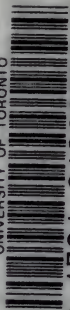


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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FOUR CENTURIES

OF

ENGLISH LETTERS



*FOUR CENTURIES OF
ENGLISH LETTERS*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



STATISTICAL THEORY

BY

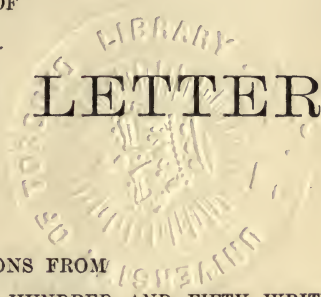
JOHN WILSON TUKEY

42265

FOUR CENTURIES

OF

ENGLISH LETTERS



SELECTIONS FROM

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WRITERS

FROM THE PERIOD OF THE PASTON LETTERS

TO THE PRESENT DAY

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

W. BAPTISTE SCOONES

114476
6 | 6 | 111

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1880



PR
1343
S37

TO THE LADY

TO WHOSE EARNEST CO-OPERATION AND LITERARY TASTE

THE CHOICE OF MANY OF THE FINEST LETTERS

IN THIS COLLECTION IS DUE

THE PRESENT VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

WITH GRATEFUL REGARD AND AFFECTION

BY

HER HUSBAND

THE

1852

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1852. The names are arranged in alphabetical order of their surnames.

ALLEN, J. W.
ANDERSON, J. M.
BROWN, J. H.
CLARK, J. B.
DAVIS, J. C.
EDWARDS, J. D.
FERGUSON, J. E.
GIBSON, J. F.
HARRIS, J. G.
HENDERSON, J. I.
HUGHES, J. J.
JONES, J. K.
KELLY, J. L.
LEWIS, J. M.
MARTIN, J. N.
MCCOY, J. O.
MILLER, J. P.
MURPHY, J. Q.
NEASE, J. R.
O'BRIEN, J. S.
PARKER, J. T.
ROBERTS, J. U.
SMITH, J. V.
STEWART, J. W.
TAYLOR, J. X.
WALKER, J. Y.
WATSON, J. Z.

P R E F A C E .

THE QUALITY of English epistolary correspondence is not surpassed by that of any other European nation. In quantity and variety France is our only successful rival.

So extensive and various are our own collections that he who has not made a diligent hole-and-corner search for himself can have no idea of their scope and character. In putting forth this volume I need scarcely say that it is not, and cannot be, a complete treasury of English letters from the Lancastrian to the Victorian era. I have simply endeavoured, after a careful survey of nearly five hundred volumes, to make my 'scanty plot of ground' rich with some of the best and brightest flowers of epistolary literature. The preservation of an uniform measure of literary excellence, after the manner of the Golden Treasury of Poetry, was the object which at first was attempted in the process of selection; but as the field of choice, thus limited, proved to be so very narrow, and the authors so few, the addition of letters combining decided literary merit with features of special interest seemed requisite to save the volume from overmuch severity of tone.

Mr. Carlyle somewhere defines good letters as 'an uncounted handful of needles to be collected from an unmea-

sured continent of hay.' Given sufficient time, opportunity, and inclination, and most men may explore this vast continent; but it is doubtful whether any single traveller would be fortunate enough to pick up *all* the needles. I am sensible of comparative failure after a long journey of research, and I know that many a gem must still lurk in dark corners; but I must be content to depend on 'the magic of patience,' and to the kindly assistance of all who may take an interest in this design, to bring many more fine specimens to light.

Most of the letters, it will be observed, are introduced by a critical or explanatory head-note, worded in as condensed a form as possible. As many readers may consider these notes somewhat dogmatic, and even entirely superfluous, it is necessary to state that their introduction, as a prominent and essential feature of the plan, is prompted by the hope that the volume as a whole may commend itself to the young and unenlightened equally with their more cultured elders; especially as, I venture to hope, there will nowhere be found a page to offend the most fastidious reader.

I am not aware of the existence of any comprehensive and well-considered collection of English letters suitable alike for the purposes of instruction and recreation, in spite of the repeated pitiful complaints that the art of letter-writing, so graceful an adornment of our older literature, has dwindled down to the proverbial 'hurried scrawl' of the present hour. And yet the study of this art has not been abandoned for want of, but in spite of, the urgent advocacy of many English classical writers. John Locke, in his essay on Education, remarks: 'When they understand how to write English with due connexion, propriety, and order, and are pretty well masters of a tolerable narrative style, they may be advanced to writing of letters; wherein they should not be put upon any strains of wit or compliment, but taught to express their own plain easy sense without any incoherence,

confusion, or roughness. . . . The writing of letters has so much to do in all the occurrences of human life, that no gentleman can avoid showing himself in this kind of writing : occasions will daily force him to make use of his pen, which, besides the consequences that, in his affairs, his well- or ill-managing of it often draws after it, always lays him open to a severer examination of his breeding, sense, and abilities than oral discourses, whose transient faults, dying for the most part with the sound that gives them life, and so not subject to a strict review, more easily escape observation and censure.'

Political letters, except in very few instances, will be conspicuous by their absence. The chief obstacle to their introduction here has been the want of sufficient interest in any one or two such letters taken by themselves. The correspondence of politicians is a branch of literature in itself; and though political letters are very often most interesting in their bearing on questions of domestic and foreign policy when read in a collective form, they will be found dull and meaningless in fragments. A reference to such works as Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' 'The Bedford Letters,' 'The Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough,' Grimblot's 'Letters of William III. and Louis XIV.,' 'The Correspondence of George III. with Lord North,' or of William IV. with Earl Grey, and many other such collections, will help to establish my assertion on this point.

In regard to the arrangement of the different epistles, it was decided, after careful consideration, not to publish them in groups according to the subject-matter, but chronologically according to the date of each author's birth. With these few observations I will leave it to others to expatiate on letter-writing as an art and on the varied beauties of our own epistolary literature in particular; and will conclude with an expression of thanks to those gentlemen who have

kindly granted me permission to reprint extracts from recently published works.

To my friend Mr. Edmund Gosse I am very grateful for the interest he has taken in the progress of this volume, as well as for the benefit I have derived from his scholarly criticism, and for several important contributions.

W. BAPTISTE SCOONES.

RIDGWAY PADDOCK, WIMBLEDON.

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SECTION I.

A.D. 1450-1600.

I.

Forty years ago, Mr. Hallam, referring to an imperfect edition of the 'Paston Letters,' by Mr. Fenn, remarked that they alone supplied 'a precious link in the chain of the moral history of England.' These letters come to us as a 'track of continuous light,' in a century notoriously barren of literary effort, and help to develop not only the domestic, but the political history of England from A.D. 1422 to 1509. We are indebted to Mr. James Gairdner for as complete and clear an account of the Paston Correspondence as it is at present possible to obtain. This edition, completed in 1875, contains 400 additional letters, besides many interesting documents which are published for the first time. The following letter describes the capture and murder of the Duke of Suffolk, the most able of Henry the Sixth's counsellors.

William Lomner to John Paston.

May 5, 1450.

Ryght worchipfull Sir,—I recomaunde me to yow, and am right sory of that I shalle sey, and have soo wesse this litel bille with sorwfulle terys, that on ethes ye shalle reede it.

As on Monday nexte after May day there come tydyngs to London that on Thursday before the Duke of Suffolk come unto the costes of Kent full nere Dover with his ij shepes and a litel spyner; the qweche spyner he sente with certyn letters to certyn of his trustid men unto Caleys warde, to knowe howe he shuld be reseeyvyd; and with him mette a shippe callyd Nicolas of the Towre, with other shippis waytyng on hym, and by hem that were in the spyner, the maister of the Nicolas hadde knowlich of the Dukes comyng. And whanne he espyed the Dukes shepis he sente forthe his bote to wete what they were, and the Duke hymselfe spakke to hem, and seyde he was be the Kyngs comaundement sent to Caleys ward, &c.

And they seyde he most speke with here master. And soo he, with ij or iij of his men, wente forth with hem yn here bote to the Nicolas; and whanne he come, the master badde him 'Welcom, 'Traitor,' as men sey; and forther the maister desyryd to wete yf the shepmen wolde holde with the duke, and they sent word they wold not yn noo wyse; and soo he was yn the Nicolas tyl Saturday next folwyng.

Soom sey he wrotte moche thenke to be delyverd to the Kynge, but that is not verily knowe. He hadde his confessor with hym.

And some sey he was arreynd yn in the sheppe on here maner upon the appechments and fonde gylty.

Also he asked the name of the sheppe, and whanne he knewe it, he remembred Stacy that seid, if he myght eschape the daunger of the Towr he should be saffe; and thanne his herte faylyd him, for he thowghte he was desseyvyd, and yn in the syght of all his men he was drawyn ought of the grete shippe yn to the bote; and ther was an exe, and a stoke, and oon of the lewdeste of the shippe badde him ley down his hedde, and he should be fair ferd wyth, and dye on a swerd; and toke a rusty swerd, and smotte of his hedde withyn halfe a doseyn strokes, and toke away his gown of russet, and dobelette of velved mayled, and leyde his body on the sonde of Dover; and some sey his hedde was set oon a pole by it, and hes men sette on the londe be grette circumstaunce and preye. And the shreve of Kent doth weche the body, and sent his under shreve to the juges to wete what to doo, and also to the Kynge whatte shalbe doo. Forther I wotte nott, but this fer is that yf the proces be erroneus, lete his concell reverse it.

Sir Thomas Keriell is taken prisoner and alle the legge harneyse, and aboute iij. m^l (3000) Englishe men slayn.¹

Mathew Gooth with xv^c (1500) fledde, and sayvd hym selfe and hem; and Peris Brusy was cheffe capteyn, and hadde x^{mi} (10,000) Frenshe men and more. I prey you lete my mastras your moder knowe these tydingis, and God have you all in his kepyn. I prey you this bille may recomaunde me to my mastras's your moder and wyfe.

Wretyn yn gret hast at London the v. day of May.

W. L.

¹ Reference to a battle fought near Caen during the French war. Our troops sent to the aid of the Duke of Somerset in Normandy were defeated.

II.

Henry VI., after a period of mental derangement, recognises his infant son, Edward, Prince of Wales.

Edmund Clere to John Paston.

January 9, 1455.

Right welbeloved cosyn,—I recomaund me to you, latyng you wite such tidings as we have.

Blessed be God, the King is wel amended, and hath ben syn Cristemesday, and on Seint Jones day comaunded his awmener to ride to Caunterbury with his offryng, and comaunded the secretarie to offre at Seint Edwards.

And on the Moneday after noon the Queen came to him, and brought my Lord Prynce with her. And then he askid what the Princes name was, and the Queen told him Edward; and then he hild up his hands and thankid God therof. And he seid he never knew til that tyme, nor wist not what was seid to him, nor wist not where he had be, whils he hath be seke til now. And he askid who was godfaders, and the Queen told him, and he was well apaid.

And she told him that the Cardinal¹ was dede, and he seid he knew never thereof til that tyme; and he seid oon of the wisist Lords in his land was dede.

And my Lord of Wynchestr and my Lord of Seint Jones were with him on the morrow after Tweltheday, and he speke to hem as well as ever he did; and when thei come out thei wept for joye. And he seith he is in charitee with all the world, and so he wold all the Lords were. And now he seith matyns of Our Lady and evesong, and herith his Masse devoutly; and Richard shall tell yow more tidings by mouth.

I pray yow recomaund me to my Lady Morley and to Maister Prior, and to my Lady Felbrigge and to my Lady Hevenyngham, and to my cosyn your moder, and to my cosyn your wife.

Wreten at Grenewich on Thursday after Twelftheday

Be your cosyn

EDMUND CLERE.

¹ John Kemp, Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor, who died nine months before the date of this letter.

III.

If the style of correspondence of the Public-School boy of the fifteenth century was more finished than it is to-day, the subject-matter seems much the same: viz., money, clothes, and exeats.

William Paston, junior, to his brother, John Paston.

Nov. 7, 1478.

[Written from Eton College.]

Ryght reverent and worchepful brodyr,—I recomaunde me on to you, desyrynge to here of yowre welfare and prosperite; letynge yow wete that I have resevyd of Alwedyr a lettyr, and a nobyll in gowlde therin. Ferthermor my creansyr¹ Mayster Thomas, hertely recomandyd hym to yow, and he praythe yow to sende hym sum mony for my comons; for he seythe ye be xx^{ti}s. [twenty-two shillings] in hys dette, for a monthe was to pay for when he had mony laste.

Also I beseche yow to sende me a hose clothe, one for the haly-days of sum coloure, and anothe for the workyng days, how corse so ever it be it makyth no matyr; and a stomechere, and ij schyrtes, and a peyer of sclyppers. And if it lyke yow that I may come with Alwedyr be watyr, and sporte me with yow in London a day or ij thys terme tyme, than ye may let all thys be tyl the tyme that I come, and than I wol telle yow when I schall be redy to come from Eton, by the grace of God, Whom have yow in Hys kepyng.

Wrotyn the Saturday next aftyr All Halown Day with the hand of your brodyr,

WILLIAM PASTON.

IV.

The Viscount Lovell here referred to was one of the adherents of Richard III., who was attainted on the accession of Henry VII. An unsuccessful conspirator on his own account, he fought on the side of the impostor Lambert Simnel, at the battle of Stoke A.D. 1487, and is said to have been drowned in the river Trent while beating a retreat from the royalist troops.

¹ Creditor.

Margaret, Countess of Oxford, to John Paston.

May 19, 1486.

To my right trusti and welbiloved John Paston,
Shrieve of Norffolk and Suffolk.

Right trusti and welbiloved,—I recomaund me urto you. And for as moche as I am credebly enfourmed that Fraunceis, late Lorde Lovell, is now of late resorted into the Yle of Ely, to the entente by alle lykelyhod, to finde the waies and meanes to gete him shipping and passage in your costes or ellis to resorte ageyn to seintuary, if he can or maie; I therfor hertily desire prairie yow, and neverthesse, in the Kinges name streitly chargie you that ye in all goodly haste endevoire your self that such wetche or other meanes be used and hadde in the poorts, and creks, and othre places wher ye thinke necessary by your discrecion, to the letting of his seid purpose; and that ye also use all the waies ye can or maie by your wisdom to the taking of the same Lorde Lovell. And what pleasur ye maie do to the Kingis Grace in this matier, I am sure, is not to you unknowen. And God kepe you.

Wretyn at Lavenham, the xix day of May.

MARGARET OXYNFORD.¹

V.

This very curious letter is printed in the Camden Society's publications for the year 1863. The young Queen Margaret of Anjou is urging the suit of a member of her household, a staunch Lancastrian of the Red Rose, for the hand of a wealthy widow who had the disposal of seventeen manors. But Dame Carew was not to be inveigled by royal advances. She bestowed her hand and chattels real on the handsome young De Vere, brother of the twelfth Earl of Oxford.

Margaret, Queen of Henry VI., to Dame Jane Carew.

Eltham [1450].

BY THE QUEEN.

Right dere and welbeloved, we grete you well; and, for as moch as oure trusty and welbeloved Squier, Thomas Burneby,

¹ Daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and sister of Richard, Earl of Warwick.

sewer of our mouth, aswel for the greet zeles, love, and affection that he hath unto yo^r personne, as for the womanly and vertuose governance that ye be renowned of, desireth with all his hert to do you worship by wey of mariage, bifore all creatures lvyng, as he saith; We, desiryng th' ences, furtherance, and preferring of oure said squire for his manyfold merits and deserts, as for the good service that he hath done unto my lord and us, and yet therin dayly continueth, praye you right affectuously, that, at reverence of us, ye will have oure said squire towards his said mariage especially recommended, inclynyng you to his honest desire at this tyme; the rather by contemplacion of this oure praier, wherin we trust verreily ye shul mowe pourvey right well for yo^r self, to yo^r greet worship and hertsease, and cause us to have yow both in suche tendernesse and faver of our good grace, that by reason ye shul holde you right well content and pleased; and how ye thinke to be disposed to our pleasir in this partie, ye will acertein us by the bringer of these. As our singler trust is in yow.

Given, *etc.* at Eltham, the, *etc.*

To Dame Jane Carew. _____

VI.

Considering the weakness of Henry VII.'s title to the throne, and considering also the fact that among the small remnant of 'Greater Barons' who survived the Wars of the Roses, the wearers of the white rose were the more numerous after the battle of Bosworth, it is not surprising that Henry of Richmond, during the first years of his reign, was set the troublesome task of beating off pretenders to his throne. The Court of Burgundy, where the sister of our Edward IV. was despotic, was the rendezvous of the disaffected Yorkist nobility.

Henry VII. to Sir Gilbert Talbot.

Kenilworth Castle: July, 1493.

Trusty and well beloved,—We greet you well; and not forgetting the great malice that the Lady Margaret of Burgundy beareth continually against us, as she showed lately in sending hither of a feigned boy, surmising him to have been the son of the Duke of Clarence, and caused him to be accompanied with the Earl of Lincoln, the Lord Lovel, and with great multitude of Irishmen and of Almaines, whose end, blessed be God, was as ye

know well. And foreseeing now the perseverance of the same her malice, by the untrue contriving eftsoon of another feigned lad called Perkin Warbeck, born at Tournay, in Picardy, which at first into Ireland called himself the bastard son of King Richard; after that the son of the said Duke of Clarence; and now the second son of our father, King Edward the IVth, whom God assoil; wherethrough she intendeth, by promising unto the Flemings and other of the archduke's obeissance, to whom she laboureth daily to take her way, and by her promise to certain aliens, captains of strange nations, to have duchies, counties, baronies, and other lands, within this our royaume, to induce them thereby to land here, to the destruction and disinheritance of the noblemen and other our subjects the inhabitants of the same, and finally to the subversion of this our royaume, in case she may attaine to her malicious purpose, that God defend. We therefore, and to the intent that we may be alway purveied and in readiness to resist her malice, write unto you at this time; and will and desire you that, preparing on horseback, defensibly arrayed, four score persons, whereof we desire you to make as many spears, with their custrells,¹ and demi-lances, wellhorsed as ye can furnish, and the remainder to be archers and bills, ye be thoroughly appointed and ready to come upon a day's warning for to do us service of war in this case. And ye shall have for every horseman well and defensibly arrayed, that is to say, for a spear and his custrel twelvecence; a demi-lance ninepence; and an archer or bill, on horseback, eightpence by the day, from the time of your coming out unto the time of your return to your home again. And thus doing, ye shall have such thanks of us for your loving and true acquittal in that behalf as shall be to your weal and honour for time to come. We pray you herein ye will make such diligence as that ye be ready with your said number to come unto us upon any our sudden warning.

Given under our signet at our Castle of Kenilworth, the twentieth day of July (1493).

To our trusty and well-beloved Knight and
Councillor, Sir Gilbert Talbot.

¹ Squires of the body.

VII.

Cavendish in his 'Life of Wolsey,' prints this pitiful letter from the original in the Ashmolean Museum. It is dated from Asher (Esher), whither the Cardinal was ordered to retire after judgment had been pronounced against him for having transgressed the Statute of Præmunire. In his day of authority and glory Wolsey was the haughtiest and richest subject in England; only a very few days sufficed to deprive him not only of all his former magnificence, but almost of the commonest domestic comforts.

Cardinal Wolsey to Dr. Stephen Gardiner.

Esher: 1529.

My owne goode Mastyr Secretary,—Aftyr my moste herty commendacions I pray you at the reverens of God to helpe, that expedicion be usyd in my persuts, the delay wherof so repleynyshyth my herte with hevynes, that I can take no reste; not for any vayne fere, but onely for the miserable condycion, that I am presently yn, and lyclyhod to contynue yn the same, onles that you, in whom ys myn assuryd truste, do help & releve me therin; For fyrst, contynuyng here in this mowest & corrupt ayer, beyng enteryd into the passyon of the dropsy. *Cum prostatione appetitus et continuo insomnio.* I cannot lyve.

Wherfor of necessity I must be removyd to some other dryer ayer and place, where I may have comodyte of physycyans. Secondly, havyng but Yorke, wych is now decayd by viii. C. li. by the yeere, I cannot tell how to lyve, & kepe the poore nombyr of folks wych I nowe have, my howsys ther be in decay, and of evry thyng mete for houshold onprovydyd and furnyshyd.

I have non apparell for my howsys ther, nor money to bring me thether nor to lyve wyth tyl the propysse tyme of the yeere shall come to remove thether. Thes thyngs consydneyd, Mr Secretary, must nedys make me yn agony and hevynes, myn age therwith and sycknes consydneyd, alas Mr Secretary, ye with other my lordys shewyd me, that I shuld otherwyse be furnyshyd & seyn unto, ye knowe in your lernyng & consyens, whether I shuld forfet my spiritualties of Wynchester or no. Alas! the qalytes of myn offencys consydneyd, with the gret punishment & losse of goodes that I have sustaynyd, owt to move petyfull hertys; and the moste nobyl Kyng, to whom yf yt wold please yow of your cherytable goodnes to shewe the premyses aftyr your accus-

tomable wysdome & dexteryte, yt ys not to be dowbtyd, but his highnes wold have consyderacyon and compassyon, aggmentyng my lyvyng, and appoyntyng such thyngs as shuld be convenient for my furniture, wych to do shalbe to the Kyng's high honor, meryte, & dyscharge of consyens, & to you gret prayse for the bryngyng of the same to passe for your olde brynger up and lovyng frende. Thys kyndnes exhibite from the Kyng's hyghnes shal prolong my lyff for some lytyl whyl, thow yt shall nat be long, by the meane whereof hys grace shal take profyggt & by my deth now. What ys yt to hys hyghnes to give some conveyent porcion owt of Wynchester, & Seynt Albons, hys grace takyng with my herty good wyl the resydew. Remember, good Mr Secretary, my poore degre, & what servys I have done, and how nowe approachyng to deth I must begyn the world ageyn. I besech you therefore, movyd with pity and compassyon soker me in thys my calamyte, and to your power wych I knowe ys gret, releve me; and I with all myn shal not onely ascrybe thys my relef unto you, but also praye to God for the increase of your honor, & as my poore shall increase, so I shal not fayle to requyte your kyndnes.

Wrytten hastely at Asher, with the rude and shackyng hand of
Your dayly bedysman

And assuryd friend,

T. CAR^{LIS} EBOR.

VIII.

Lord Campbell, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' lays particular stress on this beautiful letter written by Sir Thomas More to his wife on receipt of the news that the greater part of his house at Chelsea (with the outhouses and granaries) had been destroyed by fire. The biographer is more attracted by the unusually simple style of the composition, and by the kindness of disposition and unaffected piety of this good and gifted martyr, than by all his other elaborate writings and speeches. A few weeks after this grievous domestic mishap, the most upright of Henry VIII.'s councillors was sworn in Lord Chancellor of England.

Sir Thomas More to his Wife.

With the Court at Woodstock: Sept. 3, 1529.

Mistress Alyce,—In my most harty will, I recomend me to you. And whereas I am enfourmed by my son Heron of the loss

of our barnes, and our neighbours also, with all the corne that was therein, albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is gret pitie of so much good corne lost, yet sith it hath liked hym to send us such a chance, we must not only be content, but also be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost : and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away againe, his pleasure be fulfilled. Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and hartely thank him, as well for adversitie, as for prosperitie. And par adventure we have more cause to thank him for our losse, than for our winning. For his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheere, and take all the howsold with you to church, and there thank God both for that he hath given us, and for that he hath left us, which if it please hym, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet lesse, at hys pleasure be it. I praye you to make some good ensearche what my poor neighbours have loste, and bidde them take no thought therefore, and if I shold not leave myself a sponne, there shall no poore neighbour of mine bere no losse by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be with my children and household mery in God. And devise somewhat with your friends, what way wer best to take, for provision to be made for corne for our household and for sede thys yere coming, if ye thinke it good that we keepe the ground still in our handes.

And whether ye think it good y^t we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best sodenlye thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk of our farme, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more nowe than ye shall neede, and which can get the other maister's, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any men wer sodenly sent away he wote nere wether. At my coming hither, I perceived none other, but that I shold tary still with the Kinges grace. But now I shall (I think), because of this chance, get leave this next weke to come home and se you ; and then shall we further devise together uppon all things, what order shall be best to take : and thus as hartely fare you well with all our children as you can wishe.

At Woodstok the thirde daye of September, by the hand of

Your loving husband

THOMAS MORE, Knight.

IX.

The following letter is historically famous as the subject of controversy between the admirers and detractors of Archbishop Cranmer. It has been appealed to by the former as an example of his fidelity to Anne Boleyn and his courage in a grave emergency; by the latter it is quoted as a proof of his submissiveness to the will of Henry VIII.

Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, to Henry VIII.

Lambeth: May 3, 1536.

Pleaseth your most noble Grace to be advertised, that at your grace's commandment by M^r secretary's letters, written in your grace's name, I came to Lambeth yesterday, and do there remain to know your grace's farther pleasure. And forasmuch as, without your grace's commandment, I dare not, contrary to the contents of the said letters, presume to come unto your grace's presence, nevertheless, of my most bounden duty, I can do no less than most humbly to desire your grace, by your great wisdom, and by the assistance of God's help, somewhat to suppress the deep sorrow of your grace's heart, and to take all adversities of God's hand both patiently and thankfully.

I cannot deny but your grace hath great causes, many ways, of lamentable heaviness; and also that, in the wrongful estimation of the world, your grace's honour of every part is highly touched (whether the things that commonly be spoken of be true or not) that I remember not that ever Almighty God sent unto your grace any like occasion to try your grace's constancy throughout, whether your highness can be content to take of God's hand as well things displeasent as pleasant.

And if he find in your most noble heart such an obedience unto his will, that your grace, without murmuration and overmuch heaviness, do accept all adversities, not less thanking him than when all things succeed after your grace's will and pleasure, nor less procuring his glory and honour; then, I suppose your grace did never thing more acceptable unto him since your first governance of this your realm. And, moreover, your grace shall give unto him occasion to multiply and increase his graces and benefits unto your highness, as he did unto his most faithful servant Job; unto whom, after his great calamities and heaviness, for his obedient heart, and willing acceptation of God's scourge and rod,

addidit ei Dominus cuncta duplicia. And if it be true that is openly reported of the queen's grace, if men had a right estimation of things, they should not esteem any part of your grace's honour to be touched thereby, but her honour only, to be clearly disparaged. And I am in such a perplexity, that my mind is clean amazed, for I never had better opinion in woman than I had in her; which maketh me to think that she should not be culpable. And again, I think your highness would not have gone so far, except she had surely been culpable. Now I think that your grace best knoweth, that, next unto your grace, I was most bound unto her of all creatures living. Wherefore, I most humbly beseech your grace, to suffer me in that which both God's law, nature, and also her kindness bindeth me unto; that is, that I may, with your grace's favour, wish and pray for her, that she may declare herself inculpable and innocent. And if she be found capable, considering your grace's goodness towards her, and from what condition your grace of your only mere goodness took her, and set the crown upon her head, I repute him not your grace's faithful servant and subject, nor true unto the realm, that would not desire the offence without mercy to be punished, to the example of all other. And as I loved her not a little, for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and his gospel; so, if she be proved culpable, there is not one that loveth God and his gospel that ever will favour her, but must hate her above all other; and the more they favour the gospel, the more they will hate her; for there never was creature in our time that so much slandered the gospel. And God hath sent her this punishment, for that she feignedly hath professed this gospel in her mouth, and not in heart and deed. And though she have offended so, that she hath deserved never to be reconciled unto your grace's favour, yet Almighty God hath manifestly declared his goodness towards your grace, and never offended you. But your grace, I am sure, acknowledgeth that you have offended him. Wherefore I trust that your grace will bear no less entire favour unto the truth of the gospel than you did before: forasmuch as your grace's favour to the gospel was not led by affection unto her, but by zeal unto the truth. And thus I beseech Almighty God, whose gospel hath ordained your grace to be defended of, ever to preserve your grace from all evil, and to give you at the end the promise of his gospel. From Lambeth, the 3^d day of May.

[Cranmer had written but not despatched this letter, when he was summoned to a conference by the Lord Chancellor and other peers, who stated to him the facts which, they said, could be proved against the queen. He, therefore, in a postscript, added as follows :—]

After I had written this letter unto your grace, my lord chancellor, &c. sent for me to come unto the starchamber; and there declared unto me such things as your grace's pleasure was they should make me privy unto. For the which I am most bounden unto your grace. And what communication we had therein, I doubt not but they will make the true report thereof to your grace. I am exceedingly sorry that such faults can be proved by the queen as I heard of their relation. But I am, and ever shall be, your faithful subject.

Your grace's

Humble subject and chaplain,

THOMAS CANTUARIENSIS.

X.

Not the least curious of the manuscripts in the Vatican Library at Rome are the original autographs of Henry VIII.'s love letters to Anne Boleyn. It is supposed they were stolen from this lady at the end of the year 1528. They remained in the Vatican until the French appropriated them, with other treasures of art and literature, after the invasion of Italy at the close of last century. They were restored at the peace of 1815. Halliwell, in his 'Letters of the Kings of England,' attaches great importance to this letter as fixing the period of the commencement of the King's affection for Anne Boleyn. Henry VIII. complains of 'having been above a whole year struck with the dart of love.'

Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

[August, 1528.]

On turning over in my mind the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into great agony, not knowing how to interpret them, whether to my disadvantage, as you show in some places, or to my advantage, as I understand them in some others, beseeching you earnestly to let me know expressly your whole mind

as to the love between us two. It is absolutely necessary for me to obtain this answer, having been for above a whole year stricken with the dart of love, and not yet sure whether I shall fail or find a place in your heart and affection, which last point has prevented me for some time past from calling you my mistress; because, if you only love me with an ordinary love, that name is not suitable for you, because it denotes a singular love, which is far from common. But if you please to do the office of a true loyal mistress and friend, and to give up yourself body and heart to me, who will be, and have been, your most loyal servant (if your rigour does not forbid me) I promise you that not only the name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my only mistress, casting off all others besides you out of my thoughts and affections, and serve you only. I beseech you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. And if it does not please you to answer me in writing, appoint some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart.

No more, for fear of tiring you.

Written by the hand of him who would willingly remain yours,

H. R.

XI.

Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

[Probably the end of 1528.]

The approach of the time for which I have so long waited rejoices me so much, that it seems almost to have come already. However, the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons meet, which meeting is more desired by me than any thing in this world; for what joy can be greater upon earth than to have the company of her who is dearest to me, knowing likewise that she does the same on her part, the thought of which gives me the greatest pleasure.

Judge what an effect the presence of that person must have on me, whose absence has grieved my heart more than either words or writing can express, and which nothing can cure, but that begging you, my mistress, to tell your father from me, that I

desire him to hasten the time appointed by two days, that he may be at court before the old term, or, at farthest, on the day prefixed; for otherwise I shall think he will not do the lover's turn, as he said he would, nor answer my expectation.

No more at present for lack of time, hoping shortly that by word of mouth I shall tell you the rest of the sufferings endured by me from your absence.

Written by the hand of the secretary, who wishes himself at this moment privately with you, and who is, and always will be,

Your loyal and most assured servant,

H. no other (A. B.) seeks R.

XII.

Anne Boleyn addressed this naïve letter to Wolsey concerning the dispensation for her marriage. It will be remembered that Anne was led to suppose that the delay of her marriage was caused by the Cardinal's wish for another alliance, whereas he was really employing all his influence to induce Pope Clement VII. to issue the decretal bull. The 'recompense for his pains' turned out to be that Anne, as Queen Consort, changed her servile admiration of him into bitter enmity. Wolsey describes her as his 'night-crow that never slept, but studied and continually imagined his utter destruction.'

Anne Boleyn to Cardinal Wolsey.

[1528.]

My Lord,—In my most humblest wise that my poor heart can think, I do thank your grace for y^r kind letter, and for your rich and goodly present, the which I shall never be able to deserve without your help; of the which I have hitherto had so great plenty, that all the days of my life I am most bound of all creatures, next the King's grace, to love and serve your grace; of the which I beseech you never to doubt that ever I shall vary from this thought as long as any breath is in my body. And as touching your grace's trouble with the sweat, I thank the Lord that them that I desired and prayed for are scaped, and that is the King and you; not doubting but that God has preserved you both for great causes known only of his high wisdom. And as for the coming of the Legate, I desire that much, and if it be God's pleasure, I pray him to send this matter shortly to a good end, and then I trust,

my lord, to recompense part of your great pains. In the which I must require you in the meantime to accept my good will, in the stead of the power, the which must proceed partly from you, as our Lord knoweth; to whom I beseech to send you long life with continuance in honour. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be

Your humble and obedient servant,

ANNE BOLEYN.

XIII.

In the last edition of Roger Ascham's works, prepared by Dr. Giles, it will be found that the letters occupy as much space as all his other writings. Of the 295 letters only a very few were originally written in English; but these few, conjointly with the English treatises are valuable as specimens of a language *as it was spoken* at a period which has left us too few examples. That the secretaryship Ascham held under Edward VI. should have been continued him under Queen Mary, in spite of his open profession of the reformed religion, and that he should have preserved the friendship of Bishop Gardiner and Cardinal Pole, and have been the favourite tutor of Queen Elizabeth shows that he was, in his way, as astute and useful as the equally fortunate Lord Burleigh. The following letter refers to an ingenious device for securing an increase of pension from Queen Mary.

Roger Ascham to Bishop Gardiner.

[April, 1554.]

In writing out my patent I have left a vacant place for your wisdom to value the sum; wherein I trust to find further favour; for I have both good cause to ask it, and better hope to obtain it, partly in consideration of my unrewarded pains and undischarged costs in teaching King Edward's person, partly for my three years' service in the Emperor's court, but chiefly of all when King Henry first gave it me at Greenwich, your lordship in the gallery there asking me what the king had given me, and knowing the truth, your lordship said it was too little, and most gently offered me to speak to the king for me. But then I most happily desired your lordship to reserve that goodness to another time, which time God hath granted even to these days, when your lordship may now perform by favour as much as then you wished by good will, being as easy to obtain the one as to ask the other. And I beseech your

lordship see what good is offered me in writing the patent: the space which is left by chance doth seem to crave by good luck some words of length, as *viginti* or *triginta*, yea, with the help of a little dash *quadraginta* would serve best of all. But sure as for *decem* it is somewhat with the shortest: nevertheless I for my part shall be no less contented with the one than glad with the other, and for either of both more than bound to your lordship. And thus God prosper your lordship.

Your lordship's most bounden to serve you,

R. ASKHAM.

To the Rt Reverend Father in God,
My Lord Bishop of Winchester his Grace, these.

XIV.

This beautiful letter of condolence at the death of his son, Sturm, is selected as an excellent example of Roger Ascham's epistolary style; particularly as all the other English letters are of very great length. It is, in its easy and intelligible flow of words, free from the 'spots of rust' which Hallam discovers in the rough sentences and obsolete words of the prose of the sixteenth century.

Roger Ascham to his wife Margaret.

[November, 1568.]

Mine own good Margaret,—The more I think upon your sweet babe, as I do many times both day and night, the greater cause I always find of giving thanks continually to God for his singular goodness bestowed at this time upon the child, yourself, and me, even because it hath rather pleased him to take the child to himself into heaven, than to leave it here with us still on earth. When I mused on the matter as nature, flesh, and fatherly fantasy did carry me, I found nothing but sorrows and care, which very much did vex and trouble me, but at last forsaking these worldly thoughts, and referring me wholly to the will and order of God in the matter, I found such a change, such a cause of joy, such a plenty of God's grace towards the child, and of his goodness towards you and me, as neither my heart can comprehend, nor yet my tongue express the twentieth part thereof.

Nevertheless, because God and good will hath so joined you and me together as we must not only be the one a comfort to the

other in sorrow, but also partakers together in any joy, I could not but declare unto you what just cause I think we both have of comfort and gladness by that God hath so graciously dealt with us as he hath. My first step from care to comfort was this, I thought God had done his will with our child, and because God by his wisdom knoweth what is best, and by his goodness will do best, I was by and by fully persuaded the best that can be is done with our sweet child, but seeing God's wisdom is unsearchable with any man's heart, and his goodness unspeakable with any man's tongue, I will come down from such high thoughts, and talk more sensibly with you, and lay open before you such matter as may be both a full comfort of all our cares past, and also a just cause of rejoicing as long as we live. You well remember our continual desire and wish, our nightly prayer together, that God would vouchsafe to us to increase the number of this world; we wished that nature should beautifully perform the work by us; we did talk how to bring up our child in learning and virtue; we had care to provide for it, so as honest fortune should favour and follow it. And see, sweet wife, how mercifully God hath dealt with us in all points, for what wish could desire, what prayer could crave, what nature could perform, what virtue could deserve, what fortune could afford, both we have received, and our child doth enjoy already. And because our desire (thanked be God) was always joined with honesty, and our prayers mingled with fear, and applied always to the world too, the will and pleasure of God hath given us more than we wished, and that which is better for us now than we could hope to think upon; but you desire to hear and know how marry, even thus, we desired to be made vessels to increase the world, and it hath pleased God to make us vessels to increase heaven, which is the greatest honour to man, the greatest joy to heaven, the greatest spite to the devil, the greatest sorrow to hell, that any man can imagine. Secondly, when nature had performed what she would, grace stepped forth and took our child from nature, and gave it such gifts over and above the power of nature, as where it could not creep in earth by nature it was straitway well able to go to heaven by grace. It could not then speak by nature, and now it doth praise God by grace; it could not then comfort the sick and careful mother by nature, and now through prayer is able to help father

and mother by grace; and yet, thanked be nature, that hath done all she could do, and blessed be grace that hath done more and better than we would wish she should have done. Peradventure yet you do wish that nature had kept it from death a little longer, yea, but grace hath carried it where now no sickness can follow, nor any death hereafter meddle with it; and instead of a short life with troubles on earth, it doth now live a life that never shall end with all manner of joy in heaven.

And now, Margaret, go to, I pray you, and tell me as you think, do you love your sweet babe so little, do you envy his happy state so much, yea, once to wish that nature should have rather followed your pleasure in keeping your child in this miserable world, than grace should have purchased such profit for your child in bringing him to such felicity in heaven? Thirdly, you may say unto me, if the child had lived in this world, it might have come to such goodness by grace and virtue as might have turned to great comfort to us, to good service to our country, and served to have deserved as high a place in heaven as he doth now. To this, in short, I answer, ought we not in all things to submit to God's good will and pleasure, and thereafter to rule our affections, which I doubt not but you will endeavour to do? And therefore I will say no more, but with all comfort to you here, and a blessing hereafter, which I doubt not but is prepared for you.

Your dearly loving husband,

ROGER ASKAM.

To my dear wife, Mrs. Margaret Askam, these.

XV.

The pages of Tudor history bristle with attainders and judicial murders, and it must be admitted that the victims in nearly every instance died hard. The writer of the following pitifully abject appeal was, however, a subject meet for the executioner's axe; and considering his great position and the importance of his misdeeds, his was the solitary instance of downright cowardice in the face of death. As the contriver of Protector Somerset's overthrow, as the most prominent figure in the worst phases of the Reformation, as the seductive counsellor of Edward VI., and as the opponent of Princess Mary, he was simply an ambitious and cunning intriguer; but as a trifer all his life with religion, and in his last moments a recanter in search of pardon, he was a worthless hypocrite.

John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, to the Earl of Arundell.

The Tower: August 22, 1553.

Hon^{ble} Lord, and in this my distress my especiall refuge, most wofull was the newes I receyved this evenynge by Mr Lieutenant, that I must prepare myselfe against tomorrowe to receyve my deadly stroke. Alas, my good lord, is my cryme so heynous as noe redemcion but my blood can washe away the spottes thereof? An old proverb ther is, and that most true, that a lyving dogge is better than a dead lyon. Oh! that it would please her good grace to give me life, yea, the life of a dogge, if I might but lyve and kiss her feet, and spend both life and all in her hon^{ble} services, as I have the best part already under her worthie brother, and most glorious father. Oh! that her mercy were such as she would consider how little proffitt my dead and dismembered body can bringe her; but how great and glorious an honor it will be in all posterityes when the report shall be that soe gracious and mightie a queene had graunted life to so miserable and penitent an object. Your hon^{ble} usage and promise to me since these my troubles have made me bold to challenge this kindnes at your handes. Pardon me if I have done amiss therein, and spare not, I pray, your bended knees for me in this distresse. The God of heaven, it may be, will requite it one day on you or yours; and if my life be lengthened by your mediation, and my good lord chauncellor's (to whom I have also sent my blurred letters), I will ever owe it to be spent at your hon^{ble} feet. Oh! my good lord, remember how sweet is life, and how bitter the contrary. Spare not your speech and paines; for God, I hope, hath not shut out all hopes of comfort from me in that gracious, princely, and womanlike hart; but that as the doleful newes of death hath wounded to death both my soule and bodye, soe the comfortable newes of life shall be as a new resurrection to my wofull hart. But if no remedy can be founde, eyther by imprisonment, confiscation, banishment, and the like, I can saye noe more, but God grant me pacyence to endure, and a hart to forgive the whole world.

Once your fellowe and lovinge companion but now worthy of noe name but wretchednes and misery,

J. D.

XVI.

This is a happy contrast to the parental utterances of Lord Chesterfield given in another part of this volume.

Sir Henry Sidney to his Son Philip Sidney.

[1566.]

I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoked me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometime do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your

breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry ; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor words of ribaldry ; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth ; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame ; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side ; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family ; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish anything the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

XVII.

In Lodge's 'Illustrations of English History' are numerous reprints of the Howard and Talbot papers bearing on the Elizabethan period. Those which relate to the captive Queen of Scotland exhibit Elizabeth's fretful anxiety lest her prisoner's noble custodian should fail in due vigilance. The partisans of Mary, Queen of Scots, may here gather what, in her case, was understood as 'honourable captivity.'

Earl of Shrewsbury to Queen Elizabeth.

Sheffield Castle: March 3, 1572.

May it please your most excellent Majesty,—It appears by my Lord Huntingdon's letters to me, whereof I here send your Majesty a copy, that suspicion is of some new device for this Queen's liberty, which I can very easily believe, for I am (as always before) persuaded her friends everywhere occupy their heads thereunto. I look for no less than they can do for her, and provide for her safety accordingly. I have her sure enough, and shall keep her forthcoming, at your Majesty's commandment, either quick or dead, whatsoever she, or any for her, invent to the contrary; and, as I have no doubt at all of her stealing away from me, so if any forcible attempt be given for her, the greatest peril is sure to be her's. And if I be your Majesty's true faithful servant, as I trust your Majesty is fully persuaded, be your Majesty out of all doubt of any her escape, or delivery from me, by flight, force, or any other ways, without your Majesty's own express and known commandment to me; and thereupon I engage to your Majesty my life, honour, and all. God preserve your Majesty, with many happy years, long and prosperously to reign over us.

At Sheffield Castle, the 3rd of March, 1572.

Your Majesty's humble and faithful servant,

G. SHREWSBURY.

XVIII.

There is something grimly comic in a peer of the realm—head of all the Talbots—having his bill for 'watch and ward,' and proper nourishment of the Queen of Scots and her numerous suite (for he was bound to supply a goodly number of dishes per diem to the different tables), heavily taxed by the Lords of the Council.

Earl of Shrewsbury to Lord Burghley.

Buxton: August 9, 1580.

My very good Lord,—I came hither to Buxton, with my charge, the 28th of July. She had a hard beginning of her journey; for when she should have taken her horse, he started aside, and therewith she fell, and hurt her back, which she still complains of, notwithstanding she applies the bath once or twice a day. I do strictly observe her Majesty's commandment, written to me by your Lordship, in restraining all resort to this place; neither does she see, nor is seen to any more than to her own people, and such as I appoint to attend. She has not come forth of the house since her coming, nor shall not before her parting. Most of her folks have been sick, since her coming hither, of the new disease; herself has yet escaped. My care to discharge the trust it has pleased her Majesty to repose in me is, and shall be, no less than it has been heretofore; but, my Lord, I must lament my griefs to your Lordship, whose wisdom I know to be great, and can every way consider. I think myself very hardly dealt withal, that after twelve years' faithful services, it shall lie in any practising enemy's power to persuade her Majesty so much against me, as to think me unworthy of this small portion, the allowance for this Lady's diet, &c. It is double that money hath served me yearly which I am driven to spend by the occasion of this charge; besides the loss of liberty, dangering of my life, and many other discomforts which no money could have hired me to; but the desire I have to serve my sovereign makes peril and pain a pleasure to me. I will not trouble your Lordship particularly with my charges, because I have of late written them at more length. Good my Lord, as my special trust is in your Lordship, deal so with her Majesty for me as I am not offered so great a disgrace as to abate any part of the allowance; it touches me nearer than a much greater matter in value could do. My assured trust has been, and is, that her Majesty, of her gracious goodness, would reward me with more than all I have received for this charge, whereby it might be a testimony to the world of her good acceptance of my true and faithful services. I have presumed to write to her Majesty touching this allowance, by your Lordship's good means. I doubt not her

Majesty will think it well bestowed of me, if it were more. So wishing to your Lordship all honour and health, I end, with my wife's most hearty commendations.

Your Lordship's most faithful friend,
G. SHREWSBURY.

XIX.

When Henry the Fourth, of France, abjured Protestantism, his ambassador, Morlant, was ordered to break the matter to Queen Elizabeth and to endeavour to calm her feelings by offering the poor plea of 'urgent motives of state.' It is said that after writing the following epistle the Queen sought to appease her wrath by reading Boethius's 'Consolations of Philosophy.'

Queen Elizabeth to the King of France.

Nov. 12, 1593.

Ah, what grief! ah, what regret! ah, what pangs have seized my heart, at the news which Morlant has communicated! My God! is it possible that any worldly consideration could render you regardless of the divine displeasure? Can we reasonably expect any good result can follow such an iniquity? How could you imagine that He, whose hand has supported and upheld your cause so long, would fail you at your need? It is a perilous thing to do ill that good may come of it! Nevertheless, I yet hope your better feelings may return, and, in the meantime, I promise to give you the first place in my prayers, that Esau's hands may not defile the blessing of Jacob. The friendship and fidelity you promise to me, I own I have dearly earned; but of that I should never have repented, if you had not abandoned your father. I cannot now regard myself as your sister, for I always prefer that which is natural to that which is adopted, as God best knows, whom I beseech to guard and keep you in the right way, with better feelings.

Your sister, if it be after the old fashion: with the new I will have nothing to do.

E. R.

XX.

This note of condolence, disclosing a mood of tender sympathy very unusual with Queen Elizabeth, is nevertheless highly characteristic. Her habitual regal reserve is maintained with quiet dignity.

Queen Elizabeth to Lady Norris upon the Death of her Son.

Although we have deferred long to represent unto you our grieved thoughts, because we liked full well to yield you the first Reflections of our Misfortunes, whom we have always sought to cherish and comfort ; yet knowing now what necessity must bring it to your ears, and nature consequently must move many passionate affections in your Heart, we have resolved no longer to smother, either our care for your sorrow, or the sympathy of our grief for his Death ; wherein if society in sorrowing work diminution, we do assure you by this true messenger of our Mind, that Nature can have stirred no more dolorous affections in you as a mother for a dear Son, than the gratefulness and memory of his Services past had wrought in us his Sovereign apprehension of the miss of so worthy a Servant. But now that Nature's common Work is done, and he that was born to die hath paid his Tribute, let that Christian Discretion stay the flux of your immoderate grieving which hath instructed you both by Example and Knowledge, that nothing of this kind hath happened but by God's Providence, and that these Lines from your loving and gracious Sovereign serve to assure you, that there shall ever appear the lively Characters of you and yours that are left, in our valuing rightly all their faithful and honest Endeavours. More we will not write of this subject, but have dispatched this Gentleman to visit both your Lord, and condole with you in the true sense of your Love ; and to pray you, that the World may see, that what Time cureth in weak Minds, that Discretion and Moderation may help in you in this Accident, where there is so opportune occasion to demonstrate true Patience and true Moderation.

 XXI.

In warning James VI., of Scotland, against his double-dealing conduct, Queen Elizabeth, in her usual emphatic style, hints at her intention of ignoring the will of Henry VIII., and of respecting the rights of primogeniture by secretly nominating the descendant of her Aunt Margaret to the reversion of the English crown. Although naturally fond of secrecy and dissimulation the Queen could not publicly avow her determination in this matter without courting troublesome opposition from the partisans of the other claimants.

Queen Elizabeth to James VI. of Scotland.

1585.

Right deare Brother,—Your gladsome acceptance of my offred amitie, togither with the desiare you seem to have ingraven in your mynde to make merites correspondant, makes me in ful opinion that some ennemis to our good wyl shal loose muche travel, with making frustrat thar baiting stratagems, whiche I knowe to be many, and by sondry meanes to be explored. I cannot halt with you so muche as to denye that I have seen suche evident shewes of your contrarious dealings, that if I mad not my rekening the bettar of the moneths, I might condemne you as unworthy of such as I mynd to shewe myselfe toward you, and therefor I am wel pleased to take any coulour to defend your honor, and hope that you wyl remember that who seaketh two stringes to one bowe, he may shute strong, but never strait; and if you suppose that princes causes be vailed so couvertly that no intelligence may bewraye them, deceave not yourselfe; we old foxes can find shiftes to save ourselves by others malice, and come by knowledge of greatest secreat, spetiallye if it touche our freholde. It becometh, therefor, all our reneq to deale sincerely, lest, if we use it not, whan we do it, we be hardly beleaved. I write not this, my deare brother, for dout but for remembrances.

My ambassador writes so muche of your honorable traitment of him and of Alexandar, that I belive they be convertid Scotese. You oblige me for them; for wiche I render you a milion of most intire thankes, as she that meaneth to desearve many a good thoght in your brest throwe good desart. And for that your request is so honorable, retaining so muche reason, I wer out of [my] senses if I shuld not suspend of any hiresay til the answer of your owne action, wiche the actor ought best to knowe, and so assure yourselfe I meane and vowe to do; with this request, that you wyl affourd me the reciproque. And thus, with my many petitions to the Almighty for your long life and preservation, I ende these skribled lines.

Your verey assured lovinge sistar and cousin,

ELIZABETH R.

XXII.

Queen Elizabeth here ridicules a proposal made to her on the part of the Scotch Commissioners that Mary, Queen of Scots, should be allowed to leave her captivity and be placed in the keeping of some neutral prince, subject to a guarantee from her relations that she should for ever abstain from all interference in the affairs of England. The letter indicates with tolerable clearness Elizabeth's intention to sacrifice the life of her dangerous rival.

Queen Elizabeth to James VI. of Scotland.

[February, 1586-7.]

Be not caried away, my deare brother, with the lewd perswations of suche, as insteade of infowrming you of my to nideful and helpeless cause of defending the brethe that God hath given me, to be better spent than spilt by the bloudy invention of traitors hands, may perhaps make you belive, that ether the offense was not so great, or if that cannot serve them, for the over-manifest triall wiche in publick and by the greatest and most in this land hathe bine manifestly proved, yet they wyl make that her life may be saved and myne safe wiche wold God wer true; for whan you make view of my long danger indured thes four—wel ny five—moneths time to make a tast of, the greatest witz amongs my owne, and than of French, and last of you, wyl graunt with me, that if nide wer not mor than my malice she shuld not have her merite.

And now for a good conclusion of my long-taried-for answer. Your commissionars telz me, that I may trust her in the hand of some indifferent prince, and have all her cousins and allies promis she wil no more seake my ruine. Deare brother and cousin, way in true and equal balance wither they lak not muche good ground whan suche stuf serves for ther bilding. Suppose you I am so mad to truste my life in anothers hand and send hit out of my owne? If the young master of Gray, for curring faueur with you, might fortune say hit, yet old master Mylvin hath yeres ynough to teache him more wis-dome than tel a prince of any jugement suche a contrarious frivolous maimed reason. Let your coun-celors, for your honor, discharge ther duty so muche to you as to declaire the absurditie of such an offer; and, for my part, I do

assure myselve to muche of your wisdome, as, thogh like a most naturall good son you charged them to seake all meanes they could devis with wit or jgement to save her life, yet I can not, nor do not, allege any fault to you of thes persuasions, for I take hit that you wil remember, that advis or desiars aught ever agree with the surtye of the party sent to and honor of the sendar, wiche whan bothe you weigh, I doute not but your wisdome wil excuse my nide, and waite my necessitie, and not accuse me ether of malice or of hate.

And now to conclude. Make account, I pray you, of my firme frindeship love and care, of which you may make sure accownt, as one that never mindz to faile from my worde, nor swarve from our league, but wyl increase, by all good meanes, any action that may make true shewe of my stable amitie; from wiche, my deare brother, let no sinister whisperars, nor busy troblers of princis states, persuade to leave your surest, and stike to unstable staies. Suppose them to be but the ecchos to suche whos stipendaries the be, and wyl do more for ther gaine than your good. And so, God hold you ever in his blessed kiping, and make you see your tru friends. Excuse my not writing sonar, for paine in one of my yees was only the cause.

Your most assured lovinge sistar and cousin,

ELIZABETH R.

XXIII.

It was thought in Spain, at least by the priests and courtiers who surrounded Philip II., that one battle at sea and one battle on land would bring England to her senses, and compel Queen Elizabeth to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope; and not a little of the literature of Spain in the years 1587 and 1588 pointed to the importance of capturing our Queen and killing Drake. The English Admiral was the chief offender. By his successful expedition in 1587, he had retarded the invasion by a whole year, having tamed the Spanish, and, as he said, 'singd the King's beard.' He is writing to that most successful diplomat, Walsingham, at the time we were hotly pursuing the retreating Armada.

Sir Francis Drake to Lord Walsingham.

July 31, 1588.

Most Honorable,—I am comaunded to send these prisoners ashore by my Lord Admerall, which had, ere this, byne long done,

but that I thought ther being here myght have done something which is not thought meet now.

Lett me beseche your Honor that they may be presented unto her Majestie, either by your honor, or my honorable good Lord, my Lord Chancellor, or both of you. The one, Don Pedro, is a man of great estymacyon with the King of Spayne, and thowght next in this armye to the Duke of Sedonya. If they shoulde be geven from me unto any other, it would be som greff to my friends. Yf her Majestie will have them, God defend but I shoulde thinck it happye.

We have the armye of Spayne before us, and mynd with the Grace of God, to wressell a poull with him.

Ther was never any thing pleased me better than the seeing the enemye flying with a Sotherly wynd to the Northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the Grace of God, yf we live, I doubt it not, but ere it be long so to handell the matter with the Duke of Sedonya, as he shall wish hymself at Saint Marie Port among his oryngge trees. God gyve us grace to depend upon him, so shall we not doubt victory; for our cawse is good.

Humbly taking my leave, this last of July, 1588.

Your Honor's faythfully to be commanded ever,

FRA : DRAKE.

XXIV.

Some 150 letters relative to the suppression of the monasteries were edited in 1843 by Mr. Thomas Wright for the Camden Society, from the originals in the British Museum. They illustrate in very plain language the depravity that was rampant in the lesser monasteries, and the corruption that had wormed itself into many of the larger establishments; and even if it be allowed that Henry VIII.'s policy of confiscation was based on selfish motives, and that his plea of religious reform was subordinate to his secular aims, the suppression of four-fifths of the monasteries was justified by the voluminous report of the Visitor-General, Thomas Cromwell, in what is deservedly called the 'Black Book.' Although the Act of 1539 did not actually dissolve the greater houses, their occupants were either persuaded or terrified into a voluntary surrender. The cases of stubborn and recalcitrant abbots were deat with by indictments for high treason.

*John ap Rice to Thomas Cromwell, Visitor-General of
Monasteries.*

Bury : Nov. 5, 1535.

Please it your mastership, fforasmoche as I suppose ye shall have sute made unto you touching Burie er we retourne, I thought convenient to advertise you of our procedinges there, and also of the compertes, of the same.

As for thabbot, we found nothing suspect as touching his lyving, but it was detected that he laye moche forth in his granges, that he delited moche in playing at dice and cardes, and therin spent moche money, and in buylding for his pleasure. He did not preche openly. Also that he converted divers fermes into copie holdes, wherof poore men doth complayne. Also he semeth to be addict to the mayntenynge of suche supersticious ceremones as hath ben used heretofor.

As touching the convent, we coulde geate litle or no reportes amonge theym, although we did use moche diligence in our examinacion, and therby, with some other argumentes gethered of their examinacions, I fermely beleve and suppose that they had confedered and compacted before our commynge that they shulde disclose nothing.

And yet it is confessed and proved, that there was here suche frequence of women commynge and reassorting to this monastery as to no place more. Amongst the reliques we founde moche vanitie and superstition, as the coles that Sainte Laurence was tosted withall, the paring of S. Edmundes naylles, S. Thomas of Canterbury penneknyff and his bootes, and divers skulles for the hedache; peces of the holie crosse able to make a hole crosse of; other reliques for rayne and certain other superstitiouse usages, for avoyding of wedes growing in corne, with suche other. Here departe of theym that be under age upon an eight, and of theym that be above age upon a five, wolde departe yf they might, and they be ofthe best sorte in the house and of best lernynge and judgement. The hole number of the convent before we cam was lx., saving one, besides iij that were at Oxforde. Of Elie I have

written to your mastership by my felowe Richard a Lee. And thus Almighty God have you in his tuicion. From Burie, vth Novembre.

Your servant moste bounden

JOHNE AP RICE.

XXV.

This letter, illustrative of the condition of some religious houses, was written by a monk of the abbey of Pershore.

Richard Beerley to Sir Thomas Cromwell, Visitor-General of Monasteries.

1536.

Most reverent lord yn God, second person yn this rem of Englund, ynduyd with all grace and goodnes, y submytt my selfe unto your grace and goodnes, desyuryng you myckely to be good and gracyus lord unto me synful and poor creatur, my lowly and myck srybullyng unto your nobull grace at this tyme ys gruggyng yn my conchons that the relygyon wyche we do obser and keype ys no rull of Sentt Benett, nor yt no commandyment of God, nor of no Sentt, but lyyth and foullysse serymonys, mayd sum yn old tyme and sume yn our tyme, by lyyth and ondyscrytt faders, wych have done ther dutys and fulfilled ther owne serymonys, an lett the preceps an commandymentes of God go. And so have y do thys syx yere, wych doth now greve my conchons sore, that y have byn a dyssymblar so long tyme, the wych relygyon say sent Jamys, ys yn vayne and bryngyng forth no good fruttes; bettur owtt then yn the relygyon, except yt were the tru relygyon of Chryst. Also we do nothyng seyrch for the doctryn of Chryst, but all fowlows our owne sensyaly and pleser. And thys relygyon, as y supposse, ys all yn vayne glory, and nothyng worthy to be except nather before God nor man. Also, most gracyus lord, ther ys a secrett thyng yn my conchons wych dothe move me to goo out of the relygyon, an yf yt were never so perfett, wych no man may know but my gostly fader, the wych I supposs yf a man mothe guge yn other yong persons as yn me selfe, for Chryst say, *nolite judicare et non iudicabimini*; therefore y wyl guge my nowne conchons fyrst, the wych fault he shall know of me heyrafter more largyorly, and many other fowll vyeys don amonekst relygyus me[n], not

relygyus men, as y thynk the owtt not to be cald, but dyssymbars with God. Now, most gracyus lord and most worthyst vycytar that ever cam amonckes us, helpe me owt of thys wayne relygyon, and macke me your servant, hande-mayd, and beydman, and save my sowlle, wych sholdbe lost yf ye helpe yt not, the wych you may save with on word speckyng, and mayek me wych am now nawtt to cum unto grace and goodnes. Now y wyll ynstrux your grace sumwatt of relygyus men, and how the Kynges grace commandyment ys keyp yn puttyng forth of bockes the beyschatt of Rome userpt power. Monckes drynk an bowll after collacyon tell ten or xii. of the clock, and cum to mattens as dronck as myss, and sume at cardes, sume at dyyss, and at tabulles, sume cum to mattens begenyng at the mydes, and sume when yt ys allmost done, and wold not cum ther so only for boddly punnyment, nothyng for Godes sayek, wyth many other vycys the use, wych y have no leser now to express. Also abbettes, monckes, prest, dont lyttyl or nothyng to put owtt of bockes the beyshatt of Romes name, for y my seylfe do know yn dyvers bockes wher ys name and hys userpt powor upon us ys. No mor unto your nobul grace at thays tyme, but Jesu preserve you to pleser. Amen.

Your commyssary commandyd me to wrytt my mynd unto your nobul grace, by my oathe I toyk of him yn our chaptur hows.

Be me, your beydman, Ryc. Beerley, now
monck yn the monastery of Pershor.

XXVI.

The death of Lady Cecil, the wife of Secretary Robert Cecil, was the occasion of a letter of condolence from Raleigh to her husband—for the two statesmen were firm friends in the year 1596.

If the letter does not help to illustrate Mr. Hume's remark that Raleigh's prose was 'the best model of our ancient style,' it, at least, is thoroughly characteristic of the writer. His fortunes were on the wane, and he was passing into a phase of disappointment and sorrow. His most recent biographer, Mr. Edwards, to whom we are indebted for a fresh store of correspondence, remarks of this particular letter:—'Perhaps few men of like mental calibre have taken so long a time to learn

the lessons of bereavement or the uses of adversity. The task, however, was got by heart at last. We have here Raleigh's crude notions about the theme before he had really learnt a line of it.'

Sir Walter Raleigh to Secretary Sir Robert Cecil.

Sherborne : Jan 24, 1596.

Sir,—Because I know not how you dispose of yoursealf, I forbear to vissitt you; preferringe your plesinge before myne own desire. I had rather be with you now then att any other tyme, if I could therby ether take of frome you the burden of your sorrows, or lay the greater part therof on myne owne hart. In the mean tyme, I would butt minde you of this,—that you should not overshaddo your wisdome with passion, butt looke aright into things as the are.

There is no man sorry for death it sealf, butt only for the tyme of death; every one knowing that it is a bound never forfeited to God. If then wee know the same to be certayne and inevitable, wee ought withall to take the tyme of his arivall in as good part as the knowledge; and not to lament att the instant of every seeminge adversety, whiche, we ar asured, have bynn on ther way towards us from the beginninge. It apartayneth to every man of a wize and worthy spiritt to draw together into sufferance the unknown future to the known present; lookinge no less with the eyes of the minde then thos of the boddy—the one beholdinge afar of, and the other att hand—that thos things of this worlde in which we live be not strange unto us, when the approach, as to febleness, which is moved with noveltes. Butt that, like true men, participating immortalteye, and know[ing] our destines to be of God, wee then make our estates and wishes, our fortunes and desires, all one.

It is trew that you have lost a good and vertuous wife, and my sealf an honorable frinde and kynswoman. Butt ther was a tyme when shee was unknowne to you, for whom you then lamented not. Shee is now no more your's, nor of your acquayntance, butt immortall, and not needinge or knowing your love or sorrow. Therefore you shall but greve for that which now is as then it was, when not your's; only bettered by the differance in this, that shee hath past the weresome journey of this darke worlde, and hath

possession of her inheritance. Shee hath left behind her the frute of her love, for whos sakes you ought to care for your sealf, that you leve them not without a gwyde, and not by grevinge to repine att His will that gave them you, or by sorrowing to dry up your own tymes that ought to establishe them.

I beleve it that sorrows are dangerus companions, converting badd into yevill and yevill in worse, and do no other service then multeply harms. They ar the treasures of weak harts and of the foolishe. The minde that entertayneth them is as the yearth and dust wheron sorrows and adversetes of the world do, as the beasts of the field, tread, trample, and defile. The minde of man is that part of God which is in us, which, by how mich it is subject to passion, by so mich it is farther from Hyme that gave it us. Sorrows draw not the dead to life, butt the livinge to death. And, if I weare my sealf to advize my sealf in the like, I would never forgett my patience till I saw all and the worst of yevills, and so greve for all att once ; least, lamenting for sume one, another might not remayne in the poure of Destiney of greater discumfort.

Your's ever beyound the pour of words to utter

W. RALEGH.

XXVII.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the chief victim of the half-hearted Spanish policy of King James I. He had been condemned to death for secretly allying himself with Spanish interests, but the sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment. His execution, some fifteen years afterwards, was brought about by an almost unavoidable collision with Spanish troops during the ill-advised expedition to Guiana in search of his 'El Dorado.' True, when this ambitious explorer, after thirteen years' imprisonment, was released conditionally from the Tower, he was pledged not to molest the Spaniards: but, unfortunately, Spanish blood was shed, and not a single nugget of gold was brought home to compensate for his disobedience.

Sir Walter Raleigh to King James I.

The Tower : Sept. 24, 1618.

If in my jorny outuward bound I had of my men murthered at the Islands, and spared to tak revenge; if I did discharge some Spanish barkes taken, without spoile; if I forbare all partes of the

Spanish Indies, wherein I might have taken twentye of their townes on the sea cost, and did only follow the enterprise which I undertooke for Guiana,—where without any direccion from me, a Spanish village was burnt, which was newly sett up within three miles of the mine,—by your Majesties favor I finde noe reason whie the Spanish Embassadors should complaine of me. If it were lawfull for the Spanish to murther 26 Englishmen, tyenge them back to backe, and then to cutt theire throtes, when they had traded with them a whole moneth, and came to them on the land without so much as one sword amongst them all ;—and that it may not be lawfull for your Majesties subjects, beinge forced by them, to repell force by force, we may justly say, ‘O miserable English !’

If Parker and Mutton took Campeach and other places in the Honduraes, seated in the hart of the Spanish Indies ; burnt townes, killed the Spaniards, and had nothing sayed to them at their returne,—and that my selfe forbore to looke into the Indies, because I would not offend, I may as justly say, ‘O miserable Sir Walter Raleigh !’

If I had spent my poore estate, lost my sonne, suffred, by sickness and otherwise, a world of miseries ; if I had resisted with the manifest hazard of my life the rebells [robberies] and spoils which my companyes would have made ; if when I was poore I could have mad my selfe rich ; if when I had gotten my libertye, which all men and Nature it selfe doth so much prise, I voluntarilie lost it ; if when I was master of my life I rendred it againe ; if, [though] I might elsewhere have sould my shipp and goods, and put five or six thousand pounds in my purse, I have brought her into England ; I beseech your Majestie to beleeve, that all this I have done because it should [not] be sayed to your Majestie that your Majestie had given libertie and trust to a man whose ende was but the recovery of his libertie, and whoe had betrayed your Majesties trust.

My mutiners tould me, that if I returned for England I should be undone ; but I beleaved more in your Majesty’s goodnes then in their arguments. Sure I am, that I am the first who, being free and able to inrich my selfe, hath embraced povertie. And as sure I am that my example shall make me the last. But your Majes-

tics wisdome and goodnes I have made my judges, whoe have ever bine, and

Shall euer remain,

Your Majesty's most humble vassall

W. RALEGH.

XXVIII.

Lyly, though still a young man in 1582, was already famous as the author of 'Euphues,' the manual of stately morality among the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth. He had flourished under the protection of Lord Burleigh since he left Oxford in 1574, and we do not know under what circumstances he incurred the displeasure of the High Treasurer. He was probably soon taken into favour again, for we find him about the Court until the end of the century.

John Lyly to Lord Burleigh.

July, 1582.

It hath plesed my Lord vpon what colour I cannot tell, certaine I am vpon no cause, to be displeas'd with me, ye grief whereof is more then the losse can be. But seeing I am to liue in ye world, I must also be judged by the world, for that an honest seruauant must be such as Cæsar wold haue his wif, not only free from synne, but from suspicion. And for that I wish nothing more then to commit all my waies to your wisdome and the deuises of others to your iudgment, I here yeld both my self and my soule, the one to be tried by your honnor, the other by the iustic of god; and if I doubt not but my dealings being sifted, the world shall find white meale, where others thought to show cours branne.

It may be manie things wilbe objected, but yf any thing can be proued I doubt, I know your L. will soone smell deuises from simplicity, trueth from trecherie, factions from just servis. And god is my witnes, before whome I speak, and before whome for my speache I shal aunswer, yat all my thoughtes concerning my L. haue byne ever reuerent, and almost relligious. How I haue dealt god knoweth and my Lady can conjecture, so faithfullie, as I am as vnspotted for dishonestie, as a suckling from theft. This conscins of myne maketh me presume to stand to all trialls, ether of accomptes, or counsell, in the one I neuer vsed falshood nor in the

other dissembling. My most humble suit therefore vnto your L. is yat my accusations be not smothered and I choaked in ye smoak, but that they maie be tried in ye fire, and I will stand to the heat. And my only comfort is, yat ye yat is wis shall judge trueth, whos nakednes shall manifest her noblenes. But I will not trouble your honorable eares, with so meinie idle words only this upon my knees I ask, yat your L. will voursalf to talk with me, and in all things will I shew my self so honest, yat my disgrac shall bring to your L. as great meruell, as it hath done to me grief, and so thoroughly will I satisfie everie objection, yat your L. shall think me faithfull, though infortunat. That your honnor rest persuaded of myne honest mynd, and my Lady of my true servis, that all things may be tried to ye vttermost, is my desire, and the only reward I craue for my iust (iust I dare term it) servis. And thus in all humility submitting my caus to your wisdom and my consins to ye triecall. I commit your L. to the Almightye.

Your L. most dutifullie to commaund

JOHN LYLY.

XXIX.

That ruling tyrant of the English Bar, Sir Edward Coke, was a chronic thorn in the side of Sir Francis Bacon. Jealous of the increasing political and literary fame of his adversary, Coke, both in word and action, exercised all his ingenuity to lower the credit of his accomplished countryman. His affected depreciation of the writings of the author of 'The Advancement of Learning,' betrayed a petty malignity of spirit which the philosopher did not deign to notice. Not so his studied insolence of behaviour, which brought out the following neat letter of expostulation.

Sir Francis Bacon to Sir Edward Coke.

[Before June 1606.]

Mr. Attorney,—I thought best once for all, to let you know in plainness what I find of you, and what you shall find of me. You take to yourself a liberty to disgrace and disable my law, my experience, my discretion. What it pleaseth you, I pray, think of me: I am one that knows both mine own wants and other mens; and it may be, perchance, that mine mend, when others stand at a stay. And surely I may not endure, in public place, to be wronged without repelling the same to my best advantage to right myself. You are great, and therefore have the more enviers,

which would be glad to have you paid at another's cost. Since the time I missed the solicitor's place, the rather I think by your means, I cannot expect that you and I shall ever serve as attorney and solicitor together : but either to serve with another upon your remove, or to step into some other course ; so as I am more free than ever I was from any occasion of unworthy conforming myself to you, more than general good manners, or your particular good usage shall provoke ; and if you had not been short-sighted in your own fortune, as I think you might have had more use of me. But that tide is passed.

I write not this to shew my friends what a brave letter I have written to Mr. Attorney ; I have none of those humours ; but that I have written is to a good end, that is, to the more decent carriage of my master's service, and to our particular better understanding one of another. This letter, if it shall be answered by you in deed, and not in word, I suppose it will not be worse for us both ; else it is but a few lines lost, which for a much smaller matter I would have adventured. So this being to yourself, I for my part rest &c.

XXX.

This little gem, composed in honour of the founder of the Bodleian Library, lies half-hidden in a ponderous volume entitled 'Cabala,' consisting of some very important correspondence of the Elizabethan and early Stuart period. The letter is also published in some editions of Bacon's works. So graceful a recognition of services to literature from the man of all others most capable of appreciating them, must have been very gratifying to the courtly diplomatist, Sir Thomas Bodley, at a time when public benefactions were sparingly acknowledged.

Sir Francis Bacon to Sir Thomas Bodley, upon sending him his book on the 'Advancement of Learning.'

1607.

Sir,—I think no man may more truly say with the Psalm, *multum incola fuit anima mea*. For I do confess, since I was of any understanding, my mind hath in effect, been absent from that I have done, and in absence errors are committed, which I do willingly acknowledge ; and amongst the rest, this great one that led the rest ; that knowing my self by inward calling to be fitter to hold a Book, than to play a Part, I have led my Life in civil

Causes; for which I was not very fit by Nature, and more unfit by the pre-occupation of my Mind. Therefore calling my self home, I have now for a time enjoyed my self; where likewise I desire to make the World partaker; my labours (if so I may term that which was the comfort of my other labours) I have dedicated to the King, desirous if there be any good in them, it may be as fat of a Sacrifice incensed to his Honour; and the second Copy have sent unto you, not only in good affection, but in a kind of Congruity, in regard of your Great and rare desert of learning. For Books are the Shrines where the Saint is, or is believed to be. And you having built an Ark to save Learning from Deluge, deserve in Propriety, any new Instrument or Engine, whereby Learning should be Improved or Advanced.

 XXXI.

Although the nation at large was proud of Bacon as orator, lawyer, statesman, and philosopher, and applauded his rise to the woolsack and to the dignity of Viscount St. Albans as warmly as they did his unrivalled attainments, yet so heinous was the sin of judicial bribery considered, that his conviction by the Parliament of malpractices in the High Court of Chancery was followed by a national cry for his punishment.

The following letter was written before the formal impeachment was carried to the House of Peers, and while the charges of bribery and corruption were being collected.

Lord Chancellor Bacon to King James I.

March 25, 1621.

May it please your most excellent Majesty,—Time hath been when I have brought unto you *gemitum columbæ* from others, now I bring it from myself. I fly unto your Majesty with the wings of a dove, which once within these seven days I thought would have carried me a higher flight. When I enter into myself, I find not the materials of such a tempest as is come upon me: I have been, as your majesty knoweth best, never author of any immoderate counsel, but always desired to have things carried *suavibus modis*. I have been no avaricious oppressor of the people. I have been no haughty, or intolerable, or hateful man, in my conversation or carriage. I have inherited no hatred from my father, but am a good patriot born. Whence should this be? For these are the things that use to raise dislikes abroad.

For the house of Commons, I began my credit there, and now it must be the place of the sepulture thereof; and yet this parliament, upon the message touching religion, the old love revived, and they said, I was the same man still, only honesty was turned into honour. For the upper house, even within these days, before these troubles, they seemed as to take me into their arms, finding in me ingenuity, which they took to be the true straight line of nobleness, without any crooks or angles.

And for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the books of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice; howsoever I may be frail, and partake of the abuses of the times.

And therefore I am resolved, when I come to my answer, not to trick up my innocency, as I writ to the lords, by cavillations or voidances; but to speak to them the language that my heart speaketh to me, in excusing, extenuating, or ingenuously confessing; praying to God to give me the grace to see the bottom of my faults, and that no hardness of heart do steal upon me, under shew of more neatness of conscience, than is cause. But not to trouble your majesty any longer, craving pardon for this long mourning letter; that which I thirst after, *as the hart after the streams*, is, that I may know, by my matchless friend that presenteth to you this letter, your majesty's heart (which is an *abyssus* of goodness, as I am an *abyssus* of misery) towards me. I have been ever your man, and counted myself but an usufructuary of myself, the property being yours. And now making myself an oblation to do with me as may best conduce to the honour of your justice, the honour of your mercy, and the use of your service, resting as clay in your majesty's gracious hands. &c., &c.

XXXII.

The excellent counsel vouchsafed in this letter by James I. to his eldest son, supplemented as it was by the Royal instructions contained in 'the printed book' (Basilicon Doron), was not addressed to a heedless boy, but to a clever princeling whose activity of mind, firm sincerity, and ardent piety contrasted with the vanity and pedantry of his father. In losing Prince Henry at the early age of nineteen, the nation lost, in all appearance, a ruler capable of reviving the best features of Plantagenet government.

James I. to his son Prince Henry, on his leaving Scotland to take possession of the English Crown.

1603.

My Son,—That I see you not before my parting, impute it to this great occasion, wherein time is so precious ; but that shall by God's grace be recompensed by your coming to me shortly, and continual residence with me ever after. Let not this news make you proud, or insolent, for a King's son and heir was ye before, and no more are ye yet. The augmentation that is hereby like to fall unto you, is but in cares and heavy burthens. Be, therefore, merry, but not insolent ; keep a greatness, but *sine fastu* ; be resolute, but not wilful. Keep your kindness, but in honourable sort ; choose none to be your playfellows but them that are well born ; and above all things, never give good countenance to any but according as ye shall be informed that they are in estimation with me. Look upon all Englishmen that shall come to visit you as your loving subjects, not with that ceremony as towards strangers, and yet with such heartiness as at this time they deserve. This gentleman whom this bearer accompanies is worthy, and of good rank, and now my familiar servitor ; use him, therefore, in a more homely, loving sort nor other. I send you herewith my book lately printed ; study and profit in it as ye would deserve my blessing ; and as there can nothing happen unto you whereof ye will not find the general ground therein, if not the very particular point touched, so must ye level every man's opinions or advices unto you as ye find them agree or discord with the rules there set down, allowing and following their advices that agree with the same, mistrusting and frowning upon them that advise you to the contrary. Be diligent and earnest in your studies, that at your meeting with me I may praise you for your progress in learning. Be obedient to your master, for your own weal, and to procure my thanks ; for in reverencing him ye obey me, and honour yourself. Farewell,

Your loving father,

JAMES R.

XXXIII.

Accompanied by that accomplished trifler, the Duke of Buckingham, Prince Charles of England, the spoilt child of an indulgent and affectionate father, had reached the end of what is called a *romantic* journey to Madrid in quest of a wife. The romancers had passed in disguise through France under the undignified names of Jack and Tom Smith, and at the time this letter was written they were endeavouring to negotiate among the wily Spaniards a marriage-treaty with the Infanta. The only excuse James I. had for seeking a wife for his 'dear baby' from a house hostile to the Protestant faith was that there was no Protestant princess of immediate royal extraction to be found; at least, there was no king's daughter; and rather than abandon a project that would contribute so much to his desire for a political alliance with Spain—an alliance openly deprecated by the English nation—he consented to demands which, rising as they did at every fresh stage of the contract, overtaxed the patience of Charles himself, who neutralised the pliant disposition of his father by adopting the rôle of an injured suitor, and returning to London. Unfortunately, he went 'from the smoke to the smother,' and married Henrietta Maria of France.

James I. to Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham.

Theobalds: May 9, 1623.

My Sweet Boys,—If the Dutch post had not been robbed and sore beaten in Kent, three days ago, ye had sooner received the duplicate of the power I put in my sweet babies' hands, which I send you for the more security, seeing the expedition of your return depends upon it; but it rejoiceth my heart that your opinion anent the three conditions annexed to the dispensation agreeth fully with mine, as ye will find by one of my letters, dated Theobalds, which Gresley will deliver unto you. Carlisle came yesterday morning to Dos Castellanos, and a devoted servant to the Condé d'Olivares; but my sweet Steenie Gossip, I heartily thank thee for thy kind, droll letter. I do herewith send thee a kind letter of thanks to that King for the elephant, as thou desired, wherein I likewise thank for him, for a letter of his which Carlisle delivered unto me, which is indeed the kindest and courtesest letter ever I received from any King. I have likewise received from Carlisle the list of the jewels which ye have already received, and which of them my baby means to present to his mistress; I pray you, sweet baby, if ye think not fit to present her

the collar of great ballest rubies and knots of pearls, bring it home again, and the like I say of the head-dressing of the great pear pearls, which ye have, and other three head-dressings which Frank Stewart is to deliver unto you, for they are not presents fit for subjects; but if ye please, ye may present one of them to the queen of Spain. Carlisle thinks my baby will bestow a rich jewel upon the Condé D'Olivares; but, in my opinion, horses, dogs, hawks, and such like stuff to be sent him out of England by you both, will be a far more noble, acceptable present to him. And now, my sweet Steenie gossip, that the poor fool, Kate, hath also sent thee her pearl chain, which, by accident, I saw in a box in Frank Stewart's; I hope I need not conjure thee not to give any of her jewels away there, for thou knowest what necessary use she will have of them at your return here, besides that it is not lucky to give away that I have given her. Now, as for mails, the more strong mails for carriage that ye can provide me with, I will be the better secured in my journeys, and the better cheap. If ye can get the deer handsomely here, they shall be welcome. I hope the elephant, camels, and asses, are already by the way.

And so God bless you both, and after a happy success there, send you speedy and comfortable home in the arms of your dear dad.

JAMES R.

XXXIV.

James I. to Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham.

March 25, 1623.

My Sweet Boys,—God bless you both, and reward you for the comfortable news I received from you yesterday (which was my coronation day), in place of tilting; and God bless thee, my sweet gossip, for thy little letter, all full of comfort. I have written a letter to the Condé d' Olivares, as both of you desired me, as full of thanks and kindness as can be devised, and indeed he well deserves; but in the end of your letter ye put in a cooling card, anent the nuncio's averseness to this business, and that thereby ye collect that the pope will likewise be averse; but first ye must remember that in Spain they never put doubt of the granting of the dispensation—that themselves did set down the spiritual conditions. These things may justly be laid before them; but I know not what

ye mean by my acknowledging the pope's spiritual supremacy. I am sure ye would not have me renounce my religion for all the world; but all that I can guess at your meaning is, that it may [be] ye have an allusion to a passage in my book against Bellarmine, where I offer, if the pope would quit his godhead, and usurping over Kings, to acknowledge him for the chief bishop, to which all appeals of churchmen ought to lie *en dernier resort*, the very words I send you here inclosed, and that is the farthest my conscience will permit me to go upon this point; for I am not a monsieur that can shift his religion as easily as he can shift his shirt, when he cometh from tennis.

I have no more to say in this; but God bless you, my sweet Baby, and send him good fortune in his wooing to the comfort of his old father, who cannot be happy but in him. My ship is ready to make sail, and only stays for a fair wind. God send it her: but I have, for the honour of England, curtailed the train that goes by sea of a number of rascals. And, my sweet Steenie gossip, I must tell thee that Kate was a little sick within these four or five days of a headache, and the next morning, after a little casting, was well again. I hope it is a good sign that I shall shortly be a gossip over again, for I must be thy perpetual gossip; but the poor fool Kate hath, by importunity, gotten leave of me to send thee both her rich chains; and this is now the eighth etter I have written for my two boys, and six to Kate. God send me still more and more comfortable news of you both, till I may have a joyful, comfortable, and happy meeting with you; and that my Baby may bring home a fair lady with him, as this is written upon our Lady-day, 25th of March, 1623. JAMES R.

XXXV.

Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, the impetuous favourite of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, who 'never learned to disguise a feeling or conceal a thought,' reached the zenith of royal partiality before he attained his thirtieth year.

The idol of the people and of the army, the Queen was as jealous of his popularity as she was fond of him personally. The two following letters are among a series written to the Queen during his outward journey in command of the expedition against Spain, 1597. They indicate his position as the successor of the courtly Earl of Leicester.

The Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

Sandwich: June 23, 1597.

Your spirit I do invoke, my most dear and admired sovereign, to assist me, that I may express that humblest and most due thankfulness, and that high and true joy which upon the reading of your Majesty's letter my poor heart hath conceived. Upon your spirit, I say, I call, as only powerful over me, and by his infinite virtue only able to express infinite things.

Or if I be too weak an instrument to be inspired with such a gift, or that words be not able to interpret for me, then to your royal dear heart I appeal, which, without my words, can fully and justly understand me. Heavens and earth shall witness for me. I will strive to be worthy of so high a grace and so blessed a happiness. Be pleased therefore, most dear Queen, to be ever thus gracious, if not for my merit yet for your own constancy. And so you shall bestow all those happinesses which in the end of your letter you are pleased to wish; and then, if I may hear your Majesty is well and well-pleased nothing can be ill with your Majesty's humblest and most affectionate vassal,

ESSEX.

XXXVI.

The Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

Portland Roads: July 6, 1597.

Most dear and most excellent Sovereign,—I received your gracious letter full of princely care, of sweetness, and of power to enable your poor vassal to all duties and services that flesh and blood can perform. I received this dear letter, I say, as I was under sail, coming with your Majesty's fleet into the road of Portland. And because I think it will be welcome news to your Majesty that we are all with safety thus far advanced, I send the gentleman whom your Majesty dispatched to me forthwith back again.

By whom, if I could express my soul's humble, infinite and perfect thankfulness for so high favours as your Majesty's five dear tokens, both the watch, the thorn and above all the angel¹ which

¹ Probably a portrait.

you sent to guard me, for your Majesty's sweet letters indited by the spirit of spirits; if, for this I say, I could express fit thankfulness I would strain my wits to perform it. But till God in time make my poor endeavours and services my witnesses I must hope your Majesty will conceive, in your royal breast that which my weak words cannot signify. So shall you do justly as you ever used to do, and so shall you bless and make happy your Majesty's humble vassal, whose soul is poured out with most earnest, faithful and more than most affectionate wishes.

ESSEX.

XXXVII.

In spite of the failure of the expedition to Spain, and of many other omissions, Essex retained his place at Court. In the summer of 1598, in the course of a warm discussion on the proposed appointment of Sir William Knollys to the Governor-Generalship of Ireland, the hot-headed Earl provoked the Queen by his discourteous manner. She promptly boxed his ears before the Lord Treasurer and other councillors. That Essex considered he had received hard measure is clear from his first letter to Elizabeth after his proscription from the Court circle.

The Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

[1598.]

Madam,—When I think how I have preferred your beauty above all things, and received no pleasure in life but by the increase of your favour towards me, I wonder at myself what cause there could be to make me absent myself one day from you. But when I remember that your Majesty hath, by the intolerable wrong you have done both me and yourself not only broken all laws of affection, but done against the honour of your sex, I think all places better than that where I am, and all dangers well undertaken, so I might retire myself from the memory of my false, inconstant and beguiling pleasures. I am sorry to write thus much for I cannot think your mind so dishonourable but that you punish yourself for it, how little soever you care for me. But I desire whatsoever falls out that your Majesty should be without excuse, you knowing yourself to be the cause, and all the world wondering at the effect. I was never proud till your Majesty sought to make me too base. And now since my destiny is no better, my despair shall be as my love was, without repentance. I will as a subject

and an humble servant owe my life, my fortune, and all that is in me; but this place is not fit for me, for she which governs this world is weary of me, and I of the world. I must commend my faith to be judged by Him who judgeth all hearts since on earth I find no right. Wishing your Majesty all comforts and joys in the world, and no greater punishment for your wrongs to me than to know the faith of him you have lost, and the baseness of those you shall keep

Your Majesty's most humble servant,

ESSEX.

XXXVIII.

After the Earl's unauthorised return from Ireland, on his failure to suppress the rebellion of 1598, Elizabeth kept him a prisoner in York House for several months. She had been heard to exclaim: 'By God's son, I am no Queen; that man is above me,' and she resolved to break his proud spirit. The Earl remained in the custody of the Lord Keeper for three months after writing the following appeal.

The Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

May 12, 1600.

Before all letters written in this hand be banished or he that sends this enjoin himself eternal silence, be pleased, I humbly beseech your Majesty, to read over these humble lines. At sundry times, and by sundry messengers, I received these words as your Majesty's own, that you meant to correct and not to ruin; since which time when I languished in four months' sickness, forfeited almost all that I was enabled to engage, felt the very pangs of death upon me, and saw that poor reputation, whatsoever it was that I enjoyed hitherto, not suffered to die with me, but buried and I alive, I yet kissed your Majesty's fair correcting hand, and was confident in your royal word; for I said to myself, between my ruin and my sovereign's favour there is no mean, and if she bestow favour again, she gives it with all things that in this world I either need or desire. But now the length of my troubles, and the continuance, or rather increase, of your Majesty's indignation, have made all men so afraid of me, as my own poor state is not only ruined, but my kind friends and faithful servants are like to die in prison because I cannot help myself with mine own.

Now, I do not only feel the weight of your Majesty's indignation, and am subject to their malicious insinuations that first envied me for my happiness in your favour, and now hate me out of custom; but as if I were thrown into a corner like a dead carcase, I am gnawed on and torn by the vilest and basest creatures upon earth. The prating tavern haunter speaks of me what he lists; the frantic libeller writes of me what he lists; already they print me and make me speak to the world, and shortly they will play me in what forms they list upon the stage. The least of these is a thousand times worse than death. But this is not the worst of my destiny, for your Majesty that hath mercy for all the world but me, that hath protected from scorn and infamy all to whom you ever avowed favour but Essex, and never repented you of any gracious assurance you had given till now; your Majesty, I say, hath now, in this eighth month of my close imprisonment, as if you thought mine infirmities, beggary and infamy too little punishment, rejected my letters and refused to hear of me, which to traitors you never did. What therefore remaineth for me? only this, to beseech your Majesty, on the knees of my heart, to conclude my punishment, my misery and my life all together, that I may go to my Saviour, who hath paid himself a ransom for me, and whom, methinks, I shall hear calling me out of this unkind world in which I have lived too long, and ever thought myself too happy.

From your Majesty's humblest vassal,

ESSEX.

XXXIX.

The full extent of the Earl's degradation will be gathered by contrasting the last humble appeal with one of his earliest and extravagantly familiar letters written when he was under twenty-five years and the Queen over sixty years.

The Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

[1590]

Madam,—The delights of this place cannot make me unmindful of one in whose sweet company I have joyed as much as the happiest man doth in his highest contentment; and if my horse could run as fast as my thoughts do fly, I would as often make mine

eyes rich in beholding the treasure of my love, as my desires do triumph when I seem to myself in a strong imagination to conquer your resisting will. Noble and dear lady, tho' I be absent, let me in your favour be second unto none; and when I am at home, if I have no right to dwell chief in so excellent a place, yet I will usurp upon all the world. And so making myself as humble to do you service, as in my love I am ambitious I wish your Majesty all your happy desires. Croydon, this Tuesday, going to be mad and make my horse tame. Of all the men the most devoted to your service,

ESSEX.

XL.

In the early part of 1638 Milton came over from Horton, and was presented by John Hales to the famous Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton, then in the last year of his life. The courtly old gentleman was delighted with the young poet's grace and wit, and most of all with his enthusiastic desire to visit Italy. On April 6 Milton had sent him a copy of 'Comus,' with a letter announcing his immediate departure for the Continent, to which the Provost replies after the lapse of a week. A few days later Milton started upon his memorable Italian journey, and before he returned Wotton had sunk into the debility of mind that preceded his death in December 1639. In reading the latter part of this letter, it is impossible not to recall the diplomatist's own witty definition of an ambassador, 'an honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.'

Sir Henry Wotton to John Milton.

From the College: this 13 of April, 1638.

Sir,—It was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your further stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have lauded together some good authors of the ancient time, among which I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith, wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and odes, wherein I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R.'s poems, printed at Oxford; whereunto it is added (as I now suppose) that the accessory may help out the principal, according to the art of stationers, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor, and you may surely receive from him good directions for shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipione, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca de Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man, that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour, and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. *Signor arrigo mio*, says he, *pensieri stretti, e il viso sciolto*, will go safely over the whole world. Of

which Delphian oracle, for so I have found it, your judgment doth need no commentary, and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining your friend, as much at command as any of longer date,

HENRY WOTTON.

P.S. Sir,—I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home novelties, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.

XLI.

The archives at Zurich contain the original correspondence between the chief English and Swiss Reformers. A great many friends of the Reformation settled in this canton and its capital on the accession of Queen Mary; and after their return to England, in 1558, they corresponded closely with the friends by whom they had been so hospitably received. Under the title of 'Zurich Letters,' the Parker Society issued two volumes containing most interesting letters treating of matters ecclesiastical during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This letter refers to the refusal of all the English bishops, except Kitchin, of Llandaff, to subscribe to the Act of Supremacy of 1559, which, with the Act of Uniformity, virtually revived the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown.

Dr. Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, to Peter Martyr.

London: Aug. 1, 1559.

I have hitherto, my father, written to you less frequently because many engagements, both of a public and private nature, have prevented my correspondence. I now write, not because I have more leisure than heretofore, but because I shall have much less in future than I have at present. For I have now one foot on the ground, and the other almost on my horse's back. I am on the point of setting out upon a long and troublesome commission for the establishment of religion, through Reading, Abingdon, Gloucester, Bristol, Bath, Wells, Exeter, Cornwall, Dorset, and Salisbury. The extent of my journey will be about seven hundred

miles, so that I imagine we shall hardly be able to return in less than four months. Wherefore, lest you should in the mean time suppose me dead, notwithstanding I wrote to you twelve days since upon our common affairs, I think it not unmeet to send you this short greeting at the very moment of my setting out. Our affairs are now in a favourable condition. The queen is exceedingly well disposed; and the people everywhere thirsting after religion. The bishops, rather than abandon the pope, whom they have so often abjured before, are willing to submit to every thing. Not, however, that they do so for the sake of religion, of which they have none; but for the sake of *consistency*, which the miserable knaves now choose to call their *conscience*.

Now that religion is everywhere changed, the mass-priests absent themselves altogether from public worship, as if it were the greatest impiety to have any thing in common with the people of God. But the fury of these wretches is so great that nothing can exceed it. They are altogether full of hopes and anticipations, (for, as you know, they are a most *anticipative* race, and mightily addicted to *futuritions*;) that these things cannot last long. But, whatever may happen in future, we render thanks to Almighty God that our affairs are as they are.

Every thing is in a ferment in Scotland. Knox, surrounded by a thousand followers, is holding assemblies throughout the whole kingdom. The old queen (dowager) has been compelled to shut herself up in garrison. The nobility with united hearts and hands are restoring religion throughout the country, in spite of all opposition. All the monasteries are every where levelled with the ground: the theatrical dresses, the sacrilegious chalices, the idols, the altars, are consigned to the flames; not a vestige of the ancient superstition and idolatry is left. What do you ask for? You have often heard of *drinking like a Scythian*; but this is *churching it like a Scythian*. The King of France that now is, styles himself King of Scotland, and in case of anything happening to our queen, (which God forefend!) heir of England. You must not be surprised if our people are indignant at this; and how the matter will at length turn out, God only can determine. A common enemy perhaps, as is sometimes the case, may be the occasion of reconciling with us our neighbour Scotland; in which event, although the [queen's] marriage should also take place,—but I will

not prognosticate. Master Heton salutes you, and that not less affectionately than if you were his father. Some of us are appointed to bishopricks; Cox to Ely, Scory to Hereford, Allen to Rochester, Grindal to London, Barton to Chichester, and I, the least of the apostles, to Salisbury. But this burden I have positively determined to shake off. In the mean time there is a dismal solitude in our Universities. The young men are flying about in all directions, rather than come to an agreement in matters of religion.

But my companions are waiting for me, and calling to me to set off. Farewell, therefore, my father, and my pride. Salute that reverend man, and on so many accounts dearly beloved in Christ, Master Bullinger, to whom also, if I had time, I would send a separate letter. Salute masters Gaulter, Simler, Lavater, Haller, Gesner, Frisius, Herman. I have five golden pistoles from Master Bartholomew Compagni, for the venerable old man Master Bernardine, with a letter to him from the same. I would write to him concerning the whole business, were I not prevented by want of time. I pray you, however, to let him know that, except [the payment of] this money, nothing else is settled. Court affairs, as far as I can see, are so difficult of management, that I know not whether any thing can be made of it. The queen is now a long way off in Kent, so that nothing can be done.

Farewell, my father, farewell. May you be as happy as I can wish you! Salute, in my name, your Julius and Anna, and your little son [Martyrillus].

Your every way most attached

JOHN JEWELL.

XLII.

This next extract from the 'Zurich Letters' is dated a year or two after that the Puritans had become a powerfully organised sect under the leadership of Thomas Cartwright. They are no longer merely resisting the laws because the outward forms of public worship savour too much of Roman Catholicism; they have changed front and are themselves attacking the episcopal form of church government. The unwise persecution of this religious body throughout the forty years of Queen Elizabeth's reign only served to strengthen their ranks, and in this respect the Queen's church rule was a failure. Archbishop Parker neglected to enforce the restraining statutes with sufficient stringency

at first; his successor, Grindal, rather sympathised with the Puritans than otherwise; and this left Archbishop Whitgift—a firm clerical statesman after Elizabeth's heart—comparatively powerless, even with the High Commission Court in the background.

Dr. Cox, Bishop of Ely, to Rodolph Gualter.

Ely: Feb. 3, 1573.

I return you my best thanks, my dear brother in Christ, for having sent me a most courteous letter, which I received in December, and in which you clearly manifest your anxiety for the church of Christ, though at so great a distance from you. This, indeed, ought to be the chief solicitude of every pastor in the church, but of those more especially who in the endowments of learning and judgment, and piety are superior to the rest. When Dr. Whitgift, the most vehement enemy of the schismatics, and the chief instrument against them in our church, had perceived these unruly men to have burst by their reckless attacks the barriers of law and of religion, which had been so well and so peacefully established; and that they had only distributed infamous pamphlets which had been privately committed to the press; and also that from your letter to our friend Parkhurst, which they had communicated to many persons, they had already obtained a handle for confirming their errors, he thought that the publication of your letter to me would tend very much to the defence of the truth. Your first letter was extorted from you by those who falsely accused us; but the simple truth brought the second to light. And there is no reason why you should be disturbed about the publication of what has procured credit and reputation to yourself, inasmuch as it espouses the cause of truth, of which no one ought to be ashamed.

I acquainted you with some of the errors of our men in the questions I proposed to you, and you have gratified me most exceedingly by the candid and sincere declaration of your sentiments; for the opinions of Masters Bullinger and Gualter are of no little weight in our church. But these disputants of ours are so shuffling, and so tenacious of their own opinion, that they will give way to no one who opposes their judgment; and they are striving to draw all your writings over to their side by a perverted interpretation of them. To give you an instance of their candour,

they are zealously endeavouring to overthrow the entire order of our Anglican church. Night and day do they importune both the people and the nobility, and stir them up to abhorrence of those persons who, on the abolition of popery, are faithfully discharging the duties of the ministry, and they busy themselves in everywhere weakening and diminishing their credit. And that they may effect this with greater ease and plausibility, they bawl out to those harpies who are greedily hankering after plunder and spoil, that the property and revenues of the cathedral churches ought to be diverted to I know not what other uses. Nor will they allow bishops to take any other precedence than as individual pastors in their respective parishes, whose highest authority they wish to be that of governing, together with their presbytery, the rest of the parishioners. And in this way they set up and establish the equality they speak of. Besides this, they will not acknowledge any government in the church. They propose, moreover, that the estates and houses of the bishops should be appropriated to pious uses; but, more blind than moles, they do not perceive that they will soon be swallowed up by the devouring wolves.

There are in this country twenty-three bishopricks, the endowments of some of which are little enough; others have moderate ones, and others more abundant. But all are within the bounds of moderation. None of the bishops interfere in any matters but the ministry of the word and sacraments, except when the law requires them, or at the command of the sovereign. Nor in these things, as far as I am aware, do they deal harshly with the brethren, but temper what is severe with surprising lenity. Our opponents, however, would complain most grievously, were our jurisdiction transferred to the laity, as they call them: they would soon find out that the gold had been exchanged for brass. But how true are the insinuations which they have whispered against us in the ears of the godly, time will shew; and 'our rejoicing is the testimony of our conscience.' I wish they would acquiesce in your wholesome and prudent counsel, namely, to put up with what cannot be amended without great danger. At first they attacked only things of little consequence; but now they turn every thing, both great and small, up and down, and throw all things into confusion; and would bring the church into very great danger, were not our most pious queen most faithful to her principles, and did

she not dread and restrain the vanity and inconsistency of these frivolous men. But because we do not decline to execute the orders of the government, whenever it commands us to interfere, in bridling in these our tumultuous brethren, on this ground an undue severity, not to say cruelty, is most unjustly laid to our charge. But we have this one comfort, that the religion of Christ is ever accompanied by the cross, which he will, by his Holy Spirit, enable us willingly to bear.

Your son, a youth of excellent promise, has only this fault, that he rarely comes to see me. But I am now obliged to excuse him, because he is residing in our other university—I mean Oxford, which is a great way off. But I hope that he will take leave of me before he goes away. You have acted prudently in so carefully providing for your son, that like Ulysses, he may see the customs and cities of many people, and like the industrious bee, extract piety from all the churches. May God bring him back to be a blessing to his father! May Christ Jesus very long preserve you to us in safety! From the Isle of Ely in England, Feb. 3, 1573, according to the English computation.

Your most loving friend in Christ, Richard Cox, pastor and servant of the church at Ely.

RICHARD ELY.

XLIII.

Dr. Donne was one of the most conspicuous of the literary characters of the later Elizabethan and early Stuart periods. He was a many-sided man. His youth was spent as a hard-reading recluse; his early married life, after he had become private secretary to a nobleman, was full of vicissitudes, and he finished by being Chaplain-in-Ordinary to James I. In this last capacity he has been described as preaching 'as an angel from a cloud, but not in a cloud.' Few readers of his poetry will, however, be disposed to accord like praise to the prurient wit, the extravagant metaphor, and the conceited oddity of his verses. His other function was satire, of which, with Joseph Hall and John Marston, the dramatist, he was the founder. Dr. Donne was highly appreciated in his own day, but he is now chiefly known as the subject of one of Isaac Walton's incomparable biographies, and as the writer of satires versified by Alexander Pope.

Dr. Donne to the Marquess of Buckingham.

Sept. 13, 1621.

My most honoured Lord,—I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to afford this rag of Paper a room amongst your Evidences. It is your evidence, not for a Manner, but for a man. As I am a Priest, it is my Sacrifice of Prayer to God for your Lordship; and as I am a Priest made able to subsist, and appear in God's Service, by your Lordship, it is a Sacrifice of my self to you. I deliver this Paper as my image; and I assist the Power of any Conjuror with this imprecation upon my self, that as he shall tear this Paper, this Picture of mine, so I may be torn in my fortune, and in my Fame, if ever I have any Corner in my Heart disposessed of a Zeal to your Lordship's Service. His Majesty hath given me a Royal Key into your Chamber, leave to stand in your presence, and your Lordship hath already such a Fortune, as that you shall not need to be afraid of a Suitor, when I appear there.

So that, I protest to your Lordship, I know not what I want, since I cannot suspect, nor fear myself, for ever doing, or leaving undone, anything by which I might forfeit that Title, of being always

Your Lordships, &c.

J. D.

XLIV.

The four short specimens which follow are characteristic of Dr. Donne's studied extravagance and quaintness of manner. They are taken from a volume of letters, published in the year 1651, addressed 'to several persons of honour.' The same peculiar turn of phrase and ingenious expression runs through the whole of this unique collection. No one knew better than Dr. Donne how to please his fashionable *entourage* in prose as well as in verse.

Dr. Donne to Lady G——.

Madam,—I am not come out of England, if I remain in the noblest part of it, your mind; yet I confess it is too much diminution to call your mind any part of England, or of this world, since every part even of your body deserves titles of higher dignity. No Prince would be loth to die, that were assured so fair a tomb to preserve his memory; but I have a greater vantage than so;

for since there is a religion in friendship, and a death in absence, to make up an entire frame there must be a heaven too: and there can be no Heaven so proportional to that religion, and that death, as your favour. And I am gladder that it is a heaven, than that it were a Court, or any other high place of this world, because I am likelier to have a room there than here; and better cheap. Madam, my best treasure is time; and my best employment of that is to study good wishes for you, in which I am by continual meditation so learned, that your own good Angel, when it would do you most good, might be content to come and take instructions from

Your humble and affectionate Servant,

JOHN DONNE.

XIV.

Dr. Donne to Sir Henry Goodere.

August 15, 1607.

Sir,—In the history or style of friendship which is best written both in deeds and words, a letter which is of a mixed nature, and hath something of both, is a mixed Parenthesis. It may be left out, yet it contributes, though not to the being yet to the verdure and freshness thereof. Letters have truly the same office as Oaths. As these amongst light and empty men are but fillings and pauses and interjections; but with weightier, they are sad attestations; so are letters to some compliment, and obligation to others. For mine, as I never authorized my servant to lie in my behalf (for it were officious in him, it might be worse in me) so I allow my letters much less that civil dishonesty, both because they go from me more considerately, and because they are permanent; for in them I may speak to you in your Chamber a year hence before I know not whom, and not hear myself.

They shall therefore ever keep the sincerity and intemperateness of the fountain whence they are derived. And as wheresoever these leaves fall, the root is in my heart, so shall they, as that sucks good affections towards you there, have ever true impressions thereof. Thus much information is in very leaves, that they can tell what the tree is, and these can tell you I am a friend and an honest man. Of what general use the fruit should speak, and I have none; and of what particular profit to you, your

application and experimenting should tell you, and you can make none of such a nothing; yet even of barren Sycamores, such as I, there were use, if either any light flashings, or scorching vehemencies, or sudden showers made you need so shadowy an example or remembrancer. But, Sir, your fortune and mind do you this happy injury, that you make all kinds of fruits useless to you. Therefore I have placed my love wisely where I need communicate nothing. All this, tho' perchance you read it not till Michaelmas, was told you at Micham.

XLVI.

Dr. Donne to the worthiest Lady Mrs. B. W——.

Madame,—I think the letters which I send you single lose themselves by the way for want of a guide, or faint for want of company. Now, that on your part there be no excuse, after three single letters, I send three together, that every one of them may have two witnesses of their delivery. They come also to wait upon another letter from Sir Edward Herbert, of whose recovery from a fever you may apprehend a perfecter contentment than we, because you had none of the former sorrow. I am an heretic if it be sound doctrine that pleasure tastes best after sorrow. For my part I can love health well enough though I be never sick; and I never needed my Mistress' frowns and disfavours to make her favours acceptable to me. In States, it is a weakness to stand upon a defensive war, and safer not to be invaded than to have overcome; so in our soul's health, an innocence is better than the heartiest repentance. And in the pleasures of this life it is better that the variety of the pleasures give us the taste and appetite to it, than a sour and sad interruption quicken our stomach; for then we live by Physic. I wish therefore all your happinesses such as this entire and without flaw or spot of discontentment; and such is the love and service of

Your humblest and affectionatest servant,

JOHN DONNE.

Strand: St. Peter's Day, at 4.

XLVII.

Dr. Donne to Sir J. H——.

Aug. 6, 1608.

I would not omit this, not commodity, but advantage of writing to you. This emptiness in London dignifies any letter from hence, as in the seasons, earliness and lateness make the sourness, and after the sweetness of fruits acceptable and gracious. We often excuse and advance mean authors, by the age in which they lived, so will your love do this Letter; and you will tell yourself that if he which writ it knew wherein he might express his affection or anything which might have made his Letter welcomer, he would have done it. As it is, you may accept it so, as we do many China manufactures, of which when we know no use, yet we satisfy our curiosity in considering them, because we know not how, nor of what matter they were made. Near great woods and quarries it is no wonder to see fair houses, but in Holland, which wants both, it is.

So were it for me who am as far removed from Court, and knowledge of foreign passages, as this City is now from the face and furniture of a City, to build up a long letter and to write of myself, were but to enclose a poor handful of straw for a token in a letter; yet I will tell you that I am at London only to provide for Monday, when I shall use that favour which my Lady Bedford hath afforded me of giving her name to my daughter; which I mention to you, as well to shew that I covet any occasion of a grateful speaking of her favours, as that, because I have thought the day is likely to bring you to London, I might tell you, that my poor house is in your way, and you shall there find such company as (I think) you will not be loth to accompany to London.

Your very true friend,

JOHN DONNE.

XLVIII.

The Countess of Bedford patronised both Jonson and Daniel, a circumstance that roused the jealousy of the latter. Donne wrote to Jonson begging him to refrain from openly noticing some false charge made in this connection, and the great dramatist replied as follows.

Ben Jonson to John Donne.

Sir,—You cannot but believe how dear and reverend your friendship is to me, (though all testimony on my part hath been too short to express me) and therefore would I meet it with all obedience. My mind is not yet so deafened by injuries, but it hath an ear for counsel. Yet in this point that you presently dissuade, I wonder how I am misunderstood; or that you should call that an imaginary right, which is the proper justice that every clear man owes to his innocency. Exasperations I intend none, for truth cannot be sharp but to ill natures, or such weak ones whom ill spirits, suspicion or credulity, still possess. My lady may believe whisperings, receive tales, suspect and condemn my honesty, and I may not answer on the pain of losing her! as if she who had this prejudice of me were not already lost! Oh! no, she will do me no hurt, she will think and speak well of my faculties. She cannot thus judge me; or, if she could, I would exchange all glory, (if I had all men's abilities) which could come that way, for honest simplicity. But there is a greater penalty threatened, the loss of you, my true friend; for others I reckon not, who were never had¹ have so subscribed myself. Alas! how easy is a man accused that is forsaken of defence! Well, my modesty shall sit down, and (let the world call it guilt or what it will) I will yet thank you that counsel me to a silence in these oppressures, when confidence in my right, and friends, may abandon me. And lest yourself may undergo some hazard, for my questioned reputation, and draw jealousies or hatred upon you, I desire to be left to mine own innocence, which shall acquit me, or heaven shall be guilty.

Your ever true lover

BEN JONSON.

 XLIX.

This and the following outburst of devotional resignation are the last letters written by Eliot before his death in the Tower on Nov. 27, 1632. The King, knowing well that he was suffering from a mortal disease, obstinately refused to allow him the needful care and treatment.

¹ These are the words of Jonson's letter. He seems to mean, 'I reckon not (friends) whom I never really possessed.'

Sir John Eliot to John Hampden.

The Tower: March 22, 1632.

Dear friend,—Quit you as speedily as you can, for without it you are faulty. I thank God lately my business has been much with doctors and physicians, so that but by them I have had little trouble with myself. These three weeks I have had a full leisure to do nothing, and strictly tied unto it either by their direction or my weakness. The cause originally was a cold, but the symptoms that did follow it spake more sickness, and a general indisposition it begot in all the faculties of the body. The learned said a consumption did attend it, but I thank God I did not feel or credit it. What they advise, as the ordinance that's appointed, I was content to use; and in the true show of patient, suffered whatever they imposed. Great is the authority of princes, but greater much is theirs who both command our persons and our wills. What the success of their government will be must be referred to Him that is master of their power. I find myself bettered, but not well, which makes me the more ready to observe them. The divine blessing must effectuate their wit, which authors all the happiness we receive. It is that mercy that has hitherto protected me, and, if I may seem useful in his wisdom, will continue me, amongst other offices, to remain,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

JO. ELIOT.

L.

Sir John Eliot to John Hampden.

The Tower: 1632.

Besides the acknowledgment of your favour, that have so much compassion on your friend I have little to return you from him that has nothing worthy of your acceptance, but the contestation that I have between an ill body and the air, that quarrel, and are friends, as the summer winds affect them. I have these three days been abroad, and as often brought in new impressions of the colds, yet, body and strength and appetite I find myself bettered by the motion. Cold at first was the occasion of my sickness, heat and tenderness by close keeping in my chamber has since

increased my weakness. Air and exercise are thought most proper to repair it, which are the prescription of my doctors, though no physic. I thank God other medicines I now take not, but those catholicons, and do hope I shall not need them. As children learn to go, I shall get acquainted with the air, practice and use will compass it, and now and then a fall is an instruction for the future. These varieties He does try us with, that will have us perfect at all parts, and as he gives the trial he likewise gives the ability that shall be necessary for the work. He has the Philistine at the disposition of his will, and those that trust him, under his protection and defence. O! infinite mercy of our Master, dear friend, how it abounds to us, that are unworthy of his service! How broken! how imperfect! how perverse and crooked are our ways in obedience to him! How exactly straight is the line of his providence to us! drawn out through all occurrents and particulars to the whole length and measure of our time! How perfect is his hand that has given his son unto us, and through him has promised likewise to give us all things—relieving our wants, sanctifying our necessities, preventing our dangers, freeing us from all extremities, and dying himself for us! What can we render? What retribution can we make worthy so great a majesty? worthy such love and favour? We have nothing but ourselves who are unworthy above all and yet that, as all other things, is his. For us to offer up that, is but to give him of his own; and that in far worse condition than we at first received it, which yet (for infinite is his goodness for the merits of his son) he is contented to accept. This, dear friend, must be the comfort of his children; this is the physic we must use in all our sickness and extremities; this is the strengthening of the weak, the nourishing of the poor, the liberty of the captive, the health of the diseased, the life of those that die, the death of the wretched life of sin! And this happiness have his saints. The contemplation of this happiness has led me almost beyond the compass of a letter; but the haste I use unto my friends, and the affection that does move it, will I hope excuse me. Friends should communicate their joys: this as the greatest, therefore, I could not but impart unto my friend, being therein moved by the present expectation of your letters, which always have the grace of much intelligence, and are happiness to him that is truly yours.

LI.

‘Money makes the mirth
When all birds els do of their musick faile
Money’s the still-sweet-singing nightingale.’

Thus sang, long after his impecunious days at Cambridge, the Royalist Vicar of Dean Prior, Robert Herrick. By a strange irony of fortune the only letters we possess from the genial and glowing pen of the great poet of the Hesperides are a series of plaintive notes to his rich uncle, Sir William Herrick; and we may gather from them that this amiable relative’s money paid for the piping of some of the most graceful lyrics in the English language.

Robert Herrick to Sir William Herrick.

Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in only one opinion without the least perspicuous shew of change? O no, they cannot, for *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*: it is an old but yet young saying in our age, as times change, so men’s minds are altered. O would . . . were seen, for then some pitying Planet would with a drop of dew refresh my withered hopes, and give a life to that which is about to die; the body is preserved by food, and life by hope, which (but wanting either of these conservers) faint, fear, fall, freeze, and die. ’Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a double life into a single body. *Homo homini Deus*: man should be so, and he is commanded so; but, frail and glass-like, man proves brittle in many things. How kind Arcisilaus the philosopher was unto Apelles the painter Plutarc in his *Morals* will tell you; which should I here depaint, the length of my letter would hide the sight of my Labour, which that it may not, I bridle in my Quill and mildly, and yet I fear to rashly and to boldly make known and discover which my modesty would conceal; and this is all: my study craves but your assistance to furnish her with books, wherein she is most desirous to labour: blame not her modest boldness, but suffer the aspersions of your love to distill upon her, and next to Heaven she will consecrate her labours unto you, and because that Time hath devoured some years, I am the more importunate in the craving; suffer not the distance to hinder that which I know your disposition will not deny. And now is the time (that *florida ætas*) which promises fruitfulness for her former barren-

ness, and wisheth all to hope. As every thing will have in time an end, so this, which though it would extend itself and overflow its bounds I forcibly withstand it. Wishing this world's happiness to follow and attend you in this life, and that with a triumphant crown of glory you may be crowned in the best world to come.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LII.

Robert Herrick to Sir William Herrick.

Cambridge: January, 1616.

Before you unsealed my letter, right Worshipful, it cannot be doubted but you had perfect knowledge of the essence of my writing, before you read it; for custom hath made you expect in my plain-song, *mitte pecuniam*, that being the cause *sine quâ non*, or the power that gives life and being to each matter. I delight not to draw your imagination to inextricable perplexities, or knit up my love in indissoluble knots, but make no other exposition but the literal sense, which is to entreat you to pay to Mr. Adrian Morice the sum of ten pounds as customarily, and to take a note of his hand for the receipt, which I desire may be effected briefly, because the circumstance of the time must be expressed. I perceive I must cry with the afflicted *usquequo, usquequo, Domine*. Yet I have confidence that I live in your memory, howsoever Time brings not the thing hoped for to its just maturity; but my belief is strong, and I do establish my hopes on rocks, and fear no quicksands; be you my firm assistant, and good effects, produced from virtuous causes will follow. So shall my wishes pace with yours for the supplement of your own happiness, and the perfection of your own posterity.

Ever to be commanded,

ROBERT HERRICK.

To pay to Mr. Blunt, bookseller in Paul's Churchyard, the sum above-named.

LIII.

At the age of eighty-seven Isaac Walton wrote the following letter to his friend Aubrey, in reply to some inquiries he had made respecting 'Rare Ben Jonson' and other less important personages.

Isaac Walton to John Aubrey.

Dec. 2, 1680.

For your friends' quæ. this :

I only knew Ben Jonson, but my Lord of Winton knew him very well, and says he was in the 6th, that is the uppermost form in Westminster School, at which time his father died, and his mother married a bricklayer, who made him (much against his will) to help him in his trade. But in a short time his schoolmaster, Mr. Camden, got him in better employment, which was to attend or accompany a son of Sir Walter Runleyes in his travels. Within a short time after their return, they parted (I think not in cold blood) and with a love suitable to what they had in their travels (not to be commended); and then Ben began to set up for himself in the trade by which he got his subsistence and fame, of which I need not give any account. He got in time to have a £100 a year from the King, also a pension from the city, and the like from many of the nobility, and some of the gentry, which was well paid for love or fear of his railing in verse or prose or both.

My Lord of Winton told me, he told him he was (in his long retirement and sickness, when he saw him, which was often) much afflicted that he had profaned the Scripture in his plays, and lamented it with horror; yet at that time of his long retirement, his pensions (so much as came in) were given to a woman that governed him, with whom he lived and died near the Abbey at Westminster; and that neither he nor she took much care for next week, and would be sure not to want wine, of which he usually took too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and sooner. My Lord tells me, he knows not, but thinks he was born in Westminster. The question may be put to Mr. Wood very easily upon what grounds he is positive as to his being born there? he is a friendly man and will resolve it. So much for brave Ben.

For your 2nd and 3rd quæ. of Mr. Hill and Billingsley, I do neither know nor can learn anything worth telling you. For your remaining quæ. of Mr. Warner and Mr. Hariott, this :—Mr. Warner did long and constantly lodge near the water stairs or market in Woolstable (Woolstable is a place or lane not far from Charing Cross, and nearer to Northumberland House). My Lord of Win-

chester tells me he knew him, and that he said he first found out the circulation of the blood, and discovered it to Dr. Harvey (who said that 'twas he himself that found it) for which he is so memorably famous. Warner had a pension of £40 from the Earl of Northumberland that lay so long a prisoner in the Tower, and some allowance from Sir Thomas Alesbury with whom he usually spent his summer in Windsor Park.

Mr. Hariott my Lord tells me knew also, that he was a more gentle man than Warner. That he had £120 a year pension from the said Earl and his lodging in Sion House where he believes he died.

This is all I know or can learn for your friend, which I wish may be worth the time and trouble of reading it.

I. W.

LIV.

The tedium of Sir John Eliot's imprisonment in the Tower from 1630 to 1632 was relieved by the gifts and correspondence of his friends; among these the most assiduous was the great champion of English liberty, John Hampden. The present letter contains Hampden's impression of the 'Monarchy of Man,' a philosophical treatise written by Eliot during his last imprisonment.

John Hampden to Sir John Eliot.

Hampden: June 29, 1631.

Sir,—You shall receive the book I promised by this bearer's immediate hand; for the other papers I presume to take a little, but a little, respite. I have looked upon your rare piece only with a superficial view, as at first sight to take the aspect and proportion in the whole; after, with a more accurate eye, to take out the lineaments of every part. 'Twere rashness in me, therefore, to discover any judgment, before I have ground to make one. This I discern, that 'tis as complete an image of the pattern as can be drawn by lines, a lively character of a large mind; the subject, method and expressions, excellent and homogenous, and to say truth, sweet heart, somewhat exceeding my commendations. My words cannot render them to the life, yet, to show my ingenuity rather than my wit, would not a less model have given a full representation of that subject? not by diminution, but by contraction, of parts? I desire to learn; I dare not say. The varia-

tions upon each particular seem many ; all, I confess, excellent. The fountain was full, the chanell narrow ; that may be the cause. Or that the author imitated Virgil, who made more verses by many than he intended to write, to extract a just number. Had I seen all this, I could easily have bid him make fewer ; but if he had bid me tell which he should have spared, I had been apposed. So say I of these expressions, and that to satisfy you, not myself ; but that by obeying you in a command so contrary to my own disposition, you may measure how large a power you have over

JO. HAMPDEN.

Recommend my service to Mr. Long, and if Sir O. Luke be in town, express my affection to him in these words. The first part of your papers you had by the hands of B. Valentine long since. If you hear of your sons, or can send to them, let me know.

LV.

James Howel was the author of upwards of forty miscellaneous works, but is now chiefly remembered by his 'Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ,' or familiar letters, first printed in 1645. He may be called the Father of Epistolary Literature, the first writer, that is to say, of letters which, addressed to individuals, were intended for publication. A style animated, racy, and picturesque ; keen powers of observation ; great literary skill ; an eager, restless, curious spirit ; some humour and much wit ; and a catholicity of sympathy very unusual with the writers of his age—are his chief claims to distinction.

If the following remarks of Howel on the composition of a letter were supplemented by the observations of his friend Ben Jonson on the same subject, we should be furnished with a terse and complete art of letter-writing. Honest Howel's complaints about the letters of his own day scarcely lose their significance when applied to the letters of ours.

James Howel to Sir J. S— at Leeds Castle.

Westminster: July 25, 1625.

Sir,—It was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwix a letter and an oration ; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man : the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes ; but a letter or epistle

should be short-coated and closely couched ; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown ; indeed we should write as we speak ; and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind ; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions ; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy : there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies ; they preach when they should epistolize : there are others that turn them to tedious tractates : this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, lifted with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbours eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them ; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words and finical affected compliments only. I cannot well away with such fleazy stuff, with such cobweb-compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apophthegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase in a hundred of them ; and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one went about to distil cream out of froth ; insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo, 'that she is a mere sound and nothing else.'

I return you your Balzac by this bearer : and when I found

those letters wherein he is so familiar with his King, so flat; and those to Richlieu so puffed with prophane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, I forbore him further.

So I am your most affectionate servitor.

LVI.

This letter is interesting as being a contemporary account of the death of James I., and of the accession of Charles I. The suspicion that the King was poisoned by the instrumentality of Buckingham, though very improbable, has been suggested by other writers besides Howel.

James Howel to his Father.

London: Dec. 11, 1625.

Sir,—I received yours of the 3rd February by the hands of my cousin Thomas Guin of Trecastle.

It was my fortune to be on Sunday was fortnight at Theobalds, where his late Majesty King James departed this life, and went to his last rest upon the day of rest, presently after Sermon was done: A little before the break of day, he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his bed, and came in his night-gown; the King seem'd to have some earnest thing to say unto him, and so endeavour'd to rouse himself upon his Pillow, but his Spirits were so spent that he had not strength to make his words audible. He died of a fever which began with an Ague, and some Scotch Doctors mutter at a plaster the Countess of Buckingham applied at the outside of his stomach: 'Tis thought the last breach of the match with Spain, which for many years he had so vehemently desir'd, took too deep an impression in him, and that he was forc'd to rush into a War, now in his declining age, having liv'd in a continual uninterrupted peace his whole life, except some collateral aids he had sent his Son-in-law. As soon as he expir'd, the Privy Council sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour, King Charles was proclaim'd at Theobalds Court-gate, by Sir Edward Zouch Knight Marshal, Master Secretary Conway dictating unto him, that whereas it had pleas'd God to take to his mercy our most gracious Sovereign King James of famous memory, we proclaim Prince Charles his rightful and indubitable Heir to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c. The Knight Mar-

shal mistook, saying, his rightful and *dubitable* heir, but he was rectified by the Secretary. This being done, I took my horse instantly, and came to London first, except one, who was come a little before me, insomuch, that I found the gates shut. His now Majesty took Coach, and the Duke of Buckingham with him, and came to Saint James; in the evening he was proclaim'd at White Hall Gate, in Cheapside, and other places in a sad shower of rain; and the weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the Kingdom which is cloudy; for he is left engag'd in a war with a potent Prince, the people by long desuetude unapt for arms, the Fleet Royal in quarter repair and himself without a queen, his sister without a country, the crown pitifully laden with debts, and the purse of the State lightly ballasted, though it never had better opportunity to be rich than it had these last twenty years: But God Almighty, I hope will make him emerge, and pull this Island out of all the plunges, and preserve us from worser times. The plague is begun in White-Chapel, and as they say, in the same house, at the same day of the month, with the same number that died twenty two years since, when queen Elizabeth departed. There are great preparations for the funeral, and there is a design to buy all the cloth for mourning white, and then to put it to the dyers in gross, which is like to save the crown a good deal of money, the drapers murmur extremely at the Lord Cranfield for it.

I am not settled yet in any stable Condition, but I lie wind-bound at the *Cape of Good Hope*, expecting some gentle gale to launch out into any employment.

So with my love to all my brothers and sisters at the Bryn and near Brecknock, I humbly crave a continuance of your prayers and blessings to,

Your dutiful son,

J. H.

LVII.

Of the many accounts of the assassination of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by Felton, this is one of the fullest. It differs in one or two minor details from that given by Secretary Carleton, who was present, and whose account is published in Ellis's 'Collection of Original Letters,' vol. iii. pp. 256-260; but Howel is, as usual, fresh and graphic, and may doubtless be trusted, as he was acquainted with many of the officers connected with the Court.

*James Howel to the Rt. Hon. Lady Scroop, Countess of
Sunderland.*

Stamford: Aug. 5, 1628.

Madam,—I lay yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the post-master came to my bed's-head, and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain;

My faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London; it pleased him to alight, and shew me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday, being Bartholomew eve, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two, and being ready, and having been under the barber's hand (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while) he went to breakfast; attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Subize came to him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Subize went away discontented.

After breakfast the Duke going out, Colonel Fryer stept before him, and stopped him upon some business, and Lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common tenpenny knife over Fryer's arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife and threw it away: and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, 'The villain hath killed me,' (meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer) for there had been some difference betwixt them; so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Dutchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gears from her bedchamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared, that the reason which moved him to this act, was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his Captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the Duke an

enemy to the state, because he was branded in parliament; therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, although the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands.

Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly, that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred, nor was he disturbed a-whit till all divine service was done. This was the relation, as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him to your Ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Dutchess) as far as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your Ladyship, as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to dispatch for my Lord in the way: so I humbly take my leave, and rest your Ladyship's most dutiful servant.

 LVIII.

Though Howel has here chosen a theme on which some of the noblest rhetoric in literature has been expended, there are many little touches which redeem it from being commonplace. It may very possibly have furnished Addison with a model for the similar reflections in which he delighted to indulge.

James Howel to Sir S. C——.

Holborn: March 17, 1639.

Sir,—I was upon point of going abroad to steal a solitary walk, when yours of the 12th current came to hand. The high researches and choice abstracted notions I found therein, seemed to

heighten my spirits, and make my fancy fitter for my intended retirement and meditation : add hereunto, that the countenance of the weather invited me ; for it was a still evening, it was also a clear open sky, not a speck, or the least wrinkle appeared in the whole face of heaven, it was such a pure deep azure all the hemisphere over, that I wondered what was become of the three regions of the air with their meteors. So having got into a close field, I cast my face upwards, and fell to consider what a rare prerogative the optic virtue of the eye hath, much more the intuitive virtue in the thought, that the one in a moment can reach heaven, and the other go beyond it ; therefore sure that a philosopher was but a kind of frantic fool, that would have plucked out both his eyes, because they were a hindrance to his speculations. Moreover, I began to contemplate, as I was in this posture, the vast magnitude of the universe, and what proportion this poor globe of earth might bear with it ; for if those numberless bodies which stick in the vast roof of heaven, though they appear to us but as spangles, be some of them thousands of times bigger than the earth, take the sea with it to boot, for they both make but one sphere, surely the astronomers had reason to term this sphere an indivisible point, and a thing of no dimension at all, being compared to the whole world. I fell then to think, that at the second general destruction, it is no more for God Almighty to fire this earth, than for us to blow up a small squib, or rather one small grain of gunpowder. As I was musing thus, I spied a swarm of gnats waving up and down the air about me, which I knew to be part of the universe as well as I : and methought it was a strange opinion of our Aristotle to hold, that the least of those small insected ephemerans should be more noble than the sun, because it had a sensitive soul in it. I fell to think that in the same proportion which those animalillios bore with me in point of bigness, the same I held with those glorious spirits which are near the throne of the Almighty. What then should we think of the magnitude of the Creator himself ? Doubtless, it is beyond the reach of any human imagination to conceive it : in my private devotions I presume to compare him to a great mountain of light, and my soul seems to discern some glorious form therein ; but suddenly as she would fix her eyes upon the object, her sight is presently dazzled and disgregated with the refulgency and coruscations thereof.

Walking a little further I spied a young boisterous bull breaking over hedge and ditch to a herd of kine in the next pasture ; which made me think, that if that fierce, strong animal, with others of that kind, knew their own strength, they would never suffer man to be their master. Then looking upon them quietly grazing up and down, I fell to consider that the flesh which is daily dished upon our tables is but concocted grass, which is recarnified in our stomachs, and transmuted to another flesh. I fell also to think, what advantage those innocent animals had of man, who as soon as nature cast them into the world, find their meat dressed, the cloth laid, and the table covered ; they find their drink brewed, and the buttery open, their beds made, and their clothes ready ; and though man hath the faculty of reason to make him a compensation for the want of those advantages, yet this reason brings with it a thousand perturbations of mind and perplexities of spirit, griping cares and anguishes of thought, which those harmless silly creatures were exempted from. Going on I came to repose myself upon the trunk of a tree, and I fell to consider further what advantage that dull vegetable had of those feeding animals, as not to be so troublesome and beholden to nature, nor to be subject to starving, to diseases, to the inclemency of the weather, and to be far longer-lived. Then I spied a great stone, and sitting a-while upon it, I fell to weigh in my thoughts that that stone was in a happier condition in some respects, than either of those sensitive creatures or vegetables I saw before ; in regard that that stone which propagates by assimilation, as the philosophers say, needed neither grass nor hay, or any aliment for restoration of nature, nor water to refresh its roots, or the heat of the sun to attract the moisture upwards, to increase growth, as the other did. As I directed my pace homeward, I spied a kite soaring high in the air, and gently gliding up and down the clear region so far above my head, that I fell to envy the bird extremely, and repine at his happiness, that he should have a privilege to make a nearer approach to heaven than I.

Excuse me that I trouble you thus with these rambling meditations, they are to correspond with you in some part for those accurate fancies of yours lately sent me. So I rest your entire and true servitor.

LIX.

There is more elegance and less pedantry in this letter than is usual with the writers of the first half of the seventeenth century. It has all the spirit of Euphuism without its pedantry, and all its ingenuity of compliment without its fulsome exaggeration.

James Howel to the Right Hon. Lady E. D——.

April 8 [1649].

Madam,—There is a French saying that courtesies and favours are like flowers, which are sweet only while they are fresh, but afterwards they quickly fade and wither. I cannot deny but your favours to me might be compar'd to some kind of flowers (and they would make a thick Posie) but they should be to the flower call'd *life everlasting*; or that pretty Vermilion flower which grows at the foot of the Mountain *Ætna* in Sicily, which never loses anything of its first colour and scent. Those favours you did me thirty years ago in the life-time of your incomparable brother Mr. R. Altham, (who left us in the flower of his age) methinks are as fresh to me as if they were done yesterday. Nor were it any danger to compare courtesies done to me to other flowers, as I use them: for I distil them in the limbeck of my memory, and so turn them to essences. But, Madam, I honour you not so much for favours, as for that precious brood of virtues which shine in you with that brightness, but specially for those high motions whereby your soul soars up so often towards heaven; insomuch Madam, that if it were safe to call any Mortal a Saint, you should have that title from me, and I would be one of your chiefest Votaries; howsoever, I may without any superstition subscribe myself

Your truly devoted Servant

J. H.

LX.

In 1846, when the second edition of Mr. Carlyle's 'Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell' was published, an opportunity was given for the first time, of reading and understanding in their entirety authentic utterances which for two centuries had been coarsely handled and were found to be 'an agglomerate of opaque confusions—darkness on the back of darkness, thick and threefold.'

Mr. Carlyle recommends everyone who would 'force a path for himself through that gloomy chaos called History of Seventeenth Century,' to read through this collection. With all his enthusiasm he is willing to admit that these letters are devoid of eloquence, elegance, and often of clearness of expression, but he considers them good of their kind. They were not written with any literary aim, but during the throes of revolutionary struggles. Each misprinted, mispunctuated, and musty document was 'once all luminous as a burning beacon, every word of it a live coal in its time; it was once a piece of the general fire and light of human life.'

This announcement of the battle of Worcester is fairly characteristic of Cromwell's epistolary style. His extraordinary success on the anniversary of the victory at Dunbar was a turning-point in his career. Henceforth his aspirations increased, and it was not long before the wearer of 'Worcester's Laureat Wreath' became the chief magistrate of the English Commonwealth.

Oliver Cromwell to the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England.

Worcester: Sept. 4, 1651.

Sir,—I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for His People: and yet I am unwilling to be silent; but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it comes to hand. This battle¹ was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part; and in the end became an absolute victory,—and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the Enemy's Army; and a possession of the town, our men entering at the Enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery: What the slain are, I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view; but they are very many, and must needs be so; because the dispute was long and very near at hand; and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about Six or Seven thousand prisoners taken here; and many officers and noblemen of very great quality: Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other Noblemen,—I hear, the Earl of Lauderdale; many officers of great quality, and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

¹ Cromwell had on the previous day written to inform the Speaker that a victory had been gained.

We have sent very considerable parties after the flying Enemy ; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit.

Indeed, I hear the Country riseth upon them everywhere ; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburn were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a Thousand horse in their body that fled ; and I believe you have near Four thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home ;—what fish they will catch, Time will declare.

Their Army was about Sixteen thousand strong ; and fought ours on the Worcester Side of the Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business ; yet I do not think we have lost Two-hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service ; for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment ; as also for their willingness thereunto,—forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again ; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the country ; which is a great fruit of these successes.

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness ; and the Parliament to do the will of Him who hath done His will for it, and for the Nation ;—whose good pleasure it is to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the People so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly to beg, That all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation ; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen Nation ;¹ but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies may

¹ ‘But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked: thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness ; then he forsook God which

keep an authority and a people so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient Servant

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Your Officers behaved themselves with much honour in this service; and the Person who is the bearer hereof was equal, in the performance of his duty, to most that served you that day.

LXI.

The genuineness of this letter has been doubted; but Mr. Carlyle is satisfied that the style sufficiently declares it to be perfectly genuine. The letter is unique in two respects. 'It is,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'the only one we have of Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan King, to Giulio Mazarin, the Sicilian-French Cardinal, who are a very singular pair of correspondents brought together by the Destinies! It is also the one glimpse we have from Oliver himself of the subterranean spy-world, in which, by a hard necessity, so many of his thoughts had to dwell.'

There are two other quite unimportant notes from the Protector to the Cardinal in the archives of the Foreign Office at Paris which Mr. Carlyle notices in his edition of 'Cromwell's Letters,' vol. v. pp. 264, 265.

Protector Cromwell to Cardinal Mazarin.

Whitehall: Dec. 26, 1656.

The obligations, and many instances of affection, which I have received from your Eminency, do engage me to make returns suitable to your merit. But although I have this set home upon my spirit, I may not (shall I tell you, I cannot?) at this juncture of time, and as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for Toleration.

I say, I cannot, as to a public Declaration of my sense in that point; although I believe that under my Government your Eminency, in the behalf of Catholics, has less reason for complaint as made him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation.'—Deuteronomy xxxii. 15.

to rigour upon mens' consciences than under the Parliament. For I have of some, and those very many, had compassion; making a difference. Truly I have (and I may speak it with cheerfulness in the presence of God, who is a witness within me to the truth of what I affirm) made a difference; and as Jude speaks 'plucked many out of the fire,'—the raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannize over their consciences, and encroached by an arbitrariness of power upon their estates. And herein it is my purpose, as soon as I can remove impediments, and some weights that press me down, to make a farther progress, and discharge my promise to your Eminency in relation to that.

And now I shall come to return your Eminency thanks for your judicious choice of that Person to whom you have intrusted our weightiest affair; an affair wherein your Eminency is concerned, though not in an equal degree and measure with myself.

I must confess that I had some doubts of its success, till Providence cleared them to me by the effects. I was, truly, and to speak ingenuously, not without doubtings; and shall not be ashamed to give your Eminency the grounds I had for much doubting. I did fear that Berkley¹ would not have been able to go through and carry on that work; and that either the Duke would have cooled in his suit,² or condescend to his brother. I doubted also that those instructions which I sent over with 290³ were not clear enough as to expressions; some affairs here denying me leisure at that time to be so particular as, in regard to some circumstances, I would.

If I am not mistaken in his 'the Duke's' character, as I received it from your Eminency, that fire which is kindled between them will not ask bellows to blow it and keep it burning. But what I think farther necessary in this matter I will send to your Eminency by Lockhart.

And now I shall boast to your Eminency my security upon a well-builded confidence in the Lord: for I distrust not but if this breach be widened a little more and this difference fomented, with a little caution in respect of the persons to be added to it,—I distrust not but that Party, which is already forsaken of God as to

¹ Sir John Berkeley, the Duke of York's tutor.

² Allusion to Charles Stuart and his brother, the Duke of York.

³ Cipher for the name of some emissary.

an outward dispensation of mercies, and noisome to their countrymen, will grow lower in the opinion of all the world. If I have troubled your Eminency too long in this, you may impute it to the resentment of joy which I have for the issue of this Affair ;¹ and I will conclude with giving you assurance that I will never be backward in demonstrating, as becomes your brother and confederate, that I am

Your Servant

OLIVER P.

LXII.

The drift of Cromwell's foreign policy was to bring about a vigorous coalition of Protestant Europe in alliance with England. A treaty which he made with France against Spain, in March 1657, contained a proviso that the English troops should combine with the French in attacking the three coast towns of Gravelines, Mardyke, and Dunkirk ; and, in the event of success, the two latter towns were to belong to England. When it was ascertained that the French King and the Cardinal were proposing to utilise our troops for another purpose, Cromwell soon brought Mazarin to a sense of his duty, by writing the two following letters to the English Ambassador. It was said in France that the Cardinal feared Oliver more than the devil ; and Mr. Carlyle remarks, ' he ought indeed to fear the devil much more, but Oliver is the palpabler entity of the two ! '

Oliver Cromwell to Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.

Whitehall: Aug. 31, 1657.

Sir,—I have seen your last letter to Mr. Secretary, as also divers others : and although I have no doubt either of your diligence or ability to serve us in so great a Business, yet I am deeply sensible that the French are very much short with us in ingenuousness and performance. And that which increaseth our sense of this is, The resolution we for our part had, rather to overdo than to be behindhand in anything of our Treaty. And although we never were so foolish as to apprehend that the French and their interests were the same with ours in all things ; yet as to the Spaniards, who hath been known in all ages to be the most impla-

¹ The 'affair' is presumed to have reference to a dispute between the Duke of York and his brother on a question of Spanish policy.

cable enemy that France hath,—we never could doubt before we made our Treaty, that, going upon such grounds, we should have been failed towards as we are!

To talk of 'giving us Garrisons' which are inland, as Caution for future action; to talk of 'what will be done next Campaign,'—are but parcels of words for children. If they will give us Garrisons, let them give us Calais, Dieppe and Boulogne;—which I think they will do as soon as be honest in their words in giving us any one Spanish Garrison upon the coast into our hands! I positively think, which I say to you, they are afraid we should have any footing on that side of the water, though Spanish.

I pray you tell the Cardinal, from me, That I think, if France desires to maintain its ground, much more to get ground upon the Spaniard, the performance of his Treaty with us will better do it than anything appears yet to me of any Design he hath!—Though we cannot so well pretend to soldiery as those that are with him; yet we think that, we being able by sea to strengthen and secure his Siege, and to reinforce it as we please by sea, and the Enemy being in capacity to do nothing to relieve it,—the best time to besiege that Place will be now. Especially if we consider that the French horse will be able so to ruin Flanders as that no succour can be brought to relieve the place; and that the French Army and our own will have constant relief, as far as England and France can give it, without any manner of impediment,—especially considering the Dutch are now engaged so much to Southward as they are.

I desire you to let him know That Englishmen have had so good experience of Winter expeditions, they are confident, if the Spaniard shall keep the field, as he cannot impede this work, so neither will he be able to attack anything towards France with a possibility of retreat. And what do all delays signify but even this: The giving the Spaniard opportunity so much the more to reinforce himself; and the keeping our men another summer to serve the French, without any colour of a reciprocal, or any, advantage to ourselves!

And therefore if this will not be listened unto, I desire that things may be considered-of to give us satisfaction for the great expense we have been at with our Naval forces and otherwise; which out of an honourable and honest aim on our part hath been

incurred, thereby to answer the Engagements we had made. And, in fine, That consideration may be had how our Men may be put into a position to be returned to us ;—whom we hope we shall employ to a better purpose than to have them continue where they are.

I desire we may know what France saith, and will do, upon this point. We shall be ready still, as the Lord shall assist us, to perform what can be reasonably expected on our part. And you may also let the Cardinal know farther, That our intentions, as they have been, will be to do all the good offices we can to promote the Interest common to us.

Apprehending it is of moment that this Business should come to you with speed and surety, we have sent it by an Express.

LXIII.

Oliver Cromwell to Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.

Whitehall: Aug. 31, 1657.

Sir,—We desire, having written to you as we have, that the design be *Dunkirk* rather than *Gravelines*; and much more that it be :—but one of them rather than fail. We shall not be wanting, To send over, at the French charge, Two of our old regiments, and Two-thousand foot more, if need be,—if *Dunkirk* be the design. Believing that if the Army be well entrenched, and if *La Ferté's* Foot be added to it, we shall be able to give liberty to the greatest part of the French Cavalry to have an eye to the Spaniard,—leaving but convenient numbers to stand by the Foot.

And because this action will probably divert the Spaniard from assisting *Charles Stuart* in any attempt upon us, you may be assured that, if reality may with any reason be expected from the French, we shall do all reason on our part. But if indeed the French be so false to us as that they would not have us have any footing on that side the Water,—then I desire, as in our other Letter to you, that all things may be done in order to the giving us satisfaction for our expense incurred, and to the drawing-off of our men. And truly, Sir, I desire you to take boldness and freedom to yourself in your dealing with the French on these accounts.

SECTION II.

A.D. 1600-1700.

LXIV.

Charles I. in the year 1646 was about to meet proposals from the London Parliament by sanctioning a trial of Presbyterian Government for three years, and surrendering the command of the Militia for ten years, when he received this ill-timed check to what would probably have been a partial reconciliation with his vigorous antagonists.

Queen Henrietta Maria to Charles I.

Paris: Dec. 14, 1646.

This day I received yours of the 21, to which, being streightened in tyme, I shall answer in English that it may be soonest put into cypher. In the first place you conclude right, that nothing but the abundance of my love could make me take upon me the harsher part of pressing things which are unacceptable to you. But where I find your interest so much concerned as it is in your present resolution, I should be faultier than you if I would suffer you to rest in such an error as would prove fatal to you. Therefore you may safely believe, that no duty which I perform to you is accompanied with more kindness than when I oppose those opinions. I acknowledge that mistakes are the grounds of our differences in opinion, otherwise you would not so confidently think that your answer to the propositions sent me last week grants nothing about the militia but according to the advice you have had from hence. Therein I shall refer you to the duplicate herewith sent you, to which I will only add my desires that you will carefully compare the draught sent you from hence with the other; and then you will find to what purpose the preamble serves, and what care there was taken here to make it and the grant to persons of trust to be of a piece. If your message be not gone there is no hurt done; if it be, get off from this rock as well as you can, according to the advice in those duplicates, and to your resolution expressed in your letter, not to admit any copartners therein. Touching the pulpits and Presbyterian government,

&c. I will not any more enter into dispute with you, finding that arguments of that nature have neither done you nor your business any good; only I may conclude that if your offer shall not satisfy the Presbyterians, whom you desire to make yours, you must begin again, or leave the work undone. Neither can you expect this your subtlety in reserving the last determination, after three years, to you and the two houses will do the feat; no, they with whom you have to do will be cunning enough to put you to explain yourself. I shall rest confidently upon your resolution now expressed touching your friends, because you sufficiently know how much your honour and justice, as well as policy, is in the case. All I desire therein is, that you recede not from your demand of a general act of oblivion, for nothing less can secure you and them. The lyke was done to you in Scotland; which will be a general precedent here. For the Covenant, you know my opinion; after the entire consideration of it, we both fully agree therein; neither as we are advertised from London, will it be stiffly insisted upon there; yet possibly if the Scots shall prevail, and that only difference were in the case, they may consent to such alterations in it as may satisfy all of us, and confirm such a conjunction as you ought to desire. Therefore I again desire you, upon conference with Will. Murray, or otherwise, to use your utmost endeavours that some [per]sons may be admitted to come privately to you and the Scots, to see upon a full debate with them if all things may not be reconciled to your and their satisfaction. If they would consent to such a meeting, I would have some hopes of good success: for the present there appears to be poison in the pot; do not trust to your own cooking of it.

For the proposition to Bellièvre, I hate it. If any such thing should be made public, you are undone; your enemies will make a malicious use of it. Be sure you never own it again in any discourse, otherwise than as intended as a foile or an hyperbole, or any otherways except in sober earnest. Consider well what I have written of; away [with] your message presently without sharing the Militia and abandoning Ireland. Strike out the 10 years out of the clause concerning offices, or the clause itself, which you will; it may be added in the close, and the naming 10 years implies that this parliament should sit so long; obtain the admitting of persons, and then we

shall agree in the whole business ; neither shall I then despair of seeing you again with comfort, which is the fullest happiness I wish for in this world. *A Dieu, mon cher cœur !*

LXV.

This is the reply to the foregoing mandate. The King's weak submission to the taunts and imperious counsels of his exiled Queen brought about his ruin. For his obedience to her injunctions against making necessary concessions he was made a prisoner in the hands of the English Parliament.

Charles I. to Queen Henrietta Maria.

Newcastle : Dec. 12 and 19, 1646.

Dear Heart,—I have not received any letters, or news from thee, this last week, of which I do not complain, for, as I have not missed one week since I wrote first from hence, and I know that thou hast been several times two weeks without receiving any of mine, so I believe thou hast taken the pains, albeit I want the comfort of hearing from thee.

My return from Scotland is, that my intended answer to London is absolutely disliked and disapproved there ; the main reasons are, that I am not found altered in my conscience, and that I will not authorize the covenant, without which (I tell the very words) all that can be offered will not satisfy : yet, for their personal duty, I have much assurance from duke Hamilton and earl of Lanerick.

If they make good what is promised in their name (and I will put them to it), my game will be far from desperate, but, having little belief that these men will do as they say, I will not trouble thee with particulars, until I give thee some more evidence than words of their realities.

December 19.

When I had written thus far, I was desirous to stay for thy answer to my letter of the 14th of Nov, thereby the better to make my message to London, the which not receiving before Wednesday, it made me spare one week's writing to thee, which I hope you will easily excuse, since it is the first. Nor shall I now make a particular answer to thine of the 11th and 14th of December, albeit it may be thou wilt think it full enough, for this assures

thee that my intended answer to the London propositions is not gone, and that I have sent another message (the copy of which the queen will receive by the French ambassadour), the substance whereof is to adhere to my former answer, made the first [tenth?] of August last; so that all thy fears concerning the militia are saved, wherein, I confess, I thought not I had fundamentally erred, notwithstanding that the particular possession were (for the prefix time) in the two houses, when I kept the return entire to the crown without associates, and that I still stuck to my right, which I did by the preamble, for I did, and yet do, conceive that the temporary power of managing it is merely circumstantial, and not material. But I have done, and willingly *yield the argument, when the question is of holding fast*, and shall only wish that all those whose advice the queen takes in business be but as constant to foundations, and as little apt to be couzened or frightened out of them, as I shall be. For those that make thee believe any alteration can make the covenant passable can stick at nothing, and excuse me to tell thee that whatsoever gives thee that advice is either fool or knave; for *this damn'd covenant is the child of rebellion*,¹ and breaths nothing but treason, so that if episcopacy were to be introduced by the covenant, I would not do it, because I am as much bound in conscience to do no act to the destruction of monarchy as to resist heresy, all actions being unlawful (let the end be never so just) where the means is not lawful.

I conclude this, conjuring thee never to abandon one particular good friend of ours, which is a good cause, be the Scots never so false, even as thou lovest him who is eternally thine,

CHARLES R.

By the next I will give thee a full account why I could not send my particular answer to London, and, I believe also, what may be expected from Scotland.

No security can be had for any to come to me from thee.

¹ The Solemn League and Covenant.

LXVI.

The complement of Charles I.'s disaster at the battle of Naseby was the disclosure of the 'Glamorgan Treaty.' The Earl of Glamorgan was instructed to negotiate for the abolition of all penal laws against the Roman Catholics in Ireland, and for the surrender to them of their ecclesiastical supremacy in view of releasing all troops maintained in that country for the defence of Protestantism, that they might combine with a foreign soldiery in an attempt to crush the Parliamentarians. When Royalist and Roundhead alike censured this treachery Charles indirectly repudiated the transaction.

Charles I. to Queen Henrietta Maria.

Oxford: 1646.

Dear Heart,—Whatsoever may make thee mistake my actions, yet nothing can make me doubt of thy love, nor alter my way of kindness and freedom to thee, notwithstanding any variation of the [thy ?] style to me, and I am most confident that upon second thoughts thou wilt be very far from blaming me, as concerning the Scotch treaty; my main ground—which is the saving of the church wherein I have been bred—being so infallibly good, that thou must commend me for it. Albeit we differ in matter of religion, yet thou must esteem me for having care of my conscience.

Concerning which, the preservation of the Church of England being now the only question, I should think myself obliged to seek out all possible lawful means for maintaining it. Wherefore, remembering what I wrote to thee last year, upon the 5th of March, by Pooly—(thou wilt find it amongst those letters of thine which the rebels have printed)—I think it at this time fit to renew that motion unto thee. My words were then (which still I will make good) that I give thee power to promise in my name (to whom thou thinkest most fit) that 'I will take away all the penal laws against the Roman Catholics in England, as soon as God shall enable me to do it, so as by their means I may have so powerful assistance as may deserve so great a favour, and enable me to do it.' And furthermore, I now add that I desire some particular offers by or in the favour of the English Roman Catholics, which, if I shall like, I will then presently engage myself for the performance of the above-mentioned conditions. Moreover, if the Pope

and they will visibly and heartily engage themselves for the re-establishment of the Church of England and my crown (which was understood in my former offer) against all opposers whatsoever, I will promise them, on the word of a king, to give them here a free toleration of their consciences. I have now (which formerly I did not) named the Pope expressly, to desire thee to deal only with him or his ministers in the business, because I believe he is likely upon these conditions to be my friend, and wish the flourishing of my crown again, the which I think that France nor Spain will be sorry to see. I would have thee likewise make as few acquainted with this as may be, secrecy being most requisite in this business (until it be so ripe that the knowledge cannot hurt it), for everybody thinking it be deserted, it would much prejudice me if untimely it should break out again.

Thou mayst possibly imagine that this my renewed offer proceeds from my inconstant humour, or out of a desire to please, but I assure thee that neither are the causes, though I shall not be ashamed of the latter whensoever there is occasion, for in this I do only pursue my constant ground, of preserving my conscience and crown, not being ignorant of the great inconveniences (not without some hazard) which the toleration of divers sorts of God's worship bring to a kingdom, which is not to be suffered, but either for the eschewing of a worse thing, or to obtain some great good;—both reasons at this time concurring to make me admit, nay desire this inconvenience.

For, by this means, and I see no other, I shall hope to suppress the Presbyterian and Independent factions, and also preserve the Church of England and my crown from utter ruin, and yet I believe I did well IN DISAVOWING GLAMORGAN (*so far as I did*); for though I hold it not simply ill, but even most fit, upon such a conjecture [conjuncture?] as this is, to give a toleration to other men's consciences, that cannot make it stand with mine to yield to the ruin of those of mine own profession, to which if I had assented, it then might have been justly feared, that I, who was careless of my own religion, would be less careful of my word. Whereas now, men have more reason to trust to my promises, find[ing] me constant to my grounds, and thou that I am eternally thine,

CHARLES R.

Upon my word, I neither have nor intend to acquaint any with this business but Ashburnham, wherefore I desire likeways to know of thee whom thou wilt intrust with it, that if anything come out we may know whom to blame. Besides, I offer to thy consideration, whether it be not fit that all the English Roman Catholics be warned by the pope's ministers *to join with the forces that are to come out of Ireland.*

 LXVII.

Edmund Waller's long life was an active one. Dividing his time between politics and literature during the most stirring period of our history, he managed with singular adroitness to make himself extremely popular both in the House of Commons and in society. His fame as a refiner of our language and poetry was, and is, deservedly great. No man better understood the art of flattery and how to administer it with grace.

Edmund Waller to my Lady —.

Madam,—Your commands for the gathering these sticks into a faggot had sooner been obey'd but intending to present you with my whole vintage, I stay'd till the latest grapes were ripe: for, here your Ladyship has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with history) of many wise and worthy persons of our own times; as *Sir Philip Sidney*, *Sir Francis Bacon*, *Cardinal Perron* (the ablest of his countrymen) and the former Pope; who they say, instead of the Triple-Crown, wore sometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of lesser weight and trouble. But, Madam, these nightingales sung only in the spring; it was the diversion of their youth; as Ladies learn to sing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The resemblance holds further; for, as you quit the lute the sooner, because the posture is suspected to draw the body awry; so, this is not always practised without some villany to the mind; wresting it from present occasions; and accustoming us to a style somewhat remov'd from common use. But, that you may not think his case deplorable who had made verses; we are told that *Tully* (the greatest Wit among the *Romans*) was once sick of this disease;

and yet recover'd so well, that of almost as bad a Poet as your servant, he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give-over in time, leaves a man without excuse: the former presenting us with an opportunity at least of doing wisely, that is, to conceal those we have made: which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and a Poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honor me with the fate of *Orpheus*; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scatter'd by the *Thracian* dames.

Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclin'd to wonder of our, sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship's for a *Roman* name, so wou'd they believe that I endeavour'd the character of a perfect Nymph, worship'd an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyship's

most humble Servant,

EDM. WALLER.

LXVIII.

On the occasion of the marriage of Lady Dorothy Sidney, whom Waller had courted for ten years under the name of Sacharissa, to Lord Spenser, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, the disappointed poet addressed this lively epistle to the sister of the bride. This letter is incomparably superior to one written by Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her marriage.

Edmund Waller to Lady Lucy Sidney.

July, 1639.

Madam,—In this common joy at Penshurst, I know none to whom complaints may come less unseasonably than to your lady-

ship, the loss of a bedfellow being almost equal to the loss of a mistress, and therefore you ought, at least to pardon, if you consent not to the imprecations of the deserted, which just heaven no doubt will hear. May my lady Dorothy, if we may yet call her so, suffer as much and have the like passion for this young lord, whom she has preferred to the rest of mankind, as others have had for her; and may his love, before the year go about, make her taste of the first curse imposed upon womankind, the pain of becoming a mother. May her firstborn be none of her own sex, nor so like her, but that he may resemble her lord as much as herself. May she, that always affected silence and retirement, have the house filled with the noise and number of her children, and hereafter of her grandchildren, and then may she arrive at that great curse, so much declined by fair ladies, old age; may she live to be very old, and yet seem young, be told so by her glass, and have no aches to inform her of the truth; and when she shall appear to be mortal, may her lord not mourn for her, but go hand in hand with her to that place, where we are told there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage, so that being there divorced, we may all have an equal interest in her again! My revenge being immortal, I wish all this may befall her posterity to the world's end, and afterwards! To you, madam, I wish all good things, and that this your loss may in good time be happily supplied. Madam, I humbly kiss your hands, and beg pardon for this trouble, from

Your ladyship's

most humble Servant

E. WALLER.

LXIX.

Sir John Suckling to —.

Suckling commanded a troop in the English army of Charles I. against the Scotch. This letter was written from Berwick-on-Tweed shortly before the humiliating retreat of Dunse.

June, 1639.

Sir,—We are at length arrived at that river about the uneven running of which my friend Master William Shakespeare makes Henry Hotspur quarrel so highly with his fellow-rebels, and for

his sake I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry monsieur would have had in, but cannot find it could deserve his choler, nor any of the other side ours, did not the king think it did. The account I shall now give you of the war will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the state that part of the four and twenty hours is, in which we can neither call it night nor day. I should judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lords' Covananters' letters to our Lords here something divide me. So, sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of the Tweed like the Tower lions in their cages, leaving the people to think what we would do if we were let loose. The enemy is not yet much visible. It may be it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forward as plants; but it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all this to a dumb-show, and so destroy a handsome opportunity, which was now offered, of producing glorious matter for future chronicle.

These are but conjectures, sir. The last part of my letter I reserve for a great and known truth, which is, that I am, sir, your most humble servant,

J. S.

LXX.

Appointed by the Council of State in 1649 as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Commonwealth, Milton found himself overpowered with business at the very moment when his eyesight, long threatened with blindness, became finally extinguished. In 1650 he lost his right eye, and the controversy with Salmasius cost him his left. Unwilling to give up his post of danger at such a troublous time, his growing infirmity forced him to ask for the help of an amanuensis, and in the following terms he suggested as his assistant a young poet of rising reputation, a Puritan like himself, and favourably recommended to him by the friendly family of Fairfax.

John Milton to John Bradshaw.

February 21, 1652.

My Lord,—But that it would be an interruption to the public, wherein your studies are perpetually employed, I should now and then venture to supply thus my enforced absence with a line or two, though it were only of businesse, and that would be noe slight one, to make mv due acknowledgments of your many favours;

which I both doe at this time, and ever shall : and have this farder, which I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be with you to-morrow, upon some occasion of business, a gentleman whose name is Mr. Marvile; a man whom, both by report, and the converse I have had with him, of singular desert for the State to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe, if there be any employment for him. His father was the Minister of Hull; and he hath spent four years already in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I believe, and the gaineing of those four languages; besides, he is a scholler, and well read in the Latin and Greek authors; and no doubt of an approved conversation, for he comes now lately out of the house of the Lord Fairfax, who was a Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in the languages to the Lady, his daughter. If upon the death of Mr. Weckerlyn, the Councell shall think that I shall need any assistance in the performance of my place (though for my part I find no encumbrances of that which belongs to me, except it be in point of attendance at Conferences with Ambassadors, which I must confess in my condition I am not fit for), it would be hard for them to find a man soe fit every way for that purpose as this gentleman; one who, I believe, in a short time, would be able to do them as much service as Mr. Ascan. This, my lord, I write sincerely, without any other end than to perform my duty to the publick, and helping them to an humble servant: laying aside those jealousies, and that emulation, which mine own condition must suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor; and remaine, my lord,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN MILTON.

LXXI.

The following examples of the epistolary style of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, are selected from the State Papers bearing his name. In this first short note there are two points not unworthy of notice. The oft-repeated charge of the critics that he embarrasses his sentences with frequent parentheses is brought home to him; and the want of accuracy in the details of 'The History of the Rebellion' is indirectly explained by the unavoidable necessity of acquiring information at second-hand and on mere hearsay evidence.

Sir Edward Hyde to Lord Witherington.

Jersey: August 5, 1646.

My good Lord,—Being now left to leisure eno' to exercise my own thoughts and it being much easier to revolve what is passed than to foresee what is to come, (tho' I fear there is no notable sharp-sightedness requisite even to that) I have prevailed with myself, how unequal soever to the task, to endeavour the compiling a plain, faithful narrative of the proceedings of these last ill years; that so posterity may see, by what fatal degrees, that wickedness hath grown prosperous which I hope is now at its height. I have not been at too immoderate a distance (if that were qualification enough) from the public agitations, to venture upon this relation; yet the scene of action lying in so many several places, a much wiser and more conversant person than myself must desist from this work, except others assist him by communicating what hath been transacted in their several spheres. Your Lordship hath had a noble part in those attempts which have been made to rescue our miserable country from the tyranny she now groans under; and by the happiness you enjoy in the friendship of that excellent person (whose conduct was never unprosperous) well known by what skill and virtue the north of England was recovered to his Majesty, and with what difficulties defended. And if you find that his Lordship himself may not be prevailed with to adorn those actions with his own incomparable style, (which indeed would render them fit to be bound up with the other commentaries) vouchsafe I beseech your Lordship, that by your means I may be trusted with such counsels and occurrences as you shall judge fit to be submitted to the ill apparel I shall be able to supply them with; which I will take care (how simple soever) shall not defraud them of their due integrity which will be ornament enough. What your Lordship thinks fit to oblige me with of this kind, Mr. Nicholls will convey to, My Lord,

Your Lordship's most affectionate and obedient Servant

EDWARD HYDE.

LXXII.

The staunchest and most self-denying friend of Charles II. during his period of exile and almost abject poverty, misjudged the state of affairs in June, 1659, as well as the character of his royal debtor; for the cause of Monarchy could only have suffered by a show of force at the moment the Rump and the army were caballing over the grave of Oliver Cromwell. And in so confidently extolling the gratitude of his chief, Edward Hyde little thought he would be an early victim to the caprice of an indolent king who had no belief in human virtues, and to whom, as Lord Macaulay puts it, 'honour and shame were as light and darkness to the blind.'

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon to Mr. Mordaunt.

June 13, 1659.

Sir,—It is indeed great pity that we here, and our friends there, have not been better prepared to appear in arms upon these great mutations which have lately happened. But methinks I do not see anything yet done to make us despair of the like opportunities, nor do I conceive that we have at present one friend less or one enemy more than we had two months ago. It is possible all men's hopes and fears are not the same they were; but these ebbs and flows will happen upon every wind; nor do I think that the Army and the Parliament will the sooner agree upon a Government because they are out of apprehension of the Cromwells, nor that their tameness and desertion of spirit will find the greater remorse. Now is the time for the Parliament to raise monuments of their justice and severity for the future terror of those whose ambition may dispose them to break their trusts (and I hope you are not without good instruments to kindle that fire), and I cannot believe it possible that the Army and Parliament can continue long of a mind. I suppose a list of the names of all the Parliament men is in print, which I would be very glad to see, as I would to know whether you continue to have the same good opinion still of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, and whether he received the King's letter.

I have seen a letter from Mr Baron to the Secretary, by which I perceive there remains some jealousies and distances between our friends, which I hope proceed rather from misunderstanding than from any formed waywardness, and that the interposition of discreet persons will qualify all, and extinguish those distempers.

We have yet heard from none of them, and you may be very confident that the King will not gratify any man's passions by the disobliging others who serve him faithfully, and I have so good an opinion of them to believe they cannot propose any extravagant thing. I have no more to add but that I am very faithfully

Yours &c.

LXXIII.

The feverish condition of the public pulse, sickened by the dominion of the soldiery and excited by the trickeries of incompetent agitators, is here gleefully described by Lord Clarendon on the eve of the restoration of monarchy.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, to Sir Henry Bennet.

April 10, 1660.

Sir,—The Parliament was, as you have heard, to be dissolved upon Thursday the 15th of last month, but there had been so many artifices used by the Republican party, to stay the business of the Militia, and afterwards to stop and corrupt it at the Press that the house resolved to sit again the next day, and then about seven o'clock at night they dissolved to the universal joy of all the kingdom, the republican party only excepted, who had no mind to cashier themselves of a power they were like again never to be possessed of; the people not being like to choose many of them to serve in the next parliament.

Before they dissolved they declared the engagement, by which men were bound to submit to the government without King or House of Lords, to be void and null, and to be taken of the file of all records wherever it was entered; and this might be the ground of that report at Calais, that they had voted the Government to be by King, Lords and Commons; besides there was a pretty accident that might contribute thereunto, for the day before the Parliament dissolved, at full Exchange, there came a fellow with a ladder upon his shoulders and a pot of paint in his hand, and set the ladder in the place where the last King's statue had stood, and then went up and wiped out that inscription which had been made after the death of the King, *Exit Tyrannus &c.*, and as soon as he had done it threw up his cap and cried 'God bless King Charles the Second,' in which the whole Exchange joined with the greatest shout you can imagine, and immediately

caused a huge bonfire to be made which the neighbours of Cornhill and Cheapside imitated with three or four more, and so that action passed nor do I find there was any order for it. There was another signal passage likewise before the dissolution: upon the reading the instructions to the Council of State during the interval of Parliament (which is not to sit till the 25th of this month) there is one which gives them authority to send agents or ambassadors to foreign Princes, whereupon Scott stood up and desired that there might be an exception, that they should not send to Charles Stuart, which gave occasion to very many members of the House to stand up and declare that they were in no degree guilty and did from their souls abhor the horrid and odious murder of the late king, and did detest the author of it. Upon which Scott again stood up, and said that he indeed, and some others, had cut off the King's head, but that the other gentlemen had brought him to the block, which put the rest into so much passion that they would call him to the bar, but after some heat declined it, saying he should answer it at another bar. The writs issued out the next day for the choosing members to meet the 25th of this month; and very great care is taken in all places to choose such men as are most like to settle the government as it ought to be. And now after I have told you all this, if I had not a very ill reputation with you for being over sanguine with reference to England, I will tell you that I hope we may save those honest gentlemen a labour, or at least do our own business with very great approbation.

Yours &c.

LXXIV.

The flames that consumed the Custom House and all the valuable records deposited there (1814), deprived the lovers of literature of Jeremy Taylor's autobiography, and most of his epistolary correspondence. The letters that have been preserved are not, perhaps, the best examples of those prose writings, which by their purity and beauty of expression gave to the improved style of the seventeenth century almost its earliest impetus; still they are good unstudied specimens of the great divine's manner. An ardent Royalist, he followed the fortunes of Charles I. as Chaplain to the Royal army in 1642, but was obliged to retire as a schoolmaster to Wales when the fortune of war favoured the Parliamentarians. John Evelyn, his greatest benefactor, induced him to leave this retreat and visit Sayes Court. The following letter was written a few days after he had been entertained there.

Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.

April 16, 1656.

Honoured and dear Sir,—I hope your servant brought my apology with him, and that I already am pardoned, or excused, in your thoughts, that I did not return an answer yesterday to your friendly letter. Sr, I did believe myself so very much bound to you for your so kind, so friendly reception of me in your ‘Tusculanum,’ that I had some little wonder upon me when I saw you making excuses that it was no better. Sr, I came to see you and your lady, and am highly pleased that I did so, and found all your circumstances to be an heap and union of blessings. But I have not either so great a fancy and opinion of the prettiness of your abode, or so low an opinion of your prudence and piety, as to think you can be any ways transported with them. I know the pleasure of them is gone off from their height before one month’s possession; and that strangers, and seldom seers, feel the beauty of them more than you who dwell with them. I am pleased, indeed, at the order and the cleanness of all your outward things; and look upon you not only as a person, by way of thankfulness to God for his mercies and goodness to you, specially obliged to a greater measure of piety, but also as one who, being freed in great degrees from secular cares and impediments, can, without excuse and alloy, wholly intend what you so passionately desire, the service of God. But now I am considering yours and enumerating my own pleasures, I cannot but add that, though I could not choose but be delighted by seeing all about you, yet my delices were really in seeing you severe and unconcerned in these things, and now in finding your affections wholly a stranger to them, and to communicate with them no portion of your passion but such as is necessary to him that uses them or receives their ministries.

Sr, I long truly to converse with you; for I do not doubt but in those liberties we shall both go bettered from each other. For your ‘Lucretius,’ I perceive, you have suffered the importunity of two kind friends to prevail with you. I will not say to you that your ‘Lucretius’ is as far distant from the severity of a Christian as the fair Ethiopian was from the duty of Bp. Heliodorus; for indeed it is nothing but what may become the labour of a Christian gentleman, those things only abated which our evil age needs not;

for which, also I hope you either have by notes, or will, by preface, prepare a sufficient antidote, but since you are ingag'd in it, do not neglect to adorn it, and take what care of it it can require or need; for that neglect will be a reproof of your own act, and look as if you did it with an unsatisfied mind, and then you may make that to be wholly a sin, from which only by prudence and charity you could before be advised to abstain. But, S^r, if you will give me leave, I will impose such a penance upon you for your publication of 'Lucretius,' as shall neither displease God nor you; and since you are busy in that which may minister directly to learning and indirectly to error or the confidences of men, who of themselves are apt enough to hide their vices in irreligion, I know you will be willing, and will suffer yourself to be intreated, to employ the same pen in the glorifications of God, and the ministeries of eucharist and prayer. S^r if you have M^{sr} Silhon 'de l'Immortalité de l'Ame,' I desire you to lend it me for a week; and believe that I am in great heartiness and dearness of affection, dear S^r, your obliged and most affectionate friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

LXXV.

A letter of condolence with John Evelyn upon the loss of his children.

Jeremy Taylor to John Evelyn.

February 17, 1657.

Dear Sir,—If dividing and sharing griefs were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your stream much abated; for I account myself to have a great cause of sorrow, not only in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the loss of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy. I cannot tell all my own sorrows without adding to yours; and the causes of my real sadness in your loss are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourn; so certain it is that grief does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch and by joining mine to yours, I do but encrease the flame. 'Hoc me malè urit,' is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story. But sir, I cannot choose, but I must hold another and

a brighter flame to you, it is already burning in your heart ; and if I can but remove the dark side of the lantern, you have enough within you to warm yourself and to shine to others. Remember, sir, your two boys are two bright stars, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them again. Their state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy terms ; nothing but to be born and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are ; and amongst other things one of the [hardness] will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable grief ; and, indeed though the grief hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no losers but you are the person that complains, do but consider what you would have suffer'd for their interest : you [would] have suffered them to go from you, to be great princes in a strange country : and if you can be content to suffer your own inconvenience for their interest, you command [commend?] your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you look upon it as a rod of God ; and he that so smites here will spare hereafter : and if you, by patience, and submission, imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable ; because it is, in some sense chosen, and therefore in no sense insufferable.

Sir, if you do not look to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will do alone. And if you consider, that of the bravest men in the world we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons, that sound most in story, died childless ; you will find it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments and reasonings. If the breach be never repair'd, it is because God does not see it fit to be ; and if you will be of this mind, it will be much the better. But, sir, you will pardon my zeal and passion for your comfort, I will readily confess that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces ; strive to be an example and a comfort to your Lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort, stand in the breaches of your

own family, and make it appear that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God, I purpose to wait on you some time next week, that I may be a witness of your Christian courage and bravery, and that I may see that God never displeases you as long as the main stake is preserved—I mean your hopes and confidences of heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want—that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind; and shall always do you honour, and fain also would do you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of

Dear sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged

friend and servant

JER. TAYLOR.

LXXVI.

The experimental philosophical club, which began its meetings at Oxford in 1649 under the auspices of Dr. Wilkins, was the cradle of the Royal Society. When the founder came to London, the members met at the Bull Head Tavern, in Cheapside, and afterwards in Gresham College parlour. In 1662 the club was incorporated by the name of the Royal Society, but continued to assemble in the parlour until the year 1710. Such a worthy community could not fail, in the early days of Charles II.'s reign, to be a conspicuous mark for the clownish ribaldry of scribblers whose delight was to ridicule everything virtuous and respectable. John Evelyn, one of the most diligent members of the society, here invokes the aid of the once popular poet to silence certain malicious cavillers.

John Evelyn to Abraham Cowley.

Sayes Court: March 12, 1667.

Sir,—You had reason to be astonished at the presumption, not to name it affront, that I who have so highly celebrated Recess, and envied it in others, should become an advocate for the enemy, which of all others it abhors and flies from. I conjure you to believe that I am still of the same mind and that there is no person alive who does more honour and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and adorn by y^r example. But as those who praised Dirt, a Flea, and the Gout,¹ so have I *Publick Em-*

¹ A collection of facetiæ in prose and verse.

ployment in that trifling essay ; and that in so weak a style compared to my antagonists, as by that alone it will appear I neither was nor could be serious ; and I hope you believe I speak my very soul to you ; but I have more to say which will require your kindness. Suppose our good friend were publishing some eulogies on the Royal Society, and by deducing the original, progress and advantages of their design would bespeak it some veneration in the world ? Has Mr. Cowley no inspirations for it ? Would it not hang the most heroic wreath about his temples ? Or can he desire a nobler or a fuller argument either for the softest airs or the loudest echoes, for the smoothest or briskest strokes of his Pindaric lyre ? There be those who ask, What have the Royal Society done ? Where their College ? I need not instruct you how to answer or confound those persons, who are able to make even these inform Blocks and Stones dance into order, and charm them into better sense. Or, if their insolence press, you are capable to show how they have laid solid foundations to perfect all noble Arts, and reform all imperfect Sciences. It requires a History to recite only the Arts, the Inventions, the Phenomena already absorbed, improved or opened. In a word our registers have outdone Pliny, Porta and Alexis, and all the experimentists, nay the great Verulam himself, and have made a nobler and more faithful collection of real secrets, useful and instructive than has hitherto been shewn. Sir, we have a Library, a Repository, and an assembly of as worthy and great persons as the World has any ; and yet we are sometimes the subject of satire and the songs of drunkenness ; have a King to our founder and yet want a Mæcenas ; and above all a spirit like yours to raise us up benefactors, and to compel them to think the designs of the Royal Society as worthy their regards, and as capable to embalm their names, as the most heroic enterprise, or any thing Antiquity has celebrated ; and I am even amazed at the wretchedness of this age that acknowledges it no more. But the Devil, who was ever an enemy to truth, and to such as discover his prestigious effects, will never suffer the promotion of a design so destructive to his dominion, which is to fill the world with imposture and keep it in ignorance, without the utmost of his malice and contradiction. But you have numbers and charms that can bind even these spirits of darkness, and render their instruments obsequious ; and we know you have a divine

Hymn for us ; the lustre of the Royal Society calls for an ode from the best of poets upon the noblest argument. To conclude, here you have a field to celebrate the great and the good, who either do, or should favour the most august and worthy design that ever was set on foot in the world ; and those who are our real patrons and friends, you can eternize, those who are not you can conciliate and inspire to do gallant things. But I will add no more, when I have told you with very great truth, that I am, sir, &c.

LXXVII.

The following letter should be especially interesting to the possessors of finely-timbered estates. It will refresh their memory of the man to whom England is indebted for the variety and abundance of her forest and other trees. Besides his 'Sylva, or Discourse on the Propagation of Timber,' John Evelyn showed himself a worthy successor of Bacon in his love of horticulture by publishing the first 'Gardener's Almanac.' The references to his works on art remind us that he was not merely a 'rural genius.'

John Evelyn to Lady Sunderland.

Sayes Court, Deptford : August 4, 1690.

Madam,—As for the Calendar your Ladyship mentions, whatever assistance it may be to some novice gardener sure I am his Lordship will find nothing in it worth his notice but an old inclination to an innocent diversion, and the acceptance that it found with my dear (and while he lived) worthy friend Mr. Cowley, upon whose reputation only it has survived seven impressions, and is now entering on the eighth with some considerable improvements, more agreeable to the present curiosity. 'Tis now, Madam, almost forty years since I writ it, when Horticulture was not much advanced in England, and near thirty since first 'twas published, which consideration will I hope excuse its many defects. If in the mean time it deserve the name of no unuseful trifle, 'tis all it is capable of.

When many years ago I came from rambling abroad, observed a little there, and a great deal more since I came home than gave me much satisfaction, and (as events have proved) scarce worth one's pursuit, I cast about how I should employ the time which hangs on most young men's hands, to the best advantage ; and

when books and severer studies grew tedious, and other impertinence would be pressing, by what innocent diversions I might sometimes relieve myself without compliance to recreations I took no felicity in, because they did not contribute to any improvements of the mind. This set me upon planting of Trees, and brought forth my 'Sylva,' which booke, infinitely beyond my expectations, is now also calling for a fourth impression, and has been the occasion of propagating many millions of useful Timber Trees throughout this Nation, as I may justify (without immodesty) from the many letters of acknowledgment received from gentlemen of the first quality, and others altogether strangers to me. His late Majesty Charles II. was sometimes graciously pleased to take notice of it to me, and that I had by that booke alone incited a world of planters to repair their broken estates and woods, which the greedy Rebels had wasted and made such havoc of. Upon this encouragement I was once speaking to a mighty man, then in despotic power, to mention the great inclination I had to serve his Majesty in a little office then newly vacant (the salary I think hardly £300) whose province was to inspect the Timber Trees in His Majesty's forests, &c., and take care of their culture and improvement; but this was conferred upon another, who, I believe had seldom been out of the smoke of London, where tho' there was a great deal of timber there were not many trees. I confess I had an inclination to the employment upon a public account as well as its being suitable to my rural genius, born as I was at Wotton among the Woods.

Soon after this, happened the direful conflagration of this City, when taking notice of our want of books of Architecture in the English tongue, I published those most useful directions of ten of the best authors on that subject, whose works were very rarely to be had, all of them written in French, Latin or Italian and so not intelligible to our mechanics. What the fruit of that labour and cost has been (for the sculptures which are elegant were very chargeable) the great improvement of our workmen, and several impressions of the copy since, will best testify.

In this method I thought properly to begin with planting trees, because they would require time for growth and be advancing to delight and shade at least, and were therefore by no means to be

neglected and deferred, while building might be raised and finished in a summer if the owner pleased.

Thus, Madam, I endeavoured to do my countrymen some little service, in as natural an order as I could for the improving and adorning their estates and dwellings, and if possible, make them in love with those useful and innocent pleasures in exchange of a wasteful and ignoble sloth which I had observed so universally corrupted an ingenious education.

To these I likewise added my little History of Chalcography, a treatise of the perfection of Painting, and of erecting Libraries Medals, and some other intermisses which might divert within doors, as well as altogether without.

LXXVIII.

At the Restoration the poet Marvell, hitherto known as the colleague and friend of Milton, was returned to Parliament for the borough of Hull, and at once developed a policy so original and courageous that his name has become almost synonymous with the title of patriot. His private letters to his friends during the early years of Charles II.'s reign are unique in the picture they give of the dark side of the times.

Several valuable letters were written by Marvell to one William Skinner, who had not the curiosity to keep any of them, but gave them to the pastry-maid to put under pie-bottoms.—(Thoresby Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 102.)

Andrew Marvell to William Ramsden.

November 28, 1670.

Dear Will,—I need not tell you I am always thinking of you. All that has happened, which is remarkable, since I wrote, is as follows. The Lieutenancy of London, chiefly Sterlin the Mayor, and Sir J. Robinson, alarmed the King continually with the Conventicles there. So the King sent them strict and large powers. The Duke of York every Sunday would come over thence to look to the peace. To say truth, they met in numerous open assemblies, without any dread of government. But the train bands in the city, and soldiery in Southwark and suburbs, harassed and abused them continually; they wounded many, and killed some Quakers especially, while they took all patiently. Hence arose two things of great remark. The Lieutenancy, having got orders to their mind, pick out Hays and Jekill, the innocentest of the whole

party, to show their power on. They offer them illegal bonds of five thousand pounds a man, which if they would not enter into, they must go to prison. So they were committed, and at last (but it is a very long story) got free. Some friends engaged for them. The other was the tryal of Pen and Mead, quakers, at the Old Baily. The jury not finding them guilty, as the Recorder and Mayor would have had them, they were kept without meat or drink some three days, till almost starved, but would not alter their verdict; so fined and imprisoned.¹ There is a book out which relates all the passages, which were very pertinent, of the prisoners, but prodigiously barbarous by the Mayor and Recorder. The Recorder, among the rest, commended the Spanish Inquisition, saying it would never be well till we had something like it. The King had occasion for sixty thousand pounds. Sent to borrow it of the city. Sterlin, Robinson, and all the rest of that faction, were at it many a week, and could not get above ten thousand. The fanatics under persecution, served his Majesty. The other part, both in court and city, would have prevented it. But the King protested money would be acceptable. So the King patched up, out of the Chamber, and other ways, twenty thousand pounds. The fanatics, of all sorts, forty thousand. The King, though against many of his council, would have the Parliament sit this twenty-fourth of October. He, and the Keeper spoke of nothing but to have money. Some one million three hundred thousand pounds, to pay off the debts at interest; and eight hundred thousands for a brave navy next Spring.²

Both speeches forbid to be printed, for the King said very little, and the Keeper, it was thought, too much in his politic simple discourse of foreign affairs. The House was thin and obsequious. They Voted at first they would supply him, according to his occasions, *Nemine*, as it was remarked, *contradicente*; but few affirmatives, rather a silence as of men ashamed and unwilling.

Sir R. Howard, Seymour, Temple, Car, and Hollis, openly took leave of their former party, and fell to head the King's

¹ The immunity of jurymen for giving verdicts contrary to the wishes of the bench was established at this trial.

² Macaulay exposes the fraudulent conduct of the 'Cabal' Administration in raising these 800,000*l.*

busyness. There is like to be a terrible Act of Conventicles. The Prince of Orange here is much made of. The King owes him a great deal of money. The Paper is full.

I am your's, &c.

LXXIX.

Marvell was a model member of Parliament. He represented Hull from 1660 to his death in 1678, and he kept the Corporation minutely informed as to the progress of affairs, often writing to them, after sitting out a stormy debate, before indulging himself with sleep. His main duty in the House he held to be that of opposing the claims of the Royal household, and this he did with the utmost resolution, dying a few months after the date of this letter, poisoned, as was surmised, at the direction of the Court party, whose bribes he had so scornfully refused. He writes to his constituency as one whose conscience tells him that he has deserved their confidence.

Andrew Marvell to the Mayor and Aldermen of Hull.

January 18 [1676-7].

Gentlemen, my very worthy friends,—Not having in the intervalls of Parliament any frequent or proper occasion of writing to you, I am the more carefull, though always retaining the same constant due respect and service for you, yet not to interrupt you with unnecessary letters. But the time of Parliament's prorogation being now within a moneth expired, and his Majesty having by his late Proclamation signified that he expects the attendance of the members in order to a Session, I cannot neglect to imbrace this opportunity of saluting you, and of giving you account that I am here in Town in good health, God be praised, and Vigour, ready to take that Station in the House of Commons which I obtain by your favour, and hath so many years continued; and therefore I desire that you will, now being the time, consider whether there be any thing that particularly relates to the state of your town, or your neighbouring country, or of your more publick concernment, whereof you may thinke fit to advertise me, and therein to give me any your instructions, which I shall carefully conforme. It is true that by reason of so many prorogations of late years repeated, the publick business in Parliament hath not attain'd the hoped maturity, so that the weight and multiplicity of those affairs at present will probably much exclude, and retard at least. any thing

of more private and particular consideration ; yet, if any such you have, I shall strive to promote it according to the best of my duty, and in the more generall concerns of the nation, shall, God willing, maintain the same incorrupt mind, and clear conscience, free from faction, or selfends, which I have, by His grace, hitherto preserved. So wishing you all health and prosperity, I remain, Gentlemen, &c., your most humble servant.

The 'businessse' of Trinity House is still to be over-seen, with all Vigilance.

For my much respected friends Mr. Matthew Smith and Mr. George Dickinson, Wardens of the Worthy Society of y^e Trinity house, Kingston before Hull.

LXXX.

Mr. Penruddock was a gentleman of the Royalist party who was beheaded by Cromwell's orders in 1655 at Exeter, for his share in a rising there. The particulars are given in Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion,' Book 14, ad finem. This letter was written by Mrs. Penruddock to her husband the night before his execution.

Mrs. Penruddock's last letter to her Husband.

May 3, 1655.

My Dear Heart,—My sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since, but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to live again, and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob Heaven a little longer of a martyr. Oh ! my dear, you must now pardon my passion, this being my last (oh, fatal word !) that ever you will receive from me ; and know, that until the last minute that I can imagine you shall live, I shall sacrifice the prayers of a Christian, and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall know), I shall wish my own dissolution with you, that so we may go hand in hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you ; how being turned out of doors because I came to beg mercy ; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge.

I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not ; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my devoirs, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear ; and since I must never see you more, take this prayer,—May your faith be so strengthened that your constancy may continue ; and then I know Heaven will receive you ; whither grief and love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

My dear,

Your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead,

ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

May the 3rd, 1655, eleven o'clock at night. Your children beg your blessing, and present their duties to you.

LXXXI.

Mr. Penruddock's last letter to his Wife.

May, 1655.

Dearest Best of Creatures ! I had taken leave of the world when I received yours : it did at once recall my fondness to life, and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you, so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me ; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your husband, and the father of our dear babes, is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and within a few hours I am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object the shame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other things. Afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence of this. I desire your prayers in the article of death ; for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

J. PENRUDDOCK.

LXXXII.

In his 'Curiosities of Literature,' Mr. D'Israeli publishes a letter from 'the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle,' who was certainly the greatest literary curiosity of her age. Her husband, who had borne arms for the Royal cause with some success during the civil wars, was created a duke at the Restoration.

He and his duchess afterwards retired to the country to devote the remainder of their days to the republic of letters. Horace Walpole, in his 'Royal and Noble Authors,' expended a good deal of caustic wit on the eccentricities of this aristocratic pair—'this picture of foolish nobility.' The work of so industrious a couple, had it been rationally pursued, would probably have escaped ridicule; but since each publicly affected to regard the other as the beau ideal of literary ingenuity, and as a good deal of their ingenuity was exhibited in a certain contempt for the laws of style and the rules of grammar, their labours were not much appreciated.

Had her Grace's studies been carefully regulated, she might have done good things, as the following sensible letter will show.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, to her Husband, the Duke of Newcastle.

London: 1667.

Certainly, my Lord, you have had as many enemies and as many friends as ever any one particular person had; nor do I so much wonder at it, since I, a woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues which they cast upon my poor writings, some denying me to be the true authoress of them; for your grace remembers well, that those books I put out first to the judgment of this censorious age were accounted not to be written by a woman, but that somebody else had writ and published them in my name; by which your lordship was moved to prefix an epistle before one of them in my vindication, wherein you assure the world, upon your honour, that what was written and printed in my name was my own; and I have also made known that your lordship was my only tutor, in declaring to me what you had found and observed by your own experience; for I being young when your lordship married me, could not have much knowledge of the world; but it pleased God to command his servant Nature to endue me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my birth; for I did write some books in that kind be-

fore I was twelve years of age, which for want of good method and order I would never divulge. But though the world would not believe that those conceptions and fancies which I writ were my own, but transcended my capacity, yet they found fault, that they were defective for want of learning, and on the other side, they said I had pluckt feathers out of the universities; which was a very preposterous judgment. Truly, my lord, I confess that for want of scholarship, I could not express myself so well as otherwise I might have done in those philosophical writings I published first; but after I was returned with your lordship into my native country, and led a retired country life, I applied myself to the reading of philosophical authors, on purpose to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools; which at first were so hard to me, that I could not understand them, but was fain to guess at the sense of them by the whole context, and so writ them down, as I found them in those authors; at which my readers did wonder, and thought it impossible that a woman could have so much learning and understanding in terms of art and scholastical expressions; so that I and my books are like the old apologue mentioned in *Æsop*, of a father and his son who rid on an ass. [Here follows a long narrative of this fable, which she applies to herself in these words:—] The old man seeing he could not please mankind in any manner, and having received so many blemishes and aspersions for the sake of his ass, was at last resolved to drown him when he came to the next bridge. But I am not so passionate to burn my writings for the various humours of mankind, and for their finding fault; since there is nothing in this world, be it the noblest and most commendable action whatsoever, that shall escape blameless. As for my being the true and only authoress of them, your lordship knows best; and my attending servants are witness that I have had none but my own thoughts, fancies, and speculations, to assist me; and as soon as I set them down I send them to those that are to transcribe them, and fit them for the press; whereof, since there have been several, and amongst them such as only could write a good hand, but neither understood orthography, nor had any learning (I being then in banishment, with your lordship, and not able to maintain learned secretaries,) which hath been a great disadvantage to my poor works, and the cause that they have been printed so false and so full of errors;

for besides that I want also skill in scholarship and true writing, I did many time not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should disturb my following conceptions; by which neglect, as I said, many errors are slipt into my works, which, yet I hope, learned and impartial men will soon rectify, and look more upon the sense than carp at words. I have been a student even from childhood; and since I have been your lordship's wife, I have lived for the most part a strict and retired life, as is best known to your lordship; and therefore my censurers cannot know much of me, since they have little or no acquaintance with me. 'Tis true I have been a traveller both before and after I was married to your lordship, and some times shown myself at your lordship's command in public places or assemblies, but yet I converse with few. Indeed, my lord, I matter not the censures of this age, but am rather proud of them; for it shows that my actions are more than ordinary, and according to the old proverb, it is better to be envied than pitied; for I know well that it is merely out of spite and malice, whereof this present age is so full that none can escape them, and they'll make no doubt to stain even your lordship's loyal, noble, and heroic actions as well as they do mine; though yours have been of war and fighting, mine of contemplating and writing: yours were performed publicly in the field, mine privately in my closet: yours had many thousand eye-witnesses; mine none but my waiting-maids. But the great God, that hitherto bless'd both your grace and me, will, I question not, preserve both our fames to after ages.

Your grace's honest wife and humble servant,

M. NEWCASTLE.

LXXXIII.

More than any other among the distinguished historical personages of the seventeenth century, Algernon Sidney, in point of character and conduct, will continue to have his detractors and admirers. The published letters in the different editions of the Sidney papers serve only to confirm his partisans in their admiration of his consistency of principle as an enemy of monarchical government—even to the extent of deprecating the personal rule of Cromwell—and his enemies in their reprehension of the factious leader who could waste his splendid energies in caballing with France and Holland for the establishment of a republic in England. The most able and eminent of the knot of revolutionary patriots to which he belonged, he was also the most uncompromising and most provokingly obstinate.

Algernon Sidney to his Father, the Earl of Leicester.

Venice: October 12, 1660.

My Lord,—I did write to your lordship twice from Augsburg, I have little to add to what I then said, unless it be in relation to something from him who was my colleague. I think he intends nothing less than my hurt, but doubt he may do me very much. Not knowing at all the grounds of my proceedings in Denmark, which I think is the principal thing objected against me, he will be subject to aggravate that, which he doth intend to attenuate. I do in that whole business refer myself wholly to my two last letters to your Lordship, being assured nobody knows my mind upon that point, unless it be those that have seen them, or some few words inserted into others written at the same time. He also mentions another point, but so obscurely, that I understand it not, no other person having spoken one word of it, which is, that there is something in the *Clerk of the Courts book*, that put the King to death which doth much prejudice me. I do not know the particulars, but the truth of what passed I do very well remember. I was at Penshurst, when the act for the trial passed, and coming up to town I heard my name was put in, and that those that were nominated for judges were then in the painted chamber. I presently went thither, heard the act read, and found my own name with others. A debate was raised how they should proceed upon it, and after having been sometime silent to hear what those would say, who had had the directing of that business, I did positively oppose Cromwell, Bradshaw, and others, who would have the trial to go on, and drew my reasons from these two points: First the King *could be tried* by no court; secondly, that *no man* could be tried by that court. This being alleged in vain, and Cromwell using these former words (I tell you, we will cut off his head with the crown upon it,) I replied: you may take your own course, I cannot stop you, but I will keep myself clean from having any hand in this business, immediately went out of the room, and never returned. This is all that passed publicly, or that can with truth be recorded, or taken notice of. I had an *intention, which is not*

*very fit for a letter.*¹ Some few months after, it was moved in the House that none should be of the Council of State, but those that had signed the order for the king's death; that motion soon fell; the company appearing unfit for such a work. Afterwards it was moved that none should be of the Council but such as would subscribe a paper declaring their approbation of that act; calling that a test whereby those that were close and sure unto the work in hand, might be distinguished from those that were not. I opposed that, and having given such reasons as I could to justify my opinion, I chanced to use this expression, that such a test would prove a snare to many an honest man, but every knave would slip through it; the Lord Grey of Grooby took great exceptions at this; and said I had called all those knaves, that had signed the order; upon which there was a hot debate, some defending, others blaming what I had said, but all mistaking the true sense of it; and I was not hasty to explain myself. Harry Marten saved me the trouble of doing it all, by saying that indeed such expressions did sound something harsh, when they related to such actions, in which many of my brethren had been engaged; but that the error of him who took exceptions, was much greater than mine, for I had said only, that every knave might slip through, and not that every one who did slip through was a knave. I mention these two things as public ones, of which I can have many witnesses, and they had so ill effects as to my particular concernments, as to make Cromwell, Bradshaw, Harrison, Lord Grey and others, my enemies, who did from that time continually oppose me. Love to truth, rather than expectation of success, persuades me to give your lordship this information, which you may be pleased to make use of, as you see occasion.

LXXXIV.

In the earliest dawn of positive science in England, the name of John Ray took the foremost place. He was the first true systematist of the animal kingdom, and, as such, the principal guide of Linnæus. As a botanist his fame stands almost higher than as a zoologist, and it is not too much to say that he was

¹ As Sidney was against trial, it is likely that he aimed at the deposition and banishment of Charles I., with the concurrence of both Houses of Parliament.

the inventor of geology. The following account of the Burning Fountain of Grenoble gives a good instance of the cool and candid examination which Ray gave to phenomena which everyone until his day had regarded with superstitious awe.

John Ray to Tankred Robinson.

Black Notley : May 22, 1685.

Sir,—Last post brought me yours of May 19. In answer whereto, seeing what you assert concerning the transmutation mentioned may be true, and is supported by good authority, and your opinion, I see no reason it should be struck out; for those principles into which bodies are immediately resoluble by fire, being not primary but compound bodies, it may consist with my opinion of certain and fixed first principles well enough.

Reading in the ‘Philosophical Transactions’ of March last your observations on subterraneous streams, I find you mistaken in one of your conjectures concerning matter of fact, that is concerning that they call the burning fountain [La Fontaine que brûle] near Grenoble, in Dauphiné, which our curiosity led us to make an excursive journey from Grenoble on purpose to see. This place is about three leagues distant from the city up the river. When we came there, we were much deceived in our expectation; for, instead of a burning fountain, which we dreamt of, from the name and relations of others, we found nothing of water, but only an actual flame of fire issuing out of a rent, or hole, in the side of a bank, plainly visible to the eye, to which if you applied dry straw, or any other combustible matter, it took fire presently. I took it to be nothing else but a little *spiraculum* of a mine of coals, or some such like substance, fired; and my reason was, because the bank, out of which the flame issued, looked much like slate and cinder of coals. One thing I cannot but admire, that is the long continuance of this burning. I find mention of it in ‘Augustine de Civitate Dei.’ Lib. i. cap. 7 ‘De fonte illo ubi faces extinguntur ardentes et accenduntur extinctæ non inveni in Epiro qui vidisse se dicerent, sed qui in Galliâ similem nôssent, non longè à Gratianopoli civitate;’ by which relation of the good father, we see how he was abused and imposed upon by relators that were eye-witnesses. I myself also was abused in like manner, and therefore do verily believe there was

then no more fountain there than is now—that is a fountain of fire, which, from the constancy and perpetuity of its issuing out, it may be called. Hence we may learn what credit is to be given to the verbal relations of the generality of travellers.

LXXXV.

When the critical admirers of the prose style of Sir William Temple ask us to believe that the distinguished diplomate ‘advanced our English tongue to as great a perfection as it well can bear,’ they ask too much. In marking the progress and development of English prose style from the overcharged rhetoric of the sixteenth century to a more simple and perspicuous arrangement of sentences, Temple was no doubt an important unit; but Cowley, Tillotson, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, Dryden, and Locke also contributed, in their several degrees of excellence, to create a new standard of refinement and verbal purity in our language. The elegance and naïveté of Sir William Temple’s style are illustrated nowhere better than in his letters. He had a happy knack of suiting his manner and wording to the character of the person addressed. The kindly allusion to Edmund Waller is an example of his well-known veneration for men of genius.

Sir William Temple to Lord Lisle.

Brussels: August, 1667.

My Lord,—I received lately the honour of one from your Lordship, which after all complaints of slowness and dulness had enough to bear it out, though it had been much better addressed, but needed nothing where it was, besides being yours. In my present station I want no letters of business or news, which makes those that bring me marks of my friends remembrance, or touches at their present thoughts and entertainments, taste much better than any thing can do that is common fare. I agree very much with your Lordship, in being little satisfied by the wits excuse of employing none upon relations as they do in France; and doubt much it is the same temper and course of thoughts among us, that makes us neither act things worth relating, nor relate things worth the reading. Whilst making some of the company laugh, and others ridiculous, is the game in vogue, I fear we shall hardly succeed at any other, and am sorry our courtiers should content themselves with such victories as those. I would have been glad

to have seen Mr. Cowley, before he died, celebrate Captain Douglas's death ; who stood and burnt in one of our ships at Chatham, when his soldiers left him, because it should never be said, a Douglas quitted his post without order ; whether it be wise in men to do such actions or no, I am sure it is so in States to honour them ; and, if they can, to turn the vein of wits to raise up the esteem of some qualities above the real value, rather than bring every thing to burlesque, which, if it be allowed at all, should be so only to wise men in their closets, and not to wits, in their common mirth and company. But I leave them to be reformed by great men's examples and humours, and know very well it is folly for a private man to touch them, which does but bring them like wasps about one's ears. However, I cannot but bewail the transitoriness of their fame, as well as other men's, when I hear Mr. Waller is turned to burlesque among them, while he is alive, which never happened to old poets till many years after their death ; and though I never knew him enough to adore him as many have done, and easily believe he may be, as your Lordship says, enough out of fashion, yet I am apt to think some of the old cut-work bands were of as fine thread, and as well wrought, as any of our new points ; and, at least, that all the wit he and his company spent, in heightening love and friendship, was better employed, than what is laid out so prodigally by the modern wits, in the mockery of all sorts of religion and government.

I know not how your Lordship's letter has engaged me in this kind of discourses ; but I know very well you will advise me after it to keep my residency here as long as I can, foretelling me what success I am like to have among our courtiers if I come over. The best on it is, my heart is set so much upon my little corner at Sheen, that while I keep that, no other disappointments will be very sensible to me ; and, because my wife tells me she is so bold as enter into talk of enlarging our dominions there, I am contriving here this summer, how a succession of cherries may be compassed from May till Michaelmas, and how the riches of Sheen vines may be improved by half a dozen sorts which are not yet known there, and which, I think, much beyond any that are. I should be very glad to come and plant them myself this next season, but know not yet how those thoughts will hit. Though I design to stay but a month in England, yet they are here very unwilling I should stir, as all

people in adversity are jealous of being forsaken ; and his Majesty is not willing to give them any discouragement, whether he gives them any assistance or no. But, if they end the campaign with any good fortune, they will be better humoured in that, as well as all other points : and it seems not a very unlikely thing, the French having done nothing in six months past but harass their army, and being, before Lisle, engaged in a siege, which may very well break the course of their success. They have not yet made the least advance upon any of the out works, but been beaten off with much loss in all their assaults : and, if that King's design be to bring his nobility as low as he has done his people, he is in a good way, and may very well leave most of the brave among them in their trenches there.

I had not need write often at this length, nor make your Lordship any new professions of my being, my Lord, your, &c.

LXXXVI.

One of the very few satisfactory political transactions of the reign of Charles II. was the Triple Alliance of 1668 negotiated by Sir William Temple, the resident minister of Brussels, for the purpose of checking the further encroachments of Louis XIV. in Flanders. Temple, by his exceeding skill and diligence, prevailed upon our old foes to join us and Sweden in threatening resistance to France, and the conclusion of the treaty was hailed with delight by the English Parliament ; but, unhappily, Charles's subsequent disgraceful compact with Louis XIV., known as the Secret Treaty of Dover, nipped Temple's work almost in the bud.

Sir William Temple to Mr. Godolphin.

Brussels : January 28 (N.S.), 1668.

Sir,—Though the interruption of our commerce hath been long, yet I thought it necessary to renew it at this time, and thereby let you know what has lately broken it on my side, that you may not believe any interruption of yours has had a worse effect upon me of late, than it ever had before, being an accident I have often been subject to. About the end of last month, I passed through this place with private commission from his Majesty, to sound the mind of the States in what concerns the present quarrel between the two Crowns, and how they were disposed to join with him in the share of a war, or project of a peace, to be endeavoured by our joint

offices between them. From hence I went to London, with the private account of what I had in charge. After five days stay there, I was dispatched back, as his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to the States, with full power to treat and conclude upon those points which his Majesty esteemed necessary for our common safety, and the repose of Christendom, in this conjuncture. Upon the 6th I arrived here, had my first audience on the 18th, and on the 23rd were signed by me, and the Commissioners given me by the States with full powers, three several instruments of our present treaty: the first containing a league defensive and perpetual between his Majesty and the States, against all persons without exception, that shall invade either of them, with agreement to furnish each other, upon occasion, with forty ships of war, of which fourteen between sixty and eighty guns, and four hundred men a-piece, one with another; fourteen between forty and sixty guns and three hundred men a-piece; and, of the other twelve, none under thirty-six guns, and a hundred and fifty men; besides this, with six thousand foot, and four hundred horse, or money instead of them, at the choice of the invaded, and to be repaid within three years after the end of the war: the proportions of money to the several parts of the said aid being ascertained in the treaty.

The second instrument contains our joint obligations to dispose France to make peace in Flanders, upon one of the alternatives already proposed; and likewise to dispose Spain to accept it, before the end of May; but, in case of difficulty made by them, to dispose France, however, to stop all farther progress of its own arms there and leave it wholly to the allies to procure the ends proposed in this league.

The third instrument contains certain separate articles between his Majesty and the States, signed at the same time, and of the same force with the treaty, but not to be committed to letters.

It is hardly imaginable, the joy and wonder conceived here, upon the conclusion of this treaty, brought to an issue in five days, nor the applause given to his Majesty's resolution, as the wisest and happiest that could, in this conjuncture, be taken by any Prince, both for his own and his neighbours affairs; nor are the reflections upon the conduct of it less to the advantage of the present ministry in England; the thing being almost done here as soon as my journey was known in London, and before my errand

was suspected by any public Minister there. Three days after our signing, the Swedish Ambassador signed another instrument jointly with me and the States Commissioners, obliging his Master to enter as a principal into the same alliance, so soon as some pretensions he has from the Emperor and Spain are satisfied by our good offices between them. After which Count Dona parted as Ambassador likewise from that Crown for England, where the rest of that affair will be negotiated ; and in his company my brother Henry Temple, with the whole account of my business, and the treaties signed in order to their ratification, for which a month is allowed, though the States promise theirs within fifteen days after the date. When those arrive and are exchanged, I return to my residence at Brussels, to see the issue of this business, which now takes up the thoughts and discourse of all Christendom, and from which most Princes will resolve to take their measures.

I suppose my Lord Sandwich upon his way, and therefore content myself only with giving you this trouble, and the professions of my being, Sir, yours, &c.

LXXXVII.

It will be seen that this 'model of a negotiator,' as Sir James Mackintosh called Sir William Temple, entertained but a very modest opinion of himself. He was content to work for his country's weal, and had no thought of seeking great official rewards. When his ambassadorial functions came to an end after the Peace of Nimeguen, he preferred the quiet retirement of Moor Park, and the companionship of Swift and other literary men, to a Secretaryship of State under the fickle rule of the 'Merry Monarch.'

Sir William Temple to Lord Halifax.

Brussels : March 2 (N.S.), 1668.

My Lord,—It would be a difficult thing to answer a letter I received lately from your Lordship, if it could be ever difficult for me to do a duty where I owe it so much, and pay it so willingly. The reflections I make upon what you say, and what I hear from other hands of the same kind, carry me only to consider how much by chance, and how unequally, persons and things are judged at a distance ; and make me apprehend, from so much more applause

than is my due upon this occasion, that upon the next I may meet with as much more blame than I deserve; as one seldom has a great run of cards which is not followed by an ill one, at least gamesters that are no luckier than I. It is not my part to deceive people, that will make my successes pass for merit or ability; but, for my friends, I would not cheat them to my advantage itself; and therefore will tell you the secret of all that has seemed so surprising in my negotiation; which is, that things drawn out of their center are not to be moved without much force, or skill, or time; but, to make their return to their center again, there is required but little of either, for nature itself does the work. The true center of our two nations, now so near allied, is where they now are seated; and nothing was in the way of their returning thither, but the extreme jealousies grown between the Ministers on both sides, and from thence diffused among the people; and this it was my good luck to cure, by falling into a great confidence with Monsieur de Witt, which made all the rest easy: and there is the whole story, that you may see how much you are either biassed or mistaken in all the rest you say of it. For what you mention of reward, I know not how it came into your head, but I am sure it never entered into mine, nor, I dare say, into any body's else. I will confess to you, that, considering the approbation and good opinion, which his Majesty, and some considerable enough about him, have been abused into, by my good fortune in this business, I think a wiser man might possibly make some benefit of it, and some of my friends have advised me to attempt it, but it is in vain: for I know not how to ask, nor why, and this is not an age where any thing is given without it. And, by that time you see me next, you shall find all this which was so much in talk to my advantage for nine days, as much forgotten as if it had never been, and very justly, I think; for in that time it received a great deal more than its due, from many other hands as well as from yours. This I tell you, that you may not deceive yourself by hoping to see me ever considerable, farther than in the kindness of my friends; and that your Lordship may do your part to make me so in that, seeing me like to fail in all other ways. But, as I remember, this is a time with you for good speeches, and not for ill letters; I will therefore end this, to make you more room for the others, and hope that none of the eloquence you are

entertained with, can be more persuasive than a plain truth, when I assure you that I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most faithful humble servant.

LXXXVIII.

Lord William Russell, a victim of the Rye House Plot, was condemned to death for conspiring to seize the King's Guards; by a strained construction of the law of treason, this was interpreted as an attempt to take the life of Charles II. On the scaffold he handed a paper to the sheriffs written in justification of his conduct as a member of the Whig Junto for pressing reforms on the Government. In this he proved himself guilty only of the barest *misprision* of treason. The paper gave great offence at Court; Dr. Burnet was questioned about it, hence the following exculpatory letter from Lady Russell.

Lady Rachel Russell to King Charles II.

1683.

May it please Your Majesty,—I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. 'Tis a great addition to my sorrows, to hear your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the Sheriff at his death, was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest that I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him, can likewise aver. And sure 'tis an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your Majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your Majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true;¹ as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request; and the author of it, in all his conversation with my husband that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your Majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to

¹ This paper contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burnet and Lord William Russell concerning his last speech and paper.

believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing as to deliver for his own that what was not properly and expressly so.

And if, after the loss in such a manner of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your Majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which when I was so importunate to speak with your Majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I had inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have writ nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person¹ who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities, (and your Majesty in your greatest posts) and one that is not conscious of having ever done anything to offend you. I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign,

Who am, with all humility,

May it please your Majesty

&c.

LXXXIX.

William III., who ridiculed many of the superstitious church practices of his day, was regarded by the High Church party as either an Infidel or a Puritan. His firmness and independence in filling up the numerous ecclesiastical benefices after the Revolution did not tend to diminish the disaffection in the Episcopate. The vacancy in the Deanery of St. Paul's, caused by the nomination of Dr. Stillingfleet to the Bishopric of Worcester was filled by Dr. Tillotson in 1689; at the time this appointment was made Dr. Tillotson was informed by the King that he was to be Sancroft's successor in the see of Canterbury. Unwilling to accept such high honour he sought the advice of Lady Russell in a letter to which this was the reply.

Lady Rachel Russell to Dr. Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's.

October, 1690.

Your letters will never trouble me, Mr. Dean; on the contrary, they are comfortable refreshments to my, for the most part, overburthened mind, which both by nature and by accident, is

¹ The Earl of Southampton.

made so weak that I can't bear, with that constancy I should, the losses I have lately felt; I can say, friends and acquaintances thou hast hid out of my sight, but I hope it shall not disturb my peace. These were young, and as they had began their race of life after me, so I desired they might have ended it also. But happy are those whom God retires in his grace—I trust these were so; and then no age can be amiss: to the young 'tis not too early, nor to the aged too late. Submission and prayer is all we know that we can do towards our own relief in our distresses, or to disarm God's anger either in our public or private concerns. This scene will soon alter into that peaceful and eternal home in prospect. But in this time of our pilgrimage vicissitudes of all sorts are every-one's lot. And this leads me to your case, Sir.

The time seems to be come when you must anew in practice that submission¹ you have so powerfully both tried yourself and instructed others to: I see no place to escape at; you must take up the cross and bear it; I faithfully believe it has the figure of a very heavy one to you, though not from the cares of it; since, if the King guesses right, you toil more now; but this work is of your own choosing, and the dignity of the other is what you have bent your mind against, and the strong resolve of your life has been to avoid it. Had this even proceeded to a vow, 'tis, I think, like the virgins of old to be dissolved by the father of your country.

Again, tho' contemplation, and a few friends well chosen, would be your grateful choice, yet, if charity, obedience, and necessity, call you into the great world, and where enemies encompass round about, must not you accept it? And each of these, in my mean apprehension, determines you to do it. In short, 'twill be a noble sacrifice you will make, and I am confident you will find as a reward, kind and tender supports, if you do take the burthen upon you; there is, as it were, a commanding Providence in the manner of it. Perhaps I do as sincerely wish your thoughts at ease as any friend you have, but I think you may purchase that too dear; and if you should come to think so too, they would then be as restless as before.

Sir, I believe you would be as much a common good as you

¹ Dr. Tillotson had endeavoured to persuade Lord William Russell to submit to the doctrine of passive obedience to kingship.

can ; consider how few of ability and integrity this age produces. Pray do not turn this matter too much in your head ; when one has once turned it every way, you know that more does but perplex, and one never sees the clearer for it. Be not stiff if it be still urged to you. Conform to the Divine Will, which has set it so strongly in the other's mind, and be content to endure ; 'tis God calls you to it. I believe 'twas wisely said, that when there is no remedy they will give it over, and make the best of it, and so I hope no ill will terminate on the King ; and they will lay up their arrows, when they perceive they are shot in vain at him or you, upon whom no reflection that I can think of can be made that is ingenious ; and what is pure malice you are above being affected with. I wish, for many reasons, my prayers were more worthy, but such as they are, I offer them with a sincere zeal to the throne of Grace for you in this strait, that you may be led out of it, as shall best serve the great ends and designs of God's glory.

 XC.

Lord Macaulay refers to the following letter as 'a model of serious, friendly, and gentlemanlike reproof.'

The Earl of Shrewsbury (created a Duke by William III. for his activity and support at the Revolution), was accounted one of the finest scholars and finest gentlemen of his time. He was known from youth to old age as the King of Hearts, for everybody loved him. His conversion from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant faith at the outset of his career was caused by the disgust he felt at that wretched business, the Popish plot, and the timely influence of Dr. Tillotson, the Dean of Canterbury. So much concern did the Dean feel for his convert, whom he found in danger of being attracted into the dissolute circle of Charles II.'s court, that he addressed him this masterpiece of elegant remonstrance.

Dr. Tillotson to the Earl of Shrewsbury.

1679.

My Lord,—It was a great satisfaction to me to be any ways instrumental in the gaining your Lordship to our religion, which I am really persuaded to be the truth. But I am, and always was more concern'd, that your Lordship would continue a virtuous and good man, than become a Protestant, being assured, that the ignorance and errors of men's understanding will find a much

easier forgiveness with God, than the faults of the will. I remember that your Lordship once told me, that you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life. I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man after your profession to have embrac'd a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your Lordship, that is not good; but I always feared, I should be one of the first that should hear it. The time I last waited upon your Lordship, I had heard something, that afflicted me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth to trouble your Lordship about it. But having heard the same from those, who, I believe, bear no ill-will to your Lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly, I have been told, that your Lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue, two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your Lordship to have a great command and conduct of yourself; but I am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations, to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age. Therefore I earnestly beseech your Lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul, whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation; what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience, and how great a violence you will offer to your good principles, your nature, and your education, and to a mind the best made for virtuous and worthy things. And do not imagine you can stop when you please. Experience shews us the contrary, and that nothing is more vain, than for men to think they can set bounds to themselves in anything that is bad. I hope in God, no temptation has yet prevailed on your Lordship so far as to be guilty of any loose act. If it has, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to an habit. The retreat is yet easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed. God is so merciful, that upon your repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to do better for the future. But I need not inforce these considerations upon a mind so capable of, and easy to receive good counsel. I shall

only desire your Lordship to think again and again, how great a point of wisdom it is, in all our actions, to consult the peace of our minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us, we may quit their company; but he, that is displeased with himself, is unavoidably unhappy because he has no way to get rid of himself. My Lord, for God's sake, and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation. Determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition, than to gratify the inclinations of your youth in any thing but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the satisfaction to be assured from your Lordship, either that there has been no ground for this report, or that there shall be none for the future; which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have only to beg of your Lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good-will, that one man can possibly bear to another. I pray God every day for your Lordship with the same constancy and fervour as for myself, and do most earnestly beg, that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual.

I am, &c.

XCI.

This is the answer to the foregoing letter of Lady Rachel Russell.

Six months after this letter was written Sancroft was deprived of his see, and Tillotson was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. When it is remembered that many of the statesmen of the Middle Ages took holy orders merely to qualify themselves to be recipients of the only lucrative form of patronage dispensed by the Crown; and that in the succeeding generations venerable prelates have not scrupled to have the greatness of an archbishopric thrust upon them, this hesitation, on the part of Tillotson, to accept the leadership of the church is very striking. A reason for his faltering was that he had a wife; but modern precedents, in the cases of Cranmer and Parker, outweighed this objection.

Dr. Tillotson to Lady Rachel Russell.

October 25, 1690.

Honoured Madam,—I am obliged to your Ladyship beyond all expression, for taking my case so seriously into your consideration,

and giving me your mature thoughts upon it. Nothing ever came more seasonably to me than your letter, which I received on Wednesday se'nnight, the very night before I was to have given my final answer to the King the next morning. I thank you for it: it helped very much to settle and determine my wavering mind. I weighed all you wrote, both your advice and your arguments, having not only an assurance of your true friendship and good-will for me, but a very great regard and deference for your judgment and opinion. I cannot but own the weight of that consideration which you are pleased to urge me withal; I mean the visible marks of a more than ordinary providence of God in this thing; that the King, who likes not either to importune or to be denied, should after so obstinate a declining of the thing on my part, still persist to press it upon me with so much kindness, and with that earnestness of persuasion which it does not become me to mention. I wish I could think the King had a superior direction in this, as I verily believe he hath in some other things of much greater importance. The next morning I went to Kensington full of fear, but yet determined what was fit for me to do. I met the King coming out of his closet, and asking if his coach was ready. He took me aside, and I told him, that, in obedience to his Majesty's command, I had considered of the thing as well as I could, and came to give him my answer. I perceived his Majesty was going out, and therefore desired him to appoint me another time, which he did on the Saturday morning after. Then I came again, and he took me into his closet, where I told him, that I could not but have a deep sense of his Majesty's great grace and favour to me, not only to offer me the best thing he had to give, but to press it so earnestly upon me. I said, I would not presume to argue the matter any farther, but I hoped he would give me leave to be still his humble and earnest petitioner to spare me in that thing. He answered, he would do so if he could, but he knew not what to do if I refused it. Upon that I told him, that I tendered my life to him, and did humbly devote it to be disposed of as he thought fit. He was graciously pleased to say, it was the best news had come to him this great while. I did not kneel down to kiss his hand, for without that I doubt I am too sure of it; but requested of him, that he would defer the declaration of it, and let it be a secret for some time. He said he thought it might not be amiss to defer it till the

Parliament was up. I begged farther of him, that he would not make me a wedge to drive out the present Archbishop: that some time before I was nominated his Majesty would be pleased to declare in Council, that since his lenity had not had any better effect, he would wait no more, but would dispose of their places. This I told him I humbly desired, that I might not be thought to do any thing harsh, or which might reflect upon me: and now that his Majesty had thought fit to advance me to this station, my reputation was become his interest. He said he was sensible of it, and thought it reasonable to do as I desired. I craved leave of him to mention one thing more, which in justice to my family, especially to my wife, I ought to do: that I should be more than undone by the great and necessary charge of coming into this place; and must therefore be an humble petitioner to his Majesty, that if it should please God to take me out of the world, that I may unavoidably leave my wife a beggar, he would not suffer her to be so; and that he would graciously be pleased to consider, that the widow of an Archbishop of Canterbury (which would now be an odd figure in England) could not decently be supported by so little as would have contented her very well if I had died a Dean. To this he gave a very gracious answer, 'I promise you to take care of her.'

Just as I had finished the last sentence, another very kind letter from your Ladyship was brought to me, wherein I find your tender concern for me, which I can never sufficiently acknowledge. But you say the die is not cast, and I must now make the best I can of what I lately thought was the worst that could have happened to me. I thank God I am more cheerful than I expected, and comfort myself as I can with this hope, that the providence of God, to which I have submitted my own will in this matter, will graciously assist me to discharge in some measure, the duty he hath called me to. I did not acquaint my good friend, who wrote to you, with all that had passed, because it was intended to be a secret which I am sure is safe in your hands. I only told him, that his Majesty did not intend, as yet, to dispose of this place; but when he did it, I was afraid it would be hard for me to escape. The King, I believe, has only acquainted the Queen with it, who, as she came out of the closet on Sunday last, commanded me to wait upon her after dinner, which I did; and after she had dis-

coursed about other business (which was to desire my opinion of a treatise sent her in manuscript out of Holland, tending to the reconciliation of our differences in England), she told me, that the King had with great joy acquainted her with a secret concerning me, whereof she was no less glad; using many gracious expressions, and confirming his Majesty's promises concerning my wife. But I am sensible this is an intolerable letter, especially concerning one's-self. I had almost forgot to mention Mr Vaughan's business: as soon as he brought your Ladyship's letter hither to me, I wrote immediately to Whitehall, and got the business stop't. The Bishop of St. David's had written up for some minister of a great town but a small living in that diocese, that it might be bestowed on him for his pains in that great town. The pretence is fair, but if the Minister is no better a man than the bishop, I am sure he is not worthy of it. I have been twice to wait on my Lord Nottingham about it, but missed of him. When I have inquired farther into it, if the thing be fit to be done, I will do my best for Mr Vaughan. And I beg of your Ladyship to make no difficulty of commanding my poor service upon any occasion, for I am always truly glad of the opportunity. I cannot forbear to repeat my humble thanks for your great concernment for me in this affair.

That God would multiply his best blessings upon your Ladyship and your children, and make them great blessings and comforts to you, is the daily prayer of, Madam, your most obliged humble servant.

 XCII.

This John Dennis is the man so familiar to the reader of Pope's satires. He was one of the most formidable critics of our Augustan age. The present letter is in answer to one he had addressed to Dryden a few days before, in which he had spoken very enthusiastically of the great poet's genius.

Dryden's kindly and genial temper is very pleasantly illustrated in this reply to his young admirer, though he alludes with some bitterness to the attacks which had been so unjustly made on his private character. The letter is interesting also for the critical remarks with which it is interspersed.

John Dryden to John Dennis.

[March, 1693-4.]

My Dear Mr. Dennis,—When I read a letter so full of my commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as

master of a vast treasure, who having more than enough for yourself, are forc'd to ebb out upon your friends. You have indeed the best right to give them, since you have them in propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the light of the moon can be allowed to be her own, who shines but by the reflexion of her brother. Your own poetry is a more powerful example, to prove that the modern writers may enter into comparison with the ancients, than any which Perrault could produce in France; yet neither he, nor you, who are a better critick, can persuade me, that there is any room left for a solid commendation at this time of day, at least for me.

If I undertake the translation of Virgil, the little which I can perform will shew at least, that no man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern tongue. Neither will his machines be of any service to a Christian poet. We see how ineffectually they have been try'd by Tasso, and by Ariosto. 'Tis using them too dully, if we only make devils of his gods: as if, for example, I would raise a storm, and make use of *Æolus*, with this only difference of calling him Prince of the air; what invention of mine would there be in this? or who would not see Virgil through me; only the same trick play'd over again by a bungling juggler? Boileau has well observed, that it is an easy matter in a Christian poem, for God to bring the Devil to reason. I think I have given a better hint for new machines in my preface to *Juvenal*; where I have particularly recommended two subjects, one of King Arthur's conquest of the Saxons, and the other of the Black Prince in his conquest of Spain. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms are not to be touch'd by every hand: a man must be deeply conversant in the Platonick philosophy, to deal with them; and therefore I may reasonably expect that no poet of our age will presume to handle those machines, for fear of discovering his own ignorance; or if he should, he might perhaps be ingrateful enough not to own me for his benefactor.

After I have confess'd thus much of our modern heroick poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rymer, that our English comedy is far beyond any thing of the Ancients: and notwithstanding our irregularities, so is our tragedy. Shakspeare had a genius for it; and we know, in spite of Mr. Rymer, that genius alone is a greater virtue (if I may so call it) than all other qualifications put

together. You see what success this learned critick has found in the world, after his blaspheming Shakspeare. Almost all the faults which he has discover'd are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rymer, or not read Shakspeare? For my own part I reverence Mr. Rymer's learning, but I detest his ill-nature and his arrogance. I indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him, but Shakspeare has not.

There is another part of poetry, in which the English stand almost upon an equal foot with the Ancients; and it is that which we call Pindarique; introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. Cowley: and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest masters. You have the sublimity of sense as well as sound, and know how far the boldness of a poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of Ode; and reduce it either to the same measures which Pindar used, or give new measures of your own. For, as it is, it looks like a vast track of land newly discover'd: the soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanur'd; overstock'd with inhabitants, but almost all savages, without laws, arts, arms, or policy.

I remember, poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and a witty answer to a bad poet, who told him, It was an easie thing to write like a madman: No, said he, it is very difficult to write like a madman, but it is a very easy matter to write like a fool. Otway and he are safe by death from all attacks, but we poor poets militant (to use Mr. Cowley's expression) are at the mercy of wretched scribblers: and when they cannot fasten upon our verses, they fall upon our morals, our principles of state and religion. For my principles of religion, I will not justifie them to you: I know yours are far different. For the same reason I shall say nothing of my principles of state. I believe you in yours follow the dictates of your reason, as I in mine do those of my conscience.

If I thought my self in an errour, I would retract it. I am sure that I suffer for them; and Milton makes even the Devil say, that no creature is in love with pain. For my morals betwixt man and man, I am not to be my own judge. I appeal to the world, if I have deceiv'd or defrauded any man; and for my private conversation, they who see me every day can be the best witnesses, whether or not it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have

no reason to complain that men of either party shun my company. I have never been an impudent beggar at the doors of noblemen : my visits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable ; and but just enough to testify my gratitude for their bounty, which I have frequently received, but always unasked, as themselves will witness.

I have written more than I needed to you on this subject ; for I dare say you justify me to your self. As for that which I first intended for the principal subject of this letter, which is my friend's passion and his design of marriage, on better consideration I have chang'd my mind : for having had the honour to see my dear friend Wycherly's letter to him on that occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. Wycherly, I confess I love my self so well, that I will not shew how much I am inferior to him in wit and judgment, by undertaking any thing after him. There is Moses and the Prophets in his council. Jupiter and Juno, as the poets tell us, made Tiresias their umpire in a certain merry dispute, which fell out in heaven betwixt them. Tiresias, you know, had been of both sexes, and therefore was a proper judge ; our friend Mr. Wycherly is full as competent an arbitrator : he has been a bachelor, and marry'd man, and is now a widower.

Virgil says of Ceneus,

Nunc vir, nunc foemina, Ceneus,
Rursus et in veterem fato revoluta figuram.

Yet I suppose he will not give any large commendations to his middle state : nor as the sailor said, will be fond after a shipwreck to put to sea again. If my friend will adventure after this, I can but wish him a good wind, as being his, and

My dear Mr. Dennis

Your most affectionate

and most faithful Servant

JOHN DRYDEN.

XCIII.

Miss Thomas was the daughter of a barrister, and had become acquainted with Dryden by sending him some of her verses that she might have his opinion on them. Though labouring under a complication of diseases and on the verge of the grave, the old poet politely replied in words of high praise. The fol-

lowing was written within three months of his death. It would have been well had 'Corinna,' as he gallantly called her, always remembered his wise and solemn words.

John Dryden to Elizabeth Thomas.

November, 1699.

Madam,—The great desire which I observe in you to write well, and those good parts which God Almighty and Nature have bestow'd on you, make me not to doubt, that by application to study, and the reading of the best authors, you may be absolute mistress of poetry. 'Tis an unprofitable art, to those who profess it; but you, who write only for your diversion, may pass your hours with pleasure in it, and without prejudice; always avoiding (as I know you will,) the licence which Mrs. Behn allow'd herself, of writing loosely, and giving, if I may have leave to say so, some scandall to the modesty of her sex. I confess, I am the last man who ought, in justice, to arraign her, who have been my self too much a libertine in most of my poems; which I should be well contented I had time either to purge, or to see them fairly burn'd. But this I need not say to you, who are too well born, and too well principled, to fall into that mire.

In the mean time, I would advise you not to trust too much to Virgil's Pastorals; for as excellent as they are, yet Theocritus is far before him, both in softness of thought, and simplicity of expression. Mr. Creech has translated that Greek poet, which I have not read in English. If you have any considerable faults, they consist chiefly in the choice of words, and the placing them so as to make the verse run smoothly; but I am at present so taken up with my own studies, that I have not leisure to descend to particulars; being, in the mean time, the fair Corinna's

Most humble and most

faithful Servant

JOHN DRYDEN.

P.S. I keep your two copies, till you want them, and are pleas'd to send for them.

XCIV.

'The unquestioned founder of the analytical philosophy of mind,' for so John Stuart Mill dubbed John Locke, was no mere grave psychologist, but a rather facetious companion who believed implicitly in La Rochefoucauld's maxim that 'gravity is a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the mind.' It was an article of faith with the author of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' that in order properly to employ a part of this life in serious occupations it is necessary to devote another part to entertaining pastimes. There is much in Locke's familiar correspondence that betrays a vein of pleasantry and a courtier-like demeanour which explains his popularity among friends.

John Locke to Lady Calverley.

1703.

Madam,—Whatever reason you have to look on me, as one of the slow men of London, you have this time given me an excuse for being so; for you cannot expect a quick answer to a letter, which took me up a good deal of time to get to the beginning of it. I turned and turned it on every side; looked at it again and again, at the top of every page; but could not get into the sense and secret of it, till I applied myself to the middle.

You, madam, who are acquainted with all the skill and methods of the ancients, have not, I suppose, taken up with this hieroglyphical way of writing for nothing; and since you were going to put into your letter things that might be the reward of the highest merit, you would, by this mystical intimation, put me into the way of virtue, to deserve them.

But whatever your ladyship intended, this is certain, that, in the best words in the world, you gave me the greatest humiliation imaginable. Had I as much vanity as a pert citizen, that sets up as a wit in his parish, you have said enough in your letter to content me; and if I could be swoln that way, you have taken a great deal of pains to blow me up, and make me the finest gaudy bubble in the world, as I am painted by your colours. I know the emperors of the East suffer not strangers to appear before them, till they are dressed up out of their own wardrobes; is it so too in the empire of wit? and must you cover me with your own embroidery, that I may be a fit object for your thoughts and conversation? This, madam, may suit your greatness, but doth not at all satisfy my

ambition. He, who has once flattered himself with the hopes of your friendship, knows not the true value of things, if he can content himself with these splendid ornaments.

As soon as I had read your letter, I looked in my glass, felt my pulse, and sighed; for I found, in neither of those, the promises of thirty years to come. For at the rate I have hitherto advanced, and at the distance, I see, by this complimentary way of treatment, I still am, I shall not have time enough in this world to get to you. I do not mean to the place where you now see the pole elevated, as you say, 54 degrees. A post-horse, or a coach, would quickly carry me thither. But when shall we be acquainted at this rate? Is that happiness reserved to be completed by the gossiping bowl, at your granddaughter's lying-in?

If I were sure that, when you leave this dirty place, I should meet you in the same star where you are to shine next, and that you would then admit me to your conversation, I might perhaps have a little more patience. But, methinks, it is much better to be sure of something, than to be put off to expectations of so much uncertainty. If there be different elevations of the pole here, that keep you at so great a distance from those who languish in your absence; who knows but, in the other world, there are different elevations of persons?

And you, perhaps, will be out of sight, among the seraphims, while we are left behind in some dull planet. This the high flights of your elevated genius give us just augury of, whilst you are here. But yet, pray take not your place there before your time; nor keep not us poor mortals at a greater distance than you need.

When you have granted me all the nearness that acquaintance and friendship can give, you have other advantages enough still to make me see how much I am beneath you. This will be only an enlargement of your goodness, without lessening the adoration due to your other excellences.

You seem to have some thoughts of the town again. If the parliament, or the term, which draw some by the name and appearance of business; or if company, and music meetings, and other such entertainments, which have the attractions of pleasure and delight, were of any consideration with you; you would not have much to say for Yorkshire, at this time of the year. But

these are no arguments to you, who carry your own satisfaction, and I know not how many worlds always about you. I would be glad you would think of putting all these up in a coach and bringing them this way.

For though you should be never the better; yet there be a great many here that would, and amongst them

The humblest of your Ladyship's servants

JOHN LOCKE.

XCV.

Sir Isaac Newton found time for a good deal of correspondence with members of foreign and English Universities, notably with the learned Dr. Bentley, of Cambridge; but his letters are for the most part long, and attain the dimensions and form of scientific tracts. The following is an interesting specimen of the few shorter epistles.

Sir Isaac Newton to Richard Bentley.

Cambridge: February 11, 1693.

Sir,—The Hypothesis of deriving the frame of the world by mechanical principles from matter evenly spread through the heavens being inconsistent with my system, I had considered it very little before your letters put me upon it, and therefore trouble you with a line or two more, if this come not too late for your use. In my former I represented that the diurnal rotations of the Planets could not be derived from gravity, but required a divine power to impress them. And though gravity might give the Planets a motion of descent towards the sun, either directly or with some little obliquity, yet the transverse motions by which they revolve in their several orbs required the Divine Arm to impress them according to the tangents of their orbs. I would now add, that the Hypothesis of matters being at first evenly spread through the heavens is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the Hypothesis of innate gravity, without a supernatural power to reconcile them, and therefore it infers a Deity. For if there be innate gravity, it's impossible now for the matter of the earth and all the planets and stars to fly up from them, and become evenly spread throughout the heavens, without a supernatural power; and certainly that which can never be hereafter without a supernatural power, could never be heretofore without the same power.

You queried whether matter evenly spread throughout a finite space, of some other figure than spherical, would not, in falling down towards a central body, cause that body to be of the same figure with the whole space; and I answered, Yes. But in my answer it is to be supposed that the matter descends directly downwards to that body, and that that body has no diurnal rotation. This, Sir, is all that I would add to my former letters.

I am, Your most humble Servant,

IS. NEWTON.

XCVI.

The following authentic report of the execution of the rebellious son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters, was written by one of the 'Seven Bishops.' An acknowledgment of the Duke of Monmouth's illegitimacy had been previously made in two public official declarations by his father, as well as to James II. by the Duke himself. It will be seen that Monmouth remained headstrong, obstinate, and courageous, to the last moment of his life.

Dr. Lloyd (Bishop of St. Asaph) to Dr. Fell (Bishop of Oxford).

July 16, 1685.

My Lord,—I received your Lordship's letter by the last post, with two enclosed, one to the Duke of Ormond, the other to the Lord Privy-Seal; both which letters I delivered to their own hands, and they promised to answer them.

For the King's Inauguration, I know my Lord of Canterbury has made ready an office to be used very year, the 6th of February, so that there will need no question concerning it. I was this day again at Sir H. Foxe's, to speak with him, but he was not at home. I will try again to-morrow.

I told your Lordship in my last the Bishop of Ely was appointed by his Majesty to attend the Duke of Monmouth, and to prepare him to die the next day. The Duke wrote to his Majesty, representing how useful he might and would be, if his Majesty would be pleased to grant him his life. But if it might not be, he desired a longer time, and to have another divine to assist him, Dr Tennison, or whom else the King should appoint. The King sent him the Bishop of Bath and Wells to attend, and to tell him

he must die the next morning. The two Bishops sate up in his chamber all night, and watched while he slept. In the morning by his Majesty's order, the Lords Privy-Seal and Dartmouth brought him also Dr Tennison and Dr Hooper. All these were with him till he died. They got him to own the King's title to the crown, and to declare in writing that the last King told him he was never married to his mother, and by word of mouth to acknowledge his invasion was sin; but could never get him to confess it was a rebellion. They got him to own that he and Lady Harriot Wentworth had lived in all points like man and wife, but they could not make him confess it was adultery.

He acknowledged that he and his Duchess were married by the law of the land, and therefore his children might inherit, if the King pleased. But he did not consider what he did when he married her. He confessed that he had lived many years in all sorts of debauchery, but said he had repented of it, asked pardon, and doubted not that God had forgiven him. He said that since that time he had an affection for Lady Harriot, and prayed that if it were pleasing to God, it might continue, otherwise that it might cease; and God heard his prayer. The affection did continue, and therefore he doubted not it was pleasing to God; and that this was a marriage, their choice of one another being guided not by lust, but by judgment upon due consideration.

They endeavoured to shew him the falsehood and mischievousness of this enthusiastical principle. But he told them it was his opinion, and he was fully satisfied in it. After all, he desired them to give him the communion next morning. They told him they could not do it, while he was in that error and sin. He said he was sorry for it.

The next morning, he told them he had prayed that if he was in an error in that matter God would convince him of it, but God had not convinced him, and therefore he believed it was no error.

When he was upon the scaffold, he professed himself a Protestant of the Church of England. They told him he could not be so, if he did not own the doctrine of the church of England in the point of non-resistance, and if he persisted in that enthusiastic persuasion. He said he could not help it, but yet he approved the doctrine of the church in all other things. He then spoke to the people, in vindication of the lady Harriot, saying she was a woman

of great honour and virtue, a religious godly lady (those were his words). They told him of his living in adultery with her. He said, no. For these two years last past he had not lived in any sin that he knew of; and that he had never wronged any person, and that he was sure when he died to go to God, and therefore he did not fear death, which (he said) they might see in his face. Then they prayed for him, and he knelt down and joined with them. After all they had a short prayer for the king, at which he paused, but at last said Amen.

He spoke to the headsman to see he did his business well, and not use him as he did the Lord Russell, to give him two or three strokes; for if he did, he should not be able to lie still without turning. Then he gave the executioner 6 guineas, and 4 to one Marshall, a servant of Sir T. Armstrong's that attended him with the King's leave; desiring Marshall to give them the executioner if he did his work well, and not otherwise. He gave this Marshall over night his ring and watch; and now he gave him his case of pick-teeth: all for Lady Harriot. Then he laid himself down; and upon the sign given, the headsman gave a light stroke, at which he looked him in the face; then he laid him down again, and the headsman gave him two strokes more, and then laid down the axe saying, he could not finish his work; till being threatened by the Sheriff and others then present, he took up the axe again, and at two strokes more cut off his head.

All this is true as to matter of fact, and it needs no comment your Lordship. I desire your prayers, and remain

Your Lordship's most affectionate

W. ASAPH.

XCVII.

Tom Browne, once one of the most facetious and versatile of metropolitan scribblers, is scarcely remembered now. He had been, it is said, a schoolmaster at Kingston-on-Thames, but having been guilty of some indiscretion he had forfeited his ferule and set up in London as 'a merry fellow.' His merriment is as a rule too coarse for modern taste, but the following letter is not unworthy of Elia—at his worst. Mr. Browne died in 1704.

Tom Browne to a Lady who Smoked Tobacco.

Madam,—Though the ill-natured world censures you for smoking, yet I would advise you, madam, not to part with so

innocent a diversion. In the first place, it is healthful ; and, as Galen rightly observes, is a sovereign remedy for the toothache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. Secondly, tobacco, though it be a heathenish weed, it is a great help to Christian meditations ; which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it to your parsons, the generality of whom can no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths, than a concordance in their hands ; besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of mortality, and show you upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I knew a dissenting minister who, on fast-days, used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that all flesh was grass ; but, I am sure, much more is to be learnt from tobacco. It may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world, vanish like a vapour. Thirdly, it is a pretty plaything. Fourthly, and lastly, it is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair way of becoming so. Cold tea, you know, has been a long while in reputation at court, and the gill as naturally ushers in the pipe, as the sword-bearer walks before the lord mayor.

 XCVIII.

The brief life of Otway was embittered by his unrequited passion for Mrs. (Miss) Barry, the famous actress, for whom he wrote all those principal parts in his successive plays which were admitted to become her genius the best of any. She kept him in suspense for seven years, unwilling to marry or to dismiss him, to lose his services as a playwright or to accept him as a lover. The following letter was probably written at the close of this period, in 1682, when the brilliant success of 'Venice Preserved' had made him the first tragic poet and her the first tragic actress of that age.

Thomas Otway to Madam Barry.

[1682.]

Could I see you without passion, or be absent from you without pain, I need not beg your pardon for thus renewing my vows that I love you more than health, or any happiness here or hereafter. Everything you do is a new charm to me, and though I have languished for seven long tedious years of desire, jealously despairing, yet every minute I see you, I still discover something new and more betwitching. Consider how I love you ; what would I not renounce, or enterprise for you ? I must have you mine, or I am

miserable, and nothing but knowing which shall be the happy hour can make the rest of my years that are to come tolerable. Give me a word or two of comfort, or resolve never to look with common goodness on me more, for I cannot bear a kind look and after it a cruel denial. This minute my heart aches for you; and, if I cannot have a right in yours, I wish it would ache till I could complain to you no longer.

Remember poor Otway.

XCIX.

Mr. Ralph Thoresby, F.R.S., was a great collector of coins and manuscripts, and his antiquarian museum was considered almost the best private one in England. As an antiquarian *littérateur* he was able to lend much help to his friends, notably Strype, Calamy, and Hearne, in the course of their different publications. Two volumes of correspondence from literary men to Thoresby are published, from which a single specimen is extracted. It is an eloquent protest against the unbounded influence of filthy lucre.

The Rev. George Plaxton to Ralph Thoresby.

October 1, 1709.

Dear Ralpho,—Your last maintains an odd paradox, and you contradict the common usage of mankind. Do not all old people wipe their eyes with Jacobuses when they meet with them, as an ophthalmique charm to mend the sight: but you tell me that gold blinds the eyes both of the godly and wicked, and casts such films before them that they cannot distinguish the colours of right and wrong. I know there are very strange powers in gold, and wonderful are the operations of that almighty metal; it rules in church and state, court and camp, conventicle and cloister; it makes bishops and mars priests; it blinds the eyes of justice, corrupts juries, and blunts the sword of the greatest generals; it is as arbitrary as the Mogul, as imperious as the Czar, as victorious as Eugene, and is able to conquer both Marlborough and his Duchess; it represents emperors, kings, and sovereign princes; it is stamped with a powerful authority, and bears the impresses of Majesty, rule and greatness; it is supreme in all dominions, domineers in all governments, swaggers in all corporations; and whilst you maintain that it blinds the eyes of too many, I aver that it

only opens their optics, and shows them the way to slavery and folly.

The generality of mankind are its slaves and vassals, and it makes more conquests than powder and bullet. Let you and me keep out of its reach, lest we become captives to its power and supremacy, lose our liberties and freedoms and turn idolaters in our declining years, as too many have done. As yet, I hope we are pretty free, and secure from its insults. Let us stand upon our guard, and rather conquer than yield to its force and power; for it useth all its prisoners like galley-slaves, and keeps them in a perpetual drudgery; it is an idolater in the Indies, a Jew all the world over, a Mahometan at Constantinople, a false Christian at Rome, and every thing in Great Britain; what it is at Leeds your Aldermen can tell. I am sure it has little footing at Barwick, where we are all poor Palatines and Camisars, i.e. hardly with a shirt.

Adieu, my friend. I am
Your's more than gold's.

C.

To Lawrence Hyde, created Earl of Rochester in 1682, Nell Gwynne caused to be dictated (for 'the indiscreetest and wildest of creatures' could not write herself) this sprightly and vulgar letter, which is published in the 'Camden Miscellany' from Mr. Tite's collection of autographs. An editorial note says, 'It is scarcely possible to conceive a composition more characteristic both in style and contents than this most singular effusion.'

Nell Gwynne to Lawrence Hyde.

[Probably 1678.]

Pray Deare M^r Hide forgive me for not writing to you before now for the reason is I have bin sick thre months and sinse I recovered I have had nothing to intertaine you withall nor have nothing now worth writing but that I can holde no longer to let you know I never have ben in any companie wethout drinking your health for I love you with all my soule. The Pel Mel is now to me a dismale plase sinse I have uterly lost S^r Car Scupe never to be recovrd agane. Mrs Knights¹ Lady mothers dead &

¹ Mrs Knight, a rival of Nell Gwynne's at the Court of Charles II.

she has put up a scutchin no beiger then my Lady Grins scuchins. My lord Rochester is gon in the cuntrie. Mr. Savil has got a misfortune, but is upon recovery & is to marry an hairres, who I thinke wont have an ill time on't if he holds up his thumb. My lord of Dorscit apiers wonse in thee munths, for he drinkes aile with Shadwell and Mr Haris¹ at the Dukes house all day long. My Lord Burford² remimbers his sarvis to you. My Lord Bauclaire³ is goeing into france. we are a goeing to supe with the king at Whithall & my lady Harvie. The king remembers his sarvis to you. now lets talke of state affairs, for we never caried things so cunningly as now for we dont know whether we shall have pece or war, but I am for war and for no other reason but that you may come home. I have a thousand merry conseets, but I cant make her write um & therefore you must take the will for the deed. good bye. your most loveing obedunt faithfull humbel

Sarvant.

E. G.

 CI.

From his house at the corner of Southampton Street, the site of the present British Museum, Sir Hans Sloane supplied his great friend Ray with books, specimens, and every sort of intelligence which could be of service to him in his scientific observations. It is strange to find in the last year of the seventeenth century such a spectacle as this tiger-fight publicly patronised by the *élite* of London.

Sir Hans Sloane to John Ray.

London: March 9, 1698-9.

Sir,—This day a large tiger was baited by three beardedogs, one after another. The first dog he killed; the second was a match for him, and sometimes he had the better, sometimes the dog; but the battle was at last drawn, and neither cared for engaging any farther. The third dog had likewise sometimes the better and sometimes the worse of it, and it came also to a drawn battle. But the wisest dog of all was a fourth, that neither by fair means nor foul could be brought to go within reach of the tiger, who was

¹ A great Shakespearean actor.

² Son of Nell Gwynne.

³ Second son of Nell Gwynne.

chained in the middle of a large cockpit. The owner got about £300 for this show, the best seats being a guinea, and the worst five shillings. The tiger used his paws very much to cuff his adversaries with, and sometimes would exert his claws, but not often, using his jaws most, and aiming at under or upper sides of the neck, where wounds are dangerous. He had a fowl given him alive, which, by means of his feet and mouth, he very artfully first plucked and then eat; the feathers, such as got into his mouth, being troublesome. The remainders of his drink in which he has lapped, is said by his keeper to kill dogs and other animals that drink after him, being by his foam made poisonous and ropy. I hope you will pardon this tedious narration, because I am apt to think it is very rare that such a battle happens, or such a fine tiger is seen here.

I am, &c.

CII.

An essential feature of the reign of Queen Anne was the invasion of literature by politics. Pamphlets and lampoons were the chief weapons of political warfare, and each political party had its special champions. This letter refers to Daniel De Foe's acceptance of an engagement to write for the Earl of Halifax. The most fertile author of his day, De Foe had always been an ardent polemicist, both in prose and doggerel; and his hatred of the Stuarts and predisposition to Dissent kept his pen continually employed against Tories and Churchmen, and exposed him to ruinous fines, imprisonment, and the pillory.

At the late age of fifty-eight he forsook political *tripotage*, and began to write 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the novels which have immortalised him.

Daniel De Foe to the Earl of Halifax.

April 5, 1705.

My Lord,—I most humbly thank your Lordship, for expressions of your favour and goodness which I had as little reason to expect from your Lordship as I have capassity to merit.

My Lord Treasurer has frequently express'd himself with concern on my behalf, and Mr Secretary Harley the like; but I, my Lord, am like the Cripple at the Pool; when the moment happen'd, no man was at hand to put the wretch into the water: and my talent of sollicitation is absolutely a Cripple, and unquallified to help itself.

I wish your Lordship could understand by my imperfect expression the sense I have of your unexpected goodness in mentioning me to my Lord Treasurer. I could be very well pleased to wait till your merit and the Nation's want of you shall place your Lordship in that part of the Publick affaires, where I might owe any benefitt I shall receive from it, to your goodness, and might be able to act something for your service, as well as that of the Publick. My Lord, the proposall your Lordship was pleas'd to make by my brother the bearer, is exceeding pleasant to me to perform, as well as usefull to be done, agreeable to every thing the masterly genius of your Lordship has produc'd in this age; but my misfortune is, the bearer, whose head is not that way, has given me so imperfect an account, that makes me your Lordship's most humble petitioner for some hints to ground my observations upon.

I was wholly ignorant of the design of that act, not knowing it had such a noble originall. Pardon my importunate application to your Lordship for some hints of the substance and design of that act, and if your Lordship please the names again of some books which my dull messenger forgott, and which your Lordship was pleas'd to say had spoke to this head.

I the rather press your Lordship on this head, because the very next Article which of course I proposed to enter upon in the Review being that of paper credit, I shall at once do myself the honour to obey your Lordship's dictate, and observe the stated order of the discourse I am upon. I shall not presume to offer it against your Lordship's opinion, and would be farthest of all from exposing your Lordship to any tongues; but if ever your Lordship shall think this despicable thing, who scorn'd to come out of Newgate at the price of betraying a dead Master, or discovering those things which no body would have been the worse for, fitt to be trusted in your presence, tho' never so much incognito, he will certainly, exclusive of what he may communicate to your Lordship for the publick service, receive from you such instructions as are suitable to your known genius, and the benefitt of the Nation.

I have herewith sent your Lordship another book; I know your Lordship has but a few minutes to spare, but I am your Lordship's humble petitioner, to bestow an hour on its contents, because it is likely to make some noise in the world, and perhaps to come before your Lordship in Parliament.

I forbear to divert your more serious thoughts, which particulars I humbly thank your Lordship for the freedom of access you were pleas'd to give my messenger, and am extreamly ambitious of listing myself under your Lordship, in that cause, in which your Lordship was allwayes embarkt, viz, of Truth and Liberty.

I am,

May it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's

Most humble and obed^t Serv^t,

D. Foe.

CIII.

This letter of thanks is in De Foe's best manner.

Daniel De Foe to the Earl of Halifax.

[1705.]

Pardon me my Lord,—If to a man that has seen nothing for some yeares, but the rough face of things, the exceeding goodness of your Lordship's discourse softned me even to a weakness I could not conceal.

'Tis a novelty, my Lord, I have not been us'd to, to receive obligations from persons of your Lordship's character and merit, nor indeed from any part of the world, and the return is a task too hard for me to undertake.

I am, my Lord, a plain and unpolish'd man, and perfectly unquallified to make formall acknowledgements; and a temper sour'd by a series of afflictions, renders me still the more awkward in the received method of common gratitude, I mean the ceremony of thanks.

But, my Lord, if to be encourag'd in giveing myself up to that service your Lordship is pleas'd so much to overvalue, if going on with the more cheerfullness in being usefull to, and promoteing the generall peace and interest of this nation, if to the last vigorously opposing a stupid distracted Party, that are for ruining themselves rather than not destroy their neighbour, if this be to merit so much regard, your Lordship binds me in the most durable and to me the most pleasant engagement in the world, because 'tis a service that, with my gratitude to your Lordship, keeps an exact

unison with my reason, my principle, my inclination, and the duty every man owes to his country, and his posterity.

Thus, my Lord, Heavenly bounty engages mankind, while the commands are so far from being grievous, that at the same time we obey, we promote our own felicity, and joyn the reward to the duty.

As to the exceeding bounty I have now received, and which your Lordship obliges me to reserve my acknowledgements of for a yet unknown benefactor, Pardon me, my Lord, to believe your Lordship's favour to me has at least so much share in the conduct of it, if not in the substance, that I am persuaded I cannot be more obliged to the donor, than to your Lordship' singular goodness, which tho' I can not deserve, yet I shall allways sensibly reflect on, and improve. And I should be doubly blest, if providence would put it into my hands, to render your Lordship some service suited to the sence I have of your Lordship's extraordinary favour.

And yet I am your Lordship's most humble petitioner, that if possible I may know the originalls of this munificence, sure that hand that can suppose me to merit so much regard, must believe me fitt to be trusted with the knowledge of my benefactor, and incapable of discovering any part of it, that should be conceal'd; but I submitt this to your Lordship and the persons concern'd. I frankly acknowledge to your Lordship, and to the unknown rewarders of my mean performances, that I do not see the merit they are thus pleas'd to vallue; the most I wish and which I hope I can answer for is, that I shall allwayes preserve the homely despicable title of an honest man. If this will recommend me, your Lordship shall never be asham'd of giving me that title, nor my enemies be able by fear or reward to make me otherwise.

In all things I justly apprehend your Lordship's disappointment, and that your Lordship will find little else in me worth your notice.

I am,

May it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's highly obliged,

Most humble and most

obed^t serv^t

DANIEL DE FOE.

CIV.

How perfectly unmoved was the famous Dr. Richard Bentley—how conscious of success, and how thoroughly he despised his adversaries, when about to send to press his final reply in the ‘Boyle and Bentley’ controversy (the fiercest of the literary contests of the seventeenth century), will be seen in this brief and interesting letter. He is not merely intending to settle the question of the disputed authorship of the ‘Epistles of Phalaris,’ but to prove that the collected strength of Christchurch, Oxford, superadded to that of Dr. Atterbury, Dean Swift, and other scholars, was only able to assail him by writing a ‘shallow book.’

Dr. Richard Bentley to John Evelyn.

Trinity College, Cambridge : April 21, 1698.

Honoured Friend,—I cannot express to you how kindly I receive your Letter; and what a trial of true friendship I esteem it, that, at that distance from me, among the cry of such as are concerned as a Party to run me down, you alone would stand up for me, and expect till you heard *alteram partem*, as your inscription well expresses it. As for my friends that are here upon the spot, and can ask me questions, they are long ago satisfied that the Book ¹ is not so formidable as the authors of it believed it. But I am content, nay desirous, to have it pass for an unanswerable piece; for it will be the more surprising and glorious to confute it; which (if you’ll take my word and keep my counsel) I shall do with that clearness and fulness in every particular, great and little, both points of Learning and points of Fact, that the authors will be ashamed, if any shame can be expected in them, after this present Specimen. I have almost finished already, and near the end of the month I shall be a putting it to the press; for I need not nine months, as they have had, to confute so shallow a Book, that has nothing in it, but a little Wit, Satire and Raillery, that puts it off among half-learned readers.

I am, yours affectionately

RICHARD BENTLEY.

¹ Dr. Bentley’s *Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop*, examined by the Hon. Charles Boyle.

CV.

To students of theology this letter will have a special interest. Dr. Bentley is propounding to Archbishop Wake his plan for preparing a new critical edition of the Greek Testament. During four years (1716–1720), he laboured diligently in collating the Alexandrine and Beza manuscripts in England and in putting foreign MSS. under contribution, but for reasons, which have not been satisfactorily explained, the work was never published, although a subscription in aid of it was collected.

Dr. Bentley to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Trinity College, Cambridge: April 15, 1716.

May it please your Grace,—'Tis not only your Grace's station and general character, but the particular knowledge I have of you, which encourages me to give you a long letter about those unfashionable topics, Religion and learning. Your Grace knows, as well as any, what an alarm has been made of late years with the vast heap of Various Lections found in MSS. of the Greek Testament. The Papists have made a great use of them against the Protestants, and the Atheists against them, both. This was one of Collins's topics in his Discourse on Freethinking, which I took off in my short answer; and I have heard since from several hands, that that short view I gave of the causes and necessity and use of Various Lections, made several good men more easy in that matter than they were before. But since that time I have fallen into a course of studies that led me to peruse many of the oldest MSS. of the Greek Testament and of the Latin too of St. Jerom, of which there are several in England, a full thousand years old. The result of which has been, that I find I am able (what some thought impossible) to give an edition of the Greek Testament exactly as it was in the best exemplars at the time of the Council of Nice; so that there shall not be twenty words, nor even particles, difference; and this shall carry its own demonstration in every verse, which I affirm cannot be so done of any other ancient book, Greek or Latin; so that that book, which, by the present management, is thought the most uncertain, shall have a testimony of certainty above all other books whatever, and an end be put at once to all Various Lections now or hereafter.

I'll give your Grace the progress which brought me by degrees

into the present view and scheme that I have of a new edition. Upon some points of curiosity I collated one or two of St. Paul's Epistles with the Alexandrian MS., the oldest and best now in the world: I was surprised to find several transpositions of words, that Mills and the other collators took no notice of; but I soon found their way was to mark nothing but change of words; the collocation and order they entirely neglected; and yet at sight I discerned what a new force and beauty this new order (I found in the MS.) added to the sentence. This encouraged me to collate the whole book over to a letter, with my own hands. There is another MS. at Paris of the same age and character with this; but, meeting with worse usage, it was so decayed by age, that five hundred years ago it served the Greeks for old vellum, and they writ over the old brown capitals a book of Ephraim Syrus; but so that even now, by a good eye and a skilful person, the old writing may be read under the new. One page of this for a specimen is printed in copper cut in Lamie's Harmony of the Evangelists. Out of this, by an able hand, I have had above two hundred lections given me from the present printed Greek; and I was surprised to find that almost all agreed both in word and order with our noble Alexandrian. Some more experiments in other old copies have discovered the same agreement; so that I dare say, take all the Greek Testaments surviving, that are not *occidental with Latin too*, like our Beza's at Cambridge, and that are a thousand years old, and they'l so agree together that of the thirty thousand present Various Lections there are not there found two hundred.

The Western Latin copies by variety of Translators without public appointment, and a jumble and heap of all of them, were grown so uncertain, that scarce two copies were alike; which obliged Damasus, then Bishop of Rome, to employ St. Jerom to regulate the best-received translation of each part of the New Testament to the original Greek; and so set out a new edition, so castigated and corrected. This he declares in his preface he did *ad Græcam veritatem, ad exemplaria Græca, sed vetera*; and his learning, great name, and just authority, extinguished all the other Latin versions, and has been conveyed down to us, under the name of the Vulgate. 'Twas plain to me, that when that copy came first from that great Father's hands, it must agree exactly with the

most authentic Greek exemplars; and if now it could be retrieved, it would be the best test and voucher for the true reading out of several pretending ones. But when I came to try Pope Clement's Vulgate, I soon found the Greek of the Alexandrian and that would by no means pary. This set me to examine the Pope's Latin by some MSS. of a thousand years old; and the success is, that the old Greek copies and the old Latin so exactly agree (when an able hand discerns the rasures and the old lections lying under them), that the pleasure and satisfaction it gives me is beyond expression.

The New Testament has been under a hard fate since the invention of printing. After the Complutenses and Erasmus, who had but very ordinary MSS. it has become the property of book-sellers. Robert Stephens's edition, set out and regulated by himself alone, is now become the standard. That text stands, as if an apostle was his compositor. No heathen author has had such ill fortune.

Terence, Ovid, etc. for the first century after printing, went about with twenty thousand errors in them. But when learned men undertook them, and from the oldest MSS. set out correct editions, those errors fell and vanished. But if they had kept to the first published text, and set the Various Lections only in the margin, those classic authors would be as clogged with variations as Dr. Mills's Testament is.

Pope Sixtus and Clemens at a vast expense had an assembly of learned divines, to recense and adjust the Latin Vulgate, and then enacted their new edition authentic; but I find, though I have not yet discovered anything done *dolo malo*, they were quite unequal to the affair. They were mere Theologi, had no experience in MSS., nor made use of good Greek copies, and followed books of five hundred years before those of double [that] age. Nay, I believe they took these new ones for the older of the two; for it is not everybody knows the age of a manuscript.

I am already tedious, and the post is a going. So that, to conclude, in a word, I find that by taking two thousand errors out of the Pope's Vulgate, and as many out of the Protestant Pope Stephens's, I can set out an edition of each in columns, without using any book under nine hundred years old, that shall so exactly

agree word for word, and, what at first amazed me, order for order, that no two tallies nor two indentures can agree better.

I affirm that these so placed will prove each other to a demonstration; for I alter not a letter of my own head without the authority of these old witnesses. And the beauty of the composition (barbarous, God knows, at present), is so improved, as makes it more worthy of a revelation, and yet not one text of consequence injured or weakened.

My Lord, if a casual fire should take either his Majesty's library, or the King's of France, all the world could not do this. As I have therefore great impulse, and I hope not *ἀθεῖ* to set about this work immediately, and leave it as a *κεμήλιον* to posterity, against Atheists and Infidels, I thought it my duty and my honour to first acquaint your Grace with it; and know if the extrinsic expense necessary to do such a work compleatly (for my labour I reckon nothing) may obtain any encouragement, either from the Crown or Public.

I am, with all duty and obedience

Your Grace's most humble servant

RI. BENTLEY.

CVI.

William III. had promised Sir William Temple that Dr. Swift should have the first vacancy which might happen among the prebends of Westminster or Canterbury, and reference is made to this promise in the following letter soliciting preferment at the hands of Lord Halifax.

This Minister died a year before a vacancy occurred, and Swift, who really never enjoyed the full measure of Ministerial confidence, was disappointed. Most of the future Dean of St. Patrick's English admirers preferred to acknowledge his claims at a distance; for the partial welcome he received in England was the natural result of his patronising airs and overbearing manners.

Dr. Swift to the Earl of Halifax.

Leicester: January 13, 1709.

My Lord,—Before I leave this place (where ill health has detained me longer than I intended) I thought it my duty to return your Lordship my acknowledgments for all your favors to me while I was in town; and, at the same time, to beg some share in your Lordship's memory, and the continuance of your

protection. You were pleased to promise me your good offices upon occasion ; which I humbly challenge in two particulars ; one is that you will sometimes put my Lord President in mind of me ; the other is, that your Lordship will duly once every year wish me removed to England. In the mean time, I must take leave to reproach your Lordship for a most inhuman piece of cruelty ; for I can call your extreme good usage of me no better, since it has taught me to hate the place where I am banished, and raised my thoughts to an imagination, that I might live to be some way usefull or entertaining, if I were permitted to live in Town, or (which is the highest punishment on Papists) any where within ten miles round it. You remember very well, my Lord, how another person of quality in Horace's time, used to serve a sort of fellows who had disoblged him ; how he sent them fine cloaths, and money, which raised their thoughts and their hopes, till those were worn out and spent, and then they were ten times more miserable than before. *Hac ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno.* I could cite several other passages from the same author, to my purpose ; and whatever is applyed to Mæcenas I will not thank your Lordship for accepting, because it is what you have been condemned to these twenty years by every one of us, *qui se mêlent d'avoir de l'esprit.* I have been studying how to be revenged of your Lordship, and have found out the way. They have in Ireland the same idea with us of your Lordship's generosity, magnificence, witt, judgment, and knowledge in the enjoyment of life. But I shall quickly undeceive them, by letting them plainly know that you have neither Interest nor Fortune which you can call your own ; both having been long made over to the Corporation of deserving Men in Want, who have appointed you their advocate and steward, which the world is pleas'd to call Patron and Protector. I shall inform them, that my self and about a dozen others kept the best table in England, to which because we admitted your Lordship in common with us, made you our manager, and sometimes allowed you to bring a friend, therefore ignorant people would needs take You to be the Owner. And lastly, that you are the most injudicious person alive ; because, though you had fifty times more witt than all of us together, you never discover the least value for it, but are perpetually countenancing and encouraging that of others. I could add a great deal more, but shall reserve the rest of my threatnings

till further provocation. In the mean time I demand of your Lordship the justice of believing me to be with the greatest respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient and
most obliged humble servant

JON. SWIFT.

Pray, my Lord, desire Dr South to dy about the fall of the Leaf, for he has a Prebend of Westminster, which will make me your neighbor, and a sine-cure in the Country, both in the Queen's gift, which my friends have often told me would fitt me extremely; and forgive me one word, which I know not what extorts from me; that if my Lord President would in such a juncture think me worth laying any weight of his Credit, you cannot but think me persuaded that it would be a very easy matter to compass: and I have some sort of pretence, since the late King promised me a Prebend of Westminster, when I petitioned him in pursuance of a recommendation I had from Sir William Temple.

For the Right Honourable
the Lord Halifax, at his House
in the New Palace-yard in Westminster.
London.

CVII.

This account of the French Abbé Guiscard's attempt to assassinate Harley was written within an hour or two of the event it describes.

Dean Swift to Archbishop King.

London: March 8, 1711.

My Lord,—I write to your grace under the greatest disturbance of mind for the public and myself. A gentleman came in where I dined this afternoon, and told us Mr. Harley was stabbed, and some confused particulars. I immediately ran to secretary St. John's hard by, but nobody was at home; I met Mrs. St. John in her chair, who could not satisfy me, but was in pain about the secretary, who, as she had heard, had killed the murderer. I went straight to Mr. Harley's where abundance of people were to inquire. I got young Mr. Harley to me: he said his father was asleep, and

they hoped in no danger, and then told me the fact, as I shall relate it to your grace. This day the Marquis de Guis-card was taken up for high treason, by a warrant of Mr. St. John, and examined before a Committee of Council in Mr. St. John's office; where was present the dukes of Ormond, Buckingham, Shrewsbury, earl Powlett, Mr. Harley, Mr. St. John, and others. During examination, Mr. Harley observed Guis-card, who stood behind him, but on one side, swearing, and looking disrespectfully. He told him he ought to behave himself better while he was examined for such a crime. Guis-card immediately drew a penknife out of his pocket, which he had picked out of some of the offices, and, reaching round, stabbed him just under the breast a little to the right side; but it pleased God that the point stopped at one of the ribs, and broke short half an inch. Immediately Mr. St. John rose, drew his sword, and ran it into Guis-card's breast. Five or six more of the Council drew and Stabbed Guis-card in several places: but the earl Powlett called out, for God's sake, to spare Guis-card's life, that he might be made an example; and Mr. St. John's sword was taken from him and broke; and the footman without ran in, and bound Guis-card, who begged he might be killed immediately; and, they say called out three or four times, 'My lord Ormond! My lord Ormond!' They say Guis-card resisted them a while, until the footman came in. Immediately Bucier, the surgeon, was sent for, who dressed Mr. Harley; and he was sent home. The wound bled fresh, and they do not apprehend him in danger: he said, when he came home, he thought himself in none; and, when I was there he was asleep, and they did not find him at all feverish. He has been ill this week, and told me last Saturday he found himself much out of order, and has been abroad but twice since; so that the only danger is, lest his being out of order should, with the wound put him in a fever; and I shall be in a mighty pain till to-morrow morning. I went back to poor Mrs. St. John, who told me her husband was with my Lord-keeper [sir Simon Harcourt] at Mr. Attorney's, [sir John Trevor] and she said something to me very remarkable: 'That going to-day to pay her duty to the queen, when all the men and ladies were dressed to make their appearance, this being the day of the queen's accession, the lady of the bedchamber in waiting told her the queen had not been at church, and saw no company; yet, when she inquired her

health, they said she was very well, only had a little cold.' We conceive the queen's reasons for not going out might be something about this seizing of Guis-card for high treason, and that perhaps there was some plot, or something extraordinary. Your grace must have heard of this Guis-card: he fled from France for villainies there, and was thought on to head an invasion of that kingdom, but was not liked. I know him well, and think him a fellow of little consequence, although of some cunning and much villany. We passed by one another this day in the Mall, at two o'clock, an hour before he was taken up; and I wondered he did not speak to me.

I write all this to your grace, because I believe you would desire to know a true account of so important an accident; and besides, I know you will have a thousand false ones; and I believe every material circumstance here is true, having it from young Mr. Harley. I met sir Thomas Mansel (it was then after six this evening,) and he and Mr. Prior told me they had just seen Guis-card carried by in a chair, with a strong guard, to Newgate or the Press-yard. Time perhaps will show who was at the bottom of all this; but nothing could happen so unluckily to England, at this juncture, as Mr. Harley's death; when he has all the schemes for the greatest part of the supplies in his head, and the parliament cannot stir a step without him. Neither can I altogether forget myself, who, in him, should lose a person I have more obligations to than any other in this kingdom; who has always treated me with the tenderness of a parent, and never refused me any favour I asked for a friend; therefore I hope your grace will excuse the disorder of this letter. I was intending, this night, to write one of another sort. I must needs say, one great reason for writing these particulars to your grace was, that you might be able to give a true account of the fact, which will be some sort of service to Mr Harley. I am with the greatest respect, my lord, your grace's most dutiful, and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have read over what I writ, and find it confused and incorrect, which your grace must impute to the violent pain of mind I am in, greater than ever I felt in my life. It must have been the utmost height of desperate guilt which could have spirited that

wretch to such an action. I have not heard whether his wounds are dangerous; but I pray God he may recover to receive his reward, and that we may learn the bottom of his villany. It is not above ten days ago that I was interceding with the secretary in his behalf, because I heard he was just starving; but the secretary assured me he had 400£ a-year pension.

 CVIII.

This singularly impressive and eloquent letter was addressed to Lord Oxford on the occasion of the death of his daughter, the Marchioness of Carmarthen, after her confinement Nov. 20, 1713, aged twenty-eight. It does far more honour to the great Dean than any of those more pretentious satirical compositions which are in everybody's hands, and which have made his name immortal.

Dean Swift to Lord-Treasurer Oxford.

November 21, 1713.

My Lord,—Your lordship is the person in the world to whom everybody ought to be silent upon such an occasion as this, which is only to be supported by the greatest wisdom and strength of mind: wherein, God knows, the wisest and best of us, who would presume to offer their thoughts, are far your inferiors. It is true, indeed, that a great misfortune is apt to weaken the mind and disturb the understanding. This, indeed, might be of some pretence to us to administer our consolations, if we had been wholly strangers to the person gone. But, my lord, whoever had the honour to know her, wants a comforter as much as your lordship: because, though their loss is not so great, yet they have not the same firmness and prudence to support the want of a friend, a patroness, a benefactor, as you have to support that of a daughter. My lord, both religion and reason forbid me to have the least concern for that lady's death upon her own account; and he must be an ill Christian, or a perfect stranger to her virtues, who would not wish himself, with all submission to God Almighty's will, in her condition. But your lordship, who has lost such a daughter, and we, who have lost such a friend, and the world, which has lost such an example, have, in our several degrees, greater cause to lament than perhaps was ever given by any private person before: for, my lord, I have sat down to think of every amiable quality

that could enter into the composition of a lady, and could not single out one which she did not possess in as high a perfection as human nature is capable of. But as to your lordship's own particular, as it is an inconceivable misfortune to have lost such a daughter, so it is a possession which few can boast of to have had such a daughter. I have often said to your lordship 'That I never knew any one by many degrees so happy in their domestics as you ;' and I affirm you are so still, though not by so many degrees : from whence it is very obvious that your lordship should reflect upon what you have left, and not upon what you have lost.

To say the truth, my lord, you began to be too happy for a mortal ; much more happy than is usual with the dispensations of Providence long to continue. You had been the great instrument of preserving your country from foreign and domestic ruin : you have had the felicity of establishing your family in the greatest lustre, without any obligation to the bounty of your prince, or any industry of your own : you have triumphed over the violence and treachery of your enemies by your courage and abilities : and, by the steadiness of your temper, over the inconstancy and caprice of your friends. Perhaps your lordship has felt too much complacency within yourself upon this universal success : and God Almighty, who would not disappoint your endeavours for the public, thought fit to punish you with a domestic loss, where he knew your heart was most exposed ; and, at the same time, has fulfilled his own wise purposes, by rewarding in a better life that excellent creature he has taken from you.

I know not, my lord, why I write this to you, nor hardly what I am writing. I am sure it is not from any compliance with form ; it is not from thinking that I can give your lordship any ease. I think it was an impulse upon me that I should say something : and whether I shall send you what I have written I am yet in doubt.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

CIX.

This is perhaps the most beautiful to be found among the printed letters of Swift. The unusual tenderness of its tone may be attributed to the great domestic calamity which the writer was almost every hour fearing would befall himself—the death of Stella.

Dean Swift to Mrs. Moore.

Deanery House : December 27, 1727.

Dear Madam,—Though I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for anything that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune : I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person ; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love, as we must one day grieve those who love us with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators awhile, and then act our own part in its self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught me to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself ; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of ; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person than to reflect rather upon what is left than what is lost. She was neither an only child nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one (Charles Devenish, Esq.) of them of an age to be useful to his family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from heir age ; so that, according to the general dispensations of God Almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you that the true way to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished : common observation showing us that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents' indulgence, or soon taken out of the world ; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two. God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases and distress of

nature; with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments; with a general dislike of persons and things; and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach toward the end of it. And this is the use you are to make in prudence, as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which in the course of nature and providence you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many virtues, add strength of mind and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life. I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind, has made me but a sorry comforter: however it will show that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship, dear Madam, your most obedient and humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

CX.

In this letter which refers to the writer's celebrated party-history entitled 'The Four Last Years of Queen Anne's Reign,' Swift recalls the particulars of the quarrels between Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke in 1713-1714. Interesting historically, it is scarcely less interesting from a literary point of view. 'There is,' says Lord Stanhope, 'something very mournful and affecting in the tone of these recollections of his friends.' He might have added, and something very charming in the mellow beauty of the composition.

Dean Swift to the Earl of Oxford.

June 14, 1737.

My Lord,—I had the honour of a letter from your lordship, dated April the 7th which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your lordship must needs have known that the history you mention of the 'Four last years of the Queen's Reign,' was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace; at which time your

father and my lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery (after the peace was made) I could not stay here above a fortnight being recalled by a hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England I found their quarrels and coldness increased. I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able: I contrived to bring them to my lord Masham's, at St. James's. My lord and lady Masham left us together. I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my Lord-treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me: expecting they would come to some. . . . But I followed them to Windsor; where my lord Bolingbroke told me that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate; they grew more estranged every day. My lord-treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May before the queen died I had my last meeting with them at my lord Masham's. He left us together; and therefore I spoke very freely to them both and told them 'I would retire, for I found all was gone.' Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, 'I was in the right.' Your father said 'All would do well.' I told him 'that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it was impossible to be of any use.' I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire there stayed until the queen's death; and then to my station here where I stayed twelve years, and never saw my lord your father afterward. They could not agree about printing the 'History of the Four last Years:' and therefore I have kept it to this time when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those rascals who have accused the queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the lord-treasurer, as well as with my lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the secretary's office during the treaty of peace: out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history, which I am now going to publish for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which

have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister and the most able that I ever remembered to have read of. If your lordship has any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the history, such as letters or materials, I am content they should be printed at the end by way of appendix. I loved my lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country, although I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it; and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliance; and desire to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford and your daughter the duchess. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well, and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry at that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in popery and the pretender: and further to demonstrate that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my lord your father. I can never expect to see England: I am now too old and too sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life: I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country; not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable prevailing faction in it.

Farewell, my lord. I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my lady Oxford and the duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy! I shall diligently inquire into your conduct from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily weary of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most obliged, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

CXI.

Dr. John Arbuthnot, Physician in ordinary to Queen Anne, and one of the most accomplished wits of our Augustan age, was born 1667. He was the intimate friend of Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke, and was fortunate in attaining the double reputation of eminence in a professional career, and a place of distinction among contemporary writers and wits. He contributed his share of those squibs and political tracts which marked the parliamentary party-warfare of the last years of Queen Anne's reign.

Dr. Arbuthnot to Dean Swift.

Hampstead: October 4, 1734.

My Dear and Worthy Friend,—You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health: the last I sent a great while ago by one De la Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you among the rest of my friends shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended came to this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man at my age ever recovered of such a disease further than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did I can assure you was not for life but ease. For I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kind-

ness of my friends, as any man, but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey I am sure would do you good. In general I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

CXII.

Steele's second wife was a Miss Mary Scurlock, of Llangunnor, a lady of considerable wealth and of fascinating presence; she received his advances at first with coldness, yet only a month elapsed between his proposal and their marriage, which occurred about eight days after the composition of the following pretty letter.

Richard Steele to Mary Scurlock.

September 1, 1707.

It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend to business.

As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know when I had been last at Hampton Court. I replied, 'I

will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Pr'ythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

A thousand torments dwell about thee!
Yet who would live to live without thee?

Metbinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am ever yours,

RICH. STEELE.

CXIII.

It need scarcely be stated that Isaac Bickerstaffe was the *nom de plume* of Sir Richard Steele while he was writing for the 'Tatler.'

Sir Richard Steele to the Earl of Halifax.

(Inclosing Mr. Bickerstaffe's proposal for a subscription.)

January 26, 1709.

My Lord,—I presume to enclose to your lordship Mr. Bickerstaffe's proposall for a subscription, and ask your lordship's favour in promoting it, having that philosopher's interest at heart as much as my own, and am, indeed, confident I am the greatest admirer he has. The best argument I have for this partiality is, that my Lord Halifax has smiled upon his labours. If any whom your Lordship recommends shall think fitt to subscribe more than the sum proposed for a Book, it may be said that it is for so many more books. This will make the favour more gracefull by being confer'd in an oblique way, and at the same time save the confusion of the Squire, whom I know to be naturally proud.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most obliged
most obedient humble servant

RICH. STEELE.

CXIV.

Coleridge has warmly commended the letters of Steele to his second wife as 'models of their kind.' They are brief and artless, full of a sensitive ardour in demanding reciprocity of affection, and singularly unaffected in style. Lady Steele died before her husband in 1718; she has been blamed for being so much absent from home, yet it is to this circumstance that we owe the priceless correspondence which she preserved.

Sir Richard Steele to Lady Steele.

June 20, 1717.

Dear Prue,—I have yours of the 14th, and am infinitely obliged to you for the length of it. I do not know another whom I could commend for that circumstance; but where we entirely love, the continuance of anything they do to please us is a pleasure. As for your relations, once for all, pray take it for granted, that my regard and conduct towards all and singular of them shall be as you direct.

I hope, by the grace of God to continue what you wish me, every way an honest man. My wife and my children are the objects that have wholly taken up my heart; and as I am not invited or encouraged in anything which regards the public, I am easy under that neglect or envy of my past actions, and cheerfully contract that diffusive spirit within the interests of my own family. You are the head of us; and I stooped to a female reign as being naturally made the slave of beauty. But to prepare for our manner of living when we are again together, give me leave to say, while I am here at leisure, and come to lie at Chelsea, what I think may contribute to our better way of living. I very much approve Mrs. Evans and her husband and if you take my advice, I would have them have a being in our house, and Mrs. Clark the care and inspection of the nursery. I would have you entirely at leisure to pass your time with me in diversions, in books, in entertainments, and no manner of business intrude upon us but at stated times. For, though you are made to be the delight of my eyes, and food of all my senses and faculties, yet a turn of care and housewifery, and I know not what prepossession against conversation-pleasures, robs me of the witty and the handsome woman

to a degree not to be expressed. I will work my brains and fingers to procure us plenty of all things, and demand nothing of you but to take delight in agreeable dresses, cheerful discourses and gay sights, attended by me. This may be done by putting the kitchen and the nursery in the hands I propose; and I shall have nothing to do but to pass as much time at home as I possibly can, in the best company in the world. We cannot tell here what to think of the trial of my Lord Oxford; if the ministry are in earnest in that and I should see it will be extended to a length of time, I will leave them to themselves, and wait upon you. Miss Moll grows a mighty beauty, and she shall be very prettily dressed, as likewise shall Betty and Eugene; and if I throw away a little money in adorning my brats, I hope you will forgive me: They are, I thank God, all very well; and the charming form of their mother has tempered the likeness they bear to their rough sire, who is, with the greatest fondness, your most obliged and most obedient husband,

RICH. STEELE.

CXV.

George II.'s Poet Laureate was seventy-six years of age when he wrote the following letter of advice to Mrs. Pilkington. From its remarkably familiar tone it will be readily understood that it was addressed to a person the writer did not respect but was anxious to befriend. Lætitia Pilkington, whose career was neither very interesting nor very reputable, was proud of the friendship of this dissipated old dramatist.

Colley Cibber to Mrs. Pilkington.

June 29, 1747.

Thou frolicsome farce of fortune.

What! Is there another act to come of you then? I was afraid, some time ago, you had made your last exit. Well! but without wit or compliment, I am glad to hear you are so tolerably alive. I have your incredible narrative from Dublin before me, and shall, as you desire me, answer every paragraph in its turn, without considering its importance or connection.

You say I have for many years been the kind preserver of your life. In this, I think, I have no great merit; because you seem to set so little value upon it yourself: otherwise you would have

considered, that poverty was the most helpless handmaid that ever waited upon a high-spirited lady. But as long as the world allowed you wit and parts, how poor (compared to you without a shilling in your pocket) was an illiterate queen of the Indies. Oh, the glory of a great soul! Why, to be sure, as you say, it must be a fine thing indeed! But—a word in your Majesty's ear—common sense is no contemptible creature, notwithstanding you have thought her too vulgar to be one of your maids of honour.

Common sense might have prevented as many misfortunes as your high-and-mightiness has run through. It is true, you have stood them all with a Catonian constancy; but I fancy you might have passed your life as merrily without them. You see I am still friend enough to be free with your failings: but make the best of a bad market. You seem now to have a glimpse of a new world before you!

Think a little how you are to squeeze through the crowd, with such a bundle at your back; and don't suppose it possible you can have a grain of wit, till you have twenty pounds in your pocket. With half that sum, a greater sinner than you may look the devil in the face. Few people of sense will turn their back upon a woman of wit, that does not look as if she came to borrow money of them: but, when want brings her to her wits' end, every fool will have wit enough to avoid her. But as this seems now to be your case, I am more afraid of your being out of your wits at your good, than your bad fortune; for I question whether you are as able to bear the first as the last. If you don't tell me a poetical fib, in saying that people of taste so often borrow *Cicero* of you, I will send you half a score of them, with which you may compliment those whom you suppose to be your friends; perhaps you may have a chance of having the favour returned with something more than it is worth. Generosity is less shy of shewing itself, when it only appears to be grateful. In a word, if you would have these books, you must order some friend in London to call upon me for them; for you know I hate care and trouble.

I am not sure your spouse's having taken another wife, before you came over, might not have proved the only means of his being a better husband to you; for, had he picked up a fortune, the hush! hush! of your prior claim to him, might have been worth a better separate maintenance, than you are now like to get out of him.

As for my health and spirits, they are as usual, and full as strong as any body's that has enjoyed his the same number of years. If the value I have for you gives you any credit in your own country pray stretch it as far as you think it can be serviceable to you; for under all the rubbish of your misfortunes, I can see your merit sparkle like a lost jewel. I have no greater pleasure, than in placing my esteem on those who can feel and value it. Had you been born to a larger fortune, your shining qualities might have put half the rest of your sex out of countenance. If any of them are uncharitable enough to call this flattery, tell them what a poor devil you are, and let that solace you. If ever you should recover enough of the public favour to dissipate your former sorrows, I should be glad to see you here. In the mean time you will fully repay any service I may have done you, by sometimes letting me hear of your well-doing. I hope you have but one volume of your Memoirs in the press; because, if that meets with any success, I believe I could give you some natural hints, which, in the easy dress of your pen, might a good deal enliven it.

You make your court very ill to me, by depreciating the natural blessings on your side the water.

What have you to boast of, that you want, but wealth and insolent dominion? Is not the glory of God's creation, lovely woman! there in its highest lustre? I have seen several and frequent examples of them here; and have heard of many, not only from yourself, but others, who, for the agreeable entertainments of the social mind, have not their equal playfellows in Old England. And pray what, to me, would life be worth without them? dear soft souls! for now too they are lavish of favours, which, in my youth, they would have trembled to trust me with. In a word, if, instead of the sea, I had only the dry-ground Alps to get over, I should think it but a trip to Dublin. In the mean time we must e'en compound for such interviews as the post or the packet can send to you, or bring to

Your real Friend and Servant

C. CIBBER.

CXVI.

Joseph Addison gives his impressions of the French bourgeoisie, represented by the good people of Blois, at a time when the extravagant tastes and costly wars of the Grand Monarque culminated in the imposition, for the first time, of a capitation tax on people already poverty-stricken through burthensome taxation.

Joseph Addison to Charles Montagu, Esq.

Blois: October, 1699.

Honoured Sir,—You will be surpris'd I dont question to find among your Correspondencies in Foreign parts a Letter Dated from Blois: but as much out of y^e world as we are, I have often the pleasure to hear you mention'd among the Strangers of other Nations whose company I am here sometimes Engag'd in; I have found since my leaving England that 'tis Impossible to talk of her with those that know there is such a Nation, but you make a part of the Discourse. Your name comes in upon the most different subjects, if we speak of the men of Wit or the men of Business, of Poets or Patrons, Politicians or Parliament men. I must confess I am never so sensible of my Imperfection in the French Language as when I would express myself on so agreeable a subject; tho' if I understood it as well as Mother Tongue I shou'd want words on this occasion. I cant pretend to trouble you with any News from this place, where the only Advantage I have besides getting the Language is to see the manners and temper of the people, which I believe may be better learn't here than in Courts and greater Citys where Artifice and Disguise are more in fashion. And truly by what I have yet seen they are the Happiest nation in the World. Tis not in the pow'r of Want or Slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the Country but Mirth and Poverty. Ev'ry one sings, laughs and starves. Their Conversation is generally Agreeable; for if they have any Wit or Sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a Second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first Sight that a Long Intimacy or Abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman: Their Women are perfect Mistresses in this Art of showing themselves to the best Advantage. They are always gay and sprightly and set off y^e Worst Faces in

Europe with y^e best airs. Ev'ry one knows how to give herself as charming a Look and posture as S^r Godfrey Kneller c^d draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world I cannot but set a particular mark upon those who abound most in the Virtues of their Nation and least with its Imperfections. When therefore I see the Good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection without any mixture of the Spleen, I hope you will excuse me if I admire the Character and am Ambitious of subscribing myself

Honrd Sir,
Yo^r &c.

CXVII.

In 1700 Boileau had almost entirely retreated from the world, and it was by special favour that he received the elegant young Englishman, as yet known to fame only as a singularly accomplished Latinist; but Malebranche, like Saint Evremond in the generation before him, had more friends in London than in Paris, and to pay him a visit was the duty of every lettered Englishman who found himself in France.

Joseph Addison to Bishop Hough.

December, 1700.

My Lord,—I receiv'd y^e honour of your L^dship's Letter at Paris, and am since got as far as Lyons in my way for Italy. I am at present very well content to quit y^e French conversation, which since y^e promotion of their young prince begins to grow Insupportable. That w^h was before y^e Vainest nation in y^e world is now worse than ever. There is scarce a man in it that does not give himself greater airs upon it, and look as well pleased as if he had rec'd some considerable advancement in his own fortunes. The best company I have met with since my being in this country has been among y^e men of Letters, who are generally easy of access, especially y^e Religious who have a great deal of time on their hands, and are glad to pass some of it off in y^e society of strangers. Their Learning for y^e most part lies among y^e old schoolmen. Their public disputes run upon y^e Controversys between the Thomists and Scotists, which they manage with abundance of Heat and False Latin. When I was at Paris I visited y^e Père Malbranche who has a particular esteem for y^e English Nation, where I believe he has more admirers than in his own. The French dont

care for following him through his deep Researches, and generally look upon all y^e new Philosophy as Visionary or Irreligious. Malbranche himself told me that he was five and twenty years old before he had so much as heard of y^e name of Des Cartes. His book is now reprinted with many Additions, among which he show'd me a very pretty hypothesis of Colours w^h is different from that of Cartesius or Mr. Newton, tho' they may all three be True. He very much prais'd M^r Newton's Mathematics, shook his head at y^e name of Hobbes, and told me he thought him a *pauvre esprit*. He was very solicitous about y^e English translation of his work, and was afraid it had been taken from an Ill Edition of it. Among other Learned men I had y^e honour to be introduc'd to M^r Boileau, who is now retouching his works and putting 'em out in a new Impression. He is old and a little Deaf but talks incomparably well in his own calling. He heartily hates an Ill poet and throws himself into a passion when he talks of any one that has not a high respect for Homer and Virgil. I dont know whether there is more of old Age or Truth in his Censures on y^e French writers, but he wonderfully decrys y^e present and extols very much his former cotemporaries, especially his two intimate friends Arnaud and Racine. I askt him whether he thought *Télémaque* was not a good modern piece: he spoke of it with a great deal of esteem, and said that it gave us a better notion of Homer's way of writing than any translation of his works could do, but that it falls however infinitely short of y^e *Odyssee*, for Mentor, says he, is eternally Preaching, but Ulysses shows us every thing in his character and behaviour y^t y^e other is still pressing on us by his precepts and Instructions. He said y^e punishment of bad Kings was very well invented, and might compare with any thing of that nature in y^e 6th *Eneid*, and that y^e deceit put on *Télémaque's* Pilot to make him misguide his master is more artful and poetical than y^e Death of *Palinurus*. I mention his discourse of his Author because it is at present y^e Book y^t is everywhere talked of, and has a great many partizans for and against it in this country. I found him as warm in crying up this man and y^e good poets in general as he has been in censuring y^e bad ones of his time, as we commonly observe y^e man that makes y^e Best friend is y^e worst enemy. He talk'd very much of *Corneille*, allowing him to be an excellent poet, but at y^e

same time none of y^e best Tragique writers, for that he declaimed too frequently and made very fine Descriptions often when there was no occasion for 'em. Aristotle, says he, proposes two passious y^t are proper to be rais'd by Tragedy, Terrour and Pity, but Corneille endeavours at a new one w^h is Admiration. He instanc'd in his Pompey (w^h he told us y^e late Duke of Condy thought y^e best Tragedy y^t was ever written) where in y^e first scene y^e King of Egypt runs into a very pompous and long description of y^e battle of Pharsalia, tho' he was then in a great hurry of affairs and had not himself been present at it. I hope your L^dship will excuse me for this kind of Intelligence, for in so beaten a Road as that of France it is impossible to talk of anything new unless we may be allow'd to speak of particular persons, y^t are always changing and may therefore furnish different matter for as many travellers as pass thro' y^e country.

I am my L^d

Your L^dship's &c.

CXVIII.

This letter, so full of the gentlemanlike badinage and graceful humour in which its author was the first English writer to excel, was composed at a moment when the hopes of Addison were at their lowest, and his ambition most painfully humiliated. The death of King William had destroyed that Whig Ministry with which the poet's chances of preferment were bound up, and had brought him but one advantage, 'leisure to make the tour of Germany.'

Joseph Addison to Chamberlain Dashwood.

Geneva: July, 1702.

Dear Sir,—About three days ago Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleas'd to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a Gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You did not probably foresee that it would draw on you y^e trouble of a Letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part I can no more accept of a Snuff-box without returning my Acknowledgements, than I can take Snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting

it very speedily. I am observ'd to have my Box oft'ner in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I cant forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends Snuff as a great provocative to Wit, but you may produce this Letter as a Standing Evidence against him. I have since y^e beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclin'd to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that Wit and Tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a Pun of it, tho' a Man may be master of a snuff-box,

Non cuicumque datum est habere Nasam.

I should be afraid of being thought a Pedant for my Quotation did not I know that y^e Gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, pray S^r do me y^e Justice to esteem me

Your most &c.

CXIX.

The last letter written by Addison commends in these touching terms to the favour of his successor Mr. Craggs, the fortunes of his young friend and literary executor Tickell. It was long before that poet could so far command his grief as to write the elegy on Addison, which is one of the finest products of English verse in the eighteenth century; and, before it was finished, Craggs had followed Addison to the grave. A few days before the writing of this letter, the great essayist had given Tickell directions for publishing his complete works.

Joseph Addison to Mr. Secretary Craggs.

June, 1719.

Dear Sir,—I cannot wish that any of my writings should last longer than the memory of our friendship, and therefore I thus publicly bequeath them to you, in return for the many valuable instances of your affection.

That they may come to you with as little disadvantage as possible, I have left the care of them to one, whom, by the experience of some years, I know well-qualified to answer my intentions. He has already the honour and happiness of being under your protection; and as he will very much stand in need of it, I cannot wish him better than that he may continue to deserve the favour and protection of such a patron.

I have no time to lay out in forming such compliments, as would but ill suit that familiarity between us, which was once my greatest pleasure, and will be my greatest honour hereafter.

Instead of them, accept of my hearty wishes that the great reputation you have acquired so early, may increase more and more : and that you may long serve your country with those excellent talents, and unblemished integrity, which have so powerfully recommended you to the most gracious and amiable monarch that ever filled a throne.

May the frankness and generosity of your spirit continue to soften and subdue your enemies, and gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as yourself. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am with the greatest zeal, &c.

CXX.

Lord Bolingbroke is writing to announce an event which was full of importance in marking an exceptional career. The Royal assent had just been given to a Bill allowing him to return to England and to the possession of his property ; but Parliament, by refusing to cancel his Attainder, insisted on keeping so dangerous and insinuating a rival at arm's length. Permanently deprived of his seat in the House of Lords he found an outlet for his bitterness in the pages of the ' Craftsman,' but neither as St. John Viscount Bolingbroke nor as Humphrey Oldcastle was he able to make headway against that Whig ascendancy which lasted even beyond the remaining twenty-five years of his life.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dean Swift.

London: July 24, 1725.

Mr. Ford will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with suspense, the only insupportable misfortune of life, I desired, after nine years of autumnal promises and vernal excuses, a decision ; and cared very little what that decision was, provided it left me a liberty to settle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wisdom of the nation has thought fit, instead of granting so reasonable a request, to pass an act, which fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my person there also : and those, who had the least mind to see me in *England*, have made it impossible for me to live any where else. Here I am then, two-thirds restored, my person safe, (unless I meet hereafter

with harder treatment than even that of Sir Walter Raleigh) and my estate, with all the other property I have acquired, or may acquire, secured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, lest so corrupt a member should come again into the house of lords, and his bad leaven should sour that sweet, untainted mass. Thus much I thought I might say about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and state of *Ireland*; or, from his travels into those countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at an higher rate than that of the richest galleon. *Ford* brought the dean of *Derry* to see me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into *Ireland* will perhaps defer, for some time, my making acquaintance with the other, which I am sorry for. I would not by any means lose the opportunity of knowing a man, who can espouse in good earnest the system of father *Malebranche*, and who is fond of going a missionary into the *West Indies*. My zeal for the propagation of the Gospel will hardly carry me so far; but my spleen against *Europe* has, more than once, made me think of buying the dominion of *Bermudas*, and spending the remainder of my days as far as possible from those people, with whom I have passed the first and greatest part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleasures, we are philosophers enough to despise them. What say you? Will you leave your *Hibernian* flock to some other shepherd, and transplant yourself with me into the middle of the *Atlantic* ocean? We will form a society more reasonable, and more useful than that of doctor *Berkeley's*¹ College: and I promise you solemnly, as supreme magistrate, not to suffer the currency of *Wood's* halfpence: ² Nay, the coiner of them shall be hanged, if he presumes to set his foot on our island.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really

¹ Dr. Berkeley obtained a charter for establishing a University in the *Bermudas* for the general improvement and education of our colonies, but the design miscarried for lack of money.

² Allusion to the 'Drapier Letters,' written by Swift against the introduction into *Ireland* of a new copper coinage to be supplied by Birmingham speculator, William Wood.

have any latent kindness still at the bottom of your heart for me ; say something very kind to me, for I don't dislike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, say nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myself from you by degrees. Whether I shall compass it or not, God knows : but, surely this is the properest place in the world to renounce friendship in, or to forget obligations. Mr. *Ford* says he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your *Star* will probably hinder you from taking the same journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had something more to say to you, almost as important as what I have said already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

CXXI.

To Swift, Pope, and Gay this little trifle was addressed by their restless correspondent in one of his cheery moments.

Lord Bolingbroke to the Three Yahoos of Twickenham, Jonathan, Alexander, John.

From the banks of the Severn : July 23, 1726.

Though you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing ; yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to *Dawley* farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you ; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give you further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week ; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*.

Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John ! Mirth be with you.

CXXII.

This joint epistle was written at the time Lord Bolingbroke's second wife, the niece of Madame de Maintenon, was in failing health. Pope's allusion to his mother is one of the many touching illustrations of the best trait in his character.

Lord Bolingbroke and Alexander Pope to Dean Swift.

March 29, 1731.

I have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head and at my heart; if it can be set a-going you shall hear of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other), are the gales of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recal the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeables so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me. Passions in their force would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how

much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you if you were here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak; the slow fever works under and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself. You shall not stay for my next as long as you have for this letter, and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, munuscula, that stoical fop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P.S. By Alexander Pope.

My lord has spoken justly of his lady; why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; and this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made so strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend; perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book¹ to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now, too,

¹ The Essay on Man.

I am going to see one I love tenderly, and tomorrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends it is by the courtesy of England. Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras. While we do live we must make the best of life.

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædat) eamus—

as the shepherd said in Virgil when the road was long and heavy.
I am yours.

CXXIII.

In the midst of Dr. Berkeley's voluminous and not very lively correspondence there is a refreshing descriptive account of the Island of Inarime (the modern Ischia), addressed to Pope from the Doctor's winter quarters at Naples.

Dr. Berkeley to Alexander Pope.

Naples: October 22, 1717.

I have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few, who (in any age) have come up to that character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an island where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. 'The island Inarime is an epitome of the whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The

fields in the northern side are divided by hedgerows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene, is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island (once a terrible Volcano, by the ancients called Mons Epomeus). Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits, the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Lastrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna felice, make but a part of this noble landscape; which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing, as your own, to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of sixteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours. Besides the gaiety of their churches (where folks go to see what they call una bella Devotione, i.e. a sort of religious opera), they make fireworks almost every week out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras out of devotion; and (what is still more strange) the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion: in a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation.

Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed nowhere else in Italy; however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me not long since, that, being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work; and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe, that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by your, &c.

CXXIV.

This is doubtless one of those letters which Pope, in pretending to address to a friend, addressed in reality to posterity. It reads very like one of Addison's 'Saturday Spectators.'

A deep experience of 'that long disease, my life,' gave Pope an unusual right to moralise on the vanity of human ambition, and we have seldom an opportunity of admiring him so sincerely as when we find him indulging in this wise and wholesome strain. Yet to Steele, the most spontaneous of letter-writers, the measured cadences of Pope's epistolary style must have seemed, as they seem to us, with all their beauty, a little artificial.

Alexander Pope to Richard Steele.

July 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind and of his body in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and I hope have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Then, surely, sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old

age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thought of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength, and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me: it has afforded me several prospects of my danger, and has given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconscious as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, 'What care I for the house, I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessive weak as I now am, I may say with conscience that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily and marry as fast as they were used to do.

'The memory of man,' as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom, 'passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day.'

There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken

away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c. I am, yours, &c.

A. POPE.

CXXV.

This letter is selected, firstly, because it is an interesting specimen of Pope's power of conveying in prose what no writer in ancient or modern literature has approached him in conveying in verse—compliment; secondly, because it contains the famous description of the lovers killed by lightning, a description which Thackeray has so justly chosen for encomium.

Alexander Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

1716.

Madam,—I have been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that 'twas to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people. I prodigiously long for your Sonnets, your Remarks, your Oriental Learning;—but I long for nothing so much as your Oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence, (that is, truth,) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul so much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many damned European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident 'tis the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe. But I forget

whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the Prophet, that you have none; if so, shew me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond casket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in Romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five and twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah, when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed, (it was on the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if

Heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another : those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stept to the place where they lay : they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair,—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to secure her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire ! where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one : I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better : I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
 On the same pile their faithful Fair expire ;
 Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
 And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
 Hearts so sincere, th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
 Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
 A pair so faithful could expire ;
 Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd
 And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate :
 When God calls Virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
 Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument, unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear

from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one, who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation, from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman* and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of *Odaliche*. Dear Madam, I am for ever

Your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

CXXVI.

This letter, written during a visit to Bolingbroke's villa at Dawley, gives us a pleasant glimpse of that restless politician in the midst of those rural pursuits which he loved to affect. There is, we may suspect, more elegance than sincerity in the poet's language. He probably cared as little as his patron for haycocks and rakes; though Pope, as many of his letters prove, was not so insensible to the beauties of the country as some of his critics would insist.

Alexander Pope to Dean Swift.

Dawley: June 28, 1728.

I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks, but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus—while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Antony. It is upon a foresight of this

that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that his scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours he finds are purged out of him ; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers ; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for £200 to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm—now turn over a new leaf.—He bids me assure you he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends than of ambition for himself ; there, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong ; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The 'Dunciad' is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with proeme, prolegomena, testimonia scriptorum, index authorum, and notes variorum. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best ; whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics ; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem ; or historical, of persons, places, times ; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill.

Dr. Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals ; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man : I am troubled about him very much : I am, &c.

CXXVII.

From early youth, when he would compose billets-doux for young damsels, to those later days when he corresponded with the coterie of ladies who criticised 'Pamela,' and 'Clarissa,' Samuel Richardson pursued his hobby of writing and receiving letters. Mrs. Barbauld published this correspondence with her biography of the novelist, but the interest of the letters expired with the century in which they were written. Mr. Aaron Hill was the writer who pretended to despise the public taste in literature of his day, and who prophesied that he would be read and admired when Pope was forgotten.

Samuel Richardson to Aaron Hill.

October 27, 1748.

Dear Sir,—With regard to some parts of your favour of the nineteenth, I will only say that I am too much pained on your account to express anything but my pain. A mind so noble! so generous! so underrating intentional good from himself! so overrating trifling benefits from others! But no more on this subject. You are an alien, Sir, in this world; and no wonder that the base world treat you as such.

You are so very earnest about transferring to me the copyright to all your works, that I will only say, that that point must be left to the future issues of things. But I will keep account. I will, though I were to know how to use the value of your favours as to those issues (never can I the value of your generous intentions). You will allow me to repeat, *I will keep account*. It is therefore time enough to think of the blank receipt you have had the goodness to send me to fill up.

Would to heaven that all men had the same (I am sure I may call it just) opinion of your works that I have! But—shall I tell you, Sir?—The world, the taste of the world, is altered since you withdrew from it. Your writings require thought to read, and to take in their whole force; and the world has no thought to bestow. Simplicity is all their cry; yet hardly do these criers know what they mean by the noble word. They may see a thousand beauties obvious to the eye: but if there lie jewels in the mine that require labour to come at, they will not dig. I do not think, that were Milton's *Paradise Lost* to be now published as a new work, it

would be well received. Shakespeare, with all his beauties, would, as a modern writer, be hissed off the stage. Your sentiments, even they will have it who allow them to be noble, are too munificently adorned: and they want you to descend to their level. Will you, Sir, excuse me this freedom? Yet I can no longer excuse myself, to the love and to the veneration mingled that I bear to you, if I do not acquaint you with what the world you wish to mend says of your writings. And yet for my own part, I am convinced that the fault lies in that indolent (that lazy, I should rather call it) world. You would not, I am sure, wish to write to a future age only.—A chance too so great, that posterity will be mended by what shall be handed down to them by this. And few, very few are they who make it their study and their labour, to stem the tide of popular disapprobation or prejudice. Besides, I am of opinion that it is necessary for a genius to accommodate itself to the mode and taste of the world it is cast into, since works published in this age must take root in it to flourish in the next.

As to your title, Sir, which you are pleased to require my opinion of, let me premise, that there was a time, and that within my own remembrance, when a pompous title was almost necessary to promote the sale of a book. But the booksellers, whose business is to watch the taste and foibles of the public, soon (as they never fail on such occasions to do) wore out that fashion: and now, verifying the old observation, that good wine needs no bush, a pompous or laboured title is looked upon as a certain sign of want of merit in the performance, and hardly ever becomes an invitation to the purchaser.

As to your particular title to this great work, I have your pardon to beg, if I refer to your consideration, whether epic, truly epic, as the piece is, you would choose to call it epic in the title-page; since hundreds who will see the title, will not, at the time, have seen your admirable definition of the word. Excuse, Sir, this freedom also, and excuse these excuses.—I am exceedingly pressed in time, and shall be for some time to come, or, sloven as I am in my pen, this should not have gone.

God forbid that I should have given you cause to say, as a recommendation, that there will be more prose than verse in your future works! I believe, Sir, that Mr. Garrick in particular has

not in any manner entered into vindictive reflections. I never saw him on the stage; but of late I am pretty well acquainted with him. I know he honours you. But he thinks you above the present low taste; (this I speak in confidence) and once I heard him say as much, and wish that you could descend to it. Hence one of the reasons that have impelled me to be so bold as I have been in this letter.

The occasion of the black wax I use, is the loss of an excellent sister. We loved each other tenderly! But my frequent, I might say constant, disorders of the nervous kind ought to remind me, as a consolation, of David's self-comfort on the death of his child, perhaps oftener than it does, immersed as I am in my own trifles, and in business, that the common parental care permits me not to quit, though it becomes every day more irksome to me than another.

I am, Sir,

With true affection,

Your most faithful,

and obedient servant

S. RICHARDSON.

CXXVIII.

This was written by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her future husband shortly before her marriage, and is surely one of the most curious love-letters ever penned by a young lady to her betrothed.

She seems, however, to have been as fond of her husband as her cold and unwomanly nature would permit her to be of any man. The story of their married life is a singularly unromantic romance.

*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (then Pierrepont) to
E. W. Montagu Esq.*

March, 1711.

Though your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say, that I despise the pleasure of pleasing people whom I despise: all the fine equipages that shine in the ring never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt

for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart, and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel, at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, &c., supposing I was at the very summit of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please : did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station, happier with you, than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours, that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement ; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again ; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way in which I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world ; and everything we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship, I mean an entire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided ; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble, than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine Lady or a fine Gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse ; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough, not to think this science romantic : I rather choose to use the word friendship, than love ; because in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason : and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of friendship and esteem and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays ; how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself : I may

want the good sense, that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less, upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget that you have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a declaration: I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible, to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power: but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart: if you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do I need add no further. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one who loves me. I do not desire my letter back again: you have honour and I dare trust you. I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there: it depends upon you in what manner.

M. P.

CXXIX.

We have here the first announcement of that great discovery—inoculation for small-pox, which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was the first European to adopt. Amid much opposition on the part of English physicians she had the courage to introduce it into this country, inoculating by way of experiment her own child.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Mrs. S. C——.

Adrianople: April 1, 1717.

In my opinion, Dear S——, I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great number of Greeks, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian

to live easily under this government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are the greater is their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the plague have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than in a fever. As a proof of this, let me tell you that we passed through two or three towns most violently affected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of those places) two persons died of it. Luckily for me I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our second cook who fell ill here had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both arrived here in good health, and I am now let into the secret that he has had the plague. There are many that escape it; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded that it would be as easy a matter to root it out here as out of Italy and France; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of ingrafting, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox: they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lye upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these

wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. When they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c. &c.

 CXXX.

Contains a description of the visit of the writer both to the Sultana Hafitén, and to the wife of the Deputy Grand Vizier. In none of her famous letters from the East are Lady Mary's descriptive powers seen to greater advantage. Word-painting has rarely been carried farther.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Mar.

Adrianople: April 18, 1717.

I wrote to you, dear Sister, and to all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear

to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without further preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the grandvizier's lady ; and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go incognita, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretess. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate ; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities ; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech ; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman ; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador. She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented.

I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an effendi at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of everything. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling censed my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands, and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the Kiyàya's¹ lady, saying he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the grand-Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the vizier's harem, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the grand-Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer.

¹ Kiyàya = Lieutenant-Deputy to Grand Vizier.

But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The room was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen, nay, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features, that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace. After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable, having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face.

Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such

easy motions, with an air, so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than bred and born for a queen, though educated in a country we called barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her. She was dressed in a caftán of gold brocade, flowered with silver very well fitted to her shape and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds; and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me. She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments, between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to

the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music from the bladder and string, or the marrow-bones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with the silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest Japan china, with soucoups of silver, gilt. Then lovely Fatima entertained me all this while in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often Guzel sultanum, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language. When I took my leave two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpretess. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help thinking that I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much was I charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of,

Yours, &c.

CXXXI.

There are few people who will not recognise the wisdom and justice of the following remarks, however paradoxically, and perhaps even cynically, they are stated. The writer's theory at all events may suggest some profitable reflections on a subject where reflection is rarer than it should be.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her Daughter, the Countess of Bute.

Love: November 1, 1751.

Dear Child,—I received yours of August 25, and my Lord Bute's obliging notice of your safe delivery at the same time. I

wish you joy of your young son, and of every thing else. You do not mention your father, by which I suppose he is not returned to England, and am in pain for his health, having heard but once from him since he left it, and know not whether he has received my letters. I dare say you need not be in any doubt of his good opinion of you ; for my part, I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart. I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory epistle on my own death, which I believe will be some affliction, though my life is wholly useless to you. That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it ; you are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace (and like most commonplace, false) argument, as exacting any return of affection. There was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time, and no obligation on either side. In the case of your infancy, there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce even put that in the number of the proofs I have given you of my love ; but I confess I think it a great one, if you compare my after conduct towards you with that of other mothers, who generally look on their children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them ; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all self-interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend. Absence and distance have not the power to lessen any part of my tenderness for you, which extends to all yours, and I am ever your most affectionate mother

M. W. M.

I play at whist an hour or two every afternoon. The fashion here is to play for the collation, so that the losers have at least the consolation of eating part of their money.

CXXXII.

In a former letter Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had sent some hints about the education of children; and she now continues the topic.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Bute.

February 19; 1753.

My dear Child,—I gave you some general thoughts on the education of your children in my last letter; but fearing you should think I neglected your request, by answering it with too much conciseness, I am resolved to add to it what little I know on that subject, and which may perhaps be useful to you in a concern, with which you seem so nearly affected.

People commonly educate their children as they build their houses, according to some plan they think beautiful, without considering whether it is suited to the purposes for which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they were to be great ladies, which is often as little to be expected, as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to conform their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life; but 'tis a fatal mistake to do this, without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences.

Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity, are all great virtues; but pursued, without discretion, become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill humour by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation, by saying I love to speak truth. One of your acquaintances made a ball the next day after her mother died, to shew she was sincere. I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction, and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are

applauding themselves on the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

I cannot help adding (out of my real affection to you), that I wish you would moderate that fondness you have for your children. I do not mean you should abate any part of your care, or not do your duty to them in its utmost extent; but I would have you early prepare yourself for disappointments, which are heavy in proportion to their being surprising. It is hardly possible, in such a number, that none should be unhappy; prepare yourself against a misfortune of that kind. I confess there is hardly any more difficult to support; yet, it is certain, imagination has a great share in the pain of it, and it is more in our power (than it is commonly believed) to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil, I mean acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over.

There is another mistake, I forgot to mention, usual in mothers: if any of their daughters are beauties, they take great pains to persuade them that they are ugly, or at least that they think so, which the young woman never fails to believe springs from envy, and is perhaps not much in the wrong. I would, if possible, give them a just notion of their figure, and shew them how far it is valuable. Every advantage has its price, and may be either over or undervalued. It is the common doctrine of (what are called) good books, to inspire a contempt of beauty, riches, greatness, &c. which has done as much mischief among the young of our sex as an over eager desire of them. Why they should not look on those things as blessings where they are bestowed, though not necessities that it is impossible to be happy without, I cannot conceive. I am persuaded the ruin of lady — was in great measure owing to the notions given her by the good people that had the care of her. 'Tis true, her circumstances and your daughters are very different: they should be taught to be content with privacy, and yet not neglect good fortune, if it should be offered them.

I am afraid I have tired you with my instructions. I do not give them as believing my age has furnished me with superior wisdom, but in compliance with your desire, and being fond of

every opportunity that gives a proof of the tenderness with which I am ever

Your affectionate mother

M. WORTLEY.

I should be glad if you sent me the third volume of Campbell's Architecture, and with it any other entertaining books. I have seen the Duchess of Marlborough's Memoirs, but should be glad of the apology for a late resignation. As to the ale, 'tis now so late in the year, it is impossible it should come good. You do not mention your father; my last letter from him told me he intended soon for England.

CXXXIII.

This letter was evidently written after reading the political and philosophical works of Lord Bolingbroke, which had been published by Mallet the year before. A better criticism of that brilliant and unprincipled statesman could scarcely be found; the estimate of Madame de Sevigné must be received with some caution.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Bute.

Love: July 20, 1754.

My dear Child,—I have now read over the books you were so good to send, and intend to say something of them all, though some are not worth speaking of. I shall begin, in respect to his dignity, with Lord Bolingbroke, who is a glaring proof how far vanity can blind a man, and how easy it is to varnish over to one's self the most criminal conduct. He declares he always loved his country, though he confesses he endeavoured to betray her to popery and slavery; and loved his friends, though he abandoned them in distress, with all the blackest circumstances of treachery. His account of the peace of Utrecht is almost equally unfair or partial. I shall allow that, perhaps, the views of the Whigs, at that time, were too vast, and the nation, dazzled by military glory, had hopes too sanguine; but surely the same terms that the French consented to, at the treaty of Gertruydenberg, might have been obtained; or if the displacing of the Duke of Marlborough raised the spirits of our enemies to a degree of refusing what they had before offered, how can he excuse the guilt of removing him from the head of a victorious army, and exposing us to submit

to any articles of peace, being unable to continue the war? I agree with him, that the idea of conquering France is a wild extravagant notion, and would, if possible, be impolitic; but she might have been reduced to such a state, as would have rendered her incapable of being terrible to her neighbours for some ages: nor should we have been obliged, as we have done almost ever since, to bribe the French ministers to let us live in quiet. So much for his political reasonings, which I confess, are delivered in a florid, easy style; but I cannot be of Lord Orrery's opinion, that he is one of the best English writers. Well turned periods, or smooth lines, are not the perfection either of prose or verse; they may serve to adorn, but can never stand in the place of good sense. Copiousness of words, however ranged, is always false eloquence, though it will ever impose on some sort of understandings. How many readers and admirers has Madame de Sevigné, who only gives us, in a lively manner, and fashionable phrases, mean sentiments, vulgar prejudices, and endless repetitions? Sometimes the tittle tattle of a fine lady, sometimes that of an old nurse, always tittle tattle; yet so well gilt over by airy expressions, and a flowing style, she will always please the same people to whom Lord Bolingbroke will shine as a first rate author. She is so far to be excused, as her letters were not intended for the press; while he labours to display to posterity all the wit and learning he is master of, and sometimes spoils a good argument by a profusion of words, running out into several pages a thought that might have been more clearly expressed in a few lines, and, what is more, often falls into contradiction and repetitions, which are almost unavoidable to all voluminous writers, and can only be forgiven to those retailers, whose necessity compels them to diurnal scribbling, who load their meaning with epithets, and run into digressions, because (in the jockey phrase) it rids ground, that is, covers a certain quantity of paper, to answer the demand of the day. A great part of Lord Bolingbroke's letters are designed to shew his reading, which, indeed, appears to have been very extensive; but I cannot perceive that such a minute account of it can be of any use to the pupil he pretends to instruct, nor can I help thinking he is far below either Tillotson or Addison, even in style, though the latter was sometimes more diffuse than his judgment approved, to furnish out the length of a daily 'Spectator.' I own I have small regard for

Lord Bolingbroke as an author, and the highest contempt for him as a man. He came into the world greatly favoured both by nature and fortune, blest with a noble birth, heir to a large estate, endowed with a strong constitution, and, as I have heard, a beautiful figure, high spirits, a good memory, and a lively apprehension, which was cultivated by a learned education : all these glorious advantages, being left to the direction of a judgment stifled by unbounded vanity, he dishonoured his birth, lost his estate, ruined his reputation, and destroyed his health, by a wild pursuit of eminence even in vice and trifles.

I am far from making misfortune a matter of reproach. I know there are accidental occurrences not to be foreseen or avoided by human prudence, by which a character may be injured, wealth dissipated, or a constitution impaired : but I think I may reasonably despise the understanding of one who conducts himself in such a manner as naturally produces such lamentable consequences, and continues in the same destructive paths to the end of a long life, ostentatiously boasting of morals and philosophy in print, and with equal ostentation bragging of the scenes of low debauchery in public conversation, though deplorably weak both in mind and body, and his virtue and his vigour in a state of non-existence. His confederacy with Swift and Pope puts me in mind of that of Bessus and his sword-men, in the King and No King, who endeavour to support themselves by giving certificates of each other's merit.

Pope has triumphantly declared that they may do and say whatever silly things they please, they will still be the greatest geniuses nature ever exhibited. I am delighted with the comparison given of their benevolence, which is indeed most aptly figured by a circle in the water, which widens till it comes to nothing at all ; but I am provoked at Lord Bolingbroke's misrepresentation of my favourite Atticus, who seems to have been the only Roman that, from good sense, had a true notion of the times in which he lived ; in which the republic was inevitably perishing, and the two factions, who pretended to support it, equally endeavouring to gratify their ambition in its ruin. A wise man, in that case, would certainly declare for neither, and try to save himself and family from the general wreck, which could not be done but by a superiority of understanding acknowledged

on both sides. I see no glory in losing life or fortune by being the dupe of either, and very much applaud the conduct which could preserve an universal esteem amidst the fury of opposite parties. We are obliged to act vigorously, where action can do any good; but in a storm, when it is impossible to work with success, the best hands and ablest pilots may laudably gain the shore if they can. Atticus could be a friend to men, without awaking their resentment, and be satisfied with his own virtue without seeking popular fame: he had the reward of his wisdom in his tranquillity, and will ever stand among the few examples of true philosophy, either ancient or modern.

You must forgive this tedious dissertation. I hope you read in the same spirit I write, and take as proofs of affection whatever is sent you by your truly affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

CXXXIV.

From the year 1739 to the year 1761 Lady Wortley Montagu resided in Italy, keeping up a continual correspondence with her daughter and other friends in England. To this period belong some of the most charming of her letters. They are less ambitious and elaborate than her more celebrated letters written during Mr. Wortley's Embassy.

The graceful cynicism of Horace and Pope has perhaps never been more successfully reproduced in prose than in the following letter.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her Daughter, the Countess of Bute.

Love: September 30, 1757.

My dear Child,—Lord Bute has been so obliging as to let me know your safe delivery, and the birth of another daughter: may she be as meritorious in your eyes as you are in mine! I can wish nothing better to you both, though I have some reproaches to make you.

Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favourite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We

have all our playthings; happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain: those hours are spent in the wisest manner, that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a pooker, with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion: he fortifies his health by exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but, if he improves his strength and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.

I have not heard of your father of a long time. I hope he is well, because you do not mention him.

I am ever dear child,
Your most affectionate mother,
M. WORTLEY.

CXXXV.

The letters of the Earl of Chesterfield to his son (nearly 400 in number) extend over a period of thirty years. The earliest date is 1738; the last epistle was written on Oct. 17, 1768. The following month Philip Stanhope died; his father survived him by nearly five years. In 1774, the son's widow—Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope—published the correspondence, but the letters were never intended for publication. Lord Macaulay, writing to Mr. Napier in 1833, remarked: 'When I said that Lord Chesterfield had lost by the publication of his letters, I of course considered that he had much to lose; that he has left an immense reputation, founded on the testimony of all

his contemporaries of all parties, for wit, taste, and eloquence ; that what remains of his Parliamentary oratory is superior to anything of that time that has come down to us, except a little of Pitt's. The utmost that can be said of the letters is that they are the letters of a cleverish man ; and there are not many which are entitled even to that praise. I think he would have stood higher if we had been left to judge of his powers—as we judge of those of Chatham, Mansfield, and Lord Townsend, and many others—only by tradition, and by fragments of speeches preserved in Parliamentary reports.'

The Earl of Chesterfield to his Son, Philip Stanhope, Esq.

London : November 24, 1747.

Dear Boy,—As often as I write to you (and that you know is pretty often) so often am I in doubt whether it is to any purpose, and whether it is not labour and paper lost. This entirely depends upon the degree of reason and reflection which you are master of, or think proper to exert. If you give yourself time to think, and have sense enough to think right, two reflections must necessarily occur to you ; the one is, that I have a great deal of experience and that you have none ; the other is, that I am the only man living who cannot have, directly or indirectly, any interest concerning you, but your own. From which two undeniable principles, the obvious and necessary conclusion is, that you ought, for your own sake, to attend to and follow my advice.

If, by the application which I recommend to you, you acquire great knowledge, you alone are the gainer ; I pay for it. If you should deserve either a good or a bad character, mine will be exactly what it is now, and will neither be the better in the first case, nor the worse in the latter. You alone will be the gainer or the loser.

Whatever your pleasures may be, I neither can nor shall envy you them, as old people are sometimes suspected, by young people, to do ; and I shall only lament, if they should prove such as are unbecoming a man of honour, or below a man of sense. But you will be the real sufferer, if they are such. As therefore it is plain that I have no other motive than that of affection in whatever I say to you, you ought to look upon me as your best, and for some years to come, your only friend.

True friendship requires certain proportions of age and manners, and can never subsist where they are extremely different, except in the relations of parent and child ; where affection on one

side, and regard on the other, make up the difference. The friendship which you may contract with people of your own age, may be sincere, may be warm ; but must be for some time reciprocally unprofitable, as there can be no experience on either side.

The young leading the young, is like the blind leading the blind ; ‘ they will both fall into the ditch.’ The only sure guide is he who has often gone the road which you want to go. Let me be that guide : who have gone all roads ; and who can consequently point out to you the best. If you ask me why I went any of the bad roads myself, I will answer you very truly, that is for want of a good guide ; ill example invited me one way, and a good guide was wanting to show me a better. But if anybody, capable of advising me, had taken the same pains with me, which I have taken, and will continue to take with you, I should have avoided many follies and inconveniences, which undirected youth ran me into. My father was neither able nor desirous to advise me ; which is what I hope you cannot say of yours. You see that I make use only of the word *advise* ; because I would much rather have the assent of your reason to my advice, than the submission of your will to my authority. This, I persuade myself, will happen, from that degree of sense which I think you have ; and therefore I will go on advising, and with hopes of success. You are now settled for some time at Leipsic : the principal object of your stay there is the knowledge of books and sciences ; which if you do not, by attention and application, make yourself master of while you are there, you will be ignorant of them all the rest of your life : and take my word for it a life of ignorance is not only a very contemptible, but a very tiresome one. Redouble your attention, then, to Mr Harte, in your private studies of the Literæ Humaniores, especially Greek. State your difficulties whenever you have any ; do not suppress them either from mistaken shame, lazy indifference or in order to have done the sooner. Do the same with Professor Mascow, or any other professor.

When you have thus usefully employed your mornings, you may with a safe conscience divert yourself in the evenings, and make those evenings very useful too, by passing them in good company, and, by observation and attention, learning as much of the world as Leipsic can teach you. You will observe and imitate the manners of the people of the best fashion there ; not that they

are (it may be) the best manners in the world ; but because they are the best manners of the place where you are, to which a man of sense always conforms. The nature of things is always and everywhere the same : but the modes of them vary, more or less in every country ; and an easy and genteel conformity to them, or rather the assuming of them at proper times and in proper places, is what particularly constitutes a man of the world, and a well-bred man.

Here is advice enough I think, and too much it may be you will think, for one letter : if you follow it, you will get knowledge, character and pleasure by it ; if you do not, I only lose *operam et oleum*, which, in all events, I do not grudge you.

I send you by a person who sets out this day for Leipsic, a small packet containing some valuable things which you left behind ; to which I have added, by way of New Year's gift, a very pretty tooth-pick case : and, by the way, pray take care of your teeth, and keep them extremely clean. I have likewise sent you the Greek roots lately translated into English from the French of the Port Royal. Inform yourself what the Port Royal is. To conclude, with a quibble : I hope you will not only feed upon the Greek roots, but likewise digest them perfectly.

Adieu.

CXXXVI.

The Earl of Chesterfield to his Son.

London: December 18, 1747.

Dear Boy,—As two mails are now due from Holland I have no letters of your's or Mr Harte's to acknowledge, so that this letter is the effect of that *scribendi cacoethes*, which my fears, my hopes, and my doubts concerning you, give me. When I have wrote you a very long letter upon any subject, it is no sooner gone but I think I have omitted something in it which might be of use to you, and then I prepare the supplement for the next post ; or else some new subject occurs to me, upon which I fancy I can give you some information, or point out some rules, which may be advantageous to you. This sets me to writing again, though God knows whether to any purpose or not : a few years more can only ascertain that. But, whatever my success may be my anxiety

and my care can only be the effects of that tender affection which I have for you, and which you cannot represent to yourself greater than it really is. But do not mistake the nature of that affection, and think it of a kind that you may with impunity abuse. It is not natural affection, there being in reality no such thing; for, if there were, some inward sentiment must necessarily and reciprocally discover the parent to the child, and the child to the parent without any exterior indications, knowledge, or acquaintance whatsoever; which never happened since the creation of the world, whatever Poets, Romance or Novel-writers and such sentiment-mongers, may be pleased to say to the contrary. Neither is my affection for you that of a mother, of which the only, or at least the chief, objects are health and life: I wish you them both most heartily; but at the same time I confess they are by no means my principal care.

My object is to have you fit to live; which if you are not, I do not desire that you should live at all. My affection for you then is, and only will be, proportioned to your merit; which is the only affection that one rational being ought to have for another.

Hitherto I have discovered nothing wrong in your heart or head: on the contrary, I think I see sense in the one and sentiments in the other. This persuasion is the only motive for my present affection; which will either increase or diminish according to your merit or demerit. If you have the knowledge, the honour, and the probity which you may have, the marks and warmth of my affection shall amply reward them; but if you have them not, my aversion and indignation will rise in the same proportion; and in that case, remember that I am under no further obligation than to give you the necessary means of subsisting. If ever we quarrel, do not expect or depend upon any weakness in my nature, for a reconciliation, as children frequently do, and often meet with, from silly parents. I have no such weakness about me; and as I will never quarrel with you but upon some essential point, if once we quarrel I will never forgive. But I hope and believe that this declaration (for it is no threat) will prove unnecessary. You are no stranger to the principles of virtue; and surely who ever knows virtue must love it. As for knowledge you have already enough of it to engage you to acquire more. The ignorant only either despise it, or think that they have enough: those who have the

most are always the most desirous to have more, and know that the most they can have is alas! but too little.

Reconsider from time to time, and retain the friendly advice which I send you. The advantage will be all your own.

CXXXVII.

'Autres temps autres mœurs' may certainly *now* be said of the remarks made in this epistle concerning music. When the Earl of Chesterfield was a young man, music was the only fine art encouraged by his sovereign; indeed George I. was himself a performer on the violin. Perhaps this was a reason why the Earl laboured to make a fashionable and refined man of the rough and homely 'heir apparent' to the English throne.

The Earl of Chesterfield to his Son.

London: April 19, 1749.

Dear Boy,—This letter will, I believe, still find you at Venice, in all the dissipations of Masquerades, Ridottos, Operas, &c.; with all my heart; they are decent evening amusements, and very properly succeed that serious application to which I am sure you devote your mornings.

There are liberal and illiberal pleasures, as well as liberal and illiberal arts. There are some pleasures that degrade a gentleman, as much as some trades could do. Sottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports such as fox-chases, horse-races, &c., are in my opinion infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor, and a shoemaker, which are said to *déroger*.

As you are now in a musical country where singing, fiddling, and piping, are not only the common topics of conversation, but almost the principal objects of attention; I cannot help cautioning you against giving into those (I will call them illiberal) pleasures (though music is commonly reckoned one of the liberal arts) to the degree that most of your countrymen do when they travel in Italy. If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist on your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company; and takes up a great deal of time which might be much better employed. Few

things would mortify me more than to see you bearing part in a concert with a fiddle under your chin or a pipe in your mouth.

I have had a great deal of conversation with Comte du Perron and Comte Lascaris, upon your subject; and I will tell you, very truly, what Comte de Perron (who is, in my opinion, a very pretty man) said of you. 'Il a de l'esprit, un savoir peu commun à son âge, une grande vivacité, et quand il aura pris des manières il sera parfait; car il faut avouer qu'il sent encore le collège; mais cela viendra.' I was very glad to hear from one whom I think so good a judge, that you wanted nothing but *des manières*; which I am convinced you will now soon acquire in the company which henceforwards you are likely to keep. But I must add too, that if you should not acquire them, all the rest will be of very little use to you. By *manières* I do not mean bare common civility; everybody must have that who would not be kicked out of company: but I mean engaging, insinuating, shining manners; a distinguished politeness, an almost irresistible address; a superior gracefulness in all you say and do. It is this alone that can give all your other talents their full lustre and value; and consequently it is this which should now be the principal object of your attention. Observe minutely, wherever you go, the allowed and established models of good breeding, and form yourself upon them. Whatever pleases you most in others will infallibly please others in you. I have often repeated this to you; now is your time of putting it in practice.

Pray make my compliments to Mr. Harte; and tell him I have received his letter from Vienna, but that I shall not trouble him till I have received the other letter he promises me upon the subject of one of my last. I long to hear from him after your settlement at Turin; the months that you are to pass there will be very decisive ones for you. The exercises of the Academy, and the manners of Courts must be attended to and acquired, and, at the same time your other studies continued. I am sure you will not pass, nor desire, one single idle hour there; for I do not foresee that you can, in any part of your life, put out six months to greater interest than those next six at Turin.

We will talk hereafter about your stay at Rome and in other parts of Italy. This only I will recommend to you; which is, to extract the spirit of every place you go to. In those places, which

are only distinguished by classical fame, and valuable remains of antiquity, have your classics in your hand, and in your head; compare the ancient geography and descriptions with the modern; and never fail to take notes. Rome will furnish you with business enough of that sort; but then it furnishes you with many other objects well deserving your attention, such as deep ecclesiastical craft and policy. Adieu.

CXXXVIII.

The Earl of Chesterfield to his Son.

London: August 10, 1749.

Dear Boy,—Let us resume our reflections upon men, their characters, their manners; in a word, our reflections upon the World.

They may help you to form yourself, and to know others. A knowledge very useful at all ages, very rare at yours: it seems as if it were no body's business to communicate it to young men. Their masters teach them, singly, the languages, or the sciences of their several departments; and are indeed generally incapable of teaching them the World: their Parents are often so too, or at least neglect doing it; either from avocations, indifference, or from an opinion, that throwing them into the world (as they call it) is the best way of teaching it them. This last notion is in a great degree true; that is, the World can doubtless never be well known by theory; practice is absolutely necessary; but, surely, it is of great use to a young man, before he sets out for that country, full of mazes, windings, and turnings, to have at least a general map of it, made by some experienced traveller.

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity, either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependent, and led captain. It gives your inferiors, just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A

joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is had (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; frequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking; but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man, are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation: as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion; and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply, either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of

futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things. I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral character. They are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes may to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be: of such consequence is the *το πρεπον*, even though affected and put on! Pray read frequently, and with the utmost attention, nay get by heart if you can, that incomparable chapter in Cicero's Offices, upon the *το πρεπον* or the *Decorum*. It contains whatever is necessary for the dignity of Manners. In my next, I will send you a general map of Courts; a region yet unexplored by you; but which you are one day to inhabit. The ways are generally crooked and full of turnings, sometimes strewed with flowers, sometimes choked up with briars; rotten ground and deep pits frequently lie concealed under a smooth and pleasing surface: all the paths are slippery, and every slip is dangerous. Sense and discretion must accompany you at your first setting out; but, notwithstanding those, till experience is your guide, you will every now and then step out of your way, or stumble. Lady Chesterfield has just now received your German letter, for which she thanks you; she says the language is very correct; and I can plainly see the character is well formed, not to say better than your English character. Continue to write German frequently, that it may become quite familiar to you. Adieu.

 CXXXIX.

This letter, from a person not otherwise known, contains some important information, brightly recorded, regarding the famous actress Mrs. Oldfield, and the no less famous dramatist, George Farquhar.

Charles Taylour to the Publisher Rich.

November 25, 1730.

Sir,—In your memoirs of Mrs. Oldfield it may not be amiss to insert the following facts, on the truth of which you may depend.

Her father, Capt. Oldfield, not only ran out all the military, but the paternal bounds of his fortune, having a pretty estate in houses in Pall Mall. It was wholly owing to Capt. Farquhar that Mrs. Oldfield became an actress, from the following incident; dining one day at her aunt's, who kept the Mitre Tavern in St. James' Market, the poet heard Miss Nanny reading a play behind the bar with so proper an emphasis, and such agreeable turns, suitable to each character, that he swore the girl was cut out for the stage, for which she had before always expressed an inclination, being very desirous to try her fortune that way. Her mother, the next time she saw Mr. Vanbrugh, who had a great respect for the family, told him what was Capt. Farquhar's opinion, upon which he desired to know whether, in the plays she read, her fancy was most pleased with tragedy or comedy; miss, being called in, said 'comedy,' she having at that time gone through all Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies, and the play she was reading, when Capt. Farquhar dined there, being 'The Scornful Lady.' Mr. Vanbrugh, shortly after, recommended her to Mr. Christopher Rich, who took her into the theatre at the allowance of fifteen shillings a week. However, her agreeable figure and sweetness of voice, soon gave her the preference, in the opinion of the whole town, to all our young actresses, and his Grace, the late Duke of Bedford, being pleased to speak to Mr. Rich in her favour, he instantly raised her allowance to twenty shillings a week; her fame and salary soon afterwards rose to her just merit.

Your humble Servant,
CHARLES TAYLOUR.

SECTION III.

A.D. 1700-1800.

CXL.

The rise and progress of Methodism is as marked a feature of the reign of George II., as the spread of Puritanism is of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The Puritans were called into being by the injudicious activity of the Queen and her prelates against a body of men whose religious zeal rejected the superstitious ceremonies which were retained in order to win over the English Roman Catholics to the reformed faith; the Methodists supplied a want; their purpose was to infuse a little enthusiasm and discipline among the slack and lifeless regular clergy. Both Bishop Burnet, the Whig, and Bishop Atterbury, the Tory, coincide in their estimate of the sorry state of public worship at this period. If field-preaching was common in many popular districts, it was because there were no churches in them. No wonder then, that, as the Puritans grew from being an insignificant sect into a powerful political faction, the followers of John Wesley, in England alone, should have numbered 71,000 the year of their founder's death.

John Wesley to a Friend.

London: December 20, 1751.

My dear Friend,—I think the right method of preaching is this. At our first beginning to preach at any place, after a general declaration of the love of God to sinners, and His willingness that they should be saved, to preach the law, in the strongest, the closest, the most searching manner possible.

After more and more persons are convinced of sin, we may mix more and more of the gospel, in order to beget faith, to raise into spiritual life those whom the law hath slain. I would not advise to preach the law without the gospel, any more than the gospel without the law. Undoubtedly, both should be preached in their turns; yea, both at once, or both in one. All the conditional promises are instances of this. They are law and gospel mixed together.

In this manner, not only my brother and I, but Mr. Maxfield, Nelson, James Jones, Westall, and Reeves, all preached at the

beginning. By this preaching, it pleased God to work those mighty effects in London, Bristol, Kingswood, Yorkshire, and Newcastle. By means of this, twenty-nine persons received remission of sins, in one day, at Bristol only; most of them, while I was opening and enforcing our Lord's sermon on the mount. In this manner John Downes, John Bennet, John Haughton, and all the other Methodists, preached, till James Wheatley came among them. The change he has introduced has done great harm to David Tratham, Thomas Webb, Robert Swindells, and John Maddern; all of whom are but shadows of what they were. It has likewise done great harm to hearers as well as preachers, diffusing among them a prejudice against the scriptural Methodist manner of preaching Christ, so that they can no longer hear the plain old truth, with profit or pleasure, nay hardly with patience. The gospel preachers, so called, corrupt their hearers, and they vitiate their taste. They feed them with sweetmeats, till the genuine wine of the Kingdom seems quite insipid to them. They give them cordial upon cordial, which make them all life and spirit for the present; but, meantime, their appetite is destroyed, so that they can neither retain nor digest the pure milk of the word.

According to the constant observations I have made, in all parts both of England and Ireland, preachers of this kind spread death, not life, among their hearers. This was the case when I went last into the north. For some time before my coming, John Downes had scarce been able to preach at all; the three others, in the round, were such as style themselves 'gospel preachers.' When I came to review the societies, with great expectation of finding a vast increase, I found most of them lessened by one third. One was entirely broken up. That of Newcastle was less by a hundred members than when I visited it before; and, of those that remained, the far greater number, in every place, were cold, weary, heartless, and dead. Such were the blessed effects of *this gospel*-preaching! of this new method of *preaching Christ*.

On the other hand, when, in my return, I took an account of the societies in Yorkshire, chiefly under the care of John Nelson, one of the *old* way, I found them all alive, strong, and vigorous of soul, believing, loving, and praising God their Saviour; and increased in number from eighteen or nineteen hundred to upwards

of three thousand. These had been continually fed with wholesome food. From the beginning they had been taught both the law and the gospel. God loves *you*; therefore love and obey *Him*. Christ died for *you*; therefore die to sin. Christ is risen; therefore rise in the image of God. Christ liveth evermore; therefore live to God, till you live with Him in glory.

So *we* preached; and so *you* believed. This is the scriptural way, the *Methodist* way, the true way. God grant we may never turn therefrom, to the right hand or to the left.

I am, my dear friend, your ever affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

CXLI.

Would that a few 'gospel-preachers' would take this bit of advice to heart.

John Wesley to John King (one of his Preachers in America).

Near Leeds: July 28, 1775.

My dear Brother,—Always take advice or reproof as a favour: it is the surest mark of love.

I advised you once, and you took it as an affront; nevertheless I will do it once more.

Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me, whom He has set over you.

Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord, 'He shall not *cry*'; the word properly means, He shall not *scream*. Herein, be a follower of me, as I am of Christ. I often speak loud, often vehemently, but I never scream, I never strain myself. I dare not. I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul. Perhaps one reason why that good man, Thomas Walsh, yea, and John Manners too, were in such grievous darkness before they died, was, because they shortened their own lives.

O John, pray for an advisable and teachable temper! By nature you are very far from it: you are stubborn and headstrong. Your last letter was written in a very wrong spirit. If you cannot take advice from others, surely you might take it from your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

CXLII.

But John Wesley was an autocrat. He did not wish to secede from the Church of England, but to kindle a little ardour in the ranks of a sluggish ministry. To this end he drew his travelling preachers chiefly from the workshop and the plough, and satisfied himself of their fitness to be his lieutenants. These men he shifted about from city to city, and insisted on their implicit obedience to his wishes and injunctions. The following letter was written at a time when there were symptoms of insubordination, in regard to Wesley's claims to have the sole and exclusive power of making appointments. A conference of preachers had appointed a man to a vacant pulpit and 'pious John' immediately expelled him; but Wesley seems to have forgotten that the THEN flourishing condition of Methodism was not the consequence of his own individual energy, and that his 160 itinerant preachers counted for something in a vast success. Horace Walpole wrote as early as 1749: 'Methodism in the metropolis is more fashionable than anything but brag; the women play very deep at both.'

John Wesley to Charles Wesley.

January, 1780.

My dear Brother,—You seem not to have well considered the Rules of a Helper, or the rise of Methodism. It pleased God, by me, to awaken, first my brother, and then a few others; who severally desired of me, as a favour, that I would direct them in all things. After my return from Georgia, many were both awakened and converted to God. One and another, and another of these desired to join with me as sons in the gospel, to be directed by me. I drew up a few plain rules (observe there was no conference in being!) and permitted them to join me on these conditions. Whoever, therefore, violates these conditions, particularly that of being directed by me in the work, does, *ipso facto*, disjoin himself from me. This brother M'Nab has done (but he cannot see that he has done amiss): and he would have it a common cause; that is, he would have all the preachers do the same. He thinks 'they have a right so to do.' So they have. They have a right to disjoin themselves from me whenever they please. But they cannot, in the nature of the thing, join with me any longer than they are directed by me. And what if fifty of the preachers disjoin themselves! What should I lose thereby? Only a great deal of labour

and care, which I do not seek ; but endure, because no one else either can or will.

You seem likewise to have quite a wrong idea of a conference. For above six years after my return to England, there was no such thing. I then desired some of my preachers to meet me, in order to advise, not control, me. And you may observe, they had no power at all, but what I exercised through them. I chose to exercise the power which God had given me in this manner, both to avoid ostentation, and gently to habituate the people to obey them when I should be taken from their head. But as long as I remain with them, the fundamental rule of Methodism remains inviolate. As long as any preacher joins with me, he is to be directed by me in his work. Do not you see then, that brother M'Nab, whatever his intentions might be, acted as wrong as wrong could be ? and that the representing of this as the common cause of the preachers was the way to common destruction, the way to turn their heads, and to set them in arms ? It was a blow at the very root of Methodism. I could not, therefore, do less than I did ; it was the very least that could be done, for fear that evil should spread. I do not willingly speak of these things at all ; but I do it now out of necessity ; because I perceive the mind of you, and some others, is a little hurt by not seeing them in a true light.

I am, your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

CXLIII.

When Lord Lyttleton followed Henry Fielding's example by marrying a second time, this congratulatory note was written by the once needy novelist to his patron. Fielding was indebted for his post of Justice of the Peace for Middlesex to Lord Lyttleton, and he was ever sensible of the benefaction. To the same kind patron he appealed successfully for his friend Edward Moore, known to us as the writer of the tragedy entitled 'The Gamester ;' for when Dodsley appointed Moore editor of the 'World,' Lyttleton beat up several fashionable contributors for him. With all his faults and eccentricities, Fielding was a generous and affectionate friend, and was as careless of the malicious prattle of Horace Walpole and the misrepresentations of his rival Richardson, as in early life he had been in choosing his company.

Henry Fielding to the Hon. George Lyttleton.

Bow Street : August 29, 1749.

Sir,—Permit me to bring up the rear of your friends in paying my compliments of congratulation on your late happy nuptials. There may, perhaps, be seasons when the rear may be as honourable a post in friendship as in war; and if so, such certainly must be every time of joy and felicity. Your present situation must be full of bliss; and so will be, I am confident, your future life from the same fountain. Nothing can equal the excellent character your lady bears amongst those of her own sex, and I never yet knew them speak well of a woman who did not deserve their good words. How admirable is your fortune in the matrimonial lottery! I will venture to say there is no man alive who exults more in this, or in any other happiness that can attend you, than myself, and you ought to believe me from the same reason that fully persuades me of the satisfaction you receive from any happiness of mine; this reason is that you must be sensible how much of it I owe to your goodness; and there is a great pleasure in gratitude, though I believe it second to that of benevolence, for of all the delights upon earth, none can equal the raptures which a good mind feels in conferring happiness on those whom we think worthy of it. This is the sweetest ingredient in power, and I solemnly protest I never wished for power more than a few days ago, for the sake of a man whom I love, the more, perhaps from the esteem I know he bears you than any other reason. This man is in love with a young creature of the most apparent worth who returns his affections. Nothing is wanting to make two very miserable people extremely blest, but a moderate portion of the greatest of human evils, so philosophers call it, and so it is called by divines, whose word is the rather to be taken as they are many of them more conversant with this evil than even the philosophers were. The name of this man is Moore, to whom you kindly destined the laurel, which, though it hath long been withered, may not probably soon drop from the brow of its present possessor. But there is another place of much the same value now vacant: it is that of deputy-licenser to the stage. Be not offended at this hint; for though I will own it impudent enough in one who hath

so many obligations of his own to you to venture to recommend another man to your favour, yet impudence itself may possibly be a virtue when exerted on behalf of a friend: at least I am the less ashamed of it, as I have known men remarkable for the opposite modesty, possess it without the mixture of any other quality. In this fault then you must indulge me—for should I ever see you as high in power as I wish, and as it is perhaps more my interest than your own that you should be, I shall be guilty of the like as often as I find a man in whom I can, after much intimacy, discover no want but that of the evil above mentioned. I beg you will do me the honour of making my compliments to your unknown lady, and believe me to be, with the highest esteem, respect, and gratitude,

Sir, your most obliged

Most obedient, humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

CXLIV.

After a year's absence, William Pitt, gouty and infirm, returned to his seat in the House of Commons to shine in the most memorable debate of the eighteenth century—on the American Stamp Act. When the result of the division was made known, the great Commoner was overwhelmed with applause, and Lord Stanhope writes: 'Every head was uncovered; and many persons in token of their respect and gratitude followed his chair home. On the other hand, hisses and revilings assailed, but did not daunt, the haughty and resolute Grenville.'

William Pitt to his Wife, Lady Chatham.

February 22, 1766 (past 4 o'clock).

Happy, indeed, was the scene of this glorious morning (for at past one we divided), when the sun of liberty shone once more benignly upon a country, too long benighted. My dear love, not all the applauding joy which the hearts of animated gratitude, saved from despair and bankruptcy, uttered in the lobby, could touch me, in any degree, like the tender and lively delight, which breathes in your warm and affectionate note.

All together, my dearest life, makes me not ill to-day after the immense fatigue, or not feeling that I am so. Wonder not if I should find myself in a placid and sober fever, for tumultuous

exultation you know I think not permitted to feeble mortal successes ; but my delight, heartfelt and solid as it is, must want its sweetest ingredient (if not its very essence) till I rejoice with my angel, and with her join in thanksgivings to protecting Heaven, for all our happy deliverances.

Thank you for the sight of Smith : his honest joy and affection charm me. Loves to the sweet babes, patriotic or not ; though I hope *impetuous William* is not behind in feelings of that kind. Send the saddle-horses if you please, so as to be in town early tomorrow morning. I propose, and hope, to execute my journey to Hayes by eleven.

Your ever loving husband.

W. PITT.

CXLV.

‘They form a grand group in my biographical picture,’ remarks James Boswell of the three letters forwarded to him by Warren Hastings in the month of December, 1790—the only letters he had received from Dr. Samuel Johnson. The one here selected is the best of the trio ; and in grace and finish it is scarcely inferior to any other of the epistles to be read in Boswell’s volumes on the ‘Life of Dr. Johnson.’

Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Hon. Warren Hastings.

March 30, 1774.

Sir,—Though I have had but little personal knowledge of you, I have had enough to make me wish for more ; and though it be now a longtimesince I was honoured by your visit, I had too much pleasure from it to forget it. By those whom we delight to remember, we are unwilling to be forgotten ; and therefore I cannot omit this opportunity of reviving myself in your memory by a letter which you will receive from the hands of my friend Mr. Chambers ; a man, whose purity of manners and vigour of mind are sufficient to make everything welcome that he brings. That this is my only reason for writing, will be too apparent by the uselessness of my letter to any other purpose. I have no questions to ask ; not that I want curiosity after either the ancient or present state of regions, in which have been seen all the power and splendour of wide-extended empire ; and which, as by some grant of natural superiority, supply the rest of the world with almost all that pride desires, and

luxury enjoys. But my knowledge of them is too scanty to furnish me with proper topics of enquiry. I can only wish for information; and hope, that a mind comprehensive like yours will find leisure, amidst the cares of your important station, to enquire into many subjects of which the European world either thinks not at all, or thinks with deficient intelligence and uncertain conjecture. I shall hope, that he who once intended to increase the learning of his country by the introduction of the Persian language, will examine nicely the traditions and histories of the East; that he will survey the wonders of its ancient edifices, and trace the vestiges of its ruined cities and that, at his return, we shall know the arts and opinions of a race of men, from whom very little has been hitherto derived.

You, Sir, have no need of being told by me, how much may be added by your attention and patronage to experimental knowledge and natural history. There are arts of manufacture practised in the countries in which you preside, which are yet very imperfectly known here, either to artificers or philosophers. Of the natural productions, animate and inanimate, we yet have so little intelligence, that our books are filled, I fear, with conjectures about things which an Indian peasant knows by his senses.

Many of those things my first wish is to see; my second to know by such accounts as a man like you will be able to give.

As I have not skill to ask proper questions, I have likewise no such access to great men as can enable me to send you any political information. Of the agitations of an unsettled government, and the struggles of a feeble ministry, care is doubtless taken to give you more exact accounts than I can obtain. If you are inclined to interest yourself much in public transactions, it is no misfortune to you to be so distant from them. That literature is not totally forsaking us, and that your favourite language is not neglected, will appear from the book, which I should have pleased myself more with sending, if I could have presented it bound; but time was wanting. I beg, however, Sir, that you will accept it from a man very desirous of your regard; and that if you think me able to gratify you by anything more important, you will employ me.

I am now going to take leave, perhaps a very long leave, of my dear Mr. Chambers. That he is going to live where you govern, may justly alleviate the regret of parting; and the hope of seeing

both him and you again, which I am not willing to mingle with doubt, must at present, comfort as it can, Sir,

Your most humble servant

SAM JOHNSON.

CXLVI.

The proudest man of his generation, the Earl of Chesterfield, met with a most crushing rebuff at the hands of Dr. Johnson. The great Lexicographer was not a proud man; but what he defined as his defensive pride was capable of producing the most galling results.

Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Earl of Chesterfield

February, 1775.

My Lord,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the World, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a

man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord

Your Lordship's most humble

most obedient servant

SAM JOHNSON.

CXLVII.

In this instance, however, we find Dr. Johnson gracefully apologising for unwittingly wounding the pride of the house of Rasay.

Dr. Samuel Johnson to the Laird of Rasay.

London: May 6, 1775.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Boswell has this day shewn me a letter, in which you complain of a passage in ‘the Journey to the Hebrides.’ My meaning is mistaken. I did not intend to say that you had personally made any cession of the rights of your house, or any acknowledgement of the superiority of M’Leod of Dunvegan. I only designed to express what I thought generally admitted,—that the house of Rasay allowed the superiority of the house of Dunvegan. Even this I now find to be erroneous, and will therefore omit or retract it in the next edition.

Though what I had said had been true, if it had been disagreeable to you, I should have wished it unsaid; for it is not my business to adjust precedence. As it is mistaken, I find myself disposed to correct it, both by my respect for you, and my reverence for truth. As I know not when the book will be reprinted, I have

desired Mr. Boswell to anticipate the correction in the Edinburgh papers.

This is all that can be done.

I hope I may now venture to desire that my compliments may be made, and my gratitude expressed, to Lady Rasay, Mr. Malcolm M'Leod, Mr. Donald M'Queen, and all the gentlemen and all the ladies whom I saw in the Island of Rasay; a place which I remember with too much pleasure and too much kindness, not to be sorry that my ignorance, or hasty persuasion, should, for a single moment, have violated its tranquillity.

I beg you all to forgive an undesigned and involuntary injury, and to consider me as,

Sir, your most obliged,
and most humble servant

SAM JOHNSON.

CXLVIII.

This question of precedence, so common North of the Tweed, reminds one of Sir Walter Scott's favourite letter in which Lord Macdonald makes reply to the head of the Glengarry family.

My dear Glengarry,

As soon as you can prove yourself to be *my chief* I shall be ready to acknowledge you; in the meantime, I am *yours*,

MACDONALD.

The three following letters tell of the final rupture of the friendship, extending over twenty years, of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. On June 30, 1784, Dr. Johnson, in common with the other executors under Mr. Thrale's will, received an intimation that Mrs. Thrale was actually married, or about to be married, to Mr. Piozzi, an Italian music-master.

Dr. Samuel Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi.

July 2, 1784.

Madam,—If I intepret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us *once more talk* together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered

you, and *served you*, I who long thought you the first of woman-kind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, Madam, most truly yours,

SAM JOHNSON.

I will come down, if you permit it.

CXLIX.

Dr. Samuel Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi.

London: July 8, 1784.

Dear Madam,—What you have done, however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me. I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere.

I wish that God may grant you every blessing, that you may be happy in this world for its short continuance, and eternally happy in a better state; and whatever I can contribute to your happiness I am very ready to repay, for that kindness which soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched.

Do not think slightly of the advice which I now presume to offer. Prevail upon Mr. Piozzi to settle in England: you may live here with more dignity than in Italy, and with more security; your rank will be higher, and your fortune more under your own eye. I desire not to detail all my reasons, but every argument of prudence and interest is for England, and only some phantoms of imagination seduce you to Italy. I am afraid, however, that my counsel is vain, yet I have eased my heart by giving it.

When Queen Mary took the resolution of sheltering herself in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, attempting to dissuade her, attended on her journey; and when they came to the irre-meable stream that separated the two Kingdoms, walked by her side into the water, in the middle of which he seized her bridle, and with earnestness proportioned to her danger and his own affection pressed her to return. The Queen went forward.—If the parallel reaches thus far, may it go no farther.—The tears stand in my eyes.

I am going into Derbyshire, and hope to be followed by your good wishes, for I am, with great affection,

Yours, &c.

CL.

Mrs. Piozzi to Dr. Samuel Johnson.

July 4, 1784.

Sir,—I have this morning received from you so rough a letter in reply to one which was both tenderly and respectfully written, that I am forced to desire the conclusion of a correspondence which I can bear to continue no longer.

The birth of my second husband is not meaner than that of my first ; his sentiments are not meaner ; his profession is not meaner, and his superiority in what he professes acknowledged by all mankind. It is want of fortune, then, that is ignominious ; the character of the man I have chosen has no other claim to such an epithet. The religion to which he has been always a zealous adherent will, I hope, teach him to forgive insults he has not deserved ; mine will, I hope, enable me to bear them at once with dignity and patience. To hear that I have forfeited my fame is indeed the greatest insult I ever yet received.

My fame is as unsullied as snow, or I should think it unworthy of him who must henceforth protect it.

I write by the coach the more speedily and effectually to prevent your coming hither. Perhaps by my fame (and I hope it is so) you mean only that celebrity which is a consideration of a much lower kind. I care for that only as it may give pleasure to my husband and his friends.

Farewell, dear Sir, and accept my best wishes. You have always commanded my esteem, and long enjoyed the fruits of a friendship, *never infringed by one harsh expression on my part during twenty years of familiar talk. Never did I oppose your will, nor can your unmerited severity itself lessen my regard ;* but till you have changed your opinion of Mr. Piozzi, let us converse no more. God bless you.

CLI.

The controversy raised by James Macpherson's publication of some poems which he attributed to Ossian, a Highland poet who flourished in the third century, was a long and bitter one. It lasted during the latter half of Macpherson's life and continued for several years after his death. It was alleged that fragments of ancient poetry, sung in Gaelic by the natives of the North of Scotland, and transmitted orally from singer to singer, and from age to age, had been discovered in manuscript at the homes of the Highland peasantry; and a subscription was raised in Edinburgh to enable Macpherson to extend his researches, and produced the two epic poems 'Fingal' and 'Temora.' Among the earliest admirers of Macpherson were Dr. Blair, and our poets Shenstone and Gray; but Dr. Johnson at once denied the authenticity of the poems. Subsequently a committee of the Highland Society of Edinburgh reported that they had failed to discover any one poem the same in title and tenor with the 'poems of Ossian.'

David Hume to —.

Edinburgh: August 16, 1760.

Sir,—I am surprised to find by your letter, that Mr. Gray should have entertained suspicions with regard to the authenticity of these fragments of our Highland poetry. The first time I was shown the copies of some of them in manuscript, by our friend John Home, I was inclined to be a little incredulous on that head; but Mr. Home removed my scruples, by informing me of the manner in which he procured them from Mr. Macpherson, the translator. These two gentlemen were drinking the waters together at Moffat last autumn, when their conversation fell upon Highland poetry, which Mr. Macpherson extolled very highly. Our friend, who knew him to be a good scholar, and a man of taste, found his curiosity excited, and asked whether he had ever translated any of them. Mr. Macpherson replied, that he never had attempted any such thing, and doubted whether it was possible to transfuse such beauties into our language; but, for Mr. Home's satisfaction, and in order to give him a general notion of the strain of that wild poetry, he would endeavour to turn one of them into English. He accordingly brought him one next day, which our friend was so much pleased with, that he never ceased soliciting Mr. Macpherson,

till he insensibly produced that small volume which has been published.

After this volume was in everybody's hands, and universally admired, we heard every day new reasons, which put the authenticity, not the great antiquity which the translator ascribes to them, beyond all question, for their antiquity is a point, which must be ascertained by reasoning; though the arguments he employs seem very probable and convincing. But certain it is, that these poems are in everybody's mouth in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.

In the family of every Highland chieftain, there was anciently retained a bard, whose office was the same with that of the Greek rhapsodists; and the general subject of the poems which they recited was the wars of Fingal; an epoch no less remarkable among them, than the wars of Troy among the Greek poets. This custom is not even yet altogether abolished: the bard and piper are esteemed the most honourable offices in a chieftain's family, and these two characters are frequently united in the same person. Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me that the piper of the Argyleshire Militia repeated to him all those poems which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay, Lord Reay's brother, also told me that he remembers them perfectly; as likewise did the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest antiquarian whom we have in this country, and who insists so strongly on the historical truth, as well as on the poetical beauty of these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod to these authorities, with many more, if these were not sufficient, as they live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and they could only be acquainted with poems that had become in a manner national works, and had gradually spread themselves into every mouth, and imprinted themselves on every memory. Every body in Edinburgh is so convinced of this truth, that we have endeavoured to put Mr. Macpherson on a way of procuring us more of these wild flowers. He is a modest, sensible, young man, not settled in any living, but employed as a private tutor in Mr. Grahame of Belgowan's family, a way of life which he is not fond of. We have, therefore, set about a subscription of a guinea or two guineas a-piece, in order to enable him to quit that family,

and undertake a mission into the Highlands, where he hopes to recover more of these fragments.

There is, in particular, a country surgeon somewhere in Lochabar, who, he says, can recite a great number of them, but never committed them to writing; as indeed the orthography of the Highland language is not fixed, and the natives have always employed more the sword than the pen. This surgeon has by heart the Epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his Preface; and as he is somewhat old, and is the only person living that has it entire, we are in the more haste to recover a monument, which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters.

I own that my first and chief objection to the authenticity of these fragments was not on account of the noble and even tender strokes which they contain; for these are the offspring of genius and passion in all countries; I was only surprised at the regular plan which appears in some of these pieces, and which seems to be the work of a more cultivated age. None of the specimens of barbarous poetry known to us, the Hebrew, Arabian, or any other, contain this species of beauty; and if a regular epic poem, or even any thing of that kind, nearly regular, should also come from that rough climate or uncivilized people, it would appear to me a phenomenon altogether unaccountable.

I remember Mr. Macpherson told me, that the heroes of this Highland epic were not only, like Homer's heroes, their own butchers, bakers, and cooks, but also their own shoemakers, carpenters, and smiths. He mentioned an incident which put this matter in a remarkable light. A warrior had the head of his spear struck off in battle; upon which he immediately retires behind the army, where a large forge was erected, makes a new one, hurries back to the action, pierces his enemy while the iron, which was yet red-hot, hisses in the wound. This imagery you will allow to be singular, and so well imagined that it would have been adopted by Homer, had the manners of the Greeks allowed him to have employed it.

I forgot to mention, as another proof of the authenticity of these poems, and even of the reality of the adventures contained in them, that the names of the heroes, Fingal, Oscar, Osur, Oscan, Dermid, are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, in the same manner as we affix to them the names of Cæsar, Pompey,

Hector, or the French that of Marlborough. It gives me pleasure to find that a person of so fine a taste as Mr. Gray approves of these fragments; as it may convince us that our fondness of them is not altogether founded on national prepossessions, which, however, you know to be a little strong. The translation is elegant, but I made an objection to the author, which I wish you would communicate to Mr. Gray, that we may judge of the justness of it. There appeared to me many verses in his prose, and all of them in the same measure with Mr. Shenstone's famous ballad,—

Ye shepherds, so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam, &c.

Pray, ask Mr. Gray whether he made the same remark, &c., and whether he thinks it a blemish.

Yours most sincerely, &c.

CLII.

The feud between Jean Jacques Rousseau and David Hume, the historian, is a curious passage of literary history.

During his stay in this country Rousseau found a delightful home at Wotton, the residence of a Mr. Davenport. David Hume had procured this home for the 'apostle of affliction,' and was acknowledged to be his 'cher patron;' more than this, he had been instrumental in obtaining from George III. a pension for his friend. Out of some correspondence connected with this grant of money, but chiefly owing to a letter reflecting on Rousseau's moral ailments, written by Horace Walpole under the signature of the King of Prussia, arose a dispute which severed this fretful foreigner's connection with Hume and with England. Without a shadow of evidence Rousseau charged his benefactor with enticing him to England for the sole purpose of reducing him to derision and captivity, and insisted that the most considerable personages in the realm were privy to the plot. Mr. Hume, it will be seen, did not choose to treat his ungrateful assailant as an unfortunate monomaniac, but as an intensely vain and quarrelsome person.

David Hume to Jean Jacques Rousseau.

June 26, 1766.

As I am conscious of having ever acted towards you the most friendly part, of having always given you the most tender and the most active proofs of sincere affection, you may judge of my extreme

surprise on perusing your epistle. Such violent accusations, confined altogether to generalities, it is as impossible to answer as it is impossible to comprehend them. But affairs cannot, must not, remain on that footing. I shall charitably suppose that some infamous calumniator has belied me to you. But, in that case, it is your duty, and, I am persuaded, it will be your inclination, to give me an opportunity of detecting him, and of justifying myself, which can only be done by your mentioning the particulars of which I am accused. You say that I myself know that I have been false to you; but I say it loudly, and will say it to the whole world, that I know the contrary; that I know my friendship towards you has been unbounded and uninterrupted; and that though I have given you instances of it, which have been universally remarked both in France and England, the public as yet are acquainted only with the smallest part of it. I demand that you name to me the man who dares assert the contrary; and, above all, I demand that he shall mention any one particular in which I have been wanting to you. You owe this to me, you owe it to yourself, you owe it to truth, and honour, and justice, and to every thing deemed sacred among men. As an innocent man—for I will not say as your friend, I will not say as your benefactor—but I repeat it, as an innocent man I claim the privilege of proving my innocence and of refuting any scandalous falsehood which may have been invented against me. Mr. Davenport, to whom I have sent a copy of your letter, and who will read this before he delivers it, will, I am confident, second my demand and tell you that nothing can be more equitable. Happily I have preserved the letter you wrote me after your arrival at Wotton; and you there express, in the strongest terms, in terms indeed too strong, your satisfaction in my poor endeavours to serve you. The little epistolary intercourse which afterwards passed between us has been all employed on my side to the most friendly purposes. Tell me, then, what has since given you offence? Tell me of what am accused. Tell me the man who accuses me. Even after you have fulfilled all these conditions to my satisfaction, and to that of Mr. Davenport, you will still have great difficulty to justify your employing such outrageous terms towards a man with whom you have been so intimately connected, and who was entitled, on many accounts, to have been treated by you with more regard and

decency. Mr. Davenport knows the whole transaction about your pension, because I thought it necessary that the person who had undertaken your settlement should be fully acquainted with your circumstances, lest he should be tempted to perform towards you concealed acts of generosity, which, if they accidentally came to your knowledge, might give you some grounds of offence.

I am, Sir, &c.

CLIII.

David Hume to Dr. Blair.

July 15, 1766.

Dear Doctor,—I go in a few hours to Woburn; so can only give you the outline of my history. Through many difficulties I obtained a pension for Rousseau. The application was made with his own consent and knowledge. I write him that all is happily completed, and he need only draw for the money. He answers me that I am a rogue and a rascal; and have brought him into England merely to dishonour him. I demand the reason of this strange language, and Mr. Davenport, the gentleman with whom he lives, tells him that he must necessarily satisfy me. To-day I received a letter from him, which is perfect frenzy. It would make a good eighteen-penny pamphlet; and I fancy he intends to publish it. He there tells me, that D'Alembert, Horace Walpole, and I, had from the first entered into a combination to ruin him, and had ruined him. That the first suspicion of my treachery arose in him while we lay together in the same room of an inn in France. I there spoke in my sleep, and betrayed my intention of ruining him. That young Tronchin lodged in the same house with me at London; and Annie Elliot looked very coldly at him as he went by her in the passage. That I am also in a close confederacy with Lord Lyttelton, who, he hears, is his mortal enemy. That the English nation were very fond of him on his first arrival; but that Horace Walpole and I had totally alienated them from him. He owns, however, that his belief of my treachery went no higher than suspicion while he was in London; but it rose to certainty after he arrived in the country; for that there were several publications in the papers against him, which could have proceeded from nobody but me or my confederate, Horace Walpole. The

rest is all of a like strain, intermixed with many lies and much malice. I own that I was very anxious about this affair, but this letter has totally relieved me. I write in a hurry, merely to satisfy your curiosity. I hope soon to see you, and am, &c.

CLIV.

Ignatius Sancho was an emancipated negro, who, having been struck with a passage in one of Sterne's sermons, describing the misery and injustice of slavery, addressed a letter to him. The author of 'Tristram Shandy,' touched with the poor Black's enthusiastic compliments and simple eloquence, replied:—

Lawrence Sterne to Ignatius Sancho.

Coxwold: July 27, 1766.

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro-girl; and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me;—but why her brethren?—or yours, Sancho,—any more than mine?

It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that Nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's to the sootiest complexion in Africa.—At which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make them so. For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burdens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying; and, could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes; which, by the by, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about, 'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for, in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great

a part of it are, and have been so long, bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery, and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that, by so much laudable diligence, you have broke the one;—and that, by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and, believe me, I will not forget your letter.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

CLV.

Lawrence Sterne was in London, carrying his 'Sentimental Journey' through the press, about the time this letter was written. He was dying slowly of consumption, lonely and wretched amid all his social triumphs. His wife and his daughter Lydia, to whom he was much attached, were away from him, alienated, it is to be feared, by his misconduct. The 'incomparable woman' he alludes to was Mrs. Eliza Draper, who plays such an important part in his correspondence.

Lawrence Sterne to Miss Sterne.

Bond Street: April 9, 1767.

This letter, my dear Lydia, will distress thy good heart; for, from the beginning, thou wilt perceive no entertaining strokes of humour in it. I cannot be cheerful when a thousand melancholy ideas surround me. I have met with a loss of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for in an extraordinary manner—but what is that loss in comparison of one I may experience? Friendship is the balm and cordial of life, and without it 'tis a heavy load not worth sustaining. I am unhappy—thy mother and thyself at a distance from me; and what can compensate for such a destitution? For God's sake, persuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation; and, whilst she lives in one country and I in another, many people will suppose it proceeds from choice; besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart! I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will smart with weeping, when I tell her the cause that now affects me. I am apprehensive the dear friend I mentioned in my last letter is going into a decline. I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being so altered: she has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks.

can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears. I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together. She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess. Our conversations are of the most interesting nature; and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it. I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy;—'tis expressive of her modest worth;—but may Heaven restore her;—and may she live to write mine!

Columns and labour'd urns but vainly show
 An idle scene of decorative woe;
 The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
 Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
 In heartfelt numbers, never meant to shine,
 'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
 'Twill flow whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
 Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me, my Lydia, that I love thee most truly.

So adieu. I am what I ever was, and hope ever shall be,
 Thy affectionate Father,

L. STERNE.

As to Mr. M——, by your description he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to such a being. Send me some bâtons pour les dents; there are none good here.

CLVI.

William Shenstone, one of the most pleasing of our minor poets and the author of the once famous 'Pastoral Ballad,' here inculcates with much elegance and good sense the value of social intercourse as a necessary ingredient to man's happiness. A bachelor and a recluse himself he scarcely practised what he preached, though his inconsistency in this case so far from diminishing adds rather to his authority on the subject with which he deals.

William Shenstone to Mr. Graves.

[1745.]

Dear Mr. Graves,—There is not a syllable you tell me concerning yourself in your last letter, but what applied to me is most

literally true. I am sensible of the daily progress I make towards insignificancy, and it will not be many years before you see me arrived at the *ne plus ultra*. I believe it is absolutely impossible for me to acquire a considerable degree of knowledge, though I can understand things well enough at the time I read them. I remember a preacher at St. Mary's (I think it was Mr. E——) made a notable distinction betwixt apprehension and comprehension. If there be a real difference, probably it may find a place in the explication of my genius. I envy you a good general insight into the writings of the learned. I must aim at nothing higher than a well-concealed ignorance.—I was thinking, upon reading your letter, where it was that you and Mr. Whistler and I went out of the road of happiness. It certainly was where we first deviated from the turnpike-road of life. Wives, children, alliances, visits, &c. are necessary objects of our social passions; and whether or no we can, through particular circumstances, be happy *with*, I think it plain enough that it is not possible to be happy *without* them. All attachments to inanimate beauties, to curiosities, and ornaments, satiate us presently.—The fanciful tribe has the disadvantage to be naturally prone to err in the choice of lasting pleasures: and when our passions have habitually wandered, it is too difficult to reduce them into their proper channels. When this is the case, nothing but the change or variety of amusements stands any chance to make us easy, and it is not long ere the whole species is exhausted. I agree with you entirely in the necessity of a sociable life in order to be happy: I do not think it much a paradox, that any company is better than none. I think it obvious enough as to the present hour; and as to any future influence, solitude has exceeding savage effects on our dispositions.—I have wrote out my elegy: I lay no manner of stress but upon the piety of it.—Would it not be a good kind of motto, applied to a person you know, that might be taken from what is said of Ophelia in Hamlet,

I tell thee, faithless priest,
A ministering angel shall Ophelia be
When thou art howling.¹

I have amused myself often with this species of writing since you

¹ The writer is obviously quoting from memory, and not altogether correctly.

saw me ; partly to divert my present impatience, and partly as it will be a picture of most that passes in my mind ; a portrait which friends may value.—I should be glad of your profile : if you have objections, I drop my request.—I should be heartily glad if you would come and live with me, for any space of time that you could find convenient. But I will depend on your coming over with Mr. Whistler in the spring. I may possibly take a jaunt towards you ere long : the road would furnish me out some visits ; and, by the time I reached you, perhaps, afford me a kind of climax of happiness. If I do not, I shall perhaps be a little time at Bath. I do not speak of this last as a scheme from which I entertain great expectations of pleasure. It is long since I have considered myself as undone. The world will not perhaps consider me in that light entirely, till I have married my maid. Adieu !

 CLVII.

Richard Jago was in his day (1715–1781) a poet of some repute, though his principal claim to notice now is his intimacy with Shenstone. The tenderness and grace which characterise many of Shenstone's poems seem to be reflected in the prose of the present letter, which is evidently the work of an amiable and sincere man.

William Shenstone to Richard Jago.

November 15, 1752.

Dear Mr. Jago,—Could I with convenience mount my horse, and ride to Harbury this instant, I should much more willingly do so than begin this letter. Such terrible events have happened to us, since we saw each other last, that, however irksome it may be to dwell upon them, it is in the same degree unnatural to substitute any subject in their place. I do sincerely forgive your long silence, my good friend, indeed I do ; though it gave me uneasiness. I hope you do the same by mine. I own, I could not readily account for the former period of yours, any otherwise than by supposing that I had said, or done something, in the levity of my heart, which had given you disgust ; but being conscious to myself of the most sincere regard for you, and believing it could never be discredited for any trivial inadvertences, I remember, I continued still in expectation of a letter, and did not dream of writing till such time as I had received one. I trusted you would

write at last ; and that, by all my past endeavours to demonstrate my friendship, you would believe the tree was rooted in my heart whatever irregularity you might observe in the branches.

This was my situation before that dreadful æra which gave me such a shock as to banish my best friends for a time out of my memory. And when they recurred, as they did the first of anything, I was made acquainted with that deplorable misfortune of yours ! believe me, I sympathized in your affliction, notwithstanding my own ; but alas ! what comfort could I administer, who had need of every possible assistance to support myself ? I wrote indeed a few letters with difficulty ; amongst the rest, one to my friend Graves ; but it was to vent my complaint. I will send you the letter, if you please, as it is by far my least painful method of conveying you some account of my situation. Let it convince you, that I could have written nothing at that time, which could have been of any service to you : let it afford you, at least, a faint sketch of my dearest brother's character ; but let it not appear an ostentatious display of sorrow, of which I am by no means guilty. I know but too well that I discovered upon the occasion, what some would call, an unmanly tenderness ; but I know also, that sorrow upon such subjects as these is very consistent with virtue, and with the most absolute resignation to the just decrees of providence—' *Hominis est enim affici dolore sentire ; resistere tamen & solatia admittere non solatiis non egere.*'—Pliny. I drank, purchased amusements, never suffered myself to be a minute without company, no matter what, so it was but continual. At length, by an attention to such conversation and such amusements as I could at other times despise, I forgot so far as to be cheerful.—And after this, the summer, through an almost constant succession of lively and agreeable visitants, proved even a scene of jollity.—It was inebriation all, though of a mingled nature ; yet has it maintained a sort of truce with grief, till time can assist me more effectually by throwing back the event to a distance.—Now, indeed that my company has all forsaken me, and I am delivered up to winter, silence, and reflection, the incidents of the last year revive apace in my memory ; and I am even astonished to think of the gaiety of my summer. The fatal anniversary, the '*dies quem semper acerbum &c.*' is beginning to approach, and every face of the sky suggests the ideas

of last winter.—Yet I find myself cheerful in company, nor would I recommend it to you to be much alone.—You would lay the highest obligation upon me by coming over at this time.—I pressed your brother, whom I saw at Birmingham, to use his influence with you; but if you can by no means undertake the journey, I will take my speediest opportunity of seeing you at Harbury. Mr. Miller invited me strenuously to meet Dr. Lyttelton at his house; but I believe my most convenient season will be, when my Lord Dudley goes to Barrels; for I can but ill bear the pensiveness of a long and lonely expedition. After all, if you can come hither first, it would afford me the most entire satisfaction.—I have been making alterations in my house that would amuse you; and have many matters to discourse with you, which it would be endless to mention upon paper. Adieu! my dear friend! May your merit be known to some one who has greater power to serve you than myself; but be assured at the same time, that no one loves you better, or esteems you more.

W. SHENSTONE.

CLVIII.

The Rev. Norton Nicholls was a young man who recommended himself to Gray, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, by his elegant acquaintance with Italian literature. He became the most intimate friend of the poet, and his 'Recollections of Gray' are by far the best we possess. He was refined and vivacious in temperament, and suited the shy and melancholy scholar of Pembroke to perfection. The following letter gives us little idea of Gray's habitual life at Cambridge. 'Gray y vivait,' says Bonstettin, 'enseveli dans une espèce de cloître, d'où le quinzième siècle n'avait pas encore déménagé.'

Thomas Gray to the Rev. Norton Nicholls.

Pembroke College, November 8, 1768.

Not a single word since we parted at Norwich, and for aught I know, you may be ignorant how I fell into the jaws of the King of Denmark at Newmarket, and might have staid there till this time, had I not met with Mr. Vice-chancellor and Mr. Orator, with their diplomats and speeches; who, on their return to Cambridge, sent me a chaise from thence, and delivered me out of that den of thieves. However, I passed a night there; and in the next room,

divided from me by a thin partition, was a drunken parson and his party of pleasure, singing and swearing, and breaking all the ten commandments. All that I saw on my way else was the abbey church at Wyndham, to learned eyes a beautiful remnant of antiquity, part of it in the style of Henry the First, and part in that of Henry the Sixth; the wooden fretwork of the north aisle you may copy, when you build the best room of your new Gothic parsonage, it will cost but a trifle. So now I am going to town about my business, which (if I dispatch to my mind) will leave me at rest, and with a tolerably easy temper for one while. I return hither as soon as I can, and give you notice what a sweet humour I am in. Mrs. Nicholls and you take advantage of it, come and take possession of the lodge at Trinity Hall, (by the way, I am commissioned to offer it to you by Dr. Marriott for that purpose, and you have nothing to do but to thank him for his civilities, and say at what time you intend to make use of them;) and so we live in clover, and partake the benefits of a University education together, as of old. Palgrave is returned from Scotland, and will perhaps be here. Mason too, if he is not married, (for such a report there is) may come, and Dr. Hallifax is always at your service. Lord Richard Cavendish is come: he is a sensible boy, awkward and bashful beyond all imagination, and eats a buttock of beef at a meal. I have made him my visit, and we did tolerably well considering. Watson is his public tutor, and one Winstanley his private; do you know him?

Marriott has begun a subscription for a musical amphitheatre, has appropriated £500 (Mr. Titley's legacy to the University) to that purpose, and gives twenty guineas himself. He has drawn a design for the building, and has printed an argument about the poor's-rates, which he intended to have delivered from the bench, but one of the parties dropped the cause. He has spoke at the Quarter Sessions two hours together, and moved the towns-people to tears, and the University to laughter. At laying down his office too he spoke Latin and said, *Invidiam, et opinionum de me commenta delebit dies*. He enlarged (which is never done) on the qualifications of Hinchliffe his successor, *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes—qui cum Magnis vixit et placuit*. Next day Hinchliffe made his speech, and said not one word (though it is usual) of his predecessor. I tell you Cambridge news for want of

better. They say Rigby is to move for the expulsion of Wilkes from the house. My respects to mamma.

I am yours,

T. G.

Tell me about my uncle and aunt: direct to Roberts, Jermyn Street.

CLIX.

The modern appreciation of light and colour in landscape was a thing quite unknown to our ancestors, and it is in this letter that the greatest lyric poet of his age, accidentally and as if carried out of himself by the instinct of beauty, inaugurates the style of descriptive writing which has reached its apex in Mr. Ruskin. We see that he was a little ashamed of his enthusiasm; we see, moreover that he had been reading the last new poem, Mr. Christopher Anstey's 'New Bath Guide,' already, though but three months old, 'the most fashionable of books.'

Thomas Gray to the Rev. Norton Nicholls.

Pembroke Hall: August 26, 1766.

Dear Sir,—It is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered; otherwise I had then wrote to you, only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but yesterday; and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart.

Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use, (not for my own) but I will leave you the merit of doing it yourself. Pray tell me how your own health is. I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself for a guide to Mr. Palgrave, into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent not disagreeably; the country is all a garden, gay, rich, and fruitful, and (from the rainy season) had preserved, till I left it, all that emerald verdure, which commonly

only one sees for the first fortnight of the spring. In the west part of it from every eminence the eye catches some long winding reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their navigation; in the east, the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This last sentence is so fine, I am quite ashamed; but, no matter; you must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve.

I went to Margate for a day; one would think it was Bartholomew fair that had *flown* down from Smithfield to Kent in the London machine, like my Lady Stuffdamask: (to be sure you have read the New Bath Guide, the most fashionable of books) so then I did *not* go to Kingsgate, because it belonged to my Lord Holland; but to Ramsgate I did, and so to Sandwich, and Deal, and Dover, and Folkestone, and Hythe, all along the coast, very delightful. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men and women and clergy, and such two-legged cattle.

Now I am here again very disconsolate and all alone, even Mr. Brown is gone; and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me; I do not mean children. You, I hope, are better off, riding and walking with Mr. Aislaby, singing duets with my cousin Fanny, improving with Mr. Weddell, conversing with Mr. Harry Duncomb. I must not wish for you here; besides, I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement. Do you remember how we are to go into Wales next year? Well! Adieu, I am sincerely yours. T. G.

P.S. Pray how does poor Temple find himself in his new situation? Is Lord Lisburne as good as his letters were? What is come of the father and brother? Have you seen Mason?

CLX.

The one thing Horace Walpole specially prided himself upon was being an excellent correspondent. He held that 'letter-writing is one of the first duties that the very best people let perish out of their rubric;' but he has certainly made amends

for the shortcomings, in this respect, of many equally witty and accomplished persons by bequeathing to his successors the best and most entertaining collection of letters in our language.

For variety of anecdote and scandal, malicious humour, pleasant cynicism, and lively tittle-tattle, couched in a style at once piquant and graceful, his epistles are quite incomparable. We must bear in mind, however, that Walpole's aim in life was to be amused, and that he gratified this propensity by playing the part of a fashionable critic and thoroughbred virtuoso. His social position, his wealth, his extensive connection with courtiers and aristocrats, littérateurs and blue-stockings, and his great powers of observation, afforded him unequalled opportunities for gratifying his whim. But he was too unsparing a judge of the vanities and foibles of his own age to escape being placed in the stocks himself; and Macaulay has done it.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill: June 4, 1749.

As summerly as June and Strawberry Hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fire-side: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold. Your brothers Ned and Gal. dined with me to-day, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half-a-dozen more of the White's club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on those two days as well as on the other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade! Your brother Ned had not seen Strawberry Hill since my great improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy; I should hate it, if it was dashed with that. I forgot to ask Gal. what is become of the books of Houghton which I gave him six months ago for you and Dr. Cocchi. You perceive I have got your letter of May 23rd, and with it Prince Craon's simple epistle to his daughter: I have no mind to deliver it: it would be a proper recommendation of a staring boy on his travels, and is consequently very suitable to my colleague,

Master St. Leger ; but one hates to be coupled with a romping greyhound puppy, 'qui est moins prudent que Monsieur Valpol!' I did not want to be introduced to Madame de Mirepoix's assemblies, but to be acquainted with her, as I like her family : I concluded, simple as he is, that an old Frenchman knew how to make these distinctions. By thrusting St. Leger into the letter with me, and talking of my prudence, I shall not wonder if she takes me for his bear-leader, his travelling governor !

Mr. Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is always thinking of blazoning your pedigree in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you : in short, by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard the Second :¹ indeed I think he was hanged ; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies ; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your Virtuoso's in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube,—tyranny, villainy, and executions are mere fleabites, and leave no stain. The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond-green this evening, did intend, I believe, to ennoble my genealogy with another execution ; how low is he sunk now from those views, and how entertaining to have lived to see all those virtuous patriots proclaiming their mutual iniquities ! Your friend Mr. Doddington, it seems, is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue. In my last I told you some curious anecdotes of another part of the band, of Pope and Bolingbroke. The friends of the former have published twenty pamphlets against the latter ; I say against the latter, for, as there is no defending Pope, they are reduced to satirize Bolingbroke. One of them tells him how little he would be known himself from his own writings, if he were not immortalized in Pope's ; and still more justly, that if he destroys Pope's moral character, what will become of his own, which has been retrieved and sanctified by the embalming art of his friend ? However, there are still

¹ This is clearly an oversight. Hubert de Burgh was Henry the Third's Justiciar ; and the office was abolished long before the reign of Richard II.

new discoveries made every day of Pope's dirty selfishness. Not content with the great profits which he proposed to make of the work in question, he could not bear that the interest of his money should be lost till Bolingbroke's death; and therefore told him that it would cost very near as much to have the press set for half-a-dozen copies as it would for a complete edition, and by this mean. made Lord Bolingbroke pay very near the whole expense of he fifteen hundred. Another story I have been told on this occasion, was of a gentleman who, making a visit to Bishop Atterbury in France, thought to make his court by commending Pope. The Bishop replied not: the gentleman doubled the dose: at last the Bishop shook his head, and said, 'Mens curva in corpore curvo!' The world will now think justly of these men: that Pope was the greatest poet, but not the most disinterested man in the world; and that Bolingbroke had not all those virtues and not all those talents which the other so proclaimed; and that he did not even deserve the friendship which lent him so much merit; and for the mere loan of which he dissembled attachment to Pope, to whom in his heart he was as perfidious and as false as he has been to the rest of the world.

The Duke of Devonshire has at last resigned, for the unaccountable and unenvied pleasure of shutting himself up at Chatsworth with his ugly mad Duchess; the more extraordinary sacrifice, as he turned her head, rather than give up a favourite match for his son. She has consented to live with him there, and has even been with him in town for a few days, but did not see either her son or Lady Harrington. On his resignation he asked and obtained an English barony for Lord Besborough, whose son Lord Duncannon, you know, married the Duke's eldest daughter. I believe this is a great disappointment to my uncle, who hoped he would ask the peerage for him or Pigwiggin. The Duke of Marlborough succeeds as lord steward. Adieu!

 CLXI.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street: June 25, 1749.

Don't flatter yourself with your approaching year of Jubilee: its pomps and vanities will be nothing to the shows and triumphs

we have had and are having. I talk like an Englishman: here you know we imagine that a jubilee is a season of pageants, not of devotion; but our Sabbath has really been all tilt and tournament. There have been, I think, no less than eight masquerades, the fire-works, and a public act at Oxford: to-morrow is an installation of six Knights of the Bath, and in August of as many Garters: Saturday, Sunday, and Monday next, are the banquets at Cambridge, for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as chancellor. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the *Metamorphoses*. How miserably Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations! I have seen some that will be very unwilling performers at the creation of this ridiculous *Mamamouchi*.¹ I have set my heart on their giving a doctor's degree to the Duchess of Newcastle's favourite—this favourite is at present neither a lover nor an apothecary, but a common pig, that she brought from Hanover: I am serious; and Harry Vane, the new lord of the treasury, is entirely employed, when he is not at the Board, in opening and shutting the door for it. Tell me, don't you very often throw away my letters in a passion, and believe that I invent the absurdities I relate!—Were not we as mad when you was in England?

The King, who has never dined out of his own palaces, has just determined to dine at Claremont to-morrow—all the cooks are at Cambridge—imagine the distress!

Last Thursday, the Monarch of my last paragraph gave away the six vacant ribands: one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation of the late Queen; others to the Dukes of Leeds and Bedford, Lords Albemarle and Granville: the last, you may imagine, gives some uneasiness. The Duke of Bedford has always been unwilling to take one, having tied himself up in the days of his patriotism to forfeit great sums if ever he did. The King told

¹ See Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

him one day this winter, that he would give none away but to him and to Anspach. This distinction struck him : he could not refuse the honour ; but he has endeavoured to waive it, as one imagines, by a scruple he raised against the oath, which obliges the Knights, whenever they are within two miles of Windsor, to go and offer. The King would not abolish the oath, but has given a general dispensation for all breaches of it, past, present, and to come. Lord Lincoln and Lord Harrington are very unhappy at not being in the list. The sixth riband is at last given to Prince George : the Ministry could not prevail for it till within half an hour of the ceremony ; then the Bishop of Salisbury was sent to notify the gracious intention. The Prince was at Kew, so the message was delivered to Prince George himself. The child, with great good sense, desired the Bishop to give his duty and thanks, and to assure the King that he should always obey him ; but that, as his father was out of town, he could send no other answer. Was not it clever ? The design of not giving one riband to the Prince's children had made great noise : there was a Remembrancer¹ on that subject ready for the press. This is the Craftsman of the present age, and is generally levelled at the Duke, and filled with very circumstantial cases of his arbitrary behaviour. It has absolutely written down Hawley, his favourite general and executioner, who was to have been upon the staff.

Garrick is married to the famous Violette,² first at a Protestant, and then at a Roman Catholic chapel. The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain as to the consent of the protecting Countess, and whether she gives her a fortune or not.

Adieu ! I believe I tell you strange rhapsodies ; but you must consider that our follies are not only very extraordinary, but are our business and employment : they enter into our politics, nay, I think they are our politics—and I don't know which are the simplest. They are Tully's description of poetry, 'hæc studia juventutem alunt, senectutem oblectant ; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur,' so if you will that I write to you, you must be content with a detail of absurdities. I could tell you of Lord Mountford's making cricket-matches, and fetching up parsons

¹ A weekly newspaper.

² A German dancer at the Opera House, and a protégée of Dorothy, Countess of Burlington.

by express from different parts of England to play matches on Richmond-green ; of his keeping aide-de camps to ride to all parts to lay bets for him at horse-races, and of twenty other peculiarities ; but I fancy you are tired : in short, you, who know me, will comprehend all best when I tell you that I live in such a scene of folly as makes me even think myself a creature of common sense.

CLXII.

Horace Walpole rarely lost a favourable opportunity of addressing any celebrated personage. This is one of many congratulatory epistles to the elder Pitt received at the end of 1759—the year of Minden, Quiberon Bay, and Quebec ; ‘a year the most auspicious this country ever knew,’ wrote Lord Bute.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to William Pitt.

November 19, 1759.

Sir,—On my coming to town I did myself the honour of waiting on you and Lady Hester Pitt ; and though I think myself extremely distinguished by your obliging note, I should be sorry for having given you the trouble of writing it, if it did not lend me a very pardonable opportunity of saying what I much wished to express, but thought myself too private a person and of too little consequence to take the liberty to say. In short, Sir, I was eager to congratulate you on the lustre you have thrown on this country ; I wished to thank you for the security you have fixed to me of enjoying the happiness I do enjoy. You have placed England in a situation in which it never saw itself,—a task the more difficult, as you had not to improve, but recover.

In a trifling book, written two or three years ago,¹ I said (speaking of the name in the world the most venerable to me) ‘sixteen unfortunate and inglorious years since his removal have already written his eulogium.’ It is but justice to you, Sir, to add, that that period ended when your administration began. Sir, do not take this for flattery : there is nothing in your power to give that I would accept ; nay, there is nothing I could envy, but what I believe you would scarce offer me, your glory. This may seem very vain and insolent ; but consider, Sir, what a monarch is a man who wants nothing ; consider how he looks down on one

¹ The catalogue of Royal and noble authors.

who is only the most illustrious man in Britain. But, Sir, freedoms apart; insignificant as I am, probably it must be some satisfaction to a great mind like your's, to receive incense when you are sure there is no flattery blended with it. And what must any Englishman be that could give you a moment's satisfaction, and would hesitate?

Adieu, Sir. I am unambitious, I am uninterested—but I am vain. You have by your notice, uncanvassed, unexpected, and at the period when you certainly could have the least temptation to stoop down to me, flattered me in the most agreeable manner. If there could arrive the moment when you could be nobody, and I any body, you cannot imagine how grateful I would be. In the mean time, permit me to be, as I have been ever since I had the honour of knowing you, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

CLXIII.

The sublime and the ridiculous at the funeral of George II.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu.

Arlington Street: November 13, 1760.

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the mastership of the horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the great wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis' place, but he is saved. The city, however, have a mind to be out of humour; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, 'No petticoat government, no Scotch minister, no Lord George Sackville'; two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less, it is left at Leicester House: Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and, except Lady Susan Stuart and Sir Harry Erskine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging.

I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee-room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This sovereign

don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address, carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance for fear my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Litchfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, 'They go to St. James,' because *now* there are so many Stuarts there.'

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber.

The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro scuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the Yeomen of the Guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense

weight of the coffin ; the bishop read sadly and blundered in the prayers ; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman*, was chanted, not read ; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards.

Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant : his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours ; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes ; and placed over the mouth of the vault into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend ; think how unpleasant a situation ! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle ; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold ; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin was, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bed-chamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun.¹ This which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day ; it only takes its turn among the questions, ' Who is to be groom of the bed-chamber ? What is Sir T. Robinson to have ? ' I have been to Leicester fields to-day ; the crowd was immoderate ; I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

¹ The Austrian General Daun, the ablest of the antagonists of Frederick II., was defeated at Torgau. This was the bloodiest battle fought during the Seven Years' War.

CLXIV.

The conversation between Horace Walpole and Hogarth, so graphically described in this letter, took place very many years after the great painter had practically abandoned portrait-painting, and indeed some time after he had completed those works by which he will ever be famous. But he was aiming at a different and a higher standard of excellence in his art, and it is clear that Walpole coincided in Sir Joshua Reynolds' opinion that 'Hogarth was not blessed with the knowledge of his own deficiency, or of the bounds which were set to the extent of his own powers.'

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Montagu.

Arlington Street: May 5, 1761.

We have lost a young genius, Sir William Williams; an express from Belleisle, arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery; in sum he is a sacrifice to his own rashness and to ours. For what are we taking Belleisle? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing; for the glory, I leave it to the common council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and to pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs and nightingales are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it were Apollo's birthday; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations from the Lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the Lord knows when. They are to be enchased in a history of English bards which Mason and he are writing; but of which the former has not written a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual footpace will finish the first two pages two years hence.

But the true frantic Cestus resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox. Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—'Why now,' said he, 'you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?' This truth was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda. . . She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with

the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's pluck in St. James's market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face and said, 'Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.' I sat down and said I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way.

W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it to correct it: I should be very sorry to have you expose yourself to censure; we painters must know more of these things than other people.

W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it; but what I particularly wished to say to you was about Sir James Thornhill (you know he married Sir James' daughter): I would not have you say anything against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence. He was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year 1700, and I really have not considered whether Sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits.

H. I wish you would let me correct it; besides I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash.

W. I believe it is not much known what my work is, very few persons have seen it.

H. Why it is a critical history of painting is it not? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS. and, I believe, the work will not give much offence; besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish anything I give it to the world to think of it as they please.

H. Oh; if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash; mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it. It is rather an apology for painters. I think it is owing to the

good sense of the English they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him. If I had stayed, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps as long as you have known Englishmen and painters you have never met with anything so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he is not mad.

Adieu!

CLXV.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Earl of Strafford.

Paris: September 8, 1769.

Tother night at the Duchess of Choiseul's at supper, the intendant of Rouen asked me if we had roads of communication all over England and Scotland? I suppose he thinks that in general we inhabit trackless forests and wild mountains, and that once a year a few legislators come to Paris to learn the arts of civil life, as to sow corn, plant vines and make operas. If this letter should contrive to scramble through that *desert* Yorkshire, where your lordship has *attempted* to improve a dreary hill and uncultivated vale, you will find I remember your commands of writing from this capital of the world, whither I am come for the benefit of my country, and where I am intensely studying those laws and that beautiful frame of government, which can alone render a nation happy, great and flourishing; where lettres de cachet soften manners, and a proper distribution of luxury and beggary ensures a common felicity. As we have a prodigious number of students in legislature of both sexes here at present, I will not anticipate their discoveries; but, as your particular friend, will communicate a rare improvement on nature which these great philosophers have made and which would add considerable beauties to those parts which your lordship has already recovered from the waste, and taught to look a little like a Christian country. The secret is very simple, and yet demanded the effort of a mighty genius to strike it out. It is nothing but this: trees ought to be educated as much as men, and are strange awkward productions when not taught to hold themselves upright or bow on proper

occasions. The academy *de belles lettres* have even offered a prize for the man that shall recover the long lost art of an ancient Greek, called *le sieur Orphée*, who instituted a dancing school for plants, and gave a magnificent ball on the birth of the Dauphin of France which was performed entirely by forest-trees. In this whole kingdom there is no such thing as seeing a tree that is not well behaved. They are first stripped up and then cut down ; and you would as soon meet a man with his hair about his ears as an oak or ash. As the weather is very hot now, and the soil chalk, and the dust white, I assure you it is very difficult, powdered as both are all over, to distinguish a tree from a hair dresser. Lest this should sound like a travelling hyperbole, I must advertise your lordship, that there is little difference in their heights : for, a tree of thirty years' growth being liable to be marked as royal timber, the proprietors take care not to let their trees live to the age of being enlisted, but burn them, and plant others as often almost as they change their fashions. This gives an air of perpetual youth to the face of the country, and if adopted by us would realize Mr. Addison's visions, and ' Make our bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.'

What other remarks I have made in my indefatigable search after knowledge must be reserved to a future opportunity ; but as your lordship is my friend, I may venture to say without vanity to you, that Solon nor any of the ancient philosophers who travelled to Egypt in quest of religions, mysteries, laws, and fables, never sat up so late with the ladies and priests and *presidents du parlement* at Memphis, as I do here—and consequently were not half so well qualified as I am to new-model a commonwealth. I have learned how to make *remonstrances*,¹ and how to *answer* them. The latter, it seems, is a science much wanted in my own country ; and yet it is as easy and obvious as their treatment of trees, and not very unlike it. It was delivered many years ago in an oracular sentence of my namesake—' Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.' You must drive away the vulgar, and you must have an hundred and fifty thousand men to drive them away with—that is all. I do not wonder the intendant of Rouen thinks we are still in a state of barbarism, when we are ignorant of the very rudiments of government.

¹ Alluding to the *Remonstrances* from the City of London, and other corporate bodies, after a majority of the House of Commons had voted against the claims of John Wilkes to take his seat as member for Middlesex.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond have been here a few days, and have gone to Aubigné. I do not think him at all well, and am exceedingly concerned for it; as I know no man who has more estimable qualities. They return by the end of the month. I am fluctuating whether I shall not return with them, as they have pressed me to do, through Holland. I never was there, and could never go so agreeably; but then it would protract my absence three weeks, and I am impatient to be in my own cave, notwithstanding the wisdom I imbibe every day. But one cannot sacrifice one's self wholly to the public: Titus and *Wilkes* have now and then lost a day. Adieu, my dear lord! Be assured that I shall not disdain yours and Lady Strafford's conversation, though you have nothing but the goodness of your hearts, and the simplicity of your manners, to recommend you to the more enlightened understanding of your old friend.

 CLXVI.

In refusing to be made the dummy of Thomas Chatterton's literary forgeries of the Rowley poems, Horace Walpole acted in a sensible and dignified manner. The partisans of Chatterton charged the great connoisseur not only with arrogance and unkindness, but with being the indirect cause of poor Chatterton's death, as though Walpole could have guessed that the very life of this extraordinary boy depended on his being hoaxed by means of certain spurious legends. 'If,' wrote Walpole, 'Rowley could rise from the dead and acknowledge every line ascribed to him, he could not prove that I used Chatterton ill. I would take the ghost's word, and am sure it would be in my favour.' Among the letters and statements written to vindicate his own conduct, is to be found the following tribute of admiration for

'the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.'

*The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Editor of the Miscellanies of
Chatterton.*

Strawberry Hill: May, 1778.

As the warmest devotees to Chatterton cannot be more persuaded than I am of the marvellous vigour of his genius at so very premature an age, I shall here subjoin the principal æras¹ of his life,

¹ In the original correspondence these data are given at the end of this letter, but they are very incomplete.

which, when compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition, his humour, his vein of satire, and above all the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except at most for the last five months of his life, the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion; and when, added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended—and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man possessed of such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed, while he actuated a puppet; or would have stopped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollet, or Junius—and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed. I firmly believe that the first impression made on so warm and fertile an imagination was the sight of some old parchments at Bristol; that meeting with Ossian's poems, his soul, which was all poetry, felt it was a language in which his invention could express itself; and having lighted on the names of Rowley and Canninge, he bent his researches towards the authors of their age; and as far as his means could reach, in so confined a sphere, he assembled materials enough to deceive those who have all their lives dealt in such uncouth lore, and not in our classic authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. It is the taste in Rowley's supposed poems that will for ever exclude them from belonging to that period. Mr. Tyrwhit and Mr. Warton have convicted them of being spurious by technical criterions; and Rowley I doubt will remain in possession of nothing that did not deserve to be forgotten, even should some fragments of old parchments and old verses be ascertained antique.

CLXVII.

Miss Hecky Mulso was Gilbert White's first and only love. He did not succeed in persuading her to marry him, and in 1760, in her thirty-fourth year, she became Mrs. Chapone, afterwards famous as the author of 'Letters to a Young Lady.' But the friendship continued, and it was in answer to some verses addressed to Timothy, the famous Selborne tortoise, that White wrote this letter. By some whim of old bachelor coquetry he makes Timothy address the lady by her long-dropped maiden name.

Gilbert White to Hester Chapone.

Selborne: August 31, 1784.

Most respectable Lady,—Your letter gave me great satisfaction, being the first that ever I was honor'd with. It is my wish to answer you in your own way; but I never could make a verse in my life, so you must be contented with plain prose. Having seen but little of this great world, conversed but little and read less, I feel myself much at a loss how to entertain so intelligent a correspondent. Unless you will let me write about myself, my answer will be very short indeed.

Know then that I am an American and was born in the year 1734 in the Province of Virginia in the midst of a Savanna that lay between a large tobacco plantation and a creek of the sea. Here I spent my youthful days among my relations with much satisfaction, and saw around me many venerable kinsmen, who had attained to great ages, without any interruption from distempers. Longevity is so general among our species that a funeral is quite a strange occurrence. I can just remember the death of my great-great-grandfather, who departed this life in the 160th year of his age. Happy should I have been in the enjoyment of my native climate and the society of my friends had not a sea-boy, who was wandering about to see what he could pick up, surprized me as I was sunning myself under a bush; and whipping me into his wallet, carried me aboard his ship. The circumstances of our voyage are not worthy a recital; I only remember that the rippling of the water against the sides of our vessel as we sailed along was a very lulling and composing sound, which served to sooth my slumbers as I lay in the hold. We had a short voyage, and came to anchor,

on the coast of England in the harbour of Chichester. In that city my kidnapper sold me for half a-crown to a country gentleman, who came up to attend an election. I was immediately packed in a hand-basket, and carryed, slung by the servant's side, to their place of abode. As they rode very hard for forty miles; and I had never been on horseback before, I found myself somewhat giddy from my airy jaunt. My purchaser, who was a great humorist, after shewing me to some of his neighbours and giving me the name of Timothy, took little further notice of me; so I fell under the care of his lady, a benevolent woman, whose humane attention extended to the meanest of her retainers.

With this gentlewoman I remained almost 40 years, living in a little walled in court in the front of her house, and enjoying much quiet and as much satisfaction as I could expect without society. At last this good old lady dyed in a very advanced age, such as a tortoise would call a good old age; and I then became the property of her nephew. This man, my present master, dug me out of my winter retreat, and, packing me in a deal box, jumbled me 80 miles in post-chaises, to my present place of abode. I was sore shaken by this expedition, which was the worst journey I ever experienced. In my present situation I enjoy many advantages—such as the range of an extensive garden, affording a variety of sun and shade, and abounding in lettuces, poppies, kidney beans, and many other salubrious and delectable herbs and plants, and especially with a great choice of delicate gooseberries! But still at times I miss my good old mistress, whose grave and regular deportment suited best with my disposition. For you must know that my master is what they call, a *naturalist*, and much visited by people of that turn, who often put him on whimsical experiments, such as feeling my pulse, putting me in a tub of water to try if I can swim, &c., and twice in the year I am carried to the grocer's to be weighed, that it may be seen how much I am wasted during the months of my abstinence, and how much I gain by feasting in the summer. Upon these occasions I am placed in the scale on my back, where I sprawl about to the great diversion of the shop-keeper's children. These matters displease me; but there is another that much hurts my pride: I mean that contempt shown for my understanding which these *Lords of the Creation* are very apt to discover, thinking that nobody knows anything but themselves. I heard my

master say that he expected that I should some day tumble down the ha-ha ; whereas I would have him to know that I can discern a precipice from plain ground as well as himself. Sometimes my master repeats with much seeming triumph the following lines, which occasion a loud laugh.

Timotheus placed on high
Amidst the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre.

For my part I see no wit in the application ; nor know whence the verses are quoted, perhaps from some prophet of his own, who, if he penned them for the sake of ridiculing tortoises, bestowed his pains, I think, to poor purposes. These are some of my grievances ; but they sit very light on me in comparison of what remains behind. Know then, tender-hearted lady, that my greatest misfortune, and what I have never divulged to any one before, is—the want of society of my own kind. This reflection is always uppermost in my own mind, but comes upon me with irresistible force every spring. It was in the month of May last that I resolved to elope from my place of confinement, for my fancy had represented to me that probably many agreeable tortoises of both sexes might inhabit the heights of Baker's Hill or the extensive plains of the neighbouring meadow, both of which I could discern from the terrass. One sunny morning, therefore, I watched my opportunity, found the wicket open, eluded the vigilance of Thomas Hoar, and escaped into the saint-foin, which began to be in bloom, and thence into the beans. I was missing eight days, wandering in this wilderness of sweets, and exploring the meadow at times. But my pains were all to no purpose ; I could find no society such as I wished and sought for. I began to grow hungry, and to wish myself at home. I therefore came forth in sight, and surrendered myself up to Thomas, who had been inconsolable in my absence. Thus, Madam, have I given you a faithful account of my satisfactions and sorrows, the latter of which are mostly uppermost. You are a lady, I understand, of much sensibility. Let me therefore, make my case your own in the following manner ; and then you will judge of my feelings.

Suppose you were to be kidnapped away *to-morrow*, in the bloom

of your life, to a land of Tortoises, and were never to see again for fifty years a human face!!! Think on this, dear lady, and pity

Your sorrowful Reptile

TIMOTHY.

CLXVIII.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the writer of an Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare, was the leader of the lady-wits of her day. In concert with Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Ord she instituted those intellectual *réunions* from which the term 'blue-stocking' arose. Female pedants, as this term 'blue-stocking' has grown to mean, these women certainly were not; they were highly gifted and accomplished lovers of society, whose chief aim was to supersede the prevailing occupation of card-playing by *conversation* parties. Mrs. Chapone had already opened up an attack against the fashionable vice of gambling in No. 10 of the 'Rambler.' From small literary breakfast parties Mrs. Montagu advanced to evening assemblies for *conversation*, and her house in Hill Street was visited by such brilliant talkers as Dr. Johnson, Lord Lyttleton, Garrick, Pulteney, Mason, Burke, Lord Althorp, Mrs. Thrale, Madame d'Arblay, Horace Walpole, Mrs. Buller (who could hold her own for an hour and more in argument against Dr. Johnson), and Stillingfleet. The last-named was a distinguished converser who always wore blue stockings, and his occasional absence was so much felt that it became a common saying, 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings.' These meetings soon came to be called *bas-bleu* assemblies. In her own generation Mrs. Montagu was without a superior in the art of letter writing.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to Gilbert West.

Sandleford: September 3, 1753.

I am much obliged to my dear cousin, for his kind and agreeable letter, which gave me a higher pleasure and more intense delight, than those rural objects which employed my attention in my walks, or filled the magic lantern of my mind, in those noon-day dreams, you suppose to have amused me. You are mistaken, when you imagine I sent invitations to beaux and belles, to fill the vacant apartments of my mind. True indeed, that there may be empty space enough to receive French hoops, and, from the same reason, an echo to repeat French sentiments; but there are few of the fine world whom I should invite into my mind, and fewer still, who are familiar enough there, to come unasked. I make use of

these seasons of retirement and leisure, to do like the good housewives, to sweep the rooms, range the little homely furniture in order, and deck them with a little sage and other herbs of grace, as they are called, and then hope the fairies will come and visit them, and not the dull creatures of earth's mould, of whom I have enough when I am in town. But you are a welcome and a frequent guest, because you bring with you those virtues and graces, whose presence I would desire. I am pleased with your praise of Molière, but not with your application of his *Misanthrope*. When virtue and wisdom live out of the world, they grow delicate, but it is too severe to call that moroseness; and, perhaps, they lose something of their purity, when they mix with the crowd, and abate in strength, as they improve in flexibility. There is a limit, and a short one too, beyond which human virtue cannot go; a hair's breadth beyond the line, and it is vice. I am now satisfied of what I had before believed, (as you seem so much to admire the *Misanthrope*), that it is far beyond all comedies that ever were written. The character being so entirely kept up, and the error, though every where visible, no where monstrous. The *Misanthrope* has the same moroseness in his love suit and his law suit; he is as rigid and severe to a bad verse as a bad action, and as strict in a salutation in the street or address in a drawing-room, as he would be in his testimony in a court of justice; right in the principle, wrong only in the excess, you cannot hate him when he is unpleasant, nor despise him when he is absurd. When the groundwork of a character is virtuous, whatever fantastic forms or uncouth figures may be wrought upon it, it cannot appear absolutely odious or ridiculous. On the contrary, where the ground is vicious, however prettily adorned or gayly coloured, set it in open day, it will be detestable; of which we have an instance in this play; we hate and despise the lively agreeable coquette, as soon as we discover her, and esteem the rigid unamiable *Misanthrope*. I think my young cousin can hardly have a better amusement than reading Molière; from whose delicate wit and nice satirical touch, he will find that not only the worst passions want correction and restraint, but the best regulation. The first prayer I should make, if I had a son, would be that he might be free from vice; the second, that he might be free from absurdity, the least grain of it spoils a whole character, and I do not know any

comic author more useful than Molière, for both these purposes: Our English play-writers give some vice or affectation, to all their principal characters. I am very well, and careful of my health; all people are fond of novelty and you know health is such to me, but nothing can more recommend it to me, than thinking my welfare of consequence to you. Adieu, Cousin! I must put on a great hoop, and go three miles to dinner; how much better was our gipsy-life! I believe I shall enter myself of the society at Norwood, the rather tempted to it, as I should be your neighbour. I have not heard from Mrs Boscawen, but I am glad she had the pleasure of spending sometime at Wickham.

 CLXIX.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to Gilbert West.

Hill Street [1754].

My most inestimable cousin,—I am much more satisfied now I find that your indisposition was owing to the rencontre of salt fish, milk, and a strange olio of diet, than when I imagined it was the gout in your stomach. But pity, which sometimes subsides into soft passions, on this occasion warms and hardens into anger. Why, when an invalid, would you be so careless of your diet? However difficult it may be to the strong temper of the budge doctors of the stoic fur, to run mad with discretion, I assure you it is not impossible to the gentle dame in blonde lace and Paris hoop; I followed the precepts of the très-précieuse Lady Grace, and visited 'soberly.' I have not been out since Sunday, Mr. Montagu's cold having given me a reason for staying at home, and my indolence would have been glad even of an excuse. I did not see Sir George Lyttelton till yesterday morning, but the account he gave of your health pleased me very much. The good Dean called in the evening, and unfolded to me the horrid tale of the salt fish and asses' milk. Oh, could the milky mother, who is so often insulted, so much despised and oppressed by man, have known his perverseness of appetite would have turned her salutary milk, the effect of prudent and fit diet, into a kind of poison; how would she have animadverted upon the occasion? I dare say she would have made better observations on the different powers of reason and instinct than have been made by any philosopher on

two legs. I wish I had her critique upon human reason, in black and white, with her modest apology for long ears and walking on four legs. I have just received Mr. Bower's third volume of the Popes, with so polite an Italian epistle, as shews he can play what note he pleases on Apollo's harp. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Berenger on Monday morning, he has been under discipline for his eyes, but his spirits and vivacity are not abated. Pray has Mr. Birch sent you his Queen Elizabeth? I have not seen it, and I know I shall read it with sorrow. A belle passion at three-score is worse than eating salt fish in the gout. I shall hate these collectors of anecdotes, if they cure one of that admiration of a great character that arises from a pleasing deception of sight. I desire you not to read aloud this part of Queen Bess's story, when the ass is at your door; it would make a bad chapter for us in her history of human reason, sixty odd to twenty-one! instinct never made such a blunder. An old woman and a young man, a sin against nature, an old queen and a young counsellor, a sin against politics and prudence. 'Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.' I shall begin to believe Madame Scudery's romances, in which Lucretia is adroit at intrigue, the stern Brutus a whining lover, and Cato the censor admirable at writing the billet-doux. I cannot forgive Mr. Birch for bringing this story to light in such a manner; I supposed with Shakspeare that, in spite of Cupid's idle darts, 'she pass'd on in maiden meditation fancy free.' I should have written to you before if I had not been in hopes Mr. Montagu's cold would have given me some room to flatter myself with a visit to Wickham.

 CLXX.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to Benjamin Stillingfleet.

Beaufort Square, Bath: July 26, 1757.

And so, Sir, your pride and your vanity, and your laziness, and your indolence, and your indifference for your friends, have at length persuaded you, that you are not to write to me again, till I have thank'd you for those letters I have already received! Small trust have you in my gratitude, if you require all bills drawn upon it should be paid at sight. Mr. Stillingfleet can write to me, and where is there a philosopher less desœuvré than one who studies

the infinite folios of divine wisdom, that reads the stars and can rightly spell of every herb that sips the dew? Why! you do not perceive an eclipse of the sun unless, for want of light, you run your head against a post at noon-day; as for simples, I cannot say you are absolutely ignorant of those that are medicinal, I am sensible you make pretty good use of them, but I will be hang'd if you know how many leaves there are in a daisy, or how many fibres in the leaf of a pimpernel; you are neither looking up at the stars nor down at the plants, and therefore why am I overlooked and forgotten? truly I believe, because you sit vis-à-vis Mrs. Garrick; but pray what business have you with Venus or the Graces, or anything so like them as the said Mrs. Garrick? I think I am a very pretty kind of a sickly woman, that look as if I had sometime had the jaundice, and as if I might sometime or another have it again; and altogether a very proper subject for doctorship's admiration and meditation, and so, Sir, I expect some tokens of your attention by the next post. Have I not given you leave to entertain me out of any corner of your brain, and promis'd to read with equal complaisance what your wisdom or your wit shall suggest, nay even what you may say in your foolishness, if your wit should be at low ebb?

Whether you choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,

write like the sage Charron or the fantastical Hudibras, I am still your gentle reader: and I have generally observed people of wit choose companions for their patient hearing, rather than their quick reply, and I imagined with such, the more one attended and the less one replied the better; but since you will be answered, I must tell you why I have not sooner complied with that humour of yours. I have been wandering from place to place; I went to Windsor to make a visit to Mrs. Stanley, and there I spent some days very idly and very agreeably; and I have been at this place ever since last Thursday, taking sweet counsel with my sister and Lady Bab Montagu, and in their company thinking but little of the absent. As to your request that you may send my letter to Mr. Affleck, permit me to say, no; I am extremely pleased that he is partial enough to me to desire it, and, if he loves a little nonsense now and then for his recreation, why I own it a harmless

thing, and I would not refuse your sending my letters merely because they are nonsensical ; but I have known such disagreeable things arise from a communication of private letters, that I beg to be excused ; there is so much envy, malice, and nonsense, in the world, that the most innocent amusement cannot escape ; some fool might know my letters were shewn Mr. Affleck ; that fool would tell another, who would report to a third fool, that I was vain of my letters, and loved to have them communicated ; and to what three fools assert some wise man would assent, and I should be ridiculous. One walks about in this world in as much danger and dread of ridicule as people do in some parts of America of the thread worm, which in spite of all care will imperceptibly get into the heel, and from thence poison the whole body. I had a letter from Mr. Stillingfleet yesterday, in which he speaks much of the virtues of Malvern waters, but does not tell me how they agree with him, which I take ill, for when can they have a subject of more worth to the world and to me ? Mrs. Boscawen and a friend of hers will come to me at my return for a few days, and then my house will be pretty well filled. As soon as they leave me, I hope you will favour me with the performance of your promise.

Ever your most obliged,

E. MONTAGU.

CLXXI.

In one of the most pleasing letters published in the 'Garrick Correspondence,' Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu pleads for assistance and advice for a young playwright.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu to David Garrick.

Denton: July 24, 1770.

Dear Sir,—The liberty I am going to take seems to require many apologies ; at the same time I am but too sensible that excuses are but poor alleviations of a fault. There is a certain quality called by the Gods simplicity, by men foolishness which sometimes betrays the owner into transgressions for which good-nature finds an excuse when the invention of the offender cannot frame one. Let my folly therefore find access to your good nature, and thus gently introduce my story.

A friend of mine who has not a foot of land anywhere but in Parnassus, and there pretends not to more than a copyhold, showed me a comedy of his writing, which I thought might at least vie with most of the late productions in that way; but I am a very incompetent judge of this matter. All I would beg is, that you would cast your eye over the piece. If you do not approve it, no angry female muse (such as once assailed you) armed with terrors which belong rather to Tisiphone than Melpomene, will rage and foam. My friend is an honest peaceable man: if his play deserves your approbation, it will be a great piece of good fortune to him to have it under your protection, and will at once realize every good wish I can form for him. Whatever you decide upon the subject I shall know is right and just. I am not perhaps a judge what should please in comedy and have not the least guess what will please. The dialogue of this play seemed to me easy and lively, and I thought the poet touched with good humoured raillery the fashionable follies of the times, which in themselves, though perhaps not in their consequences, appear too frivolous for severe satire.

Great physicians have transmitted to posterity remedies for those disorders to which human nature is addicted in all ages and climates of the world; but though an Hippocrates and a Galen may have assumed a perpetual authority in cases of consumption, dropsy and malignant fevers, the humble under-graduate doctor considers some new epidemical cold as his province, and hastens to publish his cure for Influenza, or to offer an antidote to Hyson tea; advertises his balsam of honey when the fogs of November affect the lungs; and as the spring advances, brings out his tincture of sage to purify those humours that warm weather causes to ferment.

To a Plautus, a Terence, or a Molière, it belongs to attack the dropsy of pride, the feverish thirst of avarice, or the melancholy madness of misanthropy. The minor poet aims no higher than to remove some incidental malady, some new disorder with which the town is infected. Even if he can take off those freckles which pollute the pure roses and lilies of youthful beauty, or can soften the wrinkles on the brow of old age, he has his merit and deserves encouragement. I wish you may have reason to think my friend deserves a place in some of these humble classes. It is improper

on some accounts that his name should be known, and therefore he desired me to send his piece with my petition that you should read it. As I endeavoured to smuggle a certain Essay through the world, you may perhaps suspect me of having a hand in this comedy; but I do assure you, by all that is most serious, I have not therein either art or part; I have not either invented or corrected, nor knew anything of it till it was almost finished. The author was to finish it after I came out of town, and I promised to send him a letter to you to send with it, which I did the more readily as he will remain to you mute and invisible; and therefore you will have merely the trouble of casting your eye over the play, and when you have done so, if you please to send the play with your opinion of it to my house in Hill Street I shall be more obliged to you than I can express. Any alterations you should desire will certainly be made. Upon recollection, I will beg of you not to send your letter in the packet with the play but indeed to put the letter in the post directed to me at Denton; for the person may otherwise delay my having your letter if he should not call at my house for his play. I shall be in great anxiety till I hear you forgive me the liberty I have taken. I was under very uncommon obligations to exert my endeavours to serve the author of this play; I promise you I will never again presume so far. I should be very unhappy if I thought my taking this liberty would lessen that friendship which I flatter myself Mr. and Mrs. Garrick have for one who has the highest esteem for them. I live over again in imagination the charming day I passed at Hampton. May the muses, les jeux, and les ris, as usual, keep their court there, and health and pleasure never be absent even for an hour. With most perfect regard I am Dear Sir &c

E. MONTAGU.

CLXXII.

Dr. Fordyce, the dramatic critic, in a letter to David Garrick, narrates his impressions of that great actor's impersonation of 'King Lear.'

Dr. Fordyce to David Garrick.

May 13, 1763.

Dr. Fordyce presents his best compliments to Mr. Garrick and begs to be indulged in the pleasure of telling that gentleman some

part of what he felt the other night at Drury Lane. It is impossible to tell him all.

He has seen Mr. Garrick in his other characters with delight always, and with admiration as often as the author will let him. But in King Lear he saw him with rapture and astonishment. He could wish, he could imagine, nothing higher. It was Nature herself wrought into a vast variety of the strongest, the tenderest, and the most terrible emotions, that ever agitated the breast of a father and of a monarch.

In my opinion, Sir, those who have not seen you in that wonderful part, are still strangers to the extent of your powers. They have not yet seen Mr. Garrick. It seems to me the character, of all others, that gives the noblest scope to the career and diversity of his genius. And I am much mistaken if, in the representation, he does not feel his soul expand with a freedom and fulness of satisfaction, beyond what he experiences in any other part. Such violent starts of amazement, of horror, of indignation, of paternal rage excited by filial ingratitude the most prodigious; such a perceptible, yet rapid gradation, from these dreadful feelings to the deepest frenzy; such a striking correspondence between the tempest in his mind and that of the surrounding elements. In the very whirlwind of passion and of madness, such an exact attention to propriety, that it is still the passion and the madness of a King. Those exquisite touches of self-reproach for a most foolish and ill-requited fondness to two worthless daughters, and for the greatest injustice and cruelty to one transcendently excellent. Those restless complaints of aged and royal wretchedness, with all the mingled workings of a warm and hasty, but well-meaning and generous soul, just recovering from the convulsion of its faculties, through the pious care of a worthy, but injured child and follower; till at length the parent, the sovereign and the friend, shine out in the mildest majesty of fervent virtue, like the sun after a fearful storm, breaking forth delightfully in all the soft splendour of a summer evening. These, Sir, are some of the great circumstances which so eminently distinguished your action two nights ago. They possessed by turns all your frame, and appeared successively in every word, and yet more in every gesture, but most of all in every look and feature; presenting, I verily think, such a picture as the world never saw anywhere else; yet such a one as all the

world must acknowledge perfectly true, interesting, and unaffected. A very crowded audience gave the plainest proofs that they found it so. Even a French lady, if I mistook not the person, who has been used to all the polite frigidity of the French drama, was moved and melted in the most sensible manner. But what struck me most and will ever strike me on reflection, was the sustaining with full power, to the last, a character marked with the most diversified and vehement sensations, without even departing once, so far as I could perceive, even in the quickest transitions and fiercest paroxysms, from the simplicity of nature, the grace of attitude or the beauty of expression. What I alone regretted was the blending of modern tragedy with the inimitable composition of your immortal Shakespeare. It was some comfort, however, that you had no share in the whining scene.

I hope, Sir, you will forgive this freedom of praise, prompted as it is by pure esteem for the man whom forming Nature, without the least assistance from example, has been placed so high in his profession. I have said so much, not because I imagine that my single approbation can be of any consequence to Mr. Garrick, amidst the approbation of the public; but merely to relieve myself in some measure from a load of sensibility with which King Lear has quite overwhelmed me.

I am Sir, your most obedient servant

J. FORDYCE.

CLXXIII.

A young artist who had described himself as engaged in dissensions with certain picture dealers at Rome who were endeavouring to influence travellers against the English copyists, received this kind and excellent letter of advice from Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sir Joshua Reynolds to Mr. Barry.

1769.

Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for your remembrance of me in your letter to Mr. Burke, which, though I have read with great pleasure as a composition, I cannot help saying with some regret, to find that so great a portion of your attention has been engaged upon temporary matters, which might be so much more profitably employed upon what would stick by you through your whole life.

Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object, from the moment he rises till he goes to bed ; the effect of every object that meets the painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction. This general attention, with other studies connected with the art, which must employ the artist in his closet, will be found sufficient to fill up life, if it was much longer than it is. Were I in your placè, I would consider myself as playing a great game, and never suffer the little malice and envy of my rivals to draw off my attention from the main object ; which, if you pursue with a steady eye, it will not be in the power of all the Cicerones in the world to hurt you. Whilst they are endeavouring to prevent the gentlemen from employing the young artists, instead of injuring them, they are, in my opinion, doing them the greatest service.

Whilst I was at Rome I was very little employed by them, and that I always considered as so much time lost. Copying those ornamental pictures, which the travelling gentlemen always bring home with them as furniture for their houses, is far from being the most profitable manner of a student spending his time.

Whoever has great views I would recommend to him, whilst at Rome, rather to live on bread and water, than lose those advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in the Vatican ; where, I will engage, no cavalier sends his students to copy for him. I do not mean this as any reproach to the gentlemen ; the works in that place, though they are the proper study of an artist, make but an awkward figure painted in oil, and reduced to the size of easel pictures. The Capella Sistina is the production of the greatest genius that was ever employed in the arts ; it is worth considering by what principles that stupendous greatness of style is produced ; and endeavouring to produce something of your own on those principles, will be a more advantageous method of study, than copying the St. Cecilia in the Borghese, or the Herodias of Guido, which may be copied to eternity, without contributing one jot towards making a man a more able painter.

If you neglect visiting the Vatican often, and particularly the Capella Sistina, you will neglect receiving that peculiar advantage

which Rome can give above all other cities in the world. In other places you will find casts from the antique, and capital pictures of the great painters, but it is *there* only that you can form an idea of the dignity of the art, as it is there only that you can see the works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. If you should not relish them at first, which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you feel something like inspiration come over you, till you think every other painter insipid, in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellencies.

I suppose you have heard of the establishment of a Royal Academy here; the first opportunity I have I will send you the discourse I delivered at its opening, which was the first of January. As I hope you will be hereafter one of our body, I wish you would, as opportunity offers, make memorandums of the regulations of the academies that you may visit in your travels, to be engrafted on our own, if they should be found useful. I am, with the greatest esteem

Yours

J. REYNOLDS.

CLXXIV.

William Pitt did not over-estimate the military qualities of the young Brigadier-General Wolfe when he selected him much out of the order of seniority to command an expedition having for its object to deprive France of her American settlements. Although untried in any considerable command Wolfe had the character of being a perfect soldier. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and was keenly devoted to military work at a time when sloth and debauchery were distinguishing features of the British officer's life; for there was little doing between the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle and the outbreak of the Seven Years' War.

When the first of the two following letters to his mother was written, he was Acting-Commander of the 20th Foot in Scotland, a trying position for a young man in his twenty-third year; the second letter was written after the suppression of the Gloucestershire riots, and at a time when he little expected to be so soon called to that glorious mission which cost him his life.

Major James Wolfe to Mrs. Wolfe.

Glasgow: October 2, 1749.

Dear Madam,—It will not be possible in my circumstances to get leave of absence for four months; we can expect no such indulgence. A less time is not worth asking for, and therefore I'll pass

the winter at Perth. I must hunt and shoot for exercise, and read for entertainment. After Christmas, when the company comes into Edinburgh, and the place is in all its perfection of dirt and gaiety, I'll repair thither, and stay a fortnight or three weeks. It will help to dispel melancholy, and I have been told that a certain smell is a remedy for the vapours; there I can't fail to meet the cure. This day fortnight we leave this town, and till we return to it cannot hope to find so good quarters. According to the rotation of the troops in Scotland, the sixth year brings us back; but 'tis a dreadful interval, a little life to a military man; and for my particular, so far from being in love with the country, that I'd go to the Rhine, or Italy, nay, serve a campaign against the Turks, rather than continue in it the time I have mentioned, and that, too, in the very blooming season of our days. It is my misfortune to miss the improving hour, and to degenerate instead of brightening. Few of my companions surpass me in common knowledge but most of them in vice. This is a truth that I should blush to relate to one that had not all my confidence, lest it be thought to proceed either from insolence or vanity; but I think you don't understand it so. I dread their habits and behaviour, and am forced to an eternal watch upon myself, that I may avoid the very manner which I most condemn in them. Young men should have some object constantly in their aim, some shining character to direct them. 'Tis a disadvantage to be first at an imperfect age; either we become enamoured with ourselves, seeing nothing superior, or fall into the degree of our associates.

I'll stop here, that you may not think me very uneasy. As I now am, it is possible that I might be better pleased, but my duty and a natural indolence of temper make it less irksome; and then a pretty constant employment helps to get me through, and secures me from excess or debauch. That, too, is enough prevented by the office of a Commander.

My duty to my father.

I am, dear madam
Your obedient and affectionate Son
J. WOLFE.

CLXXV.

Lieut.-Colonel James Wolfe to Mrs. Wolfe.

Stroud : December 6, 1756.

Dear Madam,—I attribute it in some measure to the nature of my employment as well as to the condition of my blood, being everlastingly chagrined with the ill actions of the people about me, and in the constant exercise of power to punish and rebuke. I pass so much of my time at quarters, and am so intent upon having everything done in its proper way, that those aids which an equality of society, the conversation of women, and the wholesome advice of friends are known to give to minds of my cast, are totally cut off from me and denied ; and if I was to serve two or three years in America I make no doubt but that I should be distinguished by a peculiar fierceness of temper suited to the nature of that war. I don't know whether a man had better fall early into the hands of those savages, than be converted by degrees into their nature and forget humanity.

It may happen that a second battalion of those regiments may have colonels appointed to them without including your son in the number. A man who never asks a favour will hardly ever obtain it. I persuade myself they will put no inferior officer (unless a peer) over my head, in which case I can't complain, not being able to say that I have ever done more than my duty, and happy if I came up to that. If any soldier is preferred when my turn comes, I shall acquaint the Secretary at War that I am sensible of the injury that is done me, and will take the earliest opportunity to put it out of his or any man's power to repeat it. Not while the war lasts ; for if 500 young officers one after another were to rise before me I should continue to serve with the utmost diligence, to acquit myself to the country, and to show the Ministers that they had acted unjustly. But I flatter myself that I shall never be forced to these disagreeable measures.

I don't believe that Mrs. Goldsmith is dead, but dying. They are still at Kinsale, because she is not able to move ; for her desire was to be carried to die amongst her own relations.

My cousin, whose good nature and gratitude are such that he

can refuse nothing to a wife that he thinks deserves everything at his hands, had agreed to carry her to Limerick; but she had not strength for the journey, and I expect to hear everyday that she is at rest. I am afraid poor Goldsmith has been obliged to call in some expensive assistance, and therefore conclude that a present from the General would be acceptable. He has distinguished himself by a most considerable regard for the poorer branches of his family, for which, I make no doubt but that he himself will be considered. All mankind are indeed our relations, and have nearly an equal claim to pity and assistance; but those of our own blood call most immediately upon us. One of the principal reasons that induces me to wish myself at the head of a regiment is, that I may execute my father's plan while there remains one indigent person of his race.

CLXXVI.

The present century has produced no John Wilkes but only pinchbeck imitations of him. The witty and dissipated proprietor of the 'North Briton' was a complete master of the science of demagogy; and the absurdly impolitic and unconstitutional advisers of George III. provided him with the means of becoming a popular idol. His talents and virtues were, however, not sufficiently solid to make him permanently superior to the vacillations and whims of the mob. The modern Wilkes, thirsting for notoriety, and having no sound cause to champion, tickles the ears of gaping masses with dishonest flattery. This letter is written after Wilkes had been discharged from the Tower on the ground of his Privilege as a Member of Parliament. The 'general warrant' under which he had been arrested for his libellous attack on the Ministry in No. 45 of the 'North Briton,' extended to the seizure of his private papers. He had written demanding the restoration of the *stolen goods*, and had received a sharp rebuke from the Secretaries of State to which this is the rejoinder.

John Wilkes to Lords Egremont and Halifax (Secretaries of State.)

Great George Street: May 29, 1763.

My Lords,—Little did I expect, when I was requiring from your lordships what an Englishman has a right to,—his property taken from him (and said to be in your lordships' possession,)—that I should have received in answer, from persons in your high

station, the expressions of 'indecent and scurrilous' applied to my legal demands.

The respect I bear to his majesty whose servants it seems you still are (though you stand legally convicted of having in me violated, in the highest and most offensive manner, the liberties of all the commons in England), prevents my returning you an answer in the same Billingsgate language. If I considered you only in your private capacities, I should treat you both according to your deserts: but where is the wonder that men who have attacked the sacred liberty of the subject, and have issued an illegal warrant to seize his property, should proceed to such libellous expressions? You say, 'that such of my papers shall be restored to me, as do not lead to a proof of my guilt.' I owe this to your apprehension of an action, not to your love of justice; and in that light, if I can believe your lordships' assurances, the whole will be returned to me. I fear neither your prosecution, nor your persecution; and I will assert the security of my own house, the liberty of my person, and every right of the people, not so much for my own sake, as for the sake of every one of my English fellow-subjects.

I am, my lords,

Your humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

CLXXVII.

If Wilkes had not set up a printing press in his own house, after his acquittal, it is tolerably certain his enemies would have failed to obtain evidence of his being either author or publisher of the 'North Briton': yet he imprudently reprinted No. 45 (and some copies of an infamous poem called 'Essay on Woman'), speculating on immense sales. But Government bribed the very persons he employed in Great George Street to appear as witnesses against him. The following letter from Paris, whither he had gone after his duel with Mr. Martin, shows that he considered his expulsion from Parliament as certain.

John Wilkes to Humphrey Cotes.

Hotel de Saxe, Paris: January 20, 1764.

My Dearest Cotes,—Philipps writes to me in a warm strain, to return immediately; and, from the partial view he takes of my

affairs, which is so far as law and the two houses are concerned, I really think him right. You and I, my beloved friend, have more extended views; and therefore, as I have now an opportunity, I will sift it to the bottom, for I am secure of my conveyance. Your letter of the 10th leaves me no doubt of the certainty of my expulsion. Now give me leave to take a peep into futurity. I argue upon the supposition that I was expelled this morning, at one or two o'clock, after a warm debate. I am, then, no longer a member of parliament. Of consequence, a political man not in the house is of no importance, and never can be well enough, nor minutely enough, informed, to be of any great service.

What then am I to do in England? If I return soon, it is possible that I may be found guilty of the publication of No. 45 of the 'North Briton,' and of the 'Essay on Woman.' I must then go off to France; for no man in his senses would stand Mansfield's sentence upon the publisher of a paper declared by both houses of parliament scandalous, seditious, &c. The 'Essay on Woman,' too, would be considered as blasphemous; and Mansfield would, in that case, avenge on me the old Berwick grudge. Am I then to run the risk of this, and afterwards to confess by going away so critically—as evident a flight as Mahomet's was from Mecca? Surely not.

But I am to await the event of these two trials; and Philipps can never persuade me that some risk is not run. I have in my own case experienced the fickleness of the people. I was almost adored one week; the next, neglected, abused, and despised. With all the fine things said and wrote of me, have not the public to this moment left me in the lurch, as to the expense of so great a variety of law-suits? I will serve them to the last moment of my life; but I will make use of the understanding God has given me, and will owe neither my security nor indemnity to them. Can I trust likewise a rascally court, who bribe my own servants to steal out of my house? Which of the opposition, likewise, can call on me, and expect my services? I hold no obligation to any of them, but to Lord Temple; who is really a superior being. It appears, then, that there is no call of honour. I will now go on to the public cause, that of every man,—liberty. Is there then any one point behind to be tried? I think not. The two important decisions in the Court of Common-Pleas and at Guildhall, have

secured for ever an Englishman's liberty and property. They have grown out of my firmness, and the affair of the 'North Briton;' but neither in this case are we nor our posterity concerned whether John Wilkes, or John à Nokes, wrote or published the 'North Briton' or 'the Essay on Woman.'

The public, then, has no call upon me. I have steadily pursued their object, and I may now, after all their huzzas, fall back into the mass of common citizens. Does any one point suffer by my absence? I have not heard that it does. I know that many of the opposition are, to the full, as much embarrassed about my business as the administration, and detest it as much. I believe, both parties will rejoice at my being here. Too many personalities, likewise, have been mixed with my business, and the King himself has taken too great, not to say too indecent, a share in it, to recede. Can it be thought, too, that the princess dowager can ever forgive what she supposes I have done? What then am I to expect if I return to England? Persecution from my enemies; coldness and neglect from friends, except such noble ones as you and a few more. I go on to some other things.

My private finances are much hurt, by three elections; one at Berwick, and two at Aylesbury. Miss Wilkes's education is expensive. I can live here much cheaper than in London. And what is my duty, and you know is the object I have most at heart, her welfare, will be better, in every point, ascertained here, with me, than at London. Shall I return to Great George-street, and live at so expensive a house? Forbid it real economy, and forbid it pride, to go to another, unless for some great national point of liberty! Perhaps, in the womb of fate, some important public or private event is to turn up. A lucky death often sets all right. Mrs. Mead and Mr. Sherbrooke are both old, and have no relation but Miss Wilkes. She is devoted to me, beyond what you can imagine; and is really all that a fond father can wish. I have taken all possible care of her in every respect. I could live here as well as I wish, for one half of what it will cost me in London; and, when Miss Wilkes was of an age to return to England, not a farthing in debt—which at present oppresses my spirits. I am grown prudent, and will be economical to a great degree.

If government means peace or friendship with me, and to save their honour (wounded to the quick by Webb's affair), I then

breathe no longer hostility. And, between ourselves, if they would send me ambassador to Constantinople it is all I should wish. Mr. Grenville, I am told, solicits his recall. I think, however, the King can never be brought to this, (as to me I mean,) though the ministry would wish it.

If I stay at Paris, I will not be forgot in England ; for I will feed the papers, from time to time, with gall and vinegar against the administration. I cannot express to you how much I am courted here, nor how pleased our inveterate enemies are with the 'North Briton.' Gay felt the pulse of the French ministers about my coming here and Churchill's, upon the former report. The answer was sent from the Duke de Praslin, by the King's orders, to monsieur St. Foy, *premier commis des affaires étrangères*, in these words : 'Les deux illustres J. W. et C. C. peuvent venir en France et à Paris aussi souvent et pour autant de tems, qu'ils le jugeront à propos, &c.'

I am offered the liberty of printing here whatever I choose. I have taken no resolution ; nor will I, till I hear again from you. Favour me with your sentiments fully and freely.

Your most devoted

JOHN WILKES.

CLXXVIII.

At the close of 1758, Oliver Goldsmith, then at the very lowest ebb of fortune, failed to pass his examination at Surgeon's Hall, and was thrown on the world at the age of thirty with nothing whatever to do for a living. At this moment his landlady came to him with a piteous tale of her distress, and the impetuous poet, having no money, gave her forthwith his new suit of clothes to pawn. Unfortunately these had been lent him by Griffith the publisher, who seems to have found out the circumstance directly, and who indulged his temper by calling Goldsmith a knave and a sharper, and by threatening to send him to prison.

Oliver Goldsmith to Mr. Griffith.

January, 1759.

Sir,—I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seems to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens ! request it as a favor,—as a favor that may prevent something more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being—with all

that contempt that indigence brings with it—with all those passions which make contempt insupportable. What, then, has a jail that is formidable? I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society. I tell you, again and again, that I am neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the Jailor shall make; thus far, at least, I do not act the sharper, since, unable to pay my own debts one way, I would generally give some security another. No, sir; had I been a sharper—had I been possessed of less good-nature and native generosity, I might surely now have been in better circumstances.

I am guilty, I own, of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it: my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence, but not with any remorse for being a villain: that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books, I can assure you, are neither pawned nor sold, but in the custody of a friend, from whom my necessities obliged me to borrow some money. Whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment.

It is very possible that, upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jealousy. If such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be published, and then, perhaps, you may see the bright side of a mind, when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice.

You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honor; but I have friendships only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time; nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am, sir your humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S.—I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.

CLXXIX.

In estimating the character of Goldsmith, we gain much by considering what the stock was from which he sprang. Compared with some of his relations, the eccentric poet was a model of social stability. We see him in this highly characteristic letter freely giving up to his family the small legacy of fifteen pounds left him by his uncle Contarine; it was but a drop among all those thirsty souls. No wonder Goldsmith was in no haste to return to his native country.

Oliver Goldsmith to Maurice Goldsmith.

January, 1770.

Dear Brother,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but, in truth, I am not fond of thinking of the necessities of those I love, when it is so very little in my power to help them. I am sorry to find you are every way unprovided for; and what adds to my uneasiness is, that I have received a letter from my sister Johnson by which I learn that she is pretty much in the same circumstances. As to myself, I believe I think I could get both you and my poor brother-in-law something like that which you desire, but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exhaust any little interest I may have, until I can serve you, him and myself more effectually. As yet, no opportunity has offered; but I believe you are pretty well convinced that I will not be remiss when it arrives.

The King has lately been pleased to make me professor of Ancient History in the royal academy of painting which he has just established, but there is no salary annexed; and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution than any benefit to myself. Honors to one in my situation are something like ruffles to one that wants a shirt.

You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I would have done with them. My dear brother, I would by no means give any directions to my dear worthy relations at Kilmore how to dispose of money which is, properly speaking, more theirs than mine. All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it; and I am sure

they will dispose of it to the best advantage. To them I entirely leave it; whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our shattered family demands our sincerest gratitude; and, though they have almost forgotten me, yet, if good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return and increase their good-humour by adding to my own.

I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkner's, folded in a letter.

The face you well know is ugly enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly also send my friends over the Shannon some mezzotint prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Colman. I believe I have written a hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an answer to any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me those regards which I must ever retain for them.

If, then, you have a mind to oblige me, you will write often, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have the news of our family and old acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family where you reside, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodson and his son, my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ballyoughter, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked of being my only brother. I don't understand you. Where is Charles? A sheet of paper occasionally filled with the news of this kind would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind. As it is, my dear brother, believe me to be

Yours, most affectionately,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CLXXX.

Goldsmith had been lodging at a little farm-house in Edgeware when he wrote this letter, and the comedy so modestly referred to was no other than the immortal 'She Stoops to Conquer.' In March 1773 it was at last brought out at Covent Garden, and with amazing success. The difficulties that it met with from the timidity of Colman, the jealousy of Cumberland, and the unworldliness of the author himself, are now matter of history, and the comedy itself universally recognised as the best English play of that century.

Oliver Goldsmith to Bennet Langton.

The Temple: September 7, 1772.

My dear Sir,—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country, at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished; but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honor of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down on a visit to a country parson, Doctor Taylor; and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as

the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an 'Abridgment of the History of England,' for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers, for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, *would do no harm to nobody*. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sore Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her Ladyship, I remain, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

CLXXXI.

Dr. Markham was Head Master at Westminster School at the time this letter was written. He was appointed to the See of Chester in 1771, and was translated to the Archbishopric of York five years afterwards. Edmund Burke was in his thirtieth year, and about to enter the nursery of his political career as private secretary to Mr. Gerard Hamilton, Assistant Secretary for Ireland under the Lieutenancy of Lord Halifax. In this capacity Burke found better 'ground to stand upon' in his native city than Madrid could have afforded him.

Dr. Markham to the Duchess of Queensbury.

Westminster: September 25, 1759.

Madam,—I must entreat your Grace's pardon for the trouble I am giving you. It is in behalf of a very deserving person, with whom I have long had a close friendship. My acquaintance with your Grace's sentiments and feelings persuades me, that I shall not want advocates when I have told you my story.

The consulship at Madrid has been vacant these eight months. Lord Bristol is writing pressing letters to have a consul appointed. I am informed that the office lies so much out of the road of common applications, that it has not yet been asked for; that it has been offered to some, who have declined it; and that Mr. Pitt is actually at a loss for a proper person to appoint to it. This has encouraged my friend to think of it. It so happens, that those who might serve him are mostly out of town. He expects, indeed,

recommendations from some he has writ to. The warm part that I take in all his interests obliges me to avail myself of the honour I have of being known to your Grace, and to beg as much of your assistance with Mr. Pitt, as you think you can give me with propriety. It is time I should say who my friend is. His name is Edmund Burke. As a literary man he may possibly be not quite unknown to you. He is the author of a piece which imposed on the world as Lord Bolingbroke's, called, 'The Advantages of Natural Society,' and of a very ingenious book published last year, called, 'A Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful.'

I must farther say of him, that his chief application has been to the knowledge of public business, and our commercial interests; that he seems to have a most extensive knowledge, with extraordinary talents for business, and to want nothing but ground to stand upon to do his country very important services. Mr. Wood, the under-secretary, has some knowledge of him, and will, I am persuaded, do ample justice to his abilities and character. As for myself, as far as my testimony may serve him, I shall freely venture it on all occasions; as I value him not only for his learning and talents, but as being, in all points of character, a most amiable and most respectable man.

I hope your Grace will forgive my taking up so much of your time. I am really so earnest in this gentleman's behalf, that if I can be instrumental in helping him I shall think it one of the most fortunate events of my life. I beg leave to trouble you with my compliments to the Duke; and am, with a fresh remembrance of your many kindnesses,

Your Grace's most obliged and most faithful servant,

W. MARKHAM.

CLXXXII.

Edmund Burke began his public career in 1759 as private secretary to William Gerard Hamilton (known as single-speech Hamilton, the Assistant Secretary for Ireland). In return for no little influence exerted in securing a pension of £300 per annum for Burke, Hamilton had the audacity to expect the *protégé* would gratefully abandon his life to him. It was not likely that Burke would accept villein service under a feudal superior; he threw up his annuity and broke with his patron for ever.

*Edmund Burke to the Right Hon. William Gerard
Hamilton.*

February, 1765.

Dear Sir,—Your letter, which I received about four o'clock yesterday, seemed not to have been written with an intention of being answered. However, on considering the matter this morning, I thought it respectful to you, and, in a manner, necessary to myself, to say something to those heavy charges which you have made against me in our last conversations; and which, with a polite acrimony in the expression, you have thought proper to repeat in your letter.

I should, indeed, be extremely unhappy, if I felt any consciousness at all of that unkindness, of which you have so lively a sense. In the six years during which I have had the honour of being connected with you, I do not know that I have given you one just occasion of complaint; and if all things have not succeeded every way to your wishes, I may appeal to your own equity and candour whether the failure was owing to any thing wrong in my advice, or inattention in my conduct; I can honestly affirm, and your heart will not contradict me, that in all cases I preferred your interest to my own. I made you, and not myself, the first object in every deliberation. I studied your advancement, your fortune, and your reputation in every thing, with zeal and earnestness; and some times with an anxiety, which has made many of my hours miserable. Nobody could be more ready than I was to acknowledge the obligations I had to you; and if I thought, as in some instances I did, and do still think, I had cause of dissatisfaction, I never expressed it to others, or made yourself uneasy about them. I acted in every respect, with a fidelity which, I trust, cannot be impeached. If there be any part of my conduct in life, upon which I can look with entire satisfaction, it is my behaviour with regard to you.

So far as to the past: with regard to the present, what is that unkindness and misbehaviour of which you complain? My heart is full of friendship to you; and is there a single point which the best and most intelligent men have fixed, as a proof of friendship and gratitude, in which I have been deficient, or in which I threaten a failure? What you blame is only this, that I

will not consent to bind myself to you, for no less a term than my whole life, in a sort of domestic situation, for a consideration to be taken out of your private fortune; that is, to circumscribe my hopes, to give up even the possibility of liberty, and absolutely to annihilate myself for ever. I beseech you, is the demand, or the refusal, the act of unkindness? If ever such a test of friendship was proposed, in any instance, to any man living, I admit that my conduct has been unkind; and, if you please, ungrateful. If I had accepted your kind offers, and afterwards refused to abide by the condition you annex to them, you then would have had a good right to tax me with unkindness. But what have I done, at the end of a very long, however I confess unprofitable, service, but to prefer my own liberty to the offers of advantage you are pleased to make me; and, at the same time, to tender you the continuance of those services (upon which, partiality alone induces you to set any value) in the most disinterested manner, as far as I can do it, consistent with that freedom to which, for a long time, I have determined to sacrifice every consideration; and which I never gave you the slightest assurance that I had any intention to surrender; whatever my private resolves, may have been in case an event had happened, which (so far as concerns myself) I rejoice never to have taken place? You are kind enough to say, that you looked upon my friendship as valuable; but hint that it has not been lasting. I really do not know when, and by what act, I broke it off. I should be wicked and mad to do it, unless you call that a lasting friendship, which all mankind would call a settled servitude, and which no ingenuity can distinguish from it. Once more put yourself in my situation, and judge for me. If I have spoken too strongly, you will be so good to pardon a man on his defence, in one of the nicest questions to a mind that has any feeling. I meant to speak fully, not to offend. I am not used to defend my conduct; nor do I intend, for the future, to fall into so bad a habit. I have been warmed to it by the imputation you threw on me; as if I deserted you on account solely of your want of success. On this, however, I shall say nothing, because perhaps I should grow still warmer; and I would not drop one loose word which might mark the least disrespect, and hurt a friendship which has been, and I flatter myself will be, a satisfaction and an honour to me. I beseech you that you will judge of me with a

little impartiality and temper. I hope I have said nothing in our last interview which could urge you to the passion you speak of. If anything fell which was strong in the expression, I believe it was from you, and not from me, and it is right that I should hear more than I then heard. I said nothing, but what I took the liberty of mentioning to you a year ago, in Dublin: I gave you no reason to think I had made any change in my resolution. We, notwithstanding, have ever since, until within these few days proceeded as usual. Permit me to do so again. No man living can have a higher veneration than I have, for your abilities; or can set a higher value on your friendship, as a great private satisfaction, and a very honourable distinction. I am much obliged to you for the favour you intend me, in sending to me in three or four days (if you do not send sooner); when you have had time to consider this matter coolly. I will again call at your door, and hope to be admitted; I beg it, and entreat it. At the same time do justice to the single motive which I have for desiring this favour, and desiring it in this manner. I have not wrote all this tiresome matter, in hopes of bringing on an altercation in writing, which you are so good to me as to decline personally; and which, in either way, I am most solicitous to shun. What I say is, on reviewing it, little more than I have laid before you in another manner. It certainly requires no answer. I ask pardon for my prolixity, which my anxiety to stand well in your opinion has caused.

I am, with great truth,
Your most affectionate and most obliged
humble servant

EDM. BURKE.

CLXXXIII.

The following very interesting correspondence, typical alike of the manner of Sir Philip Francis and Edmund Burke, refers to the intended publication of the 'Reflections on the French Revolution.' The year 1790 produced nothing more startling; no less than 30,000 copies of the volume were sold before the first flash of public curiosity was satisfied. That the great Whig statesman should have expressed more than ordinary anxiety at so terrible a crisis as the French Revolution, and that he should have been the first among the political chieftains of his day to quail before its excesses is consistent with his impres-

sionable and impetuous nature ; but no one anticipated he would have pushed his denunciation to so exaggerated a pitch as fairly to ruin the Whig party by scaring the bulk of its members over to William Pitt's side of the House of Commons.

Philip Francis to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

February 19, 1790.

My dear Mr. Burke,—I am sorry you should have had the trouble of sending for the printed paper you lent me yesterday, though I own I cannot much regret even a fault of my own that helps to delay the publication of that paper. I know with certainty that I am the only friend, and many there are, who ventures to contradict or oppose you face to face on subjects of this nature. They either care too little for *you*, or too much for *themselves*, to run the risk of giving you immediate offence, for the sake of any subsequent or remote advantage you might derive from it. But what they withhold from *you*, they communicate very liberally to *me* ; because they think, or pretend, that I have some influence over you, which I have not, but, which on the present occasion, I most devoutly wish I had. I am not afraid of exasperating you against me, at any given moment ; because I know you will cool again, and place it all to the right account.

It is the proper province, and ought to be the privilege of an inferior to criticise and advise. The best possible critic of the Iliad would be, *ipso facto*, and by virtue of that very character, incapable of being the author of it. Standing, as I do, in this relation to you, you would renounce your superiority, if you refused to be advised by me.

Waiving all discussion concerning the substance and general tendency of this printed letter, I must declare my opinion that what I have seen of it is very loosely put together. In point of writing, at least, the manuscript you showed me first, was much less exceptionable. Remember that this is one of the most singular, that it may be the most distinguished, and ought to be one of the most deliberate acts of your life. Your writings have hitherto been the delight and instruction of your own country. You now undertake to correct and instruct another nation, and your appeal, in effect, is to all Europe. Allowing you the liberty to do so in an extreme case, you cannot deny that it ought to be done with special deliberation in the choice of the topics, and with no less care and

circumspection in the use you make of them. Have you thoroughly considered whether it be worthy of Mr. Burke,—of a privy-counsellor,—of a man so high and considerable in the House of Commons as you are,—and holding the station you have obtained in the opinion of the world, to enter into a war of pamphlets with Dr. Price? If he answered you, as assuredly he will, (and so will many others,) can you refuse to reply to a person whom you have attacked? If you do, you are defeated in a battle of your own provoking, and driven to fly from ground of your own choosing. If you do not, where is such a contest to lead you, but into a vile and disgraceful, though it were ever so victorious, an altercation? ‘*Dii meliora.*’ But if you will do it, away with all jest, and sneer, and sarcasm; let everything you say be grave, direct, and serious. In a case so interesting as the errors of a great nation, and the calamities of great individuals, and feeling them so deeply as you profess to do, all manner of insinuation is improper, all gibe and nick-name prohibited. In my opinion, all that you say of the queen is pure foppery. If she be a perfect female character, you ought to take your ground upon her virtues. If she be the reverse, it is ridiculous in any but a lover, to place her personal charms in opposition to her crimes. Either way, I know the argument must proceed upon a supposition; for neither have you said anything to establish her moral merits, nor have her accusers formally tried and convicted her of guilt. On this subject, however, you cannot but know that the opinion of the world is not lately, but has been many years, decided.

But in effect, when you assert her claim to protection and respect, on no other topics than those of gallantry, and beauty, and personal accomplishments, you virtually abandon the proof and assertion of her innocence, which you know is the point substantially in question. Pray, sir, how long have you felt yourself so desperately disposed to admire the ladies of Germany? I despise and abhor, as much as you can do, all personal insult and outrage, even to guilt itself, if I see it, where it ought to be, dejected and helpless; but it is in vain to expect that I, or any reasonable man, shall regret the sufferings of a Messalina, as I should those of a Mrs. Greive or a Mrs. Burke; I mean all that is beautiful or virtuous amongst women. Is it nothing but outside? Have they no moral minds? Or are you such a determined champion of

beauty as to draw your sword in defence of any jade upon earth, provided she be handsome? Look back, I beseech you, and deliberate a little, before you determine that this is an office that perfectly becomes you. If I stop here, it is not for want of a multitude of objections. The mischief you are going to do yourself, is to my apprehension, palpable. It is visible. It will be audible. I snuff it in the wind. I taste it already. I feel it in every sense; and so will you hereafter; when, I vow to God, (a most elegant phrase,) it will be no sort of consolation for me to reflect that I did every thing in my power to prevent it. I wish you were at the devil for giving me all this trouble: and so farewell.

P. FRANCIS.

CLXXXIV.

The Reply.

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke to Philip Francis.

Gerard Street: February 20, 1790.

My dear Sir,—I sat up rather late at Carlton House, and on my return hither, I found your letter on my table. I have not slept since. You will, therefore, excuse me if you find anything confused, or otherwise expressed than I could wish, in speaking upon a matter which interests you from your regard to me. There are some things in your letter for which I must thank you; there are others which I must answer;—some things bear the mark of friendly admonition; others bear some resemblance to the tone of accusation.

You are the only friend I have who will dare to give me advice; I must, therefore, have something terrible in me, which intimidates all others who know me from giving me the only unequivocal mark of their regard. Whatever this rough and menacing manner may be, I must search myself upon it; and when I discover it, old as I am, I must endeavour to correct it. I flattered myself, however, that you at least would not have thought my other friends justified in withholding from me their services of this kind. You certainly do not always convey to me your opinions with the greatest tenderness and management; and yet I do not recollect, since I first had the pleasure of your acquaintance.

that there has been a heat or a coolness of a single day's duration, on my side, during that whole time. I believe your memory cannot present to you an instance of it. I ill deserve friends, if I throw them away on account of the candour and simplicity of their good nature. In particular you know, that you have in some instances, favoured me with your instructions relative to things I was preparing for the public. If I did not in every instance agree with you, I think you had, on the whole sufficient proofs of my docility, to make you believe that I received your corrections, not only without offence, but with no small degree of gratitude.

Your remarks upon the first two sheets of my Paris letter, relate to the composition and the matter. The composition, you say, is loose, and I am quite sure of it:—I never intended it should be otherwise. For, purporting to be, what in truth it originally was,—a letter to a friend, I had no idea of digesting it in a systematic order. The style is open to correction, and wants it. My natural style of writing is somewhat careless, and I should be happy in receiving your advice towards making it as little vicious as such a style is capable of being made. The general character and colour of a style, which grows out of the writer's peculiar turn of mind and habit of expressing his thoughts, must be attended to in all corrections. It is not the insertion of a piece of stuff, though of a better kind, which is at all times an improvement.

Your main objections are, however, of a much deeper nature, and go to the political opinions and moral sentiments of the piece, in which I find, though with no sort of surprise, having often talked with you on the subject,—that we differ only in every thing. You say, 'the mischief you are going to do yourself, is to my apprehension palpable; I snuff it in the wind, and my taste sickens at it.' This anticipated stench, that turns your stomach at such a distance, must be nauseous indeed. You seem to think I shall incur great (and not wholly undeserved) infamy, by this publication. This makes it a matter of some delicacy to me, to suppress what I have written; for I must admit in my own feelings, and in that of those who have seen the piece, that my sentiments and opinions deserve the infamy with which they are threatened. If they do not, I know nothing more than that I oppose

the prejudices and inclinations of many people. This, I was well aware of from the beginning, and it was in order to oppose those inclinations and prejudices, that I proposed to publish my letter. I really am perfectly astonished how you could dream, with my paper in your hand, that I found no other cause than the beauty of the queen of France (now, I suppose, pretty much faded) for disapproving the conduct which has been held towards her, and for expressing my own particular feelings. I am not to order the natural sympathies of my own heart, and of every honest breast, to wait until all the jokes and all the anecdotes of the coffee-houses of Paris and of the dissenting meeting-houses of London, are scoured of all the slander of those who calumniate persons, that, afterwards, they may murder them with impunity. I know nothing of your story of Messalina. Am I obliged to prove juridically the virtues of all those I shall see suffering every kind of wrong, and contumely, and risk of life, before I endeavour to interest others in their sufferings—and before I endeavour to excite horror against midnight assassins at back-stairs, and their more wicked abettors in pulpits? What!—Are not high rank, great splendour of descent, great personal elegance and outward accomplishments, ingredients of moment in forming the interest we take in the misfortunes of men? The minds of those who do not feel thus, are not even systematically right. ‘What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?’—Why,—because she was Hecuba, the queen of Troy—the wife of Priam,—and suffered, in the close of life, a thousand calamities! I felt too for Hecuba, when I read the fine tragedy of Euripides upon her story; and I never inquired into the anecdotes of the court or city of Troy, before I gave way to the sentiments which the author wished to inspire;—nor do I remember that he ever said one word of her virtue. It is for those who applaud or palliate assassination, regicide, and base insult to women of illustrious place, to prove the crimes (in sufferings) which they allege, to justify their own. But if they have proved fornication on any such woman,—taking the manners of the world, and the manners of France,—I shall never put it in a parallel with assassination!—No: I have no such inverted scale of faults in my heart or my head.

You find it perfectly ridiculous, and unfit for me in particular, to take these things as my ingredients of commiseration. Pray

why is it absurd in me to think, that the chivalrous spirit which dictated a veneration for women of condition and of beauty, without any consideration whatever of enjoying them, was the great source of those manners which have been the pride and ornament of Europe for so many ages? And am I not to lament that I have lived to see those manners extinguished in so shocking a manner, by means of speculations of finance, and the false science of a sordid and degenerate philosophy? I tell you again,—that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the queen of France, in the year 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendour, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her,—and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing,—*did* draw tears from me and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description;—they may again. You do not believe this fact, nor that these are my real feelings; but that the whole is affected, or, as you express it, downright foppery. My friend,—I tell you it is truth; and that it is true, and will be truth, when you and I are no more; and will exist as long as men with their natural feelings shall exist. I shall say no more on this foppery of mine. Oh! by the way, you ask me how long I have been an admirer of German ladies? Always the same. Present me the idea of such massacres about any German lady here, and such attempts to assassinate her, and such a triumphant procession from Windsor to the Old Jewry, and I assure you, I shall be quite as full of natural concern and just indignation.

As to the other points, they deserve serious consideration, and they shall have it. I certainly cannot profit quite so much by your assistance, as if we agreed. In that case, every correction would be forwarding the design. We should work with one common view.

But it is impossible that any man can correct a work according to its true spirit, who is opposed to its object, or can help the expression of what he thinks should not be expressed at all.

I should agree with you about the vileness of the controversy with such miscreants as the 'Revolution Society,' and the 'National Assembly;' and I know very well that they, as well as their allies, the Indian delinquents, will darken the air with their arrows. But I do not yet think they have the advowson of

reputation. I shall try that point. My dear Sir, you think of nothing but controversies: 'I challenge into the field a battle, and retire defeated, &c.' If their having the last word be a defeat, they most assuredly will defeat me. But I intend no controversy with Dr. Price, or Lord Shelburne, or any other of their set. I mean to set in full view the danger from their wicked principles and their black hearts. I intend to state the true principles of our constitution in church and state, upon grounds opposite to theirs. If any one be the better for the example made of them, and for this exposition, well and good. I mean to do my best to expose them to the hatred, ridicule, and contempt of the whole world; as I always shall expose such calumniators, hypocrites, sowers of sedition, and approvers of murder and all its triumphs. When I have done that, they may have the field to themselves; and I care very little how they triumph over me, since I hope they will not be able to draw me at their heels, and carry my head in triumph on their poles.

I have been interrupted, and have said enough. Adieu! believe me always sensible of your friendship; though it is impossible that a greater difference can exist on earth than, unfortunately for me, there is on those subjects, between your sentiments and mine.

EDM. BURKE.

CLXXXV.

Some remarks Junius had made in his first letter reflecting on the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Granby, induced Sir William Draper to come forward in his lordship's defence, and a contest ensued. It soon degenerated into mere personalities, Junius charging Draper with selling his commission as Captain in the 16th Regiment for £200 a year, and with being in receipt of a salary as Governor of Yarmouth, though bound to take an oath as a half-pay officer that he was not holding any place of profit under the Crown. The following is an answer to a letter in which Draper denied the charge, angrily contending that the most virtuous man in the kingdom could not always answer to his conscience on every point.

Junius to Sir William Draper.

March 3, 1769.

Sir,—An academical education has given you an unlimited command over the most beautiful figures of speech. Masks,

hatchets, racks, and vipers dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion. These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination; the melancholy madness of poetry, without the inspiration. I will not contend with you in point of composition. You are a scholar, Sir William, and, if I am truly informed, you write Latin with almost as much purity as English. Suffer me then, for I am a plain unlettered man, to continue that style of interrogation, which suits my capacity, and to which, considering the readiness of your answers, you ought to have no objection. Even Mr. Bingley promises to answer, if put to the torture. Do you then really think that, if I were to ask a most virtuous man whether he ever committed theft, or murder, it would disturb his peace of mind? Such a question might perhaps discompose the gravity of his muscles, but I believe it would little affect the tranquillity of his conscience. Examine your own breast, Sir William, and you will discover that reproaches and inquiries have no power to afflict either the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which alone is vulnerable: the man, who, without firmness enough to avoid a dishonourable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it. I thank you for your hint of the Decalogue, and shall take an opportunity of applying it to some of your most virtuous friends in both houses of Parliament.

You seem to have dropped the affair of your regiment; so let it rest. When you are appointed to another, I dare say you will not sell it either for a gross sum, or for an annuity upon lives.

I am truly glad (for really, Sir William, I am not your enemy, nor did I begin this contest with you,) that you have been able to clear yourself of a crime, though at the expense of the highest indiscretion. You say that your half-pay was given you by way of pension. I will not dwell upon the singularity of uniting in your own person two sorts of provision, which in their own nature, and in all military and parliamentary views, are incompatible; but I call upon you to justify that declaration wherein you charge your sovereign with having done an act in your favour, notoriously against law. The half-pay, both in Ireland and England, is appropriated by Parliament; and if it be given to persons who, like you, are legally incapable of holding it, it is a breach of law. It would have been more decent in you to have called this

dishonourable transaction by its true name—a job to accommodate two persons, by particular interest and management at the Castle. What sense must Government have had of your services, when the rewards they have given you are only a disgrace to you!

And now, Sir William, I shall take my leave of you for ever. Motives very different from any apprehension of your resentment, make it impossible you should ever know me. In truth, you have some reason to hold yourself indebted to me. From the lessons I have given you, you may collect a profitable instruction for your future life. They will either teach you so to regulate your conduct as to be able to set the most malicious inquiries at defiance; or, if that be a lost hope, they will teach you prudence enough not to attract the public attention to a character which will only pass without censure when it passes without observation.

CLXXXVI.

In reading this brilliant Philippic it should be borne in mind that the Duke of Grafton was at this time the mere tool of George III., and that the King was maddening the people by his insane obstinacy with regard to America, and by his setting up Luttrell in Wilkes' place as member for Middlesex. His Grace is here made the scapegoat of his Royal master's folly, and is contemplated as the worthy successor of the universally detested Bute. The Duke's frailties in private life are not forgotten, and the fact of his being Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—the profligate Sandwich being High Steward—furnishes Junius with the reflections which conclude the letter.

Junius to the Duke of Grafton.

July 8, 1769.

My Lord,—If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people.

When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence,

that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamours of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my Lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from their decision there is but one appeal. Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have, perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received for synonymous terms, that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my Lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from their spirit and their resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the Favourite had some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration, as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favourite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honour to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my Lord, for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence of security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at the caput mortuum of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury which have governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labours, that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign, at a time when both were unquestionable.

You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonourable competition with Mr. Wilkes, nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and the rights of the people. But these are rights, my Lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honour and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and in the common arts of domestic corruption, we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded, safe and contemptible. You might, probably, never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished, and, to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yet, I trust, your Grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures, nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the House of Commons by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of Parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses, to convince them that to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people contradicts all those ideas of a House of Commons which they have received from

their forefathers, and which they have already, though vainly perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended, have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed but insulted.

With what force, my Lord, with what protection, are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for—another must be purchased; and to save a minister, the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my Lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance, or, if their protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you, that a man, marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum, should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality and kneeling is religion. Trust not too far to appearances by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a contention in which everything may be lost but nothing can be gained; and, as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favour, be assured that, whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishopricks shall have departed from you, you will

find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dulness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet, for the benefit of the succeeding age, I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

JUNIUS.

CLXXXVII.

Those to whom the name of Cowper has hitherto only suggested a sour and insane bigot, will be surprised to read those whimsical and tenderly humorous letters in which he has enshrined the sweetness of his timid nature.

From his hermitage among the sedgy brooks of Olney he long continued to remind his friends that the most retired and melancholy of men was a scholar, a bright companion, and, paradoxical as it may seem, on all points but one a very shrewd man of the world.

William Cowper to Clotworthy Rowley.

September 2, 1762.

Dear Rowley,—Your letter has taken me just in the crisis; to-morrow I set off for Brightelmston, and there I stay till the winter brings us all to town again. This world is a shabby fellow, and uses us ill; but a few years hence there will be no difference between us and our fathers of the tenth generation upwards. I could be as splenetick as you, and with more reason, if I thought proper to indulge that humour; but my resolution is, (and I would advise you to adopt it,) never to be melancholy while I have a hundred pounds in the world to keep up my spirits. God knows how long that will be; but in the mean time Io Triumphe! If a great man struggling with misfortunes is a noble object, a little man that despises them is no contemptible one; and this is all the philosophy I have in the world at present. It savours pretty much of the ancient stoic; but till the stoics became coxcombs, they were, in my opinion, a very sensible sect.

If my resolution to be a great man was half so strong as it is to despise the shame of being a little one, I should not despair of a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with all its appurtenances; for there is nothing more certain, and I could prove it by a thousand instances, than that every man may be rich if he will. What is the industry of half the industrious men in the world but avarice, and call it by which name you will, it almost always succeeds. But this provokes me, that a covetous dog who will work by candlelight in a morning, to get what he does not want, shall be praised for his thriftiness, while a gentleman shall be abused for submitting to his wants, rather than work like an ass to relieve them. Did you ever in your life know a man who was guided in the general course of his actions by any thing but his natural temper? And yet we blame each other's conduct as freely as if that temper was the most tractable beast in the world, and we had nothing to do but to twitch the rein to the right or the left, and go just as we are directed by others! All this is nonsense, and nothing better. There are some sensible folks, who having great estates have wisdom enough too to spend them properly; there are others who are not less wise, perhaps, as knowing how to shift without 'em. Between these two degrees are they who spend their money dirtily, or get it so. If you ask me where they are to be placed who amass much wealth in an honest way, you must be so good as to find them first, and then I'll answer the question. Upon the whole, my dear Rowley, there is a degree of poverty that has no disgrace belonging to it; that degree of it, I mean, in which a man enjoys clean linen and good company; and if I never sink below this degree of it, I care not if I never rise above it. This is a strange epistle, nor can I imagine how the devil I came to write it: but here it is, such as it is, and much good may it do you with it.

I have no estate, as it happens, so if it should fall into bad hands, I shall be in no danger of a commission of lunacy. —Adieu! Carr is well, and gives his love to you.

Yours ever,

WM. COWPER.

CLXXXVIII.

The following letter was written in the happy period that succeeded the first serious attack of insanity at Olney.

William Cowper to Joseph Hill.

July 8, 1780.

Mon Ami,—If you ever take the tip of the Chancellor's ear between your finger and thumb, you can hardly improve the opportunity to better purpose, than if you should whisper into it the voice of compassion and lenity to the lace-makers. I am an eye-witness of their poverty, and do know that hundreds in this little town are upon the point of starving, and that the most unremitting industry is but barely sufficient to keep them from it. I know that the Bill by which they would have been so fatally affected is thrown out: but Lord Stormont threatens them with another; and if another like it should pass, they are undone. We lately sent a petition from hence to Lord Dartmouth; I signed it, and am sure the contents are true. The purport of it was to inform him that there are very near one thousand two hundred lace-makers in this beggarly town, the most of whom had reason enough while the Bill was in agitation, to look upon every loaf they bought as the last they should ever be able to earn. I can never think it good policy to incur the certain inconvenience of ruining thirty thousand, in order to prevent a remote and possible damage though to a much greater number. The measure is like a scythe, and the poor lace-makers are the sickly crop that trembles before the edge of it. The prospect of peace with America is like the streak of dawn in their horizon; but this Bill is like a black cloud behind it, that threatens their hope of a comfortable day with utter extinction. I did not perceive till this moment, that I had tacked two similes together; a practice which, warranted by the example of Homer, and allowable in an epic poem, is rather luxurious and licentious in a letter: lest I should add another, I conclude.

CLXXXIX.

In the elegant fluency of his humorous verse Cowper approaches the golden style of Goldsmith. The eighteenth century, however, had taken out a patent for occasional poetry, and even third-rate bards like Lloyd and Anstey gave their social numbers a grace that we must be content to envy.

William Cowper to Mrs. Newton.

September 16, 1781.

A Noble theme demands a noble verse,
 In such I thank you for your fine oysters,
 The barrel was magnificently large,
 But being sent to Olney at free charge,
 Was not inserted in the driver's list,
 And therefore overlook'd, forgot, or miss'd ;
 For when the messenger whom we dispatch'd
 Enquired for oysters, Hob his noddle scratch'd,
 Denying that his waggon or his wain
 Did any such commodity contain.
 In consequence of which, your welcome boon
 Did not arrive till yesterday at noon ;
 In consequence of which some chanced to die,
 And some, though very sweet, were very dry.
 Now Madam says (and what she says must still
 Deserve attention, say she what she will,)
 That what we call the Diligence, be-case
 It goes to London with a swifter pace,
 Would better suit the carriage of your gift,
 Returning downward with a pace as swift ;
 And therefore recommends it with this aim—
 To save at least three days,—the price the same ;
 For though it will not carry or convey
 For less than twelve pence, send whate'er you may,
 For oysters bred upon the salt sea shore,
 Pack'd in a barrel, they will charge no more.
 News have I none that I can deign to write,
 Save that it rain'd prodigiously last night ;
 And that ourselves were, at the seventh hour,

Caught in the first beginning of the shower ;
 But walking, running, and with much ado,
 Got home—just time enough to be wet through.
 Yet both are well, and wond'rous to be told,
 Soused as we were, we yet have caught no cold ;
 And wishing just the same good hap to you,
 We say, good Madam, and good Sir, Adieu !

CXC.

The iron will of the Rev. John Newton acted in two directions upon the sensitive character of Cowper ; at one moment it paralysed, and at another exhilarated him. There can be little doubt, however, that at length the tonic became excessive, and the irritant too powerful for so frail and sensitive a brain.

William Cowper to the Rev. John Newton.

March 29, 1784.

My dear Friend,—It being his majesty's pleasure that I should yet have another opportunity to write before he dissolves the parliament, I avail myself of it with all possible alacrity. I thank you for your last, which was not the less welcome for coming, like an extraordinary gazette, at a time when it was not expected. As when the sea is uncommonly agitated, the water finds its way into creeks and holes of rocks, which in its calmer state it never reaches, in like manner the effect of these turbulent times is felt even at Orchard side, where in general we live as undisturbed by the political element, as shrimps or cockles that have been accidentally deposited in some hollow beyond the water mark, by the usual dashing of the waves. We were sitting yesterday after dinner, the two ladies and myself, very composedly, and without the least apprehension of any such intrusion in our snug parlour, one lady knitting, the other netting, and the gentleman winding worsted, when to our unspeakable surprise a mob appeared before the window ; a smart rap was heard at the door, the boys halloo'd, and the maid announced Mr. Grenville. Puss was unfortunately let out of her box, so that the candidate, with all his good friends at his heels, was refused admittance at the grand entry, and referred to the back door, as the only possible way of approach.

Candidates are creatures not very susceptible of affronts, and

would rather, I suppose, climb in at a window, than be absolutely excluded. In a minute, the yard, the kitchen, and the parlour, were filled. Mr. Grenville advancing toward me shook me by the hand with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing. As soon as he and as many more as could find chairs were seated, he began to open the intent of his visit. I told him I had no vote, for which he readily gave me credit. I assured him I had no influence, which he was not equally inclined to believe, and the less, no doubt, because Mr. Ashburner, the draper, addressing himself to me at this moment, informed me that I had a great deal. Supposing that I could not be possessed of such a treasure without knowing it, I ventured to confirm my first assertion, by saying, that if I had any I was utterly at a loss to imagine where it could be, or wherein it consisted. Thus ended the conference. Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He kissed likewise the maid in the kitchen, and seemed upon the whole a most loving, kissing, kindhearted gentleman. He is very young, genteel, and handsome. He has a pair of very good eyes in his head, which not being sufficient as it should seem for the many nice and difficult purposes of a senator, he has a third also, which he wore suspended by a ribband from his buttonhole. The boys halloo'd, the dogs barked, Puss scampered; the hero, with his long train of obsequious followers, withdrew. We made ourselves very merry with the adventure, and in a short time settled into our former tranquillity, never probably to be thus interrupted more. I thought myself, however, happy in being able to affirm truly that I had not that influence for which he sued; and which, had I been possessed of it, with my present views of the dispute between the Crown and the Commons, I must have refused him, for he is on the side of the former. It is comfortable to be of no consequence in a world where one cannot exercise any without disobliging somebody. The town however seems to be much at his service, and if he be equally successful throughout the country, he will undoubtedly gain his election. Mr. Ashburner perhaps was a little mortified because it was evident that I owed the honour of this visit to his misrepresentation of my importance. But had he thought proper to assure Mr. Grenville that I had three heads, I should not I suppose have been bound to produce them. Many thanks for the worsted, which is excellent.

We are as well as a spring hardly less severe than the severest winter will give us leave to be. With our united love, we conclude ourselves yours and Mrs. Newton's affectionate and faithful,
 &c.

CXCI.

The new volume here spoken of was the celebrated poem of 'The Task,' the result of the beneficent companionship of Lady Austen. By its publication in 1785, Cowper, who had reached his fifty-fourth year in comparative obscurity, suddenly found himself famous. The public was delighted to be led once more into the woods and fields by a poet of such pure and simple diction.

William Cowper to the Rev. John Newton.

December 10, 1785.

My Dear Friend,—What you say of my last volume gives me the sincerest pleasure. I have heard a like favourable report of it from several different quarters, but never any (for obvious reasons) that has gratified me more than yours. I have a relish for moderate praise, because it bids fair to be judicious; but praise excessive, such as our poor friend ——'s, (I have an uncle also who celebrates me exactly in the same language;)—such praise is rather too big for an ordinary swallow. I set down nine-tenths of it to the account of family partiality. I know no more than you what kind of a market my book has found; but this I believe, that had not Henderson died, and had it been worth my while to have given him a hundred pounds to have read it in public, it would have been more popular than it is. I am at least very unwilling to esteem John Gilpin as better worth than all the rest that I have written, and he has been popular enough. Your sentiments of Pope's Homer agree perfectly with those of every competent judge with whom I have at any time conversed about it. I never saw a copy so unlike the original. There is not, I believe, in all the world to be found an uninspired poem so simple as those of Homer; nor in all the world a poem more bedizened with ornaments than Pope's translation of them. Accordingly, the sublime of Homer in the hands of Pope becomes bloated and tumid, and his description tawdry. Neither had Pope the faintest conception of those exquisite discriminations of character for which Homer is so

remarkable. All his persons, and equally upon all occasions, speak in an inflated and strutting phraseology, as Pope has managed them; although in the original, the dignity of their utterance, even when they are most majestic, consists principally in the simplicity of their sentiments and of their language. Another censure I must needs pass upon our Anglo-Grecian, out of many that obtrude themselves upon me, but for which I have neither time to spare, nor room; which is, that with all his great abilities he was defective in his feelings to a degree that some passages in his own poems make it difficult to account for. No writer more pathetic than Homer, because none more natural; and because none less natural than Pope in his version of Homer, therefore than he none less pathetic. But I shall tire you with a theme with which I would not wish to cloy you beforehand.

If the great change in my experience, of which you express so lively an expectation, should take place, and whenever it shall take place, you may securely depend upon receiving the first notice of it. But whether you come with congratulations, or whether without them, I need not say that you and yours will always be most welcome here. Mrs. Unwin's love both to yourself and to Mrs. Newton joins itself as usual, and as warmly as usual, to that of

Yours, my dear friend,

affectionately and faithfully,

WM. COWPER.

CXCII.

Cowper's letters are habitually charming, but the most delicate and characteristic of all are those written to his cousin, that bright and loveable woman whose sympathy became necessary to his peace of mind, and who, having discovered that fact, for the future never withheld it.

William Cowper to Lady Hesketh.

May 29, 1786.

Thou dear, comfortable cousin, whose letters, among all that I receive, have this property peculiarly their own, that I expect them without trembling, and never find any thing in them that does not give me pleasure; for which therefore I would take nothing in exchange that the world could give me, save and except that for which I must exchange them soon, (and happy shall I be

to do so,) your own company. That, indeed, is delayed a little too long; to my impatience at least it seems so, who find the spring, backward as it is, too forward, because many of its beauties will have faded before you will have an opportunity to see them. We took our customary walk yesterday in the wilderness at Weston, and saw, with regret, the laburnums, syringas, and guelder-roses, some of them blown, and others just upon the point of blowing, and could not help observing—all these will be gone before Lady Hesketh comes! Still however there will be roses, and jasmine, and honey-suckle, and shady walks, and cool alcoves, and you will partake them with us. But I want you to have a share of every thing that is delightful here, and cannot bear that the advance of the season should steal away a single pleasure before you can come to enjoy it.

Every day I think of you, almost all the day long; I will venture to say, that even you were never so expected in your life. I called last week at the Quaker's to see the furniture of your bed, the fame of which had reached me. It is, I assure you, superb, of printed cotton, and the subject classical. Every morning you will open your eyes on Phaeton kneeling to Apollo, and imploring his father to grant him the conduct of his chariot for a day. May your sleep be as sound as your bed will be sumptuous, and your nights at least will be well provided for.

I shall send up the sixth and seventh books of the Iliad shortly, and shall address them to you. You will forward them to the General. I long to show you my workshop, and to see you sitting on the opposite side of the table. We shall be as close packed as two wax figures in an old fashioned picture frame. I am writing in it now. It is the place in which I fabricate all my verse in summer time. I rose an hour sooner than usual this morning, that I might finish my sheet before breakfast, for I must write this day to the General.

The grass under my windows is all bespangled with dewdrops, and the birds are singing in the apple trees, among the blossoms. Never poet had a more commodious oratory in which to invoke his Muse.

I have made your heart ache too often, my poor dear cousin, with talking about my fits of dejection. Something has happened that has led me to the subject, or I would have mentioned them

more sparingly. Do not suppose, or suspect that I treat you with reserve ; there is nothing in which I am concerned that you shall not be made acquainted with. But the tale is too long for a letter. I will only add, for your present satisfaction, that the cause is not exterior, that it is not within the reach of human aid, and that yet I have a hope myself, and Mrs. Unwin a strong persuasion of its removal. I am indeed even now, and have been for a considerable time, sensible of a change for the better, and expect, with good reason, a comfortable lift from you. Guess, then, my beloved cousin, with what wishes I look forward to the time of your arrival, from whose coming I promise myself not only pleasure, but peace of mind,—at least an additional share of it. At present it is an uncertain and transient guest with me ; but the joy with which I shall see and converse with you at Olney, may perhaps make it an abiding one.

W. C.

CXIII.

After the publication of his *Homer* in 1791, the health and spirits of Cowper succumbed to an irremediable decay. For a while the necessity of attending to Mrs. Unwin, who was become a helpless invalid, excited and seemed to sustain him, but in reality it destroyed him. We get a vivid picture of his strange timidity in this account of his visit to Lady Bagot.

William Cowper to the Rev. Walter Bagot.

August 2, 1791.

My Dear Friend,—I was much obliged, and still feel myself much obliged to Lady Bagot, for the visit with which she favoured me. Had it been possible that I could have seen Lord Bagot too, I should have been completely happy. For, as it happened, I was that morning in better spirits than usual ; and though I arrived late, and after a long walk, and extremely hot, which is a circumstance very apt to disconcert me, yet I was not disconcerted half so much as I generally am at the sight of a stranger, especially of a stranger lady, and more especially at the sight of a stranger lady of quality. When the servant told me that Lady Bagot was in the parlour, I felt my spirits sink ten degrees ; but the moment I saw her, at least when I had been a minute in her company, I felt them rise again, and they soon rose even above their former pitch.

I know two ladies of fashion now, whose manners have this effect upon me. The Lady in question, and the Lady Spencer. I am a shy animal, and want much kindness to make me easy. Such I shall be to my dying day. Here sit I, calling myself shy, yet have just published by the by, two great volumes of poetry.

This reminds me of Ranger's observation in the 'Suspicious Husband,' who says to somebody, I forget whom—'There is a degree of assurance in you modest men, that the impudent fellows can never arrive at!' Assurance indeed! Have you seen 'em? What do you think they are? Nothing less I can tell you than a translation of Homer. Of the sublimest poet in the world.

That's all. Can I ever have the impudence to call myself shy again?

You live, I think, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham? What must you not have felt on the late alarming occasion!

You I suppose could see the fires from your windows. We, who only heard the news of them, have trembled. Never sure was religious zeal more terribly manifested, or more to the prejudice of its own cause.

Adieu, my dear friend. I am, with Mrs. Unwin's best compliments,
Ever yours.

CXCIV.

The beauty, the misfortunes, and the talent of Charlotte Smith combined to make her figure universally fascinating to her contemporaries. At the time this letter was written, however, she had just thrown in her lot, with her customary ardour, with the French Revolution, and had thereby estranged many of her friends. But Hayley, through whom she became acquainted with Cowper, remained staunch to her.

William Cowper to Mrs. Charlotte Smith.

October 26, 1793.

Dear Madam,—Your two counsellors are of one mind. We both are of opinion that you will do well to make your second volume a suitable companion to the first, by embellishing it in the same manner; and have no doubt, considering the well-deserved popularity of your verse that the expense will be amply refunded by the public.

I would give you, Madam, not my counsel only, but consolation also, were I not disqualified for that delightful service by a great dearth of it in my own experience. I, too, often seek but cannot find it. Of this however I can assure you, if that may at all comfort you, that both my friend Hayley and myself most truly sympathize with you under all your sufferings; neither have you, I am persuaded, in any degree lost the interest you always had in him, or your claim to any service of whatever kind that it may be in his power to render you. Had you no other title to his esteem, his respect for your talents and his feelings for your misfortunes must insure to you the friendship of such a man for ever. I know, however, that there are seasons when, look which way we will, we see the same dismal gloom enveloping all objects. This is itself an affliction, and the worse because it makes us think ourselves more unhappy than we are; and at such a season it is, I doubt not, that you suspect a diminution of our friend's zeal to serve you.

I was much struck by an expression in your letter to Hayley where you say that 'you will endeavour to take an interest in green leaves again.' This seems the sound of my own voice reflected to me from a distance; I have so often had the same thought and desire.

A day scarcely passes at this season of the year when I do not contemplate the trees so soon to be stript, and, say, perhaps I shall never see you clothed again; every year as it passes makes this expectation more reasonable, and the year, with me, cannot be very distant when the event will verify it. Well—may God grant us a good hope of arriving in due time where the leaves never fall, and all will be right.

Mrs. Unwin I think is a little better than when you saw her, but still feeble; so feeble as to keep me in a state of continual apprehension. I live under the point of a sword suspended by a hair. She begs you to accept her compliments.

Adieu, my dear madam, believe me

Your sincere and affectionate humble servant,

WM. COWPER.

CXC.V.

The most appropriate introduction to this letter will be from Gibbon's 'Memoirs of my Life and Writings.' Referring to the opponents who had been provoked by his memorable attack on Christianity in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of his History, he says:—'In his "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," Dr. Priestley threw down his two gauntlets to Bishop Hurd and Mr. Gibbon. I declined the challenge in a letter exhorting my opponent to enlighten the world by his philosophical discoveries,' &c. Priestley's object evidently was to induce Gibbon to avow plainly his opposition to Christianity.

Edward Gibbon to Dr. Priestley.

January 23, 1783.

Sir,—As a mark of your esteem, I should have accepted with pleasure your 'History of the Corruptions of Christianity.' You have been careful to inform me, that it is intended, not as a gift, but as a challenge, and such a challenge you must permit me to decline. At the same time you glory in outstripping the zeal of the Mufti and the Lama, it may be proper to declare, that I should equally refuse the defiance of those venerable divines. Once, and once only, the just defence of my own veracity provoked me to descend into the amphitheatre; but as long as you attack opinions which I have never maintained, or maintain principles which I have never denied, you may safely exult in my silence and your own victory. The difference between us, (on the credibility of miracles,) which you choose to suppose, and wish to argue, is a trite and antient topic of controversy, and, from the opinion which you entertain of yourself and of me, it does not appear probable that our dispute would either edify or enlighten the Public.

That Public will decide to whom the invidious name of unbeliever more justly belongs; to the Historian, who, without interposing his own sentiments, has delivered a simple narrative of authentic facts, or to the disputant who proudly rejects all natural proofs of the immortality of the soul, overthrows (by circumscribing) the inspiration of the evangelists and apostles, and condemns the religion of every Christian nation, as a fable less innocent, but not less absurd, than Mahomet's journey to the third Heaven.

And now, Sir, since you assume a right to determine the objects of my past and future studies, give me leave to convey to your ear the almost unanimous, and not offensive wish, of the philosophic world:—that you would confine your talents and industry to those sciences in which real and useful improvements can be made. Remember the end of your predecessor Servetus, not of his life, (the Calvins of our days are restrained from the use of the same fiery arguments,) but, I mean, the end of his reputation. His theological writings are lost in oblivion; and if his book on the Trinity be still preserved, it is only because it contains the first rudiments of the discovery of the circulation of the blood.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant.

CXCVI.

In the letter to which the following is the reply, Dr Priestley, after some sneering remarks touching Gibbon's covert and insidious method of attacking Christianity, had observed that he admired Servetus more for his courage as a martyr than for his services as a scientific discoverer.

Edward Gibbon to Dr. Priestley.

February 6, 1783.

Sir,—As I do not pretend to judge of the sentiments or intentions of another, I shall not enquire how far you are inclined to suffer, or inflict, martyrdom. It only becomes me to say, that the style and temper of your last letter have satisfied me of the propriety of declining all farther correspondence, whether public or private, with such an adversary.

I am, Sir, your humble servant.

CXCVII.

It is difficult to associate with the cold and cynical historian of the Roman Empire so much tenderness and genuine depth of feeling as this letter displays. But Gibbon's attachment to Lord Sheffield and Mr. Deyverdun was singularly unselfish, almost romantic. It should be remembered that at the time he undertook this visit to England he was suffering from a dreadful disease which must have made travelling not only inconvenient but painful.

Edward Gibbon to Lord Sheffield.

Lausanne: April 27, 1793.

My dearest Friend,—for such you most truly are, nor does there exist a person who obtains, or shall ever obtain, a superior place in my esteem and affection. After too long a silence I was sitting down to write, when, only yesterday morning (such is now the irregular slowness of the English post), I was suddenly struck, indeed struck to the heart, by the fatal intelligence from Sir Henry Clinton and M. de Lally. Alas! what is life, and what are our hopes and projects! When I embraced her at your departure from Lausanne, could I imagine that it was for the last time? When I postponed to another summer my journey to England, could I apprehend that I never, never should see her again? I always hoped that she would spin her feeble thread to a long duration, and that her delicate frame would survive (as is often the case) many constitutions of a stouter appearance. In four days! in your absence, in that of her children! But she is now at rest; and if there be a future life, her mild virtues have surely entitled her to the reward of pure and perfect felicity. It is for you that I feel, and I can judge of your sentiments by comparing them with my own. I have lost, it is true, an amiable and affectionate friend, whom I had known and loved above three-and-twenty years, and whom I often styled by the endearing name of sister. But you are deprived of the companion of your life, the wife of your choice, and the mother of your children; poor children! the liveliness of Maria, and the softness of Louisa, render them almost equally the objects of my tenderest compassion. I do not wish to aggravate your grief; but, in the sincerity of friendship, I cannot hold a different language. I know the impotence of reason, and I much fear that the strength of your character will serve to make a sharper and more lasting impression.

The only consolation in these melancholy trials to which human life is exposed, the only one at least in which I have any confidence, is the presence of a real friend; and of that, as far as it depends on myself, you shall not be destitute. I regret the few days that must be lost in some necessary preparations; but I trust that to-morrow se'nnight (May the fifth) I shall be able to set forwards on my journey to England; and when this letter

reaches you, I shall be considerably advanced on my way. As it is yet prudent to keep at a respectful distance from the banks of the French Rhine, I shall incline a little to the right, and proceed by Schaffousen and Stutgard to Frankfort and Cologne: the Austrian Netherlands are now open and safe, and I am sure of being able at least to pass from Ostend to Dover; whence, without passing through London, I shall pursue the direct road to Sheffield Place.

Unless I should meet with some unforeseen accidents and delays, I hope, before the end of the month to share your solitude, and sympathize with your grief. All the difficulties of the journey, which my indolence had probably magnified, have now disappeared before a stronger passion; and you will not be sorry to hear, that, as far as Frankfort to Cologne, I shall enjoy the advantage of the society, the conversation, the German language, and the active assistance of Severy. His attachment to me is the sole motive which prompts him to undertake this troublesome journey; and as soon as he has seen me over the roughest ground he will immediately return to Lausanne. The poor young man loved Lady S. as a mother, and the whole family is deeply affected by an event which reminds them too painfully of their own misfortune. Adieu. I could write volumes, and shall therefore break off abruptly. I shall write on the road, and hope to find a few lines *à poste restante* at Frankfort and Brussels. Adieu; ever yours.

CXCVIII.

During the tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, Boswell wrote the following interesting letter to David Garrick, which, to use the great actor's own words, 'made me half mad.'

James Boswell to David Garrick.

Inverness: August 29, 1773.

My dear Sir,—Here I am, and Mr. Samuel Johnson actually with me. We were a night at Fores, in coming to which, in the dusk of the evening, we passed over the bleak and blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. Your old preceptor repeated, with much solemnity, the speech, 'How far is't called to Fores? What are these, so withered and so wild in their attire.'

This day we visited the ruins of Macbeth's castle at Inverness.

I have had great romantic satisfaction in seeing Johnson upon the classical scenes of Shakspeare in Scotland; which I really looked upon as almost as improbable as that ‘Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane.’ Indeed, as I have always been accustomed to view him as a permanent London object, it would not be much more wonderful to me to see St. Paul’s church moving along where we now are. As yet we have travelled in post-chaises; but to-morrow we are to mount on horseback, and ascend into the mountains by Fort Augustus, and so on to the ferry, where we are to cross to Skye. We shall see that island fully, and then visit some more of the Hebrides; after which we are to land in Argyleshire, proceed by Glasgow to Auchinleck, repose there a competent time, and then return to Edinburgh, from whence the Rambler will depart for old England again, as soon as he finds it convenient. Hitherto we have had a very prosperous expedition. I flatter myself, *servetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto processerit*. He is in excellent spirits, and I have a rich journal of his conversation. Look back, Davy, to Lichfield; run up through the time that has elapsed since you first knew Mr. Johnson, and enjoy with me his present extraordinary tour. I could not resist the impulse of writing to you from this place. The situation of the old castle corresponds exactly to Shakspeare’s description. While we were there to-day, it happened oddly that a raven perched upon one of the chimney-tops, and croaked. Then I in my turn repeated—

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements!

I wish you had been with us. Think what an enthusiastic happiness I shall have to see Mr. Samuel Johnson walking among the romantic rocks and woods of my ancestors at Auchinleck. Write to me at Edinburgh. You owe me his verses on great George and tuneful Cibber, and the bad verses which led him to make his fine ones on Philips the musician. Keep your promise, and let me have them. I offer my very best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and ever am your warm admirer and friend.

JAMES BOSWELL.

CXCIX.

Boswell's passion for notoriety, even at the expense of publishing ridicule of himself, pursued him from youth to old age. This is a specimen of the flippant banter he thought fit to chronicle. (See 'Boswell's Letters,' p. 365.)

He had not yet made the acquaintance of his future idol, Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Andrew Erskine to James Boswell.

New Tarbat: November 23, 1761.

Dear Boswell,—As we never hear that Demosthenes could broil beefsteaks, or Cicero poach eggs, we may safely conclude that these gentlemen understood nothing of cookery. In like manner, it may be concluded that you, James Boswell, and I, Andrew Erskine, cannot write serious epistles. This, as Mr. Tristram says, I deny; for this letter of mine shall contain the quintessence of solidity; it shall be a piece of boiled beef and cabbage, a roasted goose, and a boiled leg of pork and greens: in one word, it shall contain advice, sage and mature advice. Oh, James Boswell! take care and don't break your neck, pray don't fracture your skull, and be very cautious in your manner of tumbling down precipices; beware of falling into coalpits, and don't drown yourself in every pool you meet with. Having thus warned you of the most material dangers which your youth and inexperience will be ready to lead you into, I now proceed to others less momentary indeed, but very necessary to be strictly observed. Go not near the soaping Club; never mention Drury Lane playhouse; be attentive to those pinchbeck buckles which fortune has so graciously given you, of which I am afraid you'r hardly fond enough;¹ never wash your face, but above all forswear poetry; from experience I can assure you, and this letter may serve as a proof, that a man may be as dull in prose as in verse; and as dullness is what we aim at, prose is the easiest of the two. Oh, my friend, profit by these my instructions, think that you see me studying for your advantage, my reverend locks overshadowing my paper, my hands trembling, and my tongue hanging out, a figure of esteem, affection, and veneration. By heavens, Boswell! I love

¹ Boswell was a great dandy in his youth.

you more—but this I think may be more conveniently expressed in rhyme.

More than a herd of swine a kennel muddy,
 More than a brilliant belle polemic study,
 More than fat Falstaff loved a cup of sack,
 More than a guilty criminal the rack,
 More than attorneys love by cheats to thrive,
 And more than witches to be burnt alive.

I begin to be afraid that we shall not see you here this winter, which will be a great loss to you. If ever you travel into foreign parts, as Machiavel used to say, everybody abroad will require a description of New Tarbat from you. That you may not appear totally ridiculous and absurd, I shall send you some little account of it. Imagine then to yourself what Thomson would call an interminable plain, interspersed in a lovely manner with beautiful green hills. The seasons here are only shifted by summer and spring. Winter with his fur cap and his cat-skin gloves, was never seen in this charming retreat. The castle is of Gothic structure, awful and lofty; there are fifty bedchambers in it, with halls, saloons, and galleries without number. Mr. M——'s father, who was a man of infinite humour, caused a magnificent lake to be made, just before the entry of the house. His diversion was to peep out of his window, and see the people who came to visit him skipping through it, for there was no other passage; then he used to put on such huge fires to dry their clothes that there was no bearing them. He used to declare that he never thought a man good company till he was half-drowned and half-burnt; but if in any part of his life he had narrowly escaped hanging (a thing not uncommon in the Highlands) he would perfectly doat upon him, and whenever the story was told him he was ready to choke himself. But to return. Everything here is in the grand and sublime style. But, alas! some envious magician with his d——d enchantments, has destroyed all these beauties. By his potent art the house with so many bedchambers in it cannot conveniently lodge above a dozen people. The room which I am writing in just now is in reality a handsome parlour of twenty feet by sixteen, though in my eyes and to all outward appearance it seems a garret of six feet by four. The magnificent lake is a dirty puddle, the lovely plain a

rude, wild country covered with the most astonishing high black mountains ; the inhabitants, the most amiable race under the sun, appear now to be the ugliest, and look as if they were overrun with the itch : their delicate limbs, adorned with finest silk stockings, are now bare and very dirty ; but to describe all the transformations would take up more paper than Lady B——, from whom I had this, would choose to give me. My own metamorphosis is indeed so extraordinary that I must make you acquainted with it. You know I am really very thick and short, prodigiously talkative, and wonderfully impudent : now I am thin and tall, strangely silent, and very bashful. If these things continue, who is safe ? Even you, Boswell, may feel a change. Your fair and transparent complexion may turn black and oily, your person little and squat, and who knows but you may eternally rave about the King of Great Britain's Guards,¹——a species of madness from which good Lord deliver us ! I have often wondered, Boswell, that a man of your taste in music cannot play upon the Jew's-harp ; there are some of us here that touch it very melodiously, I can tell you. Corelli's solo of 'Maggie Lauder,' and Pergolesi's sonata of 'The Carle he came o'er the Craft,' are excellently adapted to that instrument. Let me advise you to learn it. The first cost is but three halfpence, and they last a long time. Having thus, Boswell, written you a most entertaining letter, with which you are highly pleased, to your great grief I give over, in these or the like words,

Your affectionate friend

ANDREW ERSKINE.

CC.

The original body of the Royal Academy contained two women, the famous Angelica Kaufmann, and Mary Moser, whose flower pieces were as much admired in her own day as those of Van Huysum. The latter of these ladies fancied herself in love with Fuseli, the painter ; and it was on the occasion of his visit to Italy that she sent him this lively and coquettish epistle interesting from its casual notice of many eminent persons, and from the idea it gives us of a Royal Academy Exhibition more than a hundred years ago.

¹ Boswell relinquished the idea of 'going into the Guards' after the Duke of Argyll had expressed the opinion that the youth ought not to be shot at for three and sixpence a day.

Mary Moser to Henry Fuseli.

Autumn of 1770.

If you have not forgotten at Rome those friends whom you remembered at Florence, write to me from that nursery of arts and raree-show of the world which flourishes in ruins; tell me of pictures, palaces, people, lakes, woods, and rivers; say if Old Tiber droops with age, or whether his waters flow as clear, his rushes grow as green, and his swans look as white, as those of Father Thames: or write me your own thoughts and reflections which will be more acceptable than any description of any thing Greece and Rome have done these two thousand years.

I suppose there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our Exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already, to say that Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give a hundred guineas for the picture; Lord Carlisle half an hour after offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the Knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the Lord, and the emolument to his brother artist. (He is a gentleman!) Angelica made a very great addition to the show; and Mr. Hamilton's picture of *Briséis* parting from Achilles, was very much admired: the *Briséis* in taste, *à l'antique*, elegant and simple. Coates, Dance, Wilson, &c., as usual. Mr. West had no large picture finished. You will doubtless imagine I derived my epistolary genius from my nurse; but when you are tired of my gossiping, you may burn the letter, so I shall go on. Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas; but the Secretary, who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy in the Preface to his *Travels*: the Professor of History is comforted by the success of his '*Deserted Village*,' which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Hornick and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; and Dr. Johnson sips his tea and cares not for the vanity of the world. Sir Joshua, a few days ago, entertained the Council and Visitors with calipash

and calipee, except poor Coates, who last week fell a victim to the corroding power of soap-lees, which he hoped would have cured him of the stone; many a tear will drop on his grave, as he is not more lamented as an artist than a friend to the distressed. (*Ma poca polvere sono che nulla sente!*) My mamma declares that you are an insufferable creature, and that she speaks as good English as your mother did High-German. Mr. Meyer laughed aloud at your letter, and desired to be remembered. My father and his daughter long to know the progress you will make, particularly

MARY MOSER,

Who remains sincerely your friend and believes you will exclaim or mutter to yourself, '*Why did she send this d---d nonsense to me?*'

Henry Fuseli Esq. à Roma.

CCI.

Mrs. Hannah More's long and useful life may be divided into two epochs—her town and her country life. The first period extended to her fortieth year, during which she wrote dramas and associated with the chief male and female wits in London. The second is that through which she is best known. Resigning all ambition to be celebrated as a playwright, and impressed with the seriousness of religion and the need of reform in female education, she retired to Gloucestershire, and there worked and wrote for rich and poor alike. The gay side of her nature shows itself very generally in her correspondence.

Mrs. Hannah More to Mrs. Gwatkin.

Hampton: August 9, 1778.

My dear Madam,—I wrote to you last Friday, not knowing of your migration. I hope they will not send you up the letter, as it is of no consequence now; containing only the particulars relative to my dear little friend, of which you have now so much better information. When your letter was brought, I was upon a visit in the neighbourhood, where it was sent me. There were ten ladies and a clergyman. I was pleased with the assemblage, thinking the vanity of the *sex* would meet with its equilibrium in the wisdom of the *profession*;—that the brilliant sallies of female wit and sprightliness would be corrected and moderated by the learned gravity and judicious conversation of the Rev. Theologue. I looked upon the latter as the centripetal, acting against

the centrifugal force of the former, who would be kept within their orbit of decòrum by his means. For about an hour nothing was uttered but *words*, which are almost an equivalent to nothing. The gentleman had not yet spoken. The *ladies*, with loud vociferations, seemed to *talk* much without *thinking* at all. The gentleman, with all the male stupidity of silent recollection, without saying a single syllable, seemed to be acting over the pantomime of thought. I cannot say, indeed, that his countenance so much belied his understanding, as to express any thing: no, let me not do him that injustice; he might have sat for the picture of insensibility. I endured his taciturnity thinking that the longer he was in collecting, adjusting, and arranging his ideas, the more would he charm me with the tide of oratorical eloquence, when the materials of his conversation were ready for display: but, alas! it never occurred that I have seen an *empty* bottle corked as well as a *full* one. After sitting another hour, I thought I perceived in him signs of pregnant sentiment, which was just on the point of being delivered in speech. I was extremely exhilarated at this, but it was a false alarm; he essayed it not. At length the imprisoned powers of rhetoric burst through the shallow mounds of torpid silence and reserve, and he remarked, with equal acuteness of wit, novelty of invention, and depth of penetration, that — ‘we had had no summer.’ Then, shocked at his own loquacity, he double-locked the door of his lips, ‘*and word spoke never more.*’ Will you not say I am turning devotee when I tell you what my amusements, of the reading kind, are. I have read through all the epistles three times since I have been here; the ordinary translation, Locke’s Paraphrase, and a third put into very elegant English (I know not by whom), in which St. Paul’s obscurities are elucidated, and Harwood’s pomp of words avoided. I am also reading ‘West on the Resurrection;’ in my poor judgment a most excellent thing, calculated to confound all the cavils of the infidel, and to confirm all the hopes of the believer. Have you heard from the sweet little Cornwallian since you left her? My most affectionate regards to my dear Master Lovell, and earnest wishes for his speedy recovery.

I am, my dear Madam

With the most perfect esteem

Your ever obliged and affectionate humble servant

H. MORE.

CCII.

Mrs. Hannah More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath: 1797.

If I *do* write, quoth I to myself, in the humour I am in, I shall convince my most honoured friend that I have no wit; and if I do not write I shall prove to a demonstration that I have no gratitude. Thus the matter stood for a long time in exact equipoise; but at last recollecting that wit was only a *talent*, and gratitude a *virtue*, I was resolved to secure to myself the reputation and comfort of the one, though at the risk, nay the certainty, of forfeiting all pretensions to the other. Now, Madam, I appeal to your discernment, if I have not made the better choice? Of attaining to the one I despair; it is a rare but dangerous present—but come, Gratitude! thou peaceful, amiable virtue, and confess (though thou art less addicted to confession than to feeling) if I did not cherish thee in my heart, this morning, when I received so delightful a letter from Audley Street. Nothing could have diminished the entire pleasure that letter gave me, but the unpleasant intelligence of the indisposition of the writer.

I did not get hither to my winter quarters till Christmas. I was so earnestly pressed to halt at Stoke, with the Duchess, in my way, that I complied for three or four days. Very strong indeed were the intreaties of my noble hostess that I should remain during the visit of the whole house of Manners, but I was constrained to be equally firm in my refusal.

Since I have been here I have so entirely lost my cough as to be able to drink the waters, which do me much good. Now, my dear Madam, if you do not think here is already a sufficient quantity of egotism, I will go on to tell you, that though I go to the pump, I do not make any visits, not having set my foot to the ground these two months. I shall, however, make an exception in favour of your neighbours, Lord and Lady Kenyon, who have done me the honour to desire to be acquainted with me. I am much pleased with the plain unadorned integrity, the simplicity of manners, the respect for piety, of this great Lord Chief Justice: I think he discovers more reverence for virtue and religion in his decisions than any law leader I remember.

My friends are extremely kind, so that I have full as much

company as my heart can wish. Lady Herries is here, with the full use of her limbs, which I am glad of; though, if they had been my limbs, I question if I should have thought the use of them worth purchasing at the expense of living abroad—better be dying in England, than well any where else, is my maxim. Grave as the times are, Bath never was so gay; princes and kings that will be, and princes and kings that have been, pop upon you at every corner; the Stadtholder and Prince of Wales only on a flying visit; but their Highnesses of York are become almost inhabitants, and very sober and proper their behaviour is. The Duchess contributes by her residence in it, to make our street alive. I had the honour of spending a morning with her Royal Highness. Her conversation was judicious and lively; the waters have been of service to her; she has had the goodness to present me with a beautiful little box with her hair, set round with pearls on the lid.

Lady Waldegrave writes me but a sad account of poor Lord Oxford. Of Mrs. Carter's recovery, though slow, I hear better accounts. I say nothing of war, because I am weary of the word, nor of peace, because I lose all hope of it. I am thankful, however, that the fault does not rest with us; one can bear the affliction far better, when one has not to bear the guilt also.

Alas! my dear Madam, your letter has just arrived which announces the affecting tidings of Lord Oxford's death—affecting in no small degree; though I have been in daily expectation of such an event taking place, my feelings are quite overcome when I call to remembrance that kindness which knew no interruption during twenty years.

I am, dear Madam,

Affectionately yours,

H. MORE

CCIII.

Dr. Samuel Parr, the eminent scholar and philologist, resigned an assistant-mastership at Harrow in 1772 and kept a private school. In 1786 he retired to Hatton in Warwickshire, where he resided during the remainder of his life. Here he wrote on all manner of subjects, critical, historical, philological, and metaphysical; and in the abundance of his learning his advice and help were sought by many celebrated writers. That he left no special and great work behind him is not surprising,

if we consider the time he must have exhausted in letter-writing. Quite a literary curiosity is the list of over 1,400 of his correspondents, given in the 7th vol. of his published works, including people of almost every rank and profession, from Royalty to the humble pupil. There seems to be no doubt that in conversational power he had no rival, with the exception of Dr. Johnson, and that like the great Lexicographer he could at times be excessively arrogant. We may read that James Boswell was in danger of losing prestige, if not, indeed, of suffering total eclipse.

Dr. Samuel Parr to Mr. Cradock.

Hatton: January 6, 1825.

Dear and truly excellent Mr. Cradock,—Again and again I thank you for a letter, most elegant in the style, interesting in the matter, and courteous in the spirit. Long, dear Sir, have I been acquainted with your various and curious knowledge, with your pure taste, with your polished manners, and your benevolent disposition. Happy I always was in your enlightened conversation, and accustomed I have been to assign you a very distinguished place among those literary men who combine the best social qualities with intellectual endowments.

Nam te cum doctis semper vixissa fatetur
Invidia.

And your diction will not yield the place to the *Magni*, of whom Horace boasts.

Well, dear Sir, I sympathise with you in your pleasure and in your pride, when you represent yourself as the oldest remaining scholar, who lived upon terms of intimacy with Samuel Johnson. You saw him often, and you met him often, in the presence of Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other literary heroes. I acknowledge the great superiority of your claims. Lord Stowell, I should suppose, will stand in the next place, and I challenge for myself the third. For many years I spent a month's holidays in London, and never failed to call upon Johnson. I was not only admitted, but welcomed. I conversed with him upon numberless subjects of learning, politics, and common life. I traversed the whole compass of his understanding; and, by the acknowledgment of Burke and Reynolds, I distinctly understood the peculiar and transcendental properties of his mighty and virtuous mind. I intended to write his life; I laid by sixty or

seventy books for the purpose of writing it in such a manner as would do no discredit to myself. I intended to spread my thoughts over two volumes quarto, and if I had filled three pages the rest would have followed. Often have I lamented my ill fortune in not building this monument to the fame of Johnson, and let me not be accused of arrogance when I add, my own.

I read with great attention and great approbation the tragedy which you sent me, and I should like to talk with you three or four hours upon its very great merits. You gladden my soul by telling me of your intention to instruct and to interest men of letters, and men of wisdom, by reviewing what you saw and heard in the course of your observations upon events and characters for many years.

Thus far, solitude has been of use to you, and your grey hairs will bring to you increase of honour, by the proofs which you will give that your mental strength is not impaired by old age. Pray Mr. Cradock, let me now and then hear from you. I fear that it will not be in my power again to visit the capital; but if I should go thither, be assured that I will find my way to your abode. At all events, permit me to call you my friend; and do not be angry with me for telling you that, in the will I last made, I left you a ring, as a memorial of my regard and respect. I should defy the rigours of winter if I could find an opportunity of spending hours and hours with you, or our most intelligent and upright friend, John Nichols. My mind was soothed when I read your statement of the concern which you and other valuable men expressed for my health. Danger is over, and my recovery goes on even rapidly. I must beg a favour from you and Mr. Urban. On the 26th of this month I shall complete my 78th year, and, by the kindness of Providence, *mens sana in corpore sano* has fallen to my lot. I hope that you and Mr. Urban will find a bumper for many returns of my birthday. You shall be indulged with water, but John Nichols must qualify some of his oldest and most orthodox port. May heaven bless you both! I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with unfeigned respect, your friend and obedient humble servant,

S. PARR.

CCIV.

So much excellent work in Joseph Ritson's way has been done since the beginning of this century that the name of this writer has long ceased to be popular. As a collector of ancient English and Scottish songs, and a writer on our early metrical romances he excited a great deal of curiosity and interest a hundred years ago. He also excited no little enmity from the persistent acerbity of his literary criticisms. His intimacy with this early ballad literature may have imbued him with the Tory spirit, but hardly qualified him to quit his proper sphere for this sort of *bavardage* against the Whigs.

Joseph Ritson to Sir Harris Nicolas (the Editor of his Letters).

Gray's Inn: April 20, 1796.

Ah! you are a clever fellow! after half a dozen attempts you have at last (with Mr. Wolley's assistance) given a precise answer to one half of my question, and to that half too, which you might have easily guessed was of no sort of consequence to me. However, 'cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace by beating.' I know of no authors who give an authentic account of events from the revolution to the present time, unless it be Sir John Dalrymple (*Memoirs of Great Britain*, 3 volumes 4to. and 8vo.) to the battle of La Hogue; Macpherson (*History of G. B. and original papers*, 4 volumes, 4to.), to the accession of the present family; and Smollett, to the peace of 1748. Always prefer Tory or Jacobite writers; the Whigs are the greatest liars in the world. You consult history for facts, not principles. The Whigs, I allow, have the advantage in the latter, and this advantage they are constantly labouring to support by a misrepresentation of the former. A glaring instance of this habitual perversion is their uniform position, that the King, Lords and Commons, are the three estates of the realm; than which nothing can be more false. Now, it so happens, that the bad principles of the Tories are corroborated by the facts and records of history, which makes it their interest to investigate, and expose the truth; and I can readily believe that all the alterations which Hume professes to have made in his history in favour of that party were strictly just. The revolution itself was so iniquitous a transaction, and we have had such a succession of scoundrels since it took place, that you must

not wonder if corruption or pusillanimity have prevented historians from speaking of both as they deserve. You will do Mr. Malone great injustice if you suppose him to be in all respects what I may have endeavoured to represent him in some. In order that he may recover your more favourable opinion, let me recommend to your perusal, the discussion, in his *prolegomena*, entitled, 'Shakspeare, Ford and Jonson;' and his 'Dissertation on the three parts of King Henry the Sixth,' (to which I am more indebted for an acquaintance with the manner of our great dramatic poet than to any thing I ever read). His recent enquiry into the Shakspearian forgeries evinces, also, considerable industry and acuteness, and is certainly worth your reading. I do not mean to say that there was any difficulty in the subject; but it has certainly derived importance from the ignorant presumption and cullibility of certain literary aristocrats who have considerable influence upon what is called the public. As to the personalities in my *Quip modest* and *Cursory criticisms*, I can only defend them by those of my antagonist. In behalf of the *Remarks* I have nothing to say. Indeed, I should think you much better employed in putting them into the fire, than in a vain attempt to diminish the inaccuracies of such a mass of error both typographical and authorial. Farewell.

J. RITSON.

CCV.

A prominent feature of the 'Diary and Letters of the Author of *Evelina*,' is the revelation of the unbounded affection that the different members of the Burney family entertained for one another. Frances Burney's (Madame d'Arbly) sister, Mrs. Susanna Phillips, died soon after reaching Norbury Park after travelling from Dublin. 'The news of her death,' wrote Madame d'Arbly, 'closed the last period of my perfect happiness on earth.'

Madame d'Arbly to Mrs. Lock.

January 9, 1800.

'*As a Guardian Angel!*'—Yes, my dearest Fredy, as such in every interval of despondence I have looked up to the sky to see her; but my eyes cannot pierce through the thick atmosphere, and I can only represent her to me seated on a chair of sickness, her soft hand held partly out to me as I approach her; her softer eyes so greeting me as never welcome was expressed before; and a smile

of heavenly expression speaking the tender gladness of her grateful soul that God at length should grant our reunion. From our earliest moments, when no misfortune happened to our dear family, we wanted nothing but each other. Joyfully as others were received by us—loved by us—all that was necessary to our happiness was fulfilled by our simple junction. This I remember with my first remembrance; nor do I recollect a single instance of being affected beyond a minute by any outward disappointment, if its result was leaving us together.

She was the soul of my soul!—and 'tis wonderful to me, my dearest Fredy, that the first shock did not join them immediately by the flight of mine—but that over—that dreadful, harrowing, never-to-be-forgotten moment of horror that made me wish to be mad—the ties that after that first endearing period have shared with her my heart, come to my aid. Yet I was long incredulous; and still sometimes I think it is not—and that she will come—and I paint her by my side—by my father's—in every room of these apartments, destined to have chequered the woes of her life with rays of comfort, joy, and affection.

O, my Fredy, not selfish is the affliction that repines her earthly course of sorrow was allowed no shade!—that at the instant soft peace and consolation awaited her she should breathe her last! You would understand all the hardship of resignation for me were you to read the joyful opening of her letter, on her landing, to my poor father, and her prayer at the end to be restored to him. O, my Fredy! could you indeed think of me—be alarmed for me on that dreadful day!—I can hardly make that enter my comprehension; but I thank you from my soul; for that is beyond any love I had thought possible, even from your tender heart. Tell me you all keep well, and forgive me my distraction. I write so fast I fear you can hardly read; but you will see I am conversing with you, and that will show you how I turn to you for the comfort of your tenderness. Yes, you have all a loss indeed!

FRANCES D'ARBLAY.

CCVI.

We read in one of Mrs. Inchbald's letters that on the day Covent Garden Theatre was burnt to the ground (1809), a volume of 'Sermons' which had been sent to her by the author, the Rev. J. Plumptre, was opened for the first time. The publication of this volume was seasonable enough, for the parish pulpits were, at the time, sending forth the bitterest protests against the *abuse* of dramatic composition; and the recent catastrophes at both the Patent Theatres provided an appropriate text for all who chose to deprecate stage plays. Mrs. Inchbald's remarks on Mr. Plumptre's sermons will not altogether displease a broad-minded divine of our own day.

Mrs. Inchbald to the Rev. J. Plumptre.

Sir,—I should have acknowledged the favour of your letter much sooner, but that I have been ambitious to add a few observations, in compliance with your request, to that vast catalogue of facts which you have so charitably produced in defence of the drama. It appears to me, however, that you have left so little to be said in addition to your arguments, that I almost despair of a future volume from you; and in all my endeavours to aid the cause, I have no more than the following remarks to offer.

My first is,—that the disgrace imputed to the actor's profession seems to have been a kind of preservative against every *other* disgrace—at least against that worst of ignominies which attaches to every offence punishable by law. From murder down to forgery or petty larceny—from high treason down to sedition or even disaffection to the royal cause—all English actors are allowed to have been free. The misdeeds of actors are at least *refined*; not of that atrocious nature into which men of all classes, they alone excepted, seem at some time or other to have fallen.

My second observation is,—the enemies of the Stage make no reference to the age in which certain immoral and licentious plays were written; but condemn those plays as if they were written in the present day, and performed with all those vile scenes which are now omitted in representation, and which were neither sinful nor shameful at the time of their production; for they merely spoke the language and gave the manners of the times. Delicacy had not, at that period, augmented

the number of our enjoyments and transgressions, by imposing its present laws of refinement. A quotation from Mr. Warton will best explain the meaning I would convey in this observation. After having noticed some very indecorous scene in an ancient drama, where the patriarch Noah and his wife are the principal personages, the critic observes: 'Our ancestors intended no sort of impiety by these monstrous unnatural mixtures. Neither the writers nor the spectators saw their impropriety. They had no just idea of decorum, consequently but little sense of the ridiculous: what appears to us to be the highest burlesque upon these characters, made no sort of impression in those days.'

Having brought my two observations into a smaller space than I apprehended I should do, permit me now to say, in reply to that part of your letter in which you distinguish between the effects of *seriousness* and *levity* in the utterance of language dangerous to the hearer,—that I can by no means consider *levity* as possessing any peculiar allurements to the passion commonly called Love.

For, as far as every serious description must impress our hearts and our understanding more deeply than a jocular one, so far I conceive there may be danger in those very warnings, however gravely delivered, which the fall of David and other holy persons in the Old Testament are meant to impart. The awful consequences which followed guilt in the unlawful loves of the Jews, will no doubt alarm; but they will also awaken the mind to the contemplation of those crimes so dearly purchased; and the magnitude of the temptation can in no way be so forcibly described, as by the magnitude of the punishment, which was sure to overtake the unhappy sinner, and yet was so often braved by the very favourites of Heaven.

But writings that are familiar to us lose very often (as other familiar things do) their natural effect; for I sincerely believe that many an *actor* would blush to read *all* the adventures of the Jewish people before an actress whom he esteemed, as much as an *ecclesiastic* would be ashamed to recite one of our *most* licentious comedies before the woman whom he wished to make his wife. My veneration for the Sacred History is in no shape diminished by this opinion; but my respect for the cavillers at plays is wholly overcome or destroyed by it.

There is a quotation in your work wherein Gisborne will not

admit on the stage even *allusions* offensive to modesty. This would seem highly proper, and every one would agree in such taste for purity did not the comparison of the 'beam and the mote' force itself upon recollection, and give rise to the suspicion, that he conceives there is a prerogative in indelicacy which only belongs to the *Christian Church*.

Dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

E. INCHBALD.

P.S.—If I were asked by an illiterate foreigner to explain to him the exact meaning of our word *delicacy*, I would conclude my definition by saying:—'And this very *Delicacy* is at present all the fashion; and the most beautiful and becoming fashion it is that ever was followed. The grave and the good are loudest in its praise; but no one loves and admires it so much as the *Libertine*. It is the lure to his pleasures and heightens all their gratifications. It conceals, as with a veil, all the vices of the artful wanton, and supplies her with bonds to secure the paramour whom delicacy has ensnared.'

CCVII.

When Crabbe was struggling for literary employment in London, and found himself on the verge of starvation, he addressed this letter to Burke relying on the great statesman's reputation for philanthropy. The result was, 'he went into Mr. Burke's room a poor young adventurer, and came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that afterwards fell to his lot.' Who must not regret that his generous patron did not live to read 'The Borough' and 'Sir Eustace Grey?'

George Crabbe to Edmund Burke.

Sir,—I am sensible that I need even your talents to apologise for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, Sir, procure me pardon: I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread. Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithal to

complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last, I came to London with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessaries of life, till my abilities should procure me more ; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only : I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions, when I wanted bread they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

Time, reflection, and want, have shown me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light ; and, whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford ; in consequence of which, I asked his Lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His Lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request. I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavoured to circulate copies of the enclosed Proposals.

I am afraid, Sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude, that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford ; indeed, the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise ; the time of payment approached, and I ventured to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month : but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained, with much entreaty, and

as the greatest favour, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told, that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, Sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favour than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety? Will you ask any demonstration of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress: it is therefore, with a distant hope I ventured to solicit such favour; but you will forgive me, Sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

I will call upon you, Sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me are distressed in my distresses.

My connections, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun: in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient and most humble servant,

GEORGE CRABBE.

CCVIII.

In the spring of 1782, when Edmund Burke was made a Privy Councillor and was appointed Paymaster-General of the forces in the second Rockingham Administration, Crabbe joined in the chorus of congratulation, and we may be sure his words were heartfelt. The post was the most lucrative in the Ministry, yielding in perquisites alone more than 25,000*l.* a year. This, with other wasteful expenditure, the new Minister swept away in an early measure of reform.

The Rev. George Crabbe to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

Sir,—I have long delayed, though I much wished to write to you, not being willing to take up any part of your time with the impertinence of congratulation; but I now feel that I had rather be thought an intruder on your patience, than not to be a partaker of the general joy. Most heartily, indeed, do I rejoice, being well assured that if the credit and happiness of this kingdom can be restored, the wisdom and virtues of my most honoured friend, and his friends, will bring forward so desirable an event; and if not, it will be some satisfaction to find such men lost to the confidence of the people, who have so long demonstrated their incapacity to make a proper use of it.

Having procured a successor to my curacies, I expect to be in town within a few days,—and for a few. I shall then hope once to see you; not bearing to suppose that any honours, or business, or even the calls of my country, should make me totally forgotten; for you have directed, assisted, adopted me; and I cannot relinquish the happiness your favour gives me. I will be still your son, and my portion shall be to rejoice in my father's honour. I am also, with the highest respect, and most earnest good wishes,

Dear and excellent sir,

Your greatly obliged and grateful servant,

GEORGE CRABBE.

CCIX.

Godwin—Wollstonecraft—Shelley. There is no more interesting chapter in modern literary history than that embodied in the memorials of the lives and relationship of these strange characters. Letters from the pen of each are necessarily included in this volume. Godwin had risen into fame by his political writings and his novel of 'Caleb Williams,' before he married Mary Wollstonecraft. She died in childbed Sept. 1797. The daughter of the marriage was wedded to the poet Shelley. In 1798 Godwin edited the posthumous works of his wife, and soon after visited his friend Curran in Ireland. The great Irish barrister is thus brought before us.

William Godwin to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Dublin: September, 1800.

Dear Coleridge,—You scarcely expected a letter from me of the above date. But I received last September an invitation from

John Philpot Curran, the Irish barrister, probably the first advocate in Europe, then in London, to spend a few weeks with him in Ireland this summer, which I did not feel in myself philosophy enough to resist. Nor do I repent my compliance. The advantages one derives from placing the sole of one's foot on a foreign soil are extremely great. Few men, on such an occasion, think it worth their while to put on armour for your encounter. I know Fox and Sheridan, but can scarce consider them as my acquaintance. Your next door neighbour, before he admits you to his familiarity, considers how far he should like to have you for his familiar for the next seven years. But familiarity with a foreign guest involves no such consequences, and so circumstanced, you are immediately admitted on the footing of an inmate. I am now better acquainted with Grattan and Curran, the Fox and Sheridan of Ireland, after having been four weeks in their company, than I can pretend ever to have been with their counterparts on my native soil.

Curran I admire extremely. There is scarcely the man on earth with whom I ever felt myself so entirely at my ease, or so little driven back, from time to time, to consider of my own miserable individual. He is perpetually a staff and a cordial, without ever affecting to be either. The being never lived who was more perfectly free from every species of concealment. With great genius, at least a rich and inexhaustible imagination, he never makes me stand in awe of him, and bow as to my acknowledged superior, a thing by-the-by which, *de temps à d'autre*, you compel me to do. He amuses me always, astonishes me often, yet naturally and irresistibly inspires me with confidence. I am apt, particularly when away from home, to feel forlorn and dispirited. The two last days I spent from him, and though they were employed most enviably in *tête à tête* with Grattan, I began to feel dejected and home-sick. But Curran has joined me to-day, and poured into my bosom a full portion of his irresistible kindness and gaiety.

You will acknowledge these are extraordinary traits. Yet Curran is far from a faultless and perfect character. Immersed for many years in a perpetual whirl of business, he has no profoundness or philosophy. He has a great share of the Irish character—dashing, *étourdi*, coarse, vulgar, impatient, fierce, kittenish.

He has no characteristic delicacy, no intuitive and instant commerce with the sublime features of nature. Ardent in a memorable degree, and a patriot from the most generous impulse, he has none of that political chemistry which Burke so admirably describes (I forget his words), that resolves and combines, and embraces distant nations and future ages. He is inconsistent in the most whimsical degree. I remember, in an amicable debate with Sheridan, in which Sheridan far outwent him in refinement, penetration, and taste, he three times surrendered his arms, acknowledged his error, yea, even began to declaim (for declamation is too frequently his mania) on the contrary side : and as often, after a short interval, resumed his weapons, and renewed the combat. Now and then, in the career of declamation, he becomes tautological and ineffectual, and I ask myself : Is this the prophet that he went forth to see ! But presently after he stumbles upon a rich vein of imagination, and recognises my willing suffrage. He has the reputation of insincerity, for which he is indebted, not to his heart, but to the mistaken, cherished calculations of his practical prudence. He maintains in argument that you ought never to inform a man, directly or indirectly, of the high esteem in which you hold him. Yet, in his actual intercourse, he is apt to mix the information too copiously and too often. But perhaps his greatest fault is, that though endowed with an energy the most ardent, and an imagination the most varied and picturesque, there is nothing to which he is more prone, or to which his inclination more willingly leads him, than to play the buffoon.

CCX.

No one more than Percy Bysshe Shelley needed the piece of wholesome advice which his father-in-law vouchsafed him in the following letter. William Godwin proclaimed himself a republican and a philanthropist in 1793, and first came into notoriety by his treatise called 'Political Justice.' That he did not figure with many of his political friends in the State trials which disgraced our courts of justice in 1794 is due to his strict observance of the principles of action which he here enunciates to the young democrat.

William Godwin to Percy Bysshe Shelley.

March 4, 1812.

My good friend,—I have read all your letters (the first perhaps excepted) with peculiar interest, and I wish it to be understood by you unequivocally that, as far as I can yet penetrate into your character, I conceive it to exhibit an extraordinary assemblage of lovely qualities not without considerable defects. The defects do, and always have arisen chiefly from this source, that you are still very young, and that in certain essential respects you do not sufficiently perceive that you are so.

In your last letter you say, ‘I publish because I will publish nothing that shall not conduce to virtue, and therefore my publications, as far as they do influence, shall influence for good.’

Oh, my friend, how short-sighted are the views that dictated this sentence! Every man, in every deliberate action of his life, imagines he sees a preponderance of good likely to result. This is the law of our nature, from which none of us can escape. You do not in this point generically differ from the human beings about you. Mr. Burke and Tom Paine, when they wrote on the French Revolution, perhaps equally believed that the sentiments they supported were essentially conducive to the welfare of man. When Mr. Walsh resolved to purloin to his own use a few thousand pounds, with which to settle himself and his family and children in America, he tells us that he was for some time anxious that the effects of his fraud should fall upon Mr. Oldham rather than upon Sir Thomas Plumer, because, in his opinion, Sir Thomas was the better man. And I have no doubt that he was fully persuaded that a greater sum of happiness would result from these thousand pounds being employed in settling his innocent and lovely family in America, than in securing to his employer the possession of a large landed estate. . . .

In the pamphlet you have just sent me, your views and mine as to the improvement of mankind are decisively at issue. You profess the immediate objects of your efforts to be ‘the organisation of a society whose institution shall serve as a bond to its members.’ If I may be allowed to understand my book on Political Justice, its pervading principle is, that association is a most ill-chosen and ill-qualified mode of endeavouring to promote the political hap-

piness of mankind. And I think of your pamphlet, however commendable and lovely are many of its sentiments, that it will either be ineffective to its immediate object, or that it has no very remote tendency to light again the flames of rebellion and war. . . .

Discussion, reading, enquiry, perpetual communication: these are my favourite methods for the improvement of mankind, but associations, organized societies, I firmly condemn. You may as well tell the adder not to sting:

‘ You may as well use question with the wolf:
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven!’

as tell organized societies of men, associated to obtain their rights and to extinguish oppression,—prompted by a deep aversion to inequality, luxury, enormous taxes, and the evils of war,—to be innocent, to employ no violence, and calmly to await the progress of truth. I never was at a public political dinner, a scene that I have now not witnessed for many years, that I did not see how the enthusiasm was lighted up, how the flame caught from man to man, how fast the dictates of sober reason were obliterated by the gusts of passion, and how near the assembly was, like Alexander’s complotores at Persepolis, to go forth and fire the city, or, like the auditors of Anthony’s oration over the body of Cæsar, to apply a flaming brand to the mansion of each several conspirator.

Discussion and conversation on the best interests of society are excellent as long as they are unfettered, and each man talks to his neighbour in the freedom of congenial intercourse as he happens to meet with him in the customary haunts of men, or in the quiet and beneficent intercourse of each other’s fireside. But they become unwholesome and poisonous when men shape themselves into societies, and become distorted with the artifices of organization. It will not then long be possible to reason calmly and dispassionately: men will heat each other into impatience and indignation against their oppressors; they will become tired of talking for ever, and will be in a hurry to act. If this view of things is true, applied to any country whatever, it is peculiarly and fearfully so when applied to the fervent and impetuous character of the Irish. . . .

One principle that I believe is wanting in you, and in all our too fervent and impetuous reformers, is the thought that almost every institution and form of society is good in its place and in the period of time to which it belongs. How many beautiful and admirable effects grew out of Popery and the monastic institutions in the period when they were in their genuine health and vigour. To them we owe almost all our logic and our literature. What excellent effects do we reap, even at this day, from the feudal system and from chivalry! In this point of view nothing perhaps can be more worthy of our applause than the English Constitution. Excellent to this purpose are the words of Daniel in his Apology for Rhyme: 'Nor can it touch but of arrogant ignorance, to hold this or that nation barbarous, these or those times gross, considering how this manifold creature man, wheresoever he stand in the world, hath always some disposition of worth, entertains and effects that order of society which is best for his use, and is eminent for some one thing or other that fits his humour and the times.' This is the truest and most sublime toleration. There is a period, indeed, when each institution is obsolete, and should be laid aside; but it is of much importance that we should not proceed too rapidly in this, or introduce any change before its due and proper season. . . .

You say that you count but on a short life. In that too you are erroneous. I shall not live to see you fourscore, but it is not improbable that my son will. I was myself in early life of a remarkably puny constitution. Pope, who was at all times kept alive only by art, reached his fifty-seventh year. The constitution of man is a theatre of change, and I think it not improbable that at thirty or forty you will be a robust man. . . .

To descend from great things to small, I can perceive that you are already infected with the air of the country [Ireland]. Your letter with its enclosures cost me by post £1 1s. 8d., and you say in it that you 'send it in this way to save expense.' The post always charges parcels that exceed a sheet or two by weight, and they should therefore always be forwarded by some other conveyance. . . .

CCXI.

Referring to the following letter in his 'Life of Godwin,' Mr. C. Kegan Paul remarks:—'The stoicism which is so admirable in repressing his own feelings, is less beautiful when used to condole with Mrs. Shelley on the death of her child. It is fair to remark, however, that he is dealing with his daughter as he would have desired men should deal with him had he given way to what, had he indulged it, he would have considered a blameable weakness.'

William Godwin to Mrs. Shelley.

Skinner Street : September 9, 1819.

My dear Mary,—Your letter of August 19 is very grievous to me, inasmuch as you represent me as increasing the degree of your uneasiness and depression.

You must, however, allow me the privilege of a father, and a philosopher, in expostulating with you on this depression. I cannot but consider it as lowering your character in a memorable degree, and putting you quite among the commonality and mob of your sex, when I had thought I saw in you symptoms entitling you to be ranked among those noble spirits that do honour to our nature. What a falling off is here! How bitterly is so inglorious a change to be deplored!

What is it you want that you have not? You have the husband of your choice, to whom you seem to be unalterably attached, a man of high intellectual attainments, whatever I, and some other persons, may think of his morality, and the defects under this last head, if they be not (as you seem to think) imaginary, at least do not operate as towards you. You have all the goods of fortune, all the means of being useful to others, and shining in your proper sphere. But you have lost a child: and all the rest of the world, all that is beautiful, and all that has a claim upon your kindness, is nothing, because a child of two years old is dead.

The human species may be divided into two great classes: those who lean on others for support, and those who are qualified to support. Of these last, some have one, some five, and some ten talents. Some can support a husband, a child, a small but respectable circle of friends and dependents, and some can support a world, contributing by their energies to advance their who'e

species one or more degrees in the scale of perfectibility. The former class sit with their arms crossed, a prey to apathy and languor, of no use to any earthly creature, and ready to fall from their stools if some kind soul, who might compassionate, but who cannot respect them, did not come from moment to moment, and endeavour to set them up again. You were formed by nature to belong to the best of these classes, but you seem to be shrinking away, and voluntarily enrolling yourself among the worst.

Above all things, I entreat you, do not put the miserable delusion on yourself, to think there is something fine, and beautiful, and delicate, in giving yourself up, and agreeing to be nothing.

Remember, too, that though at first your nearest connections may pity you in this state, yet that when they see you fixed in selfishness and ill-humour, and regardless of the happiness of everyone else, they will finally cease to love you, and scarcely learn to endure you.

The other parts of your letter afford me much satisfaction. Depend upon it, there is no maxim more true or more important than this, Frankness of communication takes off bitterness. . . . True philosophy invites all communication, and withholds none.

CCXII

At the age of forty-three the marvellous poet and painter in whom the last revival of English art began, had already wrapped himself completely in those golden webs of mysticism which at once obscured and illuminated his strange thoughts and words. He had come down to Felpham a few days before the date of this letter, to be near his friend and patron Hayley.

William Blake to John Flaxman.

Felpham: September 21, 1800.

Dear Sculptor of Eternity,—We are safe arrived at our cottage, which is more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence, only enlarging not altering its proportions and adding ornaments and not principles. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Simple without intricacy, it seems to be the spontaneous expression of humanity, congenial to the wants of man. No other formed house can ever please me so

well, nor shall I ever be persuaded, I believe, that it can be improved either in beauty or use.

Mr. Hayley received us with his usual brotherly affection. I have begun to work. Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates: her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard and their forms more distinctly seen; and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses. My wife and sister are both well, courting Neptune for an embrace.

Our journey was very pleasant, and though we had a great deal of luggage no grumbling. All was cheerfulness and good humour on the road, and yet we could not arrive at our cottage before half past eleven at night, owing to the necessary shifting of our luggage from one chaise to another, for we had seven different chaises and as many different drivers. We set out between six and seven in the morning of Thursday, with sixteen heavy boxes and portfolios full of prints.

And now begins a new life, because another covering of earth is shaken off. I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive. In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and those works are the delight and study of archangels. Why then should I be anxious about the riches and fame of mortality? The Lord our Father will do for us and with us according to his divine will.

You, O dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel,—my friend and companion from eternity. In the divine bosom is our dwelling-place. I look back into the regions of reminiscence, and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared in its vegetative mortality to my mortal vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other.

Farewell, my best Friend;—remember me and my wife in love and friendship to our dear Mrs. Flaxman, whom we ardently desire to entertain beneath our thatched roof of rusted gold. And believe me for ever to remain

Your grateful and affectionate

WILLIAM BLAKE.

CCXIII.

It will be remembered that in a series of articles (now collected) originally contributed to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' entitled 'Homer and his Translators,' Professor Wilson criticised in his usual spirited and affable manner, the relative merits of the versions of Chapman, Dryden, Tickel, Pope, Cowper, and Sotheby. Three articles had appeared up to July 1831, in each of which Sotheby's work received its fair share of approbation. This may account for the extreme impatience for further acknowledgments of his merits. But why have importuned the critic so early as October for matter only promised for Christmas, and which actually appeared in the December number?

William Sotheby to Professor Wilson.

13 Lower Grosvenor Place : October 8, 1831.

My Dear Sir,—One month, two months, three months' grievous disappointment, intolerable disappointment, Homer and his tail, Chapman, Pope, and Sotheby in dim eclipse. What becomes of the promise solemnly given to the public, that the vases of good and evil impartially poured forth by your balancing hand, were ere Christmas to determine our fate? I long doubted whether I should trouble you with a letter, but the decided opinion of our friend Lockhart decided me.

And now hear, I pray, in confidence, why I am peculiarly anxious for the completion of your admirable remarks.

I propose, ere long, to publish the *Odyssey*, and shall gratify myself by sending you, as a specimen of it, the eleventh book. It will contain, *inter alia*, a sop for the critics, deeply soaked in the blood of a fair heifer and a sable ram, and among swarms of spirits, the images of the heroes of the *Iliad*, completing the tale of Troy divine. After the publication of the *Odyssey*, it is my intent, by the utmost diligence and labour, to correct the *Iliad*, and to endeavour to render it less unworthy of the praise you have been pleased to confer on it. Of your praise I am justly proud; yet for my future object, I am above measure desirous of the benefit of your censures. The remarks (however flattering) with which I have been honoured by others, are less valuable to me than your censures; of this, the proof will be evident in the subsequent edition. You must not, you cannot leave your work incomplete. How resist

the night expedition of Diomedes and Ulysses?—Hector bursting the rampart—Juno and the Cestus—Hector rushing on, like the stalled horse snapping the cord—The death of Sarpedon—The consternation of the Trojans at the mere appearance of the armed Achilles—The Vulcanian armour—Achilles mourning over Patroclus—The conclusion of the twentieth book—The lamentations of Priam, and Hecuba, and, above all, of Andromache—Priam at the feet of Achilles—Andromache's lamentation, and Helen's (oh, that lovely Helen!) over the corse of Hector—can these and innumerable other passages be resisted by the poet of the City of the Plague? No, no, no.

In sooth, I must say, I had hope that at Christmas I might have collected, and printed for private distribution, or, far rather published, for public delight and benefit, with your express permission, the several critiques in one body, and then presented to the world a work of criticism unparalleled.

I dine this day at Lockhart's, with my old and dear friend, Sir Walter. His health has improved since his arrival. Perhaps your cheeks may burn. I beg the favour of hearing from you.—I remain, my dear Sir, most sincerely yours,

WM. SOTHEY.

CCXIV.

Writing six weeks after the event, Nelson somewhat casually refers to the wounds he received during the siege of the strong fortress of Calvi. As no mention was made of his loss of an eye in the public list of wounded, he drew Admiral Hood's attention to the omission on the 2nd Oct. following, remarking, 'I do not think that his Majesty will consider that I suffered the less pain from the determination to do my duty in twenty-four hours after the accident, that those laborious duties entrusted by your lordship to my direction might not slacken.'

Horatio Nelson to Mrs. Nelson.

Off Leghorn: August 18, 1794.

I left Calvi on the 15th, and hope never to be in it again. I was yesterday in St. Fiorenzo, and to-day shall be safe moored, I expect, in Leghorn: since the Ship has been commissioned, this will be the first resting time we have had. As it is all past, I may now tell you, that on the 10th of July, a shot having hit our battery, the splinters and stones from it struck me with great violence

in the face and breast. Although the blow was so severe as to occasion a great flow of blood from my head, yet I, most fortunately, escaped, having only my right eye nearly deprived of its sight: it was cut down, but is so far recovered, as for me to be able to distinguish light from darkness. As to all the purposes of use, it is gone; however, the blemish is nothing, not to be perceived, unless told. The pupil is nearly the size of the blue part, I don't know the name. At Bastia, I got a sharp cut in the back. You must not think that my hurts confined me: no, nothing but the loss of a limb would have kept me from my duty, and I believe my exertions conduced to preserve me in this general mortality. I am fearful that Mrs. Moutray's son, who was on shore with us will fall a sacrifice to the climate; he is a Lieutenant of the *Victory*, a very fine young man, for whom I have a great regard. Lord Hood is quite distressed about him. Poor little Hoste is also extremely ill, and I have great fears about him; one hundred and fifty of my people are in their beds; of two thousand men I am the most healthy. Josiah is very well, and a clever smart young man, for so I must call him, his sense demands it.

Yours, &c.

HORATIO NELSON.

CCXV.

On July 15, 1795, Nelson was sent with a squadron to cooperate with the Austrian General De Vins, against the French on the coast of Genoa, and on August 11 he was appointed a Commodore. During the ensuing months he was chiefly employed in watching the Mediterranean coast line from Leghorn to Toulon.

Commodore Nelson to Mrs. Nelson.

Off Leghorn: August 2, 1796.

Had all my actions, my dearest Fanny, been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed during the whole war without a letter from me: one day or other I will have a long Gazette to myself; I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field for glory, be kept out of sight. Probably my services may be forgotten by the great, by the time I get home; but my mind will not forget, nor cease to feel, a degree of consolation and of applause superior to undeserved rewards. Wherever there

is anything to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps. Credit must be given me in spite of envy. Even the French respect me: their Minister at Genoa, in answering a note of mine, when returning some wearing apparel that had been taken, said, 'Your Nation, Sir, and mine, are made to show examples of generosity as well as of valour, to all the people of the earth.' I will also relate another anecdote, all vanity to myself, but you will partake of it. A person sent me a letter, and directed as follows, 'Horatio Nelson, Genoa.' On being asked how he could direct in such a manner, his answer, in a large party, was, 'Sir, there is but one Horatio Nelson in the World.' The letter certainly came immediately. At Genoa, where I have stopped all their trade, I am beloved and respected, both by the Senate and lower order. If any man is fearful of his vessel being stopped, he comes and asks me; if I give him a Paper, or say, 'All is right,' he is contented. I am known throughout Italy; not a Kingdom, or State, where my name will be forgotten. This is my Gazette.

Lord Spencer has expressed his sincere desire to Sir John Jervis, to give me my Flag. You ask me when I shall come home? I believe, when either an honourable peace is made, or a Spanish war, which may draw our Fleet out of the Mediterranean. God knows I shall come to you not a sixpence richer than when I set out. I had a letter a few days since from H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, assuring me of his unalterable friendship. With kindest love to my father, believe me your most affectionate husband,

HORATIO NELSON.

CCXVI.

Sir John Jervis' splendid fight off Cape St. Vincent took place on 'the most glorious Valentine's Day, 1797.' Nelson's ship the 'Captain' was so much damaged that on the following day he shifted his Broad Pendant to the 'Irresistible;' and a week after he was appointed Rear-Admiral of the Blue. Nothing in naval warfare ever surpassed the action of Nelson's ship during this battle. It is said that a more glorious group was never witnessed than that of the 'Captain,' a wreck in hull and masts, with a tight grip on her two magnificent prizes, the 'St. Nicolas' and 'St. Josef.'

Commodore Nelson to the Hon. Sir Gilbert Elliot.

Irresistible: February 16, 1797.

My dear Sir,—Your affectionate and flattering letter is, I assure you, a sufficient reward for doing (what to me was a pleasure) *my duty*. My Admiral and others in the Fleet think the same as you do of my conduct. To receive the swords of the vanquished, on the quarter-deck of a Spanish First-rate, can seldom fall to the good fortune of any man. Miller is doing for you two sketches of the action, sufficient, I am sure, to please you, from your knowledge of its correctness.

You will now, I am sure, think me an odd man, but still I hope you will agree with me in opinion, and if you can be instrumental in keeping back what I expect will happen, it will be an additional obligation, for very far is it from my disposition to hold light the Honours of the Crown; but I conceive to take hereditary Honours without a fortune to support the dignity, is to lower that Honour it would be my pride to support in proper splendour. On the 1st of June,¹ 12th of April,² and other glorious days, Baronetage has been bestowed on the Junior Flag Officers: this Honour is what I dread, for the reasons before given, and which I wish a friend to urge for me to Lord Spencer, or such other of his Majesty's Ministers as are supposed to advise the Crown. There are other Honours, which die with the possessor, and I should be proud to accept, if my efforts are thought worthy of the favour of my King. May health and every blessing attend you, and I pray for your speedy passage and a happy meeting with Lady Elliot and your family. And believe me ever,

Your most obliged and faithful,

HORATIO NELSON.

CCXVII.

During the unsuccessful attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, on July 24, 1797, Nelson had his right arm shot off; and we may gather from the three short letters which follow, the Admiral apprehended that, minus an eye and an arm, he would be 'shelved' on his return to England.

¹ June 1, 1794, Lord Howe's victory off Ushant.

² April 12, 1782. Lord Rodney's victory over the Comte de Grasse.

*Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B.,¹ to Admiral
Sir John Jervis, K.B.*

Theseus: July 27, 1797.

My dear Sir,—I am become a burthen to my friends, and useless to my Country; but by my letter wrote the 24th you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the World; I go hence, and am no more seen. If from poor Bowen's loss, you think it proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it; the Boy is under obligations to me, but he repaid me by bringing me from the Mole of Santa Cruz. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate, to convey the remains of my carcase to England. God bless you, my dear Sir, and believe me, your most obliged and faithful,

HORATIO NELSON.

You will excuse my scrawl, considering it is my first attempt.

CCXVIII.

*Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., to Admiral
Sir John Jervis, K.B.*

Theseus: August 16, 1797.

My dear Sir,—I rejoice once more in sight of your Flag, and with your permission will come on board the Ville de Paris, and pay you my respects. If the Emerald has joined, you know my wishes. A left-handed Admiral will never again be considered as useful, therefore the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a better man to serve the State; but whatever be my lot, believe me, with the most sincere affection, ever your most faithful

HORATIO NELSON.

¹ Nelson appointed a Knight of the Bath, March, 1797.

CCXIX.

Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., to Lady Nelson.

Theseus : August 1797.

My dearest Fanny,—I am so confident of your affection, that I feel the pleasure you will receive will be equal, whether my letter is wrote by my right hand or left. It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful ; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure in finding that Josiah, under God's Providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. As to my health, it never was better ; and now I hope soon to return to you ; and my Country, I trust, will not allow me any longer to linger in want of that pecuniary assistance which I have been fighting the whole war to preserve to her. But I shall not be surprised to be neglected and forgot, as probably I shall no longer be considered as useful. However, I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection. The cottage is now more necessary than ever. You will see by the papers, Lieutenant Weatherhead is gone. Poor fellow ! he lived four days after he was shot. I shall not close this letter till I join the Fleet, which seems distant ; for it's been calm these three days past. I am fortunate in having a good surgeon on board ; in short, I am much more recovered than I could have expected. I beg neither you or my father will think much of this mishap : my mind has long been made up to such an event.

God bless you, and believe me

Your most affectionate husband,

HORATIO NELSON.

CCXX.

Some of Nelson's most characteristic letters were written during the year 1804, when, as Vice-Admiral of the White, Commanding-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, with his flag in the 'Victory,' he was hoping to entice Admiral La Touche Tréville out of the port of Toulon. The French ships gave a few false alarms, but never once seriously confronted the English squadron. The postscript of the following letter sufficiently indicates Nelson's just sense of indignation at Tréville's false official report ; wherein he states that our ships 'bore away. I pursued him to the S.E. until night. In the morning at daylight I saw no more of him.'

Vice-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., to the Rev. Dr. Nelson.

Victory: August 8, 1804.

My dear Brother,—Mr. C. B. Yonge had joined the *Victory* long before your letter was wrote, and he is a very good, deserving young man, and when he has served his time, I shall take the earliest opportunity of putting him into a good vacancy; but that will not be until October, the very finish, I expect, of my remaining here, for my health has suffered much since I left England, and if the Admiralty do not allow me to get at asses' milk and rest, you will be a Lord before I intend you should. I am glad the wine was good and acceptable. I have been expecting Monsieur La Touche to give me the meeting every day for this year past, and only hope he will come out before I go hence. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Nelson, and believe me ever, your most affectionate brother,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

You must excuse a short letter. You will have seen Monsieur La Touche's letter of how he chased me and how I *ran*. I keep it; and, by God, if I take him, he shall *Eat it!*

CCXXI.

It required the indefatigable energy and the lively sense of public duty of a Nelson to withstand the anxieties and disappointments of his command from June 1803 to July 1805. During these two years (less ten days), he did not set foot out of the '*Victory*.' The escape of the French fleet from Toulon was a real affliction to him, and his pursuit, with only ten sail of the line, of the combined French and Spanish squadron to the West Indies is, perhaps, the most creditable part of his matchless career. 'I am in truth half dead, but what man can do to find them out shall be done,' said he; but misled by incorrect information he steered for Tobago as the enemy were returning to Europe *viâ* Martinique.

Vice-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., to Alexander Davison.

Victory: July 24, 1805.

My dear Davison,—As all my letters have been sent to England, I know nothing of what is passing; but I hope very, very

soon to take you by the hand. I am as miserable as you can conceive. But for General Brereton's damned information, Nelson would have been, living or dead, the greatest man in his Profession that England ever saw. Now, alas! I am nothing—perhaps shall incur censure for misfortunes which may happen, and have happened. When I follow my own head, I am, in general, much more correct in my judgment, than following the opinion of others. I resisted the opinion of General Brereton's information till it would have been the height of presumption to have carried my disbelief further. I could not, in the face of Generals and Admirals, go N.W., when it was *apparently* clear that the enemy had gone South. But I am miserable. I now long to hear that they are arrived in some Port in the Bay; for until they are arrived somewhere, I can do nothing but fret. Then I shall proceed to England. I can say nothing, or think of anything, but the loss my Country has sustained by General Brereton's unfortunate, ill-timed, false information. God bless you: and believe me ever, my dear Davison, your most faithful and affectionate friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

CCXXII.

On the morning of Oct. 19, 1805, the combined fleets of France and Spain left Cadiz Harbour, and the same afternoon Nelson knew that he would soon have an opportunity of encountering his enemy. This unfinished letter was found opened on his desk after the action, and was conveyed by Captain Hardy to Lady Hamilton, who wrote the following endorsement, 'Oh miserable and wretched Emma, oh, glorious and happy Nelson.'

Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton.

Victory: October 19, 1805.

Noon, Cadiz E.S.E. 16 leagues.

My dearest beloved Emma, the dear friend of my bosom, the signal has been made that Enemy's Combined fleet are coming out of Port. We have very little Wind, so that I have no hopes of seeing them before to-morrow. May the God of Battles crown my endeavours with success, at all events I will take care that my name shall ever be most dear to you and Horatia, both of whom I love as much as my own life, and as my last writing before the

battle will be to you, so I hope in God that I shall live to finish my letter after the Battle; may Heaven bless you prays your Nelson and Bronte. Oct. 20th in the morning we were close to the mouth of the Streights, but the wind had not come far enough to the westward to allow the Combined fleets to weather the shoals off Trafalgar, but they were counted as far as forty sail of Ships of War which I suppose to be thirty-four of the Line and six frigates, a group of them were seen off the Lighthouse of Cadiz this morning but it blows so very fresh, and thick weather, that I rather believe they will go into the Harbour before night. May God Almighty give us success over these fellows and enable us to get a Peace.

CCXXIII.

It was a servant in a family on Cessnoch Water who inspired Burns with several of his best lyrics, with 'Montgomery's Peggy,' with 'Bonny Peggy Alison' and with 'Now western winds.'

Moreover, it was she to whom the following fine love-letter was addressed. No one was a better student than Burns of what one of our old dramatists has styled 'the red-leaved and confused book of the heart,' and, rough as he was, his nature melted at once into a most indulgent tenderness at the slightest appeal from womanhood. The young woman in this case would not entertain the poet's suit, but she herself confessed that it 'cost her some heartaches to get rid of the affair.'

Robert Burns to Miss Ellison Begbie.

Lochlea: 1783.

I verily believe, my dear E., that the pure genuine feelings of love are as rare in the world as the pure genuine principles of virtue and piety. This I hope will account for the uncommon style of all my letters to you. By uncommon, I mean their being written in such a hasty manner, which to tell you the truth, has made me often afraid lest you should take me for some zealous bigot, who conversed with his mistress as he would converse with his minister. I don't know how it is, my dear, for though, except your company, there is nothing on earth gives me so much pleasure as writing to you, yet it never gives me those giddy raptures so much talked of among lovers. I have often thought that if a well-grounded affection be not really a part of virtue 'tis

something extremely akin to it. Whenever the thought of my E. warms my heart, every feeling of humanity, every principle of generosity kindles in my breast. It extinguishes every dirty spark of malice and envy which are but too apt to infest me. I grasp every creature in the arms of universal benevolence, and equally participate in the pleasures of the happy, and sympathize with the miseries of the unfortunate. I assure you, my dear, I often look up to the Divine Disposer of events with an eye of gratitude for the blessing which I hope he intends to bestow on me in bestowing you. I sincerely wish that he may bless my endeavours to make your life as comfortable and happy as possible, both in sweetening the rougher parts of my natural temper, and bettering the unkindly circumstances of my fortune. This, my dear, is a passion, at least in my view, worthy of a man, and I will add worthy of a Christian. The sordid earth-worm may profess love to a woman's person, whilst in reality his affection is centered in her pocket; and the slavish drudge may go a-wooing as he goes to the horse-market to choose one who is stout and firm, and as we may say of an old horse, one who will be a good drudge and draw kindly. I disdain their dirty puny ideas. I would be heartily out of humour with myself, if I thought I were capable of having so poor a notion of the sex, which were designed to crown the pleasures of society. Poor devils! I don't envy them their happiness who have such notions. For my part I propose quite other pleasures with my dear partner.

R. B.

CCXXIV.

There are few documents in the history of literature more pathetic, when we consider the result, than this simple letter of business.

Robert Burns to the Earl of Glencairn.

Edinburgh: 1787.

My Lord,—I know your lordship will disapprove of my ideas in a request I am going to make to you; but I have weighed, long and seriously weighed, my situation, my hopes and turn of mind, and am fully fixed to my scheme if I can possibly effectuate it. I wish to get into the Excise. I am told that your lordship's interest will easily procure me the grant from the Commissioners; and

your lordship's patronage and goodness, which have already rescued me from obscurity, wretchedness, and exile, embolden me to ask that interest. You have likewise put it in my power to save the little tie of home that sheltered an aged mother, two brothers, and three sisters from destruction. There, my lord, you have bound me over to the highest gratitude. My brother's farm is but a wretched lease, but I think he will probably weather out the remaining seven years of it; and after the assistance which I have given and will give him, to keep the family together, I think, by my guess, I shall have rather better than two hundred pounds, and instead of seeking what is almost impossible at present to find, a farm that I can certainly live by, with so small a stock, I shall lodge this sum in a banking-house, a sacred deposit, excepting only the calls of uncommon distress or necessitous old age.

These, my lord, are my views: I have resolved from the maturest deliberation; and now I am fixed, I shall leave no stone unturned to carry my resolve into execution. Your lordship's patronage is the strength of my hopes; nor have I yet applied to any body else. Indeed my heart sinks within me at the idea of applying to any other of the great who have honoured me with their countenance. I am ill-qualified to dog the heels of greatness with the impertinence of solicitation, and tremble nearly as much at the thought of the cold promise as the cold denial; but to your lordship I have not only the honour, the comfort, but the pleasure of being

Your lordship's much obliged
And deeply indebted humble servant,
R. B.

CCXXV.

The humanity of Burns is perhaps the most striking of all his great qualities. We have had lyric poets as fine, wits as brilliant, but we have scarcely had another man of imaginative genius so near to us in all the common feelings of the heart. So true a man is he, so unaffected in his laughter or his tears, so plain a creature like ourselves, that when he falls upon the thorns of life, and bleeds, we never think of regarding him as a great man, but merely as a friend distressed and lost. What simplicity, what kindly enthusiasm, what quiet humour, animated the writer of the following letter to a bookseller in Edinburgh!

Robert Burns to Peter Hill.

Ellisland: February 2, 1790.

No! I will not say one word about apologies or excuses for not writing—I am a poor, rascally gauger, condemned to gallop at least 200 miles every week to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels, and where can I find time to write to, or importance to interest anybody? the upbraidings of my conscience, nay the upbraidings of my wife, have persecuted me on your account these two or three months past. I wish to God I was a great man, that my correspondence might throw light upon you, to let the world see what you really are, and then I would make your fortune, without putting my hand in my pocket for you, which, like all other great men, I suppose I would avoid as much as possible. What are you doing, and how are you doing? Have you lately seen any of my few friends? What has become of the Borough Reform, or how is the fate of my poor namesake Made-moiselle Burns decided? O man! but for thee and thy selfish appetites, and dishonest artifices, that beauteous form, and that once innocent and still ingenuous mind, which shone conspicuous and lovely in the faithful wife, and the affectionate mother; and shall the unfortunate sacrifice to thy pleasures have no claim on thy humanity!

I saw lately in a Review, some extracts from a new poem, called the 'Village Curate'; send it me. I want likewise a cheap copy of 'The World.' Mr. Armstrong, the young poet who does me the honour to mention me so kindly in his works, please give him my best thanks for the copy of his book—I shall write him, my first leisure hour. I like his poetry much, but I think his style in prose quite astonishing.

Your book came safe, and I am going to trouble you with further commissions. I call it troubling you—because I want only, Books; the cheapest way, the best; so you may have to hunt for them in the evening auctions. I want Smollett's Works, for the sake of his incomparable humour. I have already Roderick Random, and Humphrey Clinker—Peregrine Pickle, Launcelot Greaves, and Ferdinand, Count Fathom, I still want; but as I said, the veriest ordinary copies will serve me. I am nice only in the appearance of my poets. I forget the price of Cowper's Poems,

but, I believe, I must have them. I saw the other day, proposals for a publication, entitled, 'Banks's new and complete Christian's Family Bible,' printed for C. Cooke, Paternoster-row, London. He promises at least, to give in the work, I think it is three hundred and odd engravings, to which he has put the names of the first artists in London. You will know the character of the performance, as some numbers of it are published; and if it is really what it pretends to be, set me down as a subscriber, and send me the published numbers.

Let me hear from you, your first leisure minute, and trust me you shall in future have no reason to complain of my silence. The dazzling perplexity of novelty will dissipate and leave me to pursue my course in the quiet path of methodical routine.

R. B.

CCXXVI.

Burns found no advancement in the miserable service that he had chosen to enter. He never rose higher than the 'nicked stick,' the badge and implement of a common gauger. But the Government was not content with ignoring the claims of the poet to promotion. He was known to hold liberal opinions, and to be that dangerous being, 'a friend of the people.' The Commissioners of Excise wrote him a letter, couched in the formality of official insolence, informing that great man that 'such a petty officer as he had no business with politics.'

It is believed that but for the interposition of the friend to whom this letter is addressed, Burns would have been summarily dismissed, and his family turned adrift upon the world.

Robert Burns to Mr. Graham of Fintray.

December, 1792.

Sir,—I have been surprised, confounded, and distracted by Mr. Mitchel, the collector, telling me that he has received an order from your Board to enquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government.

Sir, you are a husband—and a father.—You know what you would feel, to see the much loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless, prattling little ones, turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence. Alas, Sir! must I think that

such, soon will be my lot! and from the d—nned, dark insinuations of hellish groundless envy too! I believe, Sir, I may aver it, and in the sight of Omniscience, that I would not tell a deliberate falsehood, no, not though even worse horrors, if worse can be, than those I have mentioned, hung over my head; and I say, that the allegation, whatever villain has made it, is a lie! To the British Constitution, on revolution principles, next after my God, I am most devoutly attached; you, Sir, have been much and generously my friend.—Heaven knows how warmly I have felt the obligation, and how gratefully I have thanked you.—Fortune, Sir, has made you powerful, and me impotent; has given you patronage, and me dependence.—I would not for my single self, call on your humanity; were such my insular, unconnected situation, I would despise the tear that now swells in my eye—I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin; for at the worst, ‘Death’s thousand doors stand open;’ but, good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment, and feel around me, how they unnerve Courage, and wither Resolution! To your patronage, as a man of some genius, you have allowed me a claim; and your esteem, as an honest man, I know is my due: to these, Sir, permit me to appeal; by these may I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my latest breath I will say it, I have not deserved.

R. B.

CCXXVII.

Watson has, in his ‘Life of Porson,’ very graphically described the difficulties which beset that ‘Prince of Grecians’ at the time the following letter was written.

His refusal to take Orders and subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles necessitated the resignation of a fellowship at Cambridge which was his chief means of support, and left him, as he said, ‘a gentleman in London with sixpence in his pocket.’ Soon after the professorship of Greek became vacant, and Dr. Postlethwaite, the Master of Trinity, wrote to inquire of Porson whether he would offer himself as a candidate. The reply of the needy scholar who apprehended that subscription to the Test would be enforced as rigorously for the tenure of the professorship, does him infinite honour.

Richard Porson to Dr. Postlethwaite.

October 6, 1792.

Sir,—When I first received the favour of your letter, I must own that I felt rather vexation and chagrin than hope and satisfaction. I had looked upon myself so completely in the light of an outcast from Alma Mater, that I had made up my mind to have no further connection with the place. The prospect you held out to me gave me more uneasiness than pleasure. When I was younger than I now am, and my disposition more sanguine than it is at present, I was in daily expectation of Mr. Cook's resignation, and I flattered myself with the hope of succeeding to the honour he was going to quit. As hope and ambition are great castle-builders, I had laid a scheme partly, as I was willing to think, for the joint credit, partly for the mutual advantage, of myself and the University. I had projected a plan of reading lectures, and I persuaded myself that I should easily obtain a grace permitting me to exact a certain sum from every person who attended. But seven years' waiting will tire out the most patient temper; and all my ambition of this sort was long ago laid asleep. The sudden news of the vacant professorship put me in mind of poor Jacob, who, having served seven years in hopes of being rewarded with Rachel, awoke, and behold it was Leah. Such, Sir, I confess, were the first ideas that took possession of my mind. But after a little reflection, I resolved to refer a matter of this importance to my friends. This circumstance has caused the delay, for which I ought before now to have apologised. My friends unanimously exhorted me to embrace the good fortune which they conceived to be within my grasp. Their advice, therefore, joined to the expectation I had entertained of doing some small good by my exertions in the employment, together with the pardonable vanity which the honour annexed to the office inspired, determined me; and I was on the point of troubling you, Sir, and the other electors, with notice of my intentions to profess myself a candidate, when an objection, which had escaped me in the hurry of my thoughts, now occurred to my recollection. The same reason which hindered me from keeping my fellowship by the method you obligingly pointed out to me, would, I am greatly afraid, prevent me from being Greek Professor. Whatever concern this may give

me for myself, it gives me none for the public. I trust there are at least twenty or thirty in the University equally able and willing to undertake the office; possessed, many, of talents superior to mine, and all of a more complying conscience. This I speak upon the supposition that the next Greek professor will be compelled to read lectures; but if the place remains a sinecure, the number of qualified persons will be greatly increased. And though it were even granted that my industry and attention might possibly produce some benefit to the interests of learning and the credit of the University, that trifling gain would be as much exceeded by keeping the professorship a sinecure, and bestowing it on a sound believer, as temporal considerations are outweighed by spiritual. Having only a strong persuasion, not an absolute certainty, that such a subscription is required of the professor elect, if I am mistaken I hereby offer myself as a candidate; but if I am right in my opinion, I shall beg of you to order my name to be erased from the boards, and I shall esteem it a favour conferred on,

Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

R. PORSON.

CCXXVIII.

‘Country gentlemen are the nerves and ligatures of your political body.’ Have we not here traces of the influence of William Pitt on his firm friend and constant companion?

William Wilberforce to the Earl of Galloway.

House of Commons: December 3, 1800.

My dear Lord,—I assure you from my heart that no man respects more than myself the character of a nobleman or gentleman who lives on his own property in the country, improving his land, executing the duties of magistracy, exercising hospitality and diffusing comfort, and order and decorum and moral improvement, and though last not least (where it has any place) religion, too, throughout the circle greater or smaller, which he fills. Greatly I regret that due attention, as I think, has not been paid to this class of persons. Every inducement and facility should have been held out to them for fixing in the country, rather than in towns.

Timber, bricks and tiles &c. used in improvements, should have been exempted from taxation. The house-tax and window-tax should have been increased on town houses, and lessened on those of gentlemen residing on their own property. For in fact your country gentlemen are the nerves and ligatures of your political body, and they enable you to enforce laws which could not be executed by the mere power of Government, and often preserve the public peace better than a regiment of soldiers.

London is the gangrene of our body politic, and the bad humours it generates corrupt the whole mass. Through the medium of the great clubs &c. one set of opinions, manners, modes of living are diffused through a vast mass of the higher orders.

Domestic restraints, and family economy, and order are voted bores, while, from the nature of our constitution, aided by the increasing wealth and the prevailing sentiments of the age, whatever ways of thinking, speaking, and acting become popular in the higher classes, soon spread through every order. Hence respect for our nobility, and even for the King himself, instead of being regarded as a Christian duty, is deemed an antiquated prejudice.

Your Lordship's obliged and faithful

W. WILBERFORCE.

CCXXIX.

A volume of letters from Mary Wollstonecraft to Captain Gilbert Imlay, with a prefatory memoir of the writer, by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, throws a flood of light on the character of a remarkable woman whose chief claim to public notice seems, until recently, to have been that she was the wife of the philosopher Godwin, and the mother of Shelley's wife. Although the exceptional views on social questions so boldly asserted by this lady, will be held as extravagant and *outré* now as they were in the last century, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, in hallowing the memory of a pure, impassioned, and refined being through a life of toil and sorrow has nevertheless succeeded in painting so complete a picture of Mary Wollstonecraft that our just sympathy is excited for her as fully as these letters excite our disgust for the scoundrel Imlay who first stole her heart and then deserted her.

Mary Wollstonecraft to Captain Imlay.

Paris: September 22, 1794.

I have just written two letters, that are going by other conveyances, and which I reckon on your receiving long before this.

I therefore merely write, because I know I should be disappointed at seeing anyone who had left you if you did not send a letter, were it ever so short, to tell me why you did not write a longer, and you will want to be told, over and over again, that our little Hercules is quite recovered. Besides looking at me, there are three other things which delight her; to ride in a coach, to look at a scarlet waistcoat, and hear loud music—yesterday, at the *fête*, she enjoyed the two latter; but, to honour J. J. Rousseau, I intend to give her a sash, the first she has ever had round her—and why not?—for I have always been half in love with him.

Well, this you will say is trifling—shall I talk about alum or soap? There is nothing picturesque in your present pursuits; my imagination, then, rather chooses to ramble back to the Barrier with you, or to see you coming to meet me, and my basket of grapes. With what pleasure do I recollect your looks and words, when I have been sitting on the window, regarding the waving corn! Believe me, sage sir, you have not sufficient respect for the imagination. I could prove to you in a trice that it is the mother of sentiment, the great distinction of our nature, the only purifier of the passions—animals have a portion of reason, and equal, if not more exquisite senses; but no trace of imagination, or her offspring taste, appears in any of their actions. The impulse of the senses, passions, if you will, and the conclusions of reason, draw men together; but the imagination is the true fire, stolen from heaven, to animate this cold creature of clay, producing all those fine sympathies that lead to rapture, rendering men social by expanding their hearts, instead of leaving them leisure to calculate how many comforts society affords. If you call these observations romantic, a phrase in this place which would be tantamount to nonsensical, I shall be apt to retort, that you are embruted by trade and the vulgar enjoyments of life. Bring me then back your barrier face, or you shall have nothing to say to my barrier-girl; and I shall fly from you, to cherish the remembrances that will ever be dear to me; for I am yours truly,

MARY.

CCXXX.

In the foregoing as well as in the following letter the writer refers to her child. Mary Wollstonecraft had given her heart to Imlay and considered herself Imlay's wife. To quote Mr. C. Kegan Paul: 'Her view was that a common affection was marriage, and that the marriage tie should not bind after the death of love, if love should die.'

Mary Wollstonecraft to Captain Imlay.

January 9, 1795.

I just now received one of your hasty *notes*; for business so entirely occupies you, that you have not time, or sufficient command of thought, to write letters. Beware! you seem to be got into a world of projects and schemes, which are drawing you into a gulf, that, if it do not absorb your happiness, will infallibly destroy mine.

Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles, not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely pleasure, for which I had the most lively taste,—I mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection,—escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind. Since I knew you I have been endeavouring to go back to my former nature, and have allowed some time to glide away, winged with the delight which only spontaneous enjoyment can give. Why have you so soon dissolved the charm?

I am really unable to bear the continual inquietude which your and ——'s never-ending plans produce. This you may term want of firmness, but you are mistaken; I have still sufficient firmness to pursue my principle of action. The present misery, I cannot find a softer word to do justice to my feelings, appears to me unnecessary, and therefore I have not firmness to support it as you may think I ought. I should have been content, and still wish, to retire with you to a farm. My God! anything but these continual anxieties, anything but commerce, which debases the mind, and roots out affection from the heart.

I do not mean to complain of subordinate inconveniences; yet I will simply observe, that, led to expect you every week, I did

not make the arrangements required by the present circumstances, to procure the necessaries of life. In order to have them, a servant, for that purpose only, is indispensable. The want of wood has made me catch the most violent cold I ever had; and my head is so disturbed by continual coughing, that I am unable to write without stopping frequently to recollect myself. This however, is one of the common evils which must be borne with—bodily pain does not touch the heart, though it fatigues the spirits.

Still, as you talk of your return, even in February, doubtingly, I have determined, the moment the weather changes, to wean my child. It is too soon for her to begin to divide sorrow! And as one has well said, despair is a freeman, we will go and seek our fortune together. This is not a caprice of the moment, for your absence has given new weight to some conclusions that I was very reluctantly forming before you left me. I do not choose to be a secondary object. If your feelings were in unison with mine, you would not sacrifice so much to visionary prospects of future advantage.

CCXXXI.

This is the letter that made Tom Moore 'unhappy for days;' but he was not the only person who envied the literary veteran Samuel Rogers, who with an ample fortune was retiring from the field of literature full of honours and full of health, to devote the remainder of a long life to the luxury of travel abroad and to the enjoyment of the most refined and amusing society at home. The first part of his 'Italy' appeared in 1822, and the complete edition, delayed on account of the illustrations, and produced at an expense of 10,000*l.*, was published a few years afterwards. There was a good margin of time for repose between this, his last work, and his death, which occurred in the year 1855, at the age of ninety-three.

Samuel Rogers to Thomas Moore.

Venice: October 17, 1814.

My dear Moore,—Last night in my gondola I made a vow I would write you a letter if it was only to beg you would write to me at Rome. Like the great Marco Polo, however, whose tomb I saw to-day, I have a secret wish to astonish you with my travels, and would take you with me, as you would not go willingly, from London to Paris, and from Paris to the Lake of Geneva, and so on

to this city of romantic adventure, the place from which he started. I set out in August last, with my sister and Mackintosh. He parted with us in Switzerland, since which time we have travelled on together, and happy should we have been could you and Psyche have made a quartett of it. I hope all her predictions have long ago been fulfilled to your mind, and that she, and you, and the bambini are all as snug and as happy as you can wish to be. By the way, I forgot one of your family, who, I hope, is still under your roof. I mean one of nine sisters—the one I have more than once made love to. With another of them, too, all the world knows your *good fortune*. Apropos of love, and such things, is Lord Byron to be married to Miss Milbanke, at last? I have heard it. But to proceed to business; Chamouny, and the Mer de Glace, Voltaire's chamber at Ferney, Gibbon's terrace at Lausanne, Rousseau's Isle of St. Pierre, the Lake of Lucerne, and the little Cantons, the passage over the Alps, the Lago Maggiore, Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice—what shall I begin with? but I believe I must refer you to my three Quartos on the subject, whenever they choose to appear. The most wonderful thing we have seen is Bonaparte's road over the Alps—as smooth as that in Hyde Park, and not steeper than St. James's Street. We left Savoy at seven in the morning, and slept at Domo d'Ossola in Italy that night. For twenty miles we descended through a mountain-pass, as rocky, and often narrower, than the *narrowest* part of Dovedale; the road being sometimes cut out of the mountain, and three times carried through it, leaving the torrent (and such a torrent!) to work its way by itself. The passages or galleries, as I believe the French engineers call them, were so long as to require large openings here and there for light, and the roof was hung with icicles, which the carriage shattered as it passed along, and which fell to the ground with a shrill sound. We were eight hours in climbing to the top and only three in descending. Our wheel was never locked, and our horses were almost always in a gallop. But I must talk to you a little about Venice. I cannot tell you what I felt, when the postillion turned gaily round, and, pointing with his whip, cried out, 'Venezia!' For there it was, sure enough, with its long line of domes and turrets glittering in the sun. I walk about here all day long in a dream. Is that the Rialto, I say to myself? Is this St. Mark's Place? Do I see the Adriatic? I think if you

and I were together here, my dear Moore, we might manufacture something from the *ponte dei sospiri*, the *scala dei giganti*, the *piombi*, the *pozzi*, and the thousand ingredients of mystery and terror that are here at every turn. Nothing can be more luxurious than a gondola and its little black cabin, in which you can fly about unseen, the gondoliers so silent all the while. They dip their oars as if they were afraid of disturbing you; yet you fly. As you are rowed through one of the narrow streets, often do you catch the notes of a guitar, accompanied by a female voice, through some open window; and at night, on the Grand Canal, how amusing is it to observe the moving lights (every gondola has its light), one now and then shooting across at a little distance, and vanishing into a smaller canal. Oh, if you had any pursuit of love or pleasure, how nervous would they make you, not knowing their contents or their destination! and how infinitely more interesting, as more mysterious, their silence, than the noise of carriage-wheels! Before the steps of the Opera-house, they are drawn up in array with their shining prows of white metal, waiting for the company. One man remains in your boat, while the other stands at the door of your loge. When you come out, he attends you down, and calling 'Pietro,' or 'Giacomo,' is answered from the water, and away you go. The gliding motion is delightful, and would calm you after any scene in a casino. The gondolas of the Foreign Ministers carry the national flag. I think you would be pleased with an Italian theatre. It is lighted only from the stage, and the soft shadows that are thrown over it produce a very visionary effect. Here and there the figures in a box are illuminated from within, and glimmering and partial lights are almost magical. Sometimes the curtains are drawn, and you may conceive what you please. This is indeed a fairy land, and Venice particularly so. If at Naples you see most with the eye, and at Rome with the memory, surely at Venice you see most with the imagination. But enough of Venice. To-morrow we bid adieu to it,—most probably I shall never see it again. We shall pass through Ferrara to Bologna, then cross the Apennines to Florence, and so on to Rome, where I shall look for a line from you. Pray, have you sermonized the discordant brothers? I hope you have, and not forgotten yourself on the occasion. When you write to Tunbridge, pray remember me. Tell Lady D. I

passed the little Lake of Lowertz, and saw the melancholy effects of the downfall. It is now a scene of desolation, and the little town of Goldau is buried many fathoms deep.

It is a sad story, and you shall have it when we meet. I received a very kind letter from her at Tunbridge, and mean to answer it. I hope to meet you in London-town, when you visit it next; at least I shall endeavour to do so. My sister unites with me in kindest remembrance to Mrs. Moore; and pray, pray believe me to be,

Yours ever,
S. R.

At Verona we were shown Juliet's tomb in a Convent garden! In the evening we went to the play, but saw neither Mercutio, nor "the two Gentlemen" there.

CCXXXII.

The last considerable work by William Godwin was a 'History of the Commonwealth of England.' In the preparation of this book he had consulted Sir Walter Scott and other authorities respecting Cromwell's character and rule; and among the letters he received is one of interest from the late Mr. Isaac D'Israeli. Mazarin quite understood how *not* to offend the Lord Protector.

Isaac D'Israeli to William Godwin.

6, Bloomsbury Square: July 12, 1828.

Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure I communicate to you the striking anecdote which confirms the notice you find in Voltaire of Cromwell, who when Protector, would be addressed, much against Louis XIV.'s inclination, as 'brother,' by the French monarch. At the same time I beg to repeat that I find in my note on this anecdote, a loose reference to Thurlow's papers, by which I infer that I must have read in Thurlow's collection something relative to the subject of your enquiry.

The present anecdote is very circumstantial and of undoubted authority. Dr. Sampson derived it from Judge Rookly, who was present at the delivery of the letter. I transcribe it literally from the Diary of Dr. Sampson, Sloane MSS.

'He was in the Banqueting House to receive the Duke of Créqui, as ambassador from the French King. Great was the

state and crowd. The ambassador made his speech, and after all compliments, he delivered a letter into his hands which was superscribed: "To his most serene Highness Oliver, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland." He looks wistfully at the letter, puts it in his pocket, turns away without speaking a word or reading it. The ambassador was highly vexed at this, and as soon as he could meet with Secretary Thurlow, expostulates with him for the great affront and indignity offered to his master, so great a prince—asked him what he thought the cause might be. Thurlow answered, he thought the Protector might be displeased with the superscription of the letter. The Duke said he thought that it was according to form, and in terms as agreeable as could be. "But," says Thurlow, "the Protector expected he should have written to our dear brother Oliver." It is said the ambassador writing this over to France, the King replied: "Shall I call such a fellow my *brother*?" to which Cardinal Mazarin answered, "Aye, call him your *father* if need be, if you would get from him what you desire." And so a letter was procured, having the desired superscription.

I need not assure you of the correctness of the transcript.

Believe me, very truly yours,

I. D'ISRAELI.

CCXXXIII.

Dr. Dibdin wished to include a chapter on the fine arts in his 'Literary Reminiscences,' and requested Mr. Isaac D'Israeli to furnish him with the loan of some of William Blake's works. This was the letter of reply. We may see at p. 44 of his 'Essay on Blake,' that Mr. Swinburne has endorsed Mr. D'Israeli's criticism in strikingly coincident language.

Isaac D'Israeli to Dr. Dibdin.

Bradenham House, Wycombe: July 24, 1835.

My dear friend,—It is quite impossible to transmit to you the *One Hundred and Sixty* designs I possess of Blake's; and as impossible, if you had them, to convey every precise idea of such an infinite variety of these wondrous deliriums of his fine and wild creative imagination. Heaven, hell, and earth, and the depths below, are some of the scenes he seems alike to have tenanted; but the invisible world also busies his fancy; aerial beings which could only float in visions, and unimaginable chimeras, such as you

have never viewed, lie by the side of his sunshiny people. You see some innocent souls winding about blossoms—for others the massive sepulchre has opened, and the waters beneath give up their secrets. The finish, the extreme delicacy of his pencil, in his light gracile forms, marvellously contrast with the ideal figures of his mystic allegories; sometimes playful, as the loveliness of the arabesques of Raffaele. Blake often breaks into the ‘*terribil via*’ of Michael Angelo, and we start amid a world too horrified to dwell in. Not the least extraordinary fact of these designs is, their colouring, done by the artist’s own hand, worked to his fancy; and the verses which are often remarkable for their sweetness and their depth of feeling. I feel the imperfection of my general description. Such singular productions require a commentary.

Believe me, with regard

Your sincere well wisher,

ISAAC D’ISRAELI.

CCXXXIV.

Miss Edgeworth points to her intimate friend the Rev. Sydney Smith as *the* man whose captivating manners and generous heart would have deeply influenced the Irish people had he been able to reside permanently among them.

Miss Maria Edgeworth to Miss Smith, daughter of the Rev. Sydney Smith.

I have not the absurd presumption to think your father would leave London or Combe Florey, for Ireland *voluntarily*, but I wish some Irish bishopric were forced upon him, and that his own sense of national charity and humanity would forbid him to refuse. Then, obliged to reside amongst us, he would see, in the twinkling of an eye (such an eye as his), all our manifold grievances up and down the country. One word, one *bon mot* of his, would do more for us, I guess, than Mr. —’s four hundred pages, and all the like, with which we have been bored. One letter from Sydney Smith on the affairs of Ireland, with his name to it, and after having been there, would do more for us than his letters did for America and England;—a bold assertion, you will say, and so it is; but I calculate that Pat is a far better subject for wit than Jonathan; it only plays round Jonathan’s head, but it goes to Pat’s heart—to

the very bottom of his heart, where he loves it; and he don't care whether it is for or against him, so that it is *real* wit and fun. Now Pat would doat upon your father, and kiss the rod with all his soul, he would,—the lash just lifted,—when he'd see the laugh on the face, the kind smile, that would tell him it was all for his good. Your father would lead Pat (for he'd never drive him) to the world's end, and maybe to common sense in the end,—might open his eyes to the true state of things and persons, and cause him to ax himself how it comes that, if he be so distressed by the Sassenach landlords that he can't keep soul and body together, nor one farthing for the wife and children, after paying the *rint* for the land, still and nevertheless he can pay King Dan's rint *aisy*,—thousands of pounds, not for lands or potatoes, but just for castles in the air. Methinks I hear Pat saying the words, and see him jump to the conclusion, that 'maybe the *gentleman*, his reverence, that "*has the way with him*," might be the man after all to do them all the good in life, and asking nothing at all from them. Better, sure, than Dan after all; and we will follow him through thick and thin—why no? What though he is his reverence, the Church, that is, our *cleargy*, won't object to him; for he was never an inimy any way, but always for paying them off handsome, and fools if they don't take it now. So down with King Dan, for he's no good! and up with Sydney—he's the man, King of glory!'

But, visions of glory, and of good better than glory, spare my longing sight; else I shall never come to an end of this note. Note indeed! I beg your pardon.

Yours affectionately,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

CCXXXV.

The saying that the Duke of Wellington's enemies never gave him so much trouble as his friends is verified over and over again in the volumes containing his civil and military correspondence. At the time the following letter was written Viscount Wellington of Talavera was probably the only public man who had *complete* confidence in his own strength, and in the might of Great Britain to 'strike the bold stroke for the rescue of the world.' All he required for his campaign in the Peninsula was men, money, and freedom of action. But the Government was half-hearted and economical; the Opposition openly sneered at his 'very rash' conduct; the Spanish General

Cuesta, was old, obstinate, and incapable; the Portuguese Government was obstructive; and there were 380,000-Frenchmen, already in possession of the chief strongholds, opposed to us. No wonder Wellington thought the authorities at home 'were all gone mad!'

Lieut.-General Viscount Wellington to the Rt. Hon. Sir W. W. Pole.

Cartaxo: January 11, 1811.

My dear William,—I have received your letters of the 8th and the 25th of December. I have never been able to obtain any specific instructions, or even statement of an object. You have seen the only instructions which I have, which are to save the British army; and that is the only object officially stated to me for keeping an army in the Peninsula.

I agree entirely in opinion with you that it is desirable, nay necessary, to reinforce this army at an early period to a large amount, and of this opinion I have repeatedly apprised Lord Liverpool in some public dispatches, and in many private letters: but after what has been stated to you, you will hardly believe that I have now scarcely the force which was originally promised me, which was to be 35,000 infantry. Then, when the last reinforcements were sent out, not only I was told that I was to expect no more, but I was desired to send home some of the troops in case Massena should retire. I even begged to borrow 10,000 men from England or Ireland for a short period, which was refused; and then they tell you that I don't apply for specific numbers to perform specific operations. What I have already written will show you how the facts stand respecting my applications, and I will now state how they stand respecting objects. Before the siege of Almeida I urged in the strongest terms to be reinforced; I pointed out from whence I could be reinforced; and stated the probability that if I were reinforced, I could save everything. Was this an object or not?

Then I would observe that, adverting to the nature of the war in the Peninsula, to the disparity of means and resources in the possession or in the power of the two parties, to the instructions which government have given to me, and the limitation of my powers of action in every point of view, and to the uncertainty of the operations of the allies, it is not quite fair to call upon me to

state the specific object to be attained by every additional soldier who might be sent to me. Government have embarked in this contest, with all its difficulties and uncertainties; and it is their duty to state their objects in it, and employ the best officer they can find, and the largest army they can collect, to carry it on in the best manner he can, and to reinforce him to the utmost: for sure I am that if we cannot persevere in carrying it on in the Peninsula, or elsewhere on the Continent, we must prepare to make one of our own islands the seat of the war; and when one of them will have been so for a week, we shall heartily repent all the little, dirty feelings which have prevented us from continuing the contest elsewhere. If there is confidence in me that I shall use to advantage the reinforcements which can be sent to me, let them be sent without calling upon me for objects; or at all events before I am called upon for objects, let government themselves state theirs, if they have any excepting to keep the war out of the king's dominions.

I think you are mistaken respecting the facility with which an army could get on without money. Your reasoning is applicable only to the pay of the troops, which is but a small part of the expense which must be defrayed in money. But the necessity of paying in money the officers and soldiers of an army cannot be measured by the necessity of paying in money the officers and seamen of a fleet. First, the rations of the soldier are not sufficient for his subsistence for any great length of time. Secondly, all his necessaries are bought and paid for out of his daily subsistence, and there is the greatest distress, as well for some descriptions of food not issued by the commissary, as for necessaries when the pay is not issued. In the same manner the officers of the army cannot live upon their rations alone, and they, as well as the soldiers, must be paid, or they must do as the French army do, that is, plunder in order to be able to get on at all.

I think, however, that measures might be adopted to increase our supplies of specie in this country; but since government have taken this subject into their own hands, and have sent here a gentleman to make their own inquiries and arrangements upon the subjects, I have given myself no further trouble about it.

Not only I think that the supply of specie in Portugal might be increased, but that other measures might be adopted to decrease

the demand for specie ; and I must observe that if the war in Portugal is to be carried on on the large scale supposed, troops must be brought from other parts ; the expenses in those parts, and the demand for specie there, must cease ; and the specie which supplied them might be brought here.

I have now, I believe, replied to all the principal points in your letter. I agree with you in thinking that we ought to be largely reinforced. If we are, I am tolerably certain of the result ; and I am equally certain that if Buonaparte cannot root us out of his country, he must alter his system in Europe, and must give us such a peace as we ought to accept.

I acknowledge that I doubt whether the government (I mean the existing administration of England) have the power, or the inclination, or the nerves to do all that ought to be done to carry the contest on as it might be. I am the commander of the British army without any of the patronage or power that an officer in that situation has always had. I have remonstrated against this system, but in vain. Then I am the mainspring of all the other operations, but it is because I am Lord Wellington ; for I have neither influence nor support, nor means of acquiring influence, given to me by the government. I have not authority to give a shilling, or a stand of arms, or a round of musket ammunition to anybody. I do give all, it is true ; but it is contrary to my instructions, and at my peril ; and I don't think that government ought in fairness to make a man what they call commander of the forces, and place him in the perilous situation in which they have got me, without giving him in specific terms either power or confidence, or without being certain of having a majority in Parliament to support him in case of accidents.

You can have no idea of the risks I incur every day upon every subject, which not another officer of the army would even look at ; and for this reason I have pressed the strengthening of government much against their inclination : but if I did not incur these risks the service in these times could not go on for a moment. I agree, with you in thinking that the Prince of Wales will make a complete change : indeed I don't think that the restrictions on his power will be carried.

There is nothing new here. If the Spaniards can do anything, they won't allow Mortier to cross the Guadiana unless the siege

of Cadiz should be raised; and then the war will take a new turn.

In the mean time I think Massena must withdraw. He is sadly pressed for provisions, certainly. Indeed it is extraordinary that he has existed at all so long.

Ever yours most affectionately,

WELLINGTON.

P.S.—I wrote this letter last night, and have since received yours describing the mares, which will answer perfectly. Just to show you the uncertainty of all operations in which Spaniards are concerned, I mention that I have this morning received accounts that the enemy have crossed the Guadiana at Merida, the Spaniards having neglected to destroy the bridge, as they were ordered! We shall thus have a large army in the Alentejo immediately.

CCXXXVI.

In the following amusing letter we find the Iron Duke courteously insisting on 'duty before pleasure!' He had already in a despatch (January 1811), to the Military Secretary expressed his annoyance at the continued absence on leave of general and other officers of the army; and he observed, 'At this moment we have seven general officers gone or going home; and excepting myself there is not one in the country who came out with the army, except General Sir Alexander Campbell, who was all last winter in England.'

There were two good and sufficient reasons for the Duke's complaint that he was actually discharging the duties of 'General-in-Chief, General of Cavalry, General of Division, and sometimes Colonel of Regiment.' In the first place he was much fatigued; and in the second place the time had arrived for crossing the Portuguese frontier and developing his plan on Spanish ground.

Lieut.-General Viscount Wellington to ———.

Quinta de S. João: June 27, 1811.

I have had the honour of receiving your ———'s letter of the 3rd inst., and it is impossible not to feel for the unhappiness of the young lady, which you have so well described; but it is not so easy as you imagine to apply the remedy.

It appears to me that I should be guilty of a breach of discretion if I were to send for the fortunate object of this young lady's

affections, and apprise him of the pressing necessity for his early return to England: the application for permission to go ought to come from himself; and, at all events, the offer ought not to be made by me, and particularly not founded on the secret of this young lady.

But this fortunate Major now commands his battalion, and I am very apprehensive that he could not with propriety quit it at present, even though the life of this female should depend upon it; and, therefore, I think that he will not ask for leave.

We read occasionally of desperate cases of this description, but I cannot say that I have ever yet known of a young lady dying of love. They contrive, in some manner, to live, and look tolerably well, notwithstanding their despair and the continued absence of their lover; and some have even been known to recover so far as to be inclined to take another lover, if the absence of the first has lasted too long. I don't suppose that your protégée can ever recover so far, but I do hope that she will survive the continued necessary absence of the Major, and enjoy with him hereafter many happy days. I have, &c.,

WELLINGTON.

CCXXXVII.

Lord Wellington is writing from the once thriving port of St. Jean, the frontier town of France, where he established his headquarters in November 1813, after the battle of the Nivelle, and the retreat of Marshal Soult to his intrenched camp before Bayonne. On entering French territory Wellington ordered that all food and other supplies should be paid for: on the other hand it would seem that the French, after mercilessly exhausting the rich yields of Spain, systematically pillaged their own countrymen.

Field-Marshal the Marquess of Wellington to Lord Burghersh.

St. Jean de Luz: January 14, 1814.

My dear Burghersh,—I have received your several letters to the 17th December, and I am very much obliged to you for the interesting details which they contain.

You will have seen the official accounts of our proceedings; and the ministers will most probably have made you and Lord Aberdeen acquainted with the state of affairs here, as detailed to them in my reports.

I was obliged to put the Spanish army into cantonments as soon as I passed the Nivelle. It would have been useless to attempt to keep them in the state in which they were, and I should have lost them all. This circumstance, but more particularly the state of the roads from the constant bad weather, has cramped my operations since; and I hope that I shall soon be able to renew them in style.

In the meantime Soult has received another large reinforcement, being the third since the battle of Vitoria.

We have found the French people exactly what we might expect (not from the lying accounts in the French newspapers, copied into all the others of the world, and believed by everybody, notwithstanding the internal sense of every man of their falsehood, but) from what we knew of the government of Napoleon, and the oppression of all descriptions under which his subjects have laboured. It is not easy to describe the detestation of this man. What do you think of the French people running into our posts for protection from the French troops, with their bundles on their heads, and their *beds*, as you recollect to have seen the people of Portugal and Spain?

I entertain no doubt that, if the war should continue, and it should suit the policy of the allied powers to declare for the House of Bourbon, the whole of France will rise as one man in their favour, with the exception, possibly, of some of the *préfets*, and of the Senate, and that they will be replaced on the throne with the utmost ease. I think it probable that the Allies will at last be obliged to take this line, as you will see the trick that Bony has endeavoured to play by his treaty with King Ferdinand.

If Priscilla is with you, give my best love to her. I received her letter from Berlin; and I have sat to Mr. Heaphey for a picture for her, which I suppose will be sent to her unless one of her sisters or her mother should seize it. Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.

CCXXXVIII.

The exultant English public had enough and to spare of 'Accounts of the Battle of Waterloo' in the years 1815 and 1816; but unfortunately they were for the most part lamentably incorrect. Certain people who had chanced to converse with an

officer or private actually engaged in the combat, or had gossiped with a citizen of Brussels, or had cross-questioned any one of the numerous peasants of the great 'cockpit of Europe,' published a version of the event with an air of authority that imposed on the unwary and irritated the experts. In the two following letters it will be seen that the Duke of Wellington himself, who at no time entertained the hope of ever reading a perfectly accurate account of *all* the details of his great triumph (vide 'Supplementary Despatches,' vol. x. p. 507), was particularly provoked by these crude and garbled publications.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington to Sir J. Sinclair, Bart.

Bruxelles : April 28, 1816.

Sir,—I have received your letter of the 20th. The people of England may be entitled to a detailed and accurate account of the battle of Waterloo, and I have no objection to their having it; but I do object to their being misinformed and misled by those novels called 'Relations,' and 'Impartial Accounts,' &c., &c., of that transaction, containing the stories which curious travellers have picked up from peasants, private soldiers, individual officers, &c., and have published to the world as the truth. Hougoumont was no more fortified than La Haye Sainte; and the latter was not lost for want of fortifications, but by one of those accidents from which human affairs are never entirely exempt.

I am really disgusted with and ashamed of all that I have seen of the battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would lead the world to suppose that the British army had never fought a battle before; and there is not one which contains a true representation, or even an idea, of the transaction; and this is because the writers have referred as above quoted instead of to the official sources and reports.

It is not true that the British army was unprepared. The story of the Greek is equally unfounded as that of Vandamme having 46,000 men, upon which last point I refer you to Marshal Ney's report, who upon that point must be the best authority. I have, &c.

WELLINGTON.

CCXXXIX.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington to Francis Mudford.

Paris: June 8, 1816.

Sir,—I have received your letter of the 21st May. I have already explained to you my reasons for declining to give a formal permission that any work with the contents of which I should not be acquainted should be dedicated to me, with which you appear to be satisfied; and I applied those reasons particularly to a work on the battle of Waterloo, because that, notwithstanding so much had been published on that event by so many people, there was but little truth. You now desire that I should point out to you where you could receive information on this event, on the truth of which you could rely. In answer to this desire, I can refer you only to my own despatches published in the 'London Gazette.' General Alava's report is the nearest to the truth of the other *official* reports published, but even that report contains some statements not exactly correct. The others that I have seen cannot be relied upon. To some of these may be attributed the source of the falsehoods since circulated through the medium of the unofficial publications with which the press has abounded. Of these a remarkable instance is to be found in the report of a meeting between Marshal Blücher and me at La Belle Alliance; and some have gone so far as to have seen the chair on which I sat down in that farm-house. It happens that the meeting took place after ten at night, at the village of Genappe; and anybody who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the different armies will see that it could not be otherwise. The other part is not so material; but, in truth, I was not off my horse till I returned to Waterloo between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. I have, &c.

WELLINGTON.

CCXL.

A string of searching questions respecting our military establishments and regulations having been addressed by the Russian Ambassador, Prince Lieven, on the part of his Emperor, General Sir Herbert Taylor, the matter was referred to the Duke of Wellington, who refused, with some indignation, to

recommend the Ministers to gratify the curiosity of the Russian, or any foreign Government. The Duke considered there was sufficient publicity of details in the documents usually laid before Parliament, and that it would be inconvenient to encourage a comparative discussion of our system with that of other military establishments. And he had not forgotten that during his visit to Russia the War Minister at St. Petersburg refused him information on a simple point of military expenditure.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington to Lord FitzRoy Somerset.

Sudbourne : October 20, 1829.

My dear Lord FitzRoy,—I wish that you would look at and show to Lord Hill my letter to Sir Herbert Taylor on the queries from the Emperor of Russia respecting the army.

In truth the organisation and economy of our army are not its brilliant parts. Its conduct in the field is unrivalled. Its officers are gentlemen, and moreover the gentlemen of England. The organisation suits the purposes of our service in peace and war, scattered as the army is from Indus to the Pole, and from the pillars of Hercules to the Eastern extremities of the earth. But it would be ridiculous, when opened in all its details, to one of the military nations of Europe; and that for the purpose of being criticised. Ever yours, &c.

WELLINGTON.

CCXLI.

The still waters of Wordsworth's affection ran very deep, and he never became entirely consoled for the loss of the brother whom he deploras in this touching letter. As he says in the fine verse that he dedicated to Captain Wordsworth's memory, the sailor 'to the sea had carried undying recollections' of the Cumberland landscape, and was one of the very few who understood the poet's peculiar mission from the first. He was wrecked off the Bill of Portland February 5, 1805.

William Wordsworth to Sir George Beaumont.

Grasmere : February 11, 1805.

My dear Friend,—The public papers will already have broken the shock which the sight of this letter will give you. You will have learned by them the loss of the Earl of Abergavenny, East Indiaman, and along with her, of a great proportion of the crew—that of her captain, our brother, and a most

beloved brother he was. This calamitous news we received at two o'clock to-day, and I write to you from a house of mourning. My poor sister, and my wife who loved him almost as we did (for he was one of the most amiable of men), are in miserable affliction, which I do all in my power to alleviate; but Heaven knows, I want consolation myself. I can say nothing higher of my ever-dear brother, than that he was worthy of his sister, who is now weeping beside me, and of the friendship of Coleridge; meek, affectionate, silently enthusiastic, loving all quiet things, and a poet in everything but words.

Alas! What is human life? This present moment.

I thought this morning would have been devoted to the pleasing employment of writing a letter to amuse you in your confinement. I had singled out several little fragments (descriptions merely), which I purposed to have transcribed from my poems, thinking that the perusal of them might give you a few minutes' gratification, and now I am called to this melancholy office.

I shall never forget your goodness in writing so long and interesting a letter to me under such circumstances. This letter also arrived by the same post which brought the unhappy tidings of my brother's death, so that they were both put into my hands at the same moment.

Your affectionate friend,

W. WORDSWORTH.

CCXLII.

The assiduity of Mr. Dyce constrained Wordsworth, not much or naturally addicted to the pleasures of antiquarianism, to take an interest in the forgotten poets of the seventeenth century. But it is curious to note how easily the fate of Shirley brings him back to Cumberland, and to a story that might find its place in the 'Excursion.'

William Wordsworth to Alexander Dyce.

Rydal Mount: March 20, 1833.

My dear Sir,—I have to thank you for the very valuable present of Shirley's works, just received. The preface is all that I have yet had time to read. It pleased me to find that you sympathised with me in admiration of the passage from the Duchess of Newcastle's poetry; and you will be gratified to be told that I

have the opinion you have expressed of that cold and false-hearted Frenchified coxcomb, Horace Walpole.

Poor Shirley! What a melancholy end was his! And then to be so treated by Dryden! One would almost suspect some private cause of dislike, such as is said to have influenced Swift in regard to Dryden himself. Shirley's death reminded me of a sad close of the life of a literary person, Sanderson by name, in the neighbouring county of Cumberland. He lived in a cottage by himself, though a man of some landed estate. His cottage, from want of care on his part, took fire in the night. The neighbours were alarmed; they ran to his rescue; he escaped, dreadfully burned, from the flames, and lay down (he was in his seventieth year), much exhausted under a tree, a few yards from the door. His friends in the meanwhile endeavoured to save what they could of his property from the flames. He inquired most anxiously after a box in which his manuscripts and published pieces had been deposited with a view to a publication of a laboriously-corrected edition; and, upon being told that the box was consumed, he expired in a few minutes, saying or rather sighing out the words, 'Then I do not wish to live.' Poor man! though the circulation of his works had not extended beyond a circle of fifty miles diameter, perhaps, at furthest, he was most anxious to survive in the memory of the few who were likely to hear of him.

The publishing trade, I understand, continues to be much depressed, and authors are driven to solicit or invite subscriptions, as being in many cases the only means of giving their works to the world. I am always pleased to hear from you, and believe me,

My dear Sir,

Faithfully your obliged friend,

WM. WORDSWORTH.

CCXLIII.

George Crabbe began to write as a contemporary of Goldsmith and Johnson, but his realistic vigour attracted little notice until the tide set, with Scott and Byron, in the direction of naturalism. The middle-aged poet, who had almost resigned ambition, woke up to find himself famous among the younger men, and to renew his labours in literature. But he received no greeting more genial or more flattering than this from the Minstrel of the Border.

Walter Scott to George Crabbe.

Ashestiel: October 2, 1809.

Dear Sir,—I am just honoured with your letter, which gives me the more sensible pleasure, since it has gratified a wish of more than twenty years' standing. It is, I think, fully that time since I was for great part of a very snowy winter, the inhabitant of an old house in the country, in a course of poetical study, so very like that of your admirably-painted 'Young Lad,' that I could hardly help saying, 'That's me!' when I was reading the tale to my family. Among the very few books which fell under my hands was a volume or two of Dodsley's Annual Register, one of which contained copious extracts from 'The Village' and 'The Library,' particularly the conclusion of book first of the former, and an extract from the latter, beginning with the description of the old romancers. I committed them most faithfully to my memory, where your verses must have felt themselves very strangely lodged in company with ghost stories, border riding ballads, scraps of old plays, and all the miscellaneous stuff which a strong appetite for reading, with neither means nor discrimination for selection, had assembled in the head of a lad of eighteen. New publications at that time were very rare in Edinburgh, and my means of procuring them very limited; so that, after a long search for the poems which contained these beautiful specimens, and which had afforded me so much delight, I was fain to rest contented with the extracts from the Register, which I could repeat at this moment. You may, therefore, guess my sincere delight when I saw your poems at a later period assume the rank in the public consideration which they so well deserve. It was a triumph to my own immature taste to find I had anticipated the applause of the learned and of the critical, and I became very desirous to offer my *gratulator*, among the more important plaudits which you have had from every quarter. I should certainly have availed myself of the freemasonry of authorship (for our trade may claim to be a mystery as well as Abhorson's), to address to you a copy of a new poetical attempt which I have now upon the anvil, and esteem myself particularly obliged to Mr. Hatchard and to your goodness acting upon his information, for giving me the opportunity of paving the way for such a freedom. I am too proud of the compliments you

honour me with, to affect to decline them ; and with respect to the comparative view I have of my own labours and yours, I can only assure you that none of my little folks, about the formation of whose taste and principles I may be supposed naturally solicitous, have ever read any of my own poems, while yours have been our regular evening's amusement. My eldest girl begins to read well, and enters as well into the humour as into the sentiment of your admirable descriptions of human life. As for rivalry, I think it has seldom existed among those who know by experience, that there are much better things in the world than literary reputation, and that one of the best of these good things is the regard and friendship of those deservedly and generally esteemed for their worth or their talents. I believe many dilettanti authors do cocker themselves up into a great jealousy of anything that interferes with what they are pleased to call their fame, but I should as soon think of nursing one of my own fingers into a whitlow for my private amusement, as encouraging such a feeling. I am truly sorry to observe you mention bad health. Those who contribute so much to the improvement as well as the delight of society should escape this evil. I hope, however, that one day your state of health may permit you to view this country. I have very few calls to London, but it will greatly add to the interest of those which may occur, that you will permit me the honour of waiting upon you in my journey, and assuring you, in person, of the early admiration and sincere respect with which I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours, &c.,

WALTER SCOTT.

CCXLIV.

When Dr. Dibdin published his 'Bibliographical and Antiquarian Tour in France and Germany,' he desired to send presentation copies of the earliest impressions to Southey, Campbell, Walter Scott, and Dr. Howley, then Bishop of London.

In Walter Scott's case Dr. Dibdin adopted the *ruse* of requesting the great novelist to convey a copy to the *Author of Waverley*, on the plea that by no other means would the work be likely to reach its intended destination. This was the adroit reply.

Sir Walter Scott to the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin.

Edinburgh : June 13, 1821.

My dear Sir,—Upon my return from a little excursion to the country, I found your splendid book, which I think one of the most handsome that ever came from the British press, and return you my best thanks for placing it in my possession as a mark of your regard. You have contrived to strew flowers over a path which, in other hands, would have proved a very dull one, and all *Bibliomanes* must remember you long, as he who first united their antiquarian details with good-humoured raillery and cheerfulness. I am planning a room at Abbotsford to be built next year for my books, and I will take care that your valued gift holds a place upon my future shelves, as much honoured as its worth deserves, and for that purpose an ingenious artist of Edinburgh has promised to give your *Tour* an envelope worthy of the contents. *You see from all this, that I have no idea of suffering these splendid volumes to travel any farther in quest of the nameless and unknown Author of Waverley.* As I have met with some inconveniences in consequence of public opinion having *inaccurately* identified me with this gentleman, I think I am fairly enabled to indemnify myself by *intercepting this valuable testimony of your regard.*

The public have called for a new edition of old John Dryden's Works, on which I bestowed much labour many years ago. I hope you will let me place a set of these volumes upon your shelves in return—which are just on the point of issuing from the press, and will wait on you in the course of a fortnight. I hope *Ames* does not slumber? I am always,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

CCXLV.

Twelve months later a vacancy occurred in the Roxburghe Club by the death of one of its leading members, and certainly its chief Bibliomaniac, Sir M. Sykes; and at the suggestion of Dr. Dibdin the committee agreed that he should repeat his *ruse* by writing Scott a letter requesting to be informed whether he thought the author of *Waverley* would like to become a member. Hence another equally curious and characteristic rejoinder.

Sir Walter Scott to the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin.

Edinburgh: February 25, 1823.

My dear Sir,—I was duly favoured with your letter, which proves one point against the unknown author of *Waverley*, namely, that he is certainly a Scotsman, since no other nation pretends to the advantage of the *Second Sight*. Be he who or where he may, he must certainly feel the very high honour which has selected him (*Nominis Umbra*) to a situation so worthy of envy.

As his personal appearance in the fraternity is not like to be a speedy event, one may presume he may be desirous of offering some test of his gratitude in the shape of a reprint, or such like kickshaw; and for that purpose you had better send him the statutes of your learned body which I will engage shall reach him in safety. It will follow as a characteristic circumstance, that the table of the *Roxburghe*, like that of *King Arthur*, will have a vacant chair like that of *Banquo's* at *Macbeth's* banquet. But if this author who 'hath fern-seed and walketh invisible,' should not appear to claim it before I come to London (should I ever be there again), with permission of the Club, I, who have something of adventure in me, although 'a knight like *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* dubb'd with unhack'd rapier and on carpet consideration' would, rather than lose the chance of a dinner with the *Roxburghe Club*, take upon me the adventure of the *siege perilous*, and reap some amends for perils and scandals into which the invisible champion has drawn me by being his *Locum tenens* on so distinguished an occasion.

It will be not uninteresting to you to know that a fraternity is about to be established here something on the plan of the *Roxburghe Club*, but having *Scottish antiquities* chiefly in view. It is to be called the *Bannatyne Club*, from the celebrated antiquary *George Bannatyne*, who compiled by far the greatest manuscript record of old *Scottish poetry*. Their first meeting is to be held on *Thursday*, when the health of the *Roxburghe Club* will not fail to be drunk.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

WALTER SCOTT.

CCXLVI.

A third letter from Sir Walter Scott on receipt of Dr. Dibdin's formal intimation of his election to the Club, closes the story of this literary fiction. In the preface to 'Peveril of the Peak,' Scott recorded with pride the circumstance that he had been elected to the Roxburghe Club merely as the author of 'Waverley' and without any other designation.

Sir Walter Scott to the Rev. T. Frognall Dibdin.

Edinburgh: May 1, 1823.

My dear Sir,—I am duly honoured with your very interesting and flattering communication. Our highlanders have a proverbial saying, founded on the traditional renown of Fingal's dog, 'If it is not Bran,' they say, 'it is Bran's brother.' Now this is always taken as a compliment of the first class, whether applied to an actual cur or parabolically to a biped, and upon the same principle it is with no small pride and gratification that the Roxburghe Club have been so very flatteringly disposed to accept me as a *locum tenens* for the unknown author whom they have made the child of their adoption. As sponsor I will play my part as well as I can; and should the real Simon Pure make his appearance, to push me from my stool, why I shall have at least the satisfaction of having enjoyed it.

They cannot say but what I had the crown.

Besides, I hope the Devil does not owe me such a shame.

Mad Tom tells us that the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, and this mysterious personage will I hope partake as much of his honourable feelings as of his invisibility, and resuming his incognito permit me to enjoy in his stead an honour which I value more than I do that which has been bestowed on me by the credit of having written any of his novels.

I regret deeply I cannot soon avail myself of my new privileges, but Courts which I am under the necessity of attending officially set down in a few days, and *hei mihi* do not arise for Vacation until July. But I hope to be in Town next Spring, and certainly I have one strong additional reason for a London Journey furnished by the pleasure of meeting the Roxburghe Club. Make

my most respectful compliments to the members at their next merry meeting, and express in the warmest manner my sense of obligation.

I am always, my dear Sir,
 Very much your most obedient servant,
 WALTER SCOTT.

 CCXLVII.

Under the *nom de plume* of Peter Plymley, the Rev. Sydney Smith, in a series of ten letters addressed 'to my brother Abraham,' joined in that controversy which, lasting, as it did, from Pitt to Peel, was the most persistent and most wearying political quarrel of modern times. Ranging himself among the followers of Grenville and Fox in advocating liberal concessions to the Roman Catholics, he fired his first shot in 1807, the effect of which has been likened to that of 'a spark on a heap of gunpowder.' Unfortunately the writer's vigorous arguments and cheerful humour were marred by overmuch bitterness and scoffing. Although the authorship of these letters was never really proved by the Government of the day, their vivid resemblance to the tone of Sydney Smith's conversation virtually betrayed him.

Peter Plymley to his brother Abraham.

1807.

Dear Abraham,—A worthier and better man than yourself does not exist; but I have always told you, from the time of our boyhood, that you were a bit of a goose. Your parochial affairs are governed with exemplary order and regularity: you are as powerful in the vestry as Mr. Perceval is in the House of Commons, and, I must say, with much more reason; nor do I know any church where the faces and smock-frocks of the congregation are so clean, or their eyes so uniformly directed to the preacher. There is another point upon which I will do you ample justice; and that is, that the eyes so directed towards you are wide open; for the rustic has, in general, good principles, though he cannot control his animal habits, and, however loud he may snore, his face is perpetually turned toward the fountain of orthodoxy.

Having done you this act of justice, I shall proceed, according to our ancient intimacy and familiarity, to explain to you my opinions about the Catholics, and to reply to yours.

In the first place, my sweet Abraham, the Pope is not landed

—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St. Alban's by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist (which I do not believe), they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and, though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighbourhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation; and, though the Pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of our cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels, mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave, going down to Chatham, as a head piece for the Spanker gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his Lordship in his military uniform, and *therefore* as little like a god as can well be imagined.

Having set your fears at rest as to the extent of the conspiracy formed against the Protestant religion, I will now come to the argument itself.

You say these men interpret the Scriptures in an unorthodox manner, and that they eat their god. Very likely. All this may seem very important to you, who live fourteen miles from a market town, and, from long residence upon your living, are become a kind of holy vegetable; and, in a theological sense, it is highly important. But I want soldiers and sailors for the state; I want to make a greater use than I now can do of a poor country full of men; I want to render the military service popular among the Irish; to check the power of France; to make every possible exertion for the safety of Europe, which in twenty years time will be nothing but a mass of French slaves: and then you, and ten other such boobies as you, call out—'For God's sake, do not think of raising cavalry and infantry in Ireland! . . . They interpret the Epistle to Timothy in a different manner from what we do!

. . . . They eat a bit of wafer every Sunday, which they call their God! I wish to my soul they would eat you, and such reasoners as you are. What! when Turk, Jew, Heretic, Infidel, Catholic, Protestant, are all combined against this country; when men of every religious persuasion, and no religious persuasion; when the population of half the globe is up in arms against us, are we to stand examining our generals and armies as a bishop examines a candidate for holy orders, and to suffer no one to bleed for England who does not agree with you about the 2nd of Timothy? You talk about Catholics! If you and your brotherhood have been able to persuade the country into a continuation of this grossest of all absurdities, you have ten times the power which the Catholic clergy ever had in their best days. Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes, never thought of preventing the Protestants from fighting his battles; and gained accordingly some of his most splendid victories by the talents of his Protestant generals. No power in Europe, but yourselves, has ever thought for these hundred years past of asking whether a bayonet is Catholic, or Presbyterian, or Lutheran; but whether it is sharp and well-tempered. A bigot delights in public ridicule; for he begins to think he is a martyr. I can promise you the full enjoyment of this pleasure from one extremity of Europe to the other. I am as disgusted with the nonsense of the Roman Catholic religion as you can be, and no man who talks such nonsense shall ever tithe the product of the earth, nor meddle with the ecclesiastical establishment in any shape; but what have I to do with the speculative nonsense of his theology, when the object is to elect the mayor of a country town, or to appoint a colonel of a marching regiment? Will a man discharge the solemn impertinences of the one office with less zeal, or shrink from the bloody boldness of the other with greater timidity, because the blockhead believes in all the Catholic nonsense of the real presence? I am sorry there should be such impious folly in the world, but I should be ten times a greater fool than he is, if I refused, in consequence of his folly, to lead him out against the enemies of the state. Your whole argument is wrong: the state has nothing whatever to do with theological errors which do not violate the common rules of morality, and militate against the fair power of the ruler: it leaves all these errors to you, and to such as you. You have every tenth

porker in your parish for refuting them ; and take care that you are vigilant, and logical in the task. I love the Church as well as you do ; but you totally mistake the nature of an establishment, when you contend that it ought to be connected with the military and civil career of every individual in the state. It is quite right that there should be one clergyman to every parish interpreting the Scriptures after a particular manner, ruled by a regular hierarchy, and paid with a rich proportion of haycocks and wheat-sheafs. When I have laid this foundation for a rational religion in the state—when I have placed ten thousand well educated men in different parts of the kingdom to preach it up, and compelled every body to pay them, whether they hear them or not—I have taken such measures as I know must always procure an immense majority in favour of the Established Church ; but I can go no further. I cannot set up a civil inquisition, and say to one, you shall not be a butcher because you are not orthodox ; and prohibit another from brewing, and a third from administering the law, and a fourth from defending the country. If common justice did not prohibit me from such a conduct, common sense would. The advantage to be gained from quitting the heresy would make it shameful to abandon it ; and men who had once left the Church would continue in such a state of alienation from a point of honour, and transmit that spirit to the latest posterity. This is just the effect your disqualifying laws have produced. They have fed Dr. Rees, and Dr. Kippis ; crowded the congregation of the Old Jewry to suffocation ; and enabled every sublapsarian, and supralapsarian, and semi-pelagian clergyman, to build himself a neat brick chapel, and live with some distant resemblance to the state of a gentleman. You say the King's coronation oath will not allow him to consent to any relaxation of the Catholic laws. Why not relax the Catholic laws as well as the laws against Protestant dissenters ? If one is contrary to his oath, the other must be so too ; for the spirit of the oath is, to defend the Church establishment, which the Quaker and the Presbyterian differ from as much or more than the Catholic ; and yet his Majesty has repealed the Corporation and Test Act in Ireland, and done more for the Catholics of both kingdoms than had been done for them since the Reformation. In 1778, the Ministers said nothing about the royal conscience ; in 1793 no conscience ; in 1804 no conscience ; the common feelings of hu-

manity and justice then seem to have had their fullest influence upon the advisers of the crown : but in 1807—a year, I suppose, eminently fruitful in moral and religious scruples, (as some years are fruitful in apples, some in hops,)—it is contended by the well-paid John Bowles, and by Mr. Perceval (who tried to be well paid), that that is now perjury which we had hitherto called policy and benevolence ! Religious liberty has never made such a stride as under the reign of his present Majesty ; nor is there any instance in the annals of our history, where so many infamous and damnable laws have been repealed as those against the Catholics which have been put an end to by him : and then, at the close of this useful policy, his advisers discover that the very measures of concession and indulgence, or (to use my own language) the measures of justice, which he has been pursuing through the whole of his reign, are contrary to the oath he takes at its commencement ! That oath binds his Majesty not to consent to any measure contrary to the interest of the Established Church : but who is to judge of the tendency of each particular measure ? Not the King alone ; it can never be the intention of this law that the King, who listens to the advice of his Parliament upon a road bill, should reject it upon the most important of all measures. Whatever be his own private judgment of the tendency of any ecclesiastical bill, he complies most strictly with his oath if he is guided in that particular point by the advice of his Parliament, who may be presumed to understand its tendency better than the King, or any other individual. You say, if Parliament had been unanimous in their opinion of the absolute necessity for Lord Howick's bill, and the King had thought it pernicious, he would have been perjured if he had not rejected it. I say, on the contrary, his Majesty would have acted in the most conscientious manner, and have complied most scrupulously with his oath, if he had sacrificed his own opinion to the opinion of the great council of the nation ; because the probability was that such opinion was better than his own ; and upon the same principle, in common life, you give up your opinion to your physician, your lawyer, and your builder.

You admit this bill did not compel the King to elect Catholic officers, but only gave him the option of doing so if he pleased ; but you add, that the King was right in not trusting such dangerous power to himself or his successors. Now you are either to

suppose that the King for the time being has a zeal for the Catholic establishment, or that he has not. If he has not, where is the danger of giving such an option? If you suppose that he may be influenced by such an admiration of the Catholic religion, why did his present Majesty, in the year 1804, consent to that bill which empowered the Crown to station ten thousand Catholic soldiers in any part of the kingdom, and placed them absolutely at the disposal of the Crown? If the King of England for the time being is a good Protestant, there can be no danger in making the Catholic *eligible* to anything: if he is not, no power can possibly be so dangerous as that conveyed by the bill last quoted: to which, in point of peril, Lord Howick's bill is a mere joke. But the real fact is, one bill opened a door to his Majesty's advisers for trick, jobbing, and intrigue; the other did not. Besides, what folly to talk to me of an oath, which, under all possible circumstances, is to prevent the relaxation of the Catholic laws! for such a solemn appeal to God sets all conditions and contingencies at defiance. Suppose Bonaparte was to retrieve the only very great blunder he has made, and were to succeed, after repeated trials, in making an impression upon Ireland, do you think we should hear any thing of the impediment of a coronation oath? or would the spirit of this country tolerate for an hour such ministers, and such unheard-of nonsense, if the most distant prospect existed of conciliating the Catholics by every species even of the most abject concession? And yet, if your argument is good for anything, the coronation oath ought to reject, at such a moment, every tendency to conciliation, and to bind Ireland for ever to the crown of France.

I found in your letter the usual remarks about fire, fagot, and bloody Mary. Are you aware, my dear Priest, that there were as many persons put to death for religious opinions under the mild Elizabeth as under the bloody Mary? The reign of the former was, to be sure, ten times as long; but I only mention the fact, merely to show you that something depends upon the age in which men live, as well as on their religious opinions. Three hundred years ago, men burnt and hanged each other for these opinions. Time has softened Catholic as well as Protestant: they both required it; though each perceives only his own improvement, and is blind to that of the other. We are all the creatures of circumstances. I know not a kinder and better man than yourself; but

you (if you had lived in those times) would certainly have roasted your Catholic: and I promise you, if the first exciter of this religious mob had been as powerful then as he is now, you would soon have been elevated to the mitre. I do not go the length of saying that the world has suffered as much from Protestant as from Catholic persecution; far from it; but you should remember the Catholics had all the power, when the idea first started up in the world that there could be two modes of faith; and that it was much more natural they should attempt to crush this diversity of opinion by great and cruel efforts, than that the Protestants should rage against those who differed from them, when the very basis of their system was complete freedom in all spiritual matters.

I cannot extend my letter any further at present, but you shall soon hear from me again. You tell me I am a party man. I hope I shall always be so, when I see my country in the hands of a pert London joker and a second-rate lawyer. Of the first, no other good is known than that he makes pretty Latin verses; the second seems to me to have the head of a country parson, and the tongue of an Old Bailey lawyer.

If I could see good measures pursued, I care not a farthing who is in power; but I have a passionate love for common justice, and for common sense, and I abhor and despise every man who builds up his political fortune upon their ruin.

God bless you, reverend Abraham, and defend you from the Pope, and all of us from that administration who seek power by opposing a measure which Burke, Pitt, and Fox all considered as absolutely necessary to the existence of the country.

CCXLVIII.

Would it be uncharitable to surmise that the witty parson would not have written the following letter had he been a good shot. He himself has admitted that the birds on Lord Grey's preserves seemed to consider the muzzle of his gun as their safest position, and that he gave up shooting because 'I never could help shutting my eyes when I fired my gun, so was not likely to improve.'

The Rev. Sydney Smith to Lady Holland.

June 24, 1809.

My dear Lady Holland,—This is the third day since I arrived at the village of Heslington, two hundred miles from London. I missed the hackney-coaches for the first three or four days in York, but after that, prepared myself for the change from the aurelia to the grub state, and dare say I shall become fat, torpid, and motionless with a very good grace.

I have laid down two rules for the country : first, not to smite the partridge ; for, if I fed the poor, and comforted the sick, and instructed the ignorant, yet I should be nothing worth, if I smote the partridge.

If anything ever endangers the Church, it will be the strong propensity to shooting for which the clergy are remarkable. Ten thousand good shots dispersed over the country do more harm to the cause of religion than the arguments of Voltaire and Rousseau. The squire never reads, but is it possible he can believe THAT religion to be genuine whose ministers destroy his game ? I mean to come to town once a year, though of that, I suppose, I shall soon be weary, finding my mind growing weaker and weaker, and my acquaintance gradually falling off. I shall by that time have taken myself again to shy tricks, pull about my watch-chain, and become (as I was before) your abomination. I am very much obliged to Allen for a long and very sensible letter upon the subject of Spain. After all, surely the fate of Spain depends upon the fate of Austria. Pray tell the said Don Juan, if he comes northward to visit the authors of his existence, he must make this his resting-place. Mrs. Sydney is all rural bustle, impatient for the parturition of hens and pigs ; I wait patiently, knowing all will come in due season !

SYDNEY SMITH.

CCXLIX.

This letter was written during a meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, under the presidency of the Marquess of Breadalbane. Sydney Smith was a voracious and rapid reader, and Mr. Hayward, in one of his essays, likens his method of reading to that of Dr. Johnson, who could tear out the heart of a book. In this wise he acquired a considerable amount of

scientific knowledge, especially of geology; but, says Mr. Hayward, 'he was too liberal and enlightened a divine to believe that sound religion could be undermined by the diffusion of truth, and when the cry of Moses against Murchison was raised at York, he gallantly sided with the geologist.'

The Rev. Sydney Smith to Roderick Murchison.

Combe Florey: 1840.

Dear Murchison,—Many thanks for your kind recollections of me in sending me your pamphlet, which I shall read with all attention and care. My observation has been necessarily so much fixed on missions of another description, that I am hardly reconciled to zealots going out with voltaic batteries and crucibles, for the conversion of mankind, and baptizing their fellow-creatures with the mineral acids; but I will endeavour to admire, and believe in you. My real alarm for you is, that by some late decisions of the magistrates, you come under the legal definition of *strollers*; and nothing would give me more pain than to see any of the sections upon the mill, calculating the resistance of the air, and showing the additional quantity of flour which might be ground in vacuo,—each man in the mean time imagining himself a Galileo. Mrs. Sydney has eight distinct illnesses, and I have nine. We take something every hour, and pass the mixture from one to the other. About forty years ago, I stopped an infant in Lord Breadalbane's grounds, and patted his face. The nurse said, 'Hold up your head, Lord Glenorchy.' This was the President of your society. He seems to be acting an honourable and enlightened part in life. Pray present my respects to him and his beautiful Marchioness.

SYDNEY SMITH.

CCL.

This is a very characteristic note written to the author of the 'Ingoldsby Legends.'

The Rev. Sydney Smith to the Rev. R. H. Barham.

39, Green Street: November 15, 1841.

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is the roast

pheasant and bread sauce—barn door fowls for dissenters, but for the real churchman, the thirty-nine times articulated clerk—the pheasant, the pheasant!

Ever yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

CCLI.

No man in his day was more earnest than Sydney Smith in endeavours to procure redress of grievances, social, religious, or moral. He was ever ready to wage war against what he considered public wrongs, great or small; and would take up his pen in good-humoured ridicule of railway directors or sporting parsons as readily as in eager denunciation (though not invariably in the best taste), of some religious disabilities or political shortcomings.

The Rev. Sydney Smith to the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'

June 7, 1842.

Sir,—Since the letter upon railroads, which you were good enough to insert in your paper, I have had some conversation with two gentlemen officially connected with the Great Western. Though nothing could be more courteous than their manner, nor more intelligible than their arguments, I remain unshaken as to the necessity of keeping the doors open.

There is in the first place, the effect of imagination, the idea that all escape is impossible, that (let what will happen) you must sit quiet in first class No. 2, whether they are pounding you into a jam, or burning you into a cinder, or crumbling you into a human powder. These excellent directors, versant in wood and metal, seem to require that the imagination should be sent by some other conveyance, and that only loads of unimpassioned, un-intellectual flesh and blood should be darted along on the Western rail; whereas, the female homo is a screaming, parturient, interjectional, hysterical animal, whose delicacy and timidity, monopolists (even much as it may surprise them) must be taught to consult. The female, in all probability, never would jump out; but she thinks she may jump out when she pleases, and this is intensely comfortable.

There are two sorts of dangers which hang over railroads. The one retail dangers, where individuals only are concerned; the

other, wholesale dangers, where the whole train or a considerable part of it, is put in jeopardy. For the first danger there is a remedy in the prudence of individuals; for the second there is none. No man need be drunk, nor need he jump out when the carriage is in motion; but in the present state of science it is impossible to guard effectually against the fracture of the axle-tree, or the explosion of the engine; and if the safety of the one party cannot be consulted but by the danger of the other, if the foolish cannot be restrained but by the unjust incarceration of the wise, the prior consideration is due to those who have not the remedy for the evil in their own hands.

But the truth is—and so (after a hundred monopolising experiments on public patience) the railroad directors will find it—there can be no other dependence for the safety of the public than the care which every human being is inclined to take of his own life and limbs. Every thing beyond this is the mere lazy tyranny of monopoly, which makes no distinction between human beings and brown paper parcels. If riding were a monopoly, as travelling in carriages is now become, there are many gentlemen whom I see riding in the Park upon such false principles, that I am sure the cantering and galloping directors would strap them, in the ardour of their affection, to the saddle, padlock them to the stirrups, or compel them to ride behind a policeman of the stable; and nothing but a motion from O'Brien, or an order from Gladstone, could release them.

Let the company stick up all sorts of cautions and notices within their carriages and without; but, after that, no doors locked. If one door is allowed to be locked, the other will soon be so too; there is no other security to the public than absolute prohibition of the practice. The directors and agents of the Great Western are individually excellent men; but the moment men meet in public boards, they cease to be collectively excellent. The fund of morality becomes less, as the individual contributors increase in number. I do not accuse such respectable men of any wilful violation of truth, but the memoirs which they are about to present will be, without the scrupulous cross-examination of a committee of the House of Commons, mere waste paper.

But the most absurd of all legislative enactments is this hemiplegian law—an act of Parliament to protect one side of the

body and not the other. If the wheel comes off on the right, the open door is uppermost, and every one is saved. If, from any sudden avalanche on the road, the carriage is prostrated to the left, the locked door is uppermost, all escape is impossible, and the railroad martyrdom begins.

Leave me to escape in the best way I can, as the fire offices very kindly permit me to do. I know very well the danger of getting out on the off-side; but escape is the affair of a moment; suppose a train to have passed at that moment, I know I am safe from any other trains for twenty minutes or half an hour; and if I do get out on the off side, I do not remain in the valley of death between the two trains, but am over to the opposite bank in an instant—only half-roasted, or merely browned, certainly not done enough for the Great Western directors.

On Saturday morning last, the wheel of the public carriage, in which a friend of mine was travelling, began to smoke, but was pacified by several buckets of water, and proceeded. After five more miles, the whole carriage was full of smoke, the train was with difficulty stopped, and the flagrant vehicle removed. The axle was nearly in two, and in another mile would have been severed.

Railroad travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a Solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of one hundred miles, appears with his volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Every thing is near, every thing is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris; then all the newspapers up in arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts, as before. The

locking plea of directors is philanthropy; and I admit that to guard men from the commission of uoral evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical suffering. There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind to travel on railroads without paying; and to lock mankind in till they have completed their share of the contract is benevolent, because it guards the species from degrading and immoral conduct, but to burn or crush a whole train merely to prevent a few immoral insides from not paying, is I hope a little more than Ripon or Gladstone will bear.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put every thing in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual concoction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefit to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to the directors; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body; no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible

‘Voyager libre sans mourir.’

SYDNEY SMITH.

CCLII.

Coleridge took a little tour through Somersetshire in 1797; he was always particularly troublesome in a coach, insisting upon talking to everybody with that ceaseless volubility for which he was so famous. For once, however, he seems to have met his match, and indeed to have had the tables turned upon him with some violence. Mr. George Burnet was then residing with the Coleridges at Stowey, and was supposed to be a convert to Pantisocracy.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Josiah Wade.

Stowey: 1797.

My dear friend,—I am here after a most tiresome journey; in the course of which a woman asked me if I knew one Coleridge, of Bristol; I answered, I had heard of him. Do you

know, (quoth she) that that vile jacobin villain drew away a young man from our parish, one Burnet, &c. and in this strain did the woman continue for near an hour; heaping on me every name of abuse that the parish of Billingsgate could supply. I listened very particularly; appeared to approve all she said, exclaiming, 'dear me!' two or three times, and, in fine, so completely won the woman's heart by my civilities, that I had not the courage to undeceive her.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S. You are a good prophet. Oh, into what a state have the scoundrels brought this devoted kingdom.

If the House of Commons would but melt down their faces, it would greatly assist the copper currency—we should have brass enough.

CCLIII.

Mr. Cottle was proud to remember in his old age that he, a provincial bookseller, had been the publisher of the first volumes of three such poets as Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. The transaction discussed in the following letter is a no less momentous one than the publication of the famous 'Lyrical Ballads.' The poets were then living at Allfoxden, near Stowey, and the caballing against Wordsworth to which Coleridge refers was the result of the intense terror caused in the village by Wordsworth's habit of 'roaming over the hills at night, like a partridge.' At last the skeleton of a child, as it was supposed, was discovered close to Allfoxden, and they were about to march Wordsworth off on suspicion of murder, when the bones were most vexatiously proved to be those of a dog.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge to Joseph Cottle.

May, 1798.

My dear Cottle,—Neither Wordsworth nor myself could have been otherwise than uncomfortable, if any but yourself had received from us the first offer of our Tragedies, and of the volume of Wordsworth's Poems. At the same time, we did not expect that you could with prudence and propriety, advance such a sum as we should want at the time we specified. In short, we both regard the publication of our Tragedies as an evil. It is not impossible but that in happier times, they may be brought on the stage: and to throw away this chance for a mere trifle, would be

to make the present moment act fraudulently and usuriously towards the future time.

My Tragedy employed and strained all my thoughts and faculties for six or seven months; Wordsworth consumed far more time, and far more thought, and far more genius. We consider the publication of them an evil on any terms; but our thoughts were bent on a plan for the accomplishment of which a certain sum was necessary, (the whole) at that particular time, and in order to this we resolved, although reluctantly, to part with our Tragedies: that is, if we could obtain thirty guineas for each, and at less than thirty guineas Wordsworth will not part with the copy-right of his volume of Poems. We shall offer the Tragedies to no one, for we have determined to procure the money some other way. If you choose the volume of poems, at the price mentioned, to be paid at the time specified, i.e. thirty guineas, to be paid sometime in the last fortnight of July, you may have them; but remember, my dear fellow! I write to you now merely as a bookseller, and entreat you, in your answer, to consider yourself only; as to us, although money is necessary to our plan, that of visiting Germany, yet the plan is not necessary to our happiness; and if it were, Wordsworth could sell his Poems for that sum to some one else or we could procure the money without selling the Poems. So I entreat you, again and again, in your answer, which must be immediate, consider yourself only.

Wordsworth has been caballed against *so long and so loudly*, that he has found it impossible to prevail on the tenant of the Allfoxden estate, to let him the house, after their first agreement is expired, so he must quit it at Midsummer: whether we shall be able to procure him a house and furniture near Stowey, we know not, and yet we must: for the hills, and the woods, and the streams, and the sea, and the shores, would break forth into reproaches against us, if we did not strain every nerve, to keep their poet among them. Without joking, and in serious sadness, Poole and I cannot endure to think of losing him.

At all events, come down, Cottle, as soon as you can, but before Midsummer, and we will procure a horse easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean,

and the vast Valley of Stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honours only from the winter's snow.

At all events come down, and cease not to believe me much and affectionately your friend

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CCLIV.

This humorously naïve confession exactly hits off Coleridge's peculiar weakness. It suited the indolent temperament of the day-dreamer to expound, for hours at a time, his views on philosophy and culture to spell-bound throngs of fashionable listeners. But the world at large had been the gainer if this profoundly learned man, this most suggestive of poets, this representative of German metaphysics, had talked less and written more.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge to William Godwin.

At Mr. Lamb's, 36, Chapel Street:
March 3, 1800.

Dear Godwin,—The punch, after the wine, made me tipsy last night. This I mention, not that my head aches, or that I felt, after I quitted you, any unpleasantness or titubancy; but because tipsiness has, and has always, one unpleasant effect—that of making me talk very extravagantly; and as, when sober, I talk extravagantly enough for any common tipsiness, it becomes a matter of nicety in discrimination to know when I am or am not affected. An idea starts up in my head,—away I follow through thick and thin, wood and marsh, brake and briar, with all the apparent interest of a man who was defending one of his old and long-established principles. Exactly of this kind was the conversation with which I quitted you. I do not believe it possible for a human being to have a greater horror of the feelings that usually accompany such principles as I then supposed, or a deeper conviction of their irrationality, than myself; but the whole thinking of my life will not bear me up against the accidental crowd and press of my mind, when it is elevated beyond its natural pitch. We shall talk wiselier with the ladies on Tuesday. God bless you, and give your dear little ones a kiss apiece from me. Yours with affectionate esteem,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CCLV.

Although the 'Ettrick Shepherd' ascertained in due season that poetry and literary work were more profitable to him than sheep-farming in Scotland, he preferred sport on the moors in the middle of August to what he called the 'disadvantage' of indoor enjoyment at that period of the year among learned companions.

James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd) to Professor John Wilson.

Mount Benger: August 1829.

My Dear and Honoured John,—I never thought you had been so unconscionable as to desire a sportsman on the 11th or even the 13th of August to leave Ettrick Forest for the bare scraggy hills of Westmoreland!—Ettrick Forest, where the black cocks and white cocks, brown cocks and grey cocks, ducks, plovers and peaseweeps and whilly-whaups are as thick as the flocks that cover her mountains, and come to the hills of Westmoreland that can nourish nothing better than a castril or stonechat! To leave the great yellow-fin of Yarrow, or the still larger grey-locher for the degenerate fry of Troutbeck, Esthwaite, or even Wastwater! No, no, the request will not do; it is an unreasonable one, and therefore not unlike yourself, for besides, what would become of Old North and Blackwood, and all our friends for game, were I to come to Elleray just now? I know of no home of man where I could be so happy within doors with so many lovely and joyous faces around me; but this is not the season for in-door enjoyments; they must be reaped on the wastes among the blooming heath, by the silver spring, or swathed in the delicious breeze of the wilderness. Elleray, with all its sweets, could never have been my choice for a habitation, and perhaps you are the only Scottish gentleman who ever made such a choice, and still persists in maintaining it, in spite of every disadvantage. Happy days to you and a safe return! Yours most respectfully,

JAMES HOGG.

CCLVI.

The first 'Edinburgh Review' was published in 1755, and disappeared within twelve months. This letter announces the successful launching of the *present* review, which was projected by Sydney Smith in Jeffrey's lodgings. Brougham, Horner, and Allen joined in the first consultations.

Jeffrey, *now* in his twenty-ninth year, and hesitating on the cross-roads of law and literature, little thought he would excel in both—that the industrious advocate would attain eminence as a judge; and that the young reviewer of Southey's 'Thalaba' would advance to be the chief and most versatile critic of his generation.

Francis Jeffrey, to his brother, John Jeffrey.

Edinburgh: July 2, 1803.

My dear John,—It will be a sad thing if your reformation be the cause of my falling off; yet it is certain that since you have begun to write oftener, my letters have begun to be more irregular.

I am glad you have got our Review, and that you like it. Your partiality to my articles is a singular proof of your judgment. In No. 3, I do Gentz, Hayley's Cowper, Sir J. Sinclair, and Thelwall. In No. 4, which is now printing, I have Miss Baillie's Plays, Comparative View of Geology, Lady Mary Wortley, and some little ones. I do not think you know any of my associates. There is the sage Horner however, whom you have seen, and who has gone to the English bar with the resolution of being Lord Chancellor; Brougham, a great mathematician, who has just published a book upon the 'Colonial Policy of Europe,' which all you Americans should read; Revd. Sydney Smith, and P. Elmsley, two learned Oxonian priests, full of jokes and erudition: my excellent little Sanscrit Hamilton, who is also in the hands of Bonaparte at Fontainebleau; Thomas Thomson and John Murray, two ingenious advocates; and some dozen of occasional contributors, among whom, the most illustrious, I think, are young Watt of Birmingham, and Davy of the Royal Institution. We sell 2,500 copies already, and hope to do double that in six months, if we are puffed enough. I wish you could try if you can *répandre* us upon your continent, and use what interest you can with the literati, or rather with the booksellers of New York and Philadelphia. I believe I have

not told you that the concern has now become to be of some emolument. After the fourth number the publishers are to pay the writers no less than ten guineas a-sheet, which is three times what was ever paid before for such work, and to allow 50*l.* a number to an editor. I shall have the offer of that first, I believe, and I think I shall take it, with the full power of laying it down whenever I think proper. The publication is in the highest degree respectable as yet, as there are none but gentlemen connected with it. If it ever sink into the state of an ordinary bookseller's journal I have done with it.

We are all in great horror about the war here, though not half so much afraid as we ought to be. For my part I am often in absolute despair, and wish I were fairly piked, and done with it. It is most clearly and unequivocally a war of our own seeking, and an offensive war upon our part, though we have no means of offending. The consular proceedings are certainly very outrageous and provoking, and, if we had power to humble him I rather think we have had provocation enough to do it. But with our means, and in the present state and temper of Europe, I own it appears to me like insanity. There is but one ground upon which our conduct can be justified. If we are perfectly certain that France is to go to war with us, and will infallibly take some opportunity to do it with greater advantage in a year or two, there may be some prudence in being beforehand with her, and open the unequal contest in our own way. While men are mortal, and the fortunes of nations variable, however, it seems ridiculous to talk of absolute certainty for the future; and we ensure a present evil, with the magnitude of which we are only beginning to be acquainted. In the meantime we must all turn out, I fancy, and do our best. There is a corps of riflemen raising, in which I shall probably have a company. I hate the business of war, and despise the parade of it; but we must submit to both for a while. I am happy to observe that there is little of that boyish prating about uniforms, and strutting in helmets, that distinguished our former arming. We look sulky now, and manful, I think. Always, dear John, very affectionately yours.

CCLVII.

This friendly letter was addressed to the poet Campbell shortly before the poem of 'Gertrude of Wyoming' was published. Jeffrey's elaborate public criticism of the same poet soon followed. Campbell himself was captivated as much by the reviewer's tact in discovering 'beauty and blemish' as he was by his early and constant friendship.

Francis Jeffrey to Thomas Campbell.

Edinburgh: March 1, 1809.

I have seen your Gertrude. The sheets were sent to Alison, and he allowed me, though very hastily, to peruse them. There is great beauty, and great tenderness, and fancy in the work—and I am sure it will be very popular. The latter part is exquisitely pathetic, and the whole touched with those soft and skyish tints of purity and truth, which fall like enchantments on all minds that can make anything of such matters. Many of your descriptions come nearer the tone of 'The Castle of Indolence,' than any succeeding poetry, and the pathos is much more graceful and delicate. . . . But there are faults too—for which you must be scolded. In the first place, it is too short—not merely for the delight of the reader—but, in some degree, for the development of the story, and for giving full effect to the fine scenes that are delineated. It looks almost as if you had cut out large portions of it, and filled up the gaps very imperfectly. There is little or nothing said, I think, of the early love, and of the childish plays of your pair, and nothing certainly of their parting, and the effects of separation on each—though you had a fine subject in his European tour, seeing everything with the eyes of a lover—a free man, and a man of the woods. It ends rather abruptly—not but that there is great spirit in the description—but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults, however, are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages—and in others a strained and unnatural expression—an appearance of labour and hardness; you have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility. These are not great faults, but they are blemishes; and as dunces will find them out, noodles will see them

when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct, or rather to avoid them, for with you they are faults of over finishing, and not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private, for which I am more angry with you than for all the rest. Your timidity, or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them. Believe me, my dear C., the world will never know how truly you are a great and original poet, till you venture to cast before it some of the rough pearls of your fancy. Write one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them—and let me see them, at least, if you will not venture them any further. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than I ever was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full-dressed children. I write all this to you in a terrible hurry—but tell me instantly when your volume is to be out.

F. JEFFREY.

CCLVIII.

Francis Jeffrey to William Empson.

Killin: August 2, 1834.

My dear E.,—This is a great disappointment, and, after all, why were you so faint-hearted after coming so far? Rain! Oh effeminate cockney, and most credulous brother of a most unwise prognosticator of meteoric changes. Though it rained in the Bœotia of Yorkshire, must it rain also in the Attica of Argyll? Why, there has not been a drop of rain in the principality of Macallum-More for these ten days; but, on the contrary, such azure skies, and calm, cœrulean waters, such love and laziness—inspiring heats by day, and such starlight rowings and walkings through fragrant live blossoms, and dewy birch woods by night; and then such glow-worms twinkling from tufts of heath and juniper, such naiads sporting on the white quartz pebbles, and meeting your plunges into every noon-day pool; and such herrings at breakfast, and haggises at dinner, and such pale, pea-green mountains, and a genuine Highland sacrament! The long sermon in Gaelic, preached

out of tents to picturesque multitudes in the open air, grouped on rocks by the glittering sea, in one of the mountain bays of those long withdrawing lochs ! You have no idea what you have missed ; and for weather especially, there is no memory of so long a tract of calm, dry, hot weather at this season ; and the fragrance of the mountain hay, and the continual tinkling of the bright waters ! But you are not worthy even of the ideas of these things and you shall have no more of them, but go unimproved to your den at Haileybury, or your styre at the Temple, and feed upon the vapour of your dungeon. When we found you had really gone back from your vow, we packed up for Loch Lomond yesterday, and came on here, where we shall stay in the good Breadalbane country till Monday, and then return for a farewell peep at our naiads, on our way to Ayrshire, and thence back to Craigmackenzie about the 18th. (Write always to Edinburgh.) I sent a letter to Napier for you, which he returned two days ago. After that I could not tell where to address you. I left instructions at the Arrochar post-office for the forwarding of your letters to Rice. Only two newspapers had come for you when we came away, and these I generously bestowed in my last. And now it is so hot that I cannot write any more, but must go and cool myself in the grottos of the rocky Dochart, or float under the deep shades that overarch the calm course of the translucent Lochy, or sit on the airy summit where the ruins of Finlarig catch the faint fluttering of the summer breeze. All Greek and Hebrew to you, only more melodious. Poor wretch ! We have been at Finlarig and at Auchmore ; both very beautiful, but the heat spoils all, as I fear it may have our salmon. God bless us, I am dyspeptic and lumbaginous, and cannot sleep, and I lay it all on the heat, when I daresay old age and bad régime should have their share. Why should not you and Malthus come down to our solemnity on the 8th September ? After your long services, a fortnight's holiday could not be grudged, especially for the purpose of making you better teachers, and getting solutions to all your difficulties. I hope Mrs. Somerville will come.

I had a glimpse of my beautiful Mrs. Grant before leaving Edinburgh, and grudge such a sultana to India. Write to me soon. My Charlottes send their love in anger to you. Ever yours.

COLIX.

In the recently published volumes of Charles Dickens' Letters the editorial comment for the year 1843 informs us that the popular novelist 'was at work upon "Martin Chuzzlewit" until the end of the year, when he also wrote and published the first of his Christmas stories—"The Christmas Carol."' To have received from the pen of the brilliant critic, Jeffrey, so genuine an assurance of the increasing repute and influence of his writings must have greatly flattered even this spoilt child of the public.

Francis Jeffrey to Charles Dickens.

Edinburgh : December 26, 1843.

Blessings on your kind heart, my dear Dickens! and may it always be as light and full as it is kind, and a fountain of kindness to all within reach of its beatings! We are all charmed with your Carol, chiefly, I think, for the genuine goodness which breathes all through it, and is the true inspiring angel by which its genius has been awakened. The whole scene of the Cratchetts is like the dream of a beneficent angel in spite of its broad reality, and little Tiny Tim, in life and death almost as sweet and as touching as Nelly. And then the school-day scene, with that large-hearted delicate sister, and her true inheritor, with his gall-lacking liver, and milk of human kindness for blood, and yet all so natural, and so humbly and serenely happy! Well, you should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good, and not only fastened more kindly feelings, but prompted more positive acts of beneficence, by this little publication, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom since Christmas 1842.

And is not this better than caricaturing American knaveries, or lavishing your great gifts of fancy and observation on Pecksniffs, Dodgers, Bailleys, and Moulds. Nor is this a mere crotchet of mine, for nine-tenths of your readers, I am convinced, are of the same opinion; and accordingly, I prophesy that you will sell three times as many of this moral and pathetic Carol as of your grotesque and fantastical Chuzzlewits.

I hope you have not fancied that I think less frequently of you, or love you less, because I have not lately written to you. Indeed it

is not so ; but I have been poorly in health for the last five months, and advancing age makes me lazy and perhaps forgetful. But I do not forget my benefactors, and I owe too much to you not to have you constantly in my thoughts. I scarcely know a single individual to whom I am indebted for so much pleasure, and the means at least of being made better. I wish you had not made such an onslaught on the Americans. Even if it were all merited, it does mischief, and no good. Besides you know that there are many exceptions ; and if ten righteous might have saved a city once, there are surely innocent and amiable men and women, and besides, boys and girls enough, in that vast region, to arrest the proscription of a nation. I cannot but hope, therefore, that you will relent before you have done with them, and contrast your deep shadings with some redeeming touches. God bless you. I must not say more to-day. With most kind love to Mrs. Dickens, always very affectionately, &c.

Since writing this in the morning, and just as I was going to seal it, in comes another copy of the Carol, with a flattering autograph on the blank page, and an address in your own 'fine Roman hand.' I thank you with all my heart, for this proof of your remembrance, and am pleased to think, that while I was so occupied about you, you had not been forgetful of me. Heaven bless you, and all that are dear to you. Ever yours, &c.

CCLX.

Landor said that in Southey's letters alone could his character be read. If this be true, they reveal him as an essentially prosaic, worthy person, crammed with knowledge of books, estimable in all his social relations, but singularly dry and unsympathetic. To one or two correspondents, and notably to Miss Barker, he unbends and shows the most human side of his nature, but his letters generally contain too much information to be good as letters.

Robert Southey to Miss Barker.

Keswick: April 3, 1804.

Senhora,—Perhaps you may be anxious to hear of our goings on, and therefore, having nothing to say, I take up a very short and ugly pen to tell you so. In a fortnight's time, by God's good will, I may have better occasion to write.

I have within this last week received a pleasure of the highest possible terrestrial nature, the arrival of some Portuguese and Spanish books. No monk ever contemplated with more devotion a chest of relics piping hot, than I did the happy deal box that contained the long-expected treasures. But let us leave these books alone, and talk of my manufactory. Did you ever see Ellis's 'Specimens of the Early English Poets'? It is a very useful collection, though not to my judgment made with due knowledge or taste,—but still a good book, and which has sold wondrously well, George Ellis being a parliament man, and of fashionable fame. Heber helped him in the business well. He ends with the reign of Charles II. Now am I going to begin where he ends, and give specimens of all the poets and rhymesters from that time to the present, exclusive of the living jockeys; whereby I expect to get some money; for, be it known to you in due confidence, that though this will really be a pleasant and useful book, I have undertaken it purely for the lucre of gain. For if this should sell as a sequel and companion to Ellis's book, for which I design it, and shall advertise it, the profits will be considerable. Some little notice of each author is to be prefixed to the pieces, sometimes being only a list of his works, sometimes a brief biography, if he be at all an odd fish, and sometimes such odd things as may flow from the quaintness of my heart. This costs me a journey to London, as at least half these gentlemen are not included in the common collections of the poets, and must be resurrectionised at Stationers' Hall, where they have long since been confined to the spiders. A journey will stir my stumps, and perhaps do me good; yet I do not like it—it disturbs me, and puts me out of my way. However, I shall be very glad to see Rickman, whom Coleridge calls a sterling man, and with whom I shall guest. And then there are half a score whom I regard more than acquaintances—Carlisle, Duppa, &c. &c., not to mention all the oddities in my knowledge whom I love to shake hands with now and then, and hug myself at the consciousness of knowing such an unequalled assortment. Oh, if some Boswell would but save me the trouble of recording the unbelievable anecdotes I could tell! Stories which would be worth their weight in gold, when gold will be of no use to me.

Coleridge is gone for Malta, and his departure affects me more

than I let be seen. Let what will trouble me, I bear a calm face; and if the Boiling Well could be drawn (which, however it heaves and is agitated below, presents a smooth, undisturbed surface), that should be my emblem. It is now almost ten years since he and I first met, in my rooms at Oxford, which meeting decided the destiny of both; and now when, after so many ups and down, I am, for a time, settled under his roof, he is driven abroad in search of health. Ill he is, certainly and sorely ill; yet I believe if his mind was as well regulated as mine, the body would be quite as manageable. I am perpetually pained and mortified by thinking what he ought to be, for mine is an eye of microscopic discernment to the faults of my friends; but the tidings of his death would come upon me more like a stroke of lightning than any evil I have ever yet endured; almost it would make me superstitious, for we were two ships that left port in company. He has been sitting to Northcote for Sir George Beaumont. There is a finely painted, but dismal picture of him here, with a companion of Wordsworth. I enjoy the thought of your emotion when you will see that portrait of Wordsworth. It looks as if he had been a month in the condemned hole, dieted upon bread and water, and debarred the use of soap, water, razor, and combs; then taken out of prison, placed in a cart, carried to the usual place of execution, and had just suffered Jack Ketch to take off his cravat. The best of this good joke is, that the Wordsworths are proud of the picture, and that his face is the painter's ideal of excellence; and how the devil the painter has contrived to make a likeness of so well-looking a man so ridiculously ugly *poozles* everybody.

I am expecting with pleasurable anticipation the beaver's back.
Farewell.

Yours,

R. SOUTHEY.

CCLXI.

In 1794 Robert Lovell introduced Southey, then a lad of twenty, to Joseph Cottle, a wealthy and enlightened bookseller of Bristol, who was so delighted with him that he immediately printed a volume of his 'Poems' and his epic of 'Joan of Arc,' presenting the unknown aspirant with eighty guineas for the two copyrights. This generosity opened the career of Southey, and fourteen years afterwards, at the height of his reputation, he had not forgotten that fact. Cottle, in retiring from business, neglected to return the copyrights to Southey, and wrote to say he was sorry. This was Southey's reply.

Robert Southey to Joseph Cottle.

Wednesday evening. Greta Hall:
April 28, 1808.

My dear Cottle,—What you say of my copy-rights affects me very much. Dear Cottle, set your heart at rest on that subject. It ought to be at rest. They were yours; fairly bought, and fairly sold. You bought them on the chance of their success, what no London bookseller would have done; and had they not been bought, they could not have been published at all. Nay, if you had not published 'Joan of Arc,' the poem never would have existed, nor should I, in all probability, ever have obtained that reputation which is the capital on which I subsist, nor that power which enables me to support it.

But this is not all. Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding ring, and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left my Edith, during my six months' absence; and for the six months after my return, it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of our cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters, and if you were not, *I would entreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter.* Sure I am, that there never was a more generous, nor a kinder heart than yours, and you will believe me when I add, that there does not live that man upon earth, whom I remember with more gratitude, and more affection. My heart throbs, and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good night, my dear old friend and benefactor.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CCLXII.

Robert Southey to John Rickman.

Keswick: August 17-20, 1809.

My dear Rickman,—I can wish you nothing better than that your life may be as long, your age as hale, and your death as easy as your father's. The death of a parent is a more awful sorrow than that of a child, but a less painful one: it is in the inevitable order and right course of nature that ripe fruit should fall; it seems like one of its mishaps when the green bud is cut off. In the outward and visible system of things, nothing is wasted: it would therefore be belying the whole system to believe that intellect and love,—which are of all things the best,—could perish. I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have past, seems to me not improbable. The supposition serves for dreams and systems,—the belief is a possession more precious than any other. I love life, and can thoroughly enjoy it; but if to exist were but a lifehold property, I am doubtful whether I should think the lease worth holding. It would be better never to have been than ever to cease to be.

Still I shall hope for your coming. You would at any rate have been inconveniently late for the Highlands, for which as near Midsummer as possible is the best season. September is the best for this country.

CCLXIII.

In 1797 Coleridge introduced Lamb to Southey, whose mind proved so far more congenial to the great humourist than that of any other early literary friend, that his letters immediately began to take those delightful airs of fantastic whim which we identify with the name of Lamb.

Charles Lamb to Robert Southey.

1798.

My tailor has brought me home a new coat lapelled, with a velvet collar. He assures me every body wears velvet collars now.

Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters, but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury, neither becomes him as a tailor or as the ninth of a man. My meek gentleman was robbed the other day, coming with his wife and family in a one-horse shay from Hampstead; the villains rifled him of four guineas, some shillings and half-pence, and a bundle of customers' measures, which they swore were bank-notes. They did not shoot him, and when they rode off he address them with profound gratitude, making a congee: 'Gentlemen, I wish you good night, and we are very much obliged to you that you have not used us ill!' And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side, and a black velvet collar. A cursed ninth of a scoundrel!

Yours sincerely,

C. LAMB.

CCLXIV.

There was a little coldness between Coleridge and Lamb in 1798. Coleridge, with his usual pomposity, had told Lamb that he should be happy to instruct him on all points upon which he needed information, and this seems to have ruffled Lamb. Accordingly he drew up the following absurd table of theological queries and begged to have them expounded to him. Coleridge could see no fun in the joke, and called Lamb 'a young visionary.'

Charles Lamb to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Theses quædam Theologicæ.

- 1st. Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?
- 2nd. Whether the archangel Uriel could affirm an untruth, and if he could, whether he would?
- 3rd. Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather to be reckoned among those qualities which the schoolmen term 'Virtutes minus splendide?'
- 4th. Whether the higher order of Seraphim illuminati ever sneer?
- 5th. Whether pure intelligences can love?
- 6th. Whether the Seraphim ardentes do not manifest their virtues, by the way of vision and theory; and whether practice be not a sub-celestial and merely human virtue?

- 7th. Whether the vision beatific be anything more or less than a perpetual representment, to each individual angel, of his own present attainments, and future capabilities, somehow in the manner of mortal looking-glasses, reflecting a perpetual complacency and self-satisfaction?
- 8th and last. Whether an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be condemned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?

Learned Sir, my friend,—Presuming on our long habits of friendship, and emboldened further by your late liberal permission to avail myself of your correspondence, in case I want any knowledge, (which I intend to do, when I have no Encyclopedia, or Ladies Magazine at hand to refer to, in any matter of science,) I now submit to your enquiries the above theological propositions, to be by you defended or oppugned, or both, in the schools of Germany, whither, I am told, you are departing, to the utter dissatisfaction of your native Devonshire, and regret of universal England; but to my own individual consolation, if, through the channel of your wished return, learned sir, my friend, may be transmitted to this our island, from those famous theological wits of Leipsic and Gottingen, any-rays of illumination, in vain to be derived from the homegrowth of our English halls and colleges. Finally wishing, learned sir, that you may see Schiller, and swing in a wood, (*vide* poems) and sit upon a tun, and eat fat hams of Westphalia,

I remain

Your friend and docile pupil, to instruct,

CHARLES LAMB.

CCLXV.

The Lake Poets, consisting of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Lloyd, with their families, had settled at Keswick in 1800, and when in 1801 Lamb published a slender volume of 'Poems' that identified him with them in the public mind, they were all anxious to attract him also to Cumberland. Lloyd and Coleridge invited him in vain, and finally Wordsworth summoned him to leave London, with the following result.

Charles Lamb to William Wordsworth.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang any

where ; but am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments, as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses ; all the bustle and wickedness round Covent Garden ; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles ; life awake, if you are awake, at all hours of the night ; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street ; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you ; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes ?

My attachments are all local, purely local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge,) wherever I have moved—old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school,—these are my mistresses—have I not enough, without your mountains ? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind ; and, at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading

upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called ; so ever fresh, and green and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.¹

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself. And a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play !

C. L.

CCLXVI.

To a friend who had been absent nine years in China, Lamb addressed this quaint and funereal letter. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that not a word of it is true, and that some of the worthies here slain and buried survived for more than thirty years.

Charles Lamb to Thomas Manning.

December 25, 1815.

Dear old friend and absentee,—This is Christmas-day 1815 with us ; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps ; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys ; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savoury, grand Norfolkian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment, from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you ? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in ? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness ; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity ?—'tis our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of Christmas ; faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery—I feel, I feel myself refreshed with the thought—my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the Pagodas—down with the idols—Ching-chong-fo and his foolish priesthood ! Come out of

¹ The allusions at the close of this letter are to Wordsworth's poems of Joanna's Rock, and the 'Pet Lamb,' and to Lamb's unsuccessful tragedy of 'John Woodvil.'

Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come, and the child that is native, and the Proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense, what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left.

Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed: your friends have all got old—those you left blooming—myself (who am one of the few that remember you) those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and grey. Mary has been dead and buried many years,—she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant-maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day an aged woman knocked at my door, and pretended to my acquaintance; it was long before I had the most distant cognition of her; but at last together we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Morton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft, the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's Church is a heap of ruins; the Monument isn't half as high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither,—and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-hing-tong should be spelt with a — or a —. For aught I see you had almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Struldbrug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face; all your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which after all is I believe the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler.

Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb the other day in Cripple-gate church-yard. There are some verses upon it written by Miss —, which if I thought good enough I would send you. He was one of those who would have hailed your return, not with boisterous shouts and clamours, but with the complacent gratulations

of a philosopher anxious to promote knowledge as leading to happiness—but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripple-gate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or two before—poor Col., but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller proposing an epic poem on the ‘Wanderings of Cain’ in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. You see what mutations the busy hand of Time has produced, while you have consumed in foolish voluntary exile that time which might have gladdened your friends—benefited your country; but reproaches are useless. Gather up the wretched reliques, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home. I will rub my eyes and try to recognise you. We will shake withered hands together, and talk of old things—of St. Mary’s Church and the barber’s opposite, where the young students in mathematics used to assemble. Poor Crips, that kept it afterwards, set up a fruiterer’s shop in Trumpington Street, and for aught I know resides there still, for I saw the name up in the last journey I took there with my sister just before she died. I suppose you heard that I had left the India House, and gone into the Fishmongers’ Almshouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you shall be welcome to it. You like oysters, and to open them yourself; I’ll get you some if you come in oyster time. Marshall, Godwin’s old friend, is still alive, and talks of the faces you used to make.

Come as soon as you can.

C. LAMB.

CCLXVII.

One of the last letters written by Charles Lamb before his fatal illness in 1834 was in reply to one enclosing a list of candidates for a widows’ fund society, and requesting his votes. The list chanced to be headed by a Mrs. Southey.

Charles Lamb to Mr. Cary.

Dear Sir,—The unbounded range of munificence presented to my choice, staggers me. What can twenty votes do for one hun-

dred and two widows? I cast my eyes hopeless among the viduage. N.B. Southey might be ashamed of himself to let his aged mother stand at the top of the list, with his 100*l.* a year and butt of sack. Sometimes I sigh over No. 12, Mrs. Carve-ill, some poor relation of mine, no doubt. No. 15 has my wishes, but then she is a Welsh one. I have Ruth upon No. 21. I'd tug hard for No. 24. No. 25 is an anomaly; there can be no Mrs. Hog. No. 34 insnares me. No. 73 should not have met so foolish a person. No. 92 may bob it as she likes, but she catches no cherry of me. So I have even fixed at hap-hazard, as you'll see.

Yours, every third Wednesday,

C. L.

CCLXVIII.

The loss of his eldest son and the intolerable vexation caused by the republication of his seditious drama of 'Wat Tyler,' had driven Southey in 1816 into a condition of melancholy that prevented him from writing to his friends. Landor, ignorant of the causes of his silence, addressed him this eloquent appeal.

Walter Savage Landor to Robert Southey.

1817.

I have written many letters to you since I received one from you. Can anything occur that ought to interrupt our friendship? Believe me, Southey—and of all men living I will be the very last to deceive or to flatter you—I have never one moment ceased to love and revere you as the most amiable and best of mortals, and your fame has always been as precious to me as it could ever be to yourself. If you believe me capable, as you must, of doing anything to displease you, tell it me frankly and fully. Should my reply be unsatisfactory, it will not be too late nor too soon to shake me off from all pretensions to your friendship. Tell it me rather while your resentment is warm than afterwards; for in the midst of resentment the heart is open to generous and tender sentiments; it closes afterwards. I heard with inexpressible grief of your most severe and irreparable loss, long indeed ago; but even if I had been with you at the time, I should have been silent. If your feelings are like mine, of all cruelties those are the most intolerable that come under the name of condolence and consolation. Surely to be told that we ought not to grieve is among the worst bitter-

nesses of grief. The best of fathers and of husbands is not always to derive perfect happiness from being so ; and genius and wisdom, instead of exempting a man from all human sufferings, leave him exposed to all of them, and add many of their own. Whatever creature told me that his reason had subdued his feelings, to him I should only reply that mine had subdued my regard for him. But occupations and duties fill up the tempestuous vacancy of the soul ; affliction is converted to sorrow, and sorrow to tenderness : at last the revolution is completed, and love returns in its pristine but incorruptible form. More blessings are still remaining to you than to any man living. In that which is the most delightful of all literary occupations, at how immense a distance are you from every rival or competitor ! In history, what information are you capable of giving to those even who are esteemed the most learned ! And those who consult your criticisms do not consult them to find, as in others, with what feathers the most barbarous ignorance tricks out its nakedness, or with what gypsy shuffling and arrant slang detected impostures are defended. On this sad occasion I have no reluctance to remind you of your eminent gifts. In return I ask from you a more perfect knowledge of myself than I yet possess. Conscious that I have done nothing very wrong, I almost hope that I have done something not quite right, that I may never think you have been unjust towards me.

W. L.

CCLXIX.

Reference is made on another page to Dr. Samuel Parr's great conversational powers, second only to those of Dr. Johnson. Landor had not made Parr converse in any of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' though he intended to dedicate a volume to him. Parr was on his death-bed when this letter arrived.

Walter Savage Landor to Dr. Samuel Parr.

Florence : February 5, 1825.

My dear Sir,—It has appeared, and might well do so, an extraordinary thing, that I should have omitted your name in my 'Conversations.' You will perceive at the close of this paper, that, if I did not venture to deliver your opinions, at least I had not forgotten the man by whom mine could have been best corrected.

Had I completed my undertaking I should have prefixed to the last volume a dedication to my venerable friend, Dr. Samuel Parr, and it would have been with more propriety inscribed to him than any of the former, as containing less of levity and of passion, and greatly more, if I had done justice to the interlocutors, of argument and of eloquence. My first exercises in these were under his eye and guidance, corrected by his admonition, and animated by his applause. His house, his library, his heart, were always open to me; and among my few friendships, of which indeed, partly by fortune, partly by choice, I have certainly had fewer than any man, I shall remember his to the last hour of my existence with tender gratitude.

My admiration of some others I have expressed in the few words preceding each volume; my esteem and love of him I have expressed in still fewer; but with such feelings as that man's are who has shaken hands with the friends that followed him to the shore, and who sees from the vessel one separate from the rest, one whom he can never meet again. May you enjoy, my dear Sir, all that can be enjoyed of life! I am heartily sated of it, and have abandoned all thoughts of completing my design. The third volume will, however, come out in the beginning of March, and I hope there are some things in it which will not displease you.

I request you to present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Parr, and to believe me, dear Sir, yours ever most faithfully,
 W. S. LANDOR.

 CCLXX.

We have seen Landor in his best mood of tenderness and Spartan dignity, we are now introduced to him during one of those paroxysms of vehemence which were so habitual to him. The letter refers to some slight misdemeanour on the part of the publisher of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations.'

Walter Savage Landor to Robert Southey.

Florence: April 11, 1825.

Taylor's first villany in making me disappoint the person with whom I had agreed for the pictures instigated me to throw my fourth volume, in its imperfect state, into the fire, and has cost me nine-tenths of my fame as a writer. His next villany will entail perhaps a chancery-suit on my children,—for at its commencement

I blow my brains out. Mr. Hazlitt, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Lord Dillon, Mr. Brown, and some other authors of various kinds, have been made acquainted, one from another, with this whole affair, and they speak of it as a thing unprecedented. It is well that I rewrote the 'Tiberius and Vipsania' before Taylor gave me a fresh proof of his intolerable roguery. This cures me for ever, if I live, of writing what could be published; and I will take good care that my son shall not suffer in the same way. Not a line of any kind will I leave behind me. My children shall be carefully warned against literature. To fence, to swim, to speak French, are the most they shall learn.

W. S. L.

CCLXXI.

Very few public entertainers have worked harder than Mr. Charles Mathews (the elder) did to sustain a great reputation and keep a purse well filled. He seemed to flit about the provinces with extraordinary rapidity, and this, too, in the coaching days. Mathews was a most energetic and constant correspondent, and seems never to have missed a reasonable opportunity of writing to Mrs. Mathews when absent from home on a series of provincial engagements. In this letter he writes of his success at Edinburgh.

Charles Mathews to Mrs. Mathews.

Edinburgh: February 9, 1822.

I know too many people here to study undisturbed; therefore am obliged to hide myself in the private walks, when the weather will permit. Yesterday was lovely, and I had a good spell; to-day boisterous and wet. Terry declared that he was blown off the pavement into the middle of the street, from the violence of a squall, and must have fallen, if he had not made a snatch at a man who returned his hug, like two people on the ice. I have had two nights, the first 80£., for they would not be persuaded that I was myself, in consequence of the disturbance Irish Mathews occasioned here. But believing from ocular demonstration that I *was* I, my second amounted to 132£., which, to appreciate, you must be acquainted with circumstances too tedious, &c. When I tell you that the boxes will only hold 55£., you may suppose what it was. Sir Walter, the magician of the North, and all his family, were there. They huzzaed when he came in, and I *never* played

with such spirit, I was so proud of his presence. Coming out, I saw him in the lobby, and very quietly shook his hand. 'How d'ye do, Sir Walter?'—'Oh, hoo *are* ye? wall, hoo have you been entertained?' (I perceived he did not know me.)—'Why, Sir, I don't think quite so well as the rest of the people.'—'Why not? I have been *just* delighted. It's quite wonderful hoo the devil he gets through it all.'—(Whispering in his ear): 'I am surprised too; but I did it all myself.' Lockhart, Lady Scott, and the children quickly perceived the equivoque, and laughed aloud, which drew all eyes upon me: an invitation for to-morrow followed, which I accepted joyfully. I doubt if the players in Shakspeare's time appreciated his invite as I do an attention from the man who in my mind is second only to him.

Murray has overreached himself—and I continue to oppose. Much I thank him for allowing me to stand alone, and to oppose without compunction.

CHARLES MATHEWS.

CCLXXII.

During Mr. Charles Mathews' (the elder) professional visit to America in the autumn of 1822, a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church took occasion while preaching a sermon on the subject of the yellow-fever, 'Pestilence—a Punishment for Public Sins,' to utter a violent tirade against theatres generally and the evil influence of the great English comedian in particular, as though Mathews were responsible in the month of November for the dreadful scourge which made its first appearance during the previous July. Just before his return to England Mathews wrote this letter with a view to frighten the parson by inferring that he would be adequately and prominently represented in his next English 'At Home.'

Charles Mathews to the Rev. Paschal Strong.

New York: 1823.

Sir,—Ingratitude being in my estimation a crime most heinous and most hateful, I cannot quit the shores of America without expressing my grateful sense of services which you have gratuitously rendered.

Other professors in '*that school of Satan, that nursery of hell!*' as you most appropriately style the theatre, have been, *ex necessitate*, content to have their merits promulgated through the

medium of the public papers; but mine you have graciously vouchsafed to blazon from the pulpit. You have, as appears in your recently published sermon, declared me to be (what humility tells me I only am in your partial and prejudiced estimation) 'an actor whom God Almighty sent here as a man better qualified than any other in the world to dissipate every serious reflection!'

What man! what woman! what child! could resist the effects of such a description, coming from such a quarter? particularly as you, at the same time, assured the laughter-loving inhabitants of this city that the punishment incident to such a 'thirst after dissipation' had been already inflicted by 'their late calamity,' the pestilence, 'voracious in *its thirst of prey!*' and you might have added, thirsty in its *hunger for drink*. No wonder that the theatre has since been crowded, the manager enriched, and the most sanguine expectations of him whom you have perhaps improperly elevated to the rank of the avenging angel so beautifully described by Addison, completely realized.

For each and all of these results accept, reverend sir, my cordial and grateful thanks. Nor deem me too avaricious of your favours, if I venture to solicit more. As you have expressly averred, in the sermon before me, that 'God burnt the theatre of New York, to rebuke the devotees of pleasure there resident,' permit me, your humble avenging angel, to inquire, by whom and for what purpose the cathedrals at Rouen and Venice were recently destroyed by fire, and in a manner which more especially implicated the hand of Providence? But beware, most reverend sir, I conjure you, lest your doctrines of special dispensations furnish arguments and arms to the scoffer and atheist.

One other request, and I have done. You appear too well acquainted with my peculiarities and propensities not to be aware that, when I travel abroad, I am always anxious to collect something *original* and *funny* wherewith to entertain my friends and patrons 'at home.' Now, sir, so little do the American people, in general, differ from their parent stock whom it is my object to amuse, that I have as yet scarcely procured anything in which these qualities are united, except your aforesaid sermon; you will, therefore, infinitely oblige me, if you will, on Sunday next, preach *another* on the subject of my angelic attributes; in which case, you may rely on my being a most attentive auditor. I hope to

have the opportunity of studying the peculiarities of your style and action. The gracefulness and Christian charity, humility and universal benevolence, which doubtless beam in your expressive countenance, will enable me to produce a picture of prodigious effect, of which all who know the *original* will acknowledge the likeness to be *Strong!*

I have sir, the honour to be, most gratefully your obliged, angelic, yellow-fever-producing friend,

C. MATHEWS.

CCLXXIII.

To lovers of John Constable's simple and unaffected art—and they are legion—these two specimens, gleaned from the volume of correspondence prepared by his fellow-academician, C. R. Leslie, will be interesting.

John Constable, R.A., to Mr. Dunthorne.

London: May 29, 1802.

My dear Dunthorne,—I hope I have now done with the business that brought me to town with Dr. Fisher. It is sufficient to say that had I accepted the situation offered it would have been a death-blow to all my prospects of perfection in the art I love. For these few weeks past, I believe I have thought more seriously of my profession than at any other time of my life; of that which is the surest way to excellence. I am just returned from a visit to Sir George Beaumont's pictures with a deep conviction of the truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds' observation, that there is no easy way of becoming a good painter. For the last two years I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second hand. I have not endeavoured to represent nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performances look like the work of other men. I am come to a determination to make no idle visits this summer, nor to give up my time to common-place people.

I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. There is little or nothing in the exhibition worth looking up to. *There is room enough for a natural painter.* The great vice of the present day is *bravura*, an attempt to do something

beyond the truth. Fashion always had, and will have, its day ; but truth in all things only will last, and can only have just claims on posterity. I have reaped considerable benefit from exhibiting ; it shews me where I am, and in fact tells me what nothing else could.

CCLXXIV.

Twenty years before this letter was written, Constable, then in his twenty-sixth year, was lectured by West in the following words : ' Always remember, Sir, that light and shadow *never stand still*. Whatever object you are painting, keep in mind its prevailing character rather than its accidental appearance. In your skies, for instance, always aim at brightness, although there are states of the atmosphere in which the sky itself is not bright. I do not mean that you are not to paint lowering skies, but even in the darkest effects there should be brightness. Your darks should look like the darks of silver, not of lead or of slate.'

John Constable, R.A., to the Rev. J. Fisher.

Hampstead : October 23, 1821.

My dear Fisher,—I am most anxious to get into my London painting-room, for I do not consider myself at work unless I am before a six-foot canvas. I have done a good deal of skying, for I am determined to conquer all difficulties, and that among the rest. And now, talking of skies, it is amusing to us to see how admirably you fight my battles ; you certainly take the best possible ground for getting your friend out of a scrape (the example of the old masters). That landscape painter who does not make his skies a very material part of his composition, neglects to avail himself of one of his greatest aids. Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of the landscapes of Titian, of Salvator, and of Claude, says : ' Even their *skies* seem to sympathize with their subjects.' I have often been advised to consider my sky as '*a white sheet thrown behind the objects*.' Certainly, if the sky is obtrusive, as mine are, it is bad ; but if it is loaded, as mine are not, it is worse ; it must and always shall with me make an effectual part of the composition. It will be difficult to name a class of landscape in which the sky is not the key note, the standard of scale, and the chief organ of sentiment. You may conceive then, what a 'white sheet' would do for me, impressed as I

am with these notions, and they cannot be erroneous. The sky is the source of light in nature, and governs every thing; even our common observations on the weather of every day are altogether suggested by it. The difficulty of skies in painting is very great, both as to composition and execution; because, with all their brilliancy, they ought not to come forward, or, indeed, be hardly thought of any more than extreme distances are; but this does not apply to phenomena or accidental effects of sky, because they always attract particularly. I may say all this to you, though *you* do not want to be told that I know very well what I am about, and that my skies have not been neglected, though they have often failed in execution, no doubt, from an over-anxiety about them, which will alone destroy that easy appearance which nature always has in all her movements.

How much I wish I had been with you on your fishing excursion in the New Forest! What river can it be? But the sound of water escaping from mill-dams &c., willows, old rotten planks, slimy posts, and brickwork, I love such things. Shakespeare could make everything poetical; he tells us of poor Tom's haunts among sheepcotes and mills.

As long as I do paint, I shall never cease to paint such places. They have always been my delight, and I should indeed have been delighted in seeing what you describe, and in your company, 'in the company of a man to whom nature does not spread her volume in vain.' Still I should paint my own places best; painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate 'my careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour; those scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful; that is, I had often thought of pictures of them before I ever touched a pencil, and your picture is the strongest instance of it I can recollect; but I will say no more, for I am a great egotist in whatever relates to painting. Does not the Cathedral look beautiful among the golden foliage? its solitary grey must sparkle in it.

Yours ever

J. C.

CCLXXV.

The famous Dr. Samuel Parr was not the only scholar who was taken in by the impudent Shakespeare forgeries of Samuel William Henry Ireland. That Sheridan should have purchased such vapid nonsense as 'Vortigern' for Drury Lane Theatre, and that John Kemble should have consented to act in it, is scarcely less surprising than that the author of the play should have assurance enough to string together the deliberate lies which make up this letter. Before the year was out Ireland published a confession of his guilt.

Samuel W. H. Ireland to Dr. Samuel Parr.

Norfolk Street, Strand : February 6, 1796.

Dear Sir,—When I had last the pleasure of seeing you in London, you flattered me with some hope of your friendly interference relative to a defence of the Shakspeare MSS. The daily attacks on them and myself you have no doubt seen ; many of them are of the grossest, and most insidious nature : to these (following your advice) I have said but little, and believe I must continue with perseverance to bear all with meekness and charity. Several pamphlets have appeared pro and con ; those against with more scurrility than argument. Amongst those in favour, one signed Philaethes is worthy notice, it is written by a gentleman and a scholar. Great indeed is the mass of papers, books, &c. that have come into my hands since I had the pleasure of seeing you. The play of Vortigern, and of Henry the Second, part of Hamlet, and the whole of Lear, all written in the same hand, and signed in many places by himself, between seventy and eighty books out of his library, with poetical and very interesting notes, all in his own hand, and signed with his name, among them is Spenser's Fairy Queen, published in 1590, with his notes and an acrostic on the name of Spenser, signed by Shakspeare, besides those many legal instruments, signed by him either as the principal or as a witness !! This treasure the commentators and a host of opponents all declare a forgery, although they have never seen a line of them, and many of them have been invited for that purpose, particularly Dr. Farmer, to whom you very obligingly addressed a long letter in my house. He is one of those I am told who, without deigning to call to view the papers, disbelieves, and says

they must be forgeries. Your neighbour Mr. Greatheed has seen and is a firm believer.

Mr. Erskine, the Lord Chief Baron, and a host of persons in and out of the Law, who have seen, have not a shadow of doubt on the subject. Burke and Malone are preparing their great guns, and I hear to be out in a few days. Steevens is likewise running a race with them, to have the first blow at me. With such an opposition, I need not say even truth may be injured for a time, although it must eventually rise superior as in most cases it has been known to do. In support of our discovery, a recent one has been made by Mr. Albany Wallis of Norfolk, amongst the deeds &c. of the Fetherstonhaugh family (to whom he has been agent near forty years) that corroborate as to the signature of Shakspeare and various other names on my deeds and papers in every respect. This is for us a very strong support indeed, and must weigh greatly with those who choose to be convinced. Situated as we are, I need not say (although I have many literary friends in town) that should you continue, on viewing these treasures, to be as convinced of their authenticity as when I had the pleasure of seeing you here, that your pen would prove to me a tower of strength. I shall esteem myself honoured by a line from you as soon as convenient, and remain, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

S. IRELAND.

CCLXXVI.

Moore had not made his bargain with the Messrs. Longman when the following letter was written; and it so happened that Lord Byron's 'Giaour' did not stand in the way of an offer of 3,000 guineas for 'Lalla Rookh.'

Byron derived more popularity from his Turkish tale than Moore did from his Persian narrative simply because it was treated with greater force and truth to nature. In justice to Moore's generous disposition it should be repeated that he left two-thirds of this money in the hands of his publisher to be invested for the benefit of his parents. The reference to Bessy (Dyke) is a touching recognition of the claims of an excellent wife to the life-long affection of her husband—a state of blessedness by no means common among Moore's poetical companions.

Thomas Moore to Miss Godfrey.

Mayfield, Ashbourne: May, 1813.

I was a good deal relieved from my apprehensions about Lady Donegal by your letter, for though you mention colds, &c., I was afraid, from what Rogers said in his letter, that her old complaint had returned with more violence than usual, as he mentioned that she was obliged to consult Baillie, and I always couple his name with something serious and *clinical*. But indeed, Rogers himself, in the next line to this intelligence, mentioned having met her at Gloucester House the Saturday preceding; which (unless *aqua regalis* or *royal wish-wash* was among the doses prescribed by Baillie), I did not think looked like very serious indisposition. If *wishing* you both well and happy, and free from all the ills of this life, could in any way bring it about, I should be as good as a physician for both your bodies and souls as you could find anywhere. So you insist upon my taking my poem to Town with me? I will, if I can, you may be sure; but I confess I feel rather down-hearted about it. Never was anything more unlucky for me than Byron's invasion of this region, which when I entered it, was as yet untrodden, and whose charm consisted in the gloss and novelty of its features; but it will now be over-run with clumsy adventurers, and when I make my appearance, instead of being a leader as I looked to be, I must dwindle into a humble follower—a Byronian. This is disheartening, and I sometimes doubt whether I shall publish it at all; though at the same time, if I may trust my own judgment, I think I never wrote so well before. But (as King Arthur, in Tom Thumb, says) 'Time will tell,' and in the mean time, I am leading a life which but for these anxieties of fame, and a few ghosts of debt that sometimes haunt me, is as rationally happy as any man can ask for. You want to know something of our little girls. Barbara is stout and healthy, not at all pretty, but very sensible-looking, and is, of course, to be everything that's clever. The other little thing was very ill-treated by the nurse we left her with in that abominable Cheshire, but she is getting much better, and promises to be the prettier of the two. Bessy's heart is wrapped up in them, and the only pain they ever give me is the thought of the precariousness of such treasures, and the way I see that *her* life depends upon *theirs*. She is the same affectionate,

sensible, and unaffected creature as a mother that she is as a wife, and devotes every thought and moment to them and me. I pass the day in my study or in the fields; after dinner I read to Bessy for a couple of hours, and we are in this way, at present, going through Miss Edgeworth's works, and then after tea I go to my study again. We are not without the distractions of society, for this is a very gay place, and *some* of the distractions I could dispense with; but being far out of the regular road, I am as little interrupted as I could possibly expect in so very thick a neighbourhood. Thus you have a little panorama of me and mine, and I hope you will like it.

Good-bye. Ever yours,
T. MOORE.

CCLXXVII.

In this charming letter from his cottage retreat in Warwickshire, the Irish Burns, as Byron called the witty and lively Hibernian, tells his friend Rogers the progress he is making with the 'Peris.'

Thomas Moore to Samuel Rogers.

Mayfield: December 26, 1815.

My dear Rogers,—As this is about the time you said you should be on your return to London, from your bright course through that noble zodiac you've been moving in, I hasten to welcome you thither, not alas! with my hand, as I could wish,—*that* joy must not be for a few months longer,—but with my warmest congratulations on your safe and sound return from the Continent, and hearty thanks for your kind recollections of me—recollections, which I never want the outward and visible sign of letter-writing to assure me of, however delightful and welcome it may be, in addition to *knowing* that there's sweet music in the instrument, to *hear* a little of its melody now and then. This image will not stand your criticism, but you know its *meaning*, and that's enough—much more indeed than we Irish image-makers can in general achieve. My desire to see you for *yourself alone*, is still more whetted by all I hear of the exquisite gleanings you have made on your tour. The Donegals say you have seen so much, seen everything so well, and described it all so picturesquely, that there is nothing like the treat of hearing you talk of your

travels—how I long for that treat! You are a happy fellow, my dear Rogers, I know no one more *nourri des fleurs* of life, no one who lives so much ‘*apis matinæ* more’ as yourself. The great regret of my future days (and I hope the *greatest*) will be my loss of the opportunity of seeing that glorious gallery, which like those ‘domes of Shadukiam and Amberabad,’ that Nourmahal saw in the ‘gorgeous clouds of the west,’ is now dispersed and gone for ever. It is a loss that never can be remedied; but still perhaps our sacrifices are among our pleasantest recollections, and I ought not to feel sorry that the time and money, which would have procured for myself this great gratification, have been employed in making other hearts happy, better hearts than mine, and better happiness than *that* would have been. With respect to my *Peris*, thus stands the case, and remember that they are still to remain (where *Peris* best like to be) *under the rose*. I have nearly finished three tales, making, in all, about three thousand five hundred lines, but my plan is to have *five tales*, the stories of all which are arranged, and which I am *determined* to finish before I publish—no urgings nor wonderings nor tauntings shall induce me to lift the curtain till I have grouped these five subjects in the way I think best for variety and effect. I have already suffered enough by premature publication. I have formidable favourites to contend with, and must try to make up my deficiencies in *dash* and vigour by a greater degree, if possible, of versatility and polish. Now it will take, at the least, six thousand lines to complete this plan, i.e. between two and three thousand more than I have yet done. By May next I expect to have five thousand finished. This is the number for which the Longmans stipulated, and accordingly in May I mean to appear in London, and *nominally* deliver the work into their hands. It would be then too late (even if all were finished) to think of going to press; so that I shall thus enjoy the credit with the Literary Quidnuncs of having completed my task together with the advantage of the whole summer before me to extend it to the length I purpose. Such is the statement of my thousands, &c., which I am afraid you will find as puzzling as a speech of Mr. Vansittart’s; but it is now near twelve o’clock at night, which being an hour later than our cottage rules allow, I feel it impossible to be luminous any longer—in which tendency to eclipse, my candle sympathises most gloomily.

Your poor friend Psyche is by no means well. I was in hopes that our Irish trip would have benefited her; but her weakness and want of appetite continue most distressingly, and our cold habitation in the fields has now given her a violent cough, which if it does not soon get better, will alarm me exceedingly. I never love her so well as when she is ill, which is perhaps the best proof how *really* I love her. How do Byron and my Lady go on? there are strange rumours in the country about them.

Ever yours, my dear Rogers,

THOMAS MOORE.

CCLXXVIII.

Acting under the advice of his friends Moore remained three years on the other side of the Channel, pending the settlement of a lawsuit involving a claim for 6,000*l.* against him for sundry defalcations of a deputy whom he had left in charge of his Government post at Bermuda. The claim was satisfied with a cheque for 740*l.* from Lord Lansdowne, which Moore repaid out of the profits of the 'Loves of the Angels' and his 'Fables of the Holy Alliance.' Allusion is made in this letter to the precious gift of the 'Byron Memoirs.' They were consigned to the flames by Moore on Byron's death in deference to the wishes of the poet's sister and executor; and, indeed, on Moore's judgment of what he considered due to the memory of his illustrious friend. The celebrated biography of Byron was immediately undertaken for Messrs. Longman, and the copyright passed into the hands of Mr. John Murray.

Thomas Moore to Samuel Rogers.

Paris: December 23, 1819.

My dear Rogers,—There is but little use now in mentioning (though it is very true) that I began a letter to you from Rome; the first fragment of which is now before my eyes, and is as follows, 'One line from Rome is worth at least two of even yours from Venice; and it is lucky it should be so, as I have not at this moment time for much more.' There I stopped; and if you had ever travelled on the wing as I have done, flying about from morning till night, and from sight to sight, you would know how hard it is to find time to write, and you would forgive me. Taking for granted that you *do* forgive me, I hasten to write you some very valueless lines indeed, as they must be chiefly about myself. I found a letter here on my arrival, from the Longmans, telling me

that I must not venture to cross the water (as was my intention, for the purpose of reaching Holyrood House) till they had consulted you and some other of my friends with respect to the expediency of such a step. I have heard nothing more from them on the subject, and therefore I suppose I must make up my mind to having Mrs. Moore and the little ones over, and remaining here. This is disappointing to me in many respects, and in few more than its depriving me of all chance of seeing *you*, my dear Rogers, and of comparing notes with you on the subject of the many wonders I have witnessed since we parted. Lord John has, I suppose, told you of the precious gift Lord Byron made me at Venice—his own memoirs, written up to the time of his arrival in Italy. I have many things to tell you about him, which at this moment neither time nor inclination will let me tell; when I say ‘inclination,’ I mean that spirits are not equal to the effort. I have indeed seldom felt much more low and comfortless than since I arrived in Paris; and though if I had you at this moment ‘*a quattr’ occhi*,’ I know I should find wherewith to talk whole hours, it is with difficulty I have brought myself to write even these few lines. Would I *were* with you! I have no one here that I care one pin for, and begin to feel, for the first time, like a banished man. Therefore, pray write to me, and tell me that you forgive my laziness, and that you think I *may* look to our meeting before very long. If it were possible to get to Holyrood House, I should infinitely prefer it.

Lord John, in a letter I have just received from him, says you have not been well; but I trust, my dear Rogers, you are by this time quite yourself again.

Ever yours most truly

THOMAS MOORE.

CCLXXIX.

Treated by two able and earnest people who understood what they were writing about, the historical, social, religious, and literary topics comprised in the correspondence of Lucy Aikin and Dr. Channing have a special interest of their own. Miss Aikin was very apt to disparage the manners, habits, and intellectual calibre of her countrywomen, but she could hold a brief for them in the hour of need against their American cousins.

It is as well this gifted authoress did not live to witness *les costumes d’harlequin* of the years 1879–80.

Miss Lucy Aikin to Dr. Channing.

Hampstead: August 9, 1842.

My dear Friend,—It grieves me to learn that illness has been the cause of your long silence; but it is past, I hope, and if your summer be bright and balmy like ours, it will give you strength to support the rigours of the coming winter. But O! that you would come to recruit in our milder climate! We should then soon exorcise that strange phantom of a petticoated man which your imagination has conjured up during your illness, and some demon has whispered you to call an Englishwoman. I am well persuaded that you could have formed no such notion of us when you were here, although I believe you then saw but little society, and that of an inferior kind.

As to the very delicate subject of comparative beauty, our travellers attest that you have many very pretty girls; so have we: and even Miss Sedgwick pronounces that ‘the Englishwoman is magnificent from twenty to five-and-forty.’ We are satisfied; so let it rest. With respect to our *step* or *stride*, as you say, I have a little history to give you. Down to five-and-forty or fifty years ago, our ladies, tight-laced and ‘propped on French heels,’ had a short, mincing step, pinched figures, pale faces, weak nerves, much affectation, a delicate helplessness and miserable health. Physicians prescribed exercise, but to little purpose. Then came that event which is the beginning or end of everything—the French Revolution. The Parisian women, amongst other restraints, salutary or the contrary, emancipated themselves from their stays, and kicked off their *petits talons*. We followed the example, and, by way of improving upon it, learned to march of the drill-sergeant, mounted boots, and bid defiance to dirt and foul weather. We have now well-developed figures, blooming cheeks, active habits, firm nerves, natural and easy manners, a scorn of affectation, and vigorous constitutions. If your fair daughters would also learn to *step out*, their bloom would be less transient, and fewer would fill untimely graves. I admit, indeed, *some* unnecessary inelegance in the step of our pedestrian fair ones; but this does not extend to ladies of quality, or *real* gentlewomen, who take the air chiefly in carriages or on horseback. They walk with the same quiet grace that pervades all their deportment, and to which

you have seen nothing similar or comparable. When you mention our 'stronger gestures,' I know not what you mean. All Europe declares that we have *no* gesture. Madame de Staël ridiculed us as mere pieces of still-life; and of *untravellered* gentlewomen this is certainly true in general. All governesses proscribe it. Where it exists it arises from personal character. I have seen it engaging when the offspring of a lively imagination and warm feelings, repulsive when the result of a keen temper or dictatorial assumption. Again, your charge of want of delicacy I cannot understand. The women of every other European nation charge us with prudery, and I really cannot conceive of a human being more unassailable by just reproach on this head than a well-conducted Englishwoman. We have, indeed, heard some whimsical stories of American damsels who would not for the world speak of the *leg* even of a table, or the *back* even of a chair; and I do confess that we are not delicate or indelicate to this point. But if you mean to allude to the enormities of Frances Wright, or even to some of the discussions of ———, I can only answer, we blush too. Be pleased to consider that you have yet seen in your country none of our ladies of high rank, and few of your people, excepting diplomatic characters, have had more than very transient glimpses of them here, while we have had the heads of your society with us. Now I must frankly tell you, in reference to your very unexpected claim for your countrywomen of superior refinement, that although I have seen several of them whose manners were too quiet and retiring to give the least offence, I have neither seen nor heard of any who, even in the society of our middle classes, were thought entitled to more than this negative commendation—any who have become prominent without betraying gross ignorance of more than conventional good-breeding. The very tone of voice, the accent and the choice of phrase, give us the impression of extreme inelegance. Patriot and staunch republican as you are, I think you must admit the a-priori probability that the metropolis of the British Empire, the first city in the world for size, for opulence, for diffusion of the comforts, accommodations and luxuries of life, as well as for all the appliances of science, literature and taste—the seat of a court unexcelled in splendour, and of an aristocracy absolutely unrivalled in wealth, in substantial power and dignity, and especially in mental cultivation of the most solid and most elegant kind—would afford

such a standard of graceful and finished manners as your State capitals can have no chance of coming up to. Further, it has been most truly observed that in every country it is the *mothers* who give the tone both to morals and manners; but with you the mothers are by your own account the toilers. Oppressed with the cares of house and children, they either retire from society into the bosom of their family, or leave at least the active and prominent parts in it to mere girls: and can you suppose that the *art and science* of good breeding, for such it is, will be likely to advance towards perfection when all who have attained such proficiency as experience can give resign the sway to giddy novices? With us it is quite different. Young ladies do not *come out* till eighteen, and then their part is a very subordinate one. It is the matron who does the honours of her house and supports conversation; and her daughters pay their visits beneath her wing. Under wholesome restraint like this, the young best learn self-government. 'Sir,' said Dr. Parr, when provoked by the ill-manners of a rich man who had been a spoiled child, 'it is discipline that makes the scholar, discipline that makes the gentleman, and it is the want of discipline that makes you what you are.' One of your young women showed her taste and breeding by asking an English lady if she had seen 'Victoria;' and I must mention that Miss Sedgwick has thought proper to describe the first and *greatest lady in the world* as 'a plain little *body*;' adding, 'ordinary is the word for her.' It was no woman luckily, but your Mr. D., who had the superlative conceit and impertinence to express his *surprise* to a friend of mine at finding so much good society *in London*. Now I think I have given you enough for one letter.

Let me thank you very gratefully for your 'Duty of the Free States.' We ought all to be grateful to you as one of the most earnest and powerful pleaders for peace between our two countries. I trust there is now good hope of the settlement of all our disputes. But your man-owners may as well give up all hope of our lending our hands to the recovery of their chattels: we shall go to war sooner, I can tell them. Your piece gave me much new information respecting the obligations of the free states in connection with slavery; they are more onerous than I thought. You *must* carry your point as to the district of Columbia at *all* risks, and I apprehend you will do so as soon as your people can be brought earn-

estly to *will* it—a state of public feeling which seems to be advancing. After our victory over slave-trade and slavery, no good cause is ever to be despaired of, not even although many of its champions may show themselves rash, uncharitable, violent. Reason, justice and humanity, must condescend to own that they need the service of the passions to lead the forlorn hope in their holiest crusades.

Your lively delineations of the Southern and the Northern struck me very forcibly. The contrast is just what we should draw between English and Irish. Difference of climate may in great degree account for this in your case, but it can have no part in ours. We should ascribe it to difference of race, had not the original English settlers in Ireland grown into such a likeness of the old Celtic stock. Nothing more inscrutable than the causes of national character. Climate certainly modifies the original type. Thus the picture which you draw of American women in your letter bore much resemblance, I thought, to the Creoles of our islands. But surely the same character cannot apply to the women of both North and South any more than to the men; for, independently of all other causes, the presence or absence of domestic slaves must modify every detail of domestic, and of course of feminine, life.

CCLXXX.

Political bias apart, and judging from quite neutral ground, readers of the memoirs and correspondence of the late Viscount Palmerston will scarcely fail to remark that his Lordship's management of the Foreign Office, especially during the decade immediately following the Reform Bill of 1832, partook of the omniscience of Sir Francis Walsingham and the resoluteness of Protector Cromwell. The despatches of Lord Palmerston to Lord Granville and Sir Henry Bulwer are of a piece with Protector Cromwell's drafts to Sir William Lockhart.

Lord Palmerston to Viscount Granville, British Ambassador at Paris.

Foreign Office: January 7, 1831.

My dear Granville,—In a conversation which I had a few days ago with Talleyrand, about the affairs of Belgium, I mentioned to him an idea which had occurred to me, as an arrangement which

might probably smooth some of our difficulties. The King of the Netherlands would wish his son to wear the crown of Belgium; the Belgians want much to have Luxembourg. Could not the King give up Luxembourg to his son, on condition of his being elected by the Belgians? and might not the Belgians choose the Prince of Orange, on condition that he should bring Luxembourg with him? Talleyrand looked very grave, and said he thought his Government would not like to see Luxembourg united to Belgium. I asked why, inasmuch as it had been so united hitherto, and would not be more inconvenient to France when united to Belgium alone, than when united to Belgium joined with Holland. He said, the fact was that their frontier in that direction is very weak and exposed, and Luxembourg runs into an undefended part of France. He then said, Would there be no means of making an arrangement *by which Luxembourg might be given to France?* I confess I felt considerable surprise at a proposition so much at variance with all the language and professions which he and his Government have been holding. I said that such an arrangement appeared to me to be impossible, and that nobody could consent to it. I added that England had no selfish objects in view in the arrangements of Belgium, but that we wished Belgium to be really and substantially independent. That we were desirous of living upon good terms with France, but that any territorial acquisitions of France such as this which he contemplated would alter the relations of the two countries, and make it impossible for us to continue on good terms. I found since this conversation that he had been making similar propositions to Prussia about her Rhenish provinces, in the event of the possibility of moving the King of Saxony to Belgium and giving Saxony to Prussia. To-day he proposed to me that France should get Philippeville and Marienburg, in consideration of France using her influence to procure the election of Leopold for Belgium. I do not like all this; it looks as if France was unchanged in her system of encroachment, and it diminishes the confidence in her sincerity and good faith which her conduct up to this time had inspired. *It may not be amiss for you to hint, upon any fitting occasion, that though we are anxious to cultivate the best understanding with France, and to be on the terms of the most intimate friendship with her, yet that*

it is only on the supposition that she contents herself with the finest territory in Europe, and does not mean to open a new chapter of encroachment and conquest.

My dear Granville,

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

CCLXXXI.

Lord Palmerston to Sir H. L. Bulwer, Paris.

Carlton Terrace: September 27, 1840.

My dear Bulwer,—Notwithstanding the mysterious threatening with which Thiers has favoured us, I still hold to my belief that the French Government will be too wise and prudent to make war; and various things which come to me from different quarters confirm me in that belief. Besides, bullies seldom execute the threats they deal in; and men of trick and cunning are not always men of desperate resolves. But if Thiers should again hold to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you, and with that skill of language which I know you to be the master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive manner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war, she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile. I wish you had hinted at these topics when Thiers spoke to you; I invariably do so when either Guizot or Bourqueney begin to swagger, and I observe that it always acts as a sedative. I remind them that countries seldom engage in unprovoked war, unless they have something to gain by so doing; but that we should very soon have nearly three times the number of ships that France could put to sea, and must, therefore, have the command of all their interests beyond sea; and that even if we had not such a decided superiority upon our own bottom, Russia would be with us, and has a fleet equal to the fleet of France. These considerations perhaps might weigh more with Louis Philippe than with Thiers, but I am inclined to think that they *will weigh with some*

body or other at Paris. However, I may be mistaken, and the French may either make war, in spite of their assurances, or commit some violent and outrageous act of aggression against the Sultan, which the four Powers will be obliged to resent; in that case France must take the consequences, and her Government bear the responsibility.

While Thiers is telling you that this last absurd proposal of Mehemet is the last word of Mehemet and of France, Guizot is getting conveyed to me through all sorts of out-of-the-way channels, that if we would but make the most *trifling concession*, if we would give way the very least in the world, the French Government would jump at our proposals, and the whole thing might be settled satisfactorily (to France he means, of course). But as to the offer which has been modestly trumpeted forth as a concession, it happens to be just the reverse; for France has said for some time past that she would engage that Mehemet should be content with Egypt hereditary and Syria for his life; but now by a juggle he wants us to give Syria for the life of Ibrahim, which is nothing less than an anticipated inheritance of Syria for Ibrahim; and, therefore, something more instead of less than what was talked of by France before. Really Thiers must think us most wonderful simpletons to be thus bamboozled. As to concessions, the fact is, that, when four Powers make a treaty, they intend to execute it; and, as we made our whole extent of possible concession to France before the treaty, by offering to let Mehemet keep St. John of Acre, there is nothing more left that we can concede. If we go further at all, we must let Mehemet have Beyrout and Damascus, neither of which it is by any means possible to allow him to retain.

I conclude by the great anxiety that some parties have to settle the matter soon, though at our expense, that they look forward to a speedy settlement of differences at the Bourse at the expense of other people; and that, having made a large sum by the fall, they want to double their profits by the rise. Pray let me know when the next settling day happens at the French Bourse. I should like to know what day it will be, as I foresee that it will be a critical period. I hear that Flahault is coming over upon a special mission to the Court of Holland; but that will not be of any essential use to Thiers.

Metternich is just as stout and firm as we are, and Thiers' intrigues will fail there also. I must say I never in my life was more disgusted with anything than I have been by the conduct of certain parties—useless now to name—in all this affair.

I hear from persons who have been in Germany that the same feeling of indignation that is felt by us against the conduct of the French Government is felt by the Germans, and that France would find no friends beyond the Rhine. One notion of Thiers seems to be that he might attack Austria, and leave the other powers alone. Pray undeceive him in this, and make him comprehend that England is not in the habit of deserting her allies; and that if France attacks Austria on account of this treaty, she will have to do with England as well as with Austria, and I have not the slightest doubt on earth that she would find Prussia and Russia upon her also. It is quite impossible that the severe pressure brought upon all interests in France by Thiers should not soon begin to be felt, and that loud complaints should not force him to take his line one way or the other. You think he may then cross the Rubicon. I still think that he will be unwilling or unable to do so.

Yours sincerely,

PALMERSTON.

CCLXXXII.

On February 3, 1813, Leigh Hunt was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for an article in the 'Examiner,' in which the Prince Regent, who had been spoken of by the 'Morning Post' as an Adonis and a Mæcenas, was somewhat freely ridiculed. The result of the following letter to the governor of the gaol was that the poet was not only allowed to see his friends, but to decorate his cell in the most profuse manner; he was visited in the bower he made for himself by nearly all his distinguished literary contemporaries.

Leigh Hunt to Mr. Ives.

Surrey Jail: February 5, 1813.

Mr. Leigh Hunt presents his compliments to Mr. Ives, and puts down his wishes upon paper as requested.

His first and greatest wish, then, is to be allowed to have his wife and children living with him in the prison. It is to be observed, that his is a new case within these walls; and not only so,

but that his habits have always been of the most domestic kind, that he has not been accustomed to be from home a day long, and that he is subject, particularly at night-time, to violent attacks of illness, accompanied by palpitations of the heart and other nervous affections, which render a companion not only much wanted, but sometimes hardly to be dispensed with. His state of health is bad at the present moment, as anybody may see; not so bad indeed as it has been, and he wishes to make no parade of it; but quite bad enough to make him feel tenfold all the wants of his situation, and to render it absolutely necessary that his greatest comforts should not all be taken away. If it would take time, however, to consider this request, his next wish is that his wife and children be allowed to be with him in the day-time. His happiness is wound up in them, and he shall say no more on this subject except that a total separation in respect to abode would be almost as bad to him as tearing his body asunder.

His third and last request is, that his friends be allowed to come up to his room during the daytime; and if this permission be given, he will give his word that it shall not be abused. His physician has often declared that society is necessary to his health; but though he has been used to every comfort that domestic and social happiness can bestow, he is content with as little as possible, and provided his just wish be granted, could make almost any sacrifice.

This is all he has to say on the subject, and all with which he should ever trouble anybody. The hope of living in Mr. Ives's house he has given up; many privations, of course, he is prepared to endure; with the other regulations of the prison he has no wish to interfere; and from what little has already been seen of him in this place, he believes that every credit will be given him for conducting himself in a reasonable and gentlemanly manner; for as he is a stubborn enemy of what is wrong, so is he one of the quietest and most considerate friends of what is right. He has many private friends who would do their utmost for him; and his character, he believes, has procured him some public ones of the highest description, who would leave no means untaken for bettering his condition, but he would willingly leave his comforts to those about him. To conclude, he is prepared to suffer all extremities rather than do himself dishonour; but it is no dishonour

to have the feelings of a husband and a father : and till he is dead to them and to everything else, he shall not cease exerting himself in their behalf.

CCLXXXIII.

The last visit paid by Keats before leaving England in September 1820, was to the house of Leigh Hunt in Kentish Town. He died at Rome February 23, 1821, but Hunt, ignorant of his death, wrote the following letter to the friend who tended his sick-bed, in the hope that it might solace the dying poet.

Leigh Hunt to Joseph Severn.

Vale of Health, Hampstead : March 8, 1821.

Dear Severn,—You have concluded, of course, that I have sent no letters to Rome, because I was aware of the effect they would have on Keats's mind ; and this is the principal cause ; for, besides what I have been told of his emotions about letters in Italy, I remember his telling me upon one occasion that, in his sick moments, he never wished to receive another letter, or ever see another face, however friendly. But still I should have written to *you*, had I not been almost at death's door myself. You will imagine how ill I have been, when you hear that I have just begun writing again for the 'Examiner' and 'Indicator,' after an interval of several months, during which my flesh wasted from me with sickness and melancholy. Judge how often I thought of Keats, and with what feelings. Mr. Brown tells me he is comparatively calm now, or rather quite so. If he can bear to hear of us, pray tell him,—but he knows it already, and can put it into better language than any man. I hear that he does not like to be told that he may get better ; nor is it to be wondered at, considering his firm persuasion that he shall not recover. He can only regard it as a puerile thing, and an insinuation that he cannot bear to think he shall die. But if his persuasion should happen to be no longer so strong upon him, or if he can now put up with such attempts to console him, tell him of what I have said a thousand times, and what I still (upon my honour, Severn), think always, that I have seen too many instances of recovery from apparently desperate cases of consumption not to be in hope to the very last. If he cannot bear this, tell him—tell that great poet and noble-hearted man—that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our

hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it, as our loves do. Or if this, again, will trouble his spirit, tell him that we shall never cease to remember and love him; and that the most sceptical of us has faith enough in the high things that nature puts into our heads to think all who are of one accord in mind or heart are journeying to one and the same place, and shall unite somewhere or other again, face to face, mutually conscious, mutually delighted. Tell him he is only before us on the road, as he was in everything else; or whether you tell him the latter or no, tell him the former, and add that we shall never forget that he was so, and that we are coming after him. The tears are again in my eyes, and I must not afford to shed them. The next letter I write shall be more to yourself and more refreshing to your spirits, which we are very sensible must have been greatly taxed. But whether our friend dies or not, it will not be among the least lofty of your recollections by-and-by that you helped to soothe the sick-bed of so fine a being. God bless you, dear Severn.

Your sincere Friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

CCI,XXXIV.

John Wilson, the intimate friend of the Lake poets, and a Lakist himself, but better known as 'Christopher North,' has returned from a pedestrian tour with his wife in the Western Highlands; and overflowing with health and spirits writes the narrative of his adventures in the following jaunty letter to the 'Ettrick Shepherd.' We see the prolific critic in one of his raciest moods,—a mood foreshadowing the essay on 'Anglimania,' or the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.'

John Wilson to James Hogg.

Edinburgh: September 1815.

My Dear Hogg,—I am in Edinburgh, and wish to be out of it. Mrs. Wilson and I walked 350 miles in the Highlands, between the 5th of July and the 26th of August, sojourning in divers glens from Sabbath unto Sabbath, fishing, eating, and staring. I purpose appearing in Glasgow on Thursday, where I shall stay till the Circuit is over. I then go to Elleray, in the character of a Benedictine monk, till the beginning of November. Now pause and attend. If you will meet me at Moffat on October 6th, I will walk or mail it with you to Elleray, and treat you there with

fowls and Irish whisky. Immediately on receipt of this, write a letter to me, at Mr. Smith's Bookshop, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow, saying positively if you will, or will not do so. If you don't, I *will lick you*, and fish up Douglas Burn before you, next time I come to Ettrick. I saw a letter from you to M—— the other day, by which you seem to be alive and well. You are right in not making verses when you can catch trout. Francis Jeffrey leaves Edinburgh this day for Holland and France. I presume, after destroying the King of the Netherlands he intends to annex that kingdom to France, and assume the supreme power of the United Countries, under the title of Geoffrey the First. You, he will make Poet Laureate and Fishmonger, and me admiral of the Musquito Fleet.

If you have occasion soon to write to Murray, I pray introduce something about 'The City of the Plague,' as I shall probably offer him that poem in about a fortnight or sooner. Of course I do not wish you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy from you (if administered immediately) would be of service to me; but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say, you hear I am going to offer it to a London bookseller. We stayed seven days at Mrs. Izett's, at Kinnaird, and were most kindly received. Mrs. Izett is a great ally of yours, and is a fine creature. I killed in the Highlands 170 dozen of trouts. One day 19 dozen and a half, another 7 dozen. I, one morning, killed ten trouts that weighed nine pounds. In Loch Awe, in three days, I killed 76 pounds' weight of fish, all with the fly. The Gaels were astonished. I shot two roebucks, and had nearly caught a red-deer by the tail. *I was within half a mile of it at farthest.* The good folks in the Highlands are not dirty. They are clean, decent, hospitable, ugly people. We domiciliated with many, and found no remains of the great plague of fleas, etc., that devastated the country from the time of Ossian to the accession of George the Third. We were at Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Inverary, Dalmally, Loch Etive, Glen Etive, Dalness, Appin, Ballachulish, Fort William, Moy, Dalwhinny, Loch Ericht (you dog), Loch Rannoch, Glen Lyon, Taymouth, Blair Athole, Bruar, Perth, Edinburgh. Is not Mrs. Wilson immortalised?

I know of Cona. It is very creditable to our excellent friend,

but will not sell any more than the 'Isle of Palms,' or 'The White Doe.' The 'White Doe' is not in season; venison is not liked in Edinburgh. It wants flavour; a good Ettrick wether is preferable. Wordsworth has more of the poetical character than any living writer, but he is not a man of first-rate intellect; his genius oversets him. Southey's 'Roderic' is not a first-rate work; the remorse of Roderic is that of a Christian devotee, rather than that of a dethroned monarch. His battles are ill fought. There is no processional march of events in the poem, no tendency to one great end, like a river increasing in majesty till it reaches the sea. Neither is there national character, Spanish or Moorish. No sublime imagery; no profound passion. Southey wrote it, and Southey is a man of talent; but it is his worst poem.

Scott's 'Field of Waterloo' I have seen. What a poem!—such bald and nerveless language, mean imagery, commonplace sentiments, and clumsy versification! It is beneath criticism. Unless the latter part of the battle be very fine indeed, this poem will injure him.

Wordsworth is dished. Southey is in purgatory; Scott is dying; and Byron is married. ° Herbert is frozen to death in Scandinavia. Moore has lost his manliness. Coleridge is always in a fog. Joanna Baillie is writing a system of cookery. Montgomery is in a madhouse, or ought to be. Campbell is sick of a constipation in the bowels. Hogg is herding sheep in Ettrick forest; and Wilson has taken the plague. O wretched writers! Unfortunate bards! What is Bobby Miller's back shop to do this winter? Alas! alas! alas! a wild doe is a noble animal; write an address to one, and it shall be inferior to one I have written—for half a barrel of red herrings! The Highlanders are not a poetical people. They are too national; too proud of their history. They imagine that a *colleyshangy* between the Macgregors and Campbells is a sublime event; and they overlook mountains four thousand feet high. If Ossian did write the poems attributed to him, or any poems like them, he was a dull dog, and deserved never to taste whisky as long as he lived. A man who lives for ever among mist and mountains, knows better than to be always prosing about them. Methinks I feel about objects familiar to infancy and manhood, but when we speak of them, it is only upon great occasions, and in situations of deep passion. Ossian was probably born in a flat country

Scott has written good lines in the 'Lord of the Isles,' but he has not done justice to the Sound of Mull, which is a glorious strait. The Northern Highlanders do not admire *Waverley*, so I presume the South Highlanders despise *Guy Mannering*. The Westmorland peasants think Wordsworth a fool. In Borrowdale, Southey is not known to exist. I met ten men at Hawick who did not think Hogg a poet, and the whole city of Glasgow think me a madman. So much for the voice of the people being the voice of God. I left my snuff-box in your cottage. Take care of it. The Anstruther bards have advertised their anniversary; I forget the day.

I wish Lieutenant Gray of the Marines had been devoured by the lion he once carried on board his ship to the Dey of Algiers, or that he was kept a perpetual prisoner by the Moors in Barbary. Did you hear that Tennant had been taken before the Session for an offence against good morals? If you did not, neither did I! Indeed it is, on many accounts, exceedingly improbable.

Yours truly,

JOHN WILSON.

CCLXXXV.

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
 And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
 The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
 Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there.

Byron wrote the following note to his little poem, which opened in the words here quoted.

'Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October 1806 in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as might impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified the sacred functions he was destined to assume.'

Southey, the literary executor of this most amiable and unassuming lad who was free from those little eccentricities so commonly yoked to genius, was more impressed with the variety and abundance of the MSS. he had to investigate than he had been with a previous inspection of poor Chatterton's papers. 'Chatterton,' writes Southey, 'is the only youthful poet whom Kirke White does not leave far behind him.'

Henry Kirke White to John Charlesworth.

Nottingham: July 6, 1805.

Dear Charlesworth,—I beg you will admire the elegance of texture and shape of the sheet on which I have the honour to write to you, and beware lest, in drawing your conclusions, you conceive that I am turned exciseman;—for I assure you I write altogether in character;—a poor Cambridge scholar, with a patrimony of a few old books, an ink-horn, and some sundry quires of paper, manufactured as the envelopes of pounds of tea, but converted into repositories of learning and taste.

The classics are certainly in disrepute. The ladies have no more reverence for Greek and Latin, than they have for an old peruke, or the ruffles of Queen Anne. I verily believe that they would hear Homer's Greek without evidencing one mark of terror and awe, even though spouted by an University orator, or a Westminster Stentor. *O tempora! O mores!* the rural elegance of the twanging *French horn*, and the vile squeak of the *Italian fiddle* are more preferred than all the energy and all the sublimity of all the Greek and Roman orators, historians, poets, and philosophers put together. Now, Sir, as a classic, I cannot bear to have the honourable fame of the ancients thus despised and contemned, and therefore I have a controversy with all the beaux and belles, Frenchmen and Italians. When they tell me that I walk by rule and compass, that I balance my body with strict regard to the centre of gravity, and that I have more Greek in my pate than grace in my limbs, I can bear it all in sullen silence, for you know it must be a libel, since I am no mathematician, and therefore cannot have learned to walk ill by system. As for grace, I do believe, since I read Xenophon, I am become a very elegant man; and in due time shall be able to spout Pindar, dancing in due gradation the advancing, retrograde, and medium steps, according to the regular progress of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode. You and I will be very fashionable men, after the manner of the Greeks: we will institute an orchestra for the exercise of the *ars saltandi*, and will recline at our meals on the legitimate Triclinium

of the ancients, only banish all modern beaux and belles, to whom I am a professed and declared enemy.

So much for flippancy—

Vale!

H. K. WHITE.

CCLXXXVI.

In a note to a friend written six weeks before the following interesting letter, Kirke White complained that the least mental effort during the day brought on nervous horrors in the evening and a sleepless night. 'The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake, my life. I can only say the game is not yet decided.' In his letters to his mother and brothers he avoided these allusions to the alarming state of his health. The following was written soon after his twenty-first birthday and six months before his death.

Henry Kirke White to P. Thompson.

Nottingham: April 8, 1806.

Dear Sir,—I sincerely beg your pardon for my ungrateful disregard of your polite letter. The intervening period has been so much taken up, on the one hand by ill health, and on the other by occupations of the most indispensable kind, that I have neglected almost all my friends, and you amongst the rest. I am now at Nottingham, a truant from study, and a rejected votary at the shrine of Health; a few days will bring me back to the margin of the Cam, and bury me once more in the busy routine of college exercises. Before, however, I am again a man of bustle and occupation, I snatch a few moments to tell you how much I shall be gratified by your correspondence, and how greatly I think myself flattered by your esteeming mine worth asking for.

The little sketch of your past occupations and present pursuits interested me. Cultivate, with all assiduity, the taste for letters which you possess. It will be a source of exquisite gratification to you; and if directed as it ought to be, and I hope as it will be directed, it will be more than gratification, (if we understand pleasure alone by that word,) since it will combine with it utility of the highest kind. If polite letters were merely instrumental in cheering the hours of elegant leisure, in affording refined and

polished pleasures, uncontaminated with gross and sensual gratifications, they would still be valuable ; but in a degree infinitely less than when they are considered as the hand-maids of the virtues, the correctors as well as the adorners of society. But literature has, of late years, been prostituted to all the purposes of the bagnio. Poetry, in particular, arrayed in her most bewitching colours, has been taught to exercise the arts of the *Leno*, and to charm only that she may destroy. The Muse, who once dipped her hardy wing in the chastest dews of Castalia, and spoke nothing but what had a tendency to confirm and invigorate the manly ardour of a virtuous mind, now breathes only the voluptuous languishings of the harlot, and, like the brood of Circe, touches her charmed cords with a grace, that, while it ravishes the ear, deludes and beguiles the sense. I call to witness Mr. Moore, and the tribe of imitators which his success has called forth, that my statement is true. Lord Strangford has trodden faithfully in the steps of his pattern.

I hope for the credit of poetry, that the good sense of the age will scout this insidious school ; and what may we not expect, if Moore and Lord Strangford apply themselves to a chaster Muse ? They are both men of uncommon powers. You may remember the reign of Darwinian poetry, and the fopperies of Della Crusca. To these succeeded the school of *Simplicity*, in which Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, are so deservedly eminent. I think that the new tribe of poets endeavour to combine these two opposite sects, and to unite richness of language, and warmth of colouring, with simplicity and pathos. They have certainly succeeded ; but Moore unhappily wished to be a Catullus, and from him has sprung the licentiousness of the new school. Moore's poems and his translations will, I think, have more influence on the female society of this kingdom than the stage has had in its *worst period*, the reign of Charles II. Ladies are not ashamed of having the delectable Mr. Little on their toilet, which is a pretty good proof that his voluptuousness is considered as quite veiled by the sentimental garb in which it is clad. But voluptuousness is not the less dangerous for having some slight resemblance of the veil of modesty. On the contrary, her fascinations are infinitely more powerful in this retiring habit than when she boldly protrudes herself on the gazer's eye, and openly solicits his attention. The

broad indecency of Wycherly and his contemporaries was not half so dangerous as this *insinuating* and *half-covered mock* delicacy, which makes use of the blush of modesty in order to heighten the charms of vice.

I must conclude somewhat abruptly, by begging you will not punish my negligence towards you by retarding the pleasure I shall receive from your answer.

I am
Very truly yours
H. K. WHITE.

CCLXXXVII.

The great Scotch painter, although an abundant, was scarcely an easy or entertaining correspondent. But his straightforward description of his reception at Abbotsford has a charm for us which the passage of time can only intensify. It will be observed that up to this year, 1817, Scott had contrived to conceal, even from his own family, the authorship of the *Waverley Novels*.

Sir David Wilkie to Miss Wilkie.

Abbotsford: October 30, 1817.

My dear Sister,—Since my arrival here I made a journey up the Yarrow with Mr. Scott's friend, Mr. Laidlaw, and saw the Rev. Dr. Russell, who desired most particularly to be remembered to my mother. He seemed very happy to see me, and delighted to talk over many old stories. On coming down from Yarrow I went to meet Mr. and Mrs. Scott, at the Duke of Buccleuch's at Bowhill. Mr. Scott introduced me to the Duke and his family, and as it was a day on which there was to be a great cattle-show, there was a large assemblage of people at the place and an immense number invited to dinner. The dinner was given quite in the ancient style of Border conviviality. Mr. Scott presided at a by-table in the principal room, at which the Ballantynes, Hogg the poet, and some others, besides myself, were present. This gave occasion to our being toasted as the Table of the Talents, which made some merriment. The company sat till two o'clock. There was a great variety of songs, and before parting the gentlemen were so enthusiastic with music and with claret, that the song of *Weel may we a' be* was sung no less than five times, and *God save the King* about four times in full cry. I never saw such

a flow of conviviality and high spirits, and at the same time the greatest good-humour. I have been making a little group while here of Mr. Scott, Mrs. Scott, and all the family, with Captain Ferguson, and some other characters. They are so pleased with it that it has been taken to the Duke of Buccleuch's, when a request was made that I would paint a picture of the same kind of the Duke; but as this was going out of my line entirely, I felt it necessary to decline it. I have got a good way on with the picture: the Misses Scott are dressed as country girls, with pails as if they had come from milking: Mr. Scott as if telling a story: and in one corner I have put in a great dog of the Highland breed, a present to Mr. Scott from the Laird of Glengary. In the background the top of the Cowdenknowes, the Tweed, and Melrose (as seen from a hill close by) are to be introduced. I am not to bring the picture to town, as Mr. Scott wishes to show it to his mother, but he is to send it to me. I have never been in any place where there is so much real good-humour and merriment. There is nothing but amusement from morning till night; and if Mr. Scott is really writing 'Rob Roy,' it must be while we are sleeping. He is either out planting trees, superintending the masons, or erecting fences, the whole of the day. He goes frequently out hunting, and this morning there was a whole cavalcade of us out with Mr. and Miss Scott, hunting hares.

The family here are equally in the dark about whether Mr. Scott is the author of the Novels. They are quite perplexed about it: they hope he is the author, and would be greatly mortified if it were to turn out that he was not. He has frequently talked about the different characters himself to us, and the young ladies express themselves greatly provoked with the sort of unconcern he affects towards them. He has denied the Novels, however, to various people that I know; and though the family used to tease him at first about them, yet they dare not do it now.

D. W.

CCLXXXVIII.

We are indebted to Mr. F. W. Haydon, the son of Benjamin Robert Haydon, for the Life and Letters of his father, which were so warmly welcomed about three years ago. They offer one of the most striking illustrations in English literature of a

personal correspondence reflecting, almost to minuteness, the details of a chequered life. The *protégé* of Opie and Fuseli, the fellow-student of Wilkie, the tutor of Landseer, and the friend of most of the poets and wits of his generation, Haydon, as artist, lecturer, critic, and controversialist, lets us into the secret of his method and enthusiasm, his friendships and quarrels, his transitory successes and his many disappointments.

Benjamin Robert Haydon to John Keats.

May 11, 1817.

My dear Keats,—I have been intending to write to you every hour this week, but have been so interrupted that the postman rang his bell every night in vain, and with a sound that made my heart quake. I think you did quite right to leave the Isle of Wight if you felt no relief; and being quite alone, after study you can now devote your eight hours a-day with just as much seclusion as ever. Do not give way to any forebodings. They are nothing more than the over-eager anxieties of a great spirit stretched beyond its strength, and then relapsing for a time to languid inefficiency. Every man of great views is, at times, thus tormented, but begin again where you left off without hesitation or fear. Trust in God with all your might, my dear Keats. This dependence, with your own energy, will give you strength, and hope, and comfort.

I am always in trouble, and wants, and distresses; here I *found a refuge*. From my soul I declare to you I never applied for help or for consolation, or for strength, but I found it. I always rose up from my knees with a refreshed fury, an iron-clenched firmness, a crystal piety of feeling that sent me streaming on with a repulsive power against the troubles of life.

Never despair while there is this path open to you. By habitual exercise you will have habitual intercourse and constant companionship; and at every want turn to the Great Star of your hopes with a delightful confidence that will never be disappointed. I love you like my own brother. Beware, for God's sake, of the delusions and sophistications that are ripping up the talents and morality of our friend!¹ He will go out of the world the victim of his own weakness and the dupe of his own self-delusions, with the contempt of his enemies and the sorrow of his friends,

¹ Reference to Leigh Hunt.

and the cause he undertook to support injured by his own neglect of character.

I wish you would come up to town for a day or two that I may put your head in my picture.

I have rubbed in Wordsworth's, and advanced the whole. God bless you, my dear Keats! do not despair; collect incident, study character, read Shakespeare, and trust in Providence, and you *will* do, you must.

Ever affectionately yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

CCLXXXIX.

Benjamin Robert Haydon to Miss Mitford.

September, 1823.

Oh, human nature! and human criticism! Did mankind know the motives which instigate all criticism on living talent, or within ten years after its existence, how cautious it would be of suffering itself to be led by modern critics? . . .

When Keats was living, I could not get Hazlitt to admit Keats had common talents! Death seems to cut off all apprehensions that our self-love will be wounded by acknowledging genius. But let us see, and sift the motives of this sudden change. 'Blackwood's' people Hazlitt would murder, morally or physically, no matter which, but to murder them he wishes. To suppose Keats's death *entirely* brought on by 'Blackwood's' attacks is too valuable and mortal a blow to be given up. With the wary cunning of a thoroughbred modern review writer, he dwells on this touching subject, so likely to be echoed by all who have suffered by 'Blackwood's' vindictive animosities.

Now, Keats is an immortal; before, he was a pretender! *Now*, his sensitive mind withered under their 'murderous criticisms,' when, had Keats been a little more prominent, Hazlitt, as soon as any man, would have given him the first stab! He thus revenges his own mortification by pushing forward the sheeted ghost of poor fated Keats.

Hazlitt and his innamorata have now gone to Italy, the land of Art, and he has left 'the land of spinning jennies and Sunday-schools,' as he says—and, as he forgot to say, the land also of

Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Newton, Hampden and Locke.

In the 'Morning Chronicle' of yesterday is his first letter, full of his usual good things, and—bad things; but still I hope he will continue them. Any man who can leave England, and look back upon her shore and think only of spinning jennies and of nothing else, must be a bastard son. . . . Alas! what England suffers from her unnatural children! Disappointed painters, disappointed poets, disappointed statesmen, disappointed place-hunters, all unite to decry her genius, her worth, her grandeur, and her power.

CCXC.

Mr. Haydon's estimate of Wordsworth's poetry portrays with tolerable exactness the tone of public criticism half a century ago, criticism which Professor Shairp has succeeded in modifying in some directions and altogether dissipating in others. With regard to the second half of this letter it may be remembered that Byron never attempted to 'skin' Keats for his 'drivelling idiotism.' He recanted after reading 'Hyperion,' and deplored the early death of Keats as a loss to our literature.

Benjamin Robert Haydon to Miss Mitford.

[1824.]

You are unjust, depend upon it, in your estimate of Byron's poetry, and wrong in your ranking Wordsworth beyond him. There are things in Byron's poetry so exquisite, that fifty or five hundred years hence they will be read, felt, and adored throughout the world. I grant that Wordsworth is very pure and very holy, and very orthodox, and occasionally very elevated, highly poetical, and oftener insufferably obscure, starched, dowdy, anti-human and anti-sympathetic, but he will never be ranked above Byron nor classed with Milton, he will not, indeed. He wants the constructive power, the *lucidus ordo* of the greatest minds, which is as much a proof of the highest order as any other quality. I dislike his selfish Quakerism; his affectation of superior virtue; his utter insensibility to the frailties—the beautiful frailties of passion. I was once walking with him in Pall Mall; we darted into Christie's. A copy of the 'Transfiguration' was at the head of the room, and in the corner a beautiful copy of the 'Cupid and Psyche' (statues)

kissing. Cupid is taking her lovely chin, and turning her pouting mouth to meet his while he archly bends his own down, as if saying, 'Pretty dear!' You remember this exquisite group? . . . Catching sight of the Cupid, as he and I were coming out, Wordsworth's face reddened, he showed his teeth, and then said in a loud voice, 'The Dev-v-v-vils!' There's a mind! Ought not this exquisite group to have roused his 'Shapes of Beauty,' and have softened his heart as much as his old grey-mossed rocks, his withered thorn, and his dribbling mountain streams? I am altered about Wordsworth, very much, from finding him a bard too elevated to attend to the music of humanity. No, No! give me Byron, with all his spite, hatred, depravity, dandyism, vanity, frankness, passion, and idleness, to Wordsworth, with all his heartless communion with woods and grass.

When he came back from his tour, I breakfasted with him in Oxford Street. He read 'Laodamia' to me, and very finely. He had altered, at the suggestion of his wife, Laodamia's fate (but I cannot refer to it at this moment), because she had shown such weakness as to wish her husband's stay. Mrs. Wordsworth held that Laodamia ought to be punished, and punished she was. I will refer to it. Here it is—

She whom a trance of passion thus removed,
As she departed, not without the crime
Of lovers, who, in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wander in a joyless clime
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet in Elysian bowers.

I have it in his own hand. This is different from the first edition. And as he repeated it with self-approbation of his own heroic feelings for banishing a wife because she felt a pang at her husband going to hell again, his own wife sat crouched by the fire-place and chanted every line to the echo, apparently congratulating herself at being above the mortal frailty of loving her William.

You should make allowance for Byron's not liking Keats. He could not. Keats's poetry was an immortal stretch beyond the mortal intensity of his own. An intense egotism, as it were, was the leading exciter of Byron's genius. He could feel nothing for fauns or satyrs, or gods, or characters *past*, unless the association

of them were excited by some positive natural scene where they had actually died, written, or fought. All his poetry was the result of a deep feeling roused by what passed before his eyes. Keats was a stretch beyond this. Byron could not enter into it any more than he could Shakespeare. He was too frank to conceal his thoughts. If he really admired Keats he would have said so (I am afraid I am as obscure here as Wordsworth). So, in his controversy with Bowles, Byron really thought Pope the greater poet. He pretended that a man who versified the actual vices or follies was a greater, and more moral poet than he who invented a plot, invented characters which by their action on each other produced a catastrophe from which a moral was inferred. This at once showed the reach of his genius.

 CCXCI.

This entertaining narrative is inserted for the especial consideration and guidance of dramatic critics.

Benjamin Robert Haydon to Miss Mitford.

August 18, 1826.

How do you find yourself? — I heard you were poorly. What are you about? I was happy to hear of ——'s safe arrival again, and I shall be most happy to see him, though tell him he will find no more 'Solomons' towering up as a background to our conversations. Nothing but genteel-sized drawing-room pocket-history—Alexander in a nutshell; Bucephalus no bigger than a Shetland pony, and my little girl's doll a giantess to my Olympias. The other night I paid my butcher; one of the miracles of these times, you will say. Let me tell you I have all my life been seeking for a butcher whose respect for genius predominated over his love of gain. I could not make out, before I dealt with this man, his excessive desire that I should be his customer; his sly hints as I passed his shop that he had 'a bit of South Down, very fine; a sweetbread, perfection; and a calf's foot that was all jelly without bone!' The other day he called, and I had him sent up into the painting-room. I found him in great admiration of 'Alexander.' 'Quite alive, Sir!' 'I am glad you think so,' said I. 'Yes, Sir, but, as I have said often to my sister, you could not have painted that picture, Sir, if you had not eat my meat, Sir!'

'Very true,' Mr. Sowerby. 'Ah! Sir, I have a fancy for *genus*, Sir!' 'Have you, Mr. Sowerby?' 'Yes, Sir; Mrs. Siddons, Sir, has eat my meat, Sir; never was *such a woman for chops*, Sir!'—and he drew up his beefy, shiny face, clean shaved, with a clean blue cravat under his chin, a clean jacket, a clean apron, and a pair of hands that would pin an ox to the earth if he was obstreperous—'Ah! Sir, she was a wonderful crayture!' 'She was, Mr. Sowerby.' 'Ah, Sir, when she used to act that there character, you see (but Lord, such a head! as I say to my sister)—that there woman, Sir, that murders a king between 'em!' 'Oh! Lady Macbeth.' 'Ah, Sir, that's it—Lady Macbeth—I used to get up with the butler behind her carriage when she acted, and, as I used to see her looking quite wild, and all the people quite frightened, Ah, ha! my lady, says I, if it wasn't for my meat, though, you wouldn't be able to do *that!*' 'Mr. Sowerby, you seem to be a man of feeling. Will you take a glass of wine?' After a bow or two, down he sat, and by degrees his heart opened. 'You see, Sir, I have fed Mrs. Siddons, Sir; John Kemble, Sir; Charles Kemble, Sir; Stephen Kemble, Sir; and Madame Catalani, Sir; Morland the painter, and, I beg your pardon, Sir, and *you*, Sir.' 'Mr. Sowerby, you do me honour.' 'Madame Catalani, Sir, was a wonderful woman for sweetbreads; but the Kemble family, Sir, the gentlemen, Sir, rump-steaks and kidneys in general was their taste; but Mrs. Siddons, Sir, she liked chops, Sir, as much as you do, Sir,' &c. &c. I soon perceived that the man's ambition was to feed genius. I shall recommend you to him; but is he not a capital fellow? But a little acting with his remarks would make you roar with laughter. Think of Lady Macbeth eating chops! Is this not a peep behind the curtain? I remember Wilkie saying that at a public dinner he was looking out for some celebrated man, when at last he caught a glimpse for the first time of a man whose books he had read with care for years, picking the leg of a roast goose, perfectly abstracted! Never will I bring up my boys to any profession that is not a matter of necessary want to the world. Painting, unless considered as it ought to be, is a mere matter of ornament and luxury. It is not yet taken up as it should be in a wealthy country like England, and all those who devote themselves to the higher branches of Art must suffer the penalty, as I have done, and am doing. So I was told, and to no purpose. I opposed

my father, my mother, and my friends, though I am duly gratified by my fame in the obscurest corners. Last week a book-stall keeper showed me one of my own books at his stall, and, by way of recommending it, pointed out a sketch of my own on the fly-leaf, 'Which,' said he, 'I suppose is by Haydon himself. Ah! Sir, he was badly used—a disgrace to our great men.' 'But he was imprudent,' said I. 'Imprudent!' said he. 'Yes, of course; he depended on their taste and generosity too much.' 'Have you any more of his books?' said I. 'Oh! I had a great many; but I have sold them all, Sir, but this, and another that I will never part with.'

 CCXCII.

Benjamin Robert Haydon to William Wordsworth.

London: October 16, 1842.

In the words of our dear departed friend, Charles Lamb, 'You good-for-nothing old Lake-poet,' what has become of you? Do you remember his saying that at my table in 1819, with 'Jerusalem' towering behind us in the painting-room, and Keats and your friend Monkhouse of the party? Do you remember Lamb voting me absent, and then making a speech descanting on my excellent port, and proposing a vote of thanks? Do you remember his then voting me present?—I had never left my chair—and informing me of what had been done during my retirement, and hoping I was duly sensible of the honour? Do you remember the Commissioner (of Stamps and Taxes) who asked you if you did not think Milton a great genius, and Lamb getting up and asking leave with a candle to examine his phrenological development? Do you remember poor dear Lamb, whenever the Commissioner was equally profound, saying: 'My son John went to bed with his breeches on,' to the dismay of the learned man? Do you remember you and I and Monkhouse getting Lamb out of the room by force, and putting on his great coat, he reiterating his earnest desire to examine the Commissioner's skull? And don't you remember Keats proposing 'Confusion to the memory of Newton,' and upon your insisting upon an explanation before you drank it, his saying: 'Because he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing

it to a prism.' Ah! my dear old friend, you and I shall never see such days again! The peaches are not so big now as they were in our days. Many were the immortal dinners which took place in that painting-room, where the food was simple, the wine good, and the poetry 'first rate.' Wordsworth, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, David Wilkie, Leigh Hunt, Talfourd, Keats, &c., &c., attended my summons, and honoured my table.

My best regards to Mrs. and Miss Wordsworth, in which my wife and daughter join.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

CCXCIII.

The letters of De Quincey display his marvellous style in its most characteristic moods. He doffed his singing robes in addressing those dear to him, and aimed rather at securing sympathy than admiration. For sympathy, indeed, his tortured spirit is seen visibly pining through all the seventy-five years of his suffering existence, and to this is due, no doubt, that occasional excess of emphasis which has brought on his writing the charge of insincerity.

Thomas De Quincey to Jessie Miller.

Saturday morning: May 26, 1837.

My dear Miss Jessie,—In some beautiful verses where the writer has occasion to speak of festivals, household or national, that revolve annually, I recollect at this moment from his description one line to this effect—

Remembered half the year and hoped the rest.

Thus Christmas, I suppose, is a subject for *memory* until Midsummer, after which it becomes a subject for *hope*, because the mind ceases to haunt the image of the past festival in a dawning anticipation of another that is daily drawing nearer. 'Well,' I hear you say, 'a very pretty sentimental opening for a note addressed to a lady; but what is the *moral* of it?'

The moral, my dear Miss Jessie, is this—that I, soul-sick of endless writing, look back continually with sorrowful remembrances to the happy interval which I spent under your roof; and next after that, I regret those insulated evenings (scattered here and there) which, with a troubled pleasure—pleasure anxious and

boding—I have passed beneath the soft splendours of your lamps since I was obliged to quit the quiet haven of your house. Sorrowful, I say, these remembrances are, and must be by contrast with my present gloomy solitude; and if they ever cease to be sorrowful, it is when some new evening to be spent underneath the same lamps comes within view. *That* which is *remembered* only suddenly puts on the blossoming of *hope*, and wears the vernal dress of a happiness to come instead of the sad autumnal dress of happiness that has vanished.

Is this sentimental? Be it so; but then also it is intensely true; and sentimentality cannot avail to vitiate truth; on the contrary, truth avails to dignify and exalt the sentimental. But why breathe forth these feelings, sentimental or not, precisely on this vulgar Saturday? (for Saturday is a day radically vulgar to my mind, incurably sacred to the genius of marketing, and hostile to the sentimental in any shape). ‘Why?’ you persist in asking. Simply because, if this is Saturday, it happens that to-morrow is Sunday; and on a Sunday night only, *if even then*, I can now approach you without danger. And what I fear is—that you, so strict in your religious observances, will be dedicating to some evening lecture, or charity sermon, or missionary meeting, that time which *might* be spent in Duncan Street, and perhaps—pardon me for saying so—more profitably. ‘How so?’ Why because, by attending the missionary meeting, for example, you will, after all, scarcely contribute the 7th, or even the 70th, share to the conversion of some New Zealander or feather-cinctured prince of Owhyee. Whereas now, on the other hand, by vouchsafing your presence to Duncan Street, you will give—and not to an unbaptised infidel, who can never thank you, but to a son of the Cross, who will thank you from the very centre of his heart—a happiness like that I spoke of as belonging to recurring festivals, furnishing a subject for *memory* through one half of the succeeding interval, and for *hope* through the other.

Florence was with me yesterday morning, and again throughout the evening; and, by the way, dressed in your present. Perhaps she may see you before I do, and may tell you that I have been for some time occupied at intervals in writing some memorial ‘Lines for a Cenotaph to Major Miller of the Horse Guards Blue,’ and towards which I want some information from

you. The lines are about thirty-six in number; too many, you will say, for an epitaph. Yes, if they were meant for the *real* place of burial; but these, for the very purpose of evading that restriction, are designed for a cenotaph, to which situation a more unlimited privilege in that respect is usually conceded.

CCXCIV.

De Quincey declared, in writing to an old schoolfellow in 1847, that he had had 'no dinner since parting with him in the eighteenth century.' It is now believed that he suffered all his life from the terrible disorder known as gastrodynia, a nervous irritation and constant gnawing at the coats of the stomach. To relieve this, a happy instinct dictated to him the use of opium, without which his constitution must early have given way to that exhaustion and famishing of which he speaks. So, in the case of this illustrious person, the adage was curiously confirmed, that one man's meat is another man's poison.

Thomas De Quincey to his daughter, Margaret Craig.

Thursday, June 10, 1847.

My dear M.,—I am rather disturbed that neither M. nor F. nor E. has found a moment for writing to me. Yet perhaps it was not easy. For I know very seriously, and have often remarked, how difficult it is to find a spare moment for some things in the very longest day, which lasts you know twenty-four hours; though, by the way, it strikes one as odd that the shortest lasts quite as many. I have been suffering greatly myself for ten days, the cause being, in part, some outrageous heat that the fussy atmosphere put itself into about the beginning of this month—but what *for*, nobody can understand. Heat always untunes the harp of my nervous system; and oh heavens! how electric it is! But, after all, what makes me so susceptible of such undulations in this capricious air, and compels me to sympathise with all the uproars and *miffs*, towering passions or gloomy sulks, of the atmosphere, is the old eternal ground, viz.: that I am famished. Oh, what ages it is since I dined! On what great day of jubilee is it that Fate hides, under the thickest of table-cloths, a dinner for *me*? Yet it is a certain, undeniable truth, which this personal famine has revealed to me, that most people on this terraqueous globe eat too much. Which it is, and nothing else, that makes

them stupid, as also unphilosophic. To be a great philosopher, it is absolutely necessary to be famished. My intellect is far too electric in its speed, and its growth of flying armies of thoughts eternally new. I could spare enough to fit out a nation. This secret lies—not, observe, in my hair; cutting off *that* does no harm: it lies in my want of dinner, as also of breakfast and supper. Being famished, I shall show this world of ours in the next five years something that it never saw before. But if I had a regular dinner, I should sink into the general stupidity of my beloved human brethren.

By the way, speaking of gluttony as a foible of our interesting human race, I am reminded of another little foible, which they have rather distressingly, viz., a fancy for being horribly dirty. If I had happened to forget this fact, it would lately have been recalled to my remembrance by Mrs. Butler, formerly Fanny Kemble (but I dare say you know her in neither form—neither as chrysalis nor butterfly). She, in her book on Italy, &c. (not too good, I fear), makes this ‘*observe*’ in which I heartily agree—namely, that this sublunary world has the misfortune to be very dirty, with the exception of some people in England, but with no exception at all for any other island or continent. Allowing for the ‘*some*’ in England, all the rest of the clean people, you perceive clearly, must be out at sea. For myself, I did not need Mrs. Butler’s authority on this matter. One fact of my daily experience renews it most impertinently, and will not suffer me to forget it. As the slave said every morning to Philip of Macedon, ‘*Philip, begging your honour’s pardon, you are mortal,*’ so does this infamous fact say to me truly as dawn revolves, ‘*Tom, take it as you like, your race is dirty.*’ The fact I speak of is this—that I cannot accomplish my diurnal ablutions in fewer minutes than sixty, at the least, seventy-five at the most. Now, having an accurate measure of human patience, as that quality exists in most people, well I know that it would never stand this. I allow that, if people are not plagued with washing their hair, or not at the same time, much less time may suffice, yet hardly less than thirty minutes I think.

Professor Wilson tells on this subject a story of a Frenchman which pleases me by its *naïveté*—that is, you know, by its *unconscious* ingenuousness. He was illustrating the inconsistencies of

man, and he went on thus—‘Our faces, for instance, our hands—why, bless me! we wash them every day: our feet, on the other hand—*never!*’ And echo answered—‘*never.*’

CCXCV.

Worn with fever and wearied at last with that brilliant series of adventures in Greece and Turkey of which the public was soon to hear so much in prose and verse, Byron started homeward from Malta on June 3, 1811. This, the last of his letters on the voyage, closes the first epoch of his romantic career.

Lord Byron to Henry Drury.

Volage frigate, off Ushant: July 17, 1811.

My dear Drury,—After two years’ absence (on the 2nd) and some odd days, I am approaching your country. The day of our arrival you will see by the outside date of my letter. At present, we are becalmed comfortably, close to Brest Harbour;—I have never been so near it since I left Duck Puddle. We left Malta thirty-four days ago, and have had a tedious passage of it. You will either see or hear from or of me, soon after the receipt of this, as I pass through town to repair my irreparable affairs; and thence I want to go to Notts. and raise rents, and to Lancs. and sell collieries, and back to London and pay debts,—for it seems I shall neither have coals nor comfort till I go down to Rochdale in person.

I have brought home some marbles for Hobhouse;—for myself, four ancient Athenian skulls, dug out of sarcophagi—a phial of Attic hemlock—four live tortoises—a greyhound (died on the passage)—two live Greek servants, one an Athenian, t’other a Yaniote, who can speak nothing but Romaic and Italian—and myself, as Moses in the Vicar of Wakefield says, silyly, and I may say it too, for I have as little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his to the fair.

I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks to tell you I had swam from Sestos to Abydos—have you received my letter? Hodgson, I suppose, is four deep by this time. What would he have given to have seen, like me, the real Parnassus, where I robbed the Bishop of Chrissæ of a book of geography!—but this I only call plagiarism, as it was done within an hour’s ride of Delphi.

CCXCVI.

In 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which appeared in March, 1809, the gay young satirist spared none of his poetical contemporaries, and consequently the next five or six years had to witness the spectacle of the proudest of poets asking pardon in every direction. It is only fair to say that he did it with a very good grace, and this was his apology to the bard who reigned before him.

Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott.

St. James's Street: July 6, 1812.

Sir,—I have just been honoured with your letter. I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the 'evil works of my nonage,' as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the 'Lay.' He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of Princes, as they never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high

idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to manners, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman.

The interview was accidental. I never went to the levée; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, no business there. To be thus praised by your Sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—Excuse this scrawl, scratched in a great hurry, and just after a journey.

CCXCVII.

Byron, who affected indifference to literature, was in fact one of the typical men of letters of his time. Not even Southey shows more minute consideration of technical matters than the noble writer whose unique correspondence with his publisher has happily been preserved to us. Byron demanded the most unwearied editorial care from his printers, and some dereliction of duty, some neglect of the anise and cummin of the publisher's art, dictated this amusing outburst of wrath.

Lord Byron to John Murray.

2, Albany: April 29, 1814.

Dear Sir,—I enclose a draft for the money; when paid, send the copyright. I release you from the thousand pounds agreed on for the Giaour and Bride, and there's an end.

If any accident occurs to me, you may do then as you please; but, with the exception of two copies of each for yourself only, I expect and request that the advertisements be withdrawn, and the remaining copies of all destroyed; and any expense so incurred I will be glad to defray.

For all this, it might be as well to assign some reason. I have none to give, except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstances of consequence enough to require explanation.

In course, I need hardly assure you that they never shall be

published with my consent, directly, or indirectly, by any other person whatsoever,—that I am perfectly satisfied, and have every reason so to be, with your conduct in all transactions between us as publisher and author.

It will give me great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance, and to consider you as my friend.

Believe me very truly, and for much attention,
Your obliged and very obedient servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—I do not think that I have overdrawn at Hammersley's; but if that be the case, I can draw for the superflux on Hoare's. The draft is £5 short, but that I will make up. On payment—not before—return the copyright papers.

CCXCVIII.

Thus commences, auspiciously enough, that singularly deplorable connection over which so much scandalous speculation has been wasted, and so much vulgar curiosity exposed. That a union between the sea and a forest pool, between the most fiery and the most chilly of mortals, could continue long or terminate happily, was scarcely to be expected, yet who could foresee the end would be so near, the agony so intense?

Lord Byron to Thomas Moore.

Newstead Abbey: September 20, 1814.

Here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

My dear Moore,—I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted, and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be) *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with 'golden opinions of all sorts of men,' and full of 'most blest conditions' as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity,—which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London and got a blue coat.

She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not enquire. But I do know, that she has talents and excellent qualities; and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

Now, if you have any thing to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the mean time, I tell you (a secret, by the by,—at least, till I know she wishes it to be public.) that I have proposed and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow; but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing will give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that—that—in short, I wish I was a better. Ever, &c.

 CCXCIX.

This letter was written in a copy of 'Corinne' during Madame Guiccioli's absence from Bologna, it being Byron's whim to sit daily in her garden, among her books, at the usual hour of his visit. Fifty years afterwards the Italian lady essayed to write the memoirs of her lover, but the book was a disappointment to his admirers, for her memory had failed and she had no style.

Lord Byron to the Marchesa Guiccioli.

Bologna: August 25, 1819.

My dearest Teresa,—I have read this book in your garden;—my love, you were absent, or else I could not have read it. It is a favourite book of yours, and the writer was a friend of mine. You will not understand these English words, and others will not understand them—which is the reason I have not scrawled them in Italian. But you will recognise the handwriting of him who passionately loved you, and you will divine that, over a book which was yours, he could only think of love. In that word, beautiful in all languages, but most so in yours—*Amor mio*—is

comprised my existence here and hereafter. I feel I exist here, and I fear that I shall exist hereafter,—to what purpose you will decide; my destiny rests with you, and you are a woman, eighteen years of age, and two out of a convent. I wish that you had stayed there, with all my heart—or, at least, that I had never met you in your married state.

But all this is too late. I love you, and you love me,—at least, you say so, and act as if you did so, which last is a great consolation in all events. But I more than love you, and cannot cease to love you.

Think of me sometimes, when the Alps and the ocean divide us,—but they never will, unless you wish it.

BYRON.

CCC.

Byron was better suited to an Italian than to an English life. His habitual indolent good-nature, with flashes of vehement passion, was easily satisfied with Southern manners, and he had a peculiar felicity in describing them. He tells a tragical story here with great effect.

Lord Byron to Thomas Moore.

Ravenna: December 9, 1820.

I open my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is now lying dead in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o'clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Contessa G. when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall, I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for every body here, it seems, to run away from 'the stricken deer.'

However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite dead with five wounds, one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child—a surgeon who said nothing of his profession—

a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or anything around him but confusion and dismay.

As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried up stairs into my own quarter. But it was too late, he was gone—not at all disfigured—bled inwardly—not above an ounce or two came out.

I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him, all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him—an old gun, half filed down.

He only said, 'O Dio!' and 'Gesu!' two or three times, and appeared to have suffered little. Poor fellow! he was a brave officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all kinds of persons,—though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, without succour:—and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

Yours, &c.

P.S. The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure.—A queer people this.

CCCL.

In Byron's famous controversy with the Rev. W. L. Bowles upon the merits of Alexander Pope, whom the former gravely preferred to Shakespeare and Milton, there was something of wilful arrogance and something, too, of real critical insight. There was a tendency abroad at that time, in the flush of romantic revival, to depreciate the exquisite and polished art of Pope; yet it was scarcely the author of the 'Corsair' from whom a defence of Augustan poetry was to be expected. Nor did he altogether succeed 'in making manure of Bowles for the top of Mount Parnassus.'

Lord Byron to Thomas Moore.

Ravenna: May 3, 1821.

Though I wrote to you on the 28th ultimo, I must acknowledge yours of this day, with the lines. They are sublime, as well as beautiful, and in your very best mood and manner. They are also but too true.

However, do not confound the scoundrels at the heel of the boot with their betters at the top of it. I assure you that there are some loftier spirits.

Nothing, however, can be better than your poem, or more deserved by the Lazzaroni. They are now abhorred and disclaimed nowhere more than here.

We will talk over these things (if we meet) some day, and I will recount my own adventures, some of which have been a little hazardous, perhaps.

So, you have got the Letter on Bowles? I do not recollect to have said anything of you that could offend,—certainly, nothing intentionally. As for . . . , I meant him a compliment. I wrote the whole off-hand, without copy or correction, and expecting then every day to be called into the field. What have I said of you? I am sure I forget. It must be something of regret for your approbation of Bowles. And did you not approve, as he says? Would I had known that before! I would have given him some more gruel. My intention was to make fun of all these fellows; but how I succeeded, I don't know.

As to Pope, I have always regarded him as the greatest name in our poetry. Depend upon it the rest are barbarians. He is a

Greek Temple, with a Gothic Cathedral on one hand, and a Turkish Mosque and all sorts of fantastic pagodas and conventicles about him. You may call Shakespeare and Milton, pyramids, if you please, but I prefer the Temple of Theseus or the Parthenon to a mountain of burnt brick-work.

The Murray has written to me but once, the day of its publication, when it seemed prosperous. But I have heard of late from England but rarely. Of Murray's other publications (of mine), I know nothing,—nor whether he has published. He was to have done so a month ago. I wish you would do something,—or that we were together.

Ever yours and affectionately

B.

CCCLII.

These two letters tell their own story. They have been selected partly because they illustrate a singularly touching and romantic episode in the life of the great poet to whom they refer, and because of their own intrinsic merits. Mr. Sheppard's letter is a model of tact and good sense under circumstances of no ordinary delicacy, and Byron's reply proves that with all his cynical egotism his heart was far from being a stranger to generous emotions. His dissertation might perhaps, considering the occasion, have been spared; but the letter is very creditable to him.

John Sheppard to Lord Byron.

Frome, Somerset: November 21, 1821.

My Lord,—More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were 'God's happiness! God's happiness!' Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers which no one had seen during her life, and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your Lordship a passage from these papers, which there is no doubt, refers to your-

self, as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings.

‘Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of thy Word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee as for the transcendent talents thou hast bestowed on him) be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he has found this world’s enjoyments unable to procure. Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the Sun of righteousness, which, we trust, will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised around him, and the balm which it bestows, healing and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the great Author of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious!—cheer me in the path of duty;—but, let me not forget, that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good, (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of Christ’s death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really wish to serve him,) would soon dry up, and leave us barren of every virtue as before.

‘July 31, 1814.—Hastings.’

There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract which, in a literary sense, can *at all* interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of reflection how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others the Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M. De Lamartine; but here is the *sublime*, my Lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the supreme *Source* of happiness. It sprang from a faith more confirmed than that of the French poet, and from

a charity which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing. It would add *nothing*, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and joy,' may enter such a mind.

JOHN SHEPPARD.

CCCIII.

Lord Byron to John Sheppard.

Pisa: December 8, 1821.

Sir,—I have received your letter. I need not say that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite *sure* that it was intended by the writer for *me*, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances that you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know that, in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others,—for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) out of nothing, nothing can arise, not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself*: *who* can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all, that which he least can comprehend. I

have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke (who ended as an Arian), Bayle, and Gibbon (once a Catholic), and some others; while on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertius, and Henry Kirke White.

But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose, that

Video meliora proboque,

however the 'deteriora sequor' may have been applied to my conduct.

I have the honour to be

Your obliged and obedient servant

BYRON.

CCCIV.

A single specimen of Theodore Hook's absurdly facetious 'Ramsbottom Letters' is selected. The style has been imitated a good deal in our own day.

Miss Dorothea Ramsbottom to Mr. Bull.

Montague Place: January 6, 1825.

Dear Mr. Bull,—Why don't you write to us—or call? We are all of us well, and none of us no more, as perhaps you may suppose, except poor Mr. Ram,—of course you know of his disease, it was quite unexpected, with a spoonful of turtle in his mouth—the real gallipot as they call it. However, I have no doubt he is gone to heaven, and my daughters are gone to Bath, except Lavy, who is my pet, and never quits me.

The physicians paid great attention to poor Mr. Ram ; and he suffered nothing—at least that I know of. It was a very comfortable thing that I was at home shay new, as the French say, when he went, because it is a great pleasure to see the last of one's relations and friends.

You know we have been to Room since you heard from us—the infernal City as it is called—the seat of Popery, and where the Pop himself lives. He was one of the Carnals, and was elected just before we was there : he has changed his name, not choosing to disgrace his family. He was formerly Doctor Dallyganger, but he now calls himself Leo, which the Papists reverse, and call him Ole or Oleness. He is a fine cretur, and was never married, but he has published a Bull in Room, which is to let people committ all kind of sin without impunity, which is different from your Bull, which shoes up them as does any crime. He is not Pop this year, for he has proclaimed Jew Billy in his place, which is very good, considering the latter gentleman is a general, and not of his way of thinking.

Oh, Mr. Bull, Room is raley a beautiful place —We entered it by the Point of Molly, which is just like the Point and Sally at Porchmouth, only they call Sally there Port, which is not known in Room. The Tiber is not a nice river, it looks yellow ; but it does the same there as the Tames does here. We hired a carryletty and a cocky-olly, to take us to the Church of Salt Peter, which is prodigious big ;—in the center of the pizarro there is a baselisk very high—on the right and left two handsome foundlings ; and the farey, as Mr. Fulmer called it, is ornamented with collateral statutes of some of the Apostates. There is a great statute of Salt Peter himself, but Mr. Fulmer thinks it to be Jew Peter, which I think likely too—there were three brothers of the same name, as of course you know—Jew Peter the fortuitous, the capillary, and toe-nails ; and it is curos that it must be him, for his toes are kissed away by the piety of the religious debauches who visit his shin or shrine. Besides I think it is Jew Peter, because why should not he be worshipped as well as Jew Billy ?—Mr. Fulmer made a pun, Lavy told me, and said the difference between the two Jew Billies was, that one drew all the people to the *sinagog*, and the other set all the people *agog to sin*—I don't conceive his meaning, which I am afraid is a Dublin tender.

There was a large quire of singers, but they squeaked too much to please me—and played on fiddles, so I suppose they have no organs;—the priests pass all their time in dissolving sinners by oracular confusion, which, like transfiguration, is part of their doctoring—the mittens in the morning, and whispers at night, is just equally the same as at Paris.

Next to Salt Peter's Church is the Church of Saint John the Latter end, where the Pop always goes when he is first made—there is another basilisk here covered with highgroreffins. I assure you the Colocynth is a beautiful ruin—it was built for fights, and Mr. Fulmer said that Hel of a gabbler, an Emperor, filled his theatre with wine—what a sight of marvels Mr. B. oh so superb!—the carraway, and paring, and the jelly and tea-cup, which are all very fine indeed.

The Veteran (which I used foolishly to call the Vacuum till I had been there,) is also filled with statutes—one is the body of the angel Michael, which has been ripped to pieces, and is therefore said to be Tore—so—but I believe this to be a poetical fixture:—the statute of the Racoon is very moving, its tail is prodigious long, and goes round three on 'em—the Antipodes is also a fine piece of execution. As for paintings there is no end to them in Room—Mr. Raffles's Transmigration is, I think, the finest—much better than his Harpoons:—there are several done by Hannah Bell Scratchy, which are beautiful; I dare say she must be related to Lady Bell, who is a very clever painter, you know, in London. The Delapidation of St John by George Honey is very fine, besides several categorical paintings, which pleased me very much. The shops abound with Cammyhoes and Tallyhoes—which last always reminded me of the sports of the field at home, and the cunning of sly Reynolds a getting away from the dogs. They also make Scally holies at Rome, and what they call obscure chairs—but, oh, Mr. B. what a cemetery there is in the figure of the Venus of Medicine, which belongs to the Duke of Tusk and eye—her contortions are perfect.

We walked about in the Vicissitude, and hired a maccaroni, or as the French, alluding to the difficulty of satisfying the English, call them a 'Lucky to please,' and, of course, exploded the Arch of Tights and the Baths of Diapason. Poor Lavy, whom I told you was fond of silly quizzing, fell down on the Tarpaulin Rock in one

of her revelries—Mr. Fulmer said it would make a capital story when she got home, but I never heard another syllabub about it.

One thing surprised me, the Pop wears three crowns together, which are so heavy that they call his cap, a tiring. His Oleness was ill the last day we went to the Chapel at the Choir and all, having taken something delirious the day before at dinner; he was afterwards confined with romantic gout; but we saw enough of him after, and it was curious to observe the Carnals prostrating themselves successfully before him—he is like the German corn-plaster which Mr. Ram used to use—quite unavailable.

However, Mr. B. the best part of all, I think, was our coming home—I was so afraid of the pandittis, who were all in trimbush with arquebuses and Bagnets that I had no peace all the time we were on root—but I must say I liked Friskhearty; and Tiffaly pleased me, and so did Miss Senis's Villa and the Casket Alley; however, home is home, be it never so homely, and here we are, thank our stars.

We have a great deal to tell you, if you will but call upon us—Lavy has not been at the halter yet, nor do I know when she will, because of the mourning for poor Mr. Ram—indeed I have suffered a great deal of shag-green on account of his disease, and above all have not been able to have a party on Twelfth Night.—Yours truly,

DOROTHEA RAMSBOTTOM.

Pray write, dear Mr. B.

CCCV.

In the 'Fugglestone Correspondence' Theodore Hook made some quizzing remarks on an itinerant company of players which Charles Mathews, the elder, foolishly accepted as a deliberate insult to the profession to which he belonged. The short interruption which followed in the intimacy of these two old friends was removed by the following letter.

Theodore Hook to Charles Mathews.

Cleveland Row: March 5, 1829.

My Dear Mathews,—You are now about one of the oldest acquaintances I have (or just now have not); some of my happiest hours have been passed in your company; I hate mincing (except in a case of *veal*). There is a difference, not perhaps existing

between *us*, but between you *now* and yourself at other times. They (*on*) say that you have been annoyed with one of my tales, as if any man except a pacha had more than one; and our good-natured *friends*, bless them, make out that *you* are personally affected by some of the jokes about the Fugglestones, and other imaginary personages. Now, I verily believe that, if I had read that story to you before it was published, you would have enjoyed it more than any body who has read it; since to ridicule the bad part of a profession can be no satire upon the good; and, as I have said somewhere before, Lawrence might as well be annoyed at the abuse of sign-painters, or Halford angry at a satire upon quacks, as you personally with any thing reflecting upon the lower part of the theatrical world. From you yourself I verily believe I culled the art of ridiculing the humbugs of the profession. However, why you should suppose that I, after having for years (in every way I could) contributed—needlessly, I admit—to support your talents, merits, and character, professional and private, could mean to offend *you*, I cannot imagine. I can only say that nothing was further from my intention than to wound *your* feelings, or those of any other individual living, by what seemed to me a fair *travestie* of a fair subject for ridicule, and which I repeat never could apply to *you*, or any man in your sphere or station.

Now the upshot of all this is this,—where not the smallest notion of personal affront was contemplated, I think no personal feeling should remain. If *you* think so, come and call upon me, or tell me where I may pay *you* a visit. If you don't think so, why say nothing about it, and burn this letter. But do whichever of these things you may, rest assured I do not forget old associations, and that I *am*, and *shall be*, my dear Mathews, as much yours as ever.

And now, having said my say, I remain,

Yours most truly

THE. E. HOOK.

CCCVI.

When Mr. Bentley started his 'Miscellany' in the year 1837, with Charles Dickens for his principal contributor, he induced the Rev. R. H. Barham to assist the regular staff of collaborateurs with occasional offerings; and under the pseudonym of 'Thomas Ingoldsby' legend after legend appeared, and

gave popularity to the new venture. To the lady (the grandmother of the author of 'Tom Brown's School-days') to whom the following letter is addressed, Mr. Barham was indebted not only for constant supplies of legendary lore, but for the necessary incentive to continue the work he had commenced. He fully acknowledges this on the title-page of a presentation copy of the 'Legends.'

To Mrs. Hughes, who *made* me do 'em,
Quod placeo est—si placeo—tuum.

The Rev. R. H. Barham to Mrs. Hughes.

March 1, 1837.

My dear Madam,—Unluckily, I was too late for your last parcel, but the worthy Mr. Sharpe promises me this shall go. Enclosed you will have the *Spectre of Tappington*, the pictorial illustration to which I think I told you was Dick's. You will say, perhaps, he might have been better employed. You will also recognise Hampden Pye, transformed, for the nonce, into *Hamilton Tighe*, which rhymes as well and prevents all unpleasant feelings, or the chance of them. You will see also that other liberties have been taken with his story, which may, after all, perhaps be only supplying omissions; for if poor Hampden *was* shot, somebody must have shot him, and why not 'Hairy-faced Dick' as well as anybody else? The inference is most illogical and, I think, conclusive.

I have this moment sent Bentley a real Kentish legend, or rather the amalgamation of two into one, for his next number, which Mr. Dick has also undertaken to illustrate as before. I should much like to have your opinion of the *Miscellany*. At present it does not bear out Hook's prophecy; he said the title was ominous—'Miss-sell-any;' but, so far from this being the case, Bentley assures me he has sold six thousand of the last number, and that he considers the speculation now as safe. He has just given Charles Mathews five hundred pounds for his father's MSS., to form materials for a life of him, which Hook is to execute, and have five hundred more for the job. The book will be in three vols. with portraits, &c., and, as the editor is heart and soul in the affair, will, I have no doubt, be a most amusing one. *Jack Brag* is not yet out, but I have seen the proofs of all that is printed of it. It is not so good, certainly as

Gilbert Gurney, but is, nevertheless, full of fun, with some palpable hits in it.

Mrs. Clarke (*ci-devant*), whom you inquire after, is so far from quitting her Quickly occupation that she may be said to be now a double landlady, inasmuch as her new husband drives a roaring trade in another publichouse, between which and her own she vibrates as a sort of Bacchanalian pendulum. I have not yet seen the Rev. Sydney, though, as his month commences to-day, I presume I soon shall. Perhaps I ought to have called, as he sent me his pamphlet. He did not take in the Bishop [of Llandaff], who hit upon the forgery at first sight. The name of Vorstius alone fixed the chronology and detected the imposition, which, after all, is the funniest I have seen.¹ I am told the pamphlet has had a great effect upon the Commissioners, and that he will carry his point as to the patronage. To-morrow night's debate will let us into the secret.

What do you think of my Lord de Roos and Mr. Cumming? I enclose you the following epigram, which is an impromptu of Hook's:—

Cease your humming,
The matter's done:
Defendant's *Cumming*;
Plaintiff's Gone!

By the way, the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Chesterfield are said to have intimated their intention of supporting his Lordship, and the following hit at his Grace is going the round of the clubs. Somebody was saying that the Duke had already left his card with De Roos. 'Did he mark it?' was asked. 'Of course not,' was the answer. 'O, then,' said Poole, who often says very sharp things, 'it's clear he did not consider it an honour.' I wish Mr. Hughes could be prevailed upon to give *Bentley* a lift! Has he seen the book? My paper warns me to conclude, but I have just room to tell you that Mr. Tate has taken the living of Hutton, now vacant, and that Hawes has entered a *caveat* against

¹ Allusion to the story of the Synod of Dort, told by Sydney Smith in his Letter to Archdeacon Singleton on the Church Commission.

him, claiming the presentation himself in his capacity of almoner. I don't think he has a chance of establishing his claim.

Believe me to remain, as ever, &c.

R. H. BARHAM.

CCCVII.

Mr. Barham, like his intimate friend, Theodore Hook, possessed extraordinary facility in writing rhymed letters, birthday odes, and impromptu verses of all descriptions; but he rarely, if ever, attempted a *pun*. Of these funny trifles one of the best is the following note of invitation.

The Rev. R. H. Barham to Dr. Wilmot, of Ashford.

O Doctor! wilt thou dine with me
 And drive on Tuesday morning down?
 Can ribs of beef have charms for thee—
 The fat, the lean, the luscious brown?
 No longer dressed in silken sheen,
 Nor deck'd with rings and brooches rare,
 Say, wilt thou come in velveteen,
 Or corduroys that never tear?

O Doctor! when thou com'st away,
 Wilt thou not bid John ride behind,
 On pony, clad in livery gay,
 To mark the birds our pointers find?
 Let him a flask of darkest green
 Replete with cherry brandy bear,
 That we may still, our toils between,
 That fascinating fluid share!

O Doctor! canst thou aim so true
 As we through briars and brambles go,
 To reach the partridge brown of hue,
 And lay the mounting pheasant low
 Or should, by chance, it so befall
 Thy path be cross'd by timid hare,
 Say, wilt thou for the gamebag call
 And place the fur-clad victim there

And when at last the dark'ning sky
 Proclaims the hour of dinner near,
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And quit thy sport for homely cheer?
 The cloth withdrawn, removed the tray—
 Say, wilt thou, snug in elbow-chair,
 The bottle's progress scorn to stay,
 But fill, the fairest of the fair?

 CCCVIII.

Of all the literary and social lions who helped to render 'Gore House' famous, Lady Blessington regarded Walter Savage Landor with the greatest respect and honour.

As the author of the 'Imaginary Conversations' wrote chiefly to entertain himself, and had few competitors in the first rank of writers of English prose, it was scarcely necessary for the Countess to assure him (then in his sixtieth year), of his successes in literature. Mr. Landor was residing in Italy at this time.

Lady Blessington to Walter Savage Landor.

London, Seamore Place: March 16, 1835.

The introduction to your 'Examination'¹ is printed, and the 'Conference of Spenser and Lord Essex' follows the 'Examination,' and reads admirably in print. I have read all the proof sheets, and hope you will be satisfied with their correctness, and Messrs. Saunders and Otley have informed me that the book will be out in the course of this week. Of its success I entertain no doubt, though I have had many proofs that the excellence of literary productions cannot always command their success. So much depends on the state of the literary horizon when a work presents itself; the sky is at present much overclouded by the unsettled state of politics at home and abroad; but notwithstanding all this, I am very sanguine in my expectations about the success your book will have, and so are the publishers.

The 'Conference' is peculiarly interesting, as bearing on the state of Ireland, which, alas! now, as in the reign of Elizabeth, remains unsettled, unsatisfied and unsatisfying; resisting hitherto

¹ 'Examination on William Shakspeare,' by W. S. L.

the various remedies that have been applied to her disease by severe surgeons or timid practitioners. I think very highly of the 'Examination;' it is redolent with the joyous spirit of the immortal bard, with whom you have identified yourself; his frequent pleasantry wantons in the breast of song, while snatches of pathos break in continually in the prose. The 'Conference' is deeply interesting, and so dissimilar from the 'Examination' that it is difficult to imagine it the work of the same mind, if one did not know that true genius possesses the power of variety in style and thought. I wish you could be persuaded to write your memoirs; *what a treasure they would prove to posterity.*¹ Tracing the working of such a mind as yours, a mind that has never submitted to the ignoble fetters that a corrupt and artificial society would impose, could not fail to be highly interesting, as well as useful, by giving courage to the timid and strength to the weak, and teaching them to rely on their own intellectual resources instead of leaning on that feeble reed the world, which can wound but not support those who rely on it. Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer's new novel, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' has been out a fortnight; it is an admirable work, and does him honour. He refers to you in one of the notes to it as 'his learned friend Mr. Landor,' so you see you are in a fair way of being praised (if not understood) by the dandies, as his book is in the hands of the whole tribe. The novel is dedicated to our friend Sir William Gell. There is no year in which your fame does not gain at all sides, and it is now so much the fashion to praise you, that you are quoted by many who are as incapable of appreciating as of equalling you.

M. BLESSINGTON.

¹ Writing to his friend John Forster a quarter of a century after this hope had been expressed, Landor said, 'You may live to superintend such edition or selection of my writings as may be called for after my death. I place them in your hands with the more pleasure, since you have thought them not unworthy of your notice, and even your study, among the labours of our greatest authors, our Patriots in the best times. The world is indebted to you for a knowledge of their characters and their works: I shall be contented to be as long forgotten, if I arise with the same advantages at last.' Hence the well-known edition, completed in 1876.

CCCIX.

In the abundance of characteristic traits contained in the letters which Shelley wrote during his restless life in Italy, we are enabled to see in this 'eternal child' the union of the finest moral nature with poetic genius of exquisite sensibility. All the peculiar phases of his character are in these letters developed with sufficient distinctness to mark him as the strangest and most interesting of literary geniuses. In waging war against Christianity or the rights of marriage—against the rich and strong in favour of the poor and weak—against political corruption and social despotism, we see the young delicate enthusiast, with grand self-denial and earnestness, expending precious energy in an insatiable yearning to benefit his fellow-creatures.

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Henry Reveley.

Florence: November 17, 1819.

My dear Henry,—I was exceedingly interested by your letter, and I cannot but thank you for overcoming the inaptitude of a long disuse at my request, for my pleasure. It is a great thing done, the successful casting of the cylinder. May it be a happy auspice for what is to follow! I hope, in a few posts, to remit the necessary money for the completion. Meanwhile, are not those portions of the work which can be done without expense, saving time in their progress? Do you think you lose much money or time by this delay? All that you say of the alteration in the form of the boat strikes me, though one of the multitude in this respect, as improvement. I long to get aboard her, and be an unworthy partaker in the glory of the astonishment of the Livornese, when she returns from her cruise round Melloria. When do you think she will be fit for sea?

Your volcanic description of the birth of the cylinder is very characteristic of you and of it. One might imagine God, when he made the earth, and saw the granite mountains and flinty promontories flow into their craggy forms, and the splendour of their fusion filling millions of miles of the void space, like the tail of a comet, so looking, so delighting in his work. God sees his machine spinning round the sun, and delights in its success, and has taken out patents to supply all the suns in space with the same manufac-

ture. Your boat will be to the ocean of water, what this earth is to the ocean of ether—a prosperous and swift voyager.

When shall we see you all? *You* not, I suppose, till your boat is ready to sail—and then, if not before, I must, of course, come to Livorno. Our plans for the winter are yet scarcely defined; they tend towards our spending February and March at Pisa, where our communications will not be so distant, nor so epistolary. C—— left us a week ago, not without many lamentations, as all true lovers pay on such occasions. He is to write me an account of the *Trieste* steam-boat, which I will transmit to you.

Mrs. Shelley, and Miss C—— return you their kindest salutations, with interest.

Most affectionately yours

P. B. S.

CCCX.

During Shelley's visit to Byron at Ravenna in 1821, the latter suggested that Leigh Hunt should join them at Pisa in the autumn and share in the speculation explained in this letter. Shelley's modest refusal to participate in the business was doubtless sincere, although he at no time intended ever to be fettered in the expression of his opinions, nor would he compromise his friends by publishing such opinions in copartnership.

Percy Bysshe Shelley to Leigh Hunt.

Pisa: August 26, 1821.

My dearest Friend,—Since I last wrote to you, I have been on a visit to Lord Byron at Ravenna. The result of this visit was a determination, on his part, to come and live at Pisa; and I have taken the finest palace on the Lung' Arno for him. But the material part of my visit consists in a message which he desires me to give you, and which, I think, ought to add to your determination—for such a one I hope you have formed, of restoring your shattered health and spirits by a migration to these 'regions mild of calm and serene air.' He proposes that you should come and go shares with him and me, in a periodical work, to be conducted here; in which each of the contracting parties should publish all their original compositions, and share the profits. He proposed it to Moore, but for some reason it was never brought to bear. There can be no doubt that the *profits* of any scheme in which you

and Lord Byron engage, must, from various, yet co-operating reasons, be very great. As for myself, I am, for the present, only a sort of link between you and him, until you can know each other, and effectuate the arrangement; since (to entrust you with a secret which, for your sake, I withhold from Lord Byron) nothing would induce me to share in the profits, and still less, in the borrowed splendour of such a partnership.

You and he, in different manners, would be equal, and would bring, in a different manner, but in the same proportion, equal stocks of reputation and success. Do not let my frankness with you, nor my belief that you deserve it more than Lord Byron, have the effect of deterring you from assuming a station in modern literature, which the universal voice of my contemporaries forbids me either to stoop or to aspire to. I am, and I desire to be, nothing. I did not ask Lord Byron to assist me in sending a remittance for your journey; because there are men, however excellent, from whom we would never receive an obligation, in the worldly sense of the word; and I am as jealous for my friend as for myself; but I suppose that I shall at last make up an impudent face, and ask Horace Smith to add to the many obligations he has conferred on me. I know I need only ask. I think I have never told you how very much I like your 'Amyntas;' it almost reconciles me to translations. In another sense I still demur. You might have written another such poem as the 'Nymphs,' with no great access of efforts. I am full of thoughts and plans, and should do something, if the feeble and irritable frame which incloses it was willing to obey the spirit. I fancy that then I should do great things. Before this you will have seen 'Adonais.' Lord Byron, I suppose from modesty, on account of his being mentioned in it, did not say a word of 'Adonais,' though he was loud in his praise of 'Prometheus,' and, what you will not agree with him in, censure of 'the Cenci.' Certainly, if 'Marino Faliero' is a drama, 'the Cenci' is not—but that between ourselves. Lord Byron is reformed, as far as gallantry goes, and lives with a beautiful and sentimental Italian Lady, who is as much attached to him as may be. I trust greatly to his intercourse with you, for his creed to become as pure as he thinks his conduct is. He has many generous and exalted qualities, but the canker of aristocracy wants to be cut out.

CCCXI.

In the poem referred to in the following very characteristic letter, Shelley expressed his intense sympathy with the cause of Greek independence then struggling to assert itself. Shelley had an exaggerated admiration for everything Greek, and a hatred of everything Turkish. It was his opinion that 'we are all Greeks; our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts have their roots in Greece.' In expressing his views of Christianity the poet is, as usual, very outspoken.

Percy Byshe Shelley to —

Pisa : April 11, 1822.

My dear . . . ,—I have, as yet, received neither the . . . nor his metaphysical companions—*Time, my Lord, has a wallet on his back*, and I suppose he has bagged them by the way. As he has had a good deal of *alms* for oblivion out of me, I think he might as well have favoured me this once; I have, indeed, just dropped another mite into his treasury, called *Hellas*, which I know not how to send to you, but I dare say some fury of the Hades of authors will bring one to Paris. It is a poem written on the Greek cause last summer—a sort of lyrical, dramatic, non-descript piece of business. You will have heard of a *row* we have had here, which, I dare say, will grow to a serious size before it arrives at Paris. It was, in fact, a trifling piece of business enough, arising from an insult of a drunken dragoon, offered to one of our party, and only serious, because one of Lord B.'s servants wounded the fellow dangerously with a pitchfork. He is now, however, recovering, and the echo of the affair will be heard long after the original report has ceased.

Lord Byron has read me one or two letters of Moore to him, in which Moore speaks with great kindness of me; and of course I cannot but feel flattered by the approbation of a man, my inferiority to whom I am proud to acknowledge. Amongst other things, however, Moore, after giving Lord B. much good advice about public opinion, &c., seems to deprecate my influence on his mind, on the subject of religion, and to attribute the tone assumed in 'Cain' to my suggestions. Moore cautions him against my influence on this particular, with the most friendly zeal; and it is plain

that his motive springs from a desire of benefiting Lord B., without degrading me. I think you know Moore. Pray assure him that I have not the smallest influence over Lord Byron, in this particular, and if I had, I certainly should employ it to eradicate from his great mind the delusions of Christianity, which, in spite of his reason, seem perpetually to recur, and to lay in ambush for the hours of sickness and distress. 'Cain' was *conceived* many years ago, and begun before I saw him last year at Ravenna. How happy should I not be to attribute to myself, however indirectly, any participation in that immortal work! I differ with Moore in thinking Christianity useful to the world; no man of sense can think it true; and the alliance of the monstrous superstitions of the popular worship with the pure doctrines of the Theism of such a man as Moore, turns to the profit of the former, and makes the latter the fountain of its own pollution. I agree with him that the doctrines of the French, and Material Philosophy, are as false as they are pernicious; but still they are better than Christianity, inasmuch as anarchy is better than despotism; for this reason, that the former is for a season, and that the latter is eternal. My admiration of the character, no less than of the genius of Moore, makes me rather wish that he should not have an ill opinion of me.

Where are you? We settle this summer near Spezzia; Lord Byron at Leghorn. May not I hope to see you, even for a trip in Italy? I hope your wife and little ones are well. Mine grows a fine boy, and is quite well. I have contrived to get my musical coals at Newcastle itself. My dear . . . , believe me,

Faithfully yours,

P. B. S.

CCCXII.

In Sir Frederick Pollock's two volumes of interesting 'Reminiscences of Macready,' many highly characteristic letters of our great actor are given which point to the purity of his taste in matters dramatic and literary, and at once explain how that the English stage, during his reign, was elevated and refined, not so much by the comprehensiveness of his genius as by the hearty way he honoured his calling.

The Poet Laureate, in a sonnet composed for Macready on his retirement from the stage, bids him

Rank with the best,
 Garrick and statelier Kemble, and the rest
 Who made a nation purer through their art.
 Thine is it that our drama did not die
 Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime
 And those gilt gauds men-children swarm to see.

W. C. Macready to Frederick Pollock.

Bournemouth, Hants: August 9, 1853.

My dear Pollock,—In my desire to be furnished with abundant gifts to my adopted institution, for so the apathy of our Sherbornian magnates will justify me in calling it, I took advantage of yesterday's post to enclose a message of inquiry to you in my hasty acknowledgment of your's and Mrs. Pollock's kindness; and to-day I follow it with my apologies for pressing on you so startling an invitation in so abrupt a manner. This, however, I know you will readily excuse. Whether you will as readily feel disposed to come and tell my rustic friends who Dante was, what were his aims and objects of his life, and how they were frustrated, on what pinnacle of fame he stands, and what was the kind of work that placed him there—'that is the question.' If my lungs had held good, and my head were equal to the employment, I should apply their powers in this way, and endeavour 'to scatter plenty' of knowledge among my less fortunate fellow-men. But I am a worn-out instrument, and have to content myself with the manifestation of my will.

I was very much interested by your remarks on the German Hamlet. With much attention to the various criticisms I have seen on Devrient, I am disposed to regard him as a very second-rate mind. You characterise his performance as 'frigid and tiresome.' There is a volume in those two words. The morbidly acute sensibility and sensitiveness of Hamlet to be frozen up and stagnated in a declaiming and attitudinising statue or automaton leaves room for no further remark, but induces me to submit to you, whether you have not conceded more to the actor than he can rightly claim in pronouncing 'his understanding of the character to be correct.' We apply these terms of praise (and they are high praise) erroneously, I think, to a man who, in his delivery, shows us he understands the words he is uttering. But to fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motives, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words,

and thus possess oneself of the actual mind of the individual man, is the highest reach of the player's art, and is an achievement that I have discerned but in few. Kean—when under the impulse of his genius he seemed to *clutch* the whole idea of the man—was an extraordinary instance among those possessing the faculty of impersonation. But if he missed the character in his first attempt at conception, he never could recover it by study. Mrs. Siddons, in a loftier style, and to a greater extent, had this intuitive power. Indeed, she was a marvel—I might almost say a miracle. John Kemble is greatly overrated, I think, by the clever men, who, in their first enthusiasm, caught a glimpse of the skirts of his glory. Neither in Hamlet nor Macbeth, nor even in the passionate parts of Coriolanus did he give me the power of belief in him. He was very clever in points and magnificent in person. But what am I doing, and where have I been led? reading you a dull discourse on matters that you must be very indifferent about. Well, as Falstaff says of himself I may say of the Prince of Denmark, 'I have much more to say on behalf of that same Hamlet,' but I cannot help smiling as I think of the much already said.

I grow very angry in turning to politics, and hating war as I do, cannot help wishing that crafty and grasping barbarian Czar may have his battalions pushed into the Pruth, Cronstadt and Odessa beaten about his ears, and some dexterous Orloff afterwards found to relieve mankind from his tyrannous machinations! You see what a sanguinary politician I am! I must admit a most cordial abhorrence of Russian Czars and Czarinas, from Peter the Brute, inclusive, down to this worthy descendant, who regards himself as having a mission to stop the march of human progress! *Quousque tandem?* I am looking for Forster in about a month, though he tells me he has fallen lame again since his return from Lillies.

I am ever always, dear Pollock,

Most sincerely yours

W. C. MACREADY.

CCCXIII.

Mr. Macready explains the process by which he checked a tendency to redundancy of *action* in his early days. He also speaks of the frequent use of looking-glasses to reflect his postures. Madlle. Rachel's *salon d'étude* in Paris was fitted with mirrors so ingeniously arranged, both on the walls and the ceiling, that the effect of the merest movement of the body and the smallest fold in the drapery of her garments could be observed by her.

W. C. Macready to Mrs. Pollock.

Sherborne : June 20, 1856.

My Dear Mrs. Pollock,—In a letter written to me 'on Thursday morning,' you make inquiry of me whether it is true that, in my youth, my action was redundant, and that I took extraordinary pains to chasten it? It is rather hard to give evidence on occurrences of so remote a date. Indeed, I must make myself quite certain whether I ever knew such a period as that of youth before I can answer your question. Of that, however, I will not at present treat, but inform you that there was a time when my action was redundant—when I was taught to attempt to imitate in gesture the action I might be relating, or to figure out some idea of the images of my speech. How was I made sensible of this offence against good taste? I very soon had misgivings suggested by my own observation of actual life. These became confirmed by remarking how sparingly, and therefore how effectively, Mrs. Siddons had recourse to gesticulation. In the beginning of one of the chapters of 'Peregrine Pickle' is the description of an actor (who must have been Quin) in Zanga, elaborately accompanying by gesture the narration of Alonzo's emotions on discovering and reading a letter; the absurdity is so apparent that I could not be blind to it, and applied the criticism to myself in various situations, which might have tempted me to something like the same extravagance. A line in the opening of one of the Cantos of Dante—I do not immediately remember it—made a deep impression on me in suggesting to me the dignity of repose; and so a theory became gradually formed in my mind, which was practically demonstrated to me to be a correct one, when I saw Talma act, whose every movement was a change of subject for the sculptor's or the painter's

study. Well, as my opinions were thus undergoing a transition, my practice moved in the same direction, and I adopted all the modes I could devise to acquire the power of exciting myself into the wildest emotions of passion, coercing my limbs to perfect stillness. I would lie down on the floor, or stand straight against a wall, or get my arms within a bandage, and, so pinioned or confined, repeat the most violent passages of Othello, Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, or whatever would require most energy and emotion ; I would speak the most passionate bursts of rage under the supposed constraint of *whispering them* in the ear of him or her to whom they were addressed, thus keeping both voice and gesture in subjection to the real impulse of the feeling.—‘Such was my process.’ Perhaps when I have the pleasure of seeing you I may make myself more intelligible, if you desire further acquaintance with my youthful discipline. I was obliged also to have frequent recourse to the looking-glass, and had two or three large ones in my room to reflect to myself each view of the posture I might have fallen into, besides being under the necessity of acting the passion close to a glass to restrain the tendency to exaggerate its expression—which was the most difficult of all—to repress the ready frown, and keep the features, perhaps I should say the muscles of the face, undisturbed, whilst intense passion would speak from the eye alone. The easier an actor makes his art appear, the greater must have been the pains it cost him. I do not think it difficult to act like Signora Ristori ; it seems to me merely a melodramatic abandonment or lashing up to a certain point of excitement. It is not so good as Rachel, nor to be compared with such acting as that of Siddons and O’Neill. But you will have cried, ‘Hold, enough!’ long since. Will you give my love to your husband, and ask him for me the name of his optical instrument maker. I want to send some articles to be refitted, and, from Willie’s enthusiasm about his telescope, I hope I may derive some benefit from his acquaintance. I have a great deal to tell you, if I had time to gossip, but I am sure here is more than sufficient for one post. All loves from home. Mine to your little boys.

Believe me

Yours most sincerely,

W. C. MACREADY.

CCCXIV.

There is scarcely a page of the two volumes of the 'Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold,' by Dean Stanley, which does not throw a beam of light on the character of one of the most interesting, zealous, and useful men of this century. Few are the instances, even in modern biographical literature, in which so forcible a representation of character is given by means of epistolary correspondence. From the abundance of his earnestness—for this is the most striking of his characteristics—we who had not the advantage of falling within the sphere of his influence, may snatch from his letters most vivid glimpses of his work as a church reformer, a political thinker, a scholarly author, a friend of the working classes, and greatest of all, as a schoolmaster. It is not merely within the precincts of Rugby School that his name is a household word.

The Rev. Thomas Arnold, D.D., to the Rev. F. C. Blackstone.

Rugby: September 28, 1828.

It is, indeed, a long time since I wrote to you, and there has been much of intense interest in the period which has elapsed since I did write. But it has been quite an engrossing occupation; and Thucydides and everything else has gone to sleep while I have been attending to it. Now it is becoming more familiar to me, but still the actual employment of time is very great, and the matters for thought which it affords are almost endless. Still I get my daily exercise and bathing very happily, so that I have been, and am, perfectly well, and equal in strength and spirits to the work. For myself, I like it hitherto beyond my expectation, but, of course, a month is a very short time to judge from. I am trying to establish something of a friendly intercourse with the Sixth Form, by asking them, in succession, in parties of four, to dinner with us, and I have them each separately up into my room to look over their exercises. I mean to bring in something like 'gatherings' before it is long, for they understand that I have not done with my alterations, nor probably ever shall have; and I am going to have an examination for every form in the school, at the end of the short half-year, in all the business of the half-year, Divinity, Greek and Latin, Arithmetic, History, Geography, and Chronology, with first and second classes, and prize books for those who do well.

I find that my power is perfectly absolute, so that I have no excuse if I do not try to make the school something like my beau ideal—it is sure to fall far enough short in reality. There has been no flogging yet, (and I hope that there will be none,) and surprisingly few irregularities. I chastise, at first, by very gentle impositions, which are raised for a repetition of offences—flogging will be only my ratio ultima—and *talking* I shall try to the utmost. I believe that boys may be governed a great deal by gentle methods and kindness, and appealing to their better feelings, if you show that you are not afraid of them. I have seen great boys, six feet high, shed tears when I have sent for them up into my room and spoken to them quietly, in private, for not knowing their lesson, and I have found that this treatment produced its effects afterwards, in making them do better. But, of course, deeds must second words when needful, or words will soon be laughed at.

 CCCXV.

The Rev. Thomas Arnold, D.D., to an old pupil at Oxford.

February 25, 1833.

It always grieves me to hear that a man does not like Oxford. I was so happy there myself, and above all, so happy in my friends, that its associations to my mind are purely delightful. But, of course, in this respect, everything depends upon the society you fall into. If this be uncongenial, the place can have no other attractions than those of a town full of good libraries.

The more we are destitute of opportunities for indulging our feelings, as is the case when we live in uncongenial society, the more we are apt to crisp and harden our outward manner to save our real feelings from exposure. Thus I believe that some of the most delicate-minded men get to appear actually coarse from their unsuccessful efforts to mask their real nature. And I have known men disagreeably forward from their shyness. But I doubt whether a man does not suffer from a habit of self-constraint, and whether his feelings do not become really, as well as apparently, chilled. It is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule; or, which comes to the same thing, to be conscious thoroughly that what we have in us of noble and delicate is not ridiculous to any

but fools, and that, if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them.

I shall really be very glad to hear from you at any time, and I will write to the best of my power on any subject on which you want to know my opinion. As for anything more, I believe that the one great lesson for us all is, that we should daily pray for an 'increase of faith.' There is enough of iniquity abounding to make our love in danger of waxing cold; it is well said, therefore, 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me.' By which I understand that it is not so much general notions of Providence which are our best support, but a sense of the personal interest, if I may so speak, taken in our welfare by Him who died for us and rose again. May His Spirit strengthen us to do His will, and to bear it, in power, in love, and in wisdom. God bless you.

CCCXVI.

This letter was written while Coleridge was staying at Fox How with the Doctor's family.

The Rev. Thomas Arnold, D.D., to Mr. Justice Coleridge.

Rugby: September 23, 1836.

If you have the same soft air that is now breathing round us, and the same bright sun playing on the trees, which are full charged with the freshness of last night's rain, you must, I think, be in a condition to judge well of the beauty of Fox How. It is a real delight to think of you as at last arrived there, and to feel that the place which we so love is enjoyed by such dear friends, who can enjoy it fully. I congratulate you on your deliverance from Lancaster Castle, and by what you said in your last letter, you are satisfied, I imagine, with the propriety of the verdict. Now you can not only see the mountains afar off, but feel them in eyes, lungs, and mind; and a mighty influence I think it is. I often used to think of the solemn comparison in the Psalm, 'the hills stand about Jerusalem; even so standeth the Lord round about His people.' The girdling in of the mountains round the valley of our home is as apt an image as any earthly thing can be of the encircling of the everlasting arms, keeping off evil, and showering all good.

But my great delight in thinking of you at Fox How is mixed

with no repining that I cannot be there myself. We have had our holyday, and it was a long and most agreeable one; and Nemesis might well be angry, if I was not now ready and glad to be at work again. Besides, I think that the School is again in a very hopeful state; the set, which rather weighed us down during the last year, is now broken and dispersed; and the tide is again, I trust, at flood, and will, I hope, go on so. You would smile to see the zeal with which I am trying to improve the Latin verse, and the difficulty which I find in doing it. But I stand in amaze at the utter want of poetical feeling in the minds of the majority of boys. They cannot in the least understand either Homer or Virgil; they cannot follow out the strong graphic touches which, to an active mind, suggest such infinitely varied pictures, and yet leave it to the reader to draw them for himself on the hint given. But my delight in going over Homer and Virgil with the boys makes me think what a treat it must be to teach Shakespeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him, line by line, and word by word, in the way that nothing but a translation lesson ever will enable one to do; and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped as it were in such an atmosphere of brilliance. And how could this ever be done without having the process of construing, as the grosser medium through which alone all the beauty can be transmitted, because else we travel too fast, and more than half of it escapes us? Shakespeare, with English boys, would be but a poor substitute for Homer; but I confess that I should be glad to get Dante and Goethe now and then in the room of some of the Greek tragedians and of Horace; or rather not in their room, but mixed up along with them. I have been trying something of this in French, as I am now going through, with the Sixth Form, Barante's beautiful *Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-huitième Siècle*.

I thought of you the other day, when one of my fellows translated to me that splendid paragraph, comparing Voltaire to the Babouc of one of his own romances, for I think you first showed me the passage many years ago. Now, by going through Barante in this way, one gets it thoroughly; and with a really good book, I think it is a great gain.

CCCXVII.

Rev. Thomas Arnold, D.D., to the Rev. G. Cornish.

Fox How: July 6, 1839.

As I believe that the English universities are the best place in the world for those who can profit by them, so I think for the idle and self-indulgent they are about the very worst, and I would far rather send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages. Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe it, except to the great number of exciting books of amusement, like *Pickwick* and *Nickleby*, *Bentley's Magazine*, &c. &c. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetite of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in comparison, but for good literature of all sorts, even for *History* and for *Poetry*.

I went up to Oxford to the Commemoration, for the first time for twenty-one years; to see *Wordsworth* and *Bunsen* receive their degrees; and to me, remembering how old *Coleridge* inoculated a little knot of us with the love of *Wordsworth*, when his name was in general a by-word, it was striking to witness the thunders of applause, repeated over and over again, with which he was greeted in the Theatre by Undergraduates and Masters of Arts alike.

CCCXVIII.

This letter was written from *Leatherhead*, and during the composition of '*Endymion*,' to *Mr. Bailey*, a very sympathetic friend of *Keats*, who barely survived him.

John Keats to W. Bailey.

October 8, 1817.

My dear *Bailey*,—I refused to visit *Shelley*, that I might have my own unfettered scope. . . . As to what you say about my being a Poet, I can return no answer but by saying that the high idea I have of poetical fame makes me think I see it towering too high above me. At any rate I have no right to talk until

'Endymion' is finished. It will be a test, a trial of my powers of imagination, and chiefly of my invention,—which is a rare thing indeed—by which I must make 4000 lines of one bare circumstance and fill them with poetry. And when I consider that this is a great task, and that when done it will take me but a dozen paces towards the Temple of Fame,—it makes me say—'God forbid that I should be without such a task!' I have heard Hunt say, and I may be asked, '*Why endeavour after a long poem?*' To which I should answer, 'Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading,—which may be food for a week's stroll in the summer?' not that they like this better than what they can read through before Mrs. Williams comes down stairs?—a morning's work at most.

Besides, a long poem is a test of invention, which I take to be the polar star of poetry, as Fancy is the sails, and Imagination the rudder. Did our great poets ever write short pieces? I mean, in the shape of Tales. This same invention seems indeed of late years to have been forgotten in a partial excellence. But enough of this—I put on no laurels till I have finished 'Endymion,' and I hope Apollo is not enraged at my having made mockery of him at Hunt's.

The little mercury I have taken has corrected the poison and improved my health—though I feel from my employment that I shall never again be secure in robustness. Would that you were as well as

Your sincere Friend and Brother

JOHN KEATS.

CCCXIX.

Written at the most fecund moment of Keats' life, when he had just completed 'Isabella' and 'St. Agnes' Eve,' and had laid 'Lamia' aside unfinished that he might give his whole strength to 'Hyperion.'

John Keats to W. Reynolds.

Winchester: August 25, 1819.

My dear Reynolds,—By this post I write to Rice, who will tell you why we have left Shanklin, and how we like the place.

I have indeed scarcely anything else to say, leading so monotonous a life, unless I was to give you a history of sensations and day nightmares. You would not find me at all unhappy in it, as all my thoughts and feelings, which are of the selfish nature, home speculations, every day continue to make me more iron. I am convinced more and more, every day, that fine writing is, next to fine doing, the top thing in the world; the 'Paradise Lost' becomes a greater wonder. The more I know what my diligence may in time probably effect, the more does my heart distend with pride and obstinacy. I feel it in my power to become a popular writer. I feel it in my power to refuse the poisonous suffrage of a public. My own being, which I know to be, becomes of more consequence to me than the crowds of shadows in the shape of men and women that inhabit a kingdom. The soul is a world of itself, and has enough to do in its own home. Those whom I know already and who have grown as it were a part of myself, I could not do without; but for the rest of mankind, they are as much a dream to me as Milton's 'Hierarchies.' I think if I had a free and healthy and lasting organisation of heart, and lungs as strong as an ox so as to be able to bear unhurt the shock of extreme thought and sensation without weariness, I could pass my life very nearly alone, though it should last eighty years. But I feel my body too weak to support me to this height; I am obliged continually to check myself, and be nothing.

It would be vain for me to endeavour after a more reasonable manner of writing to you. I have nothing to speak of but myself, and what can I say but what I feel? If you should have any reason to regret this state of excitement in me, I will turn the tide of your feelings in the right channel, by mentioning that it is the only state for the best sort of poetry—that is all I care for, all I live for. Forgive me for not filling up the whole sheet; letters become so irksome to me, that the next time I leave London I shall petition them all to be spared me. To give me credit for constancy, and at the same time waive letter-writing, will be the highest indulgence I can think of.

Ever your affectionate Friend,

JOHN KEATS.

CCCXX.

During the very last days of his health, Hood was induced to march across Germany with the 19th Polish Infantry, a regiment in which his friend Franck was an officer. He wrote, 'I pass for very hardy, if not foolhardy, I slight the cold so,' and it is to be feared that exposure during this voluntary campaign commenced his fatal illness. This letter was sent from Halle to his child, who was then residing with her mother at Coblenz.

Thomas Hood to his Daughter.

Halle : October 23, 1837.

My dear Fanny,—I hope you are as good still as when I went away—a comfort to your good mother and a kind playfellow to your little brother. Mind you tell him my horse eats bread out of my hand, and walks up to the officers who are eating, and pokes his nose into the women's baskets. I wish I could give you both a ride. I hope you liked your paints; pray keep them out of Tom's way, as they are poisonous. I shall have rare stories to tell you when I come home; but mind, you must be good till then, or I shall be as mute as a stockfish. Your mama will show you on the map where I was when I wrote this; and when she writes will let you put in a word. You would have laughed to see your friend Wildegans running after the sausage boy to buy a 'würst.' There was hardly an officer without one in his hand smoking hot. The men piled their guns on the grass, and sat by the side of the road, all munching at once like ogres. I had a pocket full of bread and butter, which soon went into my 'cavities,' as Mrs. Dilke calls them. I only hope I shall not get so hungry as to eat my horse. I know I need not say, keep school and mind your book, as you love to learn. You can have Minna sometimes, her papa says.

Now God bless you, my dear little girl, my pet, and think of your

Loving Father

THOMAS HOOD.

CCCXXI.

This is a fair example of the every-day correspondence of that creature of infinite jest whose life had already become one long and brave struggle against diseases. Under the name of Peter Priggins is disguised Mr. J. T. Hewlett, one of the chief contributors to 'Hood's Magazine.'

Thomas Hood to Charles Dickens.

My Dear Dickens,—Only thinking of the pleasure of seeing you again, with Mrs. Dickens, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I never remembered, till I got home to my wife, who is also my flapper (not a young wild duck, but a Remembrancer of Laputa), that I have been booked to shoot some rabbits—if I can—at Wantage, in Berks, a reverend friend called 'Peter Priggins,' will be waiting for me, by appointment, at his railway-station on Tuesday. But I must and can only be three or four days absent; after which, the sooner we have the pleasure of seeing you the better for us. Mrs. Hood thinks there ought to be a ladies' dinner to Mrs. Dickens. I think she wants to go to Greenwich, seeing how much good it has done me, for I went really ill, and came home well. So that occasionally the diet of Gargantua seems to suit me better than that of *Panta-gruel*. Well,—adieu for the present. Live, fatten, prosper, write, and draw the mopuses wholesale through Chapman and *Haul*.

Yours ever truly
THOMAS HOOD.

CCCXXII.

No one ever wrote brighter or prettier letters to children than Hood. He knew how to restrain the quick march of his wit until their small footsteps could keep pace with it, and then would follow a revel of innocent drollery. This note was addressed to the little daughter of his friend Dr. Elliot.

Thomas Hood to May Elliot.

Monday, April 1844.

My dear May,—I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget, as you are soft

to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth we will have its face well shaved.

Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dinnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when 'March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers!' for then of course you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night when I came from Stratford, the cold shrivelled me up so, that when I got home, I thought I was my own child!

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas; I mean to come in my ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom's mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up to supper? There will be doings! And then such good things to eat; but, pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for the plump pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy, with which and a kiss, I remain, up hill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover

THOMAS HOOD.

CCCXXIII.

The last letter, written by this great poet and good man, was addressed to Sir Robert Peel in gratitude for the transfer of a pension of 100*l.* a year from his to Mrs. Hood's name, and in order thoroughly to appreciate the sentiment of this letter we should compare it with that last poem of his composed about the same time, in which he took farewell of life. Happy in being able to 'smell the rose above the mould,' he could smile at being so near death's door, that, as he said, he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges.

Thomas Hood to Sir Robert Peel.

1845.

Dear Sir,—We are not to meet in the flesh. Given over by my physicians and myself, I am only kept alive by frequent instalments of mulled port wine. In this extremity I feel a comfort, for which I cannot refrain from again thanking you, with all the sincerity of a dying man,—and, at the same time, bidding you a respectful farewell.

Thank God my mind is composed and my reason undisturbed, but my race as an author is run. My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning one—against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share, a one-sided humanity, opposite to that Catholic Shaksperian sympathy, which felt with King as well as Peasant, and duly estimated the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder; it should be the duty of our writers to draw them nearer by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between Rich and Poor, with Hate on the one side and Fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task, the last I had set myself; it is death that stops my pen, you see, and not the pension.

God bless you, sir, and prosper all your measures for the benefit of my beloved country.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most grateful and obedient servant,
THOS. HOOD.

SECTION IV.

A.D. 1800-

CCCXXIV.

The following seven letters, the first of which was written at the age of fourteen, are considered to be very characteristic of Lord Macaulay. They are published in this collection by the kind permission of Mr. G. Otto Trevelyan.

Thomas Babington Macaulay to his Mother.

Shelford: April 11, 1814.

My dear Mamma,—The news is glorious indeed. Peace! peace with a Bourbon, with a descendant of Henri Quatre, with a prince who is bound to us by all the ties of gratitude! I have some hopes that it will be a lasting peace, for the troubles of the last twenty years will make kings and nations wiser. I cannot conceive a greater punishment to Buonaparte than that which the allies have inflicted on him. How can his ambitious mind support it? All his great projects and schemes, which once made every throne in Europe tremble are buried in the solitude of an Italian isle. How miraculously everything has been conducted! We almost seem to hear the Almighty saying to the fallen tyrant, 'For this cause have I raised thee up that I might show in thee My power.'

As I am in very great haste with this letter I shall have but little time to write. I am sorry to hear that some nameless friend of Papa's denounced my voice as remarkably loud. I have accordingly resolved to speak in a moderate key except on the undermentioned special occasions. Imprimis, when I am speaking at the same time with three others. Secondly, when I am praising the 'Christian Observer.' Thirdly, when I am praising Mr. Preston or his sisters, I may be allowed to speak in my loudest voice, that they may hear me.

I saw to-day the greatest of churchmen, that pillar of Orthodoxy, that true friend to the Liturgy, that mortal enemy to the Bible Society,—Herbert Marsh, D.D., Professor of Divinity on Lady Margaret's foundation. I stood looking at him for about ten minutes, and shall always continue to maintain that he is a

very ill-favoured gentleman as far as outward appearance is concerned. I am going this week to spend a day or two at Dean Milner's, where I hope, nothing unforeseen preventing, to see you in about two months' time.

Ever your affectionate Son,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CCCXXV.

In this, and in the following letter, Macaulay is recording his early impressions of the Rev. Sydney Smith.

Thomas Babington Macaulay to his Father.

York: July 21, 1826

My dear Father,—The other day as I was changing my neck-cloth which my wig had disfigured, my good landlady knocked at the door of my bedroom, and told me that Mr. Smith wished to see me and was in my room below. Of all names by which men are called there is none which conveys a less determinate idea to the mind than that of Smith. Was he on the circuit? For I do not know half the names of my companions. Was he a special messenger from London? Was he a York attorney coming to be preyed upon, or a beggar coming to prey upon me, a barber to solicit the dressing of my wig, or a collector for the Jews' Society?

Down I went, and to my utter amazement beheld the Smith of Smiths, Sydney Smith, alias Peter Plymley. I had forgotten his very existence till I discerned the queer contrast between his black coat and his snow-white head, and the equally curious contrast between the clerical amplitude of his person and the most unclerical wit, whim and petulance of his eye.

I shook hands with him very heartily; and on the Catholic question we immediately fell, regretted Evans, triumphed over Lord George Beresford, and abused the Bishops.¹ He then very kindly urged me to spend the time between the close of the Assizes and the commencement of the Sessions at his house; and was so hospitably pressing that I at last agreed to go thither on Saturday afternoon. He is to drive me over again into York on Monday

¹ Reference is here made to a recent general election.

morning. I am very well pleased at having this opportunity of becoming better acquainted with a man who, in spite of innumerable affectations and oddities, is certainly one of the wittiest and most original writers of our time.

Ever yours affectionately,
T. B. M.

CCCXXVI.

Thomas Babington Macaulay to his Father.

Bradford: July 26, 1826.

My dear Father,—On Saturday I went to Sydney Smith's. His parish lies three or four miles out of any frequented road. He is, however, most pleasantly situated. 'Fifteen years ago,' said he to me as I alighted at the gate of his shrubbery, 'I was taken up in Piccadilly and set down here. There was no house and no garden; nothing but a bare field.'

One service this eccentric divine has certainly rendered to the Church. He has built the very neatest, most commodious, and most appropriate rectory that I ever saw. All its decorations are in a peculiarly clerical style, grave, simple, and gothic. The bed-chambers are excellent, and excellently fitted up; the sitting-rooms handsome; and the grounds sufficiently pretty. Tindal and Parke (not the judge of course,) two of the best lawyers, best scholars, and best men in England, were there. We passed an extremely pleasant evening, and had a very good dinner, and many amusing anecdotes. After breakfast the next morning I walked to church with Sydney Smith. The edifice is not at all in keeping with the rectory. It is a miserable little hovel with a wooden belfry. It was, however, well filled, and with decent people, who seemed to take very much to their pastor. I understand that he is a very respectable apothecary; and most liberal of his skill, his medicine, his soup and his wine, among the sick. He preached a very queer sermon—the former half too familiar and the latter half too florid, but not without some ingenuity of thought and expression.

Sydney Smith brought me to York on Monday morning in time for the stage-coach which runs to Skipton. We parted with many assurances of good will. I have really taken a great liking

to him. He is full of wit, humour, and shrewdness. He is not one of those show talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions. It seems to be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughter laughing two or three hours every day. His notions of law, government, and trade are surprisingly clear and just. His misfortune is to have chosen a profession at once above him and below him. Zeal would have made him a prodigy; formality and bigotry would have made him a bishop; but he could neither rise to the duties of his order, nor stoop to its degradations.

He praised my articles in the *Edinburgh Review* with a warmth which I am willing to believe sincere, because he qualified his compliments with several very sensible cautions. My great danger, he said, was that of taking a tone of too much asperity and contempt in controversy. I believe that he is right, and I shall try to mend.

Ever affectionately yours,

T. B. M.

CCCXXVII.

Macaulay's extraordinary power of work is scarcely more than hinted at in this particular letter. Other letters written about the same time to the same friend contain prodigious lists of classical works that had been read with care; so carefully that, as Mr. Trevelyan assures us, every volume and sometimes every page is interspersed with critical remarks—literary, historical, and grammatical. This was accomplished in the midst of official duties almost too arduous to admit of that repose and leisure indispensable to ordinary men; and at a time when the writer was being scurrilously assailed in the *Indian Press* for his activity in promoting the Black Act, by which all civil appeals of certain British residents were to be tried by the *Sudder Court* instead of the *Supreme Court* at *Calcutta*.

Thomas Babington Macaulay to Thomas Flower Ellis.

Calcutta: May 30, 1836.

Dear Ellis,—I have just received your letter dated Dec. 28. How time flies! Another hot season has almost passed away, and we are daily expecting the beginning of the rains. Cold season, hot season, and rainy season are all much the same to me. I shall have been two years on Indian ground in less than a fort-

night, and I have not taken ten grains of solid, or a pint of liquid medicine during the whole of that time.

If I judged only from my own sensations I should say that this climate is absurdly maligned: but the yellow, spectral figures which surround me seem to correct the conclusions which I should be inclined to draw from the state of my own health.

One execrable effect the climate produces. It destroys all the works of man with scarcely one exception. Steel rusts; razors lose their edge; thread decays; clothes fall to pieces; books moulder away and drop out of their bindings; plaster cracks; timber rots; matting is in shreds. The sun, the steam of this vast alluvial tract, and the infinite armies of white ants, make such havoc with buildings that a house requires a complete repair every three years. Ours was in this situation about three months ago; and if we had determined to brave the rains without any precautions we should in all probability have had the roof down on our heads. Accordingly we were forced to migrate for six weeks from our stately apartments, and our flower beds, to a dungeon where we were stifled with the stench of native cookery, and deafened by the noise of native music. At last we have returned to our house. We found it all snow-white and pea-green; and we rejoice to think that we shall not again be under the necessity of quitting it till we quit it for a ship bound on a voyage to London.

We have been for some months in the middle of what the people here think a political storm. To a person accustomed to the hurricanes of English faction this sort of tempest in a horse-pond is merely ridiculous. We have put the English settlers up the country under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Company's courts in civil actions in which they are concerned with natives. The English settlers are perfectly contented; but the lawyers of the Supreme Court have set up a yelp which they think terrible, but which has infinitely diverted me. They have selected me as the object of their invectives, and I am generally the theme of five or six columns of prose and verse daily. I have not patience to read a tenth part of what they put forth. The last ode in my praise which I perused began

Soon we hope they will recall ye,
Tom Macaulay, Tom Macaulay.

The last prose which I read was a parallel between me and Lord Strafford.

My mornings, from five to nine, are quite my own. I still give them to ancient literature. I have read Aristophanes twice through since Christmas ; and have also read Herodotus, and Thucydides, again. I got into a way last year of reading a Greek play every Sunday. I began on Sunday the 18th of October with the Prometheus, and next Sunday I shall finish with the Cyclops of Euripides. Euripides has made a complete conquest of me. It has been unfortunate for him that we have so many of his pieces. It has, on the other hand, I suspect, been fortunate for Sophocles that so few of his have come down to us. Almost every play of Sophocles, which is now extant, was one of his masterpieces. There is hardly one of them which is not mentioned with high praise by some ancient writer. Yet one of them, the Trachiniæ, is to my thinking, very poor and insipid. Now, if we had nineteen plays of Sophocles, of which twelve or thirteen should be no better than the Trachiniæ—and if, on the other hand, only seven pieces of Euripides had come down to us, and if those seven had been the Medea, the Bacchæ, Iphigenia in Aulis, the Orestes, the Phœnissæ, the Hippolytus, and the Alcestis, —I am not sure that the relative position which the two poets now hold in our estimation would not be greatly altered.

I have not done much in Latin. I have been employed in turning over several third-rate and fourth-rate writers. After finishing Cicero, I read through the works of both the Senecas, father and son. There is a great deal in the *Controversiæ* both of curious information, and judicious criticism. As to the son, I cannot bear him. His style affects me in something the same way as that of Gibbon. But Lucius Seneca's affectation is even more rank than Gibbon's. His works are made up of mottoes. There is hardly a sentence which might not be quoted; but to read him straightforward is like dining on nothing but anchovy sauce. I have read, as one does read such stuff, Valerius Maximus, Annæus Florus, Lucius Ampelius, and Aurelius Victor. I have also gone through Phædrus. I am now better employed. I am deep in the *Annals* of Tacitus, and I am at the same time reading Suetonius.

You are so rich in domestic comforts that I am inclined to envy you. I am not, however, without my share. I am as fond of my

little niece as her father. I pass an hour or more every day in nursing her, and teaching her to talk. She has got as far as Ba, Pa, Ma ; which as she is not eight months old, we consider as proofs of a genius little inferior to that of Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton.

The municipal elections have put me in good spirits as to English politics. I was rather inclined to despondency.

Ever yours affectionately,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CCCXXVIII.

The 'Eastern Question' was almost as complicated in the year 1840 as it is to-day. The rebellion of the Sultan's vassals in Egypt had spread into the heart of the Ottoman Empire, and there was every indication that Syria would soon fall an easy prey to France, and Constantinople to Russia.

England, however, boldly adhered to her traditional policy of maintaining the independence of Turkey ; and it is interesting to read the opinion of our great Whig historian of the diplomatic negotiations conducted by Lord Palmerston with his usual vigour and fearlessness.

Thomas Babington Macaulay to Macvey Napier.

London : December 8, 1840.

Dear Napier,—I shall work at my article on Leigh Hunt whenever I have a leisure hour, and shall try to make it amusing to lovers of literary gossip. I will not plague you with my arguments about the Eastern Question. My own opinion has long been made up. Unless England meant to permit a virtual partition of the Ottoman Empire between France and Russia, she had no choice but to act as she has acted. Had the treaty of July not been signed, Nicholas would have been really master of Constantinople, and Thiers of Alexandria. The Treaty once made, I never would have consented to flinch from it, whatever had been the danger. I am satisfied that the War party in France is insatiable and unappeasable ; that concessions would only have strengthened and emboldened it ; and that after stooping to the lowest humiliations, we should soon have had to fight without allies, and at every disadvantage. The policy which has been followed I believe to be not only a just and honourable, but eminently a pacific policy.

Whether the peace of the world will long be preserved I do not pretend to say ; but I firmly hold that the best chance of pre-

-serving it was to make the Treaty of July, and, having made it, to execute it resolutely. For my own part I will tell you plainly that, if the course of events had driven Palmerston to resign, I would have resigned with him, though I had stood alone. Look at what the late Ministers of Louis Philippe have avowed with respect to the Balearic Isles. Were such designs ever proclaimed before, except in a crew of pirates, or a den of robbers? Look at Barrot's speeches about England. Is it for the sake of such friendships as this that our country is to abdicate her rank, and sink into a dependency? I like war quite as little as Sir William Molesworth or Mr. Fonblanque. It is foolish and wicked to bellow for war, merely for war's sake, like the rump of the Mountain at Paris. I would never make offensive war. I would never offer to any other power a provocation which might be a fair ground for war. But I never would abstain from doing what I had clear right to do, because a neighbour chooses to threaten me with an unjust war; first, because I believe that such a policy would, in the end, inevitably produce war; and secondly because I think war, though a very great evil, by no means so great an evil as subjugation and national humiliation.

In the present case, I think the course taken by the Government unexceptionable. If Guizot prevails,—that is to say, if reason, justice, and public law prevail,—we shall have no war.

If the writers of the *National*, and the singers of the *Marseillaise* prevail, we can have no peace. At whatever cost, at whatever risk, these banditti must be put down; or they will put down all commerce, civilization, order, and the independence of nations.

Of course what I write to you is confidential; not that I should hesitate to proclaim the substance of what I have said on the hustings, or in the House of Commons; but because I do not measure my words in pouring myself out to a friend. But I have run on too long, and should have done better to have given the last half-hour to Wycherley.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CCCXXIX.

Mr. Macvey Napier, in his capacity of Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review,' had unintentionally wounded Leigh Hunt's feelings by requesting him to contribute a 'gentlemanlike' article. The result of the following mediatory letter was a generous and amiable communication from Napier to Leigh Hunt which more than satisfied him.

Thomas Babington Macaulay to Macvey Napier.

Albany, London : October 30, 1841.

Dear Napier,—I have received your letter and am truly glad you are satisfied with the effect of my article. As to the preliminary part of the matter, I am satisfied, and more than satisfied. Indeed, as you well know, money has never been my chief object in writing. It was not so even when I was poor; and at present I consider myself as one of the richest men of my acquaintance; for I can well afford to spend a thousand a year, and I can enjoy every comfort on eight hundred. I own, however, that your supply comes agreeably enough to assist me in furnishing my rooms, which I have made, unless I am mistaken, into a very pleasant student's cell. And now a few words about Leigh Hunt. He wrote to me yesterday in great distress, and enclosed a letter which he had received from you, and which had much agitated him. In truth, he misunderstood you; and you had used an expression which was open to some misconstruction.

You told him that you should be glad to have a "gentlemanlike" article from him, and Hunt took this for a reflection on his birth. He implored me to tell him candidly whether he had given you any offence, and to advise him as to his course. I replied that he had utterly misunderstood you; that I was sure you meant merely a literary criticism; that your taste in composition was more severe than his, more indeed than mine; that you were less tolerant than myself of little mannerisms springing from peculiarities of temper and training; that his style seemed to you too colloquial; that I myself thought he was in danger of excess in that direction; and that, when you received a letter from him promising a very "chatty" article, I was not surprised that you should caution him against his besetting sin. I said that I was

sure that you wished him well, and would be glad of his assistance; but that he could not expect a person in your situation to pick his words very nicely; that you had during many years superintended great literary undertakings; that you had been under the necessity of collecting contributions from great numbers of writers, and that you were responsible to the public for the whole. Your credit was so deeply concerned that you must be allowed to speak plainly. I knew that you had spoken to men of the first consideration quite as plainly as to him. I knew that you had refused to insert passages written by so great a man as Lord Brougham. I knew that you had not scrupled to hack and hew articles on foreign politics which had been concocted in the Hotels of ambassadors, and had received the *imprimatur* of Secretaries of State. I said that, therefore, he must, as a man of sense, suffer you to tell him what you might think, whether rightly or wrongly, to be the faults of his style. As to the sense which he had put on one or two of your expressions, I took it on myself, as your friend, to affirm that he had mistaken their meaning, and that you would never have used those words if you had foreseen that they would have been so understood. Between ourselves, the word "gentlemanlike" was used in rather a harsh way. Now I have told you what has passed between him and me; and I leave you to act as you think fit. I am sure that you will act properly and humanely. But I must add that I think you are too hard on his article. As to the Vicar of Wakefield,¹ the correction must be deferred, I think, till the appearance of the next number. I am utterly unable to conceive how I can have committed such a blunder, and failed to notice it in the proofs.

Ever yours,

T. B. MACAULAY.

¹ Alluding to an unfortunate mistake in a recent article in the 'Edinburgh Review,' which arose from the substitution of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' for 'History of Greece,' thereby pronouncing the former work to be a bad one.

CCCXXX.

In this most interesting letter Macaulay is his own apologist for the tone and diction of what he humbly designates as his *little* historical essays.

Thomas Babington Macaulay to Macvey Napier.

Albany, London: April 18, 1842.

Dear Napier,—I am much obliged to you for your criticisms on my article on Frederic. My copy of the Review I have lent, and cannot therefore refer to it. I have, however, thought over what you say, and should be disposed to admit part of it to be just. But I have several distinctions and limitations to suggest.

The charge to which I am most sensible is that of interlarding my sentences with French terms. I will not positively affirm that no such expression may have dropped from my pen in writing hurriedly on a subject so very French. It is, however, a practice to which I am extremely averse, and into which I could fall only by inadvertence. I do not really know to what you allude; for as to the words 'Abbé' and 'Parc-aux-Cerfs,' which I recollect, those surely are not open to objection. I remember that I carried my love of English in one or two places almost to the length of affectation. For example, I called the 'Place des Victoires,' the 'Place of Victories'; and the 'Fermier Général' D'Étioles, a publican. I will look over the article again, and try to discover to what you allude. The other charge, I confess, does not appear to me to be equally serious. I certainly should not, in regular history, use some of the phrases which you censure. But I do not consider a review of this sort as regular history, and I really think that from the highest and most unquestionable authority, I could vindicate my practice.

Take Addison, the model of pure and graceful writing. In his Spectators I find 'wench,' 'baggage,' 'queer old put,' 'prig,' 'fearing that they should smoke the knight.' All these expressions I met this morning, in turning over two or three of his papers at breakfast. I would no more use the word 'bore' or 'awkward squad' in a composition meant to be uniformly serious and earnest, than Addison would in a State Paper have called

Louis an 'old put,' or have described Shrewsbury and Argyle as 'smoking the design to bring in the Pretender.'

But I did not mean my article to be uniformly serious and earnest. If you judge of it as you would judge a regular history, your censure ought to go very much deeper than it does, and to be directed against the substance as well as against the diction.

The tone of many passages, nay of whole pages, would justly be called flippanant in a regular history. But I conceive that this sort of composition has its own character, and its own laws.

I do not claim the honour of having invented it; that praise belongs to Southey; but I must say that in some points I have improved upon his design. The manner of these little historical essays bears, I think, the same analogy to the manner of Tacitus or Gibbon which the manner of Ariosto bears to the manner of Tasso, or the manner of Shakespeare's historical plays to the manner of Sophocles.

Ariosto when he is grave and pathetic, is as grave and pathetic as Tasso; but he often takes a light fleeting tone which suits him admirably, but which in Tasso would be quite out of place. The despair of Constance in Shakespeare is as lofty as that of *Œdipus* in Sophocles; but the levities of the bastard Faulconbridge would be utterly out of place in Sophocles. Yet we feel that they are not out of place in Shakespeare.

So with these historical articles. Where the subject requires it, they may rise, if the author can manage it, to the highest altitudes of Thucydides. Then, again, they may without impropriety, sink to the levity and colloquial ease of Horace Walpole's Letters. This is my theory. Whether I have succeeded in the execution is quite another question. You will, however, perceive that I am in no danger of taking similar liberties in my history.

I do, indeed, greatly disapprove of those notions which some writers have of the dignity of History. For fear of alluding to the vulgar concerns of private life, they take no notice of the circumstances which deeply affect the happiness of nations. But I never thought of denying that the language of history ought to preserve a certain dignity. I would, however, no more attempt to preserve that dignity in a paper like this on Frederic than I would exclude from such a poem as 'Don Juan' slang terms, because such terms would be out of place in 'Paradise Lost,' or Hudibras.

brastic rhymes, because such rhymes would be shocking in Pope's Iliad.

As to the particular criticisms which you have made, I willingly submit my judgment to yours, though I think I could say something on the other side. The first rule of all writing—that rule to which every other is subordinate—is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers. All considerations about the dignity and purity of style ought to bend to this consideration. To write what is not understood in its whole force for fear of using some word which was unknown to Swift or Dryden, would be, I think, as absurd as to build an Observatory like that at Oxford, from which it is impossible to observe, only for the purpose of exactly preserving the proportions of the Temple of the Winds at Athens. That a word which is appropriate to a particular idea, which everybody high and low uses to express that idea, and which expresses that idea with a completeness which is not equalled by any other single word, and scarcely by any circumlocution, should be banished from writing, seems to be a mere throwing away of power. Such a word as 'talented' it is proper to avoid; first, because it is not wanted; secondly, because you never have it from those who speak very good English. But the word 'shirk' as applied to military duty is a word which everybody uses; which is the word, and the only word for the thing; which in every regiment, and in every ship, belonging to our country is employed ten times a day; which the Duke of Wellington, or Admiral Stopford, would use in reprimanding an officer. To interdict it, therefore, in what is meant to be familiar, and almost jocose, narrative seems to me rather rigid. But I will not go on. I will only repeat that I am truly grateful for your advice, and that if you will, on future occasions, mark with an asterisk any words in my proof sheets which you think open to objection, I will try to meet your wishes, though it may sometimes be at the expense of my own.

Ever yours most truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

CCCXXXI.

This remarkable letter, written by the historian of the Great Peace (1800-1815), to an Anti-Slavery friend in America, will be read with as much interest to-day as it was when republished in England a quarter of a century ago, after the outbreak of the Crimean War.

Harriet Martineau to a Friend in America.

October 1, 1849.

My dear . . . ,—We can think of little else at present than of that which should draw you and us into closer sympathy than even that which has so long existed between us. We, on our side the water, have watched with keen interest the progress of your War of Opinion,—the spread of the great controversy which cannot but revolutionise your social principles and renovate your social morals. For fifteen years past, we have seen that you are ‘in for it,’ and that you must stand firm amidst the subversion of Ideas, Customs, and Institutions, till you find yourselves encompassed by ‘the new heavens and the new earth’ of which you have the sure promise and foresight.

We,—the whole population of Europe,—are now evidently entering upon a stage of conflict no less important in its issues, and probably more painful in its course. You remember how soon after the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars our great Peace Minister, Canning, intimated the advent, sooner or later, of a War of Opinion in Europe; a war of deeper significance than Napoleon could conceive of, and of a wider spread than the most mischievous of his quarrels. The War of Opinion which Canning foresaw was in fact a war between the further and nearer centuries,—between Asia and Europe—between despotism and self-government. The preparations were begun long ago. The Barons of Runnymede beat up for recruits when they hailed the signature of Magna Charta, and the princes of York and Lancaster did their best to clear the field for us, and those who are to come after us. The Italian Republics wrought well for us, and so did the French Revolutions, one after the other, as hints and warnings; and so did the voyage of your Mayflower—and the Swiss League, and German Zollverein, and in short everything that has happened for

several hundreds of years. Everything has tended to bring our continent and its resident nations to the knowledge that the first principles of social liberty have now to be asserted and contended for, and to prepare the assertors for the greatest conflict that the human race has yet witnessed. It is my belief that the war has actually begun, and that, though there may be occasional lulls, no man now living will see the end of it.

Russia is more Asiatic than European. It is obscure to us who live nearest to her where her power resides. We know only that it is not with the Emperor, nor yet with the people. The Emperor is evidently a mereshow,—being nothing except while he fulfils the policy or pleasure of the unnamed power which we cannot discern. But, though the ruling power is obscure, the policy is clear enough. The aim is to maintain and extend despotism; and the means chosen are the repression of mind, the corruption of conscience, and the reduction of the whole composite population of Russia to a brute machine. For a great lapse of time, no quarter of a century has passed without some country and nation having fallen in, and become a compartment of the great machine; and, the fact being so, the most peace-loving of us can hardly be sorry that the time has come for deciding whether this is to go on,—whether the Asiatic principle and method of social life are to dominate or succumb. The struggle will be no contemptible one. The great tarantula has its spiderclaws out and fixed at inconceivable distances. The people of Russia, wretched at home, are better qualified for foreign aggression than for any thing else.

And if, within her own empire, Russia knows all to be loose and precarious, poor and unsound, and with none but a military organisation, she knows that she has for allies, avowed or concealed, all the despotic tempers that exist among men. Not only such governments as those of Spain, Portugal, Rome and Austria, are in reality the allies of Eastern barbarism; but all aristocracies, all self-seekers, be they who and where they may. It is a significant sign of the times that territorial alliances are giving way before political affinities, the mechanical before the essential union; and, if Russia has not for allies the nations that live near her frontier, she has those men of every nation who prefer self-will to freedom.

This corrupted 'patriarchal' system of society (but little superior to that which exists in your slave States) occupies one-half

of the great battle-field where the hosts are gathering for the fight. On the other, the forces are ill-assorted, ill-organised, too little prepared; but still, as having the better cause, sure, I trust, of final victory. The conflict must be long, because our constitutions are, like yours, compromises, our governments as yet a mere patch-work, our popular liberties scanty and adulterated, and great masses of our brethren hungry and discontented. We have not a little to struggle for among ourselves, when our whole force is needed against the enemy. In no country of Europe is the representative system of government more than a mere beginning. In no country of Europe is human brotherhood practically asserted. Nowhere are the principles of civilisation of Western Europe determined and declared, and made the ground-work of organised action, as happily your principles are as against those of your slave-holding opponents.

But, raw and ill-organised as are our forces, they will be strong sooner or later, against the serried armies of the Asiatic policy. If, on the one side, the soul comes up to battle with an imperfect and ill-defended body, on the other, the body is wholly without a soul, and must, in the end, fall to pieces. The best part of the mind of Western Europe will make itself a body by dint of action, and the pressure which must bring out its forces; and it may be doubted whether it could become duly embodied in any other way. What forms of society may arise as features of this new growth, neither you nor I can say. We can only ask each other whether, witnessing as we do the spread of Communist ideas in every free nation of Europe, and the admission by some of the most cautious and old-fashioned observers of social movements that we in England cannot now stop short of 'a modified communism,' the result is not likely to be a wholly new social state, if not as yet undreamed-of social idea. However this may be, while your slave question is dominant in Congress, and the Dissolution of your Union is becoming a familiar idea, and an avowed inspiration, our crisis is no less evidently approaching. Russia has Austria under her foot, and she is casting a corner of her wide pall over Turkey. England and France are awake and watchful; and so many men of every country are astir, that we may rely upon it that not only are territorial alliances giving way before political affinities, but national ties will give way almost as readily, if the principles of

social liberty should demand the disintegration of nations. Let us not say, even to ourselves, whether we regard such an issue with hope or fear. It is a possibility too vast to be regarded but with simple faith and patience. In this spirit let us contemplate what is proceeding and what is coming, doing the little we can by the constant assertion of the principles of social liberty, and a perpetual watch for opportunities to stimulate human progress.

Whether your conflict will be merely a moral one, you can form a better idea than I. Ours will consist in a long and bloody warfare—possibly the last, but inevitable now.

The empire of brute force can conduct its final struggle only by brute force; and there are but few yet on the other side who have any other notion or desire. While I sympathise wholly with you as to your means as well as your end, you will not withhold your sympathy from us because our heroes still assert their views and wills by exposing themselves to wounds and death in the field and assenting once more to the old *non sequitur* about Might and Right. Let them this time obtain the lower sort of Might by the inspiration of their Right, and in another age, they will aim higher. But I need not thus petition you; for I well know that where there is most of Right, there will your sympathies surely rest.

Believe me your friend,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

CCCXXXII.

Miss Novello has knitted a purse for Douglas Jerrold, and the pungent satirist bethinks himself with some shame of all the cutting things he has said about woman. He sits down accordingly to write a palinode, and thinks to conceal his fault by lavishing compliments on the sex, but the cloven foot of the would-be cynic peeps out.

Douglas Jerrold to Miss Sabilla Novello.

Putney Green: June 9, 1852.

Dear Miss Novello,—I thank you very sincerely for your present, though I cannot but fear its fatal effects upon my limited fortunes, for it is so very handsome that whenever I produce it I feel that I have thousands a year, and as in duty bound, am inclined to pay accordingly. I shall go about, to the astonishment of all omnibii men, insisting upon paying sovereigns for sixpences.

Happily, however, this amiable insanity will cure itself (or I may always bear my wife with me as a keeper).

About this comedy. I am writing it under the most significant warnings. As the Eastern king—name unknown, at least to me—kept a crier to warn him that he was but mortal and must die, and so to behave himself as decently as it is possible for any poor king to do, so do I keep a flock of eloquent geese that continually, within ear-shot, cackle of the British public. Hence, I trust to defeat the birds of the Haymarket by the birds of Putney. But in this comedy I *do* contemplate *such* a heroine, as a set-off to the many sins imputed to me as committed against woman, whom I have always considered to be an admirable idea imperfectly worked out. Poor soul! she can't help that. Well, this heroine shall be woven of moon-beams—a perfect angel, with one wing cut to keep her among us. She shall be all devotion. She shall hand over her lover (never mind *his* heart, poor wretch!), to her grandmother, who she suspects is very fond of him, and then, disguising herself as a youth, she shall enter the British navy and return in six years, say, with epaulets on her shoulders, and her name in the Navy List rated post-captain. You will perceive that I have Madame Celeste in my eye—am measuring her for the uniform. And young ladies will sit in the boxes, and with tearful eyes, and noses like rose-buds, say, “What magnanimity!” And when this great work is done—this monument of the very best gilt gingerbread to woman set up on the Haymarket stage, you shall, if you will, go and see it, and make one to cry for the author, rewarding him with a crown of tin-foil, and a shower of sugar-plums.

In lively hope of that ecstatic moment, I remain, yours truly,
DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CCCXXXIII.

Barry Cornwall was the first person to discover the quaint genius of Beddoes, that Elizabethan dramatist born out of his due time, and struggling in vain against an unsympathetic generation. Some of the best of Beddoes' letters, all of which teem with forcible and original literary thought, were addressed to Procter. It should perhaps be noticed that Ajax Flagellifer was George Darley, then fulminating as critic to the 'London Magazine,' and that the 'last author' is Beddoes himself, who was engaged in composing his 'Death's Jest-Book.'

Thomas Lovell Beddoes to Bryan Waller Procter.

Bristol : March 3, 1824.

Dear Procter,—I have just been reading your epistle to our Ajax Flagellifer, the bloody John Lacy : on one point, where he is most vulnerable, you have omitted to place your sting,—I mean his palpable ignorance of the Elizabethans, and many other dramatic writers of this and preceding times, with whom he ought to have formed at least a nodding acquaintance, before he offered himself as physician to Melpomene.

About Shakespeare you don't say enough. He was an incarnation of nature, and you might just as well attempt to remodel the seasons, and the laws of life and death, as to alter 'one jot or tittle' of his eternal thoughts. 'A star' you call him : if he was a star, all the other stage-scribblers can hardly be considered a constellation of brass buttons. I say he was an universe ; and all material existence, with its excellences and defects, was reflected in shadowy thought upon the chrystal waters of his imagination, ever-glorified as they were by the sleepless sun of his golden intellect. And this imaginary universe had its seasons and changes, its harmonies and its discords, as well as the dirty reality ; on the snow-maned necks of its winter hurricanes rode madness, despair, and 'empty death, with the winds whistling through the white grating of his sides ;' its summer of poetry, glistening through the drops of pity ; and its solemn and melancholy autumn, breathing deep melody among the 'sere and yellow leaves' of thunder-stricken life, &c. &c. (See Charles Phillips's speeches and X. Y. Z. for the completing furbelow of this paragraph.) By the 3rd scene of the 4th act of Macbeth, I conclude that you mean the dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff, which is only part of the scene ; for the latter part, from the entrance of Rosse, is of course necessary to create an interest in the destined avenger of Duncan, as well as to set the last edge to our hatred of the usurper. The Doctor's speech is merely a compliment to the 'right divine' of people in turreted night-caps to cure sores a little more expeditiously than Dr. Solomon ; and is, too, a little bit of smooth chat, to show, by Macduff's manner, that he has not yet heard of his wife's murder.

I hope Guzman has grown since I saw him, and has improved in vice.

I shall be in London in about a week, and hope to find you in your Franciscan eyrie—singing among the red brick boughs, and laying tragedy-eggs for Covent Garden market. So you ‘think this last author will do something extraordinary :’—so do I too ; I should not at all wonder, if he was to be plucked for his degree,—which would be quite delightful and new.

This March wind has blown all my sense away, and so farewell.

CCCXXXIV.

The following letters have been selected from the recently published Memoirs of the late Mr. C. J. Mathews, by one of his personal friends, as being among the most characteristic of the great comedian. It will be remarked that the genial freshness and humour common to the first two letters is preserved in the third, in spite of the lapse of more than half a century. But then this highly accomplished gentleman was always young and genial and kind.

Charles J. Mathews to his Father.

Crater of Vesuvius!!! January 23, 1824.

My dear Father,—I flatter myself I have chosen a situation sufficiently piquant to write you a letter. Here I am on that mountain, the talk and wonder of the world, the terror of thousands! Not merely *on* it, but positively *in* the crater! in it!! surrounded with smoke and fire! standing on ashes, cinders, brimstone, and sulphur!! How little are the people I look down upon at this moment! They are like the Spanish fleet, they cannot be seen; the King and all the royal family, all the pomp of the world is lost; all its vices, virtues, pleasures, pains, are forgotten. How truly may life be compared to a broomstick! Now is the time, if ever it can arrive, that Seven Dials, and even Islington, is forgotten! Now are the Tottenham, Olympic, and Royalty Theatres despised! What a scene of horror is around me! Fields of desolation, burning torrents, smoke, liquid fire, and every implement of destruction! I can no more; I am overwhelmed with the magnificence of my own imagination, I sink under the terrors invented and embodied by my own poetical mind. Immediately below me is an extinguished crater, into which three years ago a Frenchman precipitated himself. He remained three days at a little hermitage

on the mountain, and wrote some notes to his friends in Naples. His object, he said, was to collect stones and various specimens of lava, for the Royal Museum at Paris. On the third day he went out as usual to collect and examine the volcanic matter on the mountain, and on approaching this crater—then in action—desired the guide to fetch him a particular stone at a little distance off, but on the instant of his turning his back, he threw himself headlong into the burning crater. The guide instantly ran to the spot, but only in time to see him thrown up, and immediately reduced to a cinder. His reason he left among his papers. He said he had long been disgusted with the world and had determined to destroy himself, but that the last blow had been given him by a young lady, to whom he was so much attached, having married in his absence and contrary to her vows of fidelity to himself.

About half-way up the mountain is a hermitage, where we take some refreshment on our journey, which is necessary enough, for the labour is very great to arrive at the summit, walking on cinders, and each step that is taken brings the sufferer a yard lower than he was before. In the hermitage is an album, as usual in all show places, for fools to write nonsense in. I only found two bits worth copying. *Les voilà.*

‘John Hallett of the Port of Poole, England, went to Mount Vesuvius on the 20 of Oct. 1823, and I wood Recomend aney person that go ther to take a bottle of wine there, for it his a dry place and verrey bad rode.’

‘1823. I have witnessed the famous mountain of Vesuvius in Italy, and likewise the Wicklow mountains in Ireland which I prefer, they talk of the *lava* in a *Palaver* I little understand, and as for the crater, give me a drop of the *swait cratur* of Dublin in preference.—James O’Connor.’

I write as you may suppose in high spirits, and conclude with saying that though you and your spouse are only my distant relations, that I shall always be entirely yours,

CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS.

CCCXXXV.

Charles J. Mathews to his Mother.

Palazzo Belvedere, Naples: March 11, 1824.

My dear Mother,—In *snubbing* me for my love of writing on exterior subjects, or rather my not mentioning those of our interior, you are not aware of what you desire. All our occupations nearly are external, our indoor employments are always the same, and therefore uninteresting in the description. But since you are determined to be made acquainted with our domesticities I shall give you one day.

In the morning we generally rise from our beds, couches, floors, or whatever we happen to have been reposing upon the night before, and those who have morning-gowns and slippers put them on as soon as they are up. We then commence the ceremony of washing, which is longer or shorter in its duration, according to the taste of the persons who use it. You will be glad to know that from the moment Lady Blessington awakes she takes exactly one hour and a half to the time she makes her appearance, when we usually breakfast; this prescience is remarkably agreeable, as we can always calculate thus upon the probable time of our breakfasting; there is sometimes a difference of five or six minutes, but seldom more. This meal taking place latish in the day, I always have a premature breakfast in my own room the instant I am up, which prevents my feeling that hunger so natural to the human frame from long fasting. After our collation, if it be fine, we set off to see sights, walks, palaces, monasteries, views, galleries of pictures, antiquities, *and all that sort of thing*; if rainy, we set to drawing, writing, reading, billiards, fencing, and *everything in the world*. At dinner we generally contrive to lay in a stock of viands that may last us through the evening and sometimes succeed. After dinner, as well as several times in the course of the day, we go up and pay a visit to poor 'Prim-rose,'¹ who, it is supposed, will be allowed to walk a little in the course of two or three months more. Should we leave before that she must go home by sea, as the motion of a carriage would certainly much injure her.

¹ Miss Power, Lady Blessington's sister.

In the evening each person arranges himself (and herself) at his table and follows his own concerns till about 10 o'clock, when we sometimes play whist, sometimes talk, and are always delightful! About half-past eleven we retire with our flat candlesticks in our hands, after wishing each other the *compliments of the season and health to wear it out*. Thursdays usually, and Sundays, the Italian master comes, though for the present we have dropped him.

MORE PARTICULARS.

At dinner Lady B—— takes the head of the table, Lord B—— left, Count D'Orsay on her right, and I at the bottom. We have generally for the first service a joint and five entrées; for the second, a rôti and five entrées, including sweet things. The name of our present cook is Raffelle, and a very good one when he likes.

This is the nature of our day in the house. Almost all the interest of Naples, and indeed of all Italy, is among the wonderful curiosities with which every city and its environs is overstocked.

I am more and more anxious to know the result of my father's entertainment. With best love to him, believe me, my dear mother,

Your affectionate Son,

C. J. MATHEWS.

P.S. Lord B—— always cuts his own hair with a pair of scissors!!!

CCCXXXVI.

Written the year before his death at the age of 74, on the occasion of a benefit to the late Mr. John Parry, when Mr. Mathews was to play Sir Fretful Plagiary and Puff in the 'Critic.'

Charles J. Mathews to the Manager of the Gaiety Theatre.

59, Belgrave Road: February 6, 1877, 4 p.m.

I cannot tell you how disappointed I am at not being able to assist at the benefit of my dear old friend John Parry to-morrow. I should have been delighted to put my best leg forward. But alas! at this moment I have no one leg that is better than the other. That agreeable complaint, so airily spoken of by those who never had it, as 'a touch of the gout,' has knocked me off my pins

altogether. Your gout is a sad enemy to light comedy (we young light comedians are only men after all) and how could I, in the character of Puff, talk to Sneer and Dangle of my 'hopping and skipping about the stage with my usual activity,' while hobbling on by the aid of a stick? (I have sometimes been badly supported even by two).

It is the first time I ever disappointed the public on a similar occasion, and only comfort myself with the reflection that I shall not be missed among so many; and that, after all, so that the illustrious John be in good form, the audience will be amply gratified, and pardon my unavoidable absence.

I need not wish Parry success—one who has never known anything else, and can only envy those who are able once more to witness and enjoy it.

I send no doctor's certificate. I wish I was enabled to do so. But if any one doubts, all the harm I wish him is that he should exchange places with me for four-and-twenty hours.

Faithfully yours,

C. J. MATHEWS.

CCCXXXVII.

A chatty letter from the pen of the popular novelist, written when he was at the meridian of his literary fame, will probably be interesting.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to Lady Blessington.

January 23, 1835.

Verily, my dearest friend, you regale me like Prince Prettyman, in the Fairy Isle. I owe you all manner of thanks for a most delicate consideration, in the matter of twelve larks, which flew hither on the wings of friendship yesterday; and scarcely had I recovered from their apparition, when lo, the rushing pinions of a brace of woodcocks.

Sappho and other learned persons tell us that Venus drove sparrows; at present she appears to have remodelled her equipage upon a much more becoming and attractive feather. I own that I have always thought the Dove himself a fool to the Woodcock, whom, for his intrinsic merits, I would willingly crown King of the tribe. As for your eagle, he is a Carlist of the old régime, a

mere Bourbon, good for nothing, and pompous; but the Woodcock, *parlez moi de ça*, he has the best qualities both of head and heart; and as for beauty, what opera-dancer ever had such a leg? I have given their two majesties into Rembault's honourable charge, and hope they will be crowned to-morrow as a matter of COURSE.

Many thanks for the volume of Monsr. de B . . .—You are right. I never saw a cooler plagiarism in my life. I shall certainly retaliate upon M. de B . . . the moment I can find anything in him worth stealing! Yet the wretch has talent, and his French seems to me purer and better (but I am a very poor judge) than that of most of his contemporaries. But then he has no elevation, and therefore no true genius, and has all the corruptions of vice without her brilliancy. Good Heaven! has the mighty mischief of Voltaire transmigrated into such authorlings. *They* imitate his mockery, his satire. They had much better cobble shoes.

I don't (pardon me) believe a word you say about the 'Two Friends.' If it have no passion, it may be an admirable novel nevertheless. Miss Edgeworth has no passion;—and who in her line excels her?

As to your own doubts they foretell your success. I have always found, one is never so successful as when one is least sanguine. I fell in the deepest despondency about 'Pompeii' and 'Eugene Aram'; and was certain, nay, most presumptuous about 'Devereux,' which is the least generally popular of my writings.

Your feelings of distrust are presentiments to be read backward; they are the happiest omens. But I will tell you all about it—Brougham-like—when I have read the book. As to what I say in the preface to 'Pelham,' the rules that I lay down may not suit all. But it may be worth while to scan over two or three common-place books of general criticism, such as Blair's 'Belles Lettres,' Campbell's 'Rhetoric,' and Schlegel's 'Essay on the Drama,' and his brother's on 'Literature.'

They are, it is true, very mediocre, and say nothing of novels to signify; but they will suggest to a thoughtful mind a thousand little maxims of frequent use. Recollect all that is said of poetry and the drama may be applied to novels; but after all, I doubt not you will succeed equally without this trouble. Reflection in one's chamber, and action in the world, are the best critics. With

them we can dispense with other teachers; without them all teachers are in vain. 'Fool!' (says Sidney in the *Arcadia*), 'Fool! look in thy heart and write!'

E. L. B.

CCCXXXVIII.

'Haud Immemor' is the title of a brochure written and privately printed in Philadelphia fifteen years ago in memory of the late Mr. Thackeray. It consists of a few personal recollections of the gentleman to whom the following letters were written, and with whom Mr. Thackeray became intimately acquainted on the occasion of his visit to America in 1853 for the purpose of delivering a course of lectures on the English Humourists. Mr. Reed remarks: 'There are two classes of people in every American microcosm, those who run after celebrities, and those, resolute not to be pleased, who run, as it were, against them. All were won or conquered by his simple naturalness.' As the brochure, containing the following and other letters from the pen of the great satirist, was published some years ago in 'Blackwood,' the editor is glad to be able to enrich his collection with two such characteristic examples without disrespect to their author's objection to the publication of his correspondence.

William M. Thackeray to the Hon. W. B. Reed.

Mr. Anderson's Music Store, Penn's Avenue,
Friday ———, (1853.)

My dear Reed,—(I withdraw the Mr. as wasteful and ridiculous excess), and thank you for the famous autograph, and the kind letter enclosing it, and the good wishes you form for me. There are half a dozen houses I already know in Philadelphia where I could find very pleasant friends and company; and that good old library would give me plenty of acquaintance more. But home and my parents there, and some few friends I have made in the 25 years, and a tolerably fair prospect of an honest livelihood on the familiar London flag-stones, and the library at the Athenæum, and the ride in the Park, and the pleasant society afterwards; and a trip to Paris now and again, and to Switzerland and Italy in the summer—these are little temptations which make me not discontented with my lot, about which I grumble only for pastime, and because it is an Englishman's privilege.

Own now that all these recreations here enumerated have a pleasant sound. I hope I shall live to enjoy them yet a little

while, before I go to 'Nox et domus exilis Plutonia,' whither poor, kind, old Peter has vanished. So that Saturday I was to have dined with him, and Mrs. Peter wrote, saying, he was ill with influenza, he was in bed with his last illness, and there were to be no more Whister parties for him. Will Whister himself, hospitable, pig-tailed shade, welcome him to Hades? And will they sit down—no, stand up—to a ghostly supper, devouring the *ιφθιμους ψυχης* of oysters and all sorts of birds? I never feel pity for a man dying, only for survivors, if there be such, passionately deploring him.

You see the pleasures the undersigned proposes to himself here in future years—a sight of the Alps, a holiday on the Rhine, a ride in the Park, a colloquy with pleasant friends of an evening. If it is death to part with these delights (and pleasures they are and no mistake), sure the mind can conceive others afterwards; and I know one small philosopher who is quite ready to give up these pleasures; quite content (after a pang or two of separation from dear friends here), to put his hand into that of the summoning Angel and say, 'Lead on, O messenger of God our Father, to the next place whither the Divine Goodness calls us.' We must be blindfolded before we can pass, I know; but I have no fear about what is to come, any more than my children need fear that the love of *their* father should fail them. I thought myself a dead man once, and protest the notion gave me no disquiet about myself—at least the philosophy is more comfortable than that which is tintured with brimstone.

The Baltimoreans flock to the stale old lectures as numerously as you to . . . Philadelphia. Here, the audiences are more polite than numerous; but the people who do come are very well pleased with their entertainment. I have had many dinners—Mr. Everett, Mr. Fish, our Minister, ever so often the most hospitable of envoys. I have seen no one at all in Baltimore, for it is impossible to *do* the two towns together; and from this I go to Richmond and Charleston—not to New Orleans, which is too far. And I hope you will make out your visit to Washington, and that we shall make out a meeting more satisfactory than that dinner at New York, which did not come off. The combination failed which I wanted to bring about. Have you heard Miss Furness of Philadelphia sing? She is the very best ballad-singer I ever heard. And

will you please remember me to Mrs. Reed, and your brother, and Wharton, and Lewis, and his pretty young daughter ; and believe me, always faithfully yours, dear Reed,

W. M. THACKERAY.

CCCXXXIX.

William M. Thackeray to the Hon. W. B. Reed.

Neufchatel, Switzerland: July 21, 1853.

My dear Reed,—Though I am rather slow in paying the tailor, I always pay him ; and as with tailors, so with men ; I pay my debts to my friends, only at rather a long day. Thank you for writing to me so kindly, you who have so much to do. I have only begun to work ten days since, and now, in consequence, have little leisure. Before, since my return from the West, it was flying from London to Paris, and vice versâ—dinners right and left—parties every night. If I had been in Philadelphia, I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed ! I see you (after that little supper with McMichael) on Sunday, at your own table, when we had that good sherry-madeira, turning aside from the wine cup with your pale face ! That cup has gone down this well so often, that I wonder the cup isn't broken, and the well as well as it is. Three weeks of London were more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and of pleasure. Then I remained a month with my parents ; then I brought my girls on a little pleasuring tour. We spent 10 days at Baden, when I set intrepidly to work again ; and have been five days in Switzerland now, not bent on going up mountains, but on taking things easily. How beautiful it is ! How pleasant ! How great and affable, too, the landscape is ! It's delightful to be in the midst of such scenes—the ideas get generous reflections from them. I don't mean to say my thoughts grow mountainous and enormous like the Alpine chain yonder—but, in fine, it is good to be in the presence of this noble nature. It is keeping good company ; keeping away mean thoughts. I see in the papers now and again accounts of fine parties in London. Bon Dieu ! Is it possible any one ever wanted to go to fine London parties, and are there now people sweating in May-fair routs ?

The European Continent swarms with your people. They are

not all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper, at Basle, the other night with their knives down their throats. It was awful. My daughter saw it, and I was obliged to say: 'My dear, your great-great grandmother, one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw, always applied cold steel to her victuals. It's no *crime* to eat with a knife,' which is all very well, but I wish five of 'em at a time wouldn't.

Will you please beg McMichael, when Mrs. Glyn, the English tragic actress, comes to read Shakespeare in your city, to call on her—do the act of kindness to her, and help her with his valuable editorial aid? I wish we were going to have another night soon, and that I was going this very evening to set you up with a headache against to-morrow morning. By Jove, how kind you all were to me! How I like people, and want to see 'em again! You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental, than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here, and have so belaboured your—(Here, the paper on being turned revealed a pen and ink caricature. At the top is written, 'Pardon this rubbishing picture: but I didn't see, and can't afford to write page 3 over again)—your country with praise in private that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth: but the great point to try and ding into the ears of the great, stupid, virtue-proud English is, that there are folks as good as they in America. That's where Mrs. Stowe's book has done harm, by inflaming us with an idea of our own superior virtue in freeing our blacks, whereas you keep yours. Comparisons are always odorous, as Mrs. Malaprop says.

I am about a new story, but don't know as yet if it will be any good. It seems to me I am too old for story telling; but I want money, and shall get 20,000 dollars for this, of which (D.V.) I'll keep fifteen. I wish this rubbish (the sketch) were away; I might put written rubbish in its stead. Not that I have anything to say, but that I always remember you and yours, and honest Mac, and Wharton, and Lewis, and kind fellows who have been kind to me, and I hope will be kind to me again.

Good bye, my dear Reed, and believe me, ever sincerely yours,
W. M. THACKERAY.

CCCXL.

The greatest proof of Charles Dickens's high spirits was the inventive skill he devoted (with no little expenditure of time) to such whimsical jokes as that of pretending an attachment to the Queen. The following letter, written immediately after her Majesty's marriage in 1840, was addressed to his friend, Mr. T. J. Thompson, the father of the painter of the 'Roll Call.' Mr. Wakley, to whom reference is made in Mr. Dickens's postscript, was coroner at that date.

Charles Dickens to Mr. T. J. Thompson.

Devonshire Terrace: Thursday morning. [1840.]

My dear Thompson,— Maclise and I are raving with love for the Queen, with a hopeless passion whose extent no tongue can tell, nor mind of man conceive. On Tuesday we sallied down to Windsor, prowled about the Castle, saw the corridor and their private rooms, Nay, the very bedchamber (which we know from having been there twice), lighted up with such a ruddy, homely, brilliant glow, bespeaking so much bliss and happiness, that I, your humble servant, lay down in the mud at the top of the Long Walk and refused all comfort—to the immeasurable astonishment of a few straggling passengers who had survived the drunkenness of the previous night. After perpetrating sundry other extravagances, we returned home at midnight in a post-chaise, and now we wear marriage medals next our hearts and go about with pockets full of portraits, which we weep over in secret. Forster was with us at Windsor, and (for the joke's sake), counterfeits a passion too, BUT HE DOES NOT LOVE HER.

Don't mention this unhappy attachment. I am very wretched, and think of leaving my home. My wife makes me miserable, and when I hear the voices of my infant children, I burst into tears. I fear it is too late to ask you to take this house, now that you have made such arrangements of comfort in Pall Mall; but if you will, you shall have it very cheap—furniture at a low valuation—money not being so much an object as escaping from the family. For God's sake turn this matter over in your mind, and please to ask Captain Kincaide what he asks—his lowest terms, in short, for ready money—for that post of Gentleman-at-Arms. I must be near her, and I see no better way than that—for the present.

I have on hand three numbers of 'Master Humphrey's Clock,'

and the two first chapters of 'Barnaby.' Would you like to buy them? Writing any more in my present state of mind is out of the question. They are written in a pretty fair hand, and when I am in the Serpentine may be considered curious. Name your own terms.

I know you don't like trouble, but I have ventured, notwithstanding, to make you an executor of my will. There won't be a great deal to do, as there is no money. There is a little bequest having reference to HER which you might like to execute. I have heard on the Lord Chamberlain's authority that she reads my books and is very fond of them. I think she will be sorry when I am gone. I should wish to be embalmed, and to be kept (if practicable), on the top of the Triumphal Arch at Buckingham Palace when she is in town, and on the north-east turrets of the Round Tower when she is at Windsor. . . .

. . . . From your distracted and blighted friend,

C. D.

Don't show this to Mr. Wakley if it ever comes to that.

CCCXLI.

Two days after the birth of his fifth child Charles Dickens received an invitation from three of his intimate friends to dine at Richmond. This is the amusing reply.

Charles Dickens to Messrs. Forster, Maclise, and Stanfield.

Devonshire Lodge: January 17, 1844.

Fellow Countrymen,—The appeal with which you have honoured me, awakens within my breast emotions that are more easily to be imagined than described. Heaven bless you. I shall indeed be proud, my friends, to respond to such a requisition. I had withdrawn from Public Life—I fondly thought for ever—to pass the evening of my days in hydropathical pursuits, and the contemplation of virtue. For which latter purpose, I had bought a looking-glass. But, my friends, private feeling must ever yield to a stern sense of public duty. The Man is lost in the Invited Guest, and I comply. Nurses, wet and dry; apothecaries; mothers-in-law; babbies; with all the sweet (and chaste) delights of private life; these, my countrymen, are hard to leave. But you have called me forth, and I will come. Fellow Countrymen, your friend and faithful servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

CCCXLII.

Mrs. Cowden Clarke joined Dickens' Amateur Dramatic Company in 1848 and took the part of Dame Quickly with much success. She has recorded with pleasant enthusiasm the gaiety and joyous excitement of this frolic stroll through the provinces of which Dickens was the heart and soul. The troupe returned to London to find ordinary life very dull and humdrum, and it was in the midst of this first natural depression that the 'Implacable Manager' wrote this engaging note. The initials Y.G. and G.L.B. refer to the names Dickens had given himself of Young Gas, and Gas-Light Boy.

Charles Dickens to Mary Cowden Clarke.

Devonshire Terrace: July 22, 1848.

My dear Mrs. Clarke,—I have no energy whatever, I am very miserable. I loathe domestic hearths. I yearn to be a vagabond. Why can't I marry Mary? Why have I seven children—not engaged at sixpence a-night a-piece, and dismissible for ever, if they tumble down, not taken on for an indefinite time at a vast expense, and never,—no never, never,—wearing lighted candles round their heads. I am deeply miserable. A real house like this is insupportable, after that canvas farm wherein I was so happy. What is a humdrum dinner at half-past five, with nobody (but John) to see me eat it, compared with *that* soup, and the hundreds of pairs of eyes that watched its disappearance? Forgive this tear. It is weak and foolish, I know.

Pray let me divide the little excursions of the journey among the gentlemen, as I have always done before, and pray believe that I have had the sincerest pleasure and gratification in your co-operation and society, valuable and interesting on all public accounts, and personally of no mean worth nor held in slight regard.

You had a sister once when we were young and happy—I think they called her Emma. If she remember a bright being who once flitted like a vision before her, entreat her to bestow a thought upon the 'Gas' of departed joys. I can write no more.

'Y. G.' The (darkened) 'G. L. B.'

CCCXLIII.

Written on the occasion of the youngest child of Charles Dickens leaving home to join his brother in Australia. Mr. Forster, in his *Life* of this most widely popular of modern writers, says of this letter, 'Those who most intimately knew Dickens will know best that every word is written from his heart, and is radiant with the truth of his nature.'

Charles Dickens to his Youngest Child.

September, 1868.

I write this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been : and without that training, you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted until now, has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do, as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now, when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination ; and I have never slackened in it since. Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by Our Saviour than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you, when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world ; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature, who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty, can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to

each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances, or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such things, before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian Religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say in after life, that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty.

 CCCXLIV.

So many of the Rev. F. W. Robertson's letters are characteristic of their writer, and the writer himself was so great and good a man that even in this book of specimens one hesitates to intrude such fragmentary recognition of him without apology. No man in our day has exercised greater self-denial in the pursuit of the high function of influencing men for good. The bodily disease which afflicted and troubled him so poignantly might have been cured had he taken needful rest; but he never seems to have relaxed for a single moment the fascinating grasp which his strong liberalism, his devout earnestness, and particularly his fearlessness of purpose enabled him to retain over his congregation and his personal friends.

As Mr. Stopford Brooke, his biographer, remarks, 'He seems to have been rather *felt* than *seen* by men.'

The Rev. F. W. Robertson to ———.

July, 1851.

I wish I did not hate preaching so much, but the degradation of being a Brighton preacher is almost intolerable. 'I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed;' but I think there is not a hard-working artisan whose work does not seem to me a worthier and higher

being than myself. I do not depreciate spiritual work—I hold it higher than secular; all I say and feel is, that by the change of times the pulpit has lost its place. It does only part of that whole which used to be done by it alone. Once it was newspaper, schoolmaster, theological treatise, a stimulant to good works, historical lecture, metaphysics, &c., all in one. Now these are partitioned out to different officers, and the pulpit is no more the pulpit of three centuries back, than the authority of a master of a household is that of Abraham, who was soldier, butcher, sacrificer, shepherd, and emir in one person. Nor am I speaking of the ministerial office; but only the ‘stump orator’ portion of it—and that I cannot but hold to be thoroughly despicable. I had an hour’s baiting from Mrs. — yesterday, in reference, no doubt, to what the papers have been saying, and to reports of my last sermons. She talked very hotly of the practice of laying all faults at the door of the aristocracy, whereas it was the rich city people, on whom she lavished all her (supposed) aristocratic scorn, who were in fault, because they would live like nobles. Besides, did not the nobles spend their money, and was not that support of the poor? I wasted my time in trying to explain to her that expenditure is not production; that £50,000 a year spent is not £50,000 worth of commodities produced, and adds nothing to the real wealth of the country. I tried to show her that twenty servants are not supported by their master, but by the labourers who raise their corn and make their clothes; and that twenty beings taken off the productive classes throws so much more labour upon those classes. Of course such things are necessary; only employment does not create anything. Men engaged in carrying dishes or in making useless roads are employed, no doubt. But this labour does the country no good; and the paying of them for their labour, or the mere giving in charity, may make a fairer distribution of the wealth there is, but does not go one step towards altering the real burden of the country or producing new wealth. Extravagant expenditure impoverishes the country. This simple fact I could not make her comprehend. Then she got upon political preaching—abused it very heartily — acknowledged that religion had to do with man’s political life, but said a clergyman’s duty is to preach obedience to the powers that be—was rather puzzled when I asked her whether it were legitimate to preach

from James v. 1: 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl,' &c. —asked whether it was possible for old women and orphans to understand such subjects, to which I replied, 'No; and if a clergyman refuse to touch on such subjects, which belong to real actual life, the men will leave his church; and, as is the case in the Church of England, he will only have charity orphans who are compelled to go, and old women to preach to.'

On Monday I had a long visit from —. He wanted me to preach in Percy Chapel for some schools. I refused. The system of 'starring' it through the country is a contemptible one. If there is a feeble light in any man, the glowworm is the type which nature has given for his conduct, to shine or glimmer quietly in his own place, and let the winged insects come to the light if they like. Whereas the fireflies which fly in the West Indies, obtruding themselves about in people's faces, are caught and put under a watch-glass by the inhabitants, to show them what o'clock it is by night. When they have been used up they are thrown aside, and no one stops to see whether they live or die. The quiet little glowworm is seen only by those that love it. Birds of prey are asleep. What a pretty little fable might be made of this! For men and women it is true. She who will be admired, flashing her full-dressed radiance in the foolish or rather wise world's face, will be treated like the firefly, used to light up a party or to flirt with, and then &c. &c.

CCCXLV.

The Rev. F. W. Robertson to —.

My dear —,—I implore you, do not try morphine ever, no, not once. I will trust you not to do so, not to take any opiate whatever. I ask it humbly. Pledge me your word that you will honourably comply with this, in the letter and in the spirit too. It is a wicked and cowardly attempt to rule the spirit by the flesh. It is beneath you. If you do it I can honour you no longer; the results upon the system are slow, sure, and irreparable, and the habit grows until it is unconquerable. I am deeply, anxiously in earnest. You are not worthy the fidelity of my friendship if you try to drown misery in that way. Except in the grossness of the

effect, where is the difference between the opiate and the dram? Do you not know what keeps the gin palaces open?—Misery! The miserable go there to forget. You must not, and shall not do it, for it is degradation. I would have you condescend to no miserable materialism to escape your sorrow. Remember what Maria Theresa said when she began to doze in dying, ‘I want to meet my God awake.’ Remember that He refused the medicated opiate on the cross. Meet misery awake. May I borrow sacred words: ‘Having begun in the spirit, do not be made perfect through the flesh.’ Summon the force to bear out of your own heart, and the divine that dwells there—not out of a laudanum bottle. I have spoken ruggedly, but not rudely. Forgive me; I am not myself to-night; I would gladly sustain the depression I feel, by opiate, or by anything else; but I resist, because it is despicable.

Yours, &c.

CCCXLVI.

Charles Kingsley at the outset of his curate life was vegetating in a somewhat primitive fashion in a thatched cottage at Eversley. Except at Sandhurst, there was no society in and about his parish, and he makes the following plaintive appeal to an old college friend.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley to Mr. Wood.

Eversley: 1842.

Peter!—Whether in the glaring saloons of Almack’s, or making love in the equestrian stateliness of the park, or the luxurious recumbency of the ottoman, whether breakfasting at one, or going to bed at three, thou art still Peter, the beloved of my youth, the staff of my academic days, the regret of my parochial retirement!—Peter! I am alone! Around me are the everlasting hills, and the everlasting bores of the country! My parish is peculiar for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat bogs; my parishioners remarkable only for aversion to education, and a predilection for fat bacon. I am wasting my sweetness on the desert air—I say my sweetness, for I have given up smoking, and smell no more. Oh, Peter, Peter, come down and see me! O that I could behold your head towering above the fir-trees that surround my lonely dwelling. Take pity on me! I

am like a kitten in the washhouse copper with the lid on! And, Peter, prevail on some of your friends here to give me a day's trout-fishing, for my hand is getting out of practice. But, Peter, I am, considering the oscillations and perplex circumgurgitations of this piece-meal world, an improved man. I am much more happy, much more comfortable, reading, thinking, and doing my duty—much more than ever I did before in my life. Therefore I am not discontented with my situation or regretful that I buried my first-class in a country curacy, like the girl who shut herself up in a band-box on her wedding night (*vide* Rogers's 'Italy'). And my lamentations are not general (for I do not want an inundation of the froth and tide-wash of Babylon the Great), but particular, being solely excited by want of thee, oh Peter, who are very pleasant to me, and wouldst be more so if thou wouldst come and eat my mutton, and drink my wine, and admire my sermons, some Sunday at Eversley.

Your faithful friend,
BOANERGES ROAR-AT-THE-CLOUDS.

CCCXLVII.

Mr. James Brooke, a British subject, was cruising in the Eastern Seas in his yacht, the 'Royalist' (armed with a few six-pounders), at the time the Dyaks were in a state of insurrection at Sarawak against the Sultan of Borneo. Mr. Brooke visited Sarawak and volunteered his aid in suppressing the rebels. Some time afterwards the Sultan conferred on him the title of Rajah and Governor of Sarawak.

Rajah Brooke set to work to reform the government, and with the assistance of some English ships of war, he extirpated piracy. Visiting England in 1848 he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath. But certain influential people who were hostile to his severe treatment of the natives charged him with butchering unoffending people on the pretext of exterminating a few pirates.

Mr. Kingsley did not share in this view. 'Westward Ho' was dedicated to Rajah Sir James Brooke and Bishop Selwyn.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley to J. M. Ludlow.

I have an old 'crow to pick with you' about my hero, Rajah Brooke; and my spirit is stirred within me this morning by seeing

that the press are keeping up the attack on him for the Borneo business. I say at once that I think he was utterly right and righteous. If I had been in his place I would have done the same. If it is to do again, I trust he will have courage to do it again. But, thank God, just because it is done it will not have to be done again.

The truest benevolence is occasional severity. It is expedient that one man die for the people. One tribe exterminated, if need be, to save a whole continent. 'Sacrifice of human life!' Prove that it is *human* life. It is *beast-life*.

These Dyaks have put on the image of the beast, and they must take the consequence. 'Value of life?' Oh, Ludlow, read history; look at the world, and see whether God values mere physical existence. Look at the millions who fall in war; the mere fact that savage races, though they breed like rabbits, never increase in number; and then, beware lest you reproach your Maker. Christ died for them? Yes, and He died for the whole creation as well—the whole world, Ludlow—for the sheep you eat, the million animalcules which the whale swallows at every gape. They shall all be hereafter delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God; but, as yet, just consider the mere fact of beasts of prey, the countless destruction which has been going on for ages and ages, long before Adam's fall, and then consider. Physical death is no evil. It may be a blessing to the survivors. Else, why pestilence, famine, Cromwell and Perrot in Ireland, Charlemagne hanging four thousand Saxons over the Weser Bridge; did not God bless those terrible righteous judgments? Do you believe in the Old Testament? Surely, then, say, what does that destruction of the Canaanites mean? If *it* was right, Rajah Brooke was right. If he be wrong, then Moses, Joshua, David, were wrong. No! I say. Because Christ's kingdom is a kingdom of peace, because the meek alone shall inherit the earth, therefore you Malays and Dyaks of Sarawak, you also are enemies to peace. 'Your feet swift to shed blood, the poison of asps under your lips;' you who have been warned, reasoned with; who have seen, in the case of the surrounding nations, the strength and happiness which peace gives, and will not repent, but remain still murderers and beasts of prey—You are the enemies of Christ, the Prince of peace; you are beasts, all the more dangerous, because you have a semi-human cunning. I

will, like David, 'hate you with a perfect hatred, even as though you were *my* enemies.' I will blast you out with grape and rockets, 'I will beat you as small as the dust before the wind.' You, the strange children that dissemble with me, shall fail, and be exterminated, and be afraid out of your infernal river-forts, as the old Canaanites were out of their hill-castles. I say, honour to a man, who, amid all the floods of sentimental coward cant, which by some sudden revulsion may, and I fear will, become coward cruelty, dares act manfully on the broad sense of right, as Rajah Brooke is doing. Oh, Ludlow, Ludlow, recollect how before the '89 men were maundering about universal peace and philanthropy, too loving to hate God's enemies, too indulgent to punish sin. Recollect how Robespierre began by refusing, on conscientious principles, to assist at the punishment of death! Just read, read the last three chapters of the Revelations, and then say whether these same organs of destructiveness and combativeness, which we now-a-days, in our Manichæism, consider as the devil's creation, may not be part of the image of God, and Christ the Son of God, to be used in His Service and to His glory, just as much as our benevolence or our veneration. Consider—and the Lord give thee grace to judge what I say. I may be wrong. But He will teach us both; and show this to Maurice, and ask him if I am altogether a fiend therein. . .

I have been seeing lately an intimate friend of Rajah Brooke, and hearing things which make me love the man more and more.

I think the preserving that great line of coast from horrible outrage, by destroying the pirate fleet, *was* loving his neighbour as himself.

CCCXLVIII.

Of the three gifted daughters of the Rev. P. Brontë, of Haworth Parsonage, Charlotte (Currer Bell) was the last survivor. She died March 31, 1855. Although her writings were frequently the subject of hostile criticism she modestly forbore to assert herself. The privilege of telling an incurious public the story of a pure and unselfish life was accorded to Mrs. Gaskell. Her estimate of the extent of the gap in the republic of letters which the death of the authoress of 'Jane Eyre' and 'Villette' had caused, was abundantly confirmed, and in no instance more worthily than in the following *amende honorable* from the pen of the late Charles Kingsley.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley to Mrs. Gaskell.

St. Leonards: May 14, 1857.

Let me renew our long-interrupted acquaintance by complimenting you on poor Miss Brontë's 'Life.' You have had a delicate and a great work to do, and you have done it admirably. Be sure that the book will do good. It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home-life, is consistent with high imaginative genius; and it will shame, too, the prudery of a not over cleanly though carefully white-washed age, into believing that purity is now (as in all ages till now) quite compatible with the knowledge of evil. I confess that the book has made me ashamed of myself. 'Jane Eyre' I hardly looked into, very seldom reading a work of fiction—yours, indeed, and Thackeray's are the only ones I care to open. 'Shirley' disgusted me at the opening, and I gave up the writer and her books with a notion that she was a person who liked coarseness. How I misjudged her! and how thankful I am that I never put a word of my misconceptions into print, or recorded my misjudgments of one who is a whole heaven above me.

Well have you done your work, and given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by sufferings. I shall now read carefully and lovingly every word she has written, especially those poems, which ought not to have fallen dead as they did, and which seem to be (from a review in the current *Fraser*) of remarkable strength and purity.

CCCXLIX.

Mr. Charles Kingsley very much objected to be called a 'Muscular Christian.' In taking notice of a review by a clergyman in which this term is applied to him he is making an exception to his rule never to reply to the critics.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley to a Clergyman.

October 19, 1858.

Dear Sir,—A common reviewer, however complimentary or abusive, would have elicited no answer from me; but in your notice of me, there is—over and above undeserved kind words—an evident earnestness to speak the truth and do good, which makes me write

frankly to you. You have used that, to me painful, if not offensive, term 'Muscular Christianity.' My dear Sir, I know of no Christianity save one, which is the likeness of Christ, and the same for all men, viz., to be transformed into Christ's likeness, and to consecrate to His service, as far as may be, all the powers of body, soul, and spirit, regenerate and purified in His Spirit. All I wish to do is, to say to the strong and healthy man, even though he be not very learned, or wise, or even delicate-minded—in the æsthetic sense: 'You too, can serve God with the powers which He has given you. He will call you to account for them, just as much as he will call the parson, or the devout lady.'

You seem to be of the same mind as some good-natured youth, who, in reviewing me the other day, said that I must never have known aught but good health, never had an ache in my life. As if one could know health, without having known sickness, or joy—without having known sorrow! . . . May God grant that you may never go through what I have done of sickness, weakness, misery, physical, mental, spiritual. You fancy that I cannot sympathise with the struggles of an earnest spirit, fettered, tormented, crushed to the very earth by bodily weakness and sickness. If I did not, I were indeed a stupid and a bad man; for my life for fifteen years was nothing else but that struggle. But what if, when God gave to me suddenly and strangely health of body and peace of mind, I learnt what a priceless blessing that *corpus sanum* was, and how it helped—humiliating as the confession may be to spiritual pride—to the producing of *mentem sanam*? What if I felt bound to tell those who had enjoyed all their life that health which was new to me, what a debt they owed to God, how they must and how they might pay that debt? Whom have I wronged in so doing? What, too, if it has pleased God that I should have been born and bred and have lived ever since in the tents of Esau? What if—by no choice of my own—my relations, and friends should have been the hunters and fighters? What if, during a weakly youth, I was forced to watch—for it was always before my eyes—Esau rejoicing in his strength, and casting away his birthright for a mess of pottage? What if, by long living with him, I have learnt to love him as my own soul, to understand him, his capabilities, and weaknesses? Whom have I wronged therein? What

if I said to myself, Jacob has a blessing, but Esau has one also, though his birthright be not his; and what blessing he has he shall know of, that he may earn it? Jacob can do well enough without me. He has some 15,000 clergy, besides dissenting preachers, taking care of him (though he is pretty well able to take care of himself, and understands sharp practice as well as he did in his father Isaac's time), and telling him that he is the only ideal; and that Esau is a poor, profane blackguard, only fit to have his blood poured out like water on Crimean battle-fields, while Jacob sits comfortably at home, making money, and listening to those who preach smooth things to him? And what if, when I tried, I found that Esau would listen to me; that he had a heart as well as Jacob; that he would come to hear me preach, would ask my advice, would tell me his sorrows, would talk to me about his mother, and what he had learnt at his mother's knee, because he felt that I was at least one of like passions as himself, who had been tempted on all points like as he was, *and with many sins*? What if he told me at the same time that he could not listen to Jacob's private chaplains, that he did not understand them, nor they him; that he looked on them with alternate fear and contempt? If I said to myself more and more clearly as the years rolled on, I will live for Esau and with Esau;—if I be called a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, the friend of publicans and sinners, there is One above me who was called the same, and to Him I commit myself and my work;—it is enough for me that He knows my purpose, and that on Crimean battle-fields and Indian marches, poor Esau has died with a clearer conscience and a lighter heart for the words which I have spoken to him. If I have said this, whom have I wronged? I have no grudge against Jacob and his preachers; only when I read the 17th verse of the 3rd chapter of Revelations, I tremble for him, and for England, knowing well that on Jacob depends the well-being of England, whether physical, intellectual, or spiritual, and that my poor Esau is at best food for powder. God help him!

But surely there is room in God's kingdom for him, and for one parson; though, thank God, there is more than one who will teach him what God requires of him. Therefore my mind is made up. As long as Esau comes to me as to a friend; and as long as Esau's mother comes to me to save her child from his own passions

and appetites—would God that I could do it!—so long shall I labour at that which, if I cannot do it well, seems to me the only thing which I can do.

CCCL.

By the kindness and courtesy of Sir Theodore Martin, the Editor has received permission to publish the following contributions from the letters of the late Prince Consort. The first most characteristic example does not appear in so complete a form in Sir Theodore's 'Life of the Prince Consort.' The second is the fragment quoted at page 467, vol. iv. of the same work.

The Prince Consort to the Crown Princess of Prussia.

Buckingham Palace: April 13, 1859.

That you take delight in modelling does not surprise me. As an art it is even more attractive than painting, because in it the thought is actually *incorporated*; it also derives a higher value and interest from the circumstance that in it we have to deal with the three dimensions, instead of having to do with surface merely, and are not called upon to resort to the illusion of perspective. As the artist combines material and thought without the intervention of any other medium, his creation would be perfect, if life, which the divine Creator can alone give, could also be breathed into his work; and I quite understand and feel with the sculptor in the Fable, who implored the gods to let his work descend from its pedestal.

We have an art, however, in which even this third element of creation—force and growth—is presented, and which has therefore had extraordinary attractions for me of late years, indeed, I may say, from earliest childhood, viz. the art of gardening. In this the artist who lays out the work, and devises a garment for a piece of ground, has the delight of seeing his work live and grow, hour by hour, and while it is growing he is able to polish it, to cut and carve upon it, to fill up here and there, to hope, and to grow fond.

I will get Alice to read to me the article about Freemasons. It is not likely to contain the whole secret. The circumstance which provokes you only into finding fault with the order, viz. that husbands dare not communicate the secret of it to their wives, is just

one of its best features. If to *be able to be silent* is one of a husband's chief virtues, then the test, which puts him in opposition to that being, towards whom he constantly shows the greatest weakness, is the hardest of all tests and therefore virtue in its most condensed and comprehensive form. The wife, therefore, should not only rejoice to see him capable of withstanding such a test, but should take occasion out of it to vie with him in virtue, by taming the inborn curiosity which she inherits from mother Eve.

If moreover the subject of the secret be nothing more important than an apron, then every chance is given to virtue on both sides, without disturbing the confidence of marriage, which ought to be complete.

CCCLI.

The Prince Consort to the Crown Princess of Prussia.

Buckingham Palace: June 22, 1859.

Royal personages, to whom services are being constantly rendered, often forget, that these involve all sorts of sacrifices to the persons who render them, which—if those to whom they are rendered would only keep their eyes open—might be obviated and spared. But it is just the most faithful servants and the worthiest friends who are most silent about their own affairs, and who have therefore to be thoroughly probed before we get at the truth.

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