerable; and the style will not be very soon imitated, by any of your captious accusers. If you publish a second edition of the "Letter," look to the beginning of the 3d vol. of Hampton's Translation of Polybius; where you will find some useful and striking observations, upon the consequences of political corruption.

Your printer I see has given verbatim, six or seven sentences from my Fast Sermon, without affixing the usual marks of quotation. This was his fault, not yours; and it is of little moment, as in the note you refer to my

sermon. But, if you should republish, as I hope you will, all your discourses, you perhaps will supply the omission which I point out. Pray dear Sir, mix a little caution with much intrepidity and honesty; and give no advantage to

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell him that though the sermon was written without my knowledge, it had met with my approbation; and that from respect due to him and to yourself, you, in such a delicate matter, think it right to lay his letters before me, and to attend to my suggestions before you answer them. This I authorise you, and almost advise you to do. Pray give my friendly and respectful compliments to my accomplished and excellent brother Mr. Falconer jun. Tell him that I am very well pleased with the statement and the Latinity in the preface to Strabo. I do not think the additional notes very valuable; but the maps are precious, and the stock of various readings will be acceptable to all scholars. I am glad also to see Xylander's notes incorporated with those of Casaubon. Falconer is an excellent man, and worthy of so enlightened, and so virtuous a father. Remember me to both of them. Tell Mr. Falconer that I read the paper he sent me: that I wish well to the institution; but must content myself with being a subscriber to another charity in which you are interested. You would think me ostentatious, if I were tell you of all my contributions in various places.

\* \* \* \* \*

Give my best compliments to Mr. Cruttwell, whose hospitality and good sense I shall long remember: to his intelligent brother, and to his venerable uncle; to Dr. Percival, and to all his family. Enclose your answer under cover to Colonel Wilder M.P. Grosvenor Place London.

I am truly your friend

S. PARR.

*From the same to the same.*

June 11. 1808.

Dear Mr. Warner,

THERE lives not the man, who could have felt greater satisfaction than I did feel, at reading the contents of your last interesting letter; and when I showed it to Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Wynne, they raised almost a shout of triumph. Accept, dear Sir, not only my congratulations upon your victory, but the homage of my praise, to your discretion, your delicacy, and your magnanimity. You can have little to fear from the intolerance &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pray remember, and pray follow the serious advice which I give you. Depend upon my fidelity in aiding you, where your cause is good. Talk very little upon the subject, even to those who wish you well, lest your words should be misconceived, and misinterpreted, by those who mean you ill: and, as in this troubled state of things, it is impossible for you to foresee the difficulties which may hereafter arise, to thwart you in the manly and honourable discharge of your duty; let me entreat you, dear Sir, with more than ordinary seriousness, to reflect upon the soundness, and upon the importance of my well-intended counsel. You must forgive me Mr. W. and upon deliberation, you will even thank me, for recommending to you great wariness in mixed companies; especially such busy, prating, slanderous crews as crowd together at ———, where, being at once unemployed, unenlightened, and unprincipled, they will envy the ingenious, and calumniate the independent.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am now going to call your friendship into action; and into such action as requires all your vigilance, and



all your firmness. You know very well, the great and deep respect, which I feel for the talents and the attainments of Dr. White; and after that which happened about the Bampton Lectures, you will readily suppose, that I was both compelled to search, and enabled to understand, the whole character of his mind. It is unnecessary, and it would be unhandsome, to go into any detail of those particulars, which alarmed my fears, and must regulate my measures, on that subject about which he spoke to you. I gave him two sermons, which he has himself been pleased to pronounce very excellent; and I commend him for his fairness, in acknowledging publicly, that I had thus assisted him. \* But, in the view of my mind, and in the nature of the thing itself, I gave them only for his own use. They were to be preached, but not to be published: they were intended for his benefit, and not for the benefit of any other man. He had no right to lend them; none to destroy them; none to run the remotest hazard, of their falling into other hands; being uttered in the pulpit by other lips; or sent forth hereafter from the press, for the credit of any other preacher. The whole business lies between him and myself; and we are all aware as I told Dr. White, of the strange things which happen to the papers of learned men when they are in their graves. I am very sure that Dr. White neither wishes, nor would

\* One of these two sermons was for a consecration; the other on the text 2 Thess. ii. 7. "The Mystery of Iniquity;" preached at Oxford, 5th Nov. 1787. I was at St. Mary's Church (as an undergraduate of St. Mary Hall) on its delivery; and well recollect the *bustle* in which the preacher appeared to be, in finding, sorting, and arranging the *unconnected sheets* on which the sermon seemed to have been written. What idea all this *fuss* was intended to convey to the minds of the hearers, I know not; but it certainly impressed *me* with the conviction; not only that the discourse was a composition of the Professor's; but that it had been written at various times, on shreds and patches of paper, as they presented themselves accidentally, at the happy moments of inspiration.



attempt to invalidate any of these observations. He is too sagacious, and I hope, too just to dispute them. But, I am fixedly resolved upon recovering the sermons; and I am thoroughly convinced, that by exertion or enquiry, Dr. White has the power of recovering them; and as life is very uncertain, both to him and myself, I must, with all possible politeness, but with all becoming earnestness, entreat Dr. White to restore these sermons to myself. I have written him two letters; and for the present, I am very content to receive the verbal message which he communicated by you. I should have written to him again, if I were not unwilling to disturb him in the weak state of his health: and as he very properly, and with a just view of the opinion I entertain of your abilities and your honour, has been pleased to employ you in the business; I shall in my turn, beg you to read to Dr. White what I have written, and to communicate his answer speedily and correctly. Present to him my very best wishes and best respects; and tell him, that at our advanced time of life, nothing would give me more pain, than the slightest altercation with him; and that nothing can be more becoming to either of us, than a disposition to act by each other, kindly, openly, equitably, and in that spirit, with which a Christian would wish to pour forth his last breath. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

I beg of you to present my very respectful and friendly remembrances to all the worthy family of the Cruttwells; and to our very learned and very honourable friends, Dr. and Mr. Falconer. Give your children a warm kiss, and a fervent blessing in my name. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

I assure you, dear Sir, that for your talents you have admirers, and that for your principles you have partizans, in my wife and my daughter: and that if they were with

me, they would charge me to say something very courteous and very significant. \* \* \* \*

I am most truly your well-wisher  
and obedient humble servant,

S. PARR.

*From the same to the same.*

1810.

Dear Mr. Warner,

You know the accumulated and dreadful calamities which have lately fallen upon me. — Within the space of three months, I have lost a wife; an only remaining child; the only grandchild I was suffered by \* \* \* to protect\*; and all these evils are accompanied by the most terrible aggravations.

I submit, as well as I can, to these severe dispensations of Providence; and I am intent upon preserving, if possible, my health, my senses and my capacity, — for discharging those duties which I may yet be required to perform.

I am not much disposed to read or write: but I seek relief in change of scene, and in the society of those whom I esteem. Dear Sir, accept my thanks for the books you sent me. Mr. Simpson's book is very excellent.† I wish you and he were with me, for I should have much to say. Desire him to read Dr. Edwards's book on "the dead;" and read it yourself. I am with Mr. Simpson about the \* \* \* \* \* but not in his interpretation of "baptized:" the interpretation here is forced, and, in my judgment unnecessary. Tell Mr. Simpson that his book deserves the serious attention of all wise and good enquirers. Give

\* Madaline Wynne.

† "On the Language of Scripture;" Parr mentions this work with respect in a note inscribed in his own copy of it. — Bib. Parr.

my very best wishes to \* \* \* \* \*  
to Dr. and Mr. and Mrs. Falconer; and to our worthy  
and excellent friends Mr. Cruttwell and his brother.  
God bless you.

I am most sincerely your friend

S. PARR.

---

*From the same to the same.*

(Without Date.)

Dear Sir,

I FIND that a vacancy in the office of physician to the Bath City Infirmary and Dispensary is likely soon to happen; and that your opinions upon the merits of a candidate would have a considerable weight with the electors. Now, upon such occasions I seldom venture to ask a vote. But I discharge the duties of friendship and justice, in bearing testimony to excellent men, in whose success I am interested. One of the candidates will be Dr. H—, the brother-in-law of my well-informed, studious, honourable, and exemplary neighbour; Mr. N—, who, before marriage with the sister of Dr. H—, was a demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. Dr. H— was a member of Brazenose College, Oxford, and took his first medical degree in that University. He is now Bachelor of Arts. He pursued his professional studies at Edinburgh, for nearly two years. He then travelled in France and Italy for a year and a quarter. He is very well acquainted with modern languages. He has a sound understanding and a polished taste. His manners are unaffected and agreeable, and his conversation upon subjects of science, is very interesting. But, he lays the fastest hold on my esteem, by the kindness of his temper, and by the upright principles of a spirit truly ingenuous. He has resided in Bath nearly two years; and cannot, I think, be unknown to the greater and better part of your physicians. I am sure, that in sup-

porting him, you will bring forward a judicious, intelligent, diligent, and faithful physician; and I should hope that the interest which I take in his success, will not diminish your inclination to serve him. Let me hope that \* \* \* is in good health and good spirits; and that your children are going on entirely to your satisfaction. Richard Warner you did not quite please me, by not informing me of the occurrence which induced you to leave your situation at St. James's. But, I was much pleased with your "Farewell Sermon:" though if I had been at your elbow, I should have advised you not to take a tone so very high upon one doctrinal point. Well: I have often thought of you: I have often enquired about you. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

and do not fail to inform me of any event favourable to your happiness \* \* \*

I am truly your well-wisher and respectful  
humble servant

SAMUEL PARR.

Bartlam desires his best respects and best remembrances to all your household.

---

*From the same to the same.*

1817

Dear Mr. Warner,

MOST sincerely do I congratulate you upon your late preferment; for I hold that your attainments and talents make you a real ornament to the church. I was pleased with your affectionate and serious address to your hearers \*: and I was very much interested too, by your

\* "All the Counsel of God;" preached at James's Church, Bath, March 23. 1817.



remarks on the different properties of FAITH and REASON.\* But, I should have suggested one or two

\* The remarks to which the Doctor alludes, are the following; from the PREFATORY DISCOURSE to my fifty-seven sermons. — “ Equally unjust to the Clergy of the Establishment, and void of foundation, is the charge of their exalting *reason* above *faith*; since it is clearly and easily refuted, by a simple reference to the innumerable and matchless works of sound Christian theology, which have been published by our English Divines, from the Reformation to the times in which we live; and by the slightest knowledge of the character of that spiritual instruction, which is delivered from the majority of our pulpits at the present day. The fact, indeed, is that the quality of *reason*, and the principle of *faith*, are distinct in their provinces, though harmonious in their natures; and, consequently, that the highest respect paid to the one will not trench upon the awful regard due to the other. They are both ‘good gifts’ from ‘the Father of lights,’ intended for fellowship, and not for opposition; ‘joined together’ by God, and not to ‘be put asunder’ by man. The seat of *reason* is the understanding. *Faith*, entering by the understanding, makes her lodgment in the heart. *Hers*, indeed, are the nobler faculties, and the higher privileges; for she gazes on worlds, and intelligences, to which the eye of *reason* cannot penetrate; and makes excursions into regions, where the wing of *reason* cannot soar. But still confining herself to the range of *possibilities*, she brings no accounts to her humbler companion, which *reason* may not regard with reverence, and receive with implicit belief. *Reason*, therefore, ‘as is most meet,’ bows down to *faith*: and, without any lessening of its own intrinsic dignity, acknowledges her closer alliance with Heaven; her loftier flights; her deeper views; and her more sublime revelations. The claim, however, of *reason* to respect remains undiminished; nor can it be ‘lightly spoken of,’ without irreverence to that Holy Being, who, when he formed our nature, adorned it with this, its noblest faculty. It is the *faculty* to which CHRIST addressed himself when he conversed with the Rabbi Nicodemus; confuted the Scribes and Pharisees; instructed his disciples; and taught the ‘common people.’ It is the *faculty* to which Paul appealed, when he spoke to the enlightened Areopagites in Athens, and to the wild multitude at the gate of Lystra; when he defended himself at the tribunal of the Roman governor in Cæsarea; and justified his conduct to his own countrymen from the stairs of the castle at Jerusalem. It is the *faculty* which the Reformers called upon, when they convinced a great part of Christendom of the errors of the Romish Church, and shewed the *reasonableness* of that Protestant Creed, to which we now adhere. And it is the *faculty* which every rational divine will appeal to, (confirming and enforcing his arguments by the authority of *Scripture*, and the views of *faith*,) when he

important corrections: for, there is now and then a want of philosophical precision in your language. But the eloquence is admirable: and again I say, admirable.

My good friend you ought not to have inclosed a scrap of paper; for the trick, or blunder was discovered; and I was charged with a most *heavy postage*. Direct your letters to me, under cover to General Wilder, M. P. Grosvenor Place London. The General will send them to me.

Do not abandon your just opinions on politics and theology. May you, with the blessing of Providence, enjoy good health and good spirits.

\* \* \* \* \*

Present my respectful compliments to Dr. Falconer and his son: and best regards to \* \*.

Your sincere well-wisher

S. PARR.

would prove to his hearers, the truth of the religion they profess; their obligations to believe its doctrines, and practise its precepts. The Clergy of the Church of England, indeed, know full well the respective natures and claims of these two principles: they make a wise distinction, therefore, between what is absolutely *contrary* to reason, and that which is *above* her grasp; between the *faith* that is found in the word of the infalible and ever living God, and that which has originated in the gloomy fancies, or perverted metaphysics, of erring, mortal man. To the *former* species of *faith*, *reason* submits itself with a willing acquiescence; 'casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of CHRIST.' With respect to the *latter*, appealing to the dignity of its own nature, and the authority of that Gospel which is 'the perfection of *reason*,' it resists a vassalage which is in opposition to both, and scorns the degradation of a merely human yoke."

*From the same to the same.*

December 22. 1820.

Dear and excellent Richard Warner,

YOUR letter will be placed among the most select and important circumstances of my correspondence: and in the very best company it will be presented after my death. I honour you, dear Sir, for the purity of your principles; for the tenderness of your feelings; for the soundness of your judgment; for the ardour of your spirit; and the propriety, elegance, and occasional force of your language. And must not my heart glow, when I find such an enlightened; such an upright; such a truly pious fellow-creature and fellow-Christian, as Mr. Falconer, actuated by the same generous sentiments? Richard Warner! within these few days, I have been revising my will, and the contents of your letter as read to me this morning by John Bartlam, have increased the satisfaction which I felt, on finding that I had bequeathed to you and to Mr. Falconer, a mourning ring, as a memorial of my esteem and respect: Bartlam my scribe knows very well, the numerous and inevitable obstacles to my usual punctuality in answering letters. For some months past, my studies have been quite interrupted; and much of my time has been employed, in making a catalogue of my large and useful collection of books. They relate to so many subjects: they are written in so many languages: they contain so much valuable matter from the best authors, ancient and modern, foreign and domestic, that no other human being could describe them so particularly, or arrange them so properly as I have been able to do, from my long acquaintance with them. There have been three processes; and the last will be completed by the labour of six or seven days in the



spring. Feel for me, Richard Warner, when you think of the many books which I have lost, and never can recover!—I have now to tell you a more piteous tale. Six months ago I was slightly attacked by erysipelas. I neglected it. I then had the advice of two surgeons in London; and the evil was stayed a little. On returning to the Parsonage, I ventured to walk and to ride. The disorder returned with redoubled violence, and I have been nearly confined for nine weeks. I have been assisted by three physicians and two surgeons. I walk with difficulty from one room to another; and I dictate this from a couch on which I am forced to recline: and surely, dear Sir, these multiplied and aggravated inconveniences, will enable you to account for my long silence. But, amidst all my sufferings, I have been again and again refreshed by the communications of my friends at this momentous crisis. They who know the real character of my mind, would feel no surprise at the early, the open, and the decided part which I took, in favour of an insulted, calumniated, and persecuted \* \* \*. Scribblers of paragraphs, and hunters of preferment will hate me, and revile me. My clerical brethren have more particularly marked me out as a victim for their vengeance. But they cannot hoodwink my understanding. They cannot subdue my courage. They cannot by menace, or by example corrupt my principles. Through life, dear Sir, I have steadily, but quietly, followed the dictates of a conscience not wholly unenlightened. I shall carry with me to the grave, the approbation of my heart: and it is no inconsiderable part of my recompence on this side of eternity, that many wise men understand my real motives; and many good men are satisfied with my artless and fearless measures. Mr. Warner, I desire that you, and Mr. Falconer, and his revered father, will drink a bumper to my health, on the 26th of



January, when I shall have completed my 74th year.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pray present my best wishes and best compliments to &c.; and to Dr. and Mrs. Falconer: and as to your children, Richard, I hope that they will accept my sincere and serious blessing. Believe me, dear Sir, with great and unfeigned respect,

Your well-wisher and obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

THE END.

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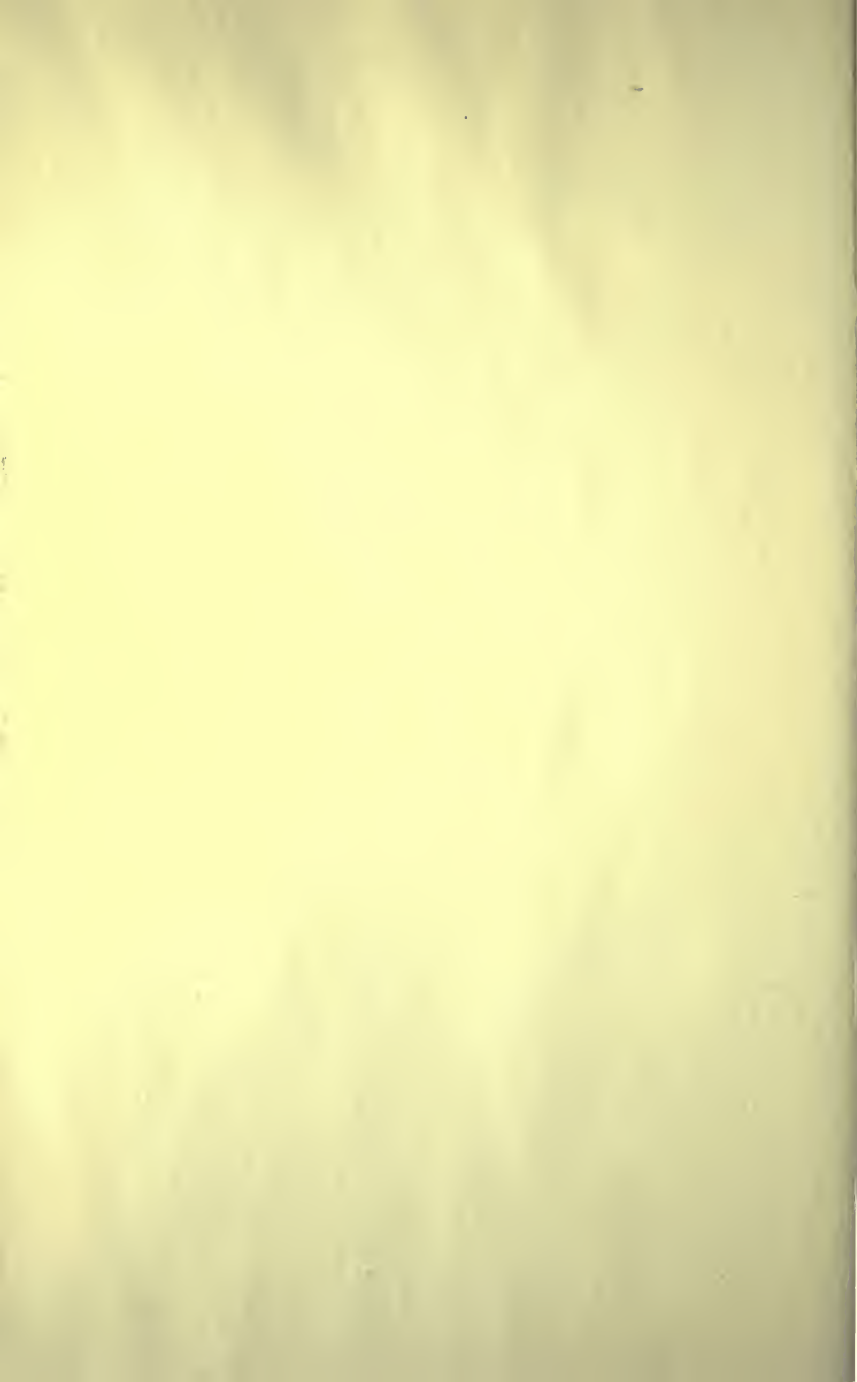
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