



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The Works Of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford

In Five Volumes

Walpole, Horace

London, 1798

Fugitive Pieces.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54372](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-54372)

[1]
James Cauffield Bengal Carabry
FUGITIVE PIECES.

W. Pitt Rivers
Ed. Pitt Rivers
V E R S E S

IN MEMORY OF

KING HENRY the SIXTH,
FOUNDER of KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

[Written February 2, 1738.]

WHILE superstition teaches to revere
The fainted calendar and letter'd year;
While bigots joy in canonizing shades,
Fictitious martyrs, visionary maids;
Haste, Gratitude, and hail this better day;
At HENRY's shrine present thy votive lay;
If this peculiarly for His be known,
Whose charity made every day his own.
But say, what shrine?—my eyes in *vain require
Th' engraven bras and monumental spire.
HENRY knows none of these—above! around!
Behold where e'er this penfile quarry's found,

* King Henry is buried obscurely at Windfor.

VOL. I.

B

Or

Or swelling into vaulted roofs its weight,
 Or shooting columns into gothic state,
 Where e'er this fanè extends its lofty frame,
 * Behold the monument to HENRY's name!

When HENRY bade this pompous temple rise,
 Nor with presumption emulate the skies,
 Art and Palladio had not reach'd the land,
 Nor methodiz'd the Vandal builder's hand:
 Wonders, unknown to rule, these piles disclose;
 The walls, as if by inspiration, rose.
 The edifice †, continued by his care,
 With equal pride had form'd the sumptuous square,
 Had not th' assassins disappointed part,
 And stab'd the growing fabric in his heart.
 More humble hands, but grateful to the mind
 That first the royal benefit design'd,
 Renew the labour ‡, re-assume the stone,
 And GEORGE's auspices the structure crown.
 No lifeless pride the rising walls contain,
 Neat without art, and regularly plain.
 What tho' with pomp unequal sinks the pile
 Beneath the grandeur of the gothic isle;
 What tho' the modern master's weaker hand
 Unexecuted drops what HENRY plann'd;
 This for the sons of men is an abode,
 But that the temple of the *living God!*

Ascend the temple! join the vocal choir,
 Let harmony your raptur'd souls inspire.
 Hark how the tuneful solemn organs blow,
 Awfully strong, elaborately flow;

* This thought is copied from the inscription
 over Sir Christopher Wren, who is buried under
 the dome of St. Paul, of which he was the archi-
 tect. "—si queras monumentum, suspice!"

† The original plan is extant in the library

of the college.

‡ The new building was raised at the expence
 of the college; and by contributions of the minis-
 ters, nobility and others.

Now

Now to yon empyrean seats above
 Raise meditation on the wings of love;
 Now falling, sinking, dying to the moan
 Once warbled sad by Jesse's contrite son,
 Breathe in each note a conscience thro' the sense,
 And call forth tears from soft-ey'd penitence.
 Along the vaulted roof sweet strains decay,
 And liquid Hallelujahs melt away;
 The floating accents less'ning as they flow,
 Like distant arches gradually low.
 Taste has not vitiated our purer ear,
 Perverting sounds to merriment of pray'r.
 Here mild devotion bends her pious knee,
 Calm and unruffled as a summer sea;
 Avoids each wild enthusiastic tone,
 Nor borrows utt'rance from a tongue unknown.

O HENRY! from thy lucid orb regard
 How purer hands thy pious cares reward;
 Now Heav'n illuminates thy godlike mind
 From superstition's papal gloom refin'd:
 Behold thy sons with that religion blest,
 Which thou wou'dst own and CAROLINE profess'd—
 Great*, mournful name—struck with the well-known sound,
 Their patroness! the muses droop around,
 Unstrung their lyres, inanimate their lays,
 Forget to celebrate e'en HENRY's praise—
 I cease, ye muses, to implore your song;
 I cease your tuneless silent grief to wrong;
 And HENRY's praise refer to that great day,
 Which †, what he was, shall, when it comes, display.

* Queen Caroline died in the preceding November.

† The thought of the last line alludes to an epitaph in the chapel of King's college, which is

mentioned in the Spectator: "Hic situs est N. N. Qualis eram, Dies istic cum venerit, scies:" which being a monkish verse, Mr. Addison has changed the last word *scies* for *indicabit*.

A N

EPISTLE FROM FLORENCE.

To * THOMAS ASHTON, Esq.

TUTOR TO THE EARL OF PLIMOUTH.

[*Written in the Year 1740.*]

WHEN flourish'd with their state th' ATHENIAN name,
 And learning and politeness were the same,
 Philofophy with gentle arts refin'd
 The honest roughness of th' unpractis'd mind:
 She call'd the latent beams of nature forth,
 Guided their ardor and infur'd their worth.
 She pois'd th' impetuous warrior's vengeful steel,
 Mark'd true ambition from destructive zeal,
 Pointed what lustre on that laurel blows,
 Which virtue only on her sons bestows.
 Hence clement CIMON, of unspotted fame,
 Hence ARISTIDES' ever-fav'rite name;
 Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous spear,
 And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear;
 Or in firm bands of social peace to bind
 Their country's good, and benefit mankind.

* He afterwards went into orders, was fellow London, and preacher to the society of Lin-
 of Eton college and minister of saint Botolph's, coln's-inn.

She

She trim'd the thoughtful statesman's nightly oil,
 Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,
 Or with him to his silent villa stole,
 Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his soul.

To woods and caves she never bade retreat,
 Nor fix'd in cloister'd monkeries her seat:
 No lonely precepts to her sons enjoin'd,
 Nor taught them to be men, to shun mankind.
 CYNICS there were, an uncouth selfish race,
 Of manners foul, and boastful of disgrace:
 Brutes, whom no muse has ever lov'd to name,
 Whose ignominy was their only fame.
 No hostile trophies grace their honour'd urn,
 Around their tomb no sculptur'd virtues mourn;
 Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd
 An art discover'd or a city sav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-peer
 Exalt his hope, and press his young career!
 Be this the goal to which, my friend, may you
 With gentle skill direct his early view!
 Artful the various studies to dispense,
 And melt the schoolman's jargon down to sense.

See the pedantic teacher, winking, dull,
 The letter'd tyrant of a trembling school;
 Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
 His lifted faces ram the lesson down.
 From tortur'd strains of eloquence he draws
 Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws,
 By his own sense would TULLY's word expound,
 And a new VANDAL tramples classic ground.

Perhaps a bigot to the learned page,
 No modern custom can his thoughts engage.

His

His little farm by * GEORGIC rules he ploughs,
 And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs:
 Still from ARATUS' sphere or MARO's signs
 The future calm or tempest he divines:
 And fears if the prognostic raven's found
 † Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What scanty precepts! studies how confin'd!
 Too mean to fill your comprehensive mind;
 Unsatisfy'd with knowing when or where
 Some Roman bigot rais'd a fane to FEAR;
 On what green medal VIRTUE stands exprefs'd,
 How CONCORD's pictur'd, LIBERTY how drefs'd;
 Or with wise ken judiciously define,
 When Pius marks the honorary coin
 Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.

Thirsting for knowledge, but to know the right,
 Thro' judgment's optic guide th' illusive sight;
 To let in rays on Reason's darkling cell,
 And lagging mists of prejudice dispel;
 For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
 Weigh the contemplative and active sage,
 And cull some useful flow'r from each historic age.

Thence teach the youth the necessary art,
 To know the judge's from the critic's part;
 Show how ignoble is the passion, FEAR,
 And place some patriot Roman's model near;
 Their bright examples to his soul instil,
 Who knew no fear, but that of doing ill.
 Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
 To know the folds that from the TOGA fall,

* This was literally the case of Dr. Weston,
 bishop of Exeter, who, when school-master of
 Eton, lost a considerable sum by the experiment.
 It is very remarkable, that Sir Thomas Over-
 bury, who wrote so many years before the time

of bishop Weston, gives this instance of the cha-
 racter of a pedant, "He gives directions for huf-
 bandry from Virgil's Georgics, for cattle from
 his Bucolics, &c."

† Et fola in sicca secum spatiatur arenâ. VIRG.

The CLAVUS' breadth, the BULLA's golden round,
 And ev'ry leaf that ev'ry VIRTUE crown'd:
 But show how brighter in each honest breast,
 Than o'er her shrine, the goddess stood confess'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantastic boy,
 Elate with pow'r, and swell'd with frantic joy,
 'Tis not a slavish senate, fawning, base,
 Can stamp with honest fame a worthless race:
 Tho' the false coin proclaim him great and wise,
 The tyrant's life shall tell that coin, it lyes.

But when your early care shall have design'd
 To plan the soul and mould the waxen mind;
 When you shall pour upon his tender breast
 Ideas that must stand an age's test,
 Oh! there imprint with strongest deepest dye
 The lovely form of goddess LIBERTY!
 For her in senates be he train'd to plead,
 For her in battles be he taught to bleed.
 Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff resounds
 With dashing seas, fair Freedom's honest bounds;
 Point to yon azure Carr bedrop'd with gold,
 Whose weight the necks of Gallia's sons uphold;
 Where proudly sits an iron-scepter'd queen,
 And fondly triumphs o'er the prostrate scene;
 Cry, That is empire! shun her baleful path,
 Her words are slavery, her touch is death!
 Thro' wounds and blood the fury drives her way,
 And murders half to make the rest her prey.

Thus spoke each Spartan matron, as she dress'd
 With the bright cuirass her young soldier's breast;
 On the new warrior's tender-finew'd thigh,
 Girt fear of shame and love of liberty.

Steel'd

Steel'd with such precepts, for a cause so good,
 What scanty bands the Persian host withstood!
 Before the sons of Greece let Asia tell
 How fled her * Monarch, how her millions fell!
 When arm'd for LIBERTY, a few how brave!
 How weak a multitude, where each a slave!
 No welcome falchion fill'd their fainting hand,
 No voice inspir'd of favourite command:
 No peasant fought for wealthy lands possess'd,
 No fond remembrance warm'd the parent's breast:
 They saw their lands for royal riot groan,
 And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;
 They saw their infant race to bondage rise,
 And frequent heard the ravish'd virgin's cries,
 Dishonour'd but to cool a transient gust
 Of some luxurious Satrap's barb'rous lust.

The greatest curses any age has known
 Have issued from the temple or the throne.
 Extent of ill from kings at first begins,
 But priests must aid and consecrate their sins.
 The tortur'd subject might be heard complain,
 When sinking under a new weight of chain,
 Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
 When tax'd to dow'r a titled concubine,
 But the priest christens all a right divine. }

When at the altar a new monarch kneels,
 What conjur'd awe upon the people steals!
 The chosen HE adores the precious oil,
 Meekly receives the solemn charm, and while
 The priest some blessed nothings mutters o'er,
 Sucks in the sacred grease at every pore:
 He seems at once to shed his mortal skin,
 And feels divinity transfus'd within.

* Xerxes.

The

The trembling vulgar dread the royal nod,
And worship God's anointed more than God.

Such sanction gives the prelate to such kings!
So mischief from those hallow'd fountains springs,
But bend your eye to yonder baras'd plains,
Where king and priest in one united reign;
See fair Italia mourn her holy state,
And droop oppress'd beneath a papal weight:
Where fat celibacy usurps the soil,
And sacred sloth consumes the peasant's toil:
The holy drones monopolize the sky,
And plunder by a vow of poverty.
The Christian cause their lewd profession taints,
Unlearn'd, unchaste, uncharitable faints.

Oppression takes religion's hallow'd name,
And priestcraft knows to play the specious game.
Behold how each enthusiastic fool
Of ductile piety becomes their tool:
Observe with how much art, what fine pretence
They hallow foppery and combat sense.

Some hoary hypocrite, grown old in sin,
Whose thoughts of heav'n with his last hours begin,
Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
And mumbling somewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r,
Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd lord,
And squeezes out on the dull idol-board
A fore-cy'd gum of tears; the flannel crew
With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
Pronounce him blest'd, his miracles proclaim,
Teach the slight crowd t' adore his hallow'd name,
Exalt his praise above the saints of old,
And coin his sinking conscience into gold.

VOL. I. C Or

Or when some pontiff with imperious hand
Sends forth his edict to excise the land,
The tortur'd hind unwillingly obeys,
And mutters curses as his mite he pays!
The subtle priest th' invidious name forbears,
Asks it for holy use or venal pray'rs;
Exhibits all their trumpery to sale,
A bone, a mouldy morsel, or a nail:
Th' idolatrous devout adore the show,
And in full streams the molten off'rings flow.

No pagan object, nothing too profane
To aid the Romish zeal for christian gain.
Each temple with new weight of idols nods,
And borrow'd altars smoke to other gods.
PROMETHEUS' vulture MATTHEW's eagle proves,
And heav'nly cherubs sprout from heathen loves;
Young GANYMEDE a winged angel stands
By holy LUKE, and dictates God's commands:
APOLLO*, tho' degraded, still can blefs,
Rewarded with a sainthood, and an S.
Each convert godhead is apostoliz'd,
And JOVE himself by † PETER's name baptiz'd;
ASTARTE shines in Jewish MARY's fame,
Still queen of heav'n, another and the same.

While the proud priest the sacred tyrant reigns
Of empty cities and dispeopled plains,
Where fetter'd nature is forbid to rove
In the free commerce of productive love,
Behold imprison'd with her barren kind,
In gloomy cells the votive maid confin'd;
Faint streams of blood, by long stagnation weak,
Scarce tinge the fading damask of her cheek;

* St. Apollos.

† At saint Peter's an old statue of Jupiter is turned into one of saint Peter.

In vain the pines, the holy faith withstands
 What nature dictates and what God commands.
 But if some sanguine he, some lusty priest
 Of jollier morals taste the tempting feast,
 From the strong grasp if some poor babe arise,
 Unwelcome, unindear'd, it instant dies,
 Or poisons blasting soon the hasty joy,
 Th' imperfect seeds of infant life destroy.

Fair modesty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
 From thee the muse the grosser acts must hide,
 Nor the dark cloister's mystic rites display,
 Whence num'rous brawny monkhoods waste away,
 And unprolific, tho' forsworn, decay.

BRITANNIA smiling views her golden plains
 From mitred bondage free and papal chains.
 Her jocund sons pass each unburthen'd day
 Securely quiet, innocently gay:
 Lords of themselves the happy rustics sing,
 Each of his little tenement the king.
 Twice did usurping Rome extend her hand,
 To re-inflame the new-deliver'd land:
 Twice were her fable bands to battle warm'd,
 With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murders arm'd:
 * With PETER's sword and MICHAEL's lance were sent,
 And whate'er stores supply'd the church's armament.
 Twice did the gallant Albion race repel
 The jesuit legions to the gates of hell;
 Or whate'er angel, friend to Britain, took
 Or WILLIAM's or ELIZA's guardian look.

Arise, young peer! shine forth in such a cause!
 Who draws the sword for freedom, justly draws.

* Addit & Herculeos Arcus Hastamque Minervæ, Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Cæli.
 Juv.

Reflect how dearly was that freedom bought;
 For that, how oft your ancestors have fought;
 Thro' the long series of our princes down,
 How wrench'd some right from each too potent crown.

See abject JOHN, that vassal monarch, see!
 Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the supple knee!
 Oh! prostitution of imperial state!
 To a vile Romish priest's vile * delegate!
 Him the bold barons scorning to obey,
 And be the subjects of a subject sway;
 Heroes, whose names to latest fame shall shine,
 Aw'd by no visions of a right divine,
 That bond by eastern politicians wrought,
 Which ours have learnt, and rabbi doctors taught,
 To straiter banks restrain'd the royal will,
 That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
 See † HENRY in his father's footsteps tread.
 Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
 His early follies haunt his latest hour.
 His nobles injur'd, and his realms oppress'd,
 No violated senate's wrongs redress'd,
 His hoary age sinks in the feeble wane
 Of an inglorious, slighted, tedious reign.

The muse too long with idle glories fed,
 And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
 The wanton vain on giddy plumes would soar
 To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled shore;
 Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul
 At † EDWARD's and at § HENRY's name to fall;
 Romantic heroes! prodigal of blood;
 What numbers stain'd each ill-disputed flood!

* The pope's nuncio.

† Henry III.

‡ Edward I. and III.

§ Henry V.

Tools to a clergy! warring but to feast
 With spoils of provinces each pamper'd priest.
 Be dumb, fond maid! thy sacred ink nor spill
 On specious tyrants, popularly ill:
 Nor be thy comely locks with roses dight
 Of either victor colour, red or white.

Foil'd the assassin * king, in union blow
 The blended flowers on seventh HENRY's brow,
 Peace 'lights again on the forsaken strand,
 And banish'd plenty re-assumes the land.
 No nodding crest the crouching infant frights,
 No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights;
 Reposing fabres seek their ancient place
 To bristle round a gaping † Gorgon's face.
 The weary'd arms grotesquely deck the wall,
 And tatter'd trophies fret the royal † hall.
 But peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
 From a redundant horn her treasure rains!
 She deals her gifts; but in a useless hour,
 To glut the iron hand of griping pow'r:
 Such LANCASTER, whom haras'd Britain saw,
 Mask'd in the garb of antiquated law:
 More politic than wife, more wife than great;
 A legislator to enslave the state;
 Coolly malicious; by design a knave;
 More mean than false, ambitious more than brave;
 Attach'd to interest's more than honour's call;
 More strict than just, more covetous than all.

Not so the reveller profuse, his § son,
 His contrast course of tyranny begun;
 Robust of limb, and flush'd with florid grace,
 Strength nerv'd his youth, and squar'd his jovial face.

* Richard III.

† Medusa's head in the armory at the Tower.

‡ Westminster-hall.

§ Henry VIII.

To

To feats of arms and carpet-combats prone,
 In either field the vig'rous monarch shone:
 Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day
 In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
 But shift the scene, and view what slaughters stain
 Each frantic period of his barb'rous reign:
 A tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
 By ev'ry potentate he dealt with, fool'd;
 Sold by one * minister, to all unjust;
 Sway'd by each dictate of distemper'd lust;
 Changing each worship that controul'd the bent
 Of his adult'rous will, and lewd intent;
 Big in unwieldy majesty and pride,
 And smear'd with queens' and martyrs' blood, he dy'd.

Pas we the pious † youth too flightly seen;
 The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romish ‡ queen:
 Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
 Shadow the glories of ELIZA's reign,
 Who still too great, tho' some few faults she had,
 To catalogue with all those royal bad.

Arise, great JAMES! thy course of wisdom run!
 Image of David's philosophic son!
 He comes! on either hand in seemly state,
 Knowledge and Peace his fondled handmaids wait:
 Obscurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
 Of quibbling cant and grace fanatic full,
 Thron'd in full senates, on his pedant tongue,
 These for six hours each weighty morning hung.
 For these each string of royal pow'r he strain'd,
 For these he sold whate'er ELIZA gain'd;
 For these he squander'd ev'ry prudent store
 The frugal princess had reserv'd before,
 On pension'd sycophants and garter'd boys,
 Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.

* Cardinal Wolfey.

† Edward VI.

‡ Mary.

For these he let his beggar'd * daughter roam;
 Bubbled for these by Spanish art at home;
 For these, to sum the blessings of his reign,
 Poison'd one son †, and t'other sent to Spain.

Retire, strict muse, and thy impartial verse
 In pity spare on CHARLES's bleeding herse;
 Or all his faults in blackest note, translate
 To tombs where rot the authors of his fate;
 To lustful HENRIETTA's Romish shade
 Let all his acts of lawless pow'r be laid;
 Or to the ‡ priest more Romish still than her;
 And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next § prince expell'd his native land
 In vain affliction laid her iron hand;
 Fortune, or fair or frowning, on his soul
 Could stamp no virtue, and no vice controul;
 Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,
 Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth;
 The care of nations left to whores or chance,
 Plund'rer of Britain, pensioner of France;
 Free to Buffoons, to Ministers deny'd,
 He liv'd an atheist, and a bigot dy'd.

The reins of empire, or resign'd or stole,
 Are trusted next to JAMES's weak controul.
 Him, meditating to subvert the laws,
 His hero || son in freedom's beauteous cause
 Rose to chastise: ** unhappy still! howe'er
 Posterity the gallant action bear.

* Queen of Bohemia.

† Prince Henry and Charles I.

‡ Archbishop Laud.

§ Charles II.

|| William III.

** Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores! VIRG.

I N S C R I P T I O N
 FOR THE
 NEGLECTED COLUMN

IN THE PLACE OF
 ST. MARK AT FLORENCE.

[Written in the Year 1740.]

ESCAP'D a * race, whose vanity ne'er rais'd
 A monument, but when themselves it prais'd,
 Sacred to truth O! let this column rise,
 Pure from false trophies and inscriptive lies!
 Let no enslavers of their country here
 In impudent relieve dare appear:
 No pontiff by a ruin'd nation's blood
 Lusting to aggrandize his bastard brood:
 Be here no † Clement, ‡ Alexander seen,
 No pois'ning § cardinal, or pois'ning || queen:

* The family of Medici.

† Cardinal Julio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII.

‡ Alexander, the first duke of Florence, killed by Lorenzino de' Medici.

VOL. I.

§ Ferdinand the Great was first cardinal and then became Great duke, by poisoning his elder brother Francis I. and his wife Bianca Capello.

|| Catherine of Medici, wife of Henry II. king of France.

D

No

No Cosmo, or the bigot * duke, or † he
 Great from the wounds of dying liberty.
 No ‡ Lorrainer----one lying arch § suffice
 To tell his virtues and his victories;
 Beneath his fust'ring eye how || commerce thriv'd,
 Beneath his smile how drooping arts reviv'd:
 Let it relate, e'er since his rule begun,
 Not what he has, but what he should have done.

Level with freedom, let this pillar mourn,
 Nor rise, before the radiant bliss return;
 Then tow'ring boldly to the skies proclaim
 Whate'er shall be the patriot hero's name,
 Who, a new BRUTUS, shall his country free,
 And, like a GOD, shall say, LET THERE BE LIBERTY!

* Cosmo III.

† Cosmo the Great enslaved the republics of
 Florence and Siena.

‡ Francis II. duke of Lorraine, which he gave
 up to France, against the command of his mo-
 ther, and the petitions of all his subjects, and
 had Tuscany in exchange.

§ The triumphal arch erected to him without

the porta San Gallo.

|| Two inscriptions over the lesser arches call
 him "Restitutor Commercii, and Propagator
 Bonarum Artium," as his equestrian statue tram-
 pling on Turks, on the summit, represents the vic-
 tories that he was designed to gain over that peo-
 ple, when he received the command of the em-
 peror's armies, but was prevented by some fevers.

THE

T H E
B E A U T I E S.

A N

EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the PAINTER.

[Written in the Year 1746.]

RESPONDING artist, talk no more
Of beauties in the days of yore,
Of goddesses renown'd in Greece,
And ZEUXIS' composition-piece,
Where every nymph that could at most
Some single grace or feature boast,
Contributed her favourite charm
To perfect the ideal form.
'Twas CYNTHIA'S brow, 'twas LESBIA'S eye,
'Twas CLOE'S check's vermilion dye;
ROXANA lent the noble air,
Dishevell'd flow'd ASPASIA'S hair,
And CUPID much too fondly press'd
His mimic mother THAIS' breast.

Antiquity, how poor thy use!
A single Venus to produce!
Friend Eckardt, ancient story quit,
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;

D 2

Felicien

Felibien and Frefnoy difclaim,
 Who talk of Raphael's matchlefs fame,
 Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
 And Carlo's each Madonna face,
 As if no beauties now were made,
 But Nature had forgot her trade.
 'Twas beauty guided Raphael's line,
 From heavenly women styl'd divine.
 They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
 And what he could not tafte, he drew.
 Think you devotion warm'd his breaft,
 When Carlo with fuch looks exprefs'd
 His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
 Emotions----not, I'm fure, of zeal?

In Britain's ifle obferve the fair,
 And curious choofe your models there;
 Such patterns as fhall raife your name
 To rival fweet Corregio's fame.
 Each fingle piece fhall be a teft,
 And Zeuxis' patchwork but a jeft;
 Who ranfack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
 To bring one goddefs on the ftage.
 On your each canvafs we'll admire
 The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majefitic Juno fhall be feen
 In * HERVEY's glorious awful mien.
 Where † FITZROY moves, refplendent fair;
 So warm her bloom, fublime her air;
 Her ebon trefles, form'd to grace,
 And heighten while they fhade her face;
 Such troops of martial youth around,
 Who court the hand that gives the wound;

* Mifs Lepelle Hervey, now lady Mulgrave,
 eldeft daughter of John lord Hervey.

† Lady Caroline Fitzroy, eldeft daughter of
 Charles fecond duke of Grafton.

'Tis

'Tis Pallas, Pallas stands confes'd,
 Tho' * STANHOPE's more than Paris blefs'd.
 So † CLEVELAND shone in warlike pride,
 By Lely's pencil deify'd:
 So ‡ GRAFTON, matchless dame, commands;
 The fairest work of Kneller's hands.
 The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
 In veins as rich still loves to sport:
 And George's age beholds restor'd
 What William boasted, Charles ador'd.

For Venuses, the Trojan ne'er
 Was half so puzzled to declare:
 Ten queens of beauty, sure I see!
 Yet sure the true is § EMILY.
 Such majesty of youth and air,
 Yet modest as the village fair:
 Attracting all, indulging none,
 Her beauty, like the glorious sun
 Thron'd eminently bright above,
 Impartial warms the world to love.

In smiling || CAPEL's bounteous look
 Rich autumn's goddess is mistook.
 With poppies and with spiky corn,
 Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
 And by her side, in decent line,
 Place charming ** BERKELEY, Proserpine.
 Mild as a summer sea, serene,
 In dimpled beauty next be seen
 †† AYLESB'RY, like hoary Neptune's queen.

* Lord Peterham, since earl of Harrington.

† The duchess of Cleveland like Pallas among the beauties at Windsor.

‡ The duchess of Grafton among the beauties at Hampton-court.

§ Lady Emily Lenox, now duchess of Leinster.

|| Lady Mary Capel, since married to admiral Forbes.

** Elizabeth Drax countess of Berkeley, since married to Robert Nugent, esq.

†† Caroline Campbell countess of Aylesbury, since married to general Henry Seymour Conway; she was only daughter of John fourth duke of Argyle.

With

With her the light-dispensing fair,
 Whose beauty gilds the morning air,
 And bright as her attendant fun,
 The new Aurora, * LYTTTELTON.
 Such † Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
 And in ethereal colours dip'd,
 In measur'd dance to tuneful song
 Drew the sweet goddess, as along
 Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet spread,
 The buxom hours the fairest led.

The crescent on her brow display'd,
 In curls of loveliest brown inlaid,
 With every charm to rule the night,
 Like Dian, ‡ STRAFFORD woos the fight.
 The graceful shape, the piercing eye,
 The snowy bosom's purity,
 The unaffected gentle phrase
 Of native wit in all she says;
 Eckardt, for these thy art's too faint.
 You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe smil'd, what bloom divine
 On the young goddess lov'd to shine,
 From § CARPENTER we guess, or see,
 All-beauteous || MANNERS! beam from thee.

How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
 By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide shade,
 With rosy hand coquetly throwing
 Panfies beneath her sweet touch blowing;

* Miss Lucy Fortescue, first wife of George
 now lord Lyttelton.

† Guido's Aurora in the Rospigliosi palace at
 Rome.

‡ Lady Anne Campbell countess of Strafford.

§ Almeria Carpenter, since countess of Egremont.

|| Miss Manners (since married to captain Hall),
 daughter of lord William Manners.

How blithe she look'd, let * FANNY tell;
Let Zephyr own if half so well.

Another † goddess of the year,
Fair queen of summer, see appear!
Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
Her panting bosom loosely bound,
Ethereal beauty in her face,
Rather the beauties of her race,
Whence ev'ry goddess, envy-smit,
Must own each Stonehouse meets in ‡ PITT.

Exhausted all the heav'nly train,
How many mortals yet remain,
Whose eyes shall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part?
Our sister muses must describe
§ CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe:
And || JULIANA with the nine
Shall aid the melancholy line,
To weep her dear ** resemblance gone,
Where all these beauties meet in one.
Sad fate of beauty! more I see,
Afflicted, lovely family!
Two beauteous nymphs here, painter, place,
Lamenting o'er their †† sister grace,
‡‡ One, matron-like, with sober grief,
Scarce gives her pious sighs relief;
While §§ t'other lovely maid appears
In all the melting pow'r of tears:

* Miss Fanny Maccartney, married to Mr. Greville.

† Pomona.

‡ Miss Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt. Lady Atkins, her mother, was a Stonehouse.

§ Miss Chudleigh, maid of honour.

|| Lady Juliana Farmor, since married to Mr. Pen.

** Lady Sophia Farmor, countess of Granville.

†† Miss Mary Evelyn.

‡‡ Mrs. Boone.

§§ Miss Elizabeth Evelyn, since married to Peter Bathurst, esq.

The

The softest form, the gentlest grace,
The sweetest harmony of face;
Her snowy limbs and artless move
Contending with the queen of love,
While bashful beauty shuns the prize,
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE,

On the Suppression of the REBELLION.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the Character of the COMIC MUSE,
November 4, 1746.

BRITONS, once more in annual joy we meet
This genial night in freedom's fav'rite seat:
And o'er the * two great empires still I reign
Of Covent-garden, and of Drury-lane.
But ah! what clouds o'er all our realms impended!
Our ruin artless prodigies portended.
Chains, real chains, our heroes had in view,
And scenes of mimic dungeons chang'd to true.
An equal fate the Stage and Britain dreaded,
Had Rome's young missionary spark succeeded.
But laws and liberties are trifling treasures;
He threaten'd that grave property, your pleasures.

For me, an idle muse, I ne'er diffembled
My fears; but e'en my tragic sister trembled.
O'er all her sons she cast her mournful eyes,
And heav'd her breast more than dramatic sighs:
To eyes well-tutor'd in the trade of grief
She rais'd a small and well-lac'd handkerchief;

* The two great empires of the world I know, This of Peru, and that of Mexico.

INDIAN EMPEROR.

VOL. I,

E

And

And then with decent pause—and accent broke,
 Her buskin'd progeny the dame bespoke:
 " Ah! sons, * our dawn is over-cast, and all
 " Theatric glories nodding to their fall.
 " From foreign realms a bloody chief is come,
 " Big with the work of slav'ry and of Rome.
 " A general ruin on his sword he wears,
 " Fatal alike to audience and to play'rs.
 " For ah! my sons, what freedom for the stage,
 " When bigotry with sense shall battle wage?
 " When monkish laureats only wear the bays,
 " † Inquisitors lord chamberlains of plays?
 " Plays shall be damn'd that 'scap'd the critic's rage,
 " For priests are still worse tyrants to the stage.
 " Cato, receiv'd by audiences so gracious,
 " Shall find ten Cæsars in one St. Ignatius:
 " And godlike Brutus here shall meet again
 " His evil genius in a capuchin.
 " For heresy the fav'rites of the pit
 " Must burn, and excommunicated wit;
 " And at one stake we shall behold expire
 " My Anna Bullen, and the Spanish Fryar.

" Ev'n ‡ Tamerlane, whose fainter name appears
 " Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,
 " Oft as these festal rites attend the morn
 " Of liberty restor'd, and WILLIAM born—
 " But at that name what transports flood my eyes!
 " What golden vision's this I see arise!
 " What § youth is he with comeliest conquest crown'd,
 " His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound?
 " What wreaths are these that vict'ry dares to join,
 " And blend with trophies of my fav'rite Boyne?

* The dawn is over-cast, the morning lours,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, th' important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato and of Rome. CATO.

† Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and
 5th of November, the anniversaries of king Wil-
 liam's birth and landing.
 § William duke of Cumberland.

‡ Cibber preside lord chancellor of plays. POPE.

" Oh! if the muse can happy aught preface,
 " Of new deliv'rance to the state and stage;
 " If not untaught the characters to spell
 " Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;
 " * Thou shalt be WILLIAM—like the last design'd
 " The tyrant's scourge, and blessing of mankind;
 " Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,
 " That teaches happy subjects to rebel.
 " Nassau himself but half our vows shall share,
 " Divide our incense and divide our pray'r:
 " And oft as Tamerlane shall lend his fame
 " To shadow *his*, thy rival star shall claim
 " † Th' ambiguous laurel and the doubtful name."

* Tu Marcellus eris.

VIRGIL.

† Conditor Iliados cantabitur, atque Maronis
 Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam. Juv.

T H E
E N T A I L*,
A
F A B L E.

IN a fair summer's radiant morn
 A BUTTERFLY, divinely born,
 Whose lineage dated from the mud
 Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
 Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
 By various gusts of odour drawn,
 At last establish'd his repose
 On the rich bosom of a rose.
 The palace pleas'd the lordly guest:
 What insect own'd a prouder nest?
 The dewy leaves luxurious shed
 Their balmy essence o'er his head,
 And with their silken tap'stry fold
 His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
 He thinks the thorns embattled round
 To guard his castle's lovely mound,
 And all the bush's wide domain
 Subservient to his fancied reign.

* This piece was occasioned by the author. traits and arms of his ancestors] if he did not
 being asked [after he had finished the little castle design to entail it on his family?
 at Strawberry-hill and adorned it with the por-

Such

Such ample blessings swell'd the FLY!
 Yet in his mind's capacious eye
 He roll'd the change of mortal things,
 The common fate of flies and kings.
 With grief he saw how lands and honours
 Are apt to slide to various owners;
 Where Mowbrays dwelt how grocers dwell,
 And how cits buy what barons fell.
 "Great Phœbus, patriarch of my line,
 "Avert such shame from sons of thine!
 "To them confirm these roofs," he said;
 And then he swore an oath so dread,
 The stoutest wasp that wears a sword,
 Had trembled to have heard the word!
 "If law can rivet down entails,
 "These manours ne'er shall pass to snails.
 "I swear"—and then he smote his ermine—
 "These tow'rs were never built for vermine."

A CATERPILLAR grovel'd near,
 A subtle flow conveyancer,
 Who summon'd, waddles with his quill
 To draw the haughty insect's will.
 None but his heirs must own the spot,
 Begotten, or to be begot:
 Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
 To eggs of eggs of BUTTERFLIES.

When lo! how Fortune loves to tease
 Those who would dictate her decrees!
 A wanton BOY was passing by;
 The wanton child beheld the FLY,
 And eager ran to seize the prey;
 But, too impetuous in his play,
 Crush'd the proud tenant of an hour,
 And swept away the MANSION-FLOW'R.

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M.

On ADMIRAL VERNON

Prefiding over the Herring-Fishery, MDCCL.

LONG in the senate had brave VERNON rail'd,
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd;
Sick of his noise, we wearied heav'n with pray'r
In his own element to place the tar.
The gods at length have yielded to our wish,
And bade him rule o'er Billingsgate and fish.

PORTRAIT

P O R T R A I T
O F
JOHN EARL GRANVILLE.

Written immediately after his Death in 1763.

COMMANDING beauty, smooth'd by cheerful grace,
Sat on each open feature of his face.
Bold was his language, rapid, glowing, strong;
And science flow'd spontaneous from his tongue.
A genius, seizing systems, flighting rules;
And void of gall, with boundless scorn of fools.
Ambition dealt her flambeau to his hand,
And Bacchus sprinkled fuel on the brand.
His wish to counsel monarchs, or controul;
His means—th' impetuous ardour of his soul;
For while his views out-strip'd a mortal's span,
Nor prudence drew, nor craft pursued the plan.
Swift fell the scaffold of his airy pride,
But, slightly built, diffus'd no ruin wide.
Unhurt, undaunted, undisturb'd he fell;
Could laugh the fame, and the same stories tell:
And more a sage than * he, who bade await
His revels, till his conquests were complete,
Our jovial statesman either sail unfurl'd,
And drank his bottle, tho' he mis'd the world.

* Pyrrhus.

PORTRAIT

P O R T R A I T
D E
J E A N C O M T E D E G R A N V I L L E .

Traduit de l'Anglois de Monsieur WALPOLE,

Par Monsieur le Colonel DRUMGOLD.

LA franchise, la grace, & l'aimable gayeté
Adouciſſoient l'eclat de ſa male beauté.
Tout s'embraſoit au feu de ſa vive eloquence ;
Tout cedoit au torrent de ſa vaſte ſcience.
Laiſſant la regle & l'art aux plats manoeuvriers,
D'un coup d'œil il perçoit des ſyſtèmes entiers.
Son ame étoit ſans fiel ; mais un mepris ſuprême
Le vengeoit mieux des ſots que la vengeance même.
La fiere ambition luy remit ſon flambeau,
Et Bacchus l'arroſa des feux de ſon tonneau.
Tout ſon but, ſi jamais il en eût un, fut d'être
Tour à tour la terreur, ou l'appui, de ſon maître.
Son plan, de n'écouter que la fougueuſe voix
Du grand cœur de qui ſeul il recevoit des loix.
Mais tandis que ce plan franchiſſoit les limites
Qu'aux projets des mortels la nature a preſcrites,
La prudence jamais n'en traça le deſſein,
Et l'intrigue jamais n'en pourſuivit la fin.
De ſes projets legers la trop frêle colonne
Fendit deſſous ſes pieds, mais ſans bleſſer perſonne.
Sans accident, ſans crainte, il tomba tout entier,
Et de ſa propre chute il rit tout le premier.
Plus ſage que celui, qui, trop yvre de gloire,
Suspendit ſes plaiſirs, pour hâter ſa victoire,
Il vuida ſon flacon, exempt de tout chagrin,
A la fanté du monde echappé de ſa main.

VERSES

V E R S E S

Prefixed to an Edition printed at Strawberry-Hill in 1764, of the
POEMS of ANNA CHAMBER Countess TEMPLE.

LONG had been lost enchanting Sappho's lyre,
Its graceful warblings, and its tender fire:
No more the guardians of the Aonian well
To wanton hands would trust their sacred shell:
When wand'ring thoughtless o'er the tuneful hill,
When wand'ring thoughtless of th' inspiring rill,
Chance guided TEMPLE to the secret shade,
Where the shy sisters had the music laid.
Its form unusual caught her curious eye;
She touch'd it, and it murmur'd melody.
Across the chords an artless sweep she flings;
Airs, vernal airs, return the vocal strings.
Again her fingers o'er the lines she throws;
Spontaneous numbers from her touch arose.
Surpris'd she hears th' unmeditated lay;
Pleas'd and surpris'd, repeats th' harmonious play.
"Whence flow these numbers undefin'd?" she cries.
"Those numbers are your own:" the lyre replies.
"The seeds of genuine poesy, tho' unknown,
By parent Phœbus in your soul were sown:
"Too modest to expect the growth you see,
"To wake them into life you wanted me."

T H E
MAGPIE AND HER BROOD,
A F A B L E,

From the Tales of BONAVENTURE DES PERIERS, Valet de Chambre
to the Queen of NAVARRE ;

ADDRESSED to Miss * HOTHAM.

MDCCLXIV.

HOW anxious is the pensive parent's thought!
How blest the fav'rite fondling's early lot!
Joy strings her hours on pleasure's golden twine,
And fancy forms it to an endless line.
But ah! the charm must cease or soon or late,
When chicks and misses rise to woman's 'state.
The little tyrant grows in turn a slave,
And feels the soft anxiety she gave.
This truth, my pretty friend, an ancient wit,
Who many a jocund tale and legend writ,
Couch'd in that age's unaffected guise,
When fables were the wisdom of the wise.
To careless notes I've tun'd his gothic style;
Content, if you approve, and Suffolk smile.

* Henrietta, only daughter of colonel Charles Hotham, by lady Dorothy Hobart, daughter of John earl of Buckinghamshire, with whose sister, Henrietta countess dowager of Suffolk, miss Hotham, then ten years old, lived at Marble-hill, Twickenham.

ONCE on a time a magpie led
 Her little family from home,
 To teach them how to earn their bread,
 When she in quest of a new mate should roam.
 She pointed to each worm and fly,
 That crept on earth or wing'd the sky,
 Or where the beetle buzz'd, she call'd.
 But all her documents were vain;
 They would not budge, the urchin train,
 But caw'd, and cry'd, and squall'd.
 They wanted to be back at nest,
 Close nuzzled to mamma's warm breast;
 And thought that she, poor soul! must sweat
 Day after day to find them meat:
 But Madge knew better things.
 My loves, said she, behold the plains,
 Where store of food and plenty reigns!
 I was not half so big as you,
 When me my honour'd mother drew
 Forth to the groves and springs.
 She flew away; God rest her sprite!
 Tho' I could neither read nor write,
 I made a shift to live.
 So must you too: come, hop away:
 Get what you can; steal what you may,
 Th' industrious always thrive.
 Lord bless us! cried the peevish chits,
 Can babes like us live by their wits?
 With perils compass'd round, can we
 Preserve our lives or liberty?
 How shall we 'scape the fowler's snare,
 Or gard'ner's tube erect in air?
 If we but pilfer plums or nuts,
 The leaden ball will pierce our guts:
 And then, mamma, your tender heart will bleed
 To see your little pies lie dead.

F 2

My

My dears, said she, and bufs'd their callow bills,
The wife by foresight intercept their ills:

And you of no dull lineage came.

To fire a gun it takes some time;

The man must load, the man must prime,

And after that, take aim.

He lifts his piece, he winks his eye;

'Twill then be time enough to fly:

You out of reach may laugh and chatter;

To bilk a man is no great matter.

Aye! but—But what?—Why, if the clown

Should reach a stone to knock us down—

Why, if he does, ye brats,

Must not he stoop to reach the stone?

His posture warns you to be gone:

Birds are not kill'd like cats.

Still, good mamma, our case is hard:

The rogue, you know, may come prepar'd,

A huge stone in his fist!

Indeed! my youngsters, Madge replies,

If you already are so wise,

Go cater where you list.

THE
MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

A
TRAGEDY.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui!

VIRGIL.

P E R S O N S.

COUNTESS of NARBONNE.

COUNT EDMUND, her Son.

FLORIAN, his Friend.

ADELIZA, an Orphan.

BENEDICT, }
MARTIN, } Friars.

PETER, Porter of the Castle.

MARIA, }
ELINOR, } Damfels attending the Countess. Mutes.

CHORUS of Orphans.

CHORUS of Friars.

The Scene lies at the Castle of Narbonne; partly on a Platform before the Gate, partly in a Garden within the Walls.

THE
MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

A
T R A G E D Y.

ACT the FIRST.

S C E N E I.

A Platform before the Castle.

FLORIAN.

WHAT awful silence! How these antique towers
And vacant courts chill the suspended soul,
Till expectation wears the cast of fear;
And fear, half-ready to become devotion,
Mumbles a kind of mental orison,
It knows not wherefore. What a kind of being
Is circumstance!
I am a foldier; and were yonder battlements
Garnish'd with combatants, and cannon-mounted,
My daring breast would bound with exultation,
And glorious hopes enliven this drear scene.
Now dare not I scarce tread to my own hearing,
Left echo borrow superstition's tongue,
And seem to answer me, like one departed.

I met

I met a peasant, and enquir'd my way:
 The carle, not rude of speech, but like the tenant
 Of some night-haunted ruin, bore an aspect
 Of horror, worn to habitude. He bade
 God bless me; and pass'd on. I urg'd him farther:
 Good master, cried he, go not to the castle;
 There sorrow ever dwells and moping misery.
 I press'd him yet—None there, said he, are welcome,
 But now and then a mass-priest, and the poor;
 To whom the pious Countess deals her alms,
 On covenant, that each revolving night
 They beg of heav'n the health of her son's soul
 And of her own: but often as returns
 The twentieth of September, they are bound
 Fast from the midnight watch to pray till morn.—
 More would he not disclose, or knew not more.
 —What precious mummery! Her son in exile,
 She wastes on monks and beggars his inheritance,
 For his soul's health! I never knew a woman
 But lov'd our bodies or our souls too well.
 Each master whim maintains its hour of empire;
 And obstinately faithful to its dictates,
 With equal ardour, equal importunity,
 They tease us to be damn'd or to be sav'd.
 I hate to love or pray too long.

S C E N E II.

PORTER of the Castle, FLORIAN.

PORTER.

Methought

I heard a stranger's voice—What lack you, sir?

FLORIAN.

Good fellow, who inhabits here?

PORTER.

PORTER.

I do.

FLORIAN.

Belike this castle is not thine.

PORTER.

Belike so:

But be it whose it may, this is no haunt
For revellers and gallants—Pafs your way.

FLORIAN.

Thou churl! Is this your Gallic hospitality?
Thy lady, on my life, would not thus rudely
Chide from her prefence a bewilder'd knight.

PORTER.

Thou know'ft my lady then?—Thou know'ft her not.
Canft thou in hair-cloths vex thofe dainty limbs?
Canft thou, on reeking pavements and cold marble,
In meditation pafs the livelong night?
Canft mortify that flefh, my rofy minion,
And bid thy rebel appetite refrain
From goblets foaming wine, and costly viands?
Thefe are the deeds, my youngfter, muft draw down
My lady's ever-heav'n-directed-eye.

FLORIAN.

In footh, good friend, my knighthood is not fchool'd
In voluntary rigours—I can faft,
March fupperlefs, and make cold earth my pillow,
When my companions know no choicer fare;
But feldom rooft in churches, or reject
The ready banquet, or a willing fair one.

VOL. I.

G

PORTER.

P O R T E R.

Angels defend us! what a reprobate!
 Yon mould'ring porch for sixteen years and more
 Has not been struck with such unhallow'd sounds.
 Hence to thy lewd companions!

F L O R I A N.

Father greybeard,
 I cry you mercy; nor was't my intention
 To wound your reverence's faint-like organs.
 But come, thou hast known other days—canst tell
 Of banquetings and dancings—'Twas not always thus.

P O R T E R.

No, no—time was—my lord, the count of Narbonne,
 A prosp'rous gentleman, were he alive,
 We should not know these moping melancholies.
 Heav'n rest his soul! I marvel not my lady
 Cherishes his remembrance, for he was
 Comely to sight, and wondrous goodly built.
 They say his son count Edmund's mainly like him.
 Would these old arms, that serv'd his grandfather,
 Could once enfold him! I should part in peace.

F L O R I A N.

What, if I bring thee tidings of count Edmund?

P O R T E R.

Mercy befall me!—now my dream is out.
 Last night the raven croak'd, and from the bars
 Of our lodge-fire flitted a messenger—
 I knew no good would follow—Bring you ill tidings,
 Sir gentleman?

F L O R I A N.

(This is a solemn fool,
 Or solemn knave)—Shouldst thou indeed rejoice

[*Aside.*

To see count Edmund? Would thy noble mistress
Spring with a mother's joy to clasp her son?

PORTER.

Oh! no, no, no.—He must not here—alas!
He must not here set foot—But tell me, stranger,
I prithee say, does my old master's heir
Still breathe this vital air? Is he in France?
Is he within some ten, or twenty leagues,
Or fifty? I am hearty yet, have all my limbs,
And I would make a weary pilgrimage
To kiss his gracious hand, and at his feet
Lay my old bones—for here I ne'er must see him. [Weeps.]

FLORIAN.

Thou good old man, forgive a soldier's mirth.
But say, why Narbonne's heir from Narbonne's lands
Is banish'd, driven by a ruthless mother?

PORTER.

Ah! fir, 'tis hard indeed—but spare his mother;
Such virtue never dwelt in female form.
Count Edmund—but he was indeed a stripling,
A very lad—it was the trick of youth,
And we have all our sins, or we have had;
Yet still no pardon—Think'ft thou not my lord,
My late kind master, ere he knew my lady,
Wist not what woman was?—I warrant him—
But so—count Edmund being not sixteen,
A lusty youth, his father's very image—
Oh! he has play'd me many a trick—Good fir,
Does my young master ever name old Peter?
Well!—but I prate—you must forgive my age;
I come to th' point—Her name was Beatrice;
A roguish eye—she ne'er would look on me,
Or we had sav'd full many a woeful day!
Mark you me well?

G 2

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

I do.

PORTER.

This Beatrice—

But hark! my lady comes—Retire a while
Beyond those yews—anon I'll tell you more.

FLORIAN.

May I not greet her?

PORTER.

For my office, no:

'Twere forfeit of my badge to hold a parley
With one of near thy years.

[FLORIAN *withdraws*.

[*The COUNTESS in weeds, with a crucifix in her hand, issues from the castle, accompanied by two maidens, and passes over the stage. When she is gone FLORIAN returns.*]

'Tis ever thus.

At break of morn she hies to yonder abbey,
And, prostrate o'er some monumental stone,
Seems more to wait her doom, than ask to shun it.
The day is pass'd in ministr'ing to wants
Of health or means; the closing eve beholds
New tears, new pray'rs, or haggard meditation.
But if cold moonshine, deep'ning every frown
Of these impending towers, invite her steps,
She issues forth.—Beshrew me, but I tremble,
When my own keys discharge the drawbridge chains,
And rattle thro' the castle's farthest vaults.
Then have I seen this sad, this sober mourner,
With frantic gesture and disorder'd step—
But hush—who moves up yonder avenue?
It is—no—stay—i'faith! but it is he,
My lady's confessor, with friar Martin—

6

Quick

Quick hie thee hence—Should that fame meddling monk
Observe our conf'rence, there were fine work toward.

FLORIAN.

You will not leave your tale unfinished?

PORTER.

Mafs! but I will—A tale will pay no stipend.
Thefe fifty winters have I borne this staff,
And will not lofe my porridge for my prating.

FLORIAN.

Well! but count Edmund—wo't not hear of him?

PORTER.

Aye, blefs his name! at any leifure hour.
This ev'ning, ere the shutting of the gates,
Loiter about yon grange; I'll come to thee.
So now, begone—away.

[*Exeunt feverally.*]

S C E N E III.

BENEDICT, MARTIN.

BENEDICT.

Ay! fift her, fift her—

As if I had not prob'd her very foul,
And wound me round her heart—I tell thee, brother,
This woman was not caft in human mould.
Ten fuch would foil a council, would unbuild
Our Roman church—In her devotion's real.
Our beads, our hymns, our faints, amufe her not:
Nay, not confeffion, not repeating o'er
Her darling fins, has any charms for her.
I have mark'd her praying: not one wand'ring thought
Seems to steal meaning from her words.—She prays
Because ſhe feels, and feels, becaufe a finner.

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

What is this secret sin; this untold tale,
That art cannot extract, nor penance cleanse?
Loss of a husband, sixteen years enjoy'd,
And dead as many, could not stamp such sorrow.
Nor could she be his death's artificer,
And now affect to weep it—I have heard,
That chafing, as he homeward rode, a stag,
Chaf'd by the hounds, with sudden onset flew
Th' adventurous count.

BENEDICT.

'Twas so; and yet, my brother,
My mind has more than once imputed blood
To this incessant mourner. Beatrice,
The damsel for whose sake she holds in exile
Her only son, has never, since the night
Of his incontinence, been seen or heard of.

MARTIN.

'Tis clear, 'tis clear; nor will her prudent tongue
Accuse its owner.

BENEDICT.

Judge not rashly, brother.
I oft have shifted my discourse to murder:
She notes it not. Her muscles hold their place,
Nor discompos'd, nor firm'd to steadiness.
No sudden flushing, and no falt'ring lip:
Nor, tho' she pities, lifts she to her eyes
Her handkerchief, to palliate her disorder.
There the wound rankles not.—I fix'd on love,
The failure of the sex, and aptest cause
Of each attendant crime—

MARTIN.

Ay, brother, there
We master all their craft, Touch but that string—

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

Still, brother, do you err. She own'd to me,
That, tho' of nature warm, the passion love
Did ne'er anticipate her choice. The count,
Her husband, so ador'd and so lamented,
Won not her fancy, till the nuptial rites
Had with the sting of pleasure taught her passion.
This, with such modest truth, and that truth heighten'd
By conscious sense, that holds deceit a weakness,
She utter'd, I would pawn my order's credit
On her veracity.

MARTIN.

Then whither turn
To worm her secret out?

BENEDICT.

I know not that.
She will be silent, but she scorns a falsehood.
And thus while frank on all things, but her secret,
I know, I know it not.

MARTIN.

Till she disclose it,
Deny her absolution.

BENEDICT.

She will take none:
Offer'd, she scoffs it; and, withheld, demands not:
Nay, vows she will not load her sinking soul
With incantations.

MARTIN.

This is heresy;
Rank heresy; and holy church should note it.

BENEDICT.

Be patient, brother—Tho' of adamant
Her reason, charity dissolves that rock,
—And surely we have tasted of the stream.

Nay,

Nay, one unguarded moment may disclose
 This mystic tale—Then, brother, what a harvest,
 When masters of her bosom-guilt!—Age too
 May numb her faculties.—Or soon, or late,
 A praying woman must become our spoil.

MARTIN.

Her zeal may falter.

BENEDICT.

Not in solitude.

I nurse her in new horrors; form her tenants
 To fancy visions, phantoms; and report them.
 She mocks their fond credulity—but trust me,
 Her memory retains the colouring.
 Oft times it paints her dreams; and ebon night
 Is no logician. I have known her call
 For lights, ere she could combat its impressions.
 I too, tho' often scorn'd, relate my dreams,
 And wondrous voices heard; that she may think me
 At least an honest bigot; nor remember
 I tried to practise on her fears, and foil'd
 Give o'er my purpose.

MARTIN.

This is masterly.

BENEDICT.

Poor mastery! when I am more in awe
 Of my own penitent, than she of me.
 My genius is command; art, but a tool
 My groveling fortune forces me to use.
 Oh! were I seated high as my ambition,
 I'd place this naked foot on necks of monarchs,
 And make them bow to creeds myself would laugh at*.

* Alluding to Sixtus quintus.

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

By humbler arts our mighty fabric rose.
 Win pow'r by craft; wear it with ostentation;
 For confidence is half-security.
 Deluded men think boldness, conscious strength;
 And grow the slaves of their own want of doubt.
 Gain to the holy see this fair domain;
 A crimson bonnet may reward your toils,
 And the rich harvest prove at last your own.

BENEDICT.

Never, while Edmund lives. This steady woman
 Can ne'er be pious with so many virtues.
 Justice is interwoven in her frame;
 Nor will she wrong the son she will not see.
 She loves him not; yet mistress of his fortunes,
 His ample exhibition speaks her bounty.
 She destines him whate'er his father's love
 Gave blindly to her will. Her alms, her charities,
 Usurp'd from her own wants, she sets apart
 A scanty portion only for her ward,
 Young Adeliza.

MARTIN.

Say her son were dead,
 And Adeliza veil'd—

BENEDICT.

I press the latter
 With fruitless ardour. Often as I urge it,
 She pleads the maiden's flushing cheek, and nature,
 That speaks in characters of glowing rose
 Its modest appetites and timid wishes.
 Her sex, she says, when gratified, are frail;
 When check'd, a hurricane of boundless passions,
 Then, with sweet irony and sad, she wills me
 Ask my own breast, if cowls and scapularies
 Are charms all powerful to subdue desire?

MARTIN.

'Twere wiser school the maiden: lead the train
Of young ideas to a fancied object.
A mental spouse may fill her hov'ring thoughts,
And bar their fixing on some earthly lover.

BENEDICT.

This is already done—but Edmund's death
Were hopes more solid—

MARTIN.

First report him dead:
His letters intercepted—

BENEDICT.

Greatly thought,
Thou true son of the church!—And lo! where comes
Our patroness—Leave me; I will not lose
An instant. I will sound her inmost soul,
And mould it to the moment of projection. [Exit MARTIN.
[BENEDICT retires within the castle.

S C E N E IV.

COUNTESS, TWO MAIDENS.

COUNTESS.

Haste thee, Maria, to the western tower,
And learn if th' aged pilgrim dozes yet.
You, Elinor, attend my little orphans,
And when their task is done, prepare their breakfast.
But scant th' allowance of the red-hair'd urchin,
That maim'd the poor man's cur—Ah! happy me! [The damsels go in.
If sentiment, untutor'd by affliction,
Had taught my temperate blood to feel for others,
Ere pity, perching on my mangled bosom,

Like flies on wounded flesh, had made me shrink
 More with compunction than with sympathy!
 Alas! must guilt then ground our very virtues?
 Grow they on sin alone, and not on grace?
 While Narbonne liv'd, my fully-fated soul
 Thought none unhappy—for it did not think!
 In pleasures roll'd whole summer suns away;
 And if a pensive visage cross'd my path,
 I deem'd the wearer envious or ill-natur'd.
 What anguish had I blessedly redress'd,
 But that I was too bless'd!—Well! peace is fled,
 Ne'er to return! nor dare I snap the thread
 Of life, while misery may want a friend.
 Despair and hell must wait, while pity needs
 My ministry—Eternity has scope
 Enough to punish me, tho' I should borrow
 A few short hours to sacrifice to charity.

S C E N E V.

BENEDICT, COUNTESS.

BENEDICT.

I fought you, lady.

COUNTESS.

Happily I'm found.

Who needs the widow's mite?

BENEDICT.

None ask your aid.

Your gracious foresight still prevents occasion:
 And your poor beadsman joys to meet your presence,
 Uncumber'd with a suit. It pains my soul,
 Oft as I tax your bounty, lest I seem
 A craving or immodest almoner.

H 2

COUNTESS.

C O U N T E S S .

No more of this, good father. I suspect not
 One of your holy order of dissembling:
 Suspect not me of loving flattery.
 Pass a few years, and I shall be a corpse—
 Will flattery then new clothe my skeleton,
 Fill out these hollow jaws? Will't give me virtues?
 Or at the solemn audit pass for truth,
 And varnish o'er my stains?

B E N E D I C T .

The church could seal
 Your pardon—but you scorn it. In your pride
 Consists your danger. Yours are Pagan virtues:
 As such I praise them—but as such condemn them.

C O U N T E S S .

Father, my *crimes* are Pagan; my belief
 Too orthodox to trust to erring man.
 What! shall I, foul with guilt, and self-condemn'd,
 Presume to kneel, where angels kneel appal'd,
 And plead a priest's certificate for pardon?
 While he, perchance, before my blasted eyes
 Shall sink to woes, endless, unutterable,
 For having fool'd me into that presumption.

B E N E D I C T .

Is he to blame, trusting to what he grants?

C O U N T E S S .

Am I to blame, not trusting what he grants?

B E N E D I C T .

Yet faith—

C O U N T E S S .

I have it not—Why shakes my soul

With

With nightly terrors? Courage such as mine
 Would start at nought but guilt. 'Tis from within
 I tremble. Death would be felicity,
 Were there no retrospect. What joys have I?
 What pleasure softens, or what friendship foothes
 My aching bosom?—I have lost my husband:
 My own decree has banish'd my own son.

BENEDICT.

Last night I dreamt your son was with the blessed.

COUNTRESS.

Would heav'n he were!

BENEDICT.

Do you then wish his death?

COUNTRESS.

Should I not wish him blest?

BENEDICT.

Belike he is:

I never knew my Friday's dreams erroneous.

COUNTRESS.

Nor I knew superstition in the right.

BENEDICT.

Madam, I must no longer hear this language.

You do abuse my patience. I have borne,

For your soul's health, and hoping your conversion,

Opinions most deprav'd. It ill befits

My holy function to give countenance,

By lending ear, to such pernicious tenets.

The judgments hanging o'er your destin'd head

May reach ev'n me.—I see it! I am rapt

Beyond my bearing! My prophetic soul

Views the red falchion of eternal justice

Cut off your sentenc'd race—Your son is dead!

COUNTRESS.

C O U N T E S S.

Father, we no prophetic dæmon bear
 Within our breast, but conscience. *That* has spoken
 Words more tremendous than this acted zeal,
 This poetry of fond enthusiasm
 Can conjure up. It is the still small voice
 That breathes conviction. 'Tis that voice has told me,
 'Twas my son's birth, not his mortality*,
 Must drown my soul in woe.—Those tears are shed.

B E N E D I C T.

Unjust, uncharitable as your words,
 I pardon them. Illy of me you deem;
 I know it, lady. 'Tis humiliation:
 As such I bow to it—yet dear I tender
 Your peace of mind. Dismiss your worthless servant:
 His pray'rs shall still be yours.

C O U N T E S S.

Forgive me, father:
 Discretion does not guide my words. I meant
 No insult on your holy character.

B E N E D I C T.

No, lady; choose some other monitor,
 Whose virtues may command your estimation.
 Your useless beadsmen shall behold with joy
 A worthier man mediate your peace with heav'n.

C O U N T E S S.

Alas! till reconcil'd with my own breast,
 What peace is there for me?

* On the death of the comte de Vermandois, Must I weep for his death before I have done his mother, the duchess de la Valiere said, weeping for his birth?

B E N E D I C T.

BENEDICT.

In th' neighb'ring district

There lives a holy man, whose sanctity
Is mark'd with wondrous gifts. Grace smiles upon him:
Conversion tracks his footsteps; miracles
Spring from his touch: his sacred casuistry
Pours balm into despair. Consult with him.
Unfold th' impenetrable mystery,
That sets your soul and you at endless discord.

COUNTESS.

Consult a holy man! Inquire of him!
—Good father, wherefore? What should I inquire*?
Must I be taught of him, that guilt is woe?
That innocence alone is happiness?
That martyrdom itself shall leave the villain
The villain that it found him? Must I learn
That minutes stamp'd with crimes are past recall?
That joys are momentary; and remorse
Eternal? Shall he teach me charms and spells,
To make my sense believe against my sense?
Shall I think practices and penances
Will, if he say so, give the health of virtue
To gnawing self-reproach?—I know they cannot.
Nor could one risen from the dead proclaim
This truth in deeper sounds to my conviction.
We want no preacher to distinguish vice
From virtue. At our birth the god reveal'd
All conscience needs to know. No codicil
To duty's rubric here and there was plac'd
In some faint's casual custody. Weak minds
Want their soul's fortune told by oracles

* Imitated from Cato's speech in Lucan, beginning, *Quid quaeri, Labiene, jubes?*

And

And holy jugglers. Me, nor oracles,
Nor prophets, death alone can certify,
Whether, when justice's full due's exacted,
Mercy shall grant one drop to flake my torment.
—Here, father, break we off; you to your calling;
I to my tears and mournful occupation.

[*Exeunt.*]

C O U N T E S S

End of the first Act.

A C T

ACT the SECOND.

The SCENE continues.

Count EDMUND, FLORIAN.

EDMUND.

DOUBT not, my friend; 'Time's pencil, hardships, war,
Some taste of pleasure too, have chas'd the bloom
Of ruddy comeliness, and stamp'd this face
With harsher lineaments, that well may mock
The prying of a mother's eye;—a mother,
Thro' whose firm nerves tumultuous instinct's flood
Ne'er gush'd with eager eloquence, to tell her,
This is your son! your heart's own voice proclaims him.

FLORIAN.

If not her love, my lord, suspect her hatred.
Those jarring passions spring from the same source:
Hate is distemper'd love.

EDMUND.

Why should she hate me?
For that my opening passion's swelling ardour
Prompted congenial necessary joy,
Was that a cause?—Nor was she then so rigid.
No sanctified dissembler had possess'd
Her fear'd imagination, teaching her,
That holiness begins where nature ends.
No, Florian, she herself was woman then;
A sensual woman. Nor satiety,
Sickness and age and virtue's frowardness,
Had so obliterated pleasure's relish—
She might have pardon'd what she felt so well.

Vol. I.

I

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

Forgive me, Edmund; nay, nor think I preach,
 If I, God wot, of morals loose enough,
 Seem to condemn you. You have often told me,
 The night, the very night that to your arms
 Gave pretty Beatrice's melting beauties,
 Was the same night on which your father died.

EDMUND.

'Tis true—And thou, sage monitor, dost thou
 Hold love a crime so irremissible?
 Wouldst thou have turn'd thee from a willing girl,
 To sing a requiem to thy father's soul?
 I thought my mother busied with her tears,
 Her faintings, and her masses, while I stole
 To Beatrice's chamber.—How my mother
 Became appriz'd, I know not: but her heart,
 Never too partial to me, grew estrang'd.
 Estrang'd!—Aversion in its fellest mood
 Scowl'd from her eye, and drove me from her sight.
 She call'd me impious; nam'd my honest lewdness,
 A prophanation of my father's ashes.
 I knelt and wept, and, like a puling boy,
 For now my blood was cool, believ'd, confess'd
 My father's hov'ring spirit incens'd against me.
 This weak confession but inflam'd her wrath;
 And when I would have bath'd her hand with tears,
 She snatch'd it back with horror.

FLORIAN.

'Twas the trick
 Of over-acted sorrow. Grief fatigues;
 And each collateral circumstance is seiz'd
 To cheat th' uneasy feeling. Sable chambers,
 The winking lamp, and pomp of midnight woe,
 Are but a specious theatre, on which

Th' in-

Th' inconstant mind with decency forgets
Its inward tribute. Who can doubt the love
Which to a father's shade devotes the son?

[Ironically.]

EDMUND.

Still must I doubt; still deem some mystery,
Beyond a widow's pious artifice,
Lies hid beneath aversion so relentless.
All my inheritance, my lordships, castles,
My father's lavish love bequeath'd my mother.
Chose she some second partner of her bed,
Or did she waste her wealth on begging faints,
And rogues that act contrition, it were proof
Of her hypocrisy, or lust of fame
In monkish annals. But to me her hand
Is bounteous, as her heart is cold. I tell thee,
Bating enjoyment of my native soil,
Narbonne's revenues are as fully mine,
As if I held them by the strength of charters.

FLORIAN.

Why set them on the hazard then, when the
Who deals them may revoke? Your absence hence
The sole condition.

EDMUND.

I am weary, Florian,
Of such a vagrant life. Befits it me,
Sprung from a race of heroes, Narbonne's prince,
To lend my casual arm's approved valour
To quarrels, nor my country's nor my own?
To stain my sword with random blood?—I fought
At Buda 'gainst the Turk—a holy war,
So was it deem'd—I smote the turban'd race:
Did zeal, or did ambition nerve my blow?
Or matter'd it to me, on Buda's domes
Whether the crescent or the cross prevail'd?
Mean time on alien climes I dissipated

I 2

Wealth

Wealth from my subjects wrung, the peasant's tribute,
 Earn'd by his toil. Mean time in ruin laid
 My mould'ring castles—Yes, ye moss-grown walls!
 Ye tow'rs defenceless!—I revisit ye
 Shame-stricken.—Where are all your trophies now?
 Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,
 That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage
 Of neighb'ring barons? Thus did Thibalt, Raoul,
 Or Clodomir, my brave progenitors,
 Creep like a spy, and watch to thrid your gates
 Unnotic'd? No; with martial attributes,
 With waving banners and enlivening fises,
 They bade your portal wide unfold its jaws,
 And welcome them and triumph.

FLORIAN.

True, my lord:
 They reign'd the monarchs of a score of miles;
 Imperial lords of ev'ry trembling cottage
 Within their cannon's mandate. Deadly feuds
 For obsolete offences, now array'd
 Their livery'd banditti, prompt to deal
 On open valleys and unguarded herds,
 On helpless virgins and unweapon'd boors,
 The vengeance of their tribe. Sometimes they dar'd
 To scowl defiance to the distant throne,
 Imprison'd, canton'd inaccessible
 In their own rock-built dungeons—Are these glories
 My Edmund's foul ambitions to revive?
 Thus would he bless his vassals?

EDMUND.

Thy reproof,
 My friend, is just. But had I not a cause,
 A tender cause, that prompted my return?
 This cruel parent, whom I blame, and mourn,
 Whose harshness I resent, whose woes I pity,

Has

Has won my love, by winning my respect;
 Her letters! Florian; such unstudied strains
 Of virtuous eloquence! She bids me, yes,
 This praying Magdalen enjoins my courage
 To emulate my great forefather's deeds;
 Tells me, that shame and guilt alone are mortal;
 That death but bars the possibility
 Of frailty, and embalms untainted honour.
 Then blots and tears efface some half-told woe
 Lab'ring in her full bosom. I decypher'd
 In one her blessing granted, and eras'd.
 And yet what follow'd, mark'd anxiety
 For my soul's welfare. I must know this riddle.
 I must, will comfort her. She cannot surely,
 After such perils, wounds by her command
 Encounter'd, after sixteen exil'd years
 Spurn me, when kneeling—Think'st thou 'tis possible?

FLORIAN.

I would not think it; but a host of priests
 Surround her. They, good men, are seldom found
 To plead the cause of pity. Self-denial,
 Whose dissonance from nature's kindest laws
 By contradicting wins on our perverseness,
 Is rank fanaticism's belov'd machine.
 Oh! 'twill be heroism, a sacrifice,
 To curb the torrent of maternal fondness!
 You shall be beggar'd, that the saint your mother
 May, by cowl'd sycophants and canting jugglers,
 Be hail'd, be canoniz'd a new Teresa.
 Pray be not seen here: let's again to th' wars.

EDMUND.

No, Florian: my dull'd soul is sick of riot;
 Sick of the thoughtless jollity of camps,
 Where revelry subsists on desolation,
 And shouts of joy contend with dying groans.

Our

Our sports are fleeting; snatch'd, perhaps, not granted.
'Tis time to bid adieu to vagrant pleasure,
And fix the wanderer love. Domestic bliss—

FLORIAN.

Yes, your fair pensioner, young Adeliza,
Has sober'd your inconstancy. Her smiles
Were exquisite—to rule a family!
So matron-like an air—She must be fruitful.

[Ironically.]

EDMUND.

Pass we this levity—'Tis true, the maiden
Is beauty's type renew'd. Like blooming Eve
In nature's young simplicity, and blushing
With wonder at creation's opening glow,
She charms, unknowing what it is to charm.

FLORIAN.

This is a lover's language—Is she kind?

EDMUND.

Cold as the metal bars that part her from me;
She listens, but replies not to my purpose.

FLORIAN.

How gain'd you then admittance?

EDMUND.

This whole month,
While waiting your arrival, I have haunted
Her convent's parlour. 'Tis my mother's wish
To match her nobly. Hence her guardian abbeſs
Admits ſuch viſitors as claim her notice
By worthy bearing, and convenient ſplendor.
O Florian, union with that favour'd maiden
Might reconcile my mother—Hark! what ſound— [A chapel bell rings.]

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

A summons to some office of devotion.
My lord, weigh well what you project—

[Singing within.

EDMUND.

I hear
Voices that seem approaching—Hush! they sing.
Listen!

FLORIAN.

No; let us hence: you will be known.

EDMUND.

They cannot know me—See!

S C E N E II.

FLORIAN, EDMUND, MARTIN, ORPHANS.

[A procession of children of both sexes, neatly clothed in a white and blue uniform, issue from the castle, followed by friar MARTIN, and advance towards the stage door. They stop, and the children repeat the following hymn, part of which they should have sung within the castle.]

I.

Throne of justice! lo! we bend.
Thither dare our hopes ascend,
Where seraphs, wrapt in light'ning rays,
Dissolve in mercy's tender blaze?

II.

Hear us! harmless orphans hear!
For her who dries our falling tear.
Hush her sorrows; calm her breast:
Give her, what she gives us, rest.

3

III. Guard

III.

Guard our spotless souls from sin!
 Grant us virtue's palm to win!
 Clothe the penitent with grace;
 And guilt's foul spots efface! efface!

E D M U N D.

I'll speak to them.

Sweet children—or, thou sanctified conductor,
 Give me to know what solemn pilgrimage,
 What expiation of offences past,
 Thus sadly ye perform? In whose behoof
 To win a blessing, raise these little suppliants
 Their artless hands to heav'n? Pray pardon too
 A soldier's curiosity.

M A R T I N.

The dew

Of grace and peace attend your steps! You seem
 A stranger, or you could but know, fir knight,
 That Narbonne's pious countess dwells within:
 A lady most disconsolate. Her lord,
 Her best-beloved, by untimely fate
 Was snatch'd away in lusty life's full 'vantage—
 But no account made up! no absolution!
 Hence scant the distance of a mile he fell.
 His weeping reliet o'er his spot of doom
 A goodly cross erected. Thither we,
 At his year's mind, in sad and solemn guise,
 Proceed to chant our holy dirge, and offer
 Due intercession for his soul's repose.

E D M U N D.

'Tis fitly done. And dar'd a voice profane
 Join in the chorus of your holy office,
 Myself would kneel for Narbonne's peace.

M A R T I N.

MARTIN.

Young fir,
It glads my soul to hear such pious breathings
From one, whose occupation rarely scans
The distance 'twixt enjoyment and the tomb.
Say, didst thou know the count?

EDMUND.

I knew his son.

MARTIN.

Count Edmund? Where sojourns he?

EDMUND.

In the grave.

MARTIN.

Is Edmund dead? Say, how?

EDMUND.

He fell at Buda:

And not to his dishonour.

MARTIN.

(Welcome sounds!

[*Aside.*

I must know more of this)—Proceed, my children;
Short of the cross I'll overtake your steps.

ORPHAN GIRL.

Oh! father, but I dare not pass without you
By the church-porch. They say the count sits there,
With clotted locks, and eyes like burning stars.
Indeed I dare not go.

Other CHILDREN.

Nor I. Nor I.

VOL. I.

K

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

My loves, he will not harm fuch innocents.
But wait me at the bridge: I'll straight be with ye.

[Children go out reluctantly.]

FLORIAN.

I marvel, father, gravity like yours
Should yield assent to tales of fuch complexion;
Permitting them in baby fantasy
To strike their dangerous root.

MARTIN.

I marvel not,
That levity like yours, unhallow'd boy,
Should spend its idle shaft on ferious things.
Your comrade's bearing warrants no fuch licence.

FLORIAN.

Think'ft thou, because my friend with humble fervour
Kneels to Omnipotence, each goffip's dream,
Each village-fable, domineers in turn
His brain's diftemper'd nerves? Think'ft thou a foldier
Mufft by his calling be an impious braggart?
Or, being not, a fuperftitious flave?
True valour, owning no preheminance
In equals, dares not wag prefumption's tongue
Againft high heav'n.

MARTIN.

In us respect heav'n's fervants.

FLORIAN.

Monks may reach heav'n, but never came from thence.

[Violent storm of thunder and lightning.]

MARTIN.

Will this convince thee? Where's the goffip's dream,
The village-fable, now? Hear heav'n's own voice
Condemn impiety!

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

Hear heav'n's own voice
Condemn imposture!

EDMUND.

Here end your dispute.
The storm comes on.

MARTIN.

Yes, you do well to check
Your comrade's profanation, lest swift justice
O'ertake his guilt, and stamp his doom in thunder.

FLORIAN.

Father, art thou so read in languages
Thou canst interpret th' inarticulate
And quarreling elements? What says the storm?
Pronounces it for thee or me? Do none
Dispute within the compass of its bolt
But we? Is the same loud-voic'd oracle
Definitive for fifty various brawls?
Or but a flock of clouds to all but us?
"What if two drunkards at this instant hour
"Contend for preference of taste, one ranking
"The vines of Burgundy before the juice
"That dances in a foam of brilliant bubbles
"From Champagne's berries, think'ft thou thunder speaks
"In favour of the white or ruby grape?"

MARTIN.

What mockery! I resign thee to thy fate.

[Going.]

[The ORPHAN-CHILDREN run in terrified.]

First ORPHAN.

O father, save us! save us, holy father!

K 2

MARTIN.

MARTIN.

What means this panic?

First ORPHAN.

Oh! a storm so dreadful!

Some demon rides in th' air.

MARTIN.

Undoubtedly.

Could ye distinguish aught?

First ORPHAN.

I fell to earth,

And said the pray'r you taught me against spectres.

MARTIN.

'Twas well—But none of you, had none the courage
To face the fiend?

Second ORPHAN.

I wink'd, and saw the lightning.

Burst on the monument. The shield of arms

Shiver'd to splinters. Ere I could repeat

An Ave-Mary, down with hideous crash

The cross came tumbling—Then I fled—

MARTIN.

Retire;

This is unholy ground. Acquaint the Countess.

I will not tarry long. [*Ex. children.*] Thou mouth accurst, [*To FLORIAN.*

Repent, and tremble! Wherefore hast thou drawn

On Narbonne's plains, already visited

By long calamity, new storms of horror?

The seasons change their course; th' afflicted hind

Bewails his blasted harvest. Meteors ride

The troubled sky, and chase the darken'd sun.

Heav'n vindicates its altars: tongues licentious

Have

Have scoff'd our holy rites, and hidden fins
 Have forc'd th' offended elements to borrow
 Tremendous organs! Sixteen fatal years
 Has Narbonne's province groan'd beneath the hand
 Of desolation—for what crimes we know not!
 To edge suspended vengeance art thou come?

EDMUND, *preventing* FLORIAN.

My friend, reply not.—Father, I lament
 This casual jarring—let us crave your pardon.
 I feel your country's woes: I lov'd count Edmund;
 Revere his father's ashes. I will visit
 The ruin'd monument—and at your leisure
 Could with some conf'rence with you.

MARTIN.

(This is well: *[Aside.*

I almost had forgotten)—Be it so.
 Where is your haunt?

EDMUND.

A mile without the town;
 Hard by St. Bridget's nunnery.

MARTIN.

There expect me.

Afide.] (I must to Benedict)—Heav'n's peace be with you! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, PORTER.

PORTER.

Return, my gracious lady. Tho' the storm
 Abates its clamours, yonder angry clouds
 Are big with spouting fires—Do not go forth.

COUNTESS.

C O U N T E S S.

Wretches like me, good Peter, dread no storms.
 'Tis delicate felicity that shrinks,
 When rocking winds are loud, and wraps itself
 Infultingly in comfortable furs,
 Thinking how many naked objects want
 Like shelter and security. Do thou
 Return; I'll seek the monument alone.

P O R T E R.

No, my good lady; never be it said
 That faithful Peter his dear mistress left
 Expos'd to tempests. These thin-sprinkled hairs
 Cannot hold long. If in your service shed,
 'Twere a just debt—Hark! sure I heard a groan!
 Pray let us in again.

C O U N T E S S.

My honest servant,
 Thy fear o'er-pow'rs thy love. I heard no groan;
 Nor could it 'scape a sense so quick as mine
 At catching misery's expressive note:
 'Tis my foul's proper language.—Injur'd shade!
 Shade of my Narbonne! if thy scornful spirit
 Rode in yon whirlwind, and impell'd its bolt
 Implacable! indignant! 'gainst the cross
 Rais'd by thy wretched wife—behold she comes
 A voluntary victim! Re-assemble
 Thy lightnings, and accept her destin'd head.

P O R T E R.

For pity! gracious dame, what words are these!
 In any mouth less holy they would seem
 A magic incantation. Goblins rise
 At sounds less pow'rful. Last year's 'clipse fell out,
 Because your maidens cross'd a gipsy's palm
 To know what was become of Beatrice.

C O U N T E S S.

COUNTESS.

And didst thou dare inform them where she dwells?

PORTER.

No, on my duty—True, they think I know;
 And so thinks Benedict, your confessor.
 He says, she could not pass the castle-gates
 Without my privity.—Well! I had a task
 To say him nay. The honour of my keys,
 My office was at stake. No, father, said I,
 None pass the drawbridge without Peter's knowledge.
 How then to beat him from his point?—I had it—
 Who knows, quoth I, but sudden malady
 Took off the damsel? She might, or might not,
 Have sepulture within the castle-walls.

COUNTESS.

Peace, fool!—And thus thy shrewd equivocation
 Has stain'd my name with murder's foul suspicion.
 —O peace of virtue! thy true votaries
 Quail not with ev'ry blast! I cloak my guilt!
 Things foreign rise and load me with their blackness.
 Erroneous imputation must be borne;
 Left, while unravelling the knotty web,
 I lend a clue may vibrate to my heart.
 —But who comes here?—Retire we and observe. *[They withdraw.]*

S C E N E IV.

FLORIAN, COUNTESS, PORTER.

FLORIAN.

'Tis not far off the time the porter will'd me
 Expect him here. My friend, indulging grief,
 Chose no companion of his pensive walk.
 Yes, I must serve thee. May my prosp'rous care
 Restore thee to thy state, and aid thy love
 To make the blooming Adeliza thine!

COUNTESS,

COUNTESS, *apart to the PORTER.*

Methought he spoke of love and Adeliza.
Who may it be?

PORTER.

I never heard his name.

COUNTESS, *approaching.*

Stranger, did chance or purpose guide thy steps
To this lone dwelling?

[PORTER *makes signs to FLORIAN not to discover their former interview.*

FLORIAN.

Pardon, gentle lady,

If, curious to behold the pious matron
Whom Narbonne's plains obey, I fought this castle,
And deem my wish indulg'd in viewing thee.

COUNTESS.

Me! stranger? Is affliction then so rare
It occupies the babbling Fame?—Oh! no.
My sorrows are not new. Austerities
And rigid penance tempt no curious eyes.
Nor speaks your air desire of searching out
The house of mourning. Rather should you seek
Some unsmiling beauty, some unpractis'd fair one,
Who thinks the first soft sounds she hears, are love.
There may be such at Narbonne: none dwell here,
But melancholy, sorrow, and contrition.

FLORIAN.

Pleasure has charms; but so has virtue too.
One skims the surface, like the swallow's wing,
And scuds away unnotic'd: T'other nymph,
Like spotless swans in solemn majesty,
Breasts the full surge, and leaves long light behind.

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Your courtly phrafe, young knight, bespeaks a birth
Above the vulgar. May I ask, how old
Your residence in Narbonne? whence your race?

FLORIAN.

In Brabant was I born: my father's name,
The baron of St. Orme. I wait at Narbonne
My letters of exchange, while passing homewards
To gather my late fire's no mean succession.

COUNTESS.

Dead is your father, and unwet your cheek?
Trust me, young fir, a father's guardian arm
Were well worth all the treasures it withheld.
A mother might be spar'd.

FLORIAN.

Mothers like thee
Were blessings.

COUNTESS.

Curfes!

PORTER.

Lady, 'tis the hour
Of pray'r. Shall I ring out the chapel-bell?

COUNTESS.

Stranger, I'm fummon'd hence. Within these walls
I may not speak with thee: my solemn purpose
Admits no converse with unsteady youth.
But at St. Bridget's nunnery, to-morrow,
If you can spare some moments from your pastime,
In presence of the abbefs, I would talk with thee.

FLORIAN.

Madam, I shall not fail.

Vol. I.

L

COUNTESS.

C O U N T E S S .

Good angels guard thee!

[*Exit* COUNTESS and PORTER.]

S C E N E V.

F L O R I A N , *alone.*

So, this is well. My introduction made,
 It follows that I move her for her son.
 She seems of gentler mould than fame bespoke her;
 Nor wears her eye the faucy superiority
 Of bigot pride. Who knows but she may wish
 To shake the trammels of enthusiasm off,
 And reconcile herself to easier paths
 Of simple goodness? Women oft wear the mask
 Of piety to draw respect, or hide
 The loss of it. When age dispells the train
 That waits on beauty, then religion blows
 Her trumpet, and invites another circle;
 Who, full as false as the preceding crew,
 Flatter her problematic mental charms:
 While snuffing incense, and devoutly wanton,
 The Pagan goddess grows a Christian saint,
 And keeps her patent of divinity.
 Well! Edmund, whatsoe'er thy mother be,
 I'll put her virtue or hypocrisy
 To the severest test.—Countess, expect me!

[*Exit.*]*End of the second Act.*

A C T

ACT the THIRD.

SCENE I.

*A small Garden within the Castle, terminated by a long Cloister,
beyond which appear some Towers.*

COUNTESS, *alone.*

THE monument destroy'd!—Well! what of that?
Were ev'ry thunderbolt address'd to me,
Not one would miss me. Fate's unerring hand
Darts not at random. Nor, as fractious children
Are chid by proxy, does it deal its wrath
On stocks and stones to frighten, not chastise us.
Omens and prodigies are but begotten
By guilt on pride. We know the doom we merit;
And self-importance makes us think all nature
Bused to warn us when that doom approaches.
Fie! fie! I blush to recollect my weakness.
My Edmund may be dead: the house of Narbonne
May perish from this earth: poor Adeliza
May taste the cup of woe that I have drug'd:
But lightnings play not to announce our fate:
No whirlwinds rise to prophecy to mites:
Nor, like inquisitors, does heav'n dress up
In flames the victims it intends to punish;
Making a holiday for greater sinners.
—Greater! oh! impious! Were the faggots plac'd
Around me, and the fatal torch applied,
What wretch could view the dreadful apparatus,
And be a blacker criminal than I am?
—Perhaps my virtues but enhance my guilt.

L 2

Penance

Penance attracts respect, and not reproach.
 How dare I be esteem'd? Be known my crimes!
 Let shame anticipate the woes to come!
 —Hah! monster! wouldst disclose the frightful scene?
 Wouldst teach the vicious world unheard-of sins,
 And be a new apostle of perdition?
 —My Edmund too! has not a mother's hand
 Afflicted him enough? Shall this curs'd tongue
 Brand him with shame indelible, and sting
 His honest bosom with his mother's scorpions?
 Shall Adeliza hear the last of horrors,
 Ere her pure breast, that sighs for sins it knows not,
 Has learn'd the rudiments of human frailty?
 No, hapless maid—

Enter a SERVANT.

Madam, young Adeliza
 Entreats to speak with you. The lady abbess
 Sickness to death.

C O U N T E S S.

Admit her.—Now, my soul,
 Recall thy calm; support alone thy torments;
 And envy not the peace thou ne'er must know.

[*Ex. Servant.*]

S C E N E II.

C O U N T E S S, A D E L I Z A.

Approach, sweet maid. Thy melancholy mien
 Speaks thy compassionate and feeling heart.
 'Tis a grave lesson for thy blooming years,
 A scene of dissolution! But when Death
 Expands his pinions o'er a bed so holy,
 Sure he's a welcome guest.

A D E L I Z A.

Oh! do not doubt it.
 The pious matron meets him like a friend

Expected long. And if a tender tear,
 At leaving your poor ward, melts in her eye,
 And downward sinks its fervent ecstacy;
 Still does impatience to be gone, betray
 Her inward satisfaction. Yesternight,
 As weeping, praying, by her couch I knelt,
 Behold, my Adeliza, mark, she said,
 How happy the death-bed of innocence *!
 Oh! lady, how those sounds affected me!
 I wish'd to die with her—and oh! forgive me,
 If in that moment I forgot my patroness!

C O U N T E S S.

It was a wish devout. Can that want pardon?
 But to confess it, speaks thy native candour.
 Thy virtuous, thy ingenuous truth disdains
 To hide a thought—

ADELIZA, *falling at her feet.*

Oh! can I hear this praise,
 And not expire in blushes at thy feet?

C O U N T E S S.

What means this passion?

ADELIZA.

Ah! recall thy words:
 Thy Adeliza merits no encomium.

C O U N T E S S.

Thou art too modest. Praise is due to truth.
 Thou shouldst not seek it; nor should I withhold it.

ADELIZA.

For pity, spare me.—No, my honour'd mistress,
 I merit not—oh! no, my guilty heart
 Deserves thy frowns—I cannot speak—

* Dr. Young relates that Mr. Addison, on his death-bed, spoke in this manner to his pupil lord Warwick.

C O U N T E S S.

C O U N T E S S.

Be calm:

Thou know'st no guilt. Unfold thy lab'ring breast,
Say, am not I thy friend? Me canst thou fear?

A D E L I Z A.

Can I fear aught beside? fear aught but goodneſs?
Has not thy lavish bounty cloth'd me, fed me?
Haſt thou not taught me virtue? Whom on earth
But ſuch a benefactreſs, ſuch a friend,
Can Adeliza fear? Alas! ſhe knows
No other friend! and chriſtian fortitude
Dreads not a foe.—Methinks I would have ſaid
That chriſtian innocence—but ſhame refrain'd
My conſcious tongue—I am *not* innocent.

C O U N T E S S.

Thou deareſt orphan, to my boſom come,
And vent thy little forrows. Purity
Like thine affrights itſelf with fancied guilt.
I'll be thy confeſſor; and truſt me, love,
Thy penance will be light.

A D E L I Z A.

In vain you cheer me.

Say, what is guilt, but to have known a thought
I bluſh'd to tell thee? to have lent mine ear,
For three long weeks, to ſounds I did not wiſh
My patron'eſs ſhould hear! Ah! when till now
Have I not hop'd thy preſence, thought it long,
If two whole days detain'd thee from our maſs?
When have I wept, but when thou haſt refus'd
To let thy Adeliza call thee mother?
I know I was not worthy of ſuch honour,
Too ſplendid for a child of charity.
I now am moſt unworthy! I, undone,

Have

Have not desir'd thy presence; have not thought it
 Long, if two days thou hast declin'd our mas.
 Other discourse than thine has charm'd mine ear;
 Nor dare I now presume to call thee mother!

C O U N T E S S.

My lovely innocence, restrain thy tears.
 I know 'thy secret; know, why beats and throbs
 Thy little heart with unaccustom'd tumult.

A D E L I Z A.

Impossible.—Oh! let me tell thee all—

C O U N T E S S.

No; I will tell it thee. Thou hast convers'd
 With a young knight—

A D E L I Z A.

Amazement! Who inform'd thee?
 Pent in her chamber, sickness has detain'd
 Our abbess from the parlour. There I saw him,
 Oft as he came alone.

C O U N T E S S.

He talk'd of love;
 And woo'd thee for his bride.

A D E L I Z A.

He did.

C O U N T E S S.

('Tis well: [Aside.
 This is the stranger I beheld this morning.)
 His father dead, he hastes to take possession
 Of his paternal fortunes—Is't not so?

A D E L I Z A.

He sorrows for a father—something too
 He utter'd of a large inheritance
 That should be his—In truth I mark'd, it not.

C O U N T E S S.

C O U N T E S S.

But when he spoke of love, thy very soul
Hung on his lips. Say, canst thou not repeat
Each word, each syllable? His accent too
Thou notedst: still it rings upon thine ear.
And then his eyes—they look'd such wondrous truth;
Art thou not sure he cannot have deceiv'd thee?

A D E L I Z A.

Alas! my noble mistress, thou dost mock
Poor Adaliza—What can I reply?

C O U N T E S S.

The truth. Thy words have ever held its language.
Say, dost thou love this stranger? Haft thou pledg'd
Thy faith to him?

A D E L I Z A.

Angels forbid! What faith have I to give?
Can I dispose of aught without thy leave?

C O U N T E S S.

Insinuating softness!—still thou turnest
Afalse my question. Thou dost love this stranger.

A D E L I Z A.

Yes, with such love as that I feel for thee.
His virtues I revere: his earnest words
Sound like the precepts of a tender parent:
And, next to thee, methinks I could obey him.

C O U N T E S S.

Ay, as his wife.

A D E L I Z A.

Oh! never. What, to lose him,
As thou thy Narbonne?

C O U N T E S S.

Check not, Adaliza,

Thy

Thy undevelop'd passion. Should this stranger
 Prove what my wish has form'd, and what his words
 Report him, it would bless my woeful days
 To see thee plac'd above the reach of want,
 And distant from this residence of sorrow.

A D E L I Z A.

What! wouldst thou send me from thee? Oh! for pity!
 I cannot, will not leave thee. If thy goodness
 Withdraw its bounty, at thy castle-gate
 I'll wait, and beg those alms thy gracious hand
 To none refuses. I shall see thee pass,
 And, pass'd, will kiss thy footsteps—Wilt thou spurn me?
 Well then, I'll die and bless thee.—Oh! this stranger!
 'Tis he has done this; he has drawn thy anger
 On thy poor ward!—I'll never see him more.

C O U N T E S S.

Be calm, my lovely orphan! hush thy fears.
 Heav'n knows how fondly, anxiously I love thee!
 The stranger's not to blame. Myself will talk him,
 And know if he deserves thee. Now retire,
 Nor slack thy duty to th' expiring faint.
 A lover must not weigh against a friend. [Ex. ADELIZA.
 And lo! where comes the friar. 'Twere not fit
 He knew my purpose. Benedict, I fear,
 Has views on this side heav'n.

S C E N E III.

C O U N T E S S, B E N E D I C T.

B E N E D I C T.

The dew of grace

Rest on this dwelling!

C O U N T E S S.

Thanks, my ghostly friend.

Vol. I.

M

But

But fare, or I mistake, in your sad eye
I spell affliction's signature. What woes
Call for the scanty balm this hand can pour?

B E N E D I C T.

You, lady, and you only, need that balm.

C O U N T E S S.

To tutor my unapt and ill-school'd nature
You come then—Good my confessor, a truce
With doctrines and authority. If aught
Can medicate a foul unbound like mine,
Good deeds must operate the healthful change,
And penance cleanse it to receive the blessing.
Shall I for faith, shall I, for but believing
What 'tis my int'rest to believe, efface
The stains, which, tho' believing, I contracted?

B E N E D I C T.

Lady, your subtle wit, like daring infants,
Sports with a weight will crush it—But no more.
It is not mine to argue, but pronounce.
The church, on rock of adamant establish'd,
Now inch by inch disputes not its domain.
Heav'n's law promulg'd, it rests obedience follow.
And when supreme It taxes that obedience,
Not at impracticable, vain perfection,
But rates its prodigality of blessings
At the slight credence of its pow'r to grant them;
Shall man with stoic pride reject the boon,
And cry, We will do more, we will deserve it*?

C O U N T E S S.

Deserve it!—Oh! have all your fainted hosts,
Your choirs of martyrs, or your clouds of cherubim,

* We will do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

Portius in CATO.

Deserv'd

Deserv'd to feel the transport but of hope?
 Away; nor tell me of this holy juggle
 'Twixt faith and conscience. Shall the latter roam,
 Wasting and spoiling with a ruffian hand,
 While her accomplice faith, wrapt up at home
 In proud security of self-existence,
 Thinks that existence shall absolve them both?

BENEDICT.

'Twas not to war with words, so heav'n's my judge,
 That your poor rated servant fought your presence.
 I came with charitable friendly purpose
 To soothe—But wherefore mitigate your griefs?
 You mock my friendship, and miscall my zeal.
 Since then to counsel, comfort, and reproof
 Obdurate—learn the measure of your woes:
 Learn, if the mother's fortitude can brave
 The bolt the woman's arrogance defied.

COUNTESS.

The mother! saidst thou?

BENEDICT.

Yes, imperious dame:
 Yes, 'twas no vision rais'd by dreams and fumes,
 Begot 'twixt nightly fear and indigestion:
 Nor was it artifice and pious fraud,
 When but this morning I announc'd thy Edmund
 Was number'd with the dead.

COUNTESS.

Priest, mock me not!
 Nor dally with a mother's apprehension.
 Lives, or lives not, my son?

BENEDICT.

Woman, heav'n mocks thee!

M 2

On

On Buda's plain thy slaughter'd Edmund lies.
 An unbeliever's weapon cleft his heart;
 But 'twas thy unbelief that pois'd the shaft,
 And sped its aim.

C O U N T E S S.

To heav'n's high will I bow me.
 Oh! may its joys be open to his soul,
 Tho' clos'd to mine for ever!

B E N E D I C T.

Then you lov'd him!

C O U N T E S S.

Lov'd him!—Oh! nature, bleeding at my heart,
 Hearest thou this? Lov'd him!—Ha! whither!—rage,
 Be dumb—Now listen, monk, nor dare reply
 Beyond my purpose. In the grave, thou say'ft,
 My Edmund sleeps—How didst thou learn his fate?

B E N E D I C T.

No angel whisper'd it; no dæmon spoke it.
 Thou, by the self-same means I learn'd, mayst learn it.

C O U N T E S S.

Be brief.

B E N E D I C T.

'Then—But what boots his life or death
 To a poor taunted friar?—Benedict,
 Leave this proud mistress of the fleeting hour,
 Ere the destroying angel's kindling brand
 Smokes in the tow'rs of Narbonne.

C O U N T E S S.

Hold! presumptuous!
 I am thy mistress yet: nor will I brook
 Such insolent reproof. Produce thy warrant,
 Affure my Edmund's death—or dread his vengeance!

Severely

Severely shall he question ev'ry thro'p
His agonizing mother now endures.

BENEDICT.

My warrant is at hand. *[Goes out, and returns with EDMUND.]*

S C E N E IV.

COUNTESS, BENEDICT, EDMUND.

BENEDICT.

This gentleman
Beheld thy Edmund breathless on the ground.

COUNTESS.

Hah! is this forcery? or is't my husband? *[Swoons.]*

EDMUND.

Stand off, and let me clasp her in my arms!
The flame of filial fondness shall revive
The lamp of life, repay the breath she gave,
And waken all the mother in her soul.

BENEDICT.

Hah! who art thou then?

EDMUND.

Do not my fears tell thee?
Look up! O ever dear! behold thy son!
It is thy Edmund's voice; blest, if thy eyes
Awake to bless him.—Soft! her pulse returns;
She breathes!—Oh! speak. Dear parent, mother, hear!
'Tis Edmund.—Friar, wherefore is this horror?
Am I then deadly to her eyes?—Dumb still!
Speak, tho' it be to curse me.—I have kill'd her!
My brain grows hot—

BENEDICT.

My lord, restrain your passion;
See! she revives—

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Oh! if these lips, that quiver
 With dread of thy disdain, have force to move thee
 With nature's, duty's, or affection's voice,
 Feel how I print thy hand with burning zeal,
 Tho' tortur'd at this awful interval!
 Art thou, or not, a mother?

COUNTESS.

Hah! where am I?
 Why do you hold me? Was it not my Narbonne?
 I saw him—on my soul I did.

EDMUND.

Alas!
 She raves—Recall thy wand'ring apprehension—
 It was no phantom: at thy feet behold—

COUNTESS.

Hah! whom? quick, answer—Narbonne, dost thou live?
 Or comest to transport me to perdition?

BENEDICT.

Madam, behold your son: he kneels for pardon.
 And I, I innocent, I ignorant
 Of what he was, implore it too.

COUNTESS.

Distraction!
 What means this complicated scene of horrors?
 Why thus assail my splitting brain?—Be quick—
 Art thou my husband wing'd from other orbs
 To taunt my soul? What is this dubious form,
 Impres'd with ev'ry feature I adore,
 And ev'ry lineament I dread to look on?
 Art thou my dead or living son?

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

I am

Thy living Edmund. Let these scalding tears
Attest th' existence of thy suff'ring son.

COUNTESS.

Ah! touch me not.

EDMUND.

How?—In that cruel breast

Revive then all sensations, but affection?
Why so ador'd the memory of the father,
And so abhor'd the presence of the son?
But now, and to thy eyes I seem'd my father—
At least for that resemblance-sake embrace me.

COUNTESS.

Horror on horror! Blasted be thy tongue!
What sounds are those?

BENEDICT.

Lady, tho' I excuse not

This young lord's disobedience, his contrition
Bespeaks no rebel principle. I doubt not,
Your blessing first obtain'd and gracious pardon,
But soon as morning streaks the ruddy East,
He will obey your pleasure, and return
To stranger climes.

EDMUND.

'Tis false; I will not hence.

I have been fool'd too long, too long been patient.
Nor are my years so green as to endure
The manacles of priests and nurseries.
Am I not Narbonne's prince? Who shall rule here
But Narbonne? Have I sapp'd my country's laws,
Or play'd the tyrant? Who shall banish me?
Am I a recreant knight? Has cowardice
Disgrac'd the line of heroes I am sprung from?
Shall I then skulk, hide my inglorious head?

Or does it please your worship's gravity
 Dispatch me on some sleeveless pilgrimage,
 Like other noble fools, to win you empires;
 While you at home mock our credulity,
 The masters of our wealth, our states, and wives?

C O U N T E S S.

Aside.] (Brave youth! there spoke his fire. How my foul years
 To own its genuine offspring!)—Edmund, hear me!
 Thou art my son, and I will prove a mother.
 But I'm thy sovereign too. This state is mine.
 Learn to command, by learning to obey.
 Tho' frail my sex, I have a soul as masculine
 As any of thy race. This very monk,
 Lord as thou thinkest of my ductile conscience,
 Quails—look if 'tis not true—when I command.
 Retire thee to the village. 'Tis not ripe
 As yet my purpose—Benedict, attend me.
 To-morrow, Edmund, shalt thou learn my pleasure.

[*Ex.* COUNTESS and BENEDICT.]

E D M U N D, *alone.*

Why, this *is* majesty. Sounds of such accent
 Ne'er struck mine ear till now. Commanding sex!
 Strength, courage, all our boasted attributes,
 Want estimation; ev'n the preheminance
 We vaunt in wisdom, seems a borrow'd ray,
 When virtue deigns to speak with female organs.
 Yes, O my mother, I *will* learn t'obey:
 I *will* believe, that, harsh as thy decrees,
 They wear the warrant of benign intention.
 Make but the blooming Adeliza mine,
 And bear, of me unquestion'd, Narbonne's sceptre;
 Till life's expiring lamp by intervals
 Throws but a fainter and a fainter flash,
 And then relumes its wasted oil no more.

[*Exit.*

End of the third Act.

A C T

ACT the FOURTH.

The SCENE continues.

BENEDICT, MARTIN.

MARTIN.

I KNOW thy spirit well; know how it labours,
When curb'd, and driv'n to wear the mask of art.
But till this hour I have not seen thy passions
Boil o'er the bounds of prudence. So impetuous,
And so reserv'd!

BENEDICT.

Mistake me not, good brother:
I want no confidence: I know thy faith.
But can I to thy naked eye unfold
What I dare scarce reveal to my own bosom?
I would not know one half that I suspect,
Till I have acted as if not suspecting.

MARTIN.

How, brother! thou a casuist! and apply
To thy own breast those damning subtleties,
Which cowards with half-winking consciences
Purchase of us, when they would sin secure,
And hope the penalty will all be ours!

BENEDICT.

Brother, this moment is too big with action
To waste on bootless curiosity.
When I try sins upon the touchstone conscience,
It is for others' use, not for my own.

Vol. I.

N

'Tis

'Tis time enough to make up our account,
When we confess, and kneel for absolution.

MARTIN.

Still does thy genius soar above mankind!
How many fathers of our holy church
In Benedic't I view!

BENEDICT.

No flattery, brother.

'Tis true the church owes Benedic't some thanks.
For her, I have forgot I am a man.
For her, each virtue from my breast I banish.
No laws I know but her prosperity;
No country, but her boundless acquisitions.
Who dares be true to country, king or friend,
If enemies to Rome, are Benedic't's foes.

MARTIN.

Has it then gone so far? Does she speak out?
Is Edmund too infected with like errors?

BENEDICT.

Both, brother, both are thinking heretics.
I could forgive them, did some upstart sect
With sharper rigours charm their headlong zeal.
But they, in sooth, must *reason*—Curse light
On the proud talent! 'twill at last undo us.
When men are gorged with each absurdity
Their subtle wits can frame, or we adopt;
For very novelty they will fly to sense,
And we shall fall before that idol, fashion.

MARTIN.

Fear not a reign so transient. Statesmen too
Will join to stem the torrent: or new follies
Replace the old. Each chieftain that attacks us
Must grow the pope of his own heresy.
E'en stern philosophy, if once triumphant,

Shall

Shall frame some jargon, and exact obedience
 To metaphysic nonsense worse than ours.
 The church is but a specious name for empire,
 And will exist wherever fools have fears.
 Rome is no city; 'tis the human heart;
 And there suffice it if we plant our banners.
 Each priest cannot command—and thence come sects.
 Obdurate Zeno and our great Augustine
 Are of one faith, and differ but for power.

B E N E D I C T.

So be it—Therefore interest bids us crush
 This cockatrice and her egg: or we shall see
 The singing fawns of Savoy's neighb'ring vale
 Fly to the covert of her shadowy wings,
 And foil us at our own dexterity.
 Already to those vagrants she inclines;
 As if the rogues, that preach reform to others,
 Like idiots, minded to reform themselves.

M A R T I N.

Be cautious, brother: you may lose the lady.

B E N E D I C T.

She is already lost—or ne'er was ours.
 I cannot dupe, and therefore must destroy her:
 Involve her house in ruin so prodigious,
 That neither she nor Edmund may survive it.

M A R T I N.

How may this be accomplish'd?

B E N E D I C T.

Ask me not.
 From hints long treasur'd up, from broken phrase
 In phrensy dropp'd, but vibrating from truth:
 Nay, from her caution to explain away

N 2 .

What

What the late tempest of her soul had utter'd,
 I guess her fatal secret—Or, no matter—
 Say, I do not—by what she has forbidden,
 I know what should be done.—Then haste thee, brother;
 Facilitate count Edmund's interview
 With Adeliza; nourish their young passion—
 Curse them—and if you can—why—join their hands.

MARTIN.

I tremble!

BENEDICT.

Daftard, tremble, if we fail.

What can we fear, when we have ruin'd them?

(A deep-toned voice is heard.)

Forbear!

BENEDICT.

Ha! whence that sound?

(Voice again.) Forbear!

BENEDICT.

Again!

Comes it from heav'n or hell?

(Voice again.) Forbear!

MARTIN.

Good angels,

Protect me!—Benedict, thy unholy purpose—

SCENE

S C E N E II.

BENEDICT, MARTIN, ADELIZA, FRIARS.

[*A procession of friars chanting a funeral anthem, and followed by ADELIZA, advance slowly from a cloister at the end of the stage.*]

The ANTHEM.

Forbear! forbear! forbear!
 The pious are heav'n's care.
 Lamentations ill become us,
 When the good are ravish'd from us.
 The pangs of death but smoothe the way
 To visions of eternal day.

BENEDICT.

[*Aside to MARTIN.*]

Now, man of aspin conscience! lo! the gods,
 That sentence Benedic't's unholy purpose!
 Art thou a priest? Wast thou initiated
 In each fond mummery that subdues the vulgar,
 And standest thou appall'd at our own thunders?

MARTIN.

Who trembled first? It was thy guilty conscience
 That gave th' alarm to mine.

BENEDICT.

Peace, dotard, peace!

Nor when the lamb is nigh, must eagles wrangle.
 Fair faint, give us to know why flow these tears;
 Why sighs that gentle bosom; and why chant ye
 That heav'n-invoking soul-dissolving dirge?

[*To ADELIZA.*]

ADELIZA.

Ah! holy father, art thou then to learn
 The pious abbess is at peace? We go
 To bear her parting blessing to the Countess.

BENEDICT.

B E N E D I C T.

It must not be. Occasions of much import
Engross her faculties. By me she wills you
Restrain your steps within the cloister's pale,
Nor grant access but to one stranger knight.

A D E L I Z A.

Is't possible? Can my dear mistress bar
Her faithful handmaid from her gracious presence?
Shall I not pour my sorrows in her bosom,
And moisten it with grief and gratitude?
Two friends were all poor Adeliza's wealth.
Lo! one is gone to plead the orphan's cause.
My patroness, like Tobit's guardian spirit*,
Confirms my steps, and points to realms of glory.
She will not quit me in this vale of bondage;
She must be good, who teaches what is goodness.

B E N E D I C T.

(Indeed! my pretty prattler!—Then am I
As found a faint as e'er the rubric boasted.
—Ha! 'tis the Countess—now for my obedience.)
Young lady, much I marvel at these murmurs.
Just sense and sober piety still dictate
The Countess's commands. With truth I say it,
My sins diminish, as I copy her.

[*Afide.*][*To ADELIZA.*]

S C E N E III.

COUNTESS, ADELIZA, BENEDEICT, MARTIN.

C O U N T E S S.

What voices heard I? Does my rebel son
Attempt against my peace?—Hah! Adeliza!

* Alluding to a picture of Salvator Rosa, in which the story is thus told.

I charg'd

I charg'd thee guard thy convent—wherefore then
This disobedience?

BENEDICT.

Madam, I was urging
The fitness of your orders; but vain youth
Scoff'd my importunate rebuke.

ADELIZA.

Oh! no.

I am the thing you made me. Crush me, spurn me,
I will not murmur. Should you bid me die,
I know 'twere meant in kindness.

COUNTESS.

Bid *thee* die!

My own detested life but lingers round thee!
Ha! what a glance was there! It spoke resemblance
To all I hate, adore—My child, retire:
I am much discompos'd—the good old abbess
Claims thy attendance.

ADELIZA.

Mercy crown her soul!

She needs no duty we can pay her now.

COUNTESS.

How! art thou desolate? not a friend left
To guard thy innocence?—Oh! wretched maid!
Must thou be left to spoilers? or worse, worse,
To the fierce onset of thy own dire passions?
Oh! is it come to this?

ADELIZA.

My noble mistress,

Can Adeliza want a ministring angel,
When shelter'd by thy wing?—Yet Benedict
Says, I must shun this hospitable roof.
Indeed I thought it hard.

C O U N T E S S.

Did Benedict,
Did he audacious dare forbid my child,
My little orphan, to embrace her—Curfes
Swell in my throat—Hence—or they fall on thee.

A D E L I Z A.

Alas! for pity! how have I offended?

B E N E D I C T.

Madam, it is the pupil of your care,
Your favour'd child—

C O U N T E S S.

Who told thee so? Be dumb
For ever—What, art thou combin'd with Edmund,
To dash me down the precipice? Churchman, I tell thee,
I view it with impatience. I could leap
And meet the furies—but must *she* fall with me?

B E N E D I C T.

Afide.] (Yes, and thy Edmund too)—Be patient, lady:
This fair domain, thou know'st, acknowledges
The sovereignty of the church. Thy rebel son
Dares not attempt—

C O U N T E S S.

Again I bid thee peace.
There is no question of lord Edmund. Leave us:
I have to talk with her alone.

B E N E D I C T.

[*Afide to MARTIN.*

(Now tremble

At voices supernatural; and forfeit
The spoils the tempest throws into our lap.)

[*Ex.* BENELECT and MARTIN.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, ADELIZA.

COUNTESS.

Now, Adeliza, summon all thy courage.
 Retrace my precepts past: nor let a tear
 Profane a moment that's worth martyrdom.
 Remember, patience is the christian's courage.
 Stoics have bled, and demigods have died.
 A christian's task is harder—'tis to suffer.

ADELIZA.

Alas! have I not learnt the bitter lesson?
 Have I not borne *thy* woes? What is to come
 Can tax my patience with a ruder trial?

COUNTESS.

Oh! yes, thou must do more. Adversity
 Has various arrows. When the soul is steel'd
 By meditation to encounter sorrow,
 The foe of man shifts his artillery,
 And drowns in luxury and careless softness
 The breast he could not storm. Canst thou bear wealth,
 And pleasure's melting couch? Thou hast known virtue
 But at a scanty board. She has awak'd thee
 To chilling vapours in the midnight vault,
 And beckon'd thee to hardships, tears, and penance.
 Wilt thou acknowledge the divine instructress,
 When fyren pleasures lap thee in delights?

ADELIZA.

If such the witchery that waits on guilt,
 Why should I seek th' enchantress and her wiles?
 The virgin veil shall guard my spotless hours,
 Assure my peace, and faint me for hereafter.

VOL. I.

O

COUNTESS.

C O U N T E S S.

It cannot be—
To Narbonne thou must bid a last adieu,
And with the stranger knight depart a bride.

A D E L I Z A.

Unhappy me! too sure I have o'erburthen'd
Thy charity, if thou wouldst drive me from thee.
Refrain thy alms, dear lady. I have learnt
From our kind sifter-hood the needle's art.
My needle and thy smiles will life support.
Pray let me bring my last embroidery;
'Tis all by my own hand. Indeed I meant it
For my kind lady's festival.

C O U N T E S S.

Great justice!

Does this stroke pierce not deep enough? These tears,
Wrung from my vital fondness, scald they not
Worse than the living coal that fears the limbs?

A D E L I Z A.

Alas! thou hearest not! What grief o'erwhelms thee?
Why darts thy eye into my inmost soul;
Then vacant, motionless, arrests its course,
And seems not to perceive what it reads there?
My much-lov'd patroness!

C O U N T E S S.

O Adeliza,

Thy words now flake, and now augment my fever!
But oh! ere reason quits this lab'ring frame,
While I dare weep these tears of anguish o'er thee,
Unutterable, petrifying anguish!
Hear my last breath. Avoid the scorpion pleasure.
Death lurks beneath the velvet of his lip,

And

And but to think him over, is perdition!
—O retrospect of horror!—To the altar!
Haste, Adeliza,—vow thou wilt be wretched!

ADELIZA.

Dost thou then doom me to eternal forrows?
Hast thou deceiv'd me? Is not virtue, happiness?

COUNTESS.

I know not that. I know that guilt is torture.

ADELIZA.

Sure pestilence has flapp'd his baleful wing,
And shed its poison o'er thy faintlike reason!
When thou so patient, holy, so resign'd,
Doubtest of virtue's health, of virtue's peace.
—But 'tis to try me—Look upon this relic:
'Twas the good abbess's bequest. 'Twill chase
The fiend that walks at twilight.

COUNTESS.

How she melts me!

What have I said?—My lovely innocence,
Thou art my only thought—Oh! wast thou form'd
The child of sin?—and dare I not embrace thee?
Must I with eager ecstasy gaze on thee,
Yet curse the hour that stamp'd thee with a being?

ADELIZA.

Alas! was I then born the child of sin?
Who were my parents? I will pray for them.

COUNTESS.

Oh! if the bolt must come, here let it strike me!

[Flinging herself on the ground.]

Nature! these feelings were thy gift. Thou knowest
How ill I can resist thy forceful impulse.

O 2

If

If these emotions are imputed to me,
I have one sin I cannot yet repent of!

ADELIZA.

Oh! raise thee from the earth. Shall I behold thee
Prostrate, embracing an unfriended beggar?
Or dost thou mock me still? What is my lot?
Wilt thou yet cherish me? Or do the great
Exalt us but in sport, lend us a taste,
A vision of enjoyment, and then dash us
To poverty, more poignant by comparison?
Sure I could never wanton with affliction!

COUNTESS.

Ah! canst thou doubt this conflict of the soul?
Mock thee!—Oh! yes, there are such savage natures,
That will deride thy woes—and thou must bear it—
With foul reproach will gall thy spotless soul,
And taunt thee with a crime past thy conceiving.
Oh! 'tis to shield thee from this world of sorrows,
That thou must fly, must wed, must never view
The tow'rs of Narbonne more; must never know
The doom reserv'd for thy sad patroness!

ADELIZA.

Who threatens thy dear life? Recall thy son.
His valiant arm will stem a host of foes,
Replace thy lord, and woo thee to be happy.

COUNTESS.

Hah! little imp of darkness! dost thou wear
That angel form to gird me with upbraidings?
Fly, ere my rage forget distinction, nature,
And make a medley of unheard-of crimes.
Fly, ere it be too late—

ADELIZA.

For pity!

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

Hence!
Pity would bid me stab thee, while the charm
Of ignorance locks thee in its happy slumbers.

ADELIZA.

Alas! she raves—I will call help.

[Exit.

COUNTESS, alone.

[After a long pause, in which she looks tenderly after ADELIZA.

She's gone.

—That pang, great God, was my last sacrifice!—
Now recollect thyself, my foul! consummate
The pomp of horror with tremendous coolness.
'Tis fit that reason punish passion's crime.
—Reason!—alas! 'tis one of my convulsions!
Now it empow'rs me past myself; now leaves me
Exhausted, spiritless, eyeing with despair
The heights I cannot reach. Then madness comes,
Imperial fool! and promises to waft me
Beyond the grin of scorn—But who sits there,
Supereminent?—'Tis conscience!—Phrensy shield me!
I know the foe—See! see! he points his lance!
He plunges it all flaming in my soul,
And down I sink, lost in eternal anguish!

[Runs out.

S C E N E V.

BENEDICT, ADELIZA.

ADELIZA.

She is not here. Shall we not follow her?
Such agonies of passion! Sure some dæmon
Assaults her. Thou shalt pray by her. Indeed
I tremble for her life.

BENEDICT.

B E N E D I C T.

Thou know'st her not.
 Her transport is fictitious. 'Tis the coinage
 Of avarice and caprice. Dost thou not see
 Her bounty wearies? While thy babbling years
 Wore the trick of novelty, thou wast her plaything.
 The charity of the great must be amus'd.
 Mere merit forfeits it; affliction kills it.
 The sick must jest and gambol to attract
 Their pity.—Come, I'll warrant, thou hast wept,
 And told her heav'n would register each ducat
 Her piety had spar'd to clothe and feed thee.
 Go to; thou hast estrang'd her; and she means
 To drive thee hence, lest thou upbraid her change.

A D E L I Z A.

Upbraid my patroness! I! I upbraid her,
 Who see her now the angel that she will be!
 How knew I virtue, goodness, but from her?
 Her lessons taught me heav'n; her life reveal'd it.
 The wings of gratitude must bear me thither,
 Or I deserve not Paradise.

B E N E D I C T.

Thou art young.
 Thy novice ear imbibes each silver sound,
 And deems the music warbled all by truth.
 Grey hairs are not fool'd thus. I know this Countess:
 An errant heretic. She scoffs the church.
 When did her piety adorn our altars?
 What holy garments glisten with her gifts?
 The fabric of our convent threatens ruin—
 Does she repair it?—No. On lazy lepers,
 On soldiers maim'd and swearing from the wars
 She lavishes her wealth—But note it, young one;
 Her days are number'd; and thou shalt do wisely
 To quit her ere the measure is complete.

4

A D E L I Z A.

ADELIZA.

Alas! she bids me go. She bids me wed
The stranger knight that woo'd me at our parlour.

BENEDICT.

And thou shalt take her at her word. Myself
Will join your hands—And lo! in happy hour
Who comes to meet her boon.

SCENE VI.

EDMUND, BENEDICT, ADELIZA.

EDMUND.

In tears!—That cowl
Shall not protect th' injurious tongue, that dares
Insult thy innocence—for sure, thou dear one,
Thou hast no sins to weep.

BENEDICT.

My gracious lord,
Yourself and virgin coynefs must be chidden,
If my fair scholar wears the mien of sadness.
'Tis but a blush that melts in modest showers.

EDMUND.

Unriddle, priest. My soul is too impatient,
To wait th' impertinence of flow'ry dialect.

BENEDICT.

Then briefly thus. The Countess wills me join
Your hand with this fair maiden's—Now, my lord,
Is my poor language nauseous?

EDMUND.

Is it possible?

Doft

Dost thou consent, sweet passion of my soul?
May I then clasp thee to my heart?

ADELIZA.

Forbear!

It must not be—Thou shalt not wed a beggar.

EDMUND.

A beggar! Thou art riches, opulence.
The flaming ruby and the dazzling di'mond,
Set in the world's first diadem, could not add
A ray to thy least charm—For pity, grant me
To breathe my warmth into this marble hand.

ADELIZA.

Never!—This orphan, this abandon'd wanderer,
Taunted with poverty, with shameful origin,
Dower'd with no lot but scorn, shall ne'er bestow
That, her sole portion, on a lordly husband.

BENEDICT.

My lord, the Countess is my gracious mistress:
My duty bade me to report her words.
It seems her charities circumscribe her wishes.
This goodly maiden has full long experienc'd
Her amplest bounty. Other piteous objects
Call for her largesse. Lovely Adeliza
Plac'd in your arms can never feel affliction.
This the good Countess knows—

EDMUND.

By my fire's fowl

I will not thank her. Has she dar'd to scorn thee,
Thou beauteous excellence?—Then from this hour
Thou art her equal. In her very presence
I will espouse thee. Let us seek the proud one!
—Nay, no resistance, love!

3

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

(By heav'n all's loft, [Aside.
Should they meet now)—My lord, a word. The maiden [Aside to EDMUND.
Is tutor'd to such awe, she ne'er will yield
Consent, should but a frown dart from the Countess.
But now, and she enjoin'd your marriage. Better
Profit of that behest—

EDMUND.

I tell thee, monk,
My haughty soul will not—

BENEDICT.

Pray be advis'd.
Heav'n knows how dear I tender your felicity.
The chapel is few paces hence—Nay, lead her
With gentle wooing, nor alarm her fears.
Arriv'd there, I will speedily pronounce
The solemn words—

EDMUND.

Well, be it so. My fair one,
This holy man advises well. To heaven
We will address our vows, and ask its pleasure.
Come, come; I will not be refus'd—

ADELIZA.

Yes, heav'n!
To thee I fly; thou art my only refuge. [Exeunt.

End of the fourth Act.

ACT the FIFTH.

*The SCENE continues.**Enter BENEDICT.*

THE business is dispatch'd. Their hands are join'd.
 The puling moppet struggled with her wishes;
 Invok'd each faint to witness her refusal:
 Nor heeded, tho' I swore their golden harps
 Were tun'd to greet her hymeneal hour.
 Th' impetuous count, fir'd with th' impure suggestion,
 As if descending clouds had spread their pillows
 To meet the pressure of his eager transports,
 Would have forerun the rites. The maid, affrighted
 At such tumultuous unaccustom'd onset,
 Sunk lifeless on the pavement. Hastily
 I mumbled o'er the spell that binds them fast,
 Like an invenom'd robe, to scorch each other
 With mutual ruin—Thus am I reveng'd.
 Proud dame of Narbonne, lo! a bare-foot monk
 Thus pays thy scorn, thus vindicates his altars.
 Nor, while this woollen frock shall wrap our order,
 Shall e'en the lily monarchs of our realm
 Be plac'd so high, but a poor friar's knife*
 Shall fell their tow'ring grandeur to the earth,
 Oit as they scant obedience to the church.

* Alluding to the assassinations of Henry III. and IV.

SCENE

SCENE II.

BENEDICT, PORTER.

PORTER.

Ah! woe of woes! Good father, haste thee in,
And speak sweet words of comfort to our mistress.
Her brain is much disturb'd—I fear some spell,
Or naughty bev'rage—Will you not in and pray by her?
In sooth she needs your pray'rs.

BENEDICT.

She scorns my pray'rs. *[Coldly.]*

PORTER.

Oh! no; but now she call'd for you. Pray seek her.

BENEDICT.

I can administer no comfort to her.

PORTER.

Yes, yes, you can. They say the foul fiend dreads
A scholar.—Tut, your holy wit can pose him,
Or bind him to the red waves of the ocean.
Oh! he afflicts her gentle spirit, and vomits
Strange menaces and terrible from her mouth!
Then he is fullen; gags her lab'ring lips,
And she replies not—

BENEDICT.

Goodman exorcist,
Thy pains are unavailing. Her sins press her.
Guilt has unbing'd her reason.

PORTER.

Beshrew thy heart,
Thou dost asperse her. I know those are paid
For being faints that—

P 2

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

Stop that tongue profane:

Thou art infected with her heresies.

"Judgments already have o'erta'en thy mistress.

"Thou at thy peril leave her to her fate."

PORTER.

"Father, belike there is a different heaven

"For learned clerks and such poor men as I am.

"Me it behoves to have such humble virtues

"As suit my simple calling. To my masters

"For raiment, food, for salary, and protection

"My honest heart owes gratitude. They took me

"From drudgery to guard their honour'd persons.

"Why am I call'd a man of worship? Why,

"As up the chancel I precede my lady,

"Do th' vassals of the castle, rang'd in rows,

"Bow e'en to Peter?—Why? but, by the rood,

"Because she plac'd this silver-garnish'd staff

"In Peter's hand. Why, but because this robe,

"Floating with seemly tufts, was her gift too.

"For honours of such note owe I not thanks?

"Were my life much to sacrifice for hers?"

BENEDICT.

"Peace with thy saucy lecture, or harangue

"Thy maudling fellows o'er the hall's dull embers

"With this thy gossiping morality."—

Now answer—Mentions she her son?

PORTER.

Ah me!

I had forgotten—this old brain—'Tis true,

'Tis very true—she raves upon her son,

And thinks he came in vision.

BENEDICT.

BENEDICT.

'Twas no vision.

PORTER.

How!—heav'nly fathers!

BENEDICT.

He has spoken with her.

PORTER.

And I not see him!—Go to; it could not be.
How did he pass the gate?

BENEDICT.

I tell thee, Edmund,

Thy quondam master's son has seen his mother;
Is but few paces hence.

PORTER.

Oh! joyous sounds!

Where is my noble lord?

BENEDICT.

Here—and undone.

S C E N E III.

FLORIAN, BENEDICT, PORTER.

FLORIAN.

Sure the foul fogs, that hang in lazy clouds
O'er yonder moat, infect the moping air,
And steam with phrensy's melancholy fumes.
But now and I met Edmund—With a voice
Appall'd and hollow like a parricide's,
He told me he was wedded. When I asked
To see his bride, he groan'd, and said his joys
Were blasted e'er accomplish'd. As he urg'd
His suit, the maiden's tears and shrieks had struck

On his sick fancy like his mother's cries!
 Th' idea writhing from his brain, had won
 His eye-balls, and he thought he saw his mother!
 —This ague of contagious bigotry
 Has gain'd almost on me. Methinks yon monk
 Might fell me with a chaplet.—Edmund left me
 Abruptly—I must learn this mystery.

[To BENEDICT.]

[To PETER.]

Health to your rev'rence—Hah! my new acquaintance!
 In tears, my good old friend! What, has the cricket
 Chirp'd ominously?—Come, away with sorrow:—
 Joy marks this day its own.

PORTER.

A joyful day!

The twentieth of September!—Note it, fir,
 Note it for th' ugliest of the calendar.
 'Twas on this day—ay, this day sixteen years
 The noble count came to his death!

FLORIAN.

No matter.

Th' arrival of a nobler younger count
 Shall mock prognostics past, and paint the year
 With smiling white, fair fortune's fav'rite livery.
 But tell me, father, tell me, has the Countess
 Pardon'd her son's return? Has she receiv'd him
 With th' overflowings of a mother's joy?
 Smiles she upon his wishes?—As I enter'd
 Methought I heard an hymeneal accent.
 And yet, it seems, the favour of your countenance
 Wears not the benediction of rejoicing.

[To BENEDICT.]

BENEDICT.

The Countess must unfold her book of fate,
 I am not skill'd to read so dark a volume.

FLORIAN.

Oracular as the Delphic god!—Good Peter,

Thy

Thy wit and mine are more upon a level.
 Resolve me, has the Countess seen lord Edmund?
 Say, did she frown and chide? or bathe his cheek
 With tears as warm as leaping blood?

PORTER.

Ah! master,

You seem too good to mock our misery.
 A soldier causes woe, but seldom jeers it.
 Or know'st thou not—(And sure 'twill pity thee!)
 The gracious Countess, our kind lady—(Indeed
 I trust they will return)—is strangely chang'd!

FLORIAN.

By my good sword, thou shalt unriddle, priest.
 What means this tale? What mintage is at work
 To coin delusion, that this fair domain
 May become holy patrimony? Thus
 Teach you our matrons to defraud their issue
 By artificial fits and acted ravings?
 I have beheld your juggles, heard your dreams.
 Th' imposture shall be known. These sixteen years
 Has my friend Edmund pin'd in banishment:
 While masses, mummings, goblins and processions
 Usurp'd his heritage, and made of Narbonne
 A theatre of holy interludes
 And fainted frauds. But day darts on your spells.
 Th' enlighten'd age eschews your vile deceits,
 And truth shall do mankind and Edmund justice.

BENEDICT.

Unhallow'd boy, I scorn thy contumely.
 In camps and trenches vent thy lewd reproaches,
 Blaspheming while ye tremble. Heav'n's true soldiers,
 Endu'd with more than mortal courage, defy
 Hosts numerous as the Pagan chivalry
 Pour'd forth to crush the church's rising glories.

—But

—But this is an enlighten'd age!—Behold
 The triumphs of your sect! to yonder plains
 Bend thy illumin'd eye! The Vaudois there,
 Writhing in flames, and quiv'ring at th' approach
 Of Rome's impending knife, attest the blessings
 Conferr'd on their instructed ignorance!

FLORIAN.

Monstrous! unparallel'd! Are cries and groans
 Of butcher'd conscientious men the hymns
 With which you chant the victories of the church?
 Do you afflict and laugh? stab and huzza?
 —But I am dallying with my own impatience—
 Where is this mother? I will tent her soul;
 And warn thee, if I find suggestion's whisper
 Has practis'd to the detriment of my friend,
 Thy caitiff life shall answer to my sword,
 Tho' shrin'd within the pillars of the Vatican.

BENEDICT.

Judge heaven betwixt us!
 If, ere the dews of night shall fall, thou seest not
 The cup of wrath pour'd out, and triple woes
 O'ertake unheard-of crimes; call me false prophet,
 Renounce my gods, and join thee to the impious!
 Thou in thy turn, if truth lives on my lips,
 Tremble! repent!—behold! the hour approaches!

SCENE IV.

COUNTESS, FLORIAN, BENEDICT, PORTER.

COUNTESS.

I dare not shoot the gulf—Ha! Benedict!
 Thou art a priest, thy mission should be holy,
 If thou beliefst not heav'n—Quick, do thy work!
 If there is pow'r in pray'r, teach me some sounds

To

To charm my senses, lest my coward flesh
 Recoil, and win the mastery o'er my will.
 —'Tis not the wound; it is the consequence!
 See! see! my Narbonne stands upon the brink,
 And snatches from the readiest fury there
 A blazing torch! he whirls it round my head,
 And asks where are my children!

PORTER.

Split, my heart,
 At this sad sight!

FLORIAN.

Stand off! thou'rt an accomplice.
 Madam, it was your morning's gracious pleasure
 I should attend you. May I hope your pardon,
 If I anticipate—

COUNTESS.

Ha! Who art thou?

FLORIAN.

Have you forgot me, lady?

COUNTESS.

Memory
 Is full. A head distract as mine can hold
 Two only objects, guilt and eternity!

FLORIAN.

No more of this. Time has abundant hours
 For holy meditation. Nor have years
 Trac'd such deep admonition on your cheek,
 As call for sudden preparation.

COUNTESS.

Prayer [Wildly.
 Can do no more: its efficacy lost—
 What must be, must be soon—He will return.

VOL. I.

Q

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

He is return'd, your son—have you not seen him?

COUNTESS.

Would I had never!

FLORIAN.

Come, this is too much.

This villainous monk has step'd 'twixt you and nature;
 And misreported of the noblest gentleman
 That treads on christian ground.—Are you a mother?
 Are legends dearer to you than your son?
 Think you 'tis piety to gorge these misercants,
 And drive your child from your embrace?

COUNTESS.

Ye faints!

This was the dæmon prompted it—Avaunt!
 He beckons me—I will not—Lies my lord
 Not bleeding in the porch? I'll tear my hair
 And bathe his wounds.—Where's Beatrice!—monster! monster!
 She leads the dæmon—See! they spread the couch!
 No, I will perish with my Narbonne—Oh!
 My strength, my reason faint—darkness furrounds me!
 To-morrow?—Never will to-morrow come!
 Let me die here!

[Sinks on a bench.]

FLORIAN.

This is too much for art.

Chill damps fit on her brow: her pulse replies not.

BENEDICT.

No; 'tis fictitious all—'twas I inspir'd
 The horrors she has been so kind to utter
 At my suggestion.

FLORIAN.

That insulting sneer

Speaks more the devil than, if thy words were serious.

Bc

Be her distraction counterfeit or real,
Her sex demands compassion or assistance.
But she revives!

C O U N T E S S.

Is death then past? My brain
Beats not its wonted tempest—In the grave
There is peace then!

F L O R I A N.

Her agony abates.
Look up and view your friends.

C O U N T E S S.

Alas! I fear me,
This is life still!—Am I not in my castle?
Sure I should know this garden—Good old Peter!
My honest servant, thou I see wilt never
Quit thy poor mistress!—Kind old man, he weeps!

P O R T E R.

Indeed it is for joy—How fares my lady?

C O U N T E S S.

Exhausted, Peter, that I have not strength
To be distracted—Hah! your looks betray
Tremendous innuendoes!—Gracious heaven!
Have I said aught—has wildness—Trust me, sirs,
In these sad fits my unhing'd fancy wanders
Beyond the compass of things possible.
Sometimes an angel of excelling brightness
I seem to whirl the orbs and launch the comet.
Then hideous wings with forked points array me,
And I suggest strange crimes to shuddering matrons—
Sick fancy must be pardon'd.

B E N E D I C T.

(Artful woman! *[Aside.*
Thou subtle emblem of thy sex, compos'd
Q 2 Of

THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER:

Of madnefs and deceit—But ſince thy brain
Has loſt its poize, I will ſend thoſe ſhall ſhake it
Beyond recovery of its reeling bias.) [Exit.]

[COUNTESS makes a ſign to PETER to retire.]

S C E N E V.

COUNTESS, FLORIAN.

COUNTESS.

This interval is well—'tis thy laſt boon,
Tremendous Providence! and I will uſe it
As 'twere th' elixir of deſcending mercy:
Not a drop ſhall be waſte—accept my thanks!
Preſerve my reaſon! and preſerve my child!
—Stranger, thy years are green; perhaps may mock
A woman's words, a mother's woe!—but honour,
If I believe this garb, is thy profeſſion.
Haſt thou not dealt in blood?—Then thou haſt heard
The dying groan, and ſin's deſpairing accent.
Struck it not on thy ſoul? Recall it, ſir!
What then was thy ſenſation, feel for me!

FLORIAN.

I ſhudder! liſten, pity, and reſpect thee!

COUNTESS.

Reſolve my anxious heart. Tho' vagrant pleaſure,
Th' ebriety of youth, and worſe than paſſion,
Example, lead thee to the ſtrumpet vice;
Say, if, beneath the waves of diſſipation,
The germ of virtue bloſſoms in thy ſoul.

FLORIAN.

A ſoldier's honour is his virtue. Gownmen
Wear it for ſhow, and barter it for gold,
And have it ſtill. A ſoldier and his honour
Exiſt together, and together periſh.

3

COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

I do believe thee. Thus my Narbonne thought.
 Then hear me, child of honour! Canst thou cherish
 Unblemish'd innocence? Wilt thou protect it?
 Wilt thou observe its wand'rings? call it back,
 Confine it to the path that leads to happiness?
 Hast thou that genuine heroism of soul
 To hug the little fondling sufferer,
 When nestling in thy bosom, drown'd in blushes,
 Nor cast her from thee, while a grinning world
 Reviles her with a mother's foul misdeeds?

FLORIAN.

My arm is sworn to innocence distressed:
 Point out the lovely mourner.

COUNTESS.

'Tis enough.
 Nor suffer th' ebbing moments more enquiry.
 My orphan shall be thine—Nay, start not, sir,
 Your loves are known to me. Wealth past th' ambition
 Of Gallia's proudest baron shall endow her.
 Within this casket is a monarch's ransom.
 Ten thousand ducats more are lodg'd within.
 All this is thine with Adeliza's hand.

FLORIAN.

With Adeliza!

COUNTESS.

Ha! dost thou recoil?
 Dost thou not love her?

FLORIAN.

I love Adeliza!
 Lady, recall thy wand'ring memory.

COUNTESS.

Dost thou reject her? and has hope beguil'd me

In

In this sad only moment? Hast thou dar'd
 With ruffian insolence gaze on her sweetness,
 And mark it for an hour of wanton dalliance?
 Oh! I will guard my child, tho' gaping dæmons
 Howl with impatience!

FLORIAN.

Most rever'd of matrons,
 Tho' youth and rosy joy flush on my cheek,
 Tho' the licentious camp and rapine's holiday
 Have been my school; deem not so reprobate
 My morals, that my eye would note no distance
 Between the harlot's glance and my friend's bride.

COUNTESS.

Thy friend! what friend?

FLORIAN.

Lord Edmund—

COUNTESS.

What of him?

FLORIAN.

Is Adeliza's lord—her wedded bridegroom.

COUNTESS.

Confusion! phrensy! Blast me, all ye furies!
 Edmund and Adeliza! when? where? how?
 Edmund wed Adeliza! Quick, unfay
 The monstrous tale—Oh! prodigy of ruin!
 Does my own son then boil with fiercer fires
 Than scorch'd his impious mother's madding veins?
 Did reason reassume its shatter'd throne,
 But as spectators of this last of horrors?
 Oh! let my dagger drink my heart's black blood,
 And then present my hell-born progeny
 With drops of kindred sin!—*that* were a torch
 Fit to light up such loves! and fit to quench them!

FLORIAN.

FLORIAN.

What means this agony? Didst thou not grant
The maiden to his wishes?

COUNTRESS.

Did I not couple
Distinctions horrible? plan unnatural rites
To grace my funeral pile, and meet the furies,
More innocent than those I leave behind me?

FLORIAN.

Amazement!—I will hasten—Grant, ye pow'rs!
My speed be not too late! [Exit]

COUNTRESS.

Globe of the world,
If thy frame split not with such crimes as these,
It is immortal!

S C E N E VI.

COUNTRESS, EDMUND, ADELIZA.

[EDMUND and ADELIZA enter at the opposite door from which
FLORIAN went out. They kneel to the COUNTRESS.]

EDMUND.

Dear parent, look on us, and bless your children!

COUNTRESS.

My children! Horror! horror! Yes, too sure
Ye are my children!—Edmund, loose that hand;
'Tis poison to thy soul!—Hell has no venom
Like a child's touch!—Oh! agonizing thought!
—Who made this marriage? whose unhallow'd breath
Pronounc'd the incestuous sounds?

EDMUND.

EDMUND.

Incest! good heavens!

COUNTESS.

Yes, thou devoted victim! let thy blood
 Curdle to stone! perdition circumvents thee!
 Lo! where this monster stands! thy mother! mistress!
 The mother of thy daughter, sister, wife!
 The pillar of accumulated horrors!
 Hear! tremble!—and then marry, if thou darest!

EDMUND.

Yes, I do tremble, tho' thy words are phrensy.
 So black must be the passions that inspir'd it,
 I shudder for thee! pitying duty shudders!

COUNTESS.

For me!—O Edmund, I have burst the bond
 Of every tie.—When thou shalt know the crimes,
 In which this fury did involve thy youth,
 It will seem piety to curse me, Edmund!
 Oh! impious night!—Hah! is not that my lord?
 He shakes the curtains of the nuptial couch,
 And starts to find a son there!

[Wildly.]

EDMUND.

Gracious heaven!

Grant that these shocking images *be* raving!

ADELIZA.

Sweet lady, be compos'd—Indeed I thought
 This marriage was thy will—But we will break it—
 Benedict shall discharge us from our vows.

COUNTESS.

Thou gentle lamb, from a fell tyger sprung,
 Unknowing half the miseries that await thee!

—Oh!

—Oh! they are innocent—Almighty pow'r!—

[Kneels, but rises again hastily.]

Ha! dare I pray? for others intercede?

I pray for them, the cause of all their woe!

—But for a moment give me leave, despair!

For a short interval lend me that reason

Thou gavest, heav'n, in vain!—It must be known

The fullness of my crime; or innocent these

May plunge them in new horrors. Not a word

Can 'scape me, but will do the work of thunder,

And blast those moments I regain from madness!—

Ye know how fondly my luxurious fancy

Doted upon my lord. For eighteen months

An embassy detain'd him from my bed.

A harbinger announc'd his near return.

Love dress'd his image to my longing thoughts

In all its warmest colours—but the morn,

In which impatience grew almost to sickness,

Presented him a bloody corpse before me.

I rav'd—The storm of disappointed passions

Affail'd my reason, fever'd all my blood.

Whether too warmly press'd, or too officious

To turn the torrent of my grief aside,

A damsel, that attended me, disclos'd

Thy fruit, unhappy boy!

EDMUND.

What is to come?

Shield me, ye gracious pow'rs, from my own thoughts!

My dreadful apprehension!

COUNTESS.

Give it scope!

Thou canst not harbour a foreboding thought

More dire, than I conceiv'd, I executed.

Guilt rush'd into my soul—my fancy saw thee

Thy father's image—

EDMUND.

Swallow th' accursed fount!

Nor dare to fay—

COUNTESS.

Yes, thou polluted fon!

Grief, difappointment, opportunity,
 Rais'd fuch a tumult in my madding blood,
 I took the damfel's place; and while thy arms
 Twin'd, to thy thinking, round another's waift,
 Hear, hell, and tremble!—thou didft clasp thy mother!

EDMUND.

Oh! execrable!

[ADELIZA faints.]

COUNTESS.

Be that fwoon eternal!

Nor let her know the reft—She is thy daughter,
 Fruit of that monftrous night!

EDMUND.

Infernal woman! [Draws his dagger.]

My dagger muft repay a tale like this!
 Blood fo diftemper'd—No—I muft not ftrike—
 I dare not punifh what you dar'd commit.

COUNTESS.

[Seizing his dagger.]

Give me the fteel—my arm will not recoil.
 Thus, Edmund, I revenge thee!

[Stabs herfelf.]

EDMUND.

Help! ho! help!

For both I tremble, dare not fuccour either!

COUNTESS.

Peace! and conceal our fhame—Quick, frame fome legend.
 They come!

SCENE

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, EDMUND, ADELIZA, FLORIAN,
BENEDICT, ATTENDANTS.

COUNTESS.

Assist the maid—An accident— [*They bear off ADELIZA.*
By my own hand—Ha! Benedict!—But no!
I must not turn accuser!

BENEDICT.

Mercy, heaven!

Who did this deed?

COUNTESS.

Myself.

BENEDICT.

What was the cause?

COUNTESS.

Follow me to yon gulph, and thou wilt know.
I answer not to man.

BENEDICT.

Bethink thee, lady—

COUNTESS.

Thought ebbs apace—O Edmund, could a blessing
Part from my lips, and not become a curse,
I would—Poor Adeliza—'tis accomplish'd!

[*Dies.*

BENEDICT.

My lord, explain these horrors. Wherefore fell
Your mother? and why faints your wife?

EDMUND.

My wife!

Thou damning priest! I have no wife—thou know'st it—
Thou gavest me indeed—No—not my tongue

R 2

Ere

Ere the dread sound escape it!—Bear away
That hateful monk—

BENEDICT. [*As he goes out, to FLORIAN.*
Who was the prophet now?

Remember me!

EDMUND.

O Florian, we must haste
To where fell war assumes its ugliest form:
I burn to rush on death!

FLORIAN.

I dare not ask;
But stiffen'd with amazement I deplore—

EDMUND.

O tender friend! I must not violate
Thy guiltless ear—Ha! 'tis my father calls!
I dare not see him!

[*Wildly.*

FLORIAN.

Be compos'd, my lord,
We are all your friends—

EDMUND.

Have I no kindred here?
They will confound all friendship! interweave
Such monstrous union—

FLORIAN.

Good my lord, resume
Your wonted reason. Let us in and comfort
Your gentle bride—

EDMUND.

Forbid it, all ye pow'rs!
O Florian, bear her to the holy sisters.
Say, 'twas my mother's will she take the veil.
I never must behold her!—never more
Review this theatre of monstrous guilt!
No; to th' embattled foe I will present
This hated form—and welcome be the fabre
That leaves no atom of it undefac'd!

POSTSCRIPT.

P O S T S C R I P T.

FROM the time that I first undertook the foregoing scenes, I never flattered myself that they would be proper to appear on the stage. The subject is so horrid, that I thought it would shock rather than give satisfaction to an audience. Still I found it so truly tragic in the two essential springs of terror and pity, that I could not resist the impulse of adapting it to the scene, though it should never be practicable to produce it there. I saw too that it would admit of great situations, of lofty characters, and of those sudden and unforeseen strokes, which have singular effect in operating a revolution in the passions, and in interesting the spectator. It was capable of furnishing, not only a contrast of characters, but a contrast of vice and virtue in the same character: and by laying the scene in what age and country I pleased, pictures of ancient manners might be drawn, and many allusions to historic events introduced to bring the action nearer to the imagination of the spectator. The moral resulting from the calamities attendant on an unbounded passion, even to the destruction of the criminal person's race, was obviously suited to the purpose and object of tragedy.

The subject is more truly horrid than even that of Oedipus: and yet I do not doubt but a Grecian poet would have made no scruple of exhibiting it on the theatre. Revolting as it is, a son assassinating his mother, as Orestes does, exceeds the guilt that appears in the foregoing scenes. As murder is the highest crime that a man can commit against his fellow beings, parricide is the deepest degree of murder. No age but has suffered such guilt to be represented on the stage. And yet I feel the disgust that must arise at the catastrophe of this piece; so much is our delicacy more apt to be shocked than our good-nature. Nor will it be an excuse that I thought the story founded on an event in real life.

I had heard, when very young, that a gentlewoman, under uncommon agonies of mind, had waited on archbishop Tillotson, and besought his counsel. Many years before, a damsel that served her, had acquainted her
6 that

that she was importuned by the gentlewoman's son to grant him a private meeting. The mother ordered the maiden to make the assignation, when, she said, she would discover herself, and reprimand him for his criminal passion: but being hurried away by a much more criminal passion herself, she kept the assignation without discovering herself. The fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the gentlewoman caused to be educated very privately in the country: but proving very lovely, and being accidentally met by her father-brother, who had never had the slightest suspicion of the truth, he had fallen in love with and actually married her. The wretched guilty mother, learning what had happened, and distracted with the consequence of her crime, had now resorted to the archbishop to know in what manner she should act. The prelate charged her never to let her son and daughter know what had passed, as they were innocent of any criminal intention. For herself, he bade her almost despair.

Some time after I had finished the play on this ground-work, a gentleman to whom I had communicated it, accidentally discovered the origin of the tradition in the novels of the queen of Navarre, vol. 1. nov. 30. and to my great surprise I found a strange concurrence of circumstances between the story as there related, and as I had adapted it to my piece: for though I believed it to have happened in the reign of king William, I had, for a purpose mentioned below, thrown it back to the eve of the reformation; and the queen, it appears, dates the event in the reign of Louis XII. I had chosen Narbonne for the scene; the queen places it in Languedoc. These rencounters are of little importance; and perhaps curious to nobody but the author.

In order to make use of a canvas so shocking, it was necessary as much as possible to palliate the crime, and raise the character of the criminal. To attain the former end, I imagined the moment in which she had lost a beloved husband, when grief, disappointment, and a conflict of passions might be supposed to have thrown her reason off its guard, and exposed her to the danger under which she fell. Strange as the moment may seem for vice to have seized her, still it makes her less hateful, than if she had coolly meditated so foul a crime. I have endeavoured to make her very fondness for her husband in some measure the cause of her guilt.

But as that guilt could not be lessened without destroying the subject itself, I thought that her immediate horror and consequential repentance were essential towards effectuating her being suffered on the stage. Still more was necessary: the audience must be prejudiced in her favour; or an uniform sentiment of disgust would have been raised against the whole piece. For this reason I suppressed the story till the last scene; and bestowed every ornament of sense, unbigoted piety, and interesting contrition, on the character that was at last to raise universal indignation; in hopes that some degree of pity would linger in the breasts of the audience; and that a whole life of virtue and penance might in some measure atone for a moment, though a most odious moment, of a depraved imagination.

Some of my friends have thought that I have pushed the sublimity of sense and reason, in the character of the Countess, to too great a height, considering the dark and superstitious age in which she lived. They are of opinion that the excess of her repentance would have been more likely to have thrown her into the arms of enthusiasm. Perhaps it might—but I was willing to insinuate that virtue could and ought to leave more lasting stings in a mind conscious of having fallen; and that weak minds alone believe or feel that conscience is to be lulled asleep by the incantations of bigotry. However, to reconcile even the seeming inconsistency objected to, I have placed my fable at the dawn of the reformation; consequently the strength of mind in the Countess may be supposed to have borrowed aid from other sources, besides those she found in her own understanding.

Her character is certainly new, and the cast of the whole play unlike any other that I am acquainted with. The incidents seem to me to flow naturally from the situation; and with all the defects in the writing, of many of which I am conscious, and many more no doubt will be discovered, still I think, as a tragedy, its greatest fault is the horror which it must occasion in the audience; particularly in the fairer, more tender, and less criminal part of it.

It will be observed that, after the discovery of her son, the Countess is for some moments in every scene disordered in her understanding by the violent impression

impression of that interview, and from the guilt that is ever uppermost in her mind. Yet she is never quite mad—still less does she talk like Belvidera of

“Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber;”

which is not being mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage; or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn of a head discomposed by misfortune is that of king Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had phrensy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet.

The villainy of Benedict was planned to divide the indignation of the audience, and to intercept some of it from the Countess. Nor will the blackness of his character appear extravagant, if we call to mind the crimes committed by catholic churchmen, when the reformation not only provoked their rage, but threatened them with total ruin.

I have said that terror and pity naturally arose from the subject, and that the moral is just. These are the merits of the story, not of the author. It is true also, that the rules laid down by the critics are strictly inherent in the piece—remark, I do not say, observed; for I had written above three acts before I had thought of, or set myself to observe those rules; and consequently it is no vanity to say that the three unities reign throughout the whole play. The time necessary is not above two or three hours longer than that of the representation; and at most does not require half of the four-and-twenty hours granted to poets by those their masters. The unity of place is but once shifted, and that merely from the platform without the castle to the garden within it, so that a single wall is the sole infringement of the second law—and for the third, unity of action, it is so entire, that not the smallest episode intervenes. Every scene tends to bring on the catastrophe, and the story is never interrupted or diverted from its course. The return of Edmund and his marriage necessarily produce the denouement.

If

If the critics are pleased with this conformity to their laws, I shall be glad they have that satisfaction. For my own part, I set little value on such merit, which was accidental, and is at best mechanic, and of a subordinate kind; and more apt to produce improbable situations than to remove them.

I wish I had no more to answer for in the faults of the piece, than I have merit to boast in the mechanism. I was desirous of striking a little out of the common road, and to introduce some novelty on our stage. Our genius and cast of thinking are very different from the French; and yet our theatre, which should represent manners, depends almost entirely at present on translations and copies from our neighbours. Enslaved as they are to rules and modes, still I do not doubt, but many both of their tragic and comic authors would be glad they dared to use the liberties that are secured to our stage. They are so cramped by the rigorous forms of composition, that they would think themselves greatly indemnified by an ampler latitude of thought. I have chalked out some paths that may be happily improved by better poets and men of more genius than I possess; and which may be introduced in subjects better calculated for action than the story I have chosen.

The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakespeare; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a placid pleasing kind of dignity in Rowe, and even shone in his *Jane Shore*. It trod in sublime and classic fetters in Cato, but void of nature, or the power of affecting the passions. In Southern it seemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakespeare; but falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragicomedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in the *Mourning Bride*; grew stark mad in Lee; whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young; yet in both was still a poet's cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton, who were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand—and then it languished. We have not mounted again above the two last.

THE GREAT BRITISH

The British are pleased with the government... they have the reputation... which was established... kind; and more to be... I wish I had no more to say... to be in the... the common... and all of... would be... I do not... would be... They are... I think... have... and men... I should...

The excellence of our... the great... that after... and often... place... it had... good... first... in that... all... a little... that... and...

THE GREAT BRITISH

FUGITIVE PIECES.

E P I T A P H

*On the Cenotaph of Lady WALPOLE, erected in the Chapel of Henry VII.
in Westminster-Abbey, in July, 1754.*

To the Memory
O F

Catherine Lady Walpole,

Eldest Daughter of JOHN SHORTER, Esq. of Bybrook in Kent,

A N D

First Wife of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, afterwards EARL of ORFORD,

Horace,

Her youngest Son,

Consecrates this MONUMENT.

She had beauty and wit

Without vice or vanity,

And cultivated the arts

Without affectation.

She was devout,

Though without bigotry to any sect;

And was without prejudice to any party,

Though the Wife of a Minister,

Whose power She esteemed

But when She could employ it to benefit the miserable,

Or to reward the meritorious.

She loved a private life,

Though born to shine in public;

And was an ornament to Courts,

* Untainted by them.

She died AUGUST 20, 1737.

* Mr. Pope said, "She was untainted by a Court."

S 2

A SCHEME

A

S C H E M E

FOR RAISING A

Large Sum of Money for the Use of the Government,

By laying a TAX on

MESSAGE-CARDS and NOTES.

First printed in N^o II. of the Museum, April, 1746.

To the Keeper of the MUSEUM.

S I R,

AS you have opened a *Museum* for literary *Curiosities*, I think the following paper may merit a place in your repository, which I ask it for upon the genuine foot of a *rarity*. The notion I have of a *Museum*, is an hospital for every thing that is *singular*; whether the thing have acquired singularity, from having escaped the rage of Time; from any natural oddness in itself; or from being so insignificant, that nobody ever thought it worth their while to produce any more of the same sort. Intrinsic value has little or no property in the merit of *curiosities*. Misers, though the most intense of all *collectors*, are never allowed to be *virtuosoes*, because guineas, dollars, ducats, &c. are too common to deserve the title of *rarities*; and unless one man could attain to the possession of the whole specie, he would never be said to have a fine *collection* of money. Neither * sir Gilded Heathen, nor the late † princefs of Mildenheim, were ever esteemed *virtuosoes*. A ‡ physician

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote,
† Duchefs of Marlborough,

‡ Dr. Kennedy, who wrote on the coins
of Carausus.

who

who lives in a garret, and does not get a guinea in a week, is more renowned for the possession of an illegible *Carausius*, than doctor Mithridate, who unloads his pocket every night of twenty or thirty new *Lima* guineas.

To instance in two sorts of things, which I said had pretensions to places in a *Museum*. If the learned world could be so happy as to discover a *Roman's* old shoe (provided that the *Literati* were agreed it were a shoe, and not a leathern casque, a drinking vessel, a balloting box, or an empress's head-attire), such shoe would immediately have the *entrée* into any collection in Europe; even though it appeared to be the shoe of the most vulgar artisan in Rome, and not to have belonged to any beau of classic memory. And the reason is plain; not that there is any intrinsic value in an old shoe, but because an old Roman shoe would be a *Unique*; a term which you, sir, who have erected a *Museum*, know perfectly well is a patent of *Antiquity*. Natural oddity is another kind of merit which I mentioned. Monstrous births, hermaphrodites, petrifications, &c. are all true members of a collection. A man perfectly virtuous might be laid up in a *Museum*, not for any intrinsic worth, but for being a *rarity*; and a *dealer* might honestly demand five hundred pounds for such a man of sir Hans Sloane or doctor Meade. A third sort (and I will not run into any more descriptions) are things become *rare* from their insignificance. Of this species was that noble collection of foolish tracts in the Harleian library, puritanical sermons, party pamphlets, voyages, &c. which being too stupid to be ever re-printed, grew valuable, as they grew scarce. So modern a thing as a queen Anne's farthing has risen to the dignity of a curiosity, merely because there were but a few of them struck. Some industrious artists, who would have the greatest scruple of counterfeiting the current coin of the kingdom, have been so blinded by the love of *virtù*, as to imitate these rare farthings, looking upon them solely as *curiosities*. I just mention this for the sake of those laborious medallists; because the present honourable attorney-general, though a very learned man, is no *antiquarian*, and might possibly be of an opinion, that those admirable copies would come under the penalties of the statute against clipping and coining.

But to come to my point. It is under this last denomination, sir, that I apply to you for a place in your *Museum*. A scheme for raising money may (as I fear the age is too obstinate in their luxury to suffer their follies to be taxed) be admitted into a *collection*, as well as some of those pieces which I mentioned

mentioned to have filled the Harleian shelves; especially as it will have a double title to a rarity. First, from never having been thought of by any other person; and secondly, as it will give posterity some light into the customs of the present age. It is this merit that has preserved the works of the elder Pliny, an author who in his own time, I suppose, was upon a little better foot than the editors of the Daily Advertisers, the Vade-Mecums, and the Magazines. We are glad to know now how much a luxurious Roman laid out on a supper, a slave or a villa, a mistress or a tame carp; how much Pompey expended on a public show; or to read the order of a procession. But though this author now elbows Virgil and Horace, and equally employs the spectacles of the Gronoviuses and the Hardouins, I am persuaded his works at Rome were never advanced above being read in the steward's parlour. But hereafter I expect, that Mr. * Salmon, † Sylvanus Urban, and myself, shall be as good classics as Mr. Pope and Mr. Prior.

One of the latest and most accepted fashions is the *sending Cards and Notes*: a custom that might perhaps escape the knowledge of posterity, if you and I, sir, did not jointly transmit an account of it down to them. No business, that is no business, is now carried on in this great city, but by this expedient. How Congreve, Farquhar, and the comic writers of the last age would be chagrined, to find that half the wit of their plays is already obsolete! ‡ Foible and Archer are grown dull characters by the disuse of verbal messages. But thank heaven! the age has made great progress in literature, and all those fatal mistakes and irreparable quarrels that formerly happened in the polite world, by ladies trusting long messages to the faithless memory of servants, are now remedied by their giving themselves the trouble to transmit their commands to cards and paper; at once improving themselves in spelling, and adjusting the whole ceremonial of engagements, without the possibility of errors. Not to mention the great encouragement given to the stationary trade, by the large demands for crow-quills, paper, wafers, &c. commodities that are all the natural produce of this country.

I know a celebrated § legislator and reformer of manners, who not being so deeply read in the fashions as he is in the vices of the age, was unhappily

* Author of A Modern History, The Chronological Diary, &c.

† The name assumed by the editor of The Gentleman's Magazine.

‡ Characters in The Way of the World, and Beaux Stratagem.

§ Mr. T. Carew.

drawn

drawn into a mistake by his ignorance of this custom. About two years ago, this gentleman had thoughts of enforcing and *letting out* the laws against gaming; and being very nice and exact in his method of proceeding, he was determined to lay before parliament, a calculation of the numbers of gamblers, games, and circulation of money played for in the cities of London and Westminster. In order to this, he first went to an eminent card-maker, and enquired into the ebb and flow of his business; and with great secret satisfaction was informed, that the tradesman sold, upon a moderate computation, twenty dozen packs of cards in a week, more than he used to do a few years ago. The honest reformer was excessively pleased with his discovery; for a real zealot is never so happy as when he finds vice grown to so monstrous a height, that every body will allow it necessary to be regulated. But he was terribly puzzled when the card-maker told him, that at least two thirds of the number were *blank cards*, or cards without pips. To satisfy his surprise, he even ventured himself into a celebrated gaming-house at this end of the town; to find out in what game the libertines of this age had so far refined upon their ancestors, as to be able to practise with pipless cards. In short, it was not till some time after, that he discovered that these *blank cards* were on purpose to write messages. He then exclaimed against the extravagance of our women, who would not condescend to use their old cards to write upon, but were at the expence of clean ones; but it was proved to him, that a woman of moderate fashion could not possibly have cards enough used at her house to serve her for messages, and that therefore it was cheaper to purchase blank cards, because, not being stamped, they pay no duty, and are consequently half in half cheaper to the consumer. For example; supposing a lady has but one assembly a month, to which she invites four hundred persons; many disappointing her, six persons belonging to each table, two or three sets playing with the same cards, and several not playing at all, we may reckon that she never has above ten tables, to which allowing two packs, she, at that rate, can use but twenty packs a month: now I shall easily make it appear, that *that* number cannot supply her with decent materials for messages. For instance,

20 packs at 52 cards per pack - - - - 1040.

Now she must send cards to invite all these people, which will employ four hundred of the thousand and odd; and allowing her to send but twenty private messages every morning, in howd'ye's, appointments, disappointments,

&c. and to make but ten visits every *night* before she settles for the *evening*, at each of which she must leave her name on a card, the account will stand thus:

Messages to 400 people	-	-	-	-	400
20 Messages a day, will be per month	-	-	-	-	560
10 Visits a night, will be per month	-	-	-	-	280
					1240
				Total	1240

Which, without including extraordinary occasions, as a quarrel, with all its train of consequences, explanations, cessation of hostilities, renewal of civilities, &c. makes her debtor to two hundred cards more than she is creditor for. I know it may be objected, that a good economist will cut one card into three names; but if she lives in a good part of the town, and chooses to insert the place of her abode under her name, that will be impossible. Before I quit this article of leaving one's name, I must mention a story of a Frenchman, from whose nation we are said to borrow this custom, who being very devout and very well bred, went to hear mass at the church of a particular saint in Paris; but some reparations being making to the church, which prevented the celebration of divine service, the gentleman, to show he had not been wanting in his duty, left his name on a card for the saint on his altar.

I shall now proceed to acquaint you with my scheme, which is, to lay a tax on *cards* and *notes*; the latter of which are only a more voluminous kind of *cards*, and more sacred; because a footman is allowed to read the former, but is depended upon for never opening the latter. Indeed, if the parti-coloured gentry's honour were not to be trusted, what fatal accidents might arise! for there is not a young lady in London under five-and-twenty, who does not transact all her most important concerns in this way. She does not fall in love, she does not change her lover or her fan, her party or her stay-maker, but she notifies it to twenty particular friends by a *note*; nay, she even enquires or trusts by note where the only good lavender-water in town is to be sold. I cannot help mentioning to the honour of these fair virgins, that after the fatal day of Fontenoy, they all wrote their notes on Indian paper, which being red, when inscribed with Japan ink, made a melancholy military kind of elegy on the brave youths who occasioned the fashion, and were often the honourable subject of the epistle.

I think the lowest computations make the inhabitants of this great metropolis to be eight hundred thousand. I will be so very moderate as to suppose that not above twenty thousand of these are obliged to *send cards*, because I really have not yet heard that this fashion has spread much among the lower sort of people; at least I know, that my own fishmonger's wife was extremely surpris'd last week at receiving an invitation to an assembly at Billingsgate, written on a very dirty queen of clubs. Therefore, as it is the indispensable duty of a legislature to impose taxes where they will fall the lightest, nobody will dispute the gentleness of this duty, which I would not have exceed one penny per *card*. I shall recur to my former computation of a lady's sending 1240 *cards* per month, or 16,120 per annum, which multiplied by 20,000, and reduced to pounds sterling, fixes the produce of the duty at £.1,343,333 6s. 8d. a year for the cities of London and Westminster only. But should this appear too enormous a sum to be thrown into the scale of ministerial influence, I beg it may be considered that for near four months in the year this tax will produce little or nothing, by the dispersion of the nobility and gentry, and the disuse of visits and assemblies; and I cannot think that what may be raised by this tax in all the rest of the kingdom, will replace the deficiency of one third which may fail in the capital.

I have not reckoned notes, because it will be time enough to consider them when the bill is brought in, as well as to what province of the great officers of the crown this duty shall belong. Whether the sum of a penny may bring it under the inspection of the tribunal in Lombard-street, or whether the business negotiated may not subject it to the lord chamberlain's office: for as to the groom-porter, the claim which I foresee he will put in under the notion of transactions with cards, I think it will be of no weight. A friend of mine, to whom I communicated my scheme, was of opinion, that wherever the duty was collected, the office would be a court of record; because, as I propose that all engagements should be registered, it would be an easy matter to compile a diary of a lady of quality's whole life. One caveat I must put in, which is, that the tax being to be laid chiefly on people of fashion, it may not be allowed to members of either house to frank their wives' *cards*, which would almost entirely annihilate this supply for the service of the government.

I propose too, that printed *cards* (a late improvement) should be liable to the stamp-duties; for though this practice has not hitherto made great progress, yet such industry is used to evade acts of parliament, that I am persuaded we should no longer hear of written cards, though the greater part of the card must necessarily be left blank to insert the name and quality of the person invited, the day appointed, and the business to be performed.

The most of a *message card* that ever I have seen printed was as follows:

“Lady M. M. or N. N’s-----to-----and-----she
-----of-----company on-----to-----.”

I shall add two other cards with these blanks filled up, to shew that the rest of the message cannot be certain enough to be left to the printer.

“Lady M. M. or N. N’s *humble service* to her grace the duchess of T. and *begs* the honour of her company on Monday five weeks to drink tea.”

“Lady M. M. or N. N’s *compliments* to Mrs. B. and *desires* the favour of her company to-morrow to play at *whisk*.”

I have a secret satisfaction in thinking how popular I shall be with the gentlemen of the upper gallery, who, by this establishment of posts for *cards* and *notes*, will get all their mornings to themselves, and have time to dress themselves for the play, or even to read the play on which they are to pass their judgment in the evening. Indeed this toil of theirs has already been somewhat abridged by the indefatigable care and generosity of that learned and exact lady, the lady *Northriding*, who introduced the use of visiting maps: every lady has now a particular map of her own visits, accurately engraved for a trifling expence, and can send her cards, or bid her coachman drive methodically to all her acquaintance, who, by this invention, are distributed into squares, parishes, hundreds, &c.

I do not know how far it may be necessary to license the *cards* of foreign ministers; but as those illustrious personages pretty steadily adhere to the dignity of their character, and do not frequently let themselves down to

divert the natives of the country, if my poor assistance should be required by the legislature in drawing up the bill, I should not be against granting this immunity to the representatives of so many great monarchs and princes. But I am entirely against any other exceptions, unless of some fair and noble ladies, who I hear intend to give balls on the approaching birth-day of the **Royal Youth*, who has so gloriously delivered his country and beautiful countrywomen from their apprehensions of a race of barbarous mountaineers; and who is now extirpating rebellion in the very heart of those inhospitable mountains.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DESCARTES.

* The duke of Cumberland.

T 2

ADVER-

FUGITIVE PIECES

in the matter of the country, if my poor subject should be required to
the legislature in the case of the bill. I should not be against granting the
immunities to the representatives of the state, but I should be against
I am entirely against any other extension of the same to any other
which was taken into view in the preceding part of the bill.
* John Taylor, who has published a pamphlet on the subject, and
country, since their separation, of a great number of immigrants,
and who is now extending rebellion in the very heart of these islands
nominate.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

DECATERS

* The bill of amendment

ADVER

ADVERTISEMENT*.

This Day is published, in Ten Volumes in Folio,

T H E
HISTORY OF GOOD-BREEDING,
 FROM THE
 CREATION OF THE WORLD,
 TO THE
 PRESENT TIMES:

As set forth in

FORMS AND CEREMONIES.

And appointed to be used in

CHURCHES, VISITS, CORONATIONS, &c.

Collected from the best Authors;

*As Baker's Chronicle, the Compleat Dancing-Master, the Law of Nations, the
 Margrave's Monitor, the Constable's Guide, Picart's Religious Ceremonies, &c.*

The Whole adapted to the meanest Capacities,

Whether PEERESSES, LORDS, CHAMBERLAINS, EMBASSADORS, BISHOPS, JUSTICES
 OF THE PEACE, GENTLEMEN USHERS, BARBERS, or CHAMBER-MAIDS.

In this Great Print,

P R A Y L E T U S.

By the AUTHOR of the *Whole Duty of Man.*

N.B. The Eight last Volumes, which relate to *Germany*, may be had separate.

At her Feet he bowed. JUDGES, chap. v. ver. 27.

DUBLIN, Printed; LONDON, Re-printed;

For † CLEMENT QUOTEHERALD, at the Sign of *Champion Dimock*, in *Ave-Maria-Lane*.

* Published in number V. of the *Museum*,
 May, 1746.

† Sir Clement Cotterel was master of the
 ceremonies.

INQUIRY INTO THE
ADAPTABILITY
OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY
TO THE
HISTORY OF GOOD-BREEDING
FROM THE
CREATION OF THE WORLD
TO THE
PRESENT TIME:
AS FAR AS
FORMS AND CEREMONIES

And applied to the use of
CHURCHES, VISITS, CONGREGATIONS, &c.
Collected from the best Authors
As far as they relate to the
History of the Church, from the
beginning of the World, to the
present Time, in a
Method, which is
of the greatest Use to
the Church, and
to the World.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
PRAYED FOR

By the Author of the
"The History of the Church of
England, from the
beginning of the World,
to the present Time."

DUBLIN: Printed by
J. G. & J. O. in the Strand,
in the Year 1746.
* Printed in number V. of the Miscellany, &c. in the Year 1746.

TABLE OF THE CONTENTS.

B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

*O*F Good Breeding in general. Its Use and Abuse.

C H A P. II.

*O*f Ceremonies: Why some are abolished, and some retained.

C H A P. III.

*O*f their Origin and Antiquity.

C H A P. IV.

*O*f Brutality: Why sometimes taken for Wit. Some Endeavours to prove, that Bluntness and Beastliness are no Marks of Courage.

C H A P. V.

A critical Enquiry, whether the Black Prince discouraged all Good Breeding, except when in actual War with France.

C H A P. VI.

*O*rigin of Curt'sies: Eve's to her Shadow in a Fountain.

C H A P. VII.

*I*nstitution of Duchesses; the Serpent calling Eve, Your Grace.

C H A P. VIII.

A Digression on illegitimate Princes; and why they contract all the Dignity of the Father, and none of the Baseness of the Mother.

C H A P. IX.

*E*nquiry whether Adam called Eve, Madam, or My Dear, before Company: The latter Opinion condemned by the Council of Nice.

C H A P.

CHAP. X.

Which went first out of the Door of Paradise, Adam or Eve.

B O O K II.

CHAP. I.

A Description of Noah's living en Famille in the Ark. Some Reflections on his Wife for not washing her Face and Hands, though they had such Plenty of Water. A severe Censure on married Folks, who break Wind before one another.

CHAP. II.

Origin of Visits. The Queen of Sheba's to Solomon. Quære, If ever he returned it.

CHAP. III.

The Invention of Bows ascribed to Semiramis, by Herodotus.

CHAP. IV.

On Duels. The Practice defended: Highly commendable to take away a Man's Life for treading on your Toe, even by Accident. Challenges may be refused by Crowned Heads; or from any Inferior. More honourable to be beat by one that is no Gentleman, than to fight him.

CHAP. V.

Rules when to take or give the Wall; and when to give or take a Box on the Ear.

CHAP. VI.

Compliments no Lies. Whether it is lawful to be denied; St. Austin thinks not. Porters excommunicated by Pope Pius.

CHAP. VII.

On the Folly of being well-bred to Persons in Want or Affliction.

CHAP. VIII.

Nothing so ill-bred, as to persist in any thing that is out of fashion. Taste and Fashion synonymous Terms.

C H A P. IX.

Good Breeding different in different Ages: For instance, Formality and Punctilio the Height of Good Breeding in Queen Anne's Reign; a Dissolution of all Civility in King George's.

M A D A B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

The Nature and End of Dancing. The Duty of it proved from the Example of King David, and others. What Persons are qualified to give Balls.

C H A P. II, III, IV, V, and VI.

Rules to be observed at Balls: and in general, at all public Meetings.

C H A P. VII.

Dissertation on School-Mistresses. By whom first incorporated.

C H A P. VIII.

Whether Superiors, or Inferiors, are to bow and curtsy first. Whether a Knight's Wife may take any thing ill of a Duchess; and how impertinent any Peerefs may be. At what Age a handsome Woman should grow civil; and at what Age they have been known to grow so.

C H A P. IX.

On what Occasions it may be civil to be rude to Women: When well-bred to talk Bawdy: Whether Bishops should at Christenings. With many other curious Particulars, on Marriages, Maidenheads, Widows, Hoops, Fans, Wigs, Snuff-boxes, Entertainments, &c. As also Directions for forgetting one's Friends, &c. &c. To which is annexed, a curious Sermon of Bishop Latimer against selling Bargains.

The W O R L D*.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VI. *Thursday, February 8, 1753.*

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

† *Totum mundum agit hiftrio.*

S I R,

AS you have chosen the whole world for your province, one may reasonably suppose, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. Most of your predecessors have bestowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very distinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern stage. I shall not undertake to decide a question which seems to me so impossible to be determined, as which have most merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or such as we every day see acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and customs. The only preference that I shall pretend to give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome, relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards *nature*. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether ‡ Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furnished

* A periodical paper, undertaken by Mr. E. Moore, author of several plays and poems. The World has been re-printed in six volumes, 12mo.

† The play-house motto reversed: "Totus mundus agit hiftrionem."

‡ In Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

by

by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water*.

I know there are persons of a systematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you, that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and were in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. I foresee the time approaching, when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama: the inimitable serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous ostrich in the Sorcerer, shall be replaced by real monsters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly escaped being damned, on my lady Maxim's observing very judiciously, *That the brick-kiln was horribly executed, and did not smell at all like one.*

When this entire castigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do justice to one of the first reformers of the stage, Mr. Cibber, who essayed to introduce a taste for real nature in his *Cæsar in Egypt*, and treated the audience with real—not swans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very personable geese. The inventor, like other original geniuses, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a stricter adherence to reality would have saved even those times from being shocked by absurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myself remember, how, much about that æra, the great Senefino, representing Alexander at the siege of Oxydracæ, so far forgot himself in the heat of conquest, as to stick his sword into one of the pasteboard stones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach; a puerility so renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and stone.

* In the pantomime of the Genii.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another passage that happened in his youth, and to the same excellent performer? He was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading short, as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than to the breadth of the shore, he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his side. In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the stage, I shall observe that this pursuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one should least expect to meet it, in our fashions. The fair part of the creation are shedding all covering of the head, display their unveiled charming tresses, and, if I may say so, are daily *moulting* the rest of their clothes. What lovely fall of shoulders, what ivory necks, what snowy breasts in all the pride of nature, are continually divested of art and ornament!

In gardening, the same love of nature prevails. Clipt hedges, avenues, regular platforms, straight canals, have been for some time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent*, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but, like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinsel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a sect he pushed his discipline to the deformity of holiness: not content with banishing symmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemishes, and planted † dead trees and mole-hills, in opposition to parterres and quincunxes.

The last branch of our fashions into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts;—a subject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this

* Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love. POPE.

† In Kensington garden, and Carlton garden.

paper,

paper, as I see them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the whole table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells triumphed over oceans of looking-glasses, or * seas of silver tissue; and at length the whole system of Ovid's metamorphosis succeeded to all the transformations which † Chloe and other great professors had introduced into the science of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china-shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their house-keeper.— At last even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and if the present taste continues, Ryibrack and other neglected statuaries, who might have adorned Grecian salons, though not Grecian desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated ‡ confectioner (so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée: “*Imaginez-vous, said he, que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond.*”

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which foreigners have surpassed any thing yet performed in this sumptuous island. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who, so long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a dessert, in which was a representation of mount Ætna, which vomited out real fireworks over the heads of the com-

* The French ambassador, the duke de Mirapois, gave a dessert in which was the story of Perseus and Andromeda; the sea was silver tissue covered with barley-sugar.

† A famous French cook, who lived with the duke of Newcastle.

‡ Lord Albemarle's.

pany

pany during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gascony, who on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, among many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moving by clockwork, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JULIO.

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VIII. *Thursday, February 22, 1753.**Date obolum Belifario.*

A Philosopher, as I am, who contemplates the world with serious reflection, will be struck with nothing in it more than its vicissitudes. If he has lived any time, he must have had ample opportunities of exercising his meditation on the vanity of all sublunary conditions. The change of empires, the fall of ministers, the exaltation of obscure persons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the first passages in history which made an impression upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionysius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach school at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cause of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppression, and to be taught to know one's self), I could not help feeling that sort of superstitious pity which attends royalty in distress. Who ever perused the stories of Edward the second, Richard the second, or Charles the first, but forgot their excesses, and sighed for their catastrophe? In this free-spirited island there are not more hands ready to punish tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common case: we are Romans in resisting oppression, very women in lamenting oppressors!

If (and I think it cannot be contested) there is generosity in these sensations, ought we not doubly to feel such emotions, in cases where regal virtue is become the sport of fortune? This island ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majesty, as it has been the scourge of offending majesty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an asylum for the martyrs of so bad a cause, Britain ought to shelter such princes as have been victims for liberty—whenever so great a curiosity is seen, as a prince contending on the honest side.

How must I blush then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch, an unhappy monarch! now actually suffered to languish for debt in one of the common prisons of this city!—a monarch, whose courage raised him to a throne, not by a succession of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free! This prince is THEODORE king of Corsica! a man, whose claim to royalty is as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects: the only kind of title allowed in the excellent *gothic* constitutions, from whence we derive our own; the same kind of title which endears the present royal family to Englishmen; and the only kind of title against which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince (on whose history I shall not at present enlarge), after having bravely exposed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his subjects, miscarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he struggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or sollicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his crown. At last, when he had discharged his duty to his subjects and himself, he chose this country for his retirement—not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious ease, but to enjoy the participation of those blessings which he had so vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corsicans. Here for some months he bore with more philosophic dignity the loss of his crown, than Charles the fifth, Casimir of Poland, or any of those visionaries, who wantonly resigned theirs to partake the sluggish indolence, and at length the disquiets, of a cloister. THEODORE, though resigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almost lifted our James the second to the supreme honour of monkish faintness. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his

courtiers at St. Germain, he wished for a speedy peace between France and Great Britain; "for then," said he, "we shall get English horses easily."

The veracity of an historian obliges me not to disguise the bad situation of his Corsican majesty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a prisoner for debt in the King's-Bench: and so cruelly has Fortune exercised her rigours upon him, that last session of parliament he was examined before a committee of the house of commons, on the hardships to which the prisoners in that gaol had been subject. Yet let not ill-nature make sport with these misfortunes! His majesty had nothing to blush at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his distresses. The debts on his civil list were owing to no misapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his ministers, no indulgence to favourites or mistresses. His diet was philosophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor could not continue to supply an establishment, which had no demesnes to support it, no taxes to maintain it, no excises, no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A nation so generous, so renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cause of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this distressed king, to grant him its protection and compassion. If political reasons forbid the open espousal of his cause, pity commands the assistance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at present that our gallant youth should offer themselves as volunteers in his service, nor do I expect to have a small fleet fitted out at the expence of particular persons to convey him and his hopes to Corsica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majesty to accept such a supply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raising a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age, nor would Asiatic monarchs have blushed to receive a tribute from the united efforts of genius and art. Let it be said, that the same humane and polite age raised a monument to Shakespeare, a fortune for Milton's * grand-daughter, and a subsidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute

* Comus was acted at Drury-lane, April 5, 1750, for the benefit of Mrs. Foster, Milton's only surviving descendant.

their parts. The incomparable actor who so exquisitely touches the passions and distresses of self-dethroned Lear (a play which from some similitude of circumstances I should recommend for the benefit) will, I dare to say, willingly exert his irresistible talents in behalf of fallen majesty, and be a competitor with Louis le Grand for the fame which results from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's-Bench as renowned for Garrick's generosity to king THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the third's treatment of king John of France!

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to so narrow a sphere as the theatre, I must acquaint my readers, that a subscription for a subsidy for the use of his Corsican majesty is opened at Tully's head in Pall-mall, where all the generous and the fair are desired to pay their contributions to Robert Doddsley, who is appointed high-treasurer and grand-librarian of the island of Corsica for life—posts, which, give me leave to say, Mr. Doddsley would have disdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles:

A bookseller of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have been lord treas'rer to a king.

I am under some apprehensions that the intended subscription will not be so universal as for the honour of my country I wish it. I foresee that the partisans of indefeasible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed small and inconsiderable; yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I shall recommend one short argument to their consideration; I think I may say, to their conviction. Let them but consider, that though THEODORE had such a flaw (in their estimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoese had been the sovereigns of Corsica, these gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn king THEODORE's cause, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be solved by the disciples of the exploded * sir Robert Filmer:—at the same

* Author of the Patriarchal Scheme, refuted by Mr. Locke.

time declaring by my censorial authority all persons Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the use of his majesty of Corsica: and I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William to see my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to set an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch whose cause I have espoused, and whose deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

N. B. Two pieces of king THEODORE's coin*, struck during his reign, are in the hands of the high-treasurer aforesaid, and will be shown by the proper officer of the exchequer of Corsica, during the time the subscription continues open at Tully's head above mentioned. They are very great curiosities, and not to be met with in the most celebrated collections in this kingdom.

* These coins are rudely executed on copper. The legend round the reverse seems to have been, RE PER IL BONO PUBLICO. The other piece is the half of this.



As a SUPPLEMENT to the foregoing Paper, the following Particulars will not be improper.

THEODORE ANTONY BARON NEWHOFF, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession [of adventurers] who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corfica, was born at Metz about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, scrapes, and escapes, in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1737. I saw him soon after his last arrival: he was a comely middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry: an instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where being reduced to extreme poverty, some English gentlemen made a collection for and carried to him. Being apprised of their coming, and having only one chamber in a little miserable lodging, he squeezed his bed to one side, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he sat to receive the charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for some time received benefactions from the earl of Granville, the countess of Yarmouth, and others, and after being arrested, some merchants in the city promoted a subscription for him; but he played so many tricks, and counterfeited so many bonds and debts, that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when the preceding paper was published for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it and sent to his prison: he pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he said, amounted to £.1500. He sent in a few days to Mr. Doddsley, the publisher of *The World*, to desire the subscription might be opened again; which being denied, he sent a lawyer to Mr. Doddsley to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions.—

“Precibusque minas Regaliter addit.” OVID.

In

In May 1756, this extraordinary event happened: THEODORE, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the act of insolvency, and printed the following petition in the Public Advertiser:

“ *An Address to the Nobility and Gentry of Great-Britain, in the Behalf of*
THEODORE BARON DE NEWHOFF:

THE baron through a long imprisonment being reduced to very great extremities, his case is earnestly recommended for a contribution to be raised, to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his liberty by the late act of parliament. In the late war in Italy the baron gave manifest proofs of his affection for England; and as the motives of his coming here are so well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to assist a brave though unfortunate man, who wishes to have an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to the British nation.

Those who are pleased to contribute on this occasion, are desired to deposit their benefactions in the hands of sir Charles Aſgyll, alderman, and company, bankers in Lombard-street, or with messieurs Campbell and Coutts, bankers in the Strand.”

THEODORE however remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese minister's in Audley-street; but not finding him at home, the baron prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a taylor's in Chapel-street, Soho, who having formerly known him, and pitying his distress, harboured him in his house. THEODORE fell ill there the next day, and, dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of saint Anne in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of circumstances accompanied him to the last: his manner of obtaining his liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended it. Going to Guild-hall to demand the benefit of the act, he was asked, “What effects he had?” He answered, “Nothing but the kingdom of Corsica.” It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors.

So singular a destiny was thought worthy of a memorial, that might point out the chief adventures and even the place of interment of this remarkable personage,

perfonage. The author of this memoir erected a marble near his grave, with a crown, taken from one of his coins, and with this infcription:

Near this PLACE is interred

Theodore King of Corfica,

Who died in this PARISH, December 11, 1756,

Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench-Prifon

By the Benefit of the Act of Infolvency;

In Confequence of which HE Registered

His Kingdom of Corfica

For the USE of his CREDITORS.

The GRAVE, great Teacher, to a Level brings
 Heroes and Beggars, Galley-slaves and Kings.
 But THEODORE this Moral learn'd, ere dead;
 FATE pour'd its Lessons on his *living* Head,
 Bestow'd a KINGDOM, and deny'd him BREAD. }

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. X. *Thursday, March 8, 1753.*

THE great men, who introduced the reformation into these kingdoms, were so sensible of the necessity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by some external objects, by somewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of visionary saints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preserved the holy festivals, which had been consecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid observance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the discretion of the almanack.

The Fanatics in the reign of Charles the first loudly condemned the retention of this practice, and were such successful preachers, as to procure obedience to the doctrines they taught; that is, they infused greater bigotry into their congregations against rules, than the warmest enthusiasts of former times had been able to propagate for the observation of times and seasons. But as most contradictions run into extremes, it must be allowed that the Presbyterians soon grew as superstitious as the most high-flown zealots of the Established Church. King James the first had endeavoured to turn Sunday into a weekly wake by the book of Sports: the Presbyterians used it often for a fast-day*. In the court of king Charles, Christmas was a season of

* One of Dr. Calamy's fast-sermons was preached on Christmas-day, 1644, before the house of lords.

maſques

masques and revels: under the Covenant it was still a masquerading time; for devotion may be as much disguised by hypocritic sorrow and sackcloth, as by painted vizors and harlequin jackets.

In so enlightened an age as the present, I shall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the observation of certain festivals is something more than a mere political institution. I cannot however help thinking that even nature itself concurs to confirm my sentiment. Philosophers and free-thinkers tell us that a general system was laid down at first, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any subsequent events, or to favour and authorize any human institutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them so), and what a confusion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for instance, was not to be celebrated when stubble geese are in their highest perfection; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for good king Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park in honour of Whitsuntide; and at length be choosing king and queen for twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London Prentice at Bartholomew-fair.

Cogent as these reasons may seem, yet I think I can confute them from the testimony of a standing miracle, which, not having submitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be said to put a supernatural negative on the wisdom of this world. My readers no doubt are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glastonbury*, which, though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popish imposture, has notably exerted itself as the most protestant plant in the universe. It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by pope Gregory the thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper spirit of opposition adhered to the

* A very sensible sermon was published on the old Christmas. Several advertisements were this occasion, without a name; it having been printed pro & con. pretended that the Glastonbury thorn blew on

old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæsar, who was by no means a papist. * Near two years ago the popish calendar was brought in; (I hope by persons well-affected!) certain it is that the Glastonbury thorn has preserved its † *inflexibility*, and observed its old anniversary. Many thousand spectators visited it on the parliamentary Christmas-day—Not a bud was to be seen!—On the true Nativity it was covered with blossoms. One must be an infidel indeed to spurn at such authority. Had I been consulted (and mathematical studies have not been the most inconsiderable of my speculations), instead of turning the calendar topsy-turvy by fantastic calculations, I should have proposed to regulate the year by the infallible Somersétshire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Christmas-day, which should always have been kept as the Glastonbury thorn should blow.

Many inconveniencies, to be sure, would follow from this system; but as holy things ought to be the first consideration of a religious nation, the inconveniencies should be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Christmas-day: and consequently the apprehension of the year's becoming inverted by sticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the course of the sun varies, astronomers may find out some way to adjust that: but it is preposterous, not to say presumptuous, to be celebrating Christmas-day, when the Glastonbury thorn, which certainly must know times and seasons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be heresy.

Nor is Christmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally disturbed by this innovation. There is another anniversary of no less celebrity among Englishmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumstances, and which I venture to prognosticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the present system. The day I mean is the first of April. The oldest tradition affirms, that such an infatuation attends the first day of that month, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is successful on that day out of the mouths of babes and sucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; usurers have lent their money on bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchemists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

* This bill was brought in by lord Chesterfield and lord Macclesfield, the latter of whom published his speech on that occasion.

† This alludes to sir George Vandeput, can-

didate for Westminster, who advertised this year, That he would persist *inflexibly* in the part he had taken, but in two days gave up the election.

What confusion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are disappointed of their peculiar holiday ! The country was formerly disturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Easter : and no wise man will tell me, that it is not as reasonable to fall out for the observance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits arising from a regulated calendar make amends for an occasion of new sects ? How many warm men may repent an attempt to play them off on a false first of April, who would have submitted to the custom of being made fools on the old computation ! If our clergy come to be divided about folly's anniversary, we may well expect all the mischiefs attendant on religious wars ; and we shall have reason to wish that the Glastonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Christmas.

Prudentius* was so great a zealot for the observation of certain festivals, as to believe that the very damned have a holiday, or remission from their torments, on the anniversary of the Resurrection. I will not say that we ought to follow *their* reckoning, nor shall I defend the orthodoxy of the tenet. I only mention it to show how many interests may be affected by this regulation, and how impossible it is to make adequate provisions against all the unforeseen mischiefs that may ensue from disturbing the established computation.

There are many other inconveniencies, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with those I have mentioned. I shall only hint at a whole system overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no provision, that I have heard of, made by the legislature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which bestows such ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is astonishing that the late act of parliament should have overlooked that useful branch of our poetry, which consists in couplets, saws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and seasons. Why was not a new set of distichs provided by the late reformers ? or at least a clause inserted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or some benefited genius, to prepare and new-cast the established rhymes for public use ? Were our astronomers so ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would serve for their new-fangled calendar ? Could they imagine that † saint Swithin would ac-

* A christian poet.

† saint Swithin's-day O. S. it will rain for forty subsequent days.

commodate

commodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculations? Who that hears the following verses, but must grieve for the shepherd and husbandman, who may have all their prognostics confounded, and be at a loss to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient sages sung,

“ If faint Paul be fair and clear,
 “ Then will betide a happy year;
 “ But if it either snow or rain,
 “ Then will be dear all kinds of grain:
 “ And if the wind doth blow aloft,
 “ Then wars will vex the realm full oft.”

I have declared against meddling with politics, and therefore shall say nothing of the important hints contained in the last lines: yet if * certain ill-boding appearances abroad should have an ugly end, I cannot help saying that I shall ascribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled asleep by resting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended conversion of saint Paul; whereas it was very blustering on that festival, according to the good old account, as I honestly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great minister of state, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day: I must entreat my readers and admirers to be very particular in their observations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will transmit to me, or my secretary Mr. Doddsley, a faithful and attested account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of those days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miscarry in attempts to surprize, or baffle any snares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the side of the old first of April; nay, I much question whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the false April-fool-day. I should take it very kind, if any of my friends who may happen to be sharpeners, would try their success on the fictitious festival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myself that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to discountenance good old practices and venerable superstitions.

* Alludes to the stoppage of the payment on the Silesian loan, by the king of Prussia.

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XIV. *Thursday, April 5, 1753.*

I DO not doubt but it is already observed that I write fewer letters to myself than any of my predecessors. It is not from being less acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myself as superior to such little arts of fame. Compliments, which I should be obliged to shroud under the name of a third person, have very little relish for me. If I am not considerable enough to pronounce *ex cathedra* that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies and decide upon the customs of the world with more wit, humour, learning and taste, than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the scheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not the most self-sufficient person alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, submit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops and patches to the Spectator, but because he pronounced himself the best critic in fashions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftsman, but because Caleb d'Anvers assured them that he understood the maxims of government and the constitution of his country better than any minister or patriot of the time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I scorn to taste the satisfaction of praise from my own pen—and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any species of writing of which I am not perfect master, it is the epistolary. My deficiency in this particular is happily common to me with the greatest men: I can even go farther, and declare that it is the fair part of the creation which excels in that province. Ease without affectation, the politest expression, the happiest art of telling news or trifles, the most engaging turns of sentiment

ment or passion, are frequently found in letters from women who have lived in a sphere at all above the vulgar; while, on the other side, orators write affectedly, ministers obscurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and soldiers tolerably, when they can spell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloisa, because one would not have one's daughter feel what she felt; yet who ever wrote so movingly, so to the heart? The amiable madame de Sevigné is the standard of easy engaging writing: to call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of marshal Turenne: some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramsay's life of that hero, give a stronger picture of him than the historian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this fair one's epistles are liable to any censure, it is for a fault in which she is not likely to be often imitated, the excess of tenderness for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a person of the same sex: Lucretia Gonzaga* was so celebrated for the eloquence of her letters and the purity of their style, that the very notes to her servants were collected and published. I have never read the collection: one or two billets that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of madame de Sevigné. In one to her footman the signora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy her housekeeper; and in another addressed to the same Mrs. Lucy, she says, "If Livia will not be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her till her flesh be black and blue, and the blood run down to her heels." To be sure, this sounds a little oddly to English ears, but may be very elegant when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy persons have laid down rules for the composition of letters, but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of those books (it was written by a German) there was a strict injunction not to mention yourself before you had introduced the person of your correspondent; that is, you must never use the monosyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have stated expressions to be used to different ranks of men, and know exactly when to subscribe themselves the devoted or the most devoted slave of the illustrious or most eminent person to whom they have the honour to write.

* See her article in the General Dictionary.

It is true, in that country they have so clogged correspondence with forms and civilities, that they seldom make use of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many instances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our sex, I shall select two, which are very singular in their kind. The comparison, to be sure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention some particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal less absurdity, than seem to have met in one head, which had seen so much of the world, which pretended so much to literature, and which had worn so long one of the first crowns in Europe. This personage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfather of Charles the fifth. His reign was long, sometimes shining, often unprosperous, very often ignominious. His sickleness, prodigality and indigence were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-danari*, or the *Pennyles*; a quality not more habitual to him than his propensity to repair his shattered fortunes by the most unbecoming means. He served under our Henry the eighth, as a common soldier, at the siege of Terouenne for an hundred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attempt against Pisa, and bribed to give it over. In short, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty without first offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be described by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be described at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verse. There was another book of his composition in a different way, which does not reflect much more lustre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *Livre rouge*, and was a register of seventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the first opportunity. After a variety of shifts, breach of promises, alliances and treaties, he almost duped his vain cotemporary Henry the eighth, with a proposal of resigning the empire to him, while himself was meditating, what he thought, an accession of dignity even to the imperial diadem: in short, in the latter part of his life Maximilian took it into his head to canvass for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compass this object of his ambition: one, and not the least ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition he really assumed the

the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the sovereignty of the Christian Church. Money he knew was the surest method, but the least at his command: it was to procure a supply of that necessary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret*, duchess dowager of Savoy, and governess of the Netherlands.

“**T**RES chiere & tres amee fyllle, jè entendu l'avis que vous m'avez donnè par Guyllain Pinguin notre garderobes, dont avons encore mieux pensè. Et ne trouvons point pour nulle resün bon que nous nous devons franchement marier, maes avons plus avant mys notre deliberation & volontè de jamès plus hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Monfr. de Gurce Evefque à Rome devers le pape pour trouver fachon que nous puyffuns accorder avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur, affin que apres sa mort pouruns estre assurè de avoer le papat, & devenir prefter, & apres estre faint, & que yl vous fera de neceffité que apres ma mort vous serès contraint de me adorer, dont je me troverè bien glorioes. Je envoye sur ce ung poste devers le roy d'Arogon pour ly prier qu'y nous vuelle ayder pour à ce parvenir, dont il est aussy content, moynant que je refigne l'empir à nostre comun fyls Charles, de sela aussy je me fuis contentè. Je commence aussy practiker les Cardinaulx, dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt ung grand service, aveque la partialité qui est deja entre eos. Le roy d'Arogon à mandè à son ambaxateur que yl veulent favouryfer le papat à nous. Je vous prie, tenès cette materre empu secret, offi bien en brieff jours je creins que yl faut que tout le monde le fache, car bien mal esti possible de pratiker ung tel fy grand matere secretement, pour laquell yl faut avoer de tant de gens & de argent, succurs & pratike, & a Diu, faet de la main de votre bon pere Maximilianus futur pape, le xviii jour de Setembre. Le papa a encor les vyvers dubls, & ne peult longement fyvre.”

* This princess had been espoused in her nonage to Charles the eighth, but before consummation was sent back to her father. She was next contracted to the prince of Spain; but being in a great storm at sea in her passage to her bridegroom, she, according to the custom of that age, tied her chief jewels to her arm, that her body, if found, might be known; and with

great tranquillity composed and fastened with them the following dillich:

“Cy gift Margole, noble Demoiselle,
“Deux fois mariée, & morte Pucelle.”

However, she escaped, and lived to have two real husbands, the prince above mentioned, and the duke of Savoy.

This

This curious piece, which it is impossible to translate (for what language can give an adequate idea of very bad old German French?) is to be found in the fourth volume of Letters of Louis the twelfth, printed at Brussels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be sufficient to inform such of my readers as do not understand French, that his imperial majesty acquaints his beloved daughter that he designs never to frequent naked women any more, but to use all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn priest, and at length become a saint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he shall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expresses great want of two or three hundred thousand ducats to facilitate the business, which he desires may be kept very secret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with signing himself *future Pope*.

As a contrast to this scrap of imperial folly, I shall present my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorset and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom she wrote) and heiress of the great house of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reversion, she enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joseph Williamson, secretary of state to Charles the second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic answer.

“ I Have been bullied by an Ufurper, I have been neglected by a Court,
but I will not be dictated to by a Subject; your man sha'n't stand.

ANNE DORSET,
PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY.”

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XXVIII. Thursday, July 12, 1753.

— *Pauci dignoscere possunt*
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa.— Juv.

IT is a common observation, that though happiness is every man's aim, and though it is generally pursued by a gratification of the predominant passion, yet few have acuteness enough to discover the points which would effectually procure the long-sought end. One cannot but wonder that such intense application as most of us bestow on the cultivation of our favourite desires, should yet leave us ignorant of the most essential objects of our study. For my part, I was so early convinced of the truth of what I have asserted, that instead of searching for what would contribute most to my own happiness, I have spent great part of my life in the study of what may extend the enjoyment of others. That knowledge I flatter myself I have discovered, and shall now disclose to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will ascertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart so great (though so often revealed) a secret, as that it is religion or virtue: few would believe me; fewer would try the recipe. In spite of the philosophy of the age, in spite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto most sanctimoniously observed, I must avow my persuasion, that the sensual pleasure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only specific for removing the anxieties of our own passions, or for supporting the injuries and iniquities which we suffer from those of other men.

VOL. I.

Z

" Well!

“ Well ! (shall I be told) and is this your admirable discovery ? Is this the ARCANUM that has escaped the penetration of all enquirers in all ages ? What other doctrine has been taught by the most sensible philosophers ? Was not this the text of the sermons of EPICURUS ? Was not this the theory, and practice too, of the experienced ALCIBIADES ? What other were the tenets of the sage lord ROCHESTER, or of the missionary *Saint EVREMONT* ?” — It is very true ; and a thousand other founders of sects, nay of religious orders, have taught—or at least practised—the same doctrines. But I pretend to introduce such refinements into the system of sensuality, as shall vindicate the discovery to myself, and throw at a distance the minute philosophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only served to lead the world astray.

Hear then in one word the mysterious precept ! “ *Young women are not the proper objects of sensual love : it is the MATRON, the HOARY FAIR, who can give, communicate, insure happiness.*” I might enumerate a thousand reasons to enforce my doctrine, as the fickleness of youth, the caprices of beauty and its transient state, the jealousy from rivals, the distraction from having children, the important avocations of dress, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her sentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover ; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thousand reasons, I shall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happiness which has attended such discreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient shrines ; and I shall clearly demonstrate by precedents, that several ladies *in the bloom of their wrinkles* have inspired more lasting and more fervent passions, than the greatest beauties who had scarce lost sight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the present hour will forgive a preference which is the result of deep meditation, great reading, and strict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can scarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or sixty ; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more, than they do twenty now ; a sensation of happiness, which they will find increase as they advance in years. I cannot but observe with pleasure that the legislature itself seems to coincide * with my way of

* This alludes to the marriage-act passed at the conclusion of the preceding session.

thinking,

thinking, and has very prudently enacted that young ladies shall not enter so early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the serious duties which belong to an union of hearts:—a sentiment, which indeed our laws seem always to have had in view; for, unless there was implanted in our natures a strong temptation towards the love of ELDERLY women, why should the very first prohibition in the table of consanguinity forbid a man to marry his GRAND-MOTHER?

The first heroine we read of, whose charms were proof against the injuries of time, was the accomplished SARAH: I think the most moderate computations make her to be ninety when that wanton monarch ABIMELECH would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtless the observance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidity of it rather exempts her from, than exposes her as an object of my doctrine, I shall say no more of that lady: especially, as her being obliged to wear a sack to hide a big-belly at a very unseasonable age, clashes with one of my standing arguments for the love of ELDERLY WOMEN.

HELEN, the beautiful HELEN, if there is any trusting to classic parish-registers, was fourscore when PARIS stole her; and though the war lasted ten years after that on her account, monsieur Homer, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having showed the least decay of passion or symptom of inconstancy: a fidelity, which in all probability was at least as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleasure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlasting lilies and roses of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, especially in heroic minds, does not increase rather than abate the sentimental flame. The great ELIZABETH, whose passion for the unfortunate earl of Essex is justly a favourite topic with all who delight in romantic history, was full sixty-eight when she condemned her lover to death for slighting her endearments. And, if I might instance in our own sex, the charming, the meritorious ANTONY was not far from seventy before he had so much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passion of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

But it is France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other

discoveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand climacteric, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. HENRY the second and LOUIS the fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they so long felt for the duchess of VALENTINOIS and madame de MAINTENON. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respectable attractions of DIANA DE POITIERS, many years after his injudicious * father had quitted the possession of her, on the silly apprehension that she was growing old: and to the last moment of his life and reign, HENRY was a constant, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms. When the age was over-run with astrology, superstition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, king HENRY still idolized a woman, who had not only married her † grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the description of forcery: so little do the vulgar distinguish between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The passion of the other monarch was no less remarkable. That hero, who had gained so many battles by proxy, had presided in person at so many tournaments, had raised such water-works, and shed such streams of heretic blood, and, which was still more glorious, had enjoyed so many of the finest women in Europe, was at last captivated by an old governante, and sighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable mistress as she worked at her tent with spectacles. If LOUIS LE GRAND was not a judge of pleasure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I shall close my catalogue of ancient mistresses with the renowned NINON L'ENCLOS, a lady whose life alone is sufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmost force. I shall say nothing of her numerous conquests for the first half of her life: she had wit, youth, and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract silly admirers. It was not till her fifty-sixth year that her superior merit distinguished itself; and from that to her ninetieth she went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that she did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains!—It was in her fifty-sixth year that the chevalier

* Francis the first. It is said that the father of Diana de Poitiers being condemned to death, his daughter obtained not only his pardon, but the affection of that prince. However, he quitted her for the duchesse d'Estampes.

† Mademoiselle de la Mark.

de VILLIERS, a natural son whom she had had by the comte de Gerzé, arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He saw his mother; he fell in love with her. The increase, the vehemence of his passion gave the greatest disquiets to the affectionate matron. At last, when nothing but a discovery of the truth could put a stop, as she thought, to the impetuosity of his attempts, she carried him into her bed-chamber.—Here my readers will easily conceive the transports of a young lover, just on the brink of happiness with a charming mistress of near three-score!—As the adventurous youth would have pushed his enterprises, she checked him, and, pointing to a clock, said, “Rash boy, look there! At that hour, two-and-twenty years ago, I was delivered of you in this very bed!” It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abashed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his sword. This catastrophe had like to have deprived the age of the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would listen to any addresses of a tender nature. At length the polite abbé de GEDOYN pressed and obtained an assignation. He came and found the enchanting NINON lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the most gallant dishabille; and, what was still more delightful, disposed to indulge his utmost wishes. After the most charming endearments, he asked her—but with the greatest respect—Why she had so long deferred the completion of his happiness? “Why,” replied she, “I must confess it proceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique myself upon having a lover at past FOURSORE, and it was but yesterday that I was EIGHTY complete.”

The

The W O R L D.

By A D A M F I T Z - A D A M.

NUMB. CIII. *Thursday, December 19, 1754.*

I AM never better pleas'd than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country: at the same time, I would not endeavour to defend it preposterously, nor to contradict the eyes, the senses of mankind, out of stark good patriotism. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world necessarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate so powerfully on constitutions, as to preserve the same character perpetually to the same nations. I do not doubt but in some age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimsical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour islanders will be remarkable for the truth of their ideas, and for the precision with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are so bigoted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their composition with encomiums to our good-nature, our bravery, and our hospitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little resemblance to the modern characteristics of the nation. Our good-nature was necessarily soured by the spirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that restrained prize-fighting; and hospitality is totally impracticable, since a much more laudable custom has been introduced, and prevailed universally, of paying the servants of other people much more than their master's dinner cost. Yet we shall always have virtues sufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics: and if some of our more heroic qualities are grown obsolete, others of a gentler cast, and better calculated for the happiness
of

of society, have grown up and diffused themselves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could not be polite: while we feasted half a dozen wapentakes with furloins of beef, and sheep roasted whole, we could not attend to the mechanism of a plate, no bigger than a crown piece, loaded with the legs of canary birds dressed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody start at my calling this a polite nation. It shall be the business of this paper to prove that we are the most polite nation in Europe; and that France must yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring instance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeness, the impertinent spirit of their parliaments, which, though couched in very civilly-worded remonstrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and crossed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themselves upon complaisance and attentions.—But I abominate politics, and, when I am writing in defence of politeness, shall certainly not blend so coarse a subject with so civil a theme.

It is not virtue that constitutes the politeness of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a system that does not shock society. “POLITENESS (as I understand the word) is an universal desire of pleasing others (that are not too much below one) in trifles, for a little time; and of making one’s intercourse with them agreeable to both parties, by civility without ceremony, by ease without brutality, by complaisance without flattery, by acquiescence without sincerity.” A clergyman who puts his patron into a sweat by driving him round the room till he has found the coolest place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while she should perform the refreshing office in next room; I should think she is not polite. When Boncœur shivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raise reluctant plantations, and yet professes that only some of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry season; he is not polite: he is more—he is kind. When Sophia is really pleased with the stench of a kennel, because her husband likes that she should go and look at a favourite litter; she must not pretend to politeness—she is only a good wife. If this definition and these instances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the most extensive renown for politeness, had any pretensions to it. The Greeks called all the rest of the world barbarians:
the

the Romans went still farther, and treated them as such. Alexander, the best-bred hero among the former, I must own, was polite, and showed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I question, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princess Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. For the Romans; so far from having had any notion of treating foreigners with regard, there is not one classic author that mentions a single ball or masquerade given to any stranger of distinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the first fashion of other countries, in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the entertainment of their shopkeepers and 'prentices:—a practice that we should look upon with horror! What would *The Examiner* have said, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marshal Tallard to Saint Paul's or the Royal Exchange behind his chariot? How deservedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marshal Belleisle pace along the kennel in Fleet-street, or up Holborn, while some of our ministers or generals called it an OVATION!

The French, who attempt to succeed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have succeeded them in politeness, have adopted the same way of thinking, though so contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Englishman or a German ever sees a suit of clothes till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a souper at London: and are so confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that, with the greatest complaisance in the world, they affirm to you, That they suppose your dukes and duchesses live in caves, with only the property of wider forests than ordinary; and that *les milords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw flesh, and ride races without breeches or saddles. At their houses, they receive you with wonder that shocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themselves to the torture of conversing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dress like a sensible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourself like a christian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! How open our houses to their nobility, our purses to their tradesmen! But without drawing antitheses between our politeness and their ill-breeding, I shall produce an instance in which we have pushed our refinements *on the duties of society*, beyond what the most civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in

common intercourse, but our very crimes are transacted with such a softness of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are sure never to *affront* your neighbour. The instance I mean, is the extreme good-breeding which has been introduced into the science of robbery, which (considering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuisance to society, if the professors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which had already got an established footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all manner of attention *not to frighten the ladies*; and none of the great Mr. * Nash's laws are more sacred, than that of restoring any favourite bawble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth have less of the *savoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has less *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. They take your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guët, a severe police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troublesome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their thieves to be *good company*. I know that some of our latest imported young gentlemen affirm that the sieur Mandrin †, the terror of the eastern provinces, learned to dance of Marseille himself, and has frequently supped with the incomparable Jelliot ‡. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I shall forbear to rank him with the *petit-mâtres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the politesse of the latter! Mrs. § Chenevix has not more insinuation when she sells a snuff-box of *papier-maché*, or a bergamot toothpick-case, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings nor bank-bills.

An || acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near shot through the head by the going off of the pistol of the accomplished M^r LEAN; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greatest good-breeding on both sides. The robber, who had only taken a purse *this way*, because he had that morning been disappointed of marrying a great fortune, no

* A remarkable person, who for a great number of years presided as master of the ceremonies at Bath and Tunbridge.

† A famous French smuggler.

‡ A singer in the opera at Paris.

§ A fashionable toy woman.

|| The author himself.

sooner returned to his lodgings, than he sent the gentleman two letters of excuses, which, with less wit than the epistles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and easy politeness in the turn of their expression. In the post-script, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchase again* any trifles he had lost; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it seemed liable to be construed by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the satisfaction in his power, for having *unluckily* been near shooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the English, who seem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to understand robbing on the highway, should at the same time have been so barbarous, as to esteem poverty, black-broth and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of fashion, till we had exploded plum-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road, who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT WORLD, none seem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS so far as a late adventurer, whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the name of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined person made it a rule to rob none but *people he visited*; and whenever he designed an impromptu of that kind, dressed himself in a rich suit, went to the * lady's house, asked for her, and, not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after enquiring which way she was gone. He then followed, or met her, on her way home; *proposed* his demands, which were generally for some favourite ring or snuff-box that he had seen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her sake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without scampering away, as *other* men of fashion do from a visit with really the appearance of having stolen something.

As I do not doubt but such of my fair readers, as propose *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to send this charming smuggler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their assemblies, I am sorry to tell them that he was hanged last week.

* This happened to Mrs. Cavendish at Thistleworth.

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. CLX. *Thursday, January 22, 1756.*

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I THINK, sir, more than three years are past since you began to bestow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great success that has attended your endeavours; but surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourself. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to or returned from France since you commenced author? Or have fewer French follies been purchased or propagated by those who never were in France? Do not women, dressed French, still issue from houses dressed Chinese, to theatres dressed Italian, in spite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear less claret, or the beauties less *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of fashion, who used to fling for a thousand pounds a throw, now cast only for five hundred? Or if they should, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: in point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the discourses of the divine Socrates, or the sermons of the affecting Tillotson. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis, Alcibiades, as soon as his philosophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocose, satiric, severe, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would

A a 2

give

give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the simplicity of manners of our ancestors, while there are no sumptuary laws to restrain luxury, no ecclesiastic censures to castigate vice. I shall offer to your readers an instance or two, to elucidate the monstrous disproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce some of the wholesome censures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impose on persons of the first rank, who contravened the established rules of sobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been astonished at reading the very first article in the late will of a *grocer! "Imprimis, I give to my dear wife *one hundred thousand pounds.*" A sum exceeding a benevolence, or two subsidies, some ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the personal estate of the above-mentioned tradesman, on whom I am far from designing to reflect: he raised his fortune honestly and industriously: but I hope some future antiquarian, struck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much sugar and plums must have been wasted weekly in one considerable parish in London, or even in one or two streets of that parish, before a single shopkeeper could have raised four hundred thousand pounds by retailing those and such-like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we shall find no less a person than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princess dowager of Wales, by her last will and testament bequeathing the following simple moveables; and we may well believe they were the most valuable of her possessions, as she divided them between her son the king, and her other children. To her son, king Richard, she gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Also to her son Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other son, one bed of red camak. These particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale †: an instance of simplicity and moderation in so great and illustrious a princess, which I fear I should in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated, as all her other virtues are, by the true representative of her fortune and excellence ‡.

* One Craftsman. † Vol. ii. p. 94. ‡ The present princess dowager of Wales.

I come

I come now, sir, to those proper checks upon licentiousness, which, though calculated to serve the views of a popish clergy, were undoubtedly great restraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that such sober institutions were abolished with the real abuses of popery. Our ecclesiastic superiors had power to lay such fines and mulcts upon wantonness, as might raise a revenue to the church and poor, and at the same time leave the lordly transgressors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenness, and the other amusements of people of fashion, it would have been in vain to subject to corporal punishments. To ridicule those vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confessors, who at best only knew how to wrap up very coarse terms in very bald Latin, and jingling verses. The clergy steered a third course, and assumed a province, which I could wish, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your censorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almost wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent supplement to your paper of May the 24th, 1753. The wisest exercise that I find recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the same grave author, from whom I copied the will above mentioned: it happened in the year 1360, in the case of a very exalted personage, and shows how little the highest birth could exempt from the severe inspection of those judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquis of Juliers, and widow of John Plantagenet earl of Kent, uncle of the princess Joan, before mentioned, having on the death of the earl her husband retired to the monastery of Waverly, did (I suppose immediately) make a vow of chastity, and was solemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, bishop of Winchester. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, sister Elizabeth of Waverly became enamoured of a goodly knight, called sir Eustace Drawbridgcourt*, smitten (as tradition says she affirmed) by his extreme resemblance to her late lord;

* Froissart, speaking of this knight, whom he calls d'Auberticourt, and who had made considerable conquests in Champagne and held a dozen fortresses there, says, "Il aimâ donc par amours, & depuis épousa madame Ysabella de Julliers, fille jadis au comte de Julliers. Cette dame avoit aussi en amour monseigneur Eustache

pour les grandes appertiffes d'armes qu'elle en oyoit recorder, & luy envoya la dite, haquenes courriers & lettres amoureuses, parquoi le dit messire Eustace en estoit plus hardi, & faisoit tant de chevaleries & faits d'armes, que chacun gaignoit avec luy."

though,

though, as other creditable writers affirm, he was considerably younger: and notwithstanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conscience, and in spite of her confinement, which was not strong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, she was clandestinely married to her paramour, in a certain chapel of the mansion-house of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence from the archbishop of Canterbury, by one sir John Ireland, a priest, before the sunrising, upon Michaelmas-day, in the thirty-fourth of Edward the third.

Notwithstanding the great scandal such an indecorum must have given, it is evident from the subservience of two priests to her desires, that her rank of princess of the blood set her above all apprehension of punishment for the breach of her monastic vows; yet it is as evident from the sequel of the story, that her dignity could not exempt her from such proper censures and penalties, as might deter others from commission of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expose the lady herself to blushes for her miscarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their superiors: a sort of comfort, which, to do them justice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author says*, that the lady dowager and her young husband being personally convented before the archbishop of Canterbury for the said transgression, at his manor-house of Haghfeld, upon the seventh ides of April, the archbishop for their penance enjoined them to find a priest to celebrate divine service daily for them, the said sir Eustace and Elizabeth, and for him, the archbishop; besides a large quantity of penitential psalms, paternosters and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the priests and the transgressors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth, whom for some reasons best known to himself I suppose he regarded as the seducer, to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to fast on bread and drink, and a mess of pottage, wearing no smock, especially in the absence of her husband; a penance that must appear whimsical to us, and not a little partial to sir Eustace, whom the archbishop seems in more respects than one to have considered rather as disobedient to the canons, than guilty of much

* Vol. ii. page 95.

voluptuousness by his wedlock. But the most remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbishop appointed the said sir Eustace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their transgression had passed between them, they should competently relieve six poor people, and both of them that day to abstain from some dish of flesh or fish, whereof they did most desire to eat.

Such was the simplicity of our ancestors. Such were the wholesome severities to which the greatest dames and most licentious young lords were subject in those well-meaning times. But though I approve the morality of such corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of such power might be safely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not so bigoted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and customs. Paternosters and aves might be supplied by prayers and litanies of a more protestant complexion. Instead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be severe enough for the delicacy of modern constitutions. For the article of leaving off a shift, considering that the upper half is already laid aside, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole shift, might be thought a sufficient punishment; for wise legislators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and seasons. What most offends me, as by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that prescribes charity to the poor, and a restriction from eating of a favourite dish, after the performance of certain mysteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth ashamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wise one; for as devotion and charity are observed to increase with increase of years, the bishop's injunction tended to nothing but to lessen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largesse.

One can scarce reflect without a smile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at sir Eustace's gate, till he and his lady arose, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One must not word, but one cannot help imagining, the style of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfast by his master and lady to go and send away the beggars, for they were to

have nothing that morning. One might even suppose the good lady pouting a little as she gave him the message. But were such a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of fashion, invited to dine with two illustrious penitents under this circumstance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the subject is inexhaustible; and as the ideas on such an occasion must be a little corporeal, what *bons mots*, wrapped up indeed, but still intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French dish, which sir Eustace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taste!—But I am afraid I have transgressed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who sway the censorial rod with the greatest lenity, and who would blush to put your fair penitents to the blush, might be safely trusted with the powers I recommend. Human weaknesses, and human follies, are very different: continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might resist wearing pink; a matron who cannot resist the prowess of a sir Eustace Drawbridgecourt, is not a topic for satire, but compassion; as you, who are the best-natured writer of the age, will, I am sure, agree to think with, sir,

Your constant reader

and humble servant,

THOMAS HEARNE, JUN.

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

* NUMB. CXCIV. *Thursday, September 23, 1756.*

—Generosius
*Perire quarens, nec muliebriter
 Expavit enssem.* HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO a well-disposed mind there can be no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with success. This, sir, is remarkably the case of your paper of September the 9th, on suicide; a fashionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expose; and I do not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what, may I be allowed to call, *single combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's self, as your predecessor *The Tatler* was for exploding the ridiculous custom of duels. The pleasantry of your essay on the reigning mode of voluntary deaths has preserved to a little neighbourhood a very hospitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deserving son and daughter a tender parent, and has saved the person himself from a very foolish exit. This character, sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and not to trouble you with the history of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is so far necessary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty,

* This paper is a sequel to N^o 193, written by James Tillson, esq.

VOL. I

B b

have

have a moderate estate in very good condition, have seen a great deal of the world, and, without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to so desperate a resolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no illness. But alas! sir, I am extremely *well-born*: pedigree is my distemper; and having observed how much the mode of self-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's self. I reflected how many of my great ancestors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the several ages in which they lived disposed of the nobility; and I thought the descendant of so many heroes must contrive to perish by means as violent and illustrious. What a disgrace, thought I, for the great grandson of Mowbrays, Veres and Beauchamps to die in a good old age of a fever! I blushed whenever I cast my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour—I determined to shoot myself. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my pistols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my constitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die suddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choked by a fish-bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever since *preparing for death*. The letter to be left on my table (which indeed cost me some trouble to compose, as I had no reason to give for my *sudden resolution*) was written out fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it should be ever so great a disgrace to my family, I am resolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good sir, be encouraged from this example to pursue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the small district where I live, I am not the only instance of a propensity to such a catastrophe. The lord of the manor, whose fortune indeed is much superior to mine, though there is no comparison in the antiquity of our families, has had the very same thought. He is turned of sixty-seven, and is devoured by the stone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his physician was sitting by his bedside, on a sudden his lordship ceased roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a composure unusual to him even in his best health; and putting on the greatest appearance of philosophy, or what, if

the chaplain had said, would have been called resignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his case was really desperate. The physician, with a slow profusion of latinized evasions, endeavoured to elude the question, and to give him some glimmerings of hope, "That there might be a chance that the extremity of the pain would occasion a degree of fever, that might not be mortal in itself, but which, if things did not come to a crisis soon, might help to carry his lordship off."—"I understand you, by G-d," says his lordship, with great tranquillity and a few more oaths; "Yes, d—n you, you want to kill me with some of your confounded distempers; but I'll tell you what, I only asked you, because, if I can't possibly live, I'm determined to kill myself; for rot me! if it shall ever be said that a man of my quality died of a cursed natural death. There, tell *Bowman to give you your fee, and bid him bring me my pistols." However, the fit abated, and the neighbourhood is still waiting with great impatience to be *surprised* with an account of his lordship's having shot himself.

However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extensive as the service is which you may render to the community by abolishing this heathenish practice, I think in some respects it is to be treated with tenderness; in one case always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark: what if the notion of the dignity of self-murder should be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has resolution enough to kill himself, will certainly never dread being killed by any body else. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Englishman*, to choose his death: if any of our high-spirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occasion for all we can exert, I should humbly be of opinion, that you permitted self-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it should be dishonourable for any man to kill himself, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that service for him.

Indeed the very celebration of this mystery has been transacted hitherto in a manner somewhat mean, and unworthy people of fashion. No tradesman could hang himself more feloniously than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they so properly wear on other

* The name of lord Chalkstone's gentleman in Lethe.

occasions. They steal out of the world from their own closets, or before their servants are up in a morning. They leave a miserable apology behind them, instead of sitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for dispatching themselves: unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced self-murder to a system of good-breeding, and used to *send cards* to their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome * was to *leave one's name* at the doors of such as were starving themselves. Particular friends were *let in*; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they should use some common-place phrases of dissuasion. I can conceive no foundation for our shabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obsolete law which inflicts a cross-road and a stake on self-executioners: a most absurd statute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unless one could condemn a man who had killed himself, to be brought to life again. Somewhere indeed I have read of a successful law for restraining this crime. In some of the Grecian states the women of fashion incurred the anger of Venus—I quite forget upon what occasion—perhaps for little or none; goddesses in those days were scarce less whimsical than their fair votaries—Whatever the cause was, she inspired them with a fury of self-murder. The legislature of the country, it seems, thought the resentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and, to put a stop to the practice, devised an expedient, which one should have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beautiful bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up, naked by one foot in the public squares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any position that discovered all their charms could be so, is not mentioned by historians; nor, at this distance of time, is it possible for us moderns to guess: certain it is, that the penalty put a stop to the barbarous custom.

But what shall one say to those countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it even in that part of the species, whose softness demands all protection, and seems most abhorrent from every thing sanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magistrate gravely gives permission to the ladies to accompany their husbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greatest profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn her-

* Vide Pliny's Epistles.

self alive. Were this fashion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havoc it would occasion. Between the natural propensity to suicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one should not see such a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu, jointures! adieu, those soft resources of the brave and necessitous! What unfortunate relic but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a second passion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you must keep a strict eye on your fair country-women. I know one or two, who already wear pocket-pistols; which, considering the tenderness of their natures, can only be intended against their own persons. And this article leads me naturally to the only case, in which, as I hinted above, I think self-murder always to be allowed. The most admirable death in history is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her sex, and the eventual foundress of Roman liberty. As there has never been a lady since that time, in her circumstances, but what has imitated her example, I think, sir, I may pronounce the case immutably to be excepted: and when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that success and glory which always has and must attend his labours, has decried the savage practice in vogue, I am persuaded he will declare that she is not only excusable, but that it is impossible any woman should live after having been ravished.

I am, sir,

Your truly obliged

humble servant,

and admirer,

H. M.

A WORLD

A

W O R L D
E X T R A O R D I N A R Y.

* The following Paper having been transmitted to Mr. FITZ-ADAM's Bookseller on the very Day of that Gentleman's Misfortune, he takes the Liberty to offer it to the Public just as it came to his Hand.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

AS the contagion of politics has been so prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't say, infected, but at least) infused itself into the † papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, perhaps I may not make him an unacceptable present in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his disorder (for I must consider political writings as a distemper), and at the same time will cool, not increase, any sharpness in his blood.

Though the author of this little essay is retired from the busier scenes of life, he has not buried himself in such indifference to his country, as to despise, or not attend to, what is passing even in those scenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from disgust, he preserves the same attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from

* It was published after The World had ceased, on the supposed death of the imaginary author.

† This alludes to N^o 207, which under bor-

rowed characters describes a revolution in the ministry, very favourably to the duke of Newcastle, and not at all so to Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt. esteem,

esteem, not from interest. He sees with a feeling concern the distresses and distractions of his country; he foresees with anxiety the consequences of both. He laments the discord that divides those * men of superior genius, whose union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the crisis of our affairs. He does not presume to discuss the grounds of their dissensions, which he wishes themselves to overlook; and he would be one of the last men in England to foment division, where his interest as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a stoic, if even these inclinations were equally balanced: his admiration may be suspended, his heart will be partial. From these sensations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of personalities: he sees with grief the greatest characters treated with the greatest licentiousness: his friendship has been touched at finding one of the most respectable aspersed in the most injurious manner. He holds That person's fame as much superior to reproach, as he thinks himself inferior to That person's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his testimony to the reputation of a man, with whose friendship he has long been honoured. This ambition, sir, has occasioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; designed then as private incense to an honoured name; and ever since preserved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addressed. I will detain you no longer than to say, that if this little piece should be accused of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the subject of it was no minister of state, and that it is published now (and should not else have been published) when he is no minister at all.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

H. M.

* Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt.

To.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY CAROLINE FOX.

M A D A M,

I HAVE been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and I think I have in some degree succeeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myself, I choose to submit to your ladyship's judgment, whose prepossession for the person represented is likely to balance what fondness I may have for my own performance. As I believe you love the person in question, as much as ever other people loved themselves, the medium between the faults you shall find, and the just resemblance that I see in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about * three-and-forty: as you see all the fondness and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyship may take him to be but three-and-twenty: but I, whose talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority should at first set him down for threescore, upon the strictest enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and understanding. His person decides rather on my side; for though he has all the ease and amiableness of youth, yet your ladyship must allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will scarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I should give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with insipid smiles and unmeaning benignity: but this would not be a faithful portrait: a florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at first lets one into the vast humanity of his temper; or than an undistinguishing smile would supply the place of his manly curiosity and penetration. To paint him with a cheerful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation bestows, which, by not being promised, doubly satisfies one's self-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by persuading you that he discovers some in you.

* This was written in the year 1748.

He

He has that true characteristic of a great man, that he is superior to others in his private, social, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this superiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unnecessarily: on the contrary, you only perceive his prehemine in those moments by his being more agreeably good-natured, and idle with more ease, than other people. He seems inquisitive, as if his only business were to learn; and is unreserved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of mystery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the house of commons he was for some time an ungraceful and unpopular speaker, the abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: but the force of his reasoning has prevailed both over his own defects and those of his audience. He speaks with a strength and perspicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleased. But his vanity cannot satisfy itself on the terms it could satisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unless he was conscious of deserving it. But he carries this delicacy still farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himself fame and honours by pursuing a regular and steady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made those fear him, who now only love him—if a party can love a man who they see is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may discover another littleness in his conduct: in the affairs of his office* he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the same post; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the solicitation and interests of others in his province, as if he were making their fortune, not his own; and, to the great detriment of the ministry, has turned one of the best sinecures under the government into one of the most laborious employments, at the same time imagining that the ease with which he executes it will prevent a discovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who address to him, with as little pride as if he were secure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illustrious birth is a blemish, which some of the greatest men have wanted to make them completely great: Tully had it; had the happiness and glory of raising himself from a private condition; but boasting of it, might as well

* Secretary of war.

have been noble: he degraded himself by usurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cause nor prevent.

I say nothing of his integrity, because I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by suspicion: it will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as those who colour over timidity with gentleness of manners, and as bravely sincere as those who take, or would have brutality taken for honesty: but though his greatest freedom is polite, his greatest condescension is dignified with spirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindness to his friends. Yet though he has more spirit than almost any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his passions, by the intimate connection that it always preserves with his understanding. Yet his passions are very strong: he loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableness of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him.—But as your ladyship would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I shall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP'S

most obedient

humble servant,

VANDYKE.

The

The W O R L D*.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

"I cannot but think we should have more learning, if we had fewer books."

Preface to Baker's Reflections.

THE lovers of literature, whose passion for books is at least as great as it is laudable, lament the loss of the Alexandrian library, which is said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes. Immeasurable as this loss was, time and industry have prodigiously repaired it; and if I might escape being thought an absolute Goth, I should humbly be of opinion, that the destruction of that library was rather a blessing than a detriment to the common-wealth of letters. What may we suppose those so many thousand volumes contained? Were seven hundred thousand volumes all worth reading? If they were, who would have leisure to read them? If they were not, at least as many as were good for nothing have happily met with a proper fate. These books, we may suppose, contained great treasures of philosophy, astronomy, geography, history, poetry, oratory, mathematics, &c. mighty entertaining novels, and a wonderful mass of knowledge relating to, and explanatory of, or perhaps more beautifully perplexing, the theory of Egyptian divinity and hieroglyphics. One can hardly believe, though it contained greater quantities of ancient science and eloquence than what have reached our days, that this library was replenished with authors of superior knowledge, or with greater discoveries than we have received from our other venerable predecessors. And do we wish for more fabulous history, for more fantastic philosophy, for more imperfect astronomy, for more blunder-

* The two following papers were not published, the plan not having been completed.

ing geography, than we already possess under ancient names? I speak not in derogation of the ancients; but as their discoveries were very incomplete, and their traditions very inaccurate, why do we wish they were multiplied? When we reflect that half our present knowledge has sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called by that name, we may comfort ourselves that the investigation of truth is at least as easy without so many false lights to misguide us, as if we knew how many more wrong conjectures had been made by our forefathers.

Not to mention how enormously this library would have procreated other libraries! What translations, commentaries, explanations, scholias, various readings, paraphrases—nay, what controversies would have been engendered by almost every volume in this capacious repository! Aristotle alone, whose works, or at least such as are called his, are happily extant, was in so great repute about two centuries ago, that no less than twelve thousand authors are computed to have commented or written upon his works: and though the Alexandrian authors might none of them have founded such numerous sects, yet considering the veneration paid to whatever is ancient, or to whatever is called learning, there can be no doubt but the existence of that departed library would have multiplied books to a degree, which even the hardest students might have beheld with regret; as few are masters of such strength of eyes and constitution, or of such extended lives, as to be able to satiate their curiosity in such an ocean of literature, let in upon the already immense deluge of science. Some men indeed have been such giants in study, as to conquer Greece, Rome, Arabia, Persia, and even those impracticable strangers, the Cophti: some are renowned for reading sixteen or eighteen hours a day; and one great *hero of the republic of letters boasted that he had so entirely exhausted all knowledge, that he was now reduced to read the History of the Highwaymen. But few are there now, alas, of such vigour! Few resemble the great Accursius, who boasted that he had corrected seven hundred errors in Claudian as he rode post through Germany.

To say the truth, we have not only enough of ancient books, but are far overstocked with both ancient and modern, considering either how little is read, or how impossible it is to read all that has already been written. In

* Dr. Bentley.

the latter respect, modern authors are far more excusable than modern readers. The authors write for the present hour, because they are not sure that to-morrow they shall be read: but as to readers, who are continually demanding new books, I should humbly suggest, that all books, however long ago they were written, are, to all intents and purposes, new books to such as never read them. People do not generally know what reservoirs of knowledge and pleasure are actually in being: there is no subject, on which there are not already extant books enough to employ all the idle hours of those idle people who are in daily want of something new: perhaps it may not be exaggeration to say, that the only old books are such as are published every day. The mere catalogue of the Bodleian library composes four volumes in folio: the Vatican is still larger. The single Bangorian controversy, at one, two shillings, or half a crown a pamphlet, cost upwards of thirty pounds: but these pieces, with others of the like nature, have I believe long ago been gathered to their forefathers, the Alexandrians. The journals of the war between the most serene princess Canning, and the Egyptian sultana, Mary Squires, make no inconsiderable figure in modern libraries; and the important point of the restoration of Judaism added considerable recruits to the classes of history and polemic divinity. One Ferri wrote eleven hundred sermons on the epistle to the Hebrews. Other laborious authors have been so puzzled to find out new subjects, or at least so determined to write new books, that they have composed catalogues of the different denominations of authors, or of such as have written under particular circumstances*. Baillet not only published an account of *Anti's*, that is, of such books as were written against others, but he undertook a work, in which he proposed to give a description of such books as had been intended to be written. Naudé collected a list of authors who had disguised their names; and another of great men who had been accused of magic. Decker composed an account of anonymous writings: Pierius Valerianus gave one catalogue of unfortunate learned men, and another of physicians who were poets: Kortholt, of bishops who had been poets; and Menage, of ecclesiastics who had written bawdy poems. Ancillon was still more curious, for he made a catalogue of learned men who had written nothing at all. Hottinger, another grave trifler, has two whole pages filled only with names of those who corresponded with him; and some years ago there was a

* The latest work of this kind is the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

French *abbé who commenced author upon a very new stock; by writing an account of such authors as had presented him with their writings. The greatest wonder is, that none of these laborious compilers should have pretended to give a relation of such books as have long since perished, though their authors had, like Horace and Ovid, assured the world and themselves, that their works would be immortal. But it is not necessary to go an hundred years back to give instances of the excessive increase of authors. The gazettes, novels, lives, dying speeches, magazines, dictionaries of our own days, are flagrant proofs of my assertion. Indeed if the rage of publication continues in the same proportion, I do not see but all the world must be books; and that it will become as necessary to burn a field of books, as a field of furze or stubble. The very means employed to lessen the abuse, is an increase of it: I mean, all sciences are so over-written, that the very abridgements are an additional evil.

I can easily conceive that a Chinese or Indian, hereafter visiting Europe, may acquaint one of his correspondents, in the hyperbolic style of the East, "That it is exceeding difficult to travel in these countries, by reason of vast waste tracts of land, which they call *libraries*, which being very little frequented, and lying uncultivated, occasion a stagnation of bad and unwholesome air; that nevertheless, the inhabitants, so far from destroying or rooting out what they so little either use or esteem, are continually extending these deserts; that even some of the natives, who have waded farther than ordinary into these forests, are fond and proud of transplanting out of one part into another; and though they are sure that their own labours will be choked up the next day by some of their neighbours, they go on in their idle toil, and flatter themselves with the hopes of immortality for having contributed to extend a wilderness, into which nobody thinks it worth his while to penetrate. There are indeed some, who, for fear of losing their way in the vast forest of learning, where it is pretended that every tree is a tree of knowledge, have endeavoured to persuade their countrymen to pluck up all, root and branch, except one or two favourite trunks, from which they pretend all knowledge may be gathered, in which all arts and sciences are included. Indeed they do not totally agree upon which are the authors who thus contain all erudition. One party pretend it is their Alcoran; the other,

* Abbé de Marolles.

an ancient poet called Homer: the former seem to study their religion with a poetic imagination; the latter are as ready to fight for their opinion, as if it was a religious enthusiasm."——But not to dwell too long in the person of an imaginary future satirist, I shall revert to my first proposition, that there are already books enough, if the world is really disposed to read; and that both regret for old perished authors, which we do not know whether they were good or bad, and appetite for new books, which we do not care whether they are good or bad, are equally marks of a false and vitiated taste. The former lamentations were agreeable to the pedantry of the last age, when, provided a man did but write pure classic Latin, it mattered not how trifling and ridiculous were the topics. Scaliger and Cardan, two great potentates in the empire of learning, had a profound dispute whether parrots were ugly creatures or not; and both used in great abundance those annoying weapons of abuse, which were so much in vogue with the literati of that age. I may perhaps have occasion in another paper to give some account of the scurrilous wars which were formerly waged by the gravest professors in most of the universities and schools from Siena to Leyden. The fondness of the moderns for books, books, new books, puts me in mind of certain country gentlemen, neighbours of Balzac, who made him a visit, and, after a thousand speeches, assured him that it was incredible how great a veneration they had for him and *Messieurs ses Livres*.

The

The W O R L D.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

IN my last paper I hinted at some of the inconveniences attending the present inundation of books, and I have the satisfaction of hearing from all hands that a reformation of this abuse would be universally acceptable. Some of the greatest devourers of books, from whom I expected most opposition, have exhorted me to proceed in the scheme I have conceived of lessening the number, assuring me that they have laid in a such a stock of science, as will enable them to furnish the world with complete bodies of all useful knowledge, in a far less compass than in what it lies at present. The illiterate part of my disciples protest that it is nothing but the prodigious number of books which deters them from setting about to study in earnest; and they offer me, if I will reduce all literature to a few plays, poems, and novels, to make themselves perfect masters of all the knowledge that is requisite for gentlemen. I have long been sensible how great a discouragement the very sight of a large library must be to a young beginner. The universities recommend to me to abolish what is called *polite learning*: they observe, that the jesuits, who, among many pernicious arts, have sometimes been serviceable to the world, have already, as far as in them lay, annihilated one Roman author, Lucan, by omitting him, when they illustrated all the other classics for the use of the dauphin; but I believe the objection lay not against his poetry, but his principles, the freedom of which I am sure must be very agreeable to each good lady *Alma Mater*. One of them, who formerly placed Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding in her Index Expurgatorius, has very prudently recognized the merit of that treatise—and, I am persuaded, has such a veneration for the author, that she would highly condemn me if I was even to attempt destroying his Essay on Government, wherein he exposes the monkish doctrine of hereditary right.

Armed

Armed with all the above-mentioned authority, I declare myself invested with a new dignity, namely, *Inquisitor of the World of Books*; and in imitation of other great potentates, who, after establishing their dominion by force, have endeavoured to satisfy the world in the legality of their title by some, however far-fetched, descent, I declare myself issued in a right line from the two peculiar monarchs, who of all mankind could derive to me the best title to the province I have undertaken of pronouncing upon all books and sciences, and, in consequence of that, of proceeding to burn and destroy such as I shall disapprove. The first of these princes was the very patriarch of my genealogy, even Adam, who, as Pinedo, a very competent judge, assures us, understood all sciences, but politics—and his deficiency in this particular branch of human learning was not to be ascribed to any imperfection in the universality of his genius, but merely because in his time there were no princes, no ambassadors, no Ratisbon. The other prince from whom I have the honour of being descended, was Chi Hoang Ti, emperor of China, a much-injured name, of whom Pere du Halde in particular, forgetting the respect due to crowned heads, is so gross as to say, that a certain ordinance of his, which I am going to mention, *rendit son nom & sa memoire execrable à la posterité*. The venerable decree which this impertinent jesuit anathematizes, was—not, as one should think by his style, an order like Herod's for the murder of the innocents—no, it was only a decree for burning all the books in China. But before I enter upon the discussion of this decree, I shall in few words recapitulate the chief events of my ancestor's reign, which will vindicate his memory, and prove him to have been as well-qualified to sway a sceptre as any prince that ever sat on a throne. If unavoidable misfortunes have reduced us to a less shining, less exalted rank, we flatter ourselves that the prudence and justice of our administration in the universal monarchy which we have assumed over *follies* and *books*, will show that we have not degenerated from our great predecessor.

Chi Hoang Ti lived about two hundred and thirty-seven years before Christ, and according to the genius of that age *committed* great conquests, and rounded his dominions, at the expence of his neighbours, with as much prudence as if he had studied politics in a French school. The only slip he seems to have made, was in listening to the project of a sea-captain, the Columbus of his time, who advised his Chinese majesty to send out a colony

to some of the islands of Japan, not indeed to discover new worlds, but on a more important scent, a remedy for long life; a nostrum treasured up in one of those little islands. The emperor, my great grandfather, had, as it appears by other circumstances, a particular partiality for medicines, and readily gave ear to a scheme that was at once to prolong the blessings of his reign over his subjects, and to add so great a jewel to his dispensatory. He entrusted the captain with one or more ships, and three hundred persons of each sex, with whom the adventurer founded a little kingdom in one of the islands, and was so ungrateful as never to send his sovereign a single phial of the precious elixir. The emperor, whose mind was always filled with great projects, soon turned his thoughts to establish the duration, if not of his reign, at least of his empire; and with a spirit, which has seemed prophetic, apprehending incursions of the Tartars, he set about building that immense wall to divide the two nations, which was finished in five years, which exists to our days, and which did not however answer the purpose for which it was projected. The next great action of his reign was publishing the celebrated decree for burning all the books in China, excepting only such volumes as treated of architecture or physic, the two sciences, which the affair of the sea-captain and the erection of the great wall prove to have been the predominant passions of his imperial majesty.

Some malevolent historians ascribe this sentence to his jealousy of the glory of his predecessors; a motive unworthy of the heroic virtue of a prince, who had out-conquered, out-built, and taken more physic than any of his ancestors. Such petty envy may rage in *little* souls: we read that Justin burnt all the authors from whom he compiled his history; and that Trebonian, the lawyer, commissioned by Justinian to reduce the civil law to a practicability, that is, to a size capable of being studied by the professors, and understood by the sufferers, laid waste and demolished the volumes, tracts, charters, decrees, pleadings, reports, &c. from whence he extracted the body of civil law as it now stands. But the reasons which our great ancestor himself vouchsafed to give, are, I do not doubt, the truest, as they certainly are the noblest precedent to justify a parallel proceeding. He reduces them to these (for it must be observed that the Chinese are as laconic as the Lacedæmonians themselves): *Books, said Chi Hoang Ti, encourage idleness, cause neglect of agriculture, lay foundations of factions.* These golden rules I shall keep in my eye to regulate my future conduct. I shall not allow
people

people to think they are busy because they are reading; I shall not allow that there is any merit in having read a vast number of books; it is indifferent to me whether a man's feet have travelled over so many miles of ground, or his eyes over so many acres of paper: I shall recommend it to several grave dignitaries to lay aside all such reading as was never read, and to buy a plough and a team, and cultivate a piece of land, instead of labouring such barren soil as their own brains, or the works of obsolete authors; and I shall be for entirely abolishing all books whatever that treat of any kind of government; as to be sure no nation ought to know that there is any form preferable to what is established among themselves: a Russian that was to read Algernon Sidney, might grow to fancy that there are milder systems than living under the jurisdiction of the Knut!

The last instance I shall produce of the Chinese monarch's wisdom, was his refusing to quarter out his dominions among his sons. He died in peace, and master of immense treasures, having lived to see large crops of *rice*, from vast tracts of land, which before his time had borne nothing but *libraries*.

In the havoc I meditate, I shall confine myself to whole bodies of science, not piddle with single authors or separate treatises. As I have perused very few books myself, it would be an endless task were I to set about the examination of what tracts do or do not deserve to be condemned to the flames; and I have too little of the modern critic in me, to condemn any private work because I happen to dislike the name, person, or country of the author. However, not to proceed too rashly, I shall accept the assistance of a friend of mine, who is a prodigy of erudition, not only from the quantity he has read, but from his frankness in owning that he has read an infinite deal of trash. He is a near relation by the mother of the celebrated librarian Magliabechi, who being asked to lend a certain book (that must be nameless) out of the great duke's library, replied, "*That book!* there is no such book in our library; indeed I know but of one copy of it, and that is in the grand seignor's collection; *it* stands the sixth book on the fourth shelf on the left hand near the window."

My friend's name is CHRISTOPHER POLYGLOT; a man of extreme benevolence, and very useful to all that consult him, though, to say the truth, his

D d 2

knowledge

knowledge is of little service to himself; for, when he attempts to compose any work, the ideas of what he has read, transmitted through a very faithful memory, flow in so fast upon him, that he blends every science and every language, and does not even distinguish in what tongue he designs to write. He but two or three years ago, intending to compose a pamphlet against the jew bill, began in these words, "JOSEPHUS says, that *Οι Ιουδαίοι everſā urbe περιφραστοίεντ leurs צרמטח*," and I saw him one morning extremely puzzled with not being able to understand a Greek author, whom he did not perceive that he was reading backwards. He is very sensible of his misfortune, and says, he believes he might have made some figure in the republic of letters, if he had never read above twenty thousand books, and understood but six or seven languages. One great merit of my friend is, that he has a thorough contempt for conjectural antiquities; nobody honours more than he does, the elegance of the Greek arts, the sumptuousness of Roman buildings, the valour and wisdom of our Gothic ancestors, and consequently nobody admires more any remnant of each nation, which is entire enough to disclose their taste, their magnificence, the strength of their fortifications, or the solemnity of their devotion. But Mr. Polyglot despises a platform, nay a Stonehenge, if it is uncertain whether its pedigree be Roman, Druid, or Saxon; whether in its state of existence it was an intrenchment, a temple, or a tomb. In his youth he was a tormentor of Tom Hearne, and, before his own mind was bewildered in science, had a pretty turn for poetry, as appeared by his adding two lines to the known distich on that antiquary, and which really gave the whole the essence of an epigram. I shall conclude the present paper with them, as I do not know that they were ever printed.

"Pox on't, quoth Time to THOMAS HEARNE,
"Whatever I forget, You learn."

Answer by Mr. POLYGLOT.

"* Damn it, quoth HEARNE, in furious fret,
"Whate'er I learn, You soon forget."

* It was written at Christ-church, Oxford, six. He was son of Mr. West, lord chancellor by Richard West, esq. a young gentleman of of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of bishop great genius, who died at the age of twenty- Burnet.

A LETTER

A

L E T T E R

F R O M

XO HO, a CHINESE Philosopher at LONDON*,

To HIS FRIEND

LIEN CHI, at PEKING.

I HAVE told thee, these people are incomprehensible; not only they differ from us; they are unlike the rest of the western world: a Frenchman has prejudices, has caprices; but they are the prejudices of his nation, they are the caprices of his age. A Frenchman has settled ideas, though built on false foundations; an Englishman has no fixed ideas: his prejudices are not of his country, but against some particular parts or maxims of his country: his caprices are his own; they are the essential proofs of his liberty. In France they have a high notion of their king; they will *stab* him, but they will not *hate* him. An Englishman loves or hates his king once or twice in a winter, and that for no reason, but because he loves or hates the ministry in being. They do not oppose their king from a dislike of royal power, but to avail themselves of his power; they try to level it till they can mount upon it. They are as little in earnest about liberty. To have the nation

* This piece was written May 12, 1757, was sent to the press next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight.

free!

free! nobody means it. To have the country enslaved; they desire it not; were there vassals, they would be the vassals of the crown, or of the nobles; while all are free to sell their *liberty*, the richest or craftiest may purchase it.

I have said, that they have no general ideas: they have not; but they have general names. Formerly they had two parties; now they have three factions, and each of those factions has something of the name, or something of the principles, of each of those parties. In my last I told thee, that the second faction in magnitude had displaced the least faction, and that a new ministry would immediately be appointed. I deceived thee; I was deceived. I did not believe so because I was told so: here one is told something every day: the people demand to be told something, no matter what: if a politician, a minister, a member of their assembly, was mysterious, and refused to impart something to an enquirer, he would make an enemy: if he tells a lie, it is no offence; he is communicative; that is sufficient to a *free* people: all they ask is news; a falsehood is as much news as truth. Why I believed a ministry would soon be named, was; I thought that in a country where the whole real business of their general assembly was to choose ministers, they could never be without: I was deceived. I thought that when a prince dismissed one minister he would take another: I was deceived. I thought when a nation was engaged in a great war with a superior power, that they must have council; I was deceived: reason in China is not reason in England. An * officer of the treasury may be displaced, and a judge can execute his office. Their † high-priest died lately; I waited to see from what profession, which had nothing to do with religion, his successor would be chosen.

When a day or two had passed, I asked when a new ministry would be named? I heard several ask the same question. I was told, When ‡ *the enquiries were over*. I found this satisfied every body but me. I asked what *the enquiries were*? By the scanty knowledge I have of their language, I concluded it signified, an enquiry who was to be minister—No such thing—they never enquire before-hand. Sometimes, as in the present case, they

* On the removal of Mr. Legge, the chief justice was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, as the business of that court requires it to be constantly filled.

† Archbishop Herring.

‡ Into the causes of the loss of Minorca.

enquire whether a former minister had been fit to be so. Know, that last year the English lost a valuable island: the people were enraged; they blamed the * admiral who commanded their fleet; the † admiral who directed their fleet; their ‡ chief judge; their § chief treasurer; their || chief secretary. The first admiral was imprisoned; the rest quarrelled, and gave up their employments. The ¶ chief man of the little faction was made minister, and his friends got places; yet the friends of the other two factions retained theirs. An enquiry or trial of the late ministers was determined: the imprisoned admiral was tried, acquitted, condemned and put to death. The trials of the others were delayed. At last they were tried—not as I expected, whether they were guilty, but whether they should be ministers again or not. If the executed admiral had lived, he too might be a minister. Just as this trial began, the ** new head of the admiralty forgot to make a bow to the king—upon which he and all his friends were displaced. I understood this: as the English are more free than we are, I conceived that this was a punishment proportioned to their ideas of offended majesty, and reflected how severely one of our countrymen would be dealt with who should affront the dignity of our august emperor. I was again deceived; this mandarin is likely to be again a minister. As his friends have great weight in the general assembly where the trials are held, I concluded they would persecute their antagonists, and I deplored the fate of those unhappy men who would be at the mercy of their bitterest enemies. There is no rule for judging of this people. The third faction, who were in the nature of judges, would only try facts and not persons; and even if they could have punished facts, they showed they were not unmerciful. I do not understand this nation.

What will surprisè thee more, the chief men of the capital have bestowed †† *high honours* on the third faction for being dismissed from the government: and the honours they have bestowed are a permission to exercise a *trade*, which the persons so distinguished would think it exceedingly beneath them to follow. Dost thou comprehend this? But the enquiries are finished.—Thou wilt ask me, how? I know not—only I have been told that

* Admiral Byng.

† Lord Anson.

‡ Lord Hardwicke.

§ Duke of Newcastle.

|| Mr. Fox.

¶ Mr. Pitt.

** Lord Temple.

†† The freedom of the city presented to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge.

the

the general assembly affirmed that certain things, which all the land knew before, did or did not happen. Thou wilt attribute this ridiculous account to my ignorance of the language or manners of the country: in truth, I am not master of either; but I know the language of the French; these very relations that I send thee, are translated into French, and the English scruple not to send them all over Europe, where the French language is understood.

Now thou wilt say, my friend Xo Ho, leave these things which thou dost not understand, or canst not explain; and pass on to facts: tell me, thou wilt say, now the trials are finished, who are the new ministers? From which faction are they chosen?—By Cong-fou-tsee*, thou wilt believe as little what I shall tell thee, as what I have already delivered. Their king, who dismissed a whole ministry because one of them did not humble himself enough before the throne, is gone into the country, without knowing who are to be his ministers.—How! how! thou wilt cry; their monarch left his capital, without appointing a ministry! For what is he gone into the country? To visit his provinces? To distribute justice? To muster his army?—Alas! alas! dear Lien Chi; England is not China.—Hear, and I will tell thee briefly. The English have no sun, no summer as we have, at least their sun does not scorch like ours. They content themselves with names: at a certain time of the year they leave their capital, and that makes summer; they go out of the city, and that makes the country. Their † monarch, when he goes into the country, passes in his calash by a row of high trees, goes along a gravel walk, crosses one of the chief streets, is driven by the side of a canal between two rows of lamps, at the end of which he has a small house, and then he is supposed to be in the country. I saw this ceremony yesterday: as soon as he was gone, the men put on under vestments of white linen, and the women left off those vast draperies, which they call *hoops*, and which I have described to thee; and then all the men and all the women said *it was hot*. If thou wilt believe me, I am now writing to thee before a fire.

At the top of the gravel walk, as their king passed, was a large ‡ company of youths and boys, newly clad as mariners, who are clothed by private contributions; for private persons are rich, the public is poor; and nothing

* Confucius. † The king going to Kensington. ‡ The boys clothed by the marine society.

is well done, but by these starts and devices. The king has given a thousand pieces of gold to this institution, not as king, but in his *private capacity*, which here they distinguish. If he had given them a thousand pieces of his public money; not one half would have come to the youths, but would have been embezzled by the officers of the revenue. These youths were commanded by no officer in the sea-service, but by the only civil * magistrate they have; and he is totally blind. He commands their charities, instead of being the object of them. Every thing here is reversed.

Thou wilt be impatient to hear why the king has appointed no ministry. If I may believe a man who has always hitherto told me truth, the king has no more to do with the choice of his ministry, than thou with that of our serene emperor. Thou wilt reply, But can the king of England unmake his ministers, and not make them? Truly I know not how that is. He has left the town, and when a ministry is formed he is to be made acquainted with it. The three factions are dealing with each other to come to some agreement, and to whatever they agree, the king *must*. Thou wilt say, Then he is no king. I answer, Not according to thy ideas: the English think differently. Well! wilt thou say, but in thy other letters thou hast described the people of England as not so easily satisfied: will they suffer three factions of different merits and principles to lord it over both king and people? Will those who value royal authority, not regret the annihilation of it? Will those who think the ancient ministers guilty, not be offended if they are again employed? Will those who rewarded the least faction for being dismissed, not resent their uniting with those who contributed to their expulsion? My friend Lien Chi, I tell thee things as they are; I pretend not to account for the conduct of Englishmen; I told thee before, they are *incomprehensible*. It is but lately that a † man entered into the king's service, and vacated his seat in the general assembly by it: the king punished him for it, and would not let him be re-admitted into the general assembly—yet the man who bowed not to the king may be rewarded for it. Farewell.

* Justice Fielding. † Dr. Hay, who vacated his seat on being appointed a lord of the admiralty.

A N
I N Q U I R Y
 INTO THE
 P E R S O N A N D A G E
 O F T H E L O N G - L I V E D
C O U N T E S S O F D E S M O N D .

HAVING a few years ago had a curiosity to inform myself of the particulars of the life of the very aged countess of Desmond, I was much surpris'd to find no certain account of so extraordinary a person; neither exactly how long she lived, nor even who she was; the few circumstances related of her depending on mere tradition. At last I was inform'd that she was buried at Sligo in Ireland, and a gentleman of that place was so kind as to procure for me the following inscriptions on the monument there; which however soon convinc'd me of that supposition being a mistake, as will appear by the observations in my letter, in consequence of this which contain'd the epitaph.

To C. O. Esq.

Nymphsfield, August 23, 1757.

DEAR SIR,
IHAVE made I think as accurate an extract of all the inscriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it cost much time to clear the letters.

2

The

The lowest inscription is this ; but you are to observe, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compass to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

“Hic jacet famosissimus miles Donatus * Cornelianus comitatus Sligiæ dominus cum suâ uxore illustrissimâ dnâ Elinora Butler comitissa Desmonia que me fieri fecit A^o 1624 post mortè sui mariti qui obiit 11 Aug. A^o 1609. Itm ejus filia & primi mariti vizt comitis Desmonia † noie Elizabetha valdè virtuosissima dnâ sepulta fuit hoc in tumulo 31^o Novem. anno Domini 1623.”

Just above this is O'Connor in armour kneeling, and his hands raised up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him : a tree in an escutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one side, and over his head this inscription :

“Sic præter cælum quia nil durabile ficit,
‡ Luceat ambobus lux diuturna Dei.
Donato Connor Desmond Elinora marito——”

On the west side is the countess with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines :

“Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena suo.
Cum domino saxis Elinoræ filia cumbit,
Et comitis Desmond Elizabetha virens.”

Between the two tablets, which contain the inscriptions, is a boar, and a coronet over it of five balls, which I suppose belonged to Desmond.

On the side of the countess is an escutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open and a rose on it, crossed by a spade and flambeau, and an urn at bottom.

* Cornelianus is the descendant of Cornelius, † Abbreviated for nomine.
which in Irish is *Conagher*, or, in the short way, ‡ Luceat.
Connor.

E c 2

Above

Above there is a table with this inscription that runs from each end and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any respect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive.

“ Siccine Conatiæ per quod florebat eburna
 Urna tegit vivax corpora bina decus !
 Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto
 Offa, que Momoniæ siccine cura jacet !
 Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,
 Versa est in cineres siccine vestra manus !
 Siccine Penelope faxis Elinora sepulta est,
 Siccine marmoreis altera casta Judith !
 Mater Ierna genis humidis quæ brachia tenda*,
 Mortis ero vestris, lucibus aucta, memor.”

Over this is O'Connor's arms, viz. a tree; and crest, a lion crowned. The motto is, *QUO VINCI, VINCOR*. On one side of these is a figure with a key lying on the breast, and a sword in the left. On the other is a figure with a sword in the right, and a book in the left lying on the breast; and the whole is surmounted by a crucifix.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

This letter having been communicated to me by the gentleman who was so obliging as to make the enquiry, occasioned my sending him the following:

To C. O. Esq.

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

S I R,

I Should have thanked you the instant I received the honour of your obliging letter, if you had not told me that you was setting out for Ireland: I am now in pain lest this should not come to your hands, as you gave me no direction, and I should be extremely sorry that you should think me capable,

* tendo.

Yours,

fir, of neglecting to show my gratitude for the trouble you have given yourself. I cannot think of taking the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inscriptions you have sent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the countess of Desmond.—On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the lady interred at Sligo was the person reported to have lived to such an immense age. If you will excuse me, I will state my objections.

I have often heard that the aged lady Desmond lived to one hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three years. In the * account of her picture at Windsor, they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple †, from the relation of lord Leicester, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, “That she had been married out of England in the reign of Edward the fourth, and, being reduced to great poverty by the ruin of the Irish family into which she had married, came from Bristol to London towards the end of the reign of James the first to beg relief from court.”

This account by no means corresponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the new Irish Peerage by Lodge. The great particular (besides that of her wonderful age) which interested me in this enquiry, was the tradition which says, that the long-lived lady Desmond had danced with Richard the third, and always affirmed that he was a very well-made man. It is supposed that this was the same lady with whom the old lady Dacre had conversed, and from whose testimony she gave the same account.

In the catalogue of the ancient earls of Desmond, inserted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an Englishwoman near the period in question: but that we will wave; it might have been a mistake of sir William, or his authority, the earl of Leicester. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge's account be true ‡, that she left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, the tomb in which, as the inscription says, she erected in 1624. But here is the greatest difficulty: if she was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge the æra of her death (which by the way was in king Charles's and not in king James's reign), she was born in 1496.

* See Pote's Account of Windsor-castle, p. 418. † Vol. i. page 19.

‡ See his Essay on Health and long Life.

Gerald earl of Desmond, her first husband, died according to the Peerage in 1583. She was therefore eighty-seven when she married O'Connor of Sligo—That is possible—If she lived to one hundred and forty, she might be in the vigour of her age (at least not dislike the vigour of his) at eighty-seven. The earl of Desmond's first wife, says Lodge (for our lady Eleanor was his second), died in 1564: if he re-married the next day, his bride must have been sixty-eight, and yet she had a son and five daughters by him. I fear, with all her juvenile powers, she must have been past breeding at sixty-eight.

These accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the third: he died in 1485, and by my computation she was not born till 1496. If we suppose that she died twelve years sooner, viz. in 1624, at which time the tomb was erected, and which would coincide with sir William Temple's date of her death in the reign of James; and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windsor account, she would then have been born in 1474, and consequently was eleven years old at the death of king Richard: but this supposition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the fourth, scarcely have danced with his brother; and it is as little probable that she had much remembrance of his person—the point, I own, in which I am most interested—not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck has so well defended him, both by the silence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of king Edward, and was too sincere to have passed over such remarkable ugliness in a foreigner, and from doctor Shaw's appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his highness was not a comely prince and the exact image of his father. The power that could enslave them, could not have kept them from laughing at such an apostrophe, had the Protector been as ill-shapen as the Lancastrian historians represent him. Lady Desmond's testimony adds great weight to this defence.

But the more we accommodate her age to that of Richard the third, the less it will suit with that of her first husband. If she was born in 1474, her having children by him (Gerald earl of Desmond) becomes vastly more improbable.

It

It is very remarkable, sir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, should take notice of this extraordinary person's age; and I own, if I knew how to consult him without trespassing on your goodnature and civility, I should be very glad to state the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, &c.

H. W.

P. S. Since I finished my letter, a new idea has started, for discovering who this very old lady Desmond was, at least whose wife she was, supposing the person buried at Sligo not to be her. Thomas the sixth earl of Desmond was forced to give up the earldom: but it is not improbable that his descendants might use the title, as he certainly left issue. His son died, says Lodge*, in 1452, leaving two sons, John and Maurice. John, being born at least in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the fourth. If his wife was seventeen in the last year of that king, she would have been born in 1466. If therefore she died about 1625, she would be one hundred and fifty-nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which she married does to sir William Temple's. A few years more or less in certain parts of this hypothesis, would but adjust it still better to the accounts of her. Her husband being only a titular earl solves the difficulty of the silence of genealogists on so extraordinary a person.

Still we should be to learn of what family she herself was: and I find a new evidence, which agreeing with sir William Temple's account, seems to clash a little with my last supposition. This authority is no less than sir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of the first book of his History of the World, says expressly, that he himself "knew the old countess of Desmond of Inchiquin, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since, who was married in Edward the fourth's time, and held her jointure from all the earls of Desmond since then; and that this is true, all the noblemen and gentlemen of Munster can witness." Her holding a jointure from all the earls of Desmond would imply that her husband was not of the titular line, but of that in possession: yet that difficulty is not so great, as no such lady

* Vol. ii. page 14.

being

being mentioned in the pedigree. By sir Walter's words it is probable that she was dead when he wrote that account of her. His History was printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had supposed; but having allowed her near one hundred and sixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypothesis agree better with sir William Temple's account, and does not at all destroy the assumption of her being the wife of only a titular earl. However, all these are conjectures, which I should be glad to have ascertained or confuted by any curious person who could produce authentic testimonies of the birth, death and family of this very remarkable lady; and to excite or assist which was the only purpose of this disquisition.

Having communicated these observations to the reverend doctor Charles Lyttelton, bishop of Carlisle, he soon afterwards found and gave me the following extract from p. 36 of Smith's Natural and Civil History of the County of Corke, printed at Dublin 1750, 8vo.

“* Thomas the thirteenth earl of Desmond, brother to Maurice the eleventh earl, died this year (1534) at Rathkeile, being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghall. He married, first, † Ellen, daughter of McCarty of Muskerry, by whom he had a son, Maurice, who died *vita patris*.—The earl's second wife was Catherine Fitzgerald, daughter of the Fitzgeralds of the house of Drumana in the county of Waterford. This Catherine was the countess that lived so long, of whom sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his History of the World, and was reputed to live to one hundred and forty years of age.”

This is the most positive evidence we have; the author quotes Ruffel's MS. If she was of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not in strictness agree with sir William Temple's relation of her being married out of England; by which we should naturally suppose that she was born of English blood.—Yet his account is so vague, that it ought not to be set against absolute assertion, supposing the Ruffel MS. to be of good authority enough to support what it is quoted to support in 1750.

* His name was James, and he was the twelfth earl. † See Lodge's Peerage, vol. i. p. 16.

Upon

Upon the whole, and to reduce this lady's age as low as possible, making it at the same time coincide with the most probable accounts, we will suppose that she was married at fifteen in 1483, the last year of Edward the fourth, and that she died in 1612, two years before the publication of sir Walter Raleigh's History, she will then have been no less than * one hundred and forty-five years of age, a particularity singular enough to excite, and, I hope, to excuse this enquiry †.

N O T E.

HAVING, by permission of his grace the lord chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windsor, called The countess of Desmond, I discovered that it is *not* her portrait. On the back is written in an old hand, *The Mother of Rembrandt, given by Sir Robert Carr.* In the Catalogue of King Charles's Collection of Pictures, p. 150, N^o 101, is described the portrait of an old woman with a great scarf upon her head, by Rembrandt, in a black frame; given to the king by my lord Ankrom. This was the very sir Robert Kerr, earl of Ancram, mentioned above, and the measures answer exactly.

* Lord Bacon, says Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at least; and added, that she three times had a new set of teeth; for so I understand *ter vices dentiffe*, not that she recovered them three times after casting them, as Fuller translates it, which is giving her four sets of teeth. *Worthies in Northumb.* p. 310.

† I cannot omit an anecdote, though too extraordinary to be given as authentic, relating to this lady. In an original MS. written by Robert the second earl of Leicester, (from whom sir W. Temple says he received the account of lady Des-

mond) and containing memorandums of remarkable facts, it is said that that old countess came to England to solicit a pension at the end of queen Elizabeth's reign, and was so poor that she walked from Bristol to London; her daughter being too decrepit to go on foot, was carried in a cart. "The countess, adds lord Leicester, might have lived much longer had she not met with a kind of violent death; for she would needs climb a nut-tree to gather nuts; so falling down, she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death." Lord Leicester fixes her death to the end of that reign.

INSCRIPTION
ON A
PICTURE of the late POPE,
Prospero Lambertini

BISHOP of ROME

by the Name of BENEDICT XIV.

Who, though an absolute Prince,
reigned as harmlessly
as a DOGE of VENICE:
HE restored the Lustre of the TIARA
by those Arts alone,
by which alone HE obtained it,
HIS VIRTUES.
Beloved by PAPISTS,
Esteemed by PROTESTANTS:
A Priest, without Insolence or Interestedness;
A Prince, without Favourites;
A Pope, without Nepotism;
An Author, without Vanity;
In short, a MAN,
Whom neither Wit nor Power
could spoil.
The SON of a favourite MINISTER,
But One who never courted a Prince,
Nor worshipped a Churchman,
Offers in a free PROTESTANT Country
This deserved Incense
To the BEST of the ROMAN PONTIFS.
MDCCLVII.

4

This

This inscription having been sent to sir Horace Mann at Florence, and by him shown to the abbate Niccolini, the latter translated and sent it to cardinal Archinto, who gave it to the pope. The good old man was so pleased with this testimony borne to his virtues, that he gave copies to all that came near him, and wrote it in a letter to one of his particular friends at Bologna, concluding with this expression of amiable humility; "Noi mandiamo tutto al nostro Canonico Peggi, acciò conosca che fiamo come le statue della facciata di San Pietro in Vaticano, che, a chi è nella piazza e così lontano, fanno una bella comparfa, ma a chi poi viene vicino, fanno figure di orridi Mascheroni."

A D V E R T I S E M E N T
TO
PAUL HENTZNER'S
*ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND,
In the YEAR 1598.

DOCTOR BIRCH, in his Summary of fir Thomas Edmondess's State-papers, has published a short extract from the following obsolete author, which, for the elegance of the Latin, and the remarkable description of queen Elizabeth, has been deservedly admired: her best portraits scarcely exhibit a more lively image.

The original work, of which perhaps there are not above four or five copies in England, is an Itinerary through Germany, England, France, and Italy, performed by Hentzner, a travelling tutor to a young German nobleman. That doctor Birch has extracted the most interesting passage in the whole book, is certain: yet it records some circumstances and customs not unworthy the notice of an English antiquarian, and which are mentioned nowhere else. For these reasons, I flatter myself, that a publication of the part relating to our own country might not be an unacceptable present to persons of curiosity. The translation was the production of the idle hours of another gentleman †.

* Printed at Mr. Walpole's private press at Strawberry-hill.

† Mr. R. Bentley.

The

The author seems to have had that laborious and indiscriminate passion for SEEING, which is remarked in his countrymen; and, as his translator observed, enjoyed as much the doubtful head of a more doubtful saint in pickle, as any upon the shoulders of the best Grecian statue. Fortunately so memorable a personage as queen Elizabeth happened to fall under his notice.—Ten years later, he would have been as accurate in painting Anne of Denmark!

The excess of respectful ceremonial used at decking her majesty's table, though not in her presence, and the kind of adoration and genuflection paid to her person, approach to eastern homage. When we observe such worship offered to an old woman, with bare neck, black teeth, and false red hair, it makes one smile; but makes one reflect what masculine sense was couched under those weaknesses, and which could command such awe from a nation like England!

Not to anticipate the entertainment of the reader, I shall make but one more reflection. We are apt to think that sir William Temple and king William were in a manner the introducers of gardening into England: by the description of lord Burleigh's gardens at Theobalds, and of those at Nonfuch, we find that the magnificent, though false taste, was known here as early as the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter. There is scarce an unnatural and sumptuous impropriety at Versailles, which we do not find in Hentzner's description of the gardens above mentioned.

With regard to the orthography of proper names, though corrected in the translation, I have left them in the original as I found them.—Accuracy in that particular was not the author's merit: it is a merit peculiar to Englishmen: the French are negligent of it to an affectation; yet the author of *Les Mélanges Historiques* complains that other nations corrupt French names! He himself gives some English ones in page 247, 248, which it is impossible to decypher. Bassompierre calls York-house, *Jorchaux*, and Kensington, *Inhimthort*. As a soldier and ambassador, he was not obliged to know the names of houses; when he turned author, there was no excuse for not being intelligible. Even Voltaire, who writes the language so well, is careless in our titles. In England, it is the defect of a servant to blunder in pro-
per

per names. It is one of those silly pretensions to politeness, which nations that affect a superiority have always cultivated—for, in all affectations, defects are merits. The readers of history love certainty: it is pity the writers do not. What confusion would it have saved, if it had not been the custom of the Jews to call every Darius and Artaxerxes, Ahafuerus! It were to be wished, that all nations would be content to use the appellations which people or respective countries have chosen for themselves. Proper names ought never to be tortured to any particular idiom. What a ridiculous composition is *Aulugel!* Who can conceive that *Meylandt* signifies Milan; or Leghorn, *Livorno*? When one is misled by a proper name, the only use of which is to direct, one feels like the countryman, who complained, *That the houses hindered him from seeing Paris.*—The thing becomes an obstruction to itself.

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

LORD WHITWORTH'S
*ACCOUNT OF RUSSIA,

As it was in the YEAR 1710.

THE following short but curious account of the Russian Empire, as it began to emerge from barbarism in the year 1710, cannot but be acceptable to the public from the curiosity of the subject, and from the merit of the performance. Lord Moleworth's Account of the Revolution in Denmark, which totally overturned the constitution of that country, is one of our standard books. Lord Whitworth's little treatise will throw considerable lights upon the formation of the Muscovite power, and upon the plans of that extraordinary genius, Peter the Great. Each author shows what lasting benefits ambassadors and foreign ministers might confer on mankind, beyond the temporary utility of negotiating and sending intelligence.

Our author, Charles lord Whitworth, was son of Richard Whitworth, esq. of Blowerpipe in Staffordshire, who, about the time of the revolution, had settled at Adbaston. He married Anne Mosely, niece of sir Oswald Mosely of Cheshire, by whom he had six sons and a daughter. Charles; Richard, lieutenant-colonel of the queen's own royal regiment of horse; Edward, captain of a man of war; Gerard, one of the chaplains to king George the

* Printed at Strawberry-hill.

first;

first; John, captain of dragoons; Francis, surveyor-general of his majesty's woods, and secretary to the island of Barbadoes, father of Charles Whitworth, esq. member in the present parliament for Minehead in Staffordshire; and Anne, married to Tracey Pouncefort, esq. of Lincolnshire.

Charles, the eldest son, was bred under that accomplished minister and poet, Mr. Steyne, and having attended him through several courts of Germany, was in the year 1702 appointed resident at the diet of Ratisbon. In 1704 he was named envoy extraordinary to the court of Petersburg, as he was sent ambassador extraordinary thither on a more solemn and extraordinary occasion in 1710. M. de Matueof, the czar's minister at London, had been arrested in the public street by two bailiffs, at the suit of some tradesmen to whom he was in debt. This affront had like to have been attended with very serious consequences. The czar, who had been absolute enough to civilize savages, had no idea, could conceive none, of the privileges of a nation civilized in the only rational manner, by laws and liberties. He demanded immediate and severe punishment of the offenders: he demanded it of a princess, whom he thought interested to assert the sacredness of the persons of monarchs, even in their representatives; and he demanded it with threats of wreaking his vengeance on all English merchants and subjects established in his dominions. In this light the menace was formidable—otherwise, happily the rights of a whole people were more sacred *here* than the persons of foreign ministers. The czar's memorials urged the queen with the satisfaction which she had extorted herself, when only the boat and servants of the earl of Manchester had been insulted at Venice. That state had broken through their fundamental laws to content the queen of Great Britain. How noble a picture of government, when a monarch that can force another nation to infringe its constitution, dares not violate his own! One may imagine with what difficulties our secretaries of state must have laboured through all the ambages of phrase in English, French, German, and Rufs, to explain to Muscovite ears and Muscovite understandings, the meaning of indictments, pleadings, precedents, juries, and verdicts*; and how impatiently Peter must have listened to promises of a hearing next term!

* Mr. Dayrolles in his letter to the Russian ambassador, March 10, 1705, gives him a particular account of the trial before the lord chief justice Holt.

Vide Matthey's Life of Peter I. vol. ii. p. 57.

With

With what astonishment must he have beheld a great queen engaging to endeavour to prevail on her parliament to pass an act to prevent any such outrage for the future! What honour does it reflect on the memory of that princess, to see her not blush to own to an arbitrary emperor, that even to appease *him* she dared not put the meanest of her subjects to death uncondemned by law! "There are," says she*, in one of her dispatches to him, "insuperable difficulties with respect to the ancient and fundamental laws of the government of our people, which we fear do not *permit* so severe and rigorous a sentence to be given, as your Imperial Majesty at first seemed to expect in this case: and we persuade our Self, that your Imperial Majesty, who are a prince famous for clemency and for exact justice, will not require us, *who are the guardian and protectors of the laws*, to inflict a punishment upon our subjects, which the law does not empower us to do." Words so venerable and heroic, that this broil ought to become history, and be exempted from the oblivion due to the silly squabbles of ambassadors and their privileges. If Anne deserved praise for her conduct on this occasion, it reflects still greater glory on Peter, that this ferocious man *had* patience to listen to these details, and had moderation and justice enough to be persuaded by the reason of them.

Mr. Whitworth had the honour of terminating this quarrel. In 1714 he was appointed plenipotentiary to the diet of Aushourg and Ratisbon; in 1716, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the king of Prussia; in 1717, envoy extraordinary to the Hague. In 1712 he returned in his former character to Berlin; and in 1721 king George I. rewarded his long services and fatigues, by creating him baron Whitworth of Galway in the kingdom of Ireland, the preamble of his patent, enumerating many of his virtues and labours, being as follows:

CUM alii homines re aliâ clari inclytique sese Nobis commendaverint, haud minorem tamen vel sibimet gloriam acquirere, vel Regnis nostris utilitatem conferre eos existimamus, qui res nostras apud principes statusque externos prudenter feliciterque administrant. Inter hosce quidem eminent plurimum tum longinquo usu atque exercitatione, tum solertiâ quadam singulari fidelis & dilectus nobis Carolus Whitworth Armiger. Variis in aulis externis perfunctis muneri-

* Mottley's Life of Peter I. vol. ii. p. 67.

bus sese antecessoribus nostris gloriosæ memoriæ, Gulielmo Tertio Regi, Reginaeque Annæ perspectum imprimis comprobatumque reddidit. In Comitibus Ratisbonensibus, in Aula Cæsareo-Germanicâ, atque apud Czarum Muscoviæ temporibus difficillimis res maximi momenti semper cum laude tractavit, ac meritis suis eximiis summos honores rerum exterarum curatoribus tribui solitos, legati scilicet extraordinarii et plenipotentiarîi characterem consecutus est. Ita ornatum, ita commendatum nos Eum accepimus, ac proinde ejus operâ in arduis compluribus negotiis tanto cum nostro commodo tantoque omnium plausu usi sumus, ut testimonio aliquo illustri ejus virtutes, intemeratam præcipuè fidem et constantiam, remunerandas esse censuerimus; et cum Majestatem imperii nostri deceat, tum rebus tractandis pondus aliquod adjiciat nobilitatis splendor atque amplitudo, nos prædictum Carolum Whitworth, quem legati nostri extraordinarii ac plenipotentiarîi titulis insignivimus ad tractatus pacis in congressu Brunsvicensi proximo celebrandos, qui in Aula Berolinensi, atque apud Ordines Generales Uniti Belgii, plenâ potentiâ res nostras procurat, ad dignitatem gradumque Baronis in Regno nostro Hiberniæ promovendum esse statuimus: Sciatis igitur, &c.

The next year his lordship was entrusted with the affairs of Great Britain at the congress of Cambray, in the character of ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentary. He returned home in 1724, and died the next year at his house in Gerard-street, London. His body was interred in Westminster-abbey.

These short memorials, communicated to me by his family without any ostentation, are all I have been able to recover of a man so useful to his country; who besides the following little piece, which must retrieve and preserve his character from oblivion, has left many volumes of state-letters and papers in the possession of his relations. One little anecdote of him I was told by the late sir Luke Schaub, who had it from himself: Lord Whitworth had had a personal intimacy with the famous czarina Catherine, at a time when her favours were not purchased nor rewarded at so extravagant a rate as that of a diadem. When he had compromised the rupture between the court of England and the czar, he was invited to a ball at court, and taken out to dance by the czarina. As they began the minuet, she squeezed him by the hand, and said in a whisper, *Have you forgot little Kate?*

It

It is to be lamented that so agreeable a writer as lord Whitworth has not left us more ample accounts of this memorable woman. Even his portrait of her lord is not detailed enough to satisfy our curiosity. How striking a picture might an author of genius form from the contrast exhibited to Europe by four extraordinary men at the same period! Peter recalled that image of the founders of empires, of whom we read with much satisfaction and much incredulity in ancient story:—Charles the twelfth, of those frantic heroes of poesy, of whom we read with perhaps more satisfaction and no credulity at all. Romulus and Achilles filled half our gazettes, while Lewis the fourteenth was treading to universal monarchy with all the pomp and policy of these latter ages. William the third was opposing this modern Xerxes with the same arts; and (with perhaps a little of Charles's jealousy) had the good fortune to have his quarrel confounded with that of Europe. While Peter tamed his savages, raised cities, invited arts, converted forests into fleets, Charles was trying to recall the improvements of war to its first principle, brutal strength; fancying that the weight of the Turkish empire was to be overturned by a single arm, and that heroic obstinacy might be a counterpoise to gunpowder.

A philosopher in these four men saw at once the great outlines of what the world had been, and what it is.

Lord Whitworth's MS. was communicated to me by Richard Owen Cambridge, esq. having been purchased by him in a very curious set of books, collected by monsieur Zolman, secretary to the late Stephen Poyntz, esq. This little library relates solely to Russian history and affairs, and contains in many languages every thing that perhaps has been written on that country. Mr. Cambridge's known benevolence, and his disposition to encourage every useful undertaking, has made him willing to throw open this magazine of curiosity to whoever is inclined to compile a history or elucidate the transactions of an empire, almost unknown even to its cotemporaries.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T
T O
T H E M I S T A K E S;
O R,
The Happy Resentment.
A C O M E D Y,
By HENRY Lord * HYDE and CORNBURY.

THE following scenes were written many years ago by a noble lord, and given at that time to Mrs. Porter to dispose of for her benefit. Several reasons, unnecessary to mention, prevented the representation of them: but it would be ingratitude to the memory of the illustrious author not to acquaint the world, that they were a very juvenile production; and this notice is given, less with an intention of avowing blemishes, than of calling for approbation on such early talents, and on virtues so mature in an age in which wit is too apt to want judgment, and is so seldom attentive to the beauties of morality. The plan of the comedy was to contrast the celebrated Provoked Husband, and to vindicate the softer sex from the aspersion of being the weaker in their peculiar province, domestic life; a good-natured and a disinterested design. His lordship's abilities have been too much distinguished since to want the flattery of our comparing his performance with one of the best comedies in the English language: the ensuing piece is evidently inferior to the Provoked Husband, in every thing but what ought to be the foundation of all comedy, the moral lessons it inculcates: no wonder

* Only son of Henry Hyde the last earl of Clarendon. Lord Hyde died at Paris before his father.

his lordship's writings excelled in what he himself excelled so eminently! They were the emanations of one of the best hearts that ever warmed a human breast. He was upright, calm, steady; his virtues were of the gentlest complexion, yet of the firmest texture: vice could not bend him, nor party warp him; even his own talents could not mislead him. Though a master of eloquence, he preferred justice and the love of his country, to all the applause which the violence of the times in which he lived, was so prodigal of bestowing upon orators who distinguish themselves in any faction; but the tinsel of popularity, and the intrinsic of corruption, were equally his contempt. He spoke, nor wrote, nor acted for fame.—As goodness was the object and end of all his actions, can that life be obscure? Can those writings which breathe his soul not be valuable, when we are assured by the greatest * authority, and that too of one who knew him well, that it is a test of virtue to disdain whatever *he* *disdained*?

Let it not be thought presumption in an old and once favoured servant of the public, if she avows herself more proud than interested in publishing the beneficence of so illustrious and honoured a patron; and if she flatters herself, when her powers of contributing to the amusement of the public are no more, that she at least makes it no unacceptable offering.

She begs leave to embrace this opportunity of acknowledging and returning her most humble thanks for the great and uncommon generosity she has experienced on this occasion, and for the patronage of so many noble persons; and she desires to repeat her gratitude for such a series of favours from the kind indulgence of the public, who have had the goodness to accept her inclination and endeavours to please, as real merit.

Her grateful sense of their benevolence can never expire but with her life.

* Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains. POPE.

ADVERTISEMENT

A D V E R T I S E M E N T
TO THE
* L I F E
O F
E D W A R D L O R D H E R B E R T
O F C H E R B U R Y,

Written by himself.

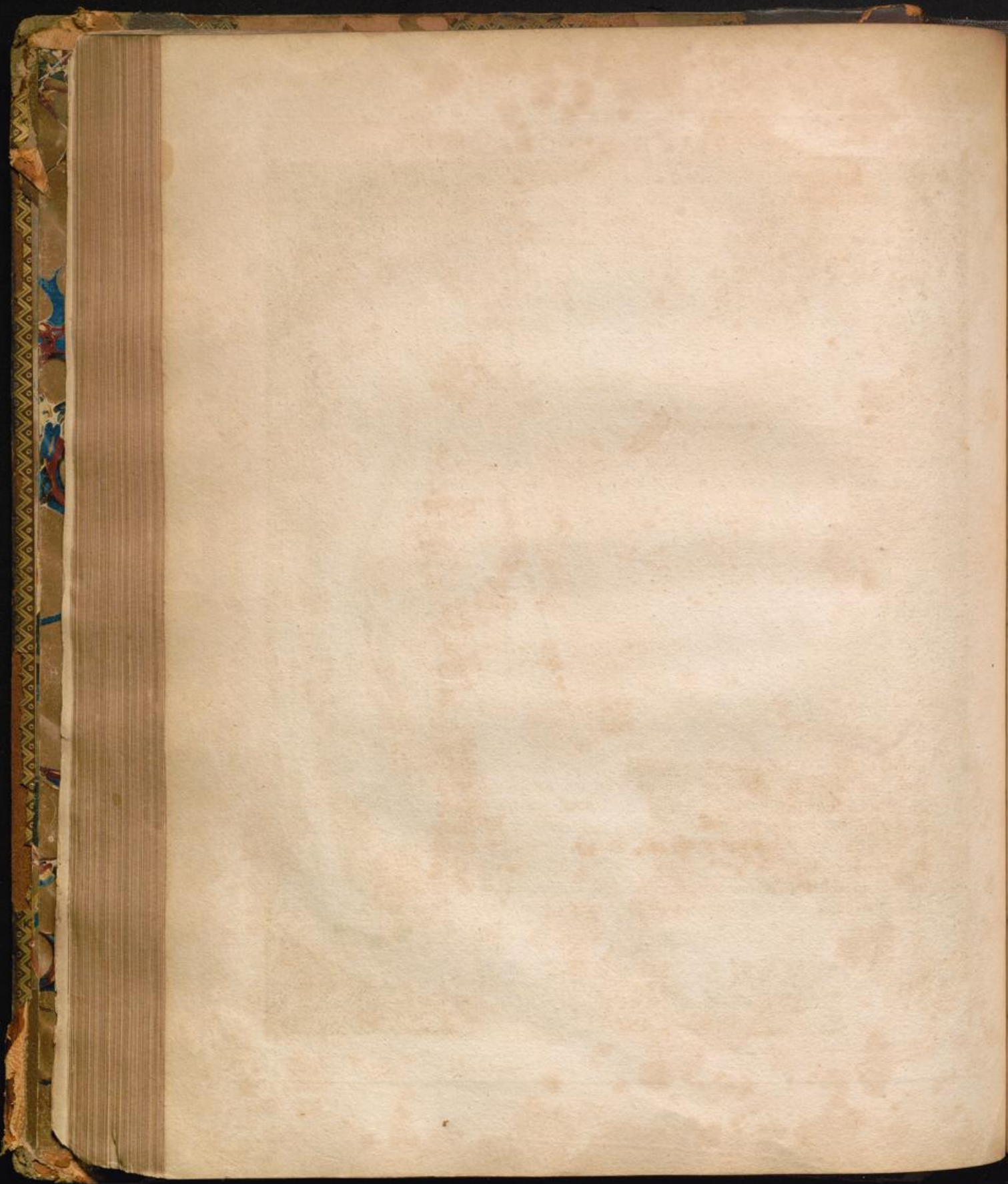
SOME years ago the following pages would have been reckoned one of the greatest presents which the learned world could have received. The Life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself, would have excited the curiosity of the whole republic of letters. Perhaps a less proportion of expectation may attend this its late appearance. Not that the abilities of the noble writer have fallen into disesteem. His reign of Henry VIII. is allowed to be a masterpiece of historic biography. But they were his speculative works, which, raising a multitude of admirers or censors from their acuteness and singularity, made lord Herbert's a name of the first importance. The many great men, who illustrated the succeeding period, have taken off some of the public attention; for it is only a genius of the first force, whose fame dilates with ages, and can buoy itself up above the indifference which steals upon mankind, as an author becomes less and less the subject of conversation. Speculative writers, however penetrating, however sublime their talents, seldom attain the seal of universal approbation; because, of all the various abilities which Providence has bestowed on man, reasoning is not the power which has been brought to standard perfection.

* Printed at Strawberry-hill.

Poetry



Edward Lord Herbert of Chisbury.



Poetry and eloquence have been so far perfected, that the great masters in those branches still remain unequalled. But where is that book of human argumentation, where that system of human opinions, which has not been partly confuted or exploded? Novelty itself in matters of metaphysical enquiry often proves, in effect, a confutation of antecedent novelties. Opponents raise the celebrity of the doctrine they attack: newer doctrines stifle that celebrity. This is a truth, which the bigots of lord Herbert's age would not have liked to hear; but what has happened to many other great men, has been his fate too: they who meant to wound his fame, extended it: when the cry of enthusiasts was drawn off to fresher game, his renown grew fainter. His moral character recovered its lustre, but has fewer spectators to gaze at it.

This Introduction to his Life may not be improper, though at first it may mislead the reader, who will hence perhaps expect from his own pen some account of a person's creed, whom a few sottish zealots once represented as having none at all. His lordship's thorough belief and awful veneration of the Deity will clearly appear in these pages; but neither the unbeliever nor the monk will have farther satisfaction. This life of a philosopher is neither a deduction of his opinions, nor a table of philosophy—I will anticipate the reader's surprize, though it shall be but in a word: to his astonishment he will find, that the history of don Quixote was the life of Plato.

The noble family, which gives these sheets to the world, is above the little prejudices which make many a race defraud the public of what was designed for it by those who alone had a right to give or withhold. It is above suppressing what lord Herbert dared to tell. Foibles, passions, perhaps some vanity, surely some wrongheadedness; these he scorned to conceal, for he sought truth, wrote on truth, was truth: he honestly told when he had missed or mistaken it. His descendants, not blind to his faults, but through them conducting the reader to his virtues, desire the world to make this candid observation with them, "That there must have been a wonderful fund of internal virtue, of strong resolution and manly philosophy, which in an age of such mistaken and barbarous gallantry, of such absurd usages and false glory, could enable lord Herbert to seek some better founded, and could make him reflect that there might be a more desirable kind of glory than that of a romantic duellist." None shut their eyes so obstinately against see-
 2 ing

ing what is ridiculous, as they who have attained a mastery in it: but that was not the case of lord Herbert. His valour made him a hero, be the heroism in vogue what it would; his sound parts made him a philosopher. Few men in truth have figured so conspicuously in lights so various; and his descendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, would perhaps injure his memory, if they suffered the world to be ignorant, that he was formed to shine in every sphere, into which his impetuous temperament or predominant reason conducted him.

As a soldier, he won the esteem of those great captains the prince of Orange and the constable de Montmorency; as a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest founts of the Fairy Queen. Had he been ambitious, the beauty of his person would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when its prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals as well as to ennoble them, the history I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament that he did not complete, or that we have lost, the account he purposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with, and terminated by, meditation and philosophic enquiries. Strip each period of its excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out, or dispose the life of a man of quality into a succession of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth; business of state in the middle age; contemplation and labours for the information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life: this was lord Herbert: the deduction he will give himself.

The MS. was in great danger of being lost to the world. Henry lord Herbert, grandson of the author, died in 1691 without issue, and by his will left his estate to Francis Herbert of Oakly-park, (father of the present earl of Powis), his sister's son. At Lymore in Montgomeryshire (the chief seat of the family after Cromwell had demolished Montgomery-castle) was preserved the original manuscript. Upon the marriage of Henry lord Herbert with a daughter of Francis earl of Bradford, Lymore, with a considerable part of the estate thereabouts, was allotted for her jointure. After his decease, lady Herbert usually resided there; she died in 1714. The MS. could not then be found; yet while she lived there it was known to have been in her hands. Some years afterwards it was discovered at Lymore
among

among some old papers, in very bad condition, several leaves being torn out, and others stained to such a degree as to make it scarcely legible. Under these circumstances, enquiry was made of the Herberts of Ribbisford (descended from sir Henry Herbert, a younger brother of the author-lord) in relation to a duplicate of the memoirs, which was confidently said to be in their custody. It was allowed that such a duplicate had existed; but no one could recollect what was become of it. At last, about the year 1737, this book was sent to the earl of Powis, by a gentleman whose father had purchased an estate of Henry Herbert of Ribbisford (son of sir Henry Herbert above mentioned), in whom was revived in 1694 the title of Chirbury, which had extinguished in 1691. By him (after the sale of the estate) some few books, pictures, and other things were left in the house, and remained there to 1737. This manuscript was amongst them; which not only by the contents (as far as it was possible to collate it with the original) but by the similitude of the writing, appeared to be the duplicate so much sought after.

Being written when lord Herbert was past sixty, the work was probably never completed. The spelling is in general given as in the MS. but some obvious mistakes it was necessary to correct, and a few notes have been added, to point out the most remarkable persons mentioned in the text. The style is remarkably good for that age, which coming between the nervous and expressive manliness of the preceding century, and the purity of the present standard, partook of neither. His lordship's observations are new and acute; some very shrewd, as that to the duc de Guise, p. 148; his discourse on the reformation, very wise. To the French confessor his reply, p. 168, was spirited; indeed his behaviour to Luynes, and all his conduct gave ample evidence of his constitutional fire. But nothing is more marked than the air of veracity or persuasion which runs through the whole narrative. If he makes us wonder, and wonder makes us doubt, the charm of his ingenuous integrity dispels our hesitation. The whole relation throws singular light on the manners of the age, though the gleams are transient. In those manners nothing is more striking than the strange want of police in this country: I will not point out instances, as I have already perhaps too much opened the contents of a book, which, if it gives other readers half the pleasure it afforded me, they will own themselves extraordinarily indebted to the noble person, by whose favour I am permitted to communicate to them so great a curiosity.

VOL. I.

H h

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT
TO A
CATALOGUE and DESCRIPTION
Of KING CHARLES the FIRST'S
CAPITAL COLLECTION OF
Pictures, Statues, Bronzes, Medals, &c.

THE catalogue, now offered to the public, of the collection of pictures belonging to king Charles the first, was transcribed by the late curious and industrious Mr. VERTUE, from a MS. in the Ashmolean museum, and was by him prepared for the press, part of it being actually printed off before his death. The catalogue appears, from pages 57 and 63, to have been taken by one * Vanderdoort, keeper of the king's cabinet, pictures, jewels, &c. who had before served prince Henry in the same employment: and indeed, from every page, it appears not to have been compiled by an Englishman, the language in many places being barely intelligible; in none,

* In Saunderson's *Graphice* is this account of this Abraham Vanderdoort's death. The king had recommended to him to take particular care of an excellent miniature by Gibson, the parable of the lost sheep: he laid it up so carefully, that when the king asked for it, Vanderdoort could not find it: in despair he went and hanged himself. After his death, his executors found and

restored it. As it is not mentioned in this catalogue, probably it was newly purchased.

Vide Saunderson, p. 14.

There is a fine head of Vanderdoort in lord Oxford's collection, by Dobson, whom king Charles called the English Tintoret, and yet there is not one picture by him in the following catalogue.

tolerably pure*. Yet it was apprehended, that putting it into a new dress might have destroyed much of the fidelity of the descriptions, which seem very accurately taken; and as elegance of diction is by no means a necessary ingredient to a catalogue, it is hoped that the curious will prefer the rude original, in its native truth, to a more polished, but perhaps less faithful narrative.

King Charles's collection was one of the most celebrated in Europe: he loved, he understood, he patronized the arts. Not having the fortune to find great geniuses in painting among his own subjects, he † called over some of the ablest masters of other nations—a commendable partiality to foreigners, as it tended to enrich and instruct his own country. Nor did he confine his expence to artists: besides separate pieces, he purchased the celebrated collection of the duke of Mantua; having first laid a foundation of what he inherited from his brother the amiable prince Henry, who, as appears from this catalogue, had, amongst his other qualifications, a taste for pictures, and a noble zeal for encouraging the arts.

It is recorded of king Charles, that at one time he made a present of ultramarine to the value of five hundred pounds to Vandyke and Mrs. Carlisle, a celebrated paintress; and the immense price of eighty thousand pounds, which his majesty is said to have agreed to pay to the same great master, for illustrating the banqueting-house with the ceremonies of the garter, is rather a comment on the magnificence of the prince, and the genius of the painter, than probably a matter of fact.—That noble chamber was soon destined to a more melancholy solemnity!

The stroke that laid royalty so low, dismissed the painter, and dispersed the royal virtuoso's collection: the first cabinets in Europe shine with its spoils ‡. The few fine pieces thinly scattered through the royal palaces at

* Tom Hearne, who was going to print it, took it for German, and dropped the design.

† He invited Albano into England, by a letter written with his own hand. *Acad. Pic.* p. 282.

‡ After the restoration a commission was

issued out to examine Hugh Peters concerning the disposal of the pictures, jewels, &c. belonging to the royal family, but soon came to nothing, by the obstinacy or ignorance of Peters, who would not or could not give the desired satisfaction.

Vide Gen. Di. vol. ii. p. 384.

home, are chiefly what were saved or re-assembled of king Charles's splendid gallery: the Dutch are reported to have purchased and restored some * to his son: the best part are buried in the gloom or perishing in the vaults of the Escorial. The late prince of Wales, who had begun to assemble a fine collection, proposed to acquire as many as possible of king Charles's pictures—but painting has still been unfortunate in Britain!

The fire of Whitehall contributed to destroy what rebellion and rapine had spared. Many portraits of royal persons, of whom no image is left, perished in those flames. The fairest works of the natural Holbein, and the exquisite Isaac Oliver, were probably lost there: works so valuable, that the memory of them, preserved in this rude transcript, must recommend it to the judicious and curious reader.

A still farther view is aimed at. Catalogues of this sort are deservedly grown into esteem: while a collection remains entire, the use of the catalogue is obvious; when dispersed, it often serves to authenticate a picture, adds to its imaginary value, and bestows a sort of history on it. It is to be wished, that the practice of composing catalogues of conspicuous collections was universal: and perhaps this, so coarsely executed, may tend to incite more elegant imitations. Hitherto, this Vanderdoort, and one or two foreigners scarce better qualified, have been the chief illustrators of British museums †. One Gambarini began with lord Pembroke's collection, and made pompous promises of proceeding with what he was incapable of executing well. There is another account of the pictures and statues at Wilton ‡: the coins and medals have been published in a fair edition. Many of the duke of Devonshire's and doctor Mead's appear in Haym's *Tesoro Britannico*. These, and the *Ædes Walpoleanæ*, are, I think, the only descriptions of the riches of a country, which for some years has been assembling the arts and works of the politest nations and greatest masters.

* They are published in Gerard Reyntz's Gallery, of whose widow they were bought.

† It seems that king Charles's medals were saved, or that his son made a collection; for the latter ordered Ashmole to make a description of his medals, and assigned Henry the eighth's

closet for that purpose. He made the catalogue accordingly; but I do not find that it was ever printed.

Vide Memoirs of El. Ashmole, prefixed to his Berkshire, p. 10, 24.

‡ By Cowdrey. Another since by Kennedy.
The

ADVERTISEMENT
TO A
CATALOGUE
OF THE
COLLECTION of PICTURES, &c.
BELONGING TO
KING JAMES the SECOND.

THE following catalogues, as well as that of king Charles's collection published last summer, were purchased by the * editor at the sale of Mr. VERTUE. The first [that of king James's collection] was transcribed from a book in the possession of the late earl of Oxford, with the king's arms on the covers, which probably was for his majesty's own use. There are short descriptions of each picture, but no measures. In one leaf it is said, that the Mantuan collection, which by the former catalogue seems to have been greatly damaged, cost king Charles fourscore thousand pounds. It adds, that part of the collection was purchased of one Mr. Frosely; another part, presented to the same king by the lord abbot Montagu, almoner to queen Henrietta-Maria; and a handsome number, the gift of the States to Charles II. They had belonged to his father, were bought during the rebellion by mynheer Reyntz, a virtuoso, [whose collection was engraved, with prints of these very pictures] and on his death were purchased and re-

* William Bathoe, Bookseller.

stored

stored by the States. The catalogue is signed by Mr. Chiffinch, of the king's bed chamber; and in the last leaf are some memorandums of furniture in the custody of different wardrobe-keepers, and quantities of royal plate, all which seem to have been specified in lord Oxford's manuscript.

The catalogue of queen Caroline's closet was taken by Mr. Vertue himself in 1743, and contains an account of a very valuable cabinet; particularly of that curious parcel of original drawings of Holbein, the sketches for his portraits in oil. They are not only some of his most masterly performances, but preserve representations of many illustrious persons of the court of Henry VIII. and of whom no other pictures are known. There are portraits of the accomplished earl of Surrey at different stages of his life; of an admired poet at the same time, lord Vaux; of two or three of the queens, and other beauties. It is pity that so valuable a treasure should not be ensured to the public by engravings*. They seem to have composed that book mentioned in king Charles's collection, page 4, which his majesty exchanged with the lord chamberlain Pembroke for a Saint George by Raphael, and which his lordship gave to that great collector the earl of Arundel. A few of the same set are in the possession of the lady Elizabeth Germain. I do not doubt but it is the same book mentioned with such eulogiums, and so deservedly, by Saunderson, in his *Graphice*, page 79. There are many other curious pieces in this cabinet, assembled by her late majesty, who had great pleasure in collecting and preserving the dispersed remains of the collection belonging to the crown, who formed the gallery of royal portraits at Kensington, and was the gracious patroness of every art.

* We cannot help lamenting, that the portraits [at Windsor] of an age so celebrated for beauty as the reign of Charles II. should likewise remain shut up from the public, and be liable to be totally lost, by not being engraved.

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT
TO A
CATALOGUE
OF THE CURIOUS
COLLECTION of PICTURES
OF
GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WE proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections: the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, and was only such part of his museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave 10,000*l.* for what had been collected by sir Peter Paul Rubens; and sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased * many other capital ones for his

* Particularly a Madona and child (probably and Abisnag brought to David, by old Palma, in one of those hereafter mentioned) by Titian; page 9. *Vide Cabala*, p. 399.

grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been, by this list of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veronese, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought some of them; but the greater part were purchased by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the *Ecce Homo* by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the fifth, and Solyman the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuscript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the first duke the value of 7000 *l.* in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland-house.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when sent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negotiate the restoration of the Palatinate, purchased a curious collection of Arabic manuscripts, collected by Erpinus, a famous linguist; which, according to the duke's designation of them, were, after his death, bestowed on the university of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.

FUGITIVE SLAVES

One may judge a fair price, should the entire collection be sold, for the sum of \$100,000, which would be a great deal more than the value of the property, and the same would be true if the property were sold in lots, as it is now, for the same reason. The property is now in the hands of the trustees, and the trustees are bound to sell it for the best price they can get, and they will do so.

The Trustees of the American Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., in relation to the property of the American Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and to inform you that the same has been sold for the sum of \$100,000, and the proceeds thereof are now in the hands of the trustees.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that the Trustees of the American Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., in relation to the property of the American Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and to inform you that the same has been sold for the sum of \$100,000, and the proceeds thereof are now in the hands of the trustees.

Yours very respectfully,
The Trustees of the American Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.



Carl. Rivers; presenting his Book & Law to his Printer
 to Citiz. the Queen & Prince, from a curious M.S. in the
 Archbishops Library at Lambeth. The Portrait of the
 Prince (afterwards King) is the only one known of him, &
 has been engrav'd by Vertue among the Heads of the
 Kings. The Person in a Cap & Hoop of State is proba-
 bly Richard 3d. of Gloucester, as he resembles the King,
 and as Clarence was always too great an Enemy of
 the Queen to be distinguished by her Brother. The
 Book was printed in 1477, when Clarence was in Ire-
 land, & in the beginning of the next Year he was murder'd.

C. Grignon sculp.