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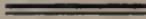
BOOKS AND MEN:

BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPENCE.



ARRANGED WITH NOTES

BY THE LATE EDMUND MALONE, ESQ.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS there never was a literary collection existing only in Manuscript, with which the public appear to be so familiar as the present one of SPENCE'S ANECDOTES; for since the days of Warton and Johnson, who were first permitted the use of this literary curiosity, it has been frequently referred to for many interesting particulars respecting some modern authors; but its miscellaneous nature, by enlarging its sphere of amusement, remains to be discovered.

In one respect the present transcript

from the manuscript may be considered as preferable to the original itself; for where information on the same subject lies scattered and unconnected, and sometimes repeated, its completeness will be apt to escape from those who cannot take in the dependent parts at one view. It was to obtain this purpose that the present copy was carefully arranged by the late Mr. MALONE, who has also added some notes, and preserved others of SPENCE. Mr. MALONE is indeed the true Editor of this Work; it is well known that his taste for literary anecdotes was keen, and his skill in literary history excelled that of any man of letters of his day.

The great value of the present collection must always rest on its authenticity; every particular is sanctioned by the name of the speaker; and from

that simplicity of taste and minute correctness which mark the character of the writer, we may confidently infer, that as he never embellishes, he scrupulously delivers the identical language of the speaker.

It is rarely that men of some eminence themselves have shown that true sensibility for genius, as to write down what can only confer fame on another; although our own literature is distinguished above that of every other, by a monument of this nature which may excite our admiration as much as our gratitude. Authentic works, similar to SPENCE'S ANECDOTES, are precious, not only to the historian of literature, but of the human mind; the conversations of the eminent person will always be found to reflect not only his own character, but an image of the

times. Can we read Luther's "Familiar Discourses," without discovering the simplicity and ardour of the age, in that Monk who, while emancipating Germany from the Papacy, was himself so often frightened by a number of delusions, that one day he ventured to fling his ink-stand at the Devil? In Selden, the age of erudition, of turbulent changes and of unsettled opinions, communicate a weight of thought, a depth of research, and an acuteness of disputation, which we cannot read too often in his "Table-Talk."

SPENCE lived in an age when Taste first appeared among us, and Literature first began to diffuse itself among the nation. By his habits a man of letters; by his skill a classical and elegant critic; and by the sweetness of his manners and perpetual curiosity, SPENCE

was well adapted to promote, as well as to record the many conversations he has preserved for posterity. Pope was "the god of his idolatry," for Pope was the creator of an epoch in our literature. This period was a transition from one age to another. The immortal writer had to open an age of taste and correctness, and to develop the arts of composition; he had to teach us to learn to think; he had to escape from our native but undisciplined invention, and to restrain our prurient imagination in conception and expression; and to polish a diction colloquially feeble or unskilfully perplexed. Literature assumed a new form; the triumphs and the factions of literature arose with the interests they excited in the public feelings, but the progress of his own works was an object, not only of his



egotism, but of the curiosity of other men, and the delight of the retentive fondness of SPENCE.

Some indulgence may however be claimed for one portion of SPENCE'S ANECDOTES; in the literary class the reader will find many with which he is not unacquainted; but if they appear to him as twice-told, he must recollect that SPENCE was the first teller.

The reader shall no longer be detained in this passage of a Preface; he has now only to open the door, and he will find Pope in a very conversible humour, by his parlour fire-side.

POPIANA.

You know there is nothing certain about him (we had been speaking of Homer's blindness.) That life attributed to Herodotus, was scarcely written by that historian; and all the rest have guessed out circumstances for a life for him, from his own writings. I collected every thing that was said of him that was worth notice, and classed it; and then Archdeacon Parnell wrote the essay on his life, which is prefixed to the Iliad. 'Tis still stiff, and was written much stiffer. As it is, I think verily it cost me more pains in the correcting than the writing of it would have done.—*Mr. Pope.*

What Paterculus says of Homer's not being blind, might be said by him only for

the turn of it. This book is a flimsy thing, and yet nine in ten that read it, will be pleased with it.—*The same.*

After my reading the Persian Tales (and I had been reading Dryden's Fables just before them) I had some thoughts of writing a Persian Fable; in which I should have given full loose to description and imagination. It would have been a very wild thing, if I had executed it, but might not have been entertaining.—*The same.*

It might be a very pretty subject for any good genius that way, to write American pastorals; or rather pastorals adapted to several of the ruder nations, as well as the Americans. I once had a thought of writing such, and talked it over with Gay, but other things came in my way and took me off from it.—*The same.*

If I am a good poet (for in truth I do not know whether I am or not, but if I should be a good poet) there is one thing I value myself upon, and which can scarce be said of any of our good poets; and that is—That I have never flattered any man, nor ever

received any thing of any man for my verses.—*The same.*

The things that I have written fastest have always pleased most. I wrote the Essay on Criticism fast, for I had digested all the matter in prose before I began upon it in verse. The Rape of the Lock was written fast: all the machinery, you know, was added afterwards; and the making that, and what was published before, hit so well together, is, I think, one of the greatest proofs of judgment, of any thing I ever did. I wrote most of the Iliad fast, a great deal of it on journeys, from the little pocket Homer on that shelf there; and often forty or fifty verses on a morning in bed.—*The same.*

The Dunciad cost me as much pains as any thing I ever wrote.—*The same.*

In the Moral Poem I had written an address to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliment to Epicurus; but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkley. One of our priests, who are more narrow than yours, made a less sensible objection to the

Epistle on Happiness: he was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter; though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of man here.—*The same.*

The four first Epistles are the scale for all the rest of the work, and were much the most difficult part of it. I do not know whether I shall go on with the Epistles on Government or that on Education.—*The same.* [He spoke a little warmer as to the use of it; but more coldly as to the execution.]

I have omitted a character (though I thought it one of the best I had ever written) of a very great man, who had every thing from without to make him happy, and yet was very miserable, from the want of virtue in his own heart.—*The same.* [It seems to have been that of the Duke of Marlborough. He did not say who; but mentioned Julius Cæsar, and the late King of Sardinia, as instances of a like kind.]

Lord Bolingbroke will be more known to

posterity as a writer and philosopher, than as a statesman. He has several things that he will scarce publish, and a good deal that he will.—*The same*. [He at the same time spoke very highly of his Dissertation on the English History, and that on Parties, and called him absolutely “the best writer of the age.” He mentioned then, and at several other times, how much, or rather how wholly he himself was obliged to him for the thoughts and reasonings in his Moral Work; and once in particular said, that beside their frequent talking over that subject together, he had received, I think, seven or eight sheets from Lord Bolingbroke, in relation to it (as I apprehend, by way of letters) both to direct the plan in general, and to apply the matter for the particular epistles.]

I wrote the law case of the black and white horses with the help of a lawyer: [and by what he added it seemed to be the late Master of the Rolls, Fortescue.] Dr. Arbuthnot was the sole writer of John Bull, and so was Gay of the Beggar’s

Opera. I own appearances are against the latter, for it was written in the same house with me and Dr. Swift. He used to communicate the parts of it as he wrote them to us; but neither of us did any more than alter an expression here and there.—*The same.*

Lord Bolingbroke is something superior to any thing I have seen in human nature. You know I don't deal much in hyperboles. I quite think him what I say.—*The same.*

Addison had Budgel, and I think Philips, in the house with him. Gay they would call one of my elevés. They were angry with me for keeping so much with Dr. Swift, and some of the late ministry. Parnell was with me too, and had come over from the others when Lord Oxford was at the head of affairs. On Parnell's having been introduced into Bolingbroke's company, and his speaking afterwards of the great pleasure he had in his conversation, Mr. Addison came out with his old expression, "If he had but as good a heart as he has a head!"

and applied to him, "that canker'd Bolingbroke!" from Shakspeare.—*The same.*

There had been a coldness between Mr. Addison and me for some time; and we had not been in company together for a good while any where, but at Button's Coffeehouse; where I used to see him almost every day. On his meeting me there one day in particular, he took me aside, and said, he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I would stay till these people were gone (Budgell and Philips). We went accordingly; and after dinner Mr. Addison said, "he had wanted for some time to talk with me; that he found Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the first book of the Iliad; that he now designed to print it, and had desired him to look it over: that he must therefore beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double dealing." I assured him that "I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell that he was going to publish his translation: that he certainly

had as much right to translate any author as myself, and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage." I then added, that "I would not desire him to look over my first book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but would wish to have the benefit of his observations on my second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon." Accordingly I sent him the second book the next morning, and Mr. Addison a few days after returned it with very high commendations. Soon after it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the first book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street, and upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having had such a translation so long by him. He said that it was inconceivable to him, and that there must be some mistake in the matter: that Tickell and he were so intimately acquainted at Oxford that each used to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote even to the least things; that Tickell

could not have been busied in so long a work there without his knowing something of the matter, and that he never heard a single word of it till on this occasion. This surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, make it highly probable that there was some underhand dealing in that business; and indeed Tickell himself, who is a very fair worthy man, has since in a manner as good as owned it to me.—*Mr. Pope*. [When it was introduced into a conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope by a third person, Tickell did not deny it; which, considering his honour and zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it.]

Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses and conversations; and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherly, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that “it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous

temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us." And, to convince me of what he had said, assured me that "Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published." The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; and that I should rather tell him himself freely of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner: I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my Satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after, and never did me any injustice that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after.—*The same.* [Dr. Trapp, who was by at the time of this conversation, said that he wondered how so many people came to imagine that Mr. Pope did not

write this copy of verses till after Addison's death, since so many people, and he himself for one, had seen it in Addison's lifetime.]

When there was so much talk about the Duke of Chandos being meant under the character of Timon, Mr. Pope wrote a letter to that nobleman (I suppose to point out some particulars which were incompatible with his character). The Duke in his answer said, that he took the application that had been made of it as a sign of the malice of the town against himself, and seemed very well satisfied that it was not meant for him.—*Mr. Pope.*

I never could speak in public; and I do not believe that if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together; though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the Bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain easy point (how that Bishop spent his time whilst I was with him at Bromley), I made two or

three blunders in it; and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which were all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance.—*The same.*

Many people would like my Ode on Music better, if Dryden had never written on that subject. It was at the request of Mr. Steele that I wrote mine; and not with any thought of rivalling that great man, whose memory I do, and have always revered! —*The same.*

When Dr. Swift and I were in the country for some time together, I happened one day to be saying, that “if a man was to take notice of the reflections that came into his mind on a sudden, as he was walking in the fields, or sauntering in his study, there might be several of them perhaps as good as his most deliberate thoughts.” On this hint we both agreed to write down all the volunteer reflections that should thus come into our heads all the time we stayed there. We did so: and this was what afterwards furnished out the maxims published in our *Miscellanies*. Those at the end of one vo-

lume are mine, and those in the other Dr. Swift's.—*The same.*

Pope. I was extremely inclined to have gone to Lisbon with Lord Peterborough.—*Spence.* That might have done you good indeed as to your health; but it must have been a very melancholy thing for you to be so entirely, as you would have been, with a person in his condition.—*Pope.* That's true; but if you consider how I should have been employed all the time, in nursing and attending a sick friend, that thought would have made it agreeable.—*The same.*

You know I love short inscriptions, and that may be one reason why I like the epitaph* of the Count of Mirandola so well. Some time ago I made a parody of it for a man of a very opposite character.

“ Here lies Lord Coningsby; be civil:

“ The rest God knows—perhaps the devil.”

The same.

My letter to Mr. Addison on a future state was designed as an imitation of the

* Johannes jacet hic Mirandola; cætera norunt

Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.

style of the Spectators; and there are several cant words of the Spectator in it.—*The same.* [As 'scale of beings,' and some others which he mentioned.]

My letters to Cromwell were written with a design that does not generally appear: they were not written in sober sadness.—*The same.*

The piece to prove that all learning was derived from the monkeys in Ethiopia was written by me and (I think he added) Dr. Arbuthnot. It made a part of the Memoirs of Scriblerus. The design of it was to ridicule such as build general assertions upon two or three loose quotations from the ancients.—*The same.*

There is nothing more foolish than to pretend to be sure of knowing a great writer by his style.—*The same.* [Mr. Pope seemed fond of this opinion. I have heard him mention it several times, and he has printed it as well as said it. But I suppose in both he must speak of writers when they use a borrowed style, and not when they write in their own. He himself had the

greatest compass in imitating styles that I ever knew in any man; and he had it partly from his method of instructing himself after he was out of the hands of his bad masters; which was at first almost wholly by imitation. Mr. Addison did not discover Mr. Pope's style in the letter on pastorals which he published in the *Guardian*; but then that was a disguised style. Mr. Pope had certainly a style of his own, which was very distinguishable. Mr. Brown, in his imitation of the styles of several different sorts of poets, has pointed it out very strongly; and Mr. Pope himself used to speak of those likenesses as very just and very well taken. 'Tis much the same in writing as in painting: a painter who has a good manner of his own, and a good talent for copying, may quite drop his own manner in his copies, and yet be very easy to be distinguished in his originals.]

I began translating the *Iliad* in the year 1712.—*The same.*

I was born in the year 1688. My Essay

on Criticism was written in 1709*, and published in 1711; which is as little time as ever I let any thing of mine lie by me.—*Mr. Pope.*

The PROFOUND, though written in so ludicrous a way, may be very well worth reading seriously as an Art of Rhetorick.—*The same.*

The Memoirs of Scriblerus have so much of the materials for it ready, that I could complete the first part of it in three or four days.—*The same.*

I began translating the Iliad in my twenty-fifth year, and it took up that and five more to finish it. Mr. Dryden, though they always talk of his being hurried so much, was as long in translating Virgil. Indeed, he wrote plays and other things in the same period.—*The same.*

The French translation of my Essay on Man gives the sense very well, and lays it more open; which may be of good service

* See p. 20, where he says he showed this Essay to Walsh in 1706. M.

to Mr. Dobson in any passages where he may find himself obliged to enlarge a little. —*Mr. Pope*. [About the time this was said, Lord Oxford was very desirous of having the *Essay on Man* translated into Latin prose. Mr. Dobson had got a great deal of reputation by his translation of Prior's *SOLOMON*. On my mentioning something of the difficulty that would attend the translation of his *Essay*, Mr. Pope said, “if any man living could do it, Dobson could.” Lord Oxford was to give him a hundred guineas for it. He began upon it, and I think translated all the first epistle; and what I showed of it to Lord Oxford and Mr. Pope was very well approved of. It was then that Mr. Benson offered to give the same gentleman a thousand pounds if he would translate Milton's *Paradise Lost*. He told me of that offer as inclined to close with it if he could; and on my mentioning it to Lord Oxford and Mr. Pope, they readily released him from his first engagement, and so left him at full liberty to enter upon the other.]

Mr. Pope's first education was under a priest, and I think his name was Bannister. He set out with the design of teaching him Latin and Greek together. "I was then about eight years old, had learnt to read of an old aunt, and to write by copying printed books. After having been under that priest about a year, I was sent to the seminary at Twyford, and then to a school by Hyde-park-corner; and with the two latter masters lost what little I had got under my first. About twelve I went with my father into the Forest, and there learned for a few months under a fourth priest. This was all the teaching I ever had; and, God knows, it extended a very little way."—

Mr. Pope.

When I had done with my priests, I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry; and in a few years I had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any design but that of pleasing myself; and got the lan-

guages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed every where as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the woods and fields, just as they fall in his way; and these five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life.—*The same.*

In these rambles of mine through the poets, when I met with a passage or story that pleased me more than ordinary, I used to endeavour to imitate it, or translate it into English; and this was the cause of my Imitations, published so long after.—*The same.* [Who mentioned, among the other things he read then, the criticisms of Rapin and Bossu; and this might possibly be what led him to his writing his Essay on Criticism. He used to mention Quintilian too as an old favourite author with him.]

It was while I lived in the Forest that I got so well acquainted with Sir William Trumbull, who loved very much to read and talk of the Classics in his retirement. We used to take a ride out together three

or four days in the week, and at last almost every day. Another of my earliest acquaintance was Walsh: I was with him at his seat in Worcestershire for a good part of the summer of 1705; and showed him my *Essay on Criticism* in 1706*. Walsh died the year after. I was early acquainted too with Lord Lansdown, Garth, Betterton, and Wycherly, and not long after with St. John.—*The same.*

The stealing of Miss Bell Fermor's hair was taken too seriously, and caused an estrangement between the two families, though they had lived in great friendship before. A common acquaintance and well-wisher to both desired me to write a poem to make a jest of it, and laugh them together again. It was in this view that I wrote the *Rape of the Lock*, which was well received, and had its effect in the two families. Nobody but Sir Charles † Brown was angry, and he was so a good deal, and for

* In p. 16, he says it was written first in prose. Perhaps this was what he showed Walsh in 1706. M.

† "Sir George" written first: that has a line through it, and "Charles" is written over it with a pencil. M.

a long time. He could not bear that Sir Plume should talk nothing but nonsense. Copies of it got about, and it was like to be printed, on which I published the first draught of it (without the Machinery) in a Miscellany of Tonson's*. The Machinery was added afterwards, to make it look a little more considerable; and the scheme of adding it was much liked and approved of by several of my friends, and particularly by Dr. Garth; who, as he was one of the best men in the world, was very fond of it.—*The same*. [I have been assured, by a most intimate friend of Mr. Pope's, that "the peer in the Rape of the Lock was Lord Petre; the person who desired Mr. Pope to write it old Mr. Caryl of Sussex; and that what is said of Sir Charles Brown in it was the very picture of the man."]

My acquaintance with Mr. Addison commenced in 1712. I liked him then as well as I liked any man, and was very fond

* This is a mistake, either of Mr. Pope or Mr. Spence: it was published in a Miscellany of *Lintot's*. M.

of his conversation. 'Twas soon after that Mr. Addison advised me not to be content with the applause of half the nation, used to talk much and often to me of moderation in parties, and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man. He encouraged me in my design of translating the Iliad, which was begun that year, and finished in 1718.—*The same.*

When I was very young I wrote something towards a tragedy*, and afterwards an entire one. The latter was built on a very moving story in the Legend of St. Genevieve. After I had got acquainted with the town, I resolved never to write any thing for the stage, though I was solicited by some of my friends to do so, and particularly by Betterton, who (among other things) would have had me turn my early epic poem into a tragedy. I had taken such strong resolutions against any

* Perhaps this was only that tissue of speeches collected by him from Ogilby's Homer, and joined together by some verses of his own, which he got his schoolfellows to act whilst he was at the little seminary by Hyde-park-corner.

thing of that kind from seeing how much every body that did write for the stage was obliged to subject themselves to the players and the town.—*The same.*

The Deucalion in that epic poem was a second Deucalion, not the husband of Pyrrha. I had flung all my learning into it, as indeed Milton has done too much in his *Paradise Lost*. The Bishop of Rochester, not many years ago, advised me to burn it. I saw his advice was well grounded, and followed it, though not without some regret.—*The same.*

How very strange and inconclusive does the reasoning of Tully and Plato often appear to us, and particularly that of the latter in his *Phædo*. Is there not something like a fashion in reasoning? I believe there may, a good deal; but, with all that, there certainly is not any of the ancients who reasons so well as Mr. Locke.—*The same.*

In my first setting out, I never read any art of logic or rhetoric. I met with Locke: he was quite insipid to me. I read Sir William Temple's *Essays* too then; but,

whenever there was any thing political in them, I had no manner of feeling for it.—*The same.* [Those five or six years, from about thirteen to twenty, were all poetical: he was then diverting himself wholly in wandering through the poets and the better sort of critics, who showed and set off the beauties in the former.]

The little copy of verses on Ditton and Whiston, in the third volume of the Miscellanies, was written by Gay; that on Dennis by myself; and the Origin of the Sciences from the Monkeys in Ethiopia, by me, Dean Parnelle, and Dr. Arbuthnot.—*The same.*

The Scriblerus Club consisted of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Parnelle, and Gay.—*The same.*

Lord Lansdown insisted on my publishing my Windsor Forest, and the motto* shows it.—*The same.*

Mr. Pope was born in the city of London, in Lombard-street, at the house which is now Mr. Morgan's, an apothecary.—*Mr. Hooke.*

* Non injussa cano.

There is no one study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it. How true, even in so dry a thing as Antiquities? Yes, I have experienced that myself. I once got deep into Grævius, and was taken greatly with it; so far, as to write a treatise in Latin, collected from the writers in Grævius, on the old buildings in Rome. It is now in Lord Oxford's hands, and has been so these fifteen years.—*Mr. Pope.*

My brother was whipped and ill used at Twyford school for his Satire on his Master, and taken from thence on that account.—*Mrs. Racket** (of Mr. Pope).

I never saw him laugh very heartily in all my life.—*Mrs. R.* (of the same.) This is odd enough; because she was with him so much in all the first part of his life, when he is said by persons most intimate with him to have been excessively gay and

* *Mrs. Racket* was probably the wife of Mr. Racket, a son of Mrs. Pope, by a first husband, before she married Mr. Pope, the father. She was, I think, above forty when Pope was born. M.

lively. It is very true, that in the latter part of his life, when he told a story, he was always the last to laugh at it, and seldom went beyond a particular easy smile on any occasion that I remember.

The man will never be contented! He has already twice as much as I; for I am told he has a good thousand pounds a year, and yet I am told he is as eager for more preferment as ever he was.—*The same.*

Let Clarke make half his life the poor's support;
But let him give the other half to Court—

Was a couplet in the manuscript for the fourth book of the *Dunciad*; but I believe I shall omit it, though, if rightly understood, it has more of commendation than of satire in it.—*The same.*

I had all the subscription money for the *Iliad*, and Tonson* was at all the expense of printing, paper, &c. for the copy. An author who is at all the expenses of publishing, ought to clear two-thirds of the

* This I believe is a mistake of Mr. Spence. It was Lintot, I think, that published the *Iliad*. M.

whole profit into his own pocket.—*The same.* [For instance, as he explained it in a piece of 1000 copies at 3s. each to the common buyer, the whole sale at that rate will bring in 150*l.* The expense therefore to the author for printing, paper, publishing, selling, and advertising, should be but 50*l.* and his clear gains should be 100*l.*]*

What is your opinion of placing prepositions at the end of a sentence?—It is certainly wrong, but I have made a rule to myself about them some time ago; and I think verily it is the right one. We use them so in common conversation, and that

* This calculation is inaccurate and fallacious. Each of these books must be sold by the author's publisher to the other booksellers for 2*s.* 3*d.* and the produce will be but 112*l.* 10*s.*; consequently, supposing a volume of 22 sheets to cost but 50*l.* including the publisher's *per centage*, the author gains but 62*l.* 10*s.* But such a book at present (1794), would cost in printing and paper 67*l.* and advertising and publishing would consume 15*l.* more. Total 82*l.* consequently the author would gain but 30*l.* 10*s.* To gain a hundred pounds on such a book, it ought to be sold by the booksellers for 4*s.* 6*d.* M.

use will authorise one, I think, for doing the same in slighter pieces, but not in formal ones : in a familiar letter for instance, but not in a weighty one ; and more particularly in dialogue writing : but then it must be when the people introduced are talking, and not where the author appears in his own person.—*The same.*

I finished my tragedy on the pretty story in St. Genevieve's life, when I was about thirteen.—*Mr. Pope.*

I have formerly said, that Virgil wrote one honest line—

Secretosque pios ; his dantem jura Catonem.

Æn. 8. 670.

and that I now believe was not meant of Cato Uticensis.—*Mr. Pope.*

What terrible moments does one feel after one has engaged for a large work ! In the beginning of my translating the Iliad, I wished any body would hang me a hundred times.—*The same.* It sat so heavily on my mind at first, that I often used to dream of it ; and do so sometimes still. When I fell into the method of trans-

lating 30 or 40 verses before I got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easily enough; and when I was thoroughly got into the way of it, I did the rest with pleasure.—*The same*. [He used to dream that he was engaged in a long journey, puzzled which way to take, and full of fears that he should never get to the end of it.]

The bust of Julius Cæsar in the long open gallery (at Florence) has a very weakly look, and is as like Mr. Pope as any bust that has been made on purpose for him.—*Mr. T.*

It was my fate to be much with the wits: my father was acquainted with them all. Addison was the best company in the world. I never knew any body that had so much wit as Congreve. Sir Richard Steele was a very good-natured man; and Dr. Garth a very worthy one.—*Lady M.* (at Rome). [*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*]

When I was young I was a vast admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one

of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design; and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years, in my father's library, and so got that language whilst every body thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances.—*The same.*

I do not remember that there was any such thing as two parties, one to set up Pope, and the other Mr. Addison, as the chief poet of those times. It was a thing that could not bear any dispute.—*The same.*

You are very wrong in thinking that Mr. Pope could write blank verse well: he has got a knack indeed of writing the other; but was he to attempt blank verse, I dare say he would appear quite contemptible in it.—*The same.*

I admired Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism at first very much, because I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and did not know that it was all stolen.—*The same.*

I have got fifty or sixty of Mr. Pope's letters by me. You shall see what a goddess he made of me in them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, without any reason that I know of.—*The same.* [Several of them were on common subjects, and one in particular was that odd description of his house, which is printed* as sent to the Duke of Buckingham; which may show that it was one of his favourite letters, as he sent it to several of his friends.]

I got a third person to ask Mr. Pope why he had left off visiting me: he answered, negligently, that he went as often as he used to do. I then got Dr. Arbuthnot to ask him what Lady M. had done to him? He said that Lady M. and Lord H. had pressed him once together (and I do not remember that we were ever together with him in our lives) to write a satire on some certain persons; that he refused it, and that this had occasioned the breach between us.—*The same.*

* Mr. Pope's Letters, the 121st in the quarto edition.

“Do not you really think so, sir?”—
 “I think, madam, that he writes verses very well.”—“Yes, he writes verses so well, that he is in danger of bringing even good verses into disrepute,” [“from his all tune and no meaning,” as she explained it afterwards.]—*The same.*

“Leave him as soon as you can (says Mr. Addison* to me), he will certainly play you some devilish trick else: he has an appetite to satire.”—*The same.* (Spoken in relation to her acquaintance with Mr. Pope.)

“Yes, that satire was written in Addison’s lifetime.”—*The same.* (Spoken of Mr. Pope’s verses to Addison.)

When I had filled up this epistle, begun

* I have long endeavoured in vain to ascertain the time when Lady M. W. Montagu and Pope quarrelled. This seems to fix it at some period between 1716, when Pope sent his verses on Addison to him in MS. (see p. 10) and 1719, when that writer died. This advice was probably given while he was smarting under those verses. M.

by Swift, I sent it to the Doctor, and thought I had hit his style exactly; for it was familiar, lively, and with odd rhymes. The Doctor had a very different opinion of it, and did not think it at all a right imitation of his style.—*Mr. Pope.*

Mr. Pope was born on the 21st of May, 1688. His first education was extremely loose and disconcerted. He began Latin and Greek together (which is the way in schools of the Jesuits, and which he seemed to think a good way) under Bannister, their family priest, and who was living (says he) not two years ago at Sir Harry Titchburne's. He then learned his accidence at Twyford, where he wrote a satire on some faults of his master. Then he was a little while at Mr. Dean's seminary at Mary-le-bone, and some time under the same after he removed to Hyde-park-corner. After this he taught himself both Greek and Latin. "I did not follow the grammar, but rather hunted in the authors for a syntax of my own; and then began

translating any parts that pleased me, particularly in the best Greek and Latin poets, and by that means formed my taste; which I think verily about sixteen was very near as good as it is now.—*The same.*

I should certainly have written an epic poem, if I had not engaged in the translation of Homer.—*The same.*

I always was particularly struck with that passage in Homer, where he makes Priam's grief for the loss of Hector break out into anger against his attendants and sons; and could never read it without weeping for the distress of that unfortunate old prince.—*The same.* [He read it then, and was interrupted by his tears*.]

I have often seen him weep, in reading very tender and melancholy passages.—*Mrs. B.* [Blount.]

If I may judge myself, I think the travelling governor's speech one of the best

* Iliad, xxiv. 291 to 330. His tears began to flow so early as at that verse—

“ Am I the only object of despair?”

things in my new additions to the Dunciad*.—*The same.*

Those two lines on Alsop and Friend have more of satire than of compliment in them, though I find they are generally mistaken for the latter only†. It goes on Horace's‡ old method of telling a friend some less fault, while you are commending him; and which indeed is the best way of doing so. I scarce meet with any body that understands delicacy.—*The same.*

When I was looking on his foul copy of the Iliad, and observing how very much it was corrected and interlined, he said, "I believe you will find, upon inquiry, that those parts which have been the most corrected read the easiest."—*The same.*
[What a useful study might it be for a poet, in those parts that are changed, to compare what was writ first with the suc-

* The fourth book.

† Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke.

Dunciad, iv. 224.

‡ *Ridenti Flaccus amico*, &c. PERS.

cessive alterations*, to learn his turns and arts in versification, and to consider the reasons why such and such an alteration † was made.]

My works are now all well laid out. The first division of them contains all I wrote under sixteen, which may be called my *Juvenilia*; the second my translations from different authors, under the same period; the third my own works since; and the

* Dr. Johnson has done this in his late *Life of Pope*. M.

† I read only the first page, in which

——— Ἡ μὲν Ἀχαιοὶς ἀλγεῖ ἐθήκε,
Πολλοὺς δ' ἰφθίμβης ψυχὰς αἰδὶ προΐαψεν
Ἡρώων—

was thus translated:

That strewed with warriors dead the Phrygian
plain,

And peopled the dark shades with heroes slain.

It now stands thus:

That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain—

and was evidently altered to preserve the sense of the word.

fourth my latter translations* and imitations.—*The same.*

I was forced to print in little, by other printers beginning to do so from my folios. I will have no more to do with printing myself; and if the world should have a mind to a good edition of all my works, it must be from somebody that may take care of it after my death.—*The same.*

It is most certain that nobody ever loved money so little as my brother.—*Mrs. Racket* (of Mr. Pope.)

The accident of the cow was when my brother was about three years old. He was then filling a little cart with stones. The cow struck at him, carried off his hat and feather with her horn, and flung him down on the heap of stones he had been playing with. In the fall he cut himself against one of them in his neck, near the throat.—*The same.*

The other accident, of his being so like to be killed, when he was overturned in

* Exclusive of the Iliad and Odyssey.

the coach and six, was in the water just before you come to Twickenham.—*The same*. [Rather somewhere in the Hounslow-heath way; for he was coming home from Doily.] —*Mrs. B. (Blount)*.

I believe nobody ever studied so hard as my brother did in his youth. He did nothing but write and read.—*Mrs. Racket*.

My brother does not seem to know what fear is. When some of the people that he had put into the *Dunciad* were so enraged against him, and threatened him so highly, he loved to walk alone, and particularly often to Mr. Fortescue's at Richmond. Only he would take Bounce* with him; and for some time carried pistols in his pocket. He used then to say to us when we talked to him about it, that "with pistols the least man in England was above a match for the largest."—*Mrs. Racket*. [After the first edition of the *Dunciad*, and while Mr. Pope was preparing another yet more irritating, I took the opportunity one morning when I had been reading some things

* A great faithful Danish dog of Mr. Pope's.

to him out of Bayle's Dictionary in his study, to turn to the article Bruschius, a poet of Bohemia, who, when he was going to publish a Satire against some of the block-heads of that country, was way-laid in a wood, and murdered by them. Something of the same nature had been then lately hinted at as to Ham walk. I read the article to Mr. Pope, and said something that I thought my friendship obliged me to say about his venturing alone to Richmond. He said, that "the people I mentioned were low and vile enough perhaps to be capable of such designs, but that he should not go a step out of his way for them; for let the very worst that I could imagine happen, he thought it better to die, than to live in fear of such rascals."]

When my brother's faithful dog and companion in those walks died, he had some thoughts of burying him in his garden, and putting a piece of marble over his grave with this epitaph—

O RARE BOUNCE!

and he would have done it, I believe, had

he not apprehended that some people might take it to have been meant as a ridicule upon Ben Jonson.—*Mrs. Racket.*

Mr. Pope was taught his accidence, and the Greek elements* by a priest in the family: was sent to school at Twyford when he was about eight; stayed there only one year, and at other little schools till twelve. “When I came from the last of them, all the acquisition I had made was to be able to construe a little of Tully’s Offices.”—*Mr. Pope.*

My next period was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading, and applied as constantly as possibly I could to it for some years. I was between twelve and thirteen when I first went thither, and continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty.—*The same.*

Considering how very little I had when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin, as well as French or Greek, and in all three my chief way of

* The alphabet only, as he explained it afterwards.

getting them was by translations.—*The same.*

I wrote the Essay on Criticism two or three years before it was printed.—*The same.*

In translating both the Iliad and Odyssey, my usual method was to take advantage of the first heat, and then to correct each book, first, by the original, next by other translations, and lastly, to give it a reading for the versification only.—*The same.* [How much he has corrected, and in what manner, may be seen by the manuscripts of each, which are bound up; that of the Iliad in two volumes, and that of the Odyssey in one.]

From the manuscript of the latter it appears how truly he says, that “he translated twelve books of it.” That volume contains the first draught of the 3d, 5th, 7th, and 9th books. Part of the 10th from—

Now dropp’d our anchors in the bay. V. 157.

to the end: the 13th and 14th, part of the 15th, from—

Meantime the King, Eumæus, and the rest— V. 321.

to the end. And the 17th, 21st, 22d, and 24th : that is, ten books entire, and part of two others ; which, with his great corrections in Broome's part, without reckoning more manuscript of his own which is lost, would make up the compass of twelve books at least.—*The same ; and the manuscript itself.*

Mr. Broome had 500*l.* and Mr. Fenton 300*l.* for their share in that translation.—*The same.*

Some* wonder why I did not take in the fall of man in my Essay ; and others† how the immortality of the soul came to be omitted. The reason is plain : they both lay out of my subject, which was only to consider man as he is in his present state, not in his past or future.—*The same.*

Some of Plato's and Cicero's reasonings on the immortality of the soul are very foolish ; but the latter's is less so than the former's.—*The same.*

* Ramsey and some others, in letters sent him about that time.

† Some of the Popish priests, in their letters.

Without revelation, it is certainly a grand *peut-être*.—*The same*.

“I pity you, sir, because you have now completed every thing belonging to your garden.”—Why, I really shall be at a loss for the diversion I used to take in laying out and finishing things: I have now nothing left me to do but to add a little ornament or two at the line to the Thames.—*Mr. Pope*. [His design for this was to have a swan as flying into the river on each side of the landing place; then the statues of two river gods reclined on the bank between them and the corner seats or temples; with—

Hic placido fluit amne Meles—

on one of their urns; and—

Magnis ubi flexibus errat Mincius,

on the other: then two turns in the first niches in the grove-work on the sides, with the busts of Homer and Virgil: and higher, two others, with those of Marcus Aurelius and Cicero.]

Hic placido fluit amne Meles. “Where

is that verse on the river Meles?"—In Politian's best poem; his *Ambia*.—*Mr. Pope*. [He had read Politian when he was very young, and then marked down this for the best of his pieces. To any thing that pleased him particularly, he used then to affix this mark +; and before the *Ambia* in his Politian, he had added, *Optimum ut puto Politiani opus est*. He still retained the same idea of it, though the *Ambia* seems to be more in Claudian's manner than some other pieces by the same author: and particularly his *NUTRITIA*; and I should imagine, is not so good as that. There were some few marks besides of a mistaken taste in Mr. Pope, from that early and unguided reading of his. He met with Statius very early, liked him much, and translated a good deal from him; and to the last he used to call him the best of all the Latin epic poets after Virgil. However, these two instances, and perhaps a little more regard for Ovid's *Metamorphoses* than he might otherwise have had for that piece, are all the instances that I can recollect of

this kind ; and how soon after his first setting out must he have formed a most excellent taste, who could write so just and admirable a poem as the *Essay on Criticism* before he was twenty ?]

At this day, as much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation.—*Mr. Pope.*

I was just going to ask you a very foolish question, “What should we read for?” For? why, to know facts; but I should read in quite a different manner now than I did when I had my great early fit of reading*. Then ’twas only for the diversion of the story, now it should be to make myself and others better. I would mark down on such an occasion, the people concerned proceeded in such a manner: it was evidently wrong, and had a very ill effect: a statesman therefore should avoid it in a like case. Such a one did good, or

* From about 14 to 21.

got an honest reputation by such an action: I would mark it down, in order to imitate it when I had an opportunity.—*Mr. Pope.*

Did you never mind what your angry critics published against you? Never much; only one or two things at first. When I heard for the first time that Dennis had written against me, it gave me some pain; but it was quite over as soon as I came to look into his book, and found he was in such a passion.—*The same.*

When I was looking over some things I had brought from Italy, to pick out what might be of use to his grotto, and came among the rest to some beads and medals that had been blest at Loretto, he laid them gently aside, and said, “these would be good presents for a papist.”—*The same.*

I began writing verses of my own invention further back than I can remember.
The same.

Ogilby's translation of Homer was one of the first large poems that ever Mr. Pope read; and he still spoke of the pleasure it then gave him with a sort of rapture, only

on reflecting on it. It was that great edition with pictures. "I was then about eight years old. This led me to Sandys' Ovid, which I liked extremely, and so I did a translation of a part of Statius by some very bad hand."—*The same.*

When I was about twelve, I wrote a kind of play, which I got to be acted by my schoolfellows. It was a number of speeches from the Iliad, tacked together with verses of my own.—*The same.*

The epic poem, which I began a little after I was twelve, was Alcander, Prince of Rhodes; and there was an under-water scene in the first book: 'twas in the Archipelago.—*The same.*

I wrote four books towards it, of about a thousand verses each, and had the copy by me till I burnt it by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester a little before he went abroad.—*The same.*

I endeavoured (says he smiling) in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece: there was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imi-

tated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian. "It was an imitative poem then, as your other exercises were imitations of this or that story?" "Just that."—*The same.*

Mr. Pope wrote verses imitative of sounds so early as in this epic poem.

"Shields, helmets, and swords all jangle as they hang,
And sound formidinous with angry clang,"

was a couplet of this nature in it.—*The same.*

There were also some couplets in it which I have since inserted in some other of my works, without any alteration. As that in the *Essay on Criticism*, (v. 194).

"Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow."

And this in the *Dunciad*, (iii. 56).

"As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring."

The same.

And I think he said of that simile, (*Dunc.* i. 182).

"As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below."

In the scattered lessons I used to set myself about that time, I translated above a quarter of the *Metamorphoses*, and that part of *Statius* which was afterwards printed with the corrections of *Walsh*.—*The same*.

My next work after my epic was my pastorals, so that I did exactly what *Virgil* says of himself*.—*The same*.

I translated *Tully's* piece de *Senectute* in this early period, and there is a copy of it in *Lord Oxford's* library.—*The same*.

My first taking to imitating was not out of vanity, but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others.—*The same*.

I have often mentioned my great reading period † to you: in it I went through all the best critics ‡; almost all the English,

* Cum canerem reges et prœlia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit; pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet opes, deductum dicere carmen."

Ecl. vi. 5.

† From about 13 or 14 to about 21.

‡ This probably led *Mr. Pope* to writing his *Essay on Criticism*, which was in that period.

French, and Latin poets of any name; the minor poets; Homer and some other of the greater Greek poets in the original, and Tasso and Ariosto in translations.—

The same.

I even then liked Tasso more than Ariosto, as I do still; and Statius of all the Latin poets, by much next to Virgil.—

The same.

My epic poem was about two years in hand*. Alcander was a prince driven from his throne by Deucalion, father of Minos, and some other princes. It was better planned than Blackmore's Prince Arthur; but as slavish an imitation of the ancients. Alcander showed all the virtues of suffering, like Ulysses; and of courage, like Eneas or Achilles. Apollo, as the patron of Rhodes, was his great defender; and Cybele, as the patroness of Deucalion and Crete, his great enemy. She raises a storm against him in the first book, as Juno does against Eneas; and he is cast away and

* From 13 to 15.

swims ashore, just as Ulysses does to the Island of Pheacia.—*The same.*

Mr. Pope thought himself the better in some respects for not having had a regular education. He (as he observed in particular) read originally for the sense, whereas we are taught for so many years to read only for words.—*The same.*

As I had a vast memory, and was sickly and so full of application, had I chanced to have been of the religion of the country I was born in, and been bred at the usual places of education, I should probably have written something on that subject, and against the methods now used there; and I believe I might have been more useful that way than any other.—*The same.*

Bacon and Locke did not follow the common path, but beat out new ones; and you see what good they have done: but much more is wanting. Aldridge did a great deal of good too in his way; there should be such people in the universities; but nothing can be done effectually till the government

takes it into their heads to encourage and animate such a reformation.—*The same.*

About 15* I got acquainted with Mr. Walsh: he encouraged me much, and used to tell me that there was one way left of excelling; for though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct, and he desired me to make that my study and aim.—*The same.* [This, I suppose, first led Mr. Pope to turn his lines over and over again so often, which he continued to the last, and did it with a surprising facility.]

I learned versification chiefly from Dryden's works, who has improved it much beyond any of our former poets, and would probably have brought it to its perfection, had not he been unhappily obliged to write so often in haste.—*The same.*

It was our family priest† who taught me figures, accident, and first part of the grammar. If it had not been for that, I

* 1703. M.

† Bannister.

should never have got any language; for I never learned any thing at the little schools I was at afterwards, and never should have followed any thing that I could not follow with pleasure.—*The same.*

I had learned very early to read, and delighted extremely in it; and taught myself to write very early too, by copying from printed books*; with which I used to divert myself, as other children do, with scrawling out pictures.—*The same.*

The Iliad took me up six years, and during that time, and particularly the first part of it, I was often under great pain and apprehensions. Though I conquered the

* When Mr. Pope got into the way of teaching himself, and applied so close to it in the Forest, some of his first exercises were imitations of the stories that pleased him most, in Ovid, or any other poet he was reading. I have one of these original exercises now by me, in his own hand. 'Tis the story of Acis and Galatea, from Ovid, and was translated when he was but fourteen years old. The title-page to this, from his manner of learning to write, is so like print, that it requires a good eye or a nice regard to distinguish it.

thoughts of it in the day, they would frighten me in the night. I dreamed often of being engaged in a long journey, and that I should never get to the end of it. This made so strong an impression upon me, that I sometimes dream of it still; of being engaged in that translation, of having got about half way through it, and being embarrassed, and under dread of never completing it.

If I had not undertaken that work, I should certainly have writ an epic; and I should have set down to it with this advantage—I had been nursed up in Homer and Virgil.—*The same.*

Mr. Pope has still a most excellent memory, and that both of the sensible and local kind. When I consulted him about the Hades of the ancients, he referred immediately to Pindar's second Olympic Ode, Plutarch's treatise de Iside et Osclide, the four places that relate to it in the Odyssey (though this was so many years after he had done that translation), Plato, Lucretius,

and some others, and turned to the very passages in most of them with a surprising readiness.

“ Pray what is this asphodil of Homer ?”
 “ Why, I believe, if one was to say the truth, ’twas nothing else but that poor yellow flower, that grows about our orchards ; and if so, the verse might be thus translated in English :

———— the stern Achilles
 Stalk’d through a mead of daffodillies.”

The same.

Good part of the ballad on Lechmere and Guise was writ by Mr. Pope. The ballad the rabbit-woman, by him and Mr. Poultney ; and they wrote two or three more together.—*The same.*

Addison usually studied all the morning ; then met his party at Button’s ; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night.—*The same.*

I was of the company for about a year*, but found it too much for me : it hurt my health, and so I quitted it.—*The same.*

* Probably the year 1713. M.

The idea that I have for an epic poem, of late, turns wholly on civil and ecclesiastical government. The hero is a prince who establishes an empire; that prince is our Brutus from Troy, and the scene of the establishment, England.—*The same.*

The plan of government is much like our original plan, supposed so much earlier; and the religion introduced by him is the belief of one God, and the doctrines of morality.—*The same.*

Brutus is supposed to have travelled into Egypt, and there to have learned the unity of the Deity, and the other purer doctrines afterwards kept up in the Mysteries.—*The same.*

Though there is none of it writ as yet, what I look upon as more than half the work is already done, for it is all exactly planned.—*The same.*

“It would take up ten years?” O much less, I should think, as the matter is already quite digested and prepared.—*The same.*

What was first designed for an Epistle on Education, as part of my Essay-scheme,

is now inserted in my fourth Dunciad ; as the subject for two other epistles there (those on civil and ecclesiastical government) will be treated more at large in my Brutus.—*The same.*

I never save any thing, unless I meet with such a pressing case as is an absolute demand upon me, then I retrench fifty pounds or so from my own expenses. As for instance, had such a thing happened this year, then I would not have built my two summer-houses*.—*The same.*

I would be buried in Twitnam church if I should fall any where near it, in the place where my father and mother lie ; and would have no other epitaph but the words SIBIQUE OBIIT, and the time added to theirs.—*The same.*

In the list of papers ordered to be burnt were the pieces for carrying on the Memoirs of Scriblerus, and several copies of verses by Dean Parnell †. I interceded in vain for both. As to the latter, he said

* Those on the banks of the Thames.

† This is a mistake. Parnell never was a dean : he was archdeacon.—M.

that they would not add any thing to the Dean's character.—*The same.*

The rule laid down in the beginning of the Essay on Man, of reasoning only from what we know, is certainly a right one, and will go a great way towards destroying all the school metaphysics; and as the church writers have introduced so much of these metaphysics into their systems it will destroy a great part of what is advanced by them too.—*The same.*

At present we can only reason of the divine justice from what we know of justice in man. When we are in other scenes, we may have truer and nobler ideas of it; but while we are in this life, we can only speak from the volume that is laid open before us.—*The same.*

The theological writers quite from Clarke down to Jacob Behmen have all, almost equally, platonized and corrupted the truth. That is to be learnt only from the Bible, as it appears nakedly there; without the wresting of commentators, or the additions of schoolmen.—*The same.*

There is hardly laying down particular

rules for writing our language, or whether such a particular use of it is proper: one has nothing but authority for it. Is it in Sir William Temple, or Locke, or Tillotson? If it be, we may conclude that it is right, or at least won't be looked upon as wrong.—*The same.*

The great matter to write well is, “to know thoroughly what one writes about,” and “not to be affected.”—*The same.* [Or as he expressed the same thing afterwards in other words, “to write naturally and from one's knowledge.”]

On Lord Hyde's return from his travels, his brother-in-law, the Lord Essex, told him, with a great deal of pleasure, that he had got a pension for him. It was a very handsome one, and quite equal to his rank. All Lord Hyde's answer was, “How could you tell, my lord, that I was to be sold; or, at least, how could you know my price so exactly*?”—*The same.*

I should not choose to employ some that

* It was on this account that Mr. Pope compliments him with that passage—

“—— disdain what Cornbury disdains.”

could do it to translate some of my poems into Latin; because, if they did it as they ought, it would make them good for nothing else.—*The same.*

1744.

I shall be very glad to see Dr. Hales, and always love to see him, he is so good and worthy a man. Yes, he is a very good man; only—I'm sorry—he has his hands so much imbrued in blood. What, he cuts up rats? Ay, and dogs too!—*The same.* [And with what emphasis and concern he spoke it.]

Indeed, he commits most of these barbarities with the thought of its being of use to man; but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us?—*The same.*

“ I used to carry it too far: I thought they had reason as well as we.”—“ So they have, to be sure. All our disputes about that are only a dispute about words. Man has reason enough only to know what it is ne-

cessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too.”—*The same*. “But then they must have souls, too, as unperishable in their nature as ours.”—“And what harm would that be to us?”—*The same*.

I had 1200*l.* for my translation of the Iliad, and 600*l.* for the Odyssey, and all my books for my subscribers, and presents into the bargain.—*The same*.

I must make a perfect edition of my works, and then I shall have nothing to do but to die.—*The same*.

It was that stanza in Spenser* that I at first designed for my motto to the Dunciad.—*The same*. [I remember this was writ down in his first manuscript copy of the

* As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,
 When ruddy Phœbus 'gins to walk in west,
 High on an hill (his flock to viewen wide)
 Marks which do bite their hasty supper best:
 A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
 All striving to infix their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Faery Queen, B. i. c. i. st. 23.

Dunciad. It hits the little impertinent poets, that were brushed away by that poem, very well, but fails in other points; as (“with his clownish hands,” in particular); and therefore, I suppose, was omitted by him.]

When I had a fever one winter in town, that confined me to my room for some days, Lord Bolingbroke came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and, in turning it over, dipped on the first satire* of the second book. He observed how well that would hit my case, if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to the press in a week or fortnight after; and this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the satires and epistles afterwards. —*The same.* [To how casual a beginning are we obliged for some of the most delightful things in our language! When I was saying to him that he had already

* Which begins thus:

Sunt quibus in satyra videar nimis acer, &c.

imitated a third part of Horace's satires and epistles, and how much it was to be wished that he would go on with them, he could not believe that he had gone near so far; but, upon computing, it appeared to be above a third. He seemed on this not disinclined to carry it further; but his last illness was then growing upon him, and robbed us of him and all hopes of that kind a few months after.]

I have imitated more than are printed, and particularly the fourth satire of the second book.—*The same.*

Before this hint from Lord Bolingbroke, I had translated the first satire of the first book; but that was done several years ago, and quite in a different manner: it was much closer, and more like a downright translation.—*The same.*

I have thought it over and over, and am quite willing to leave this world. It is too bad to desire to stay on it; and my spirit will go into the hands of Him, who I know will not use it worse than it has deserved.—*The same.*

I would have my things in merciful hands. I am in no concern whether people should say this is writ well or ill; but that this was writ with a good design. "He has writ in the cause of virtue, and done some things to mend people's morals," is the only commendation I long for.—*The same.*

THE USE OF RICHES was as much laboured as any one of my works.—*The same.*

I had once a design of giving a taste of all the most celebrated Greek poets, by translating one of their best short pieces at least from each of them: a hymn of Homer, another of Callimachus, an ode or two from Pindar, and so on; and should have done so, had I not engaged in the translation of the Iliad. What led me into that, which was a work so much more laborious and less suited to my inclination, was purely the want of money: I had then none, not even to buy books.—*The same.*

Lord Oxford was always dissuading me from engaging in that work. He used to compliment me with saying, that "so good

a writer ought not to be a translator." He talked always very kindly to me, and used often to express his concern for my continuing incapable of a place; which I could not make myself capable of without giving a great deal of pain to my parents—such a pain, indeed, as I would not have given to either of them for all the places he could have bestowed upon me.—*The same.*

That lord never said any thing of a pension to me; and it was to the Whig ministry that I was wholly obliged for any thoughts of that kind.—*The same.*

In the beginning of King George the First's reign, Lord Halifax sent for me of his own accord. He said he had often been concerned that I had never been rewarded as I deserved, that he was very glad that it was now in his power to be of service to me, that a pension should be settled upon me, if I cared to accept it, and that nothing should be demanded of me for it. I thanked his lordship in general, and seemed to want time to consider of it. I heard nothing farther for some

time : and about three months after I wrote to Lord Halifax, to thank him for his obliging offer ; “that I had considered the matter over fully ; and that all the difference I could find in having or not having a pension was, that if I had one, I might live more at large in town ; and that, if I had not, I might live happily enough in the country.” There was something said too of his love of being quite free, and without any thing that might even look like a bias laid on him. “So the thing (added he) dropped, and I had my liberty without a coach.”—*The same.*

Craggs afterwards went further than this. He told me, as a real friend, that a pension of 300*l.* a year was at my service, and that, as he had the management of the secret service money in his hands, he could pay me such a pension yearly without any one's knowing that I had it. Mr. Pope declined even this : he thanked Mr. Craggs for the heartiness and sincerity of his friendship ; told him that he did not like a pension any way ; but that since he had

so much goodness towards him, if he should want money, he would come to him for a hundred pounds, or even for five hundred, if his wants ran so high.—*The same.* [I do not find that he ever did go to Mr. Craggs for any thing after all; and have been assured by some of his friends, who knew his private affairs the most intimately, that they think he never did.]

Craggs was so friendly as to press this to me several times; and always used to insist on the convenience that a coach would be of to me, to incline me to accept of his kind offer. It is true, it would have been very convenient; but then I considered that such an addition to my income was very uncertain, and that if I had received it, and kept a coach for some time, it would have made it more inconvenient for me to live without one, whenever that should fail.—*Mr. Pope.*

Mr. Pope never flattered any body for money in the whole course of his writings. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted

in some part of Mr. Pope's works. He did not want money, and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire; and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much. Mr. Pope would not comply with such a baseness; and when the Alderman died he left him only a legacy of a hundred pounds, which might have been some thousands, if he had obliged him only with a couplet.—*Mr. W.** [who had it from Mr. Pope, and I have been assured of it by others who knew both Mr. Pope and the Alderman very well.]

When Mr. Pope's nephew † that had been

* *Mr. W.* here quoted as an authority about Alderman Barber, was probably *Warburton*.—*M.*

† This nephew was, I suppose, the son of Mrs. Racket, Pope's half-sister, or half sister-in-law. None of the biographers have told us whether Mrs. Racket was the daughter of Pope's father by a former wife, or the daughter of his mother by a former husband, or the wife of one who was the son of either his father or mother. I believe she was the wife of Pope's half-brother; for I once saw her about the year 1760, and she seemed not to be above 60 years old.—*M.* I see Pope, in his will, calls her sister-in-law.

used to the sea, refused a very handsome settlement that was offered him in the West Indies, and said that fifty pounds a year was all he wanted, and would make him happy, Mr. Pope, instead of using any arguments to persuade him not to refuse so advantageous a proposal, immediately offered to settle the yearly sum upon him which he said would make him happy.—*Mr. W.*

In talking over the design for a dictionary that might be authoritative for our English writers, Mr. Pope rejected Sir Walter Raleigh twice, as too affected.—*Mr. Pope.*

The list for prose authors, from whose works such a dictionary should be collected, was talked over several times. There were eighteen* of them named by Mr. Pope,

* Lord Bacon	L'Estrange
Hooker	Locke
Hobbes	Spratt
Ben Jonson	Atterbury
Lord Clarendon	Congreve
Barrow	Addison
Tillotson	Vanbrugh
Dryden	Swift
Sir Wm. Temple	Lord Bolingbroke.

but four* of that number were only named as authorities for familiar dialogues and writings of that kind.—*The same.*

Should I not write down Hooke and Middleton? Ay; and I think there's scarce any more of the living that you need name.—*The same.*

The list of writers that might serve as authorities for poetical language was begun upon twice, but left very imperfect. There were but nine † mentioned, and two ‡ of those only for the burlesque style.—*The same.*

The chief difficulty in a work of this kind would be in giving the definitions of the names of mixed modes; as to the names of

* Ben Jonson	L'Estrange
Congreve	Vanbrugh.
† Spenser	Milton
Shakspeare	Dryden
Fletcher	Prior
Waller	Swift.
Butler	

‡ Butler and Swift. Fletcher was mentioned only as an authority for familiar dialogue and the slighter kinds of writing.

things, they are very well ascertained.—
Mr. W.

It would be difficult too to settle what should be done as to the etymologies of words. If given to all, it would be often very trifling and very troublesome; and if given to none, we should miss some very sensible originals of words.—*The same.*

Abbe Pluche's founding his whole scheme on the original significations of names, would not be of any great weight, even though he should not have falsified their significations. The original languages were very narrow in words, so that in them the same word usually stands for forty different things. Hence it is that one can prove every thing to have been derived from terms of agriculture; another from terms of navigation; a third from terms of war; and a fourth from the names of the patriarchs. Pluche, it is true, has a peculiar simplicity in his scheme; but it should be considered that simplicity may serve falsehood as truth: though it is always beautiful, it is sometimes fallacious.—*The same.*

There is scarce any work of mine in which the versification was more laboured than my pastorals.—*Mr. Pope.* [The last his own favourite of them all.]

Though Virgil in his pastorals has sometimes six or eight lines together that are lyric, I have been so scrupulous as scarce ever to admit above two together, even in the Messiah.—*The same.*

There is a sweetness that is the distinguishing character of pastoral versification. The fourth and fifth syllables, and the last but two, are chiefly to be minded; and one must tune each line over in one's head, to try whether they go right or not.—*Mr. Pope.*

“Did you ever learn any thing of music?” Never; but I had naturally a very good ear, and have often judged right of the best compositions in music by the force of that.—*The same.*

I had once a thought of completing my ethic work in four books.—*The same.*

The first, you know, is on the nature of man; the second would have been on

knowledge and its limits : here would have come in an essay on education, part of which I have inserted in the *Dunciad*.—

The same.

The third was to have treated of government, both ecclesiastical and civil; and this was what chiefly stopped my going on : I could not have said what I would have said, without provoking every church on the face of the earth ; and I did not care for living always in boiling water. This part would come into my *Brutus*, which is all planned already, and even some of the most material speeches writ in prose. The fourth would have been on morality, in eight or nine of the most concerning branches of it ; four of which would have been the two extremes to each of the cardinal virtues.—

The same.

I have followed *that* (the significance of the numbers, and the adapting them to the sense) much more even than Dryden, and much oftener than any one minds it ; particularly in the translation of Homer, when it was not necessary to do so, and in the

Dunciad often; and indeed in all my poems.—*Mr. Pope.*

The great rule of verse is—to be musical: this other is only a secondary consideration, and should not jar too much with the former. I remember two lines I wrote when I was a boy, that were very faulty this way. It was on something that I was to describe as passing away as quick as thought:

“So swift, this moment here, the next 'tis gone,

“So imperceptible the motion.”

The same.

“I did not use to like a verse* in the Iliad, perhaps from its having a liquid in almost every word of it.” Ay, but that does not make it run on like a river verse, it only weakens it: 'tis as the thing described, nerveless and yet stiff.—*The same.*

On somebody's coming to see him on his illness, and saying they heard he was going to put his faith in a new physician, he said “no; I have not laid aside my old physician, and given myself up to a new

* “He lies a lifeless load along the land.”

one, any more than I have renounced the errors of our church, and taken up with those of yours.”—*The same.*

“ Here am I, like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends, just as I am dying.” *Mr. Pope* [on sending about some of his ethic epistles as presents, about three weeks before we lost him.]

“ I really had that thought several times when I was last with you, and was apt now and then to look upon myself like Phædo.” That might be, but you must not expect me to say any thing like Socrates at present.—*The same.*

One of the things that I have always most wondered at is, that there should be any such thing as human vanity. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago, for I lost my mind for a whole day.—*The same.* [This was on the 10th of May, and the day he spoke of was the Sunday before, May 6th.]

A day or two after he complained of that odd phenomenon (as he called it), of seeing

every thing in the room as through a curtain.

On the 14th, he complained of seeing false colours on objects. On the 15th, on a friend's coming in to see him, he said, "here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms." [This was just after the doctor had been telling him that he was very glad to find that he breathed so much easier, that his pulse was very good, and several other encouraging things.]

The thing that I suffer most from is, that I find that I cannot think.—*Mr. Pope.*

They are very innocent loves, like those of Adam and Eve in Milton. I wonder how a man of so infected a mind as the Regent could have any taste for such a book.—*The same.* [Of Longus's *Daphnis and Chloe*, which I had got in my hand to read while he was dozing.]

The greatest hero is nothing under a certain state of the nerves.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

His mind is like a fine ring of bells, jangled out of tune.—*The same.*

There is so much trouble in coming into the world, and so much uneasiness in going out of it, that—it is hardly worth while to be here at all!—*The same*. [His Lordship's melancholy attitude that morning (the 21st), leaning against Mr. Pope's chair, and crying over him for a considerable time with more concern than can be expressed.]

Ah! great God, what is man?—*The same*. [Looking on Mr. Pope, and repeating it several times, interrupted with sobs.]

When I was telling his Lordship that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovering of his mind, was always saying something kindly either of his present or absent friends, and that this in some cases was so surprising, that it seemed to me as if his humanity had outlived his understanding, Lord Bolingbroke said, “it has so!” and then added, “I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind.”

I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love and

friendship, than—— (sinking his head, and losing his voice in tears.)—*The same.*

I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as if it were by intuition.—*Mr. Pope.*

When a friend asked him whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should send for a priest, he said, "I do not suppose that it is essential, but it will be very right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it."—*The same.*

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "there is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

Mr. Pope died the 30th of May, 1744, in the evening; but they did not know the exact time, for his departure was so easy, that it was imperceptible even to the standers-by.

May our end be like his!

THE
ENGLISH POETS

AND

PROSE WRITERS.

[*AND A FEW FOREIGN WRITERS.*]

THE ENGLISH POETS

AND

PROSE WRITERS.

[AND A FEW FOREIGN WRITERS.]

SHAKSPEARE.

1728. It was and is a general opinion, that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity with each other. Betterton has assured me often that there was nothing in it, and that such a supposition was founded only on the two parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually.—*Mr. Pope.*

Dryden used to think that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death had something of satire at the bottom: for my part, I cannot discover any thing like it in them.—*The same.*

1736. Shakspeare generally used to stiffen his style with high words and meta-

phors for the speeches of kings and great men: he mistook it for a mark of greatness. This is strongest in his early plays; but in his very last, his Othello, what a forced language has he put into the mouth of the Duke of Venice! This was the way of Chapman, Massinger, and all the tragic writers of those days.—*The same.*

It was mighty simple in Rowe to write a play professedly in Shakespeare's style; that is, professedly in the style of a bad age.—*The same.*

D'AVENANT

1730. That notion of Sir William D'Avenant being more than a poetical child only of Shakspeare was common in town, and Sir William himself seemed fond of having it taken for truth.—*The same.*

1744. Shakspeare, in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, used to lie at D'Avenant's, at the Crown in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with Mrs. D'Avenant; and her son, afterwards Sir William, was

supposed to be more nearly related to him than as a godson only. One day, when Shakspeare was just arrived, and the boy sent for from school to him, a head of one of the colleges, who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family, met the child running home, and asked him whither he was going in so much haste: the boy said, “to my godfather, Shakspeare.”—“Fie, child,” says the old gentleman, “why are you so superfluous? Have you not learnt yet that you should not use the name of God in vain?”—*The same.*

Chapelain is about the rate of Sir William D’Avenant: he has strong thoughts, and no versification.—*The same.*

He mentioned Cleaveland and Cartwright as equally good, or rather as equally bad. What a noise was there made about the superior merits of those two sad writers! Donne is superior to Randolph, and Sir William D’Avenant a better poet than Donne.—*The same.*

Sir William D’Avenant’s Gondibert is not a good poem, if you take it on the

whole; but there are a great many good things in it. He is a scholar of Donne's, and took his sententiousness and metaphysics from him.—*The same.*

The burlesque prologue to one of Sir William D'Avenant's plays began with this couplet:

“ You who stand sitting still to hear our play,
Which we this night present you here to-day.”

The same.

BEN JONSON.

There was such a real character as Morose in Ben Jonson's time: Dryden somewhere says so*; and Mr. Pope had it from Betterton, and he from Sir William D'Avenant, who lived in Jonson's time, and knew the man. What trash are his works, taken altogether!—*The same.*

CHAUCER.

I read Chaucer still with as much pleasure as any of our poets. He is a master of manners and of description, and the first

* In his Essay on Dramatic Poetry.

tale-teller in the true enlivened natural way.—*The same.*

It is easy to mark out the general course of our poetry. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden, are the great landmarks for it.—*The same.* [It is plain that he was speaking of our miscellaneous writers, by his omitting Shakspeare and other considerable names in the dramatic way. His own name added to the four he mentioned would complete the series of our great poets in general.]

Chaucer and his contemporaries borrowed a good deal from the Provencal poets; the best account of whom in our language is in Rymer's piece on tragedies. "Rymer, a learned and strict critic?" Ay, that is exactly his character. He is generally right, though rather too severe in his opinion of the particular plays he speaks of; and is, on the whole, one of the best critics we ever had.—*The same.*

GOWER.

There is but little worth reading in Gower; he wants the spirit of poetry and

the descriptiveness that are in Chaucer.—
The same.

THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

Mr. Sackville (afterwards the first Earl of Dorset of that name) was the best English poet between Chaucer and Spenser's time. His tragedy of Gorboduc is written in a much purer style than Shakspeare's was in several of his first plays. Sackville imitates the manner of Seneca's tragedies very closely, and writes without affectation or bombast: the two great sins of our oldest tragic writers. The induction in the *Mirror of Magistrates* was written by him too, and is very good and very poetical.—*The same.*

SPENSER.

1744. After my reading a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady between 70 and 80, she said that I had been showing her a collection of pictures. She said very right; and I know not how it is, but there is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in

one's youth. I read the Faery Queen when I was about 12, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago.—*The same.*

SKELTON.

Skelton's poems are all low and bad; there is nothing in them that is worth reading.—*The same.* [Mr. Cleland, who was by, added that the Tunning of Elinour Runming, in that author's works, was taken from a poem of Lorenzo de Medicis.]

REVIEW OF THE OLD POETS AFTER SPENSER.

Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses is a pretty good one, considering the time when it was written*; it is all in Alexandrine verse, as well as Phaer's Virgil.—*The same.*

Michael Drayton was one of the imitators of Spenser; and Fairfax another. Milton, in his first pieces, is an evident follower of Spenser too; in his famous Allegro and Penseroso, and some others.—*The same.*

* It was published in 1567.

Webster, Marston, Goff, Kidd, and Massinger, were the persons he instanced as tolerable writers of tragedy in Ben Jonson's time.—*The same.*

Carew (a bad Waller), Waller himself, and Lord Lansdown, are all of one school; as Sir John Suckling, Sir John Mennis, and Prior, are of another.—*The same.*

Crashaw is a worse sort of Cowley; he was a follower too of Petrarch and Marino; but most of Marino. He and Cowley were good friends, and the latter has a good copy of verses on his death. About his pitch were Stanley*, the author of the *Opinions of Philosophers*; Randolph, though rather superior; and Silvester, though rather of a lower form.—*The same.*

Cartwright and Bishop Corbet are of this class of poets; and Rughel, the author of the *Counter-Scuffle*, might be admitted among them.—*The same.*

Sam Daniel, the historian, is unpoetical, but had good sense often.—*The same.*

Herbert is lower than Crashaw; Sir John

* See Stanley again in p. 99, and Randolph in p. 83.

Beaumont higher ; and Donne a good deal so.—*The same.*

Donne* had no imagination, but as much wit, I think, as any writer can possibly have. Oldham† is too rough and coarse. Rochester‡ is the medium between him and the Earl of Dorset. Lord Dorset is the best of all these writers. “What, better than Lord Rochester?” Yes : Rochester has neither so much delicacy nor exactness as Dorset. Sedley is a very insipid writer, except in a few of his little love verses.—*The same.*

SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling was an immoral man, as well as debauched. The story of the French Cards (his getting certain marks affixed to all that came from the great makers in France) was told me by the late Duke of Buckingham§, and he had it from old Lady Dorset herself||.—*The same.*

* See Donne, p. 83. † See Oldham again, p. 104.

‡ Rochester, *ibid.*

§ Sheffield Duke of Bucks is here meant. This anecdote was communicated to Mr. Spence in 1728.—M.

|| I suppose the Lady Dorset here meant was Lady Frances, daughter to Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Mid-

That lady took a very odd pride in boasting of her familiarities with Sir John. She is the mistress and goddess in all his poems; and several of those pieces were given by herself to the printer. This the Duke of Buckingham used to give as one instance of the fondness she had to let the world know how well they were acquainted.—*The same.*

Sir John was a man of great vivacity and spirit. He died about the beginning of the civil war, and his death was occasioned by a very uncommon accident. He entered warmly into the King's interests, and was sent over by him into France with some letters of great consequence to the Queen*.

dlex, by his second wife, Anne, daughter of James Brott, esq. Lady Frances Cranfield was born about the year 1620, and was married in or before the year 1637, to Richard, the fifth Earl of Dorset, who died 1677. After his death, when she must have been fifty-seven years old, she married Henry Powle, esq. Master of the Rolls; and died on November the 20th, 1792. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, was her nephew, his mother being half-sister to the Countess of Dorset.—M.

* This is one of a thousand proofs how difficult it is to ascertain facts at any distance of time; and how much

He arrived late at Calais, and in the night his servant ran away with his portmanteau,

every traditionary story *gathers* as it passes from one to another. Suckling certainly went to France, and died there; but he could not have carried any despatches to the Queen (Henrietta Maria), for he fled from London May 5th, 1641; being apprehensive of being seized, on account of a charge made by the Parliament against him of being concerned in a conspiracy with Henry Jermy, Henry Percy, and others, to rescue Lord Strafford, and procure his escape from the Tower. On that day, says May, who was his contemporary, (*Hist. of the Parl.* p. 99) “he passed into France, where he not long after died.” The Queen did not leave England till about ten months afterwards: February the 23d, 1641-2.

Oldys’ account of this transaction is as follows:—
 “Recollect where I have set down the story Lord Oxford told me he had from Dean Chetwood, who had it from Lord Roscommon, of Sir John’s being robbed of a casket of jewels and gold, when he was going to France, by his valet, who I think poisoned him, and stuck the blade of a penknife in Sir John’s boot, to prevent his pursuit of him, and wounded him in the heel incurably besides! It is in one of my pocket-books, white vellum cover; the white journal that is not gilt.”

—*MS. Notes on Langbaine.*

in which were his money and papers. When he was told of this in the morning, he immediately inquired which way his servant had taken; ordered horses to be got ready instantly; and in pulling on his boots, found one of them extremely uneasy to him; but as the horses were at the door, he leaped into his saddle, and forgot his pain. He pursued his servant so eagerly, that he overtook him two or three posts off; recovered his portmanteau, and soon after complained of a vast pain in one of his feet, and fainted away with it. When they came to pull off his boots, to fling him into bed, they found one of them full of blood. It seems, his servant, who knew his master's temper well, and was sure he would pursue him as soon as his villany should be discovered, had driven a nail up into one of his

Lord Oxford seems to have been Mr. Pope's informer, as well as the informer of Oldys; but to have derived it from letters, not from tradition.

Aubrey, in his MS. Anecdotes of the English Poets, says that Suckling was poisoned, and died at Paris.—M.

boots in hopes of disabling him from pursuing him. Sir John's impetuosity made him regard the pain only just at first, and his pursuit hurried him from the thoughts of it for some time after: however, the wound was so bad, and so much inflamed, that it flung him into a violent fever, which ended his life in a very few days. This incident, as strange as it may seem, might be proved from some original letters in Lord Oxford's collection.—*The same.*

Considering the manner of writing then in fashion, the purity of Sir John Suckling is quite surprising.—*Lockier*, Dean of Peterborough.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont was not concerned in above four or five plays with Fletcher.—*Mr. Pope.*

MILTON.

Milton begins to be greatly admired at Paris since the translation of his *Paradise*

Lost into French*. Even Cardinal Polignac, who used to think that most of the high things we said of him were overstrained and out of partiality, was convinced at once on an English gentleman's sending him only the contents of each book translated into French. "The man (said he) who could make such a plan must be one of the greatest poets that ever was born."—*Ramsey*.

Milton's style in his *Paradise Lost* is not natural; it is an exotic style †. As his subject lies a good deal out of our world, it has a particular propriety in those parts of the poem; and when he is on earth, whenever he is describing our parents in Paradise, you see he uses a more easy and natural way of writing. Though his forced style may fit the higher parts of his own poem, it does very ill for others who write on natural and pastoral subjects. Philips,

* This was in 1729.

† See (ante) p. 87, Milton's imitation of Spenser.

in his *Cyder*, has succeeded extremely well in imitation of it, but was quite wrong in endeavouring to imitate it on such a subject.—*Mr. Pope.*

*correctness
school*

Milton was a great master of the Italian poets; and I have been told that what he himself wrote in Italian is in exceeding good Italian. I can't think that he ever intended to have made a tragedy of his Fall of Man; at least I have Andreino's, and I don't find that he has taken any thing from him.—*The same.*

WALLER.

No writing is good that does not tend to better mankind in some way or other. Mr. Waller has said, that "he wished every thing of his burnt that did not impress some moral." Even in love verses it might be flung in by the way.—*The same.*

COWLEY.

Cowley is a fine poet in spite of all his faults. He, as well as D'Avenant, bor-

rowed his metaphysical turn from Donne.
—*The same.*

When Cowley grew sick of the court he took a house, first at Battersea, then at Barnes, and then at Chertsey; always farther and farther from the town.

Cowley in the latter part of his life showed a sort of aversion for women, and would leave the room when they came in: it was probably from a disappointment in love.

He was much in love with his Leonora, who is mentioned at the end of that good ballad of his on his different mistresses. She was married to Dean Sprat's brother; and Cowley never was in love with any body after.—*The same.*

Cowley's allowance at last was not above 300*l.* a year. He died at Chertsey; and his death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit there. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of

those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off.—*The same.*

DENHAM.

Sir John Denham's celebrated couplet on the Thames owes a great part of its fineness to the frequency and variety of the pauses :

Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

Mr. Auditor Benson.

There is none of our poets of that class [the class of Dorset and Rochester] that ever was more judicious than Sir John Denham.—*Mr. Pope.* [At the end of his *Cooper's Hill*, edit. 1709, Mr. Pope had written the following note :

This poem was first printed without the author's name in 1643. In that edition a great number of verses are to be found since entirely omitted ; and very many

others since corrected and improved. Some few the author afterwards added, and in particular the four celebrated lines on the Thames, "O! could I flow like thee," &c. all with admirable judgment; and the whole read together is a very strong proof of what Mr. Waller says,

"Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
"Could it be known what they discreetly blot."

Though it might be a very useful lesson for a poet to compare those two editions exactly, and to consider at each alteration how and why it was altered, it may not be amiss to adjoin here the following list of alterations in that poem :

Edit. 1709. -

V. 12. "More boundless," &c. Seven verses added instead of two bad ones.

24 to 26. Six verses only, instead of fourteen not near so good.

30 to 38 were scattered among others far inferior.

40. Four verses omitted, in which he had compared Windsor Castle to a big-bellied woman.

- 41 to 48. Altered for the better.
 55 to 58. Altered for the better.
 77 to 82. Six verses, instead of eight far inferior.
86. Two omitted.
- 100 to 115. Fifteen verses only, instead of twenty far inferior.
121. Rased.
- 127 to 132. Altered much for the better.
- 149 to 156. Added.
- 165 and 166. Altered.
- 171 to 196. Much omitted and much added ; of the Thames.
- 217 to 237. Much altered.
- 241 to 300. Much added ; of the Chase.
- 307 to 310. Simile added.
- 319 to 321. Altered for the better.
327. Six party lines omitted.
342. Party lines omitted.
357. Other of the same kind omitted in the close.

STANLEY.

Stanley's poems * consist chiefly of trans-

* See p. 88.

lations, but of well chosen pieces. His treatise of the sentiments of the old philosophers is very good.—*The same.*

OTWAY.

Otway has written but two tragedies, out of six, that are pathetic. I believe he did it without much design, as Lillo has done his *Barnwell*. It is a talent of nature rather than an effect of judgment to write so movingly.—*The same.*

Otway had an intimate friend, one Blakiston, who was shot: the murderer fled towards Dover, and Otway pursued him; in his return he drank water when violently heated, and so got the fever which was the death of him*.—*Mr. Dennis*, the Critic.

BUTLER.

Butler set out on too narrow a plan, and

* Dennis, in his preface to his observations on Pope's translation of Homer, 8vo. 1717, says, that Otway died in an alehouse. This, however, is not inconsistent with this account.—M.

even that design is not kept up. He sinks into little particulars about the widow, &c.

—*The same.*

The enthusiastic knight and ignorant squire, over-religious in two different ways, and always quarrelling together, is the chief point of view in it.—*The same.*

Hudibras's character is that of an enthusiasm for liberty, and so high and general a one, that it carries him on to attempt even the delivery of bears that are in chains*.

—*Mr. Locke.*

NAT. LEE.

Nat. Lee was a Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge †. Villiers, Duke of Buck-

* Dennis says (*ubi supra*) that Butler died in a garret.

† “ Nat. Lee, the poet, was of the same college [Trinity College in Cambridge,] admitted from Westminster School, *where I do not find he took any degree*, as his friend and collegian Mr. Dryden did; and their being of the same college might be one ground of their friendship and acquaintance. His end you know was deplorable, and much to be lamented, and is therefore to be passed over in silence.”—Letter from Thomas

ingham, brought him up to town, where he never did any thing for him; and I verily believe was one occasion of his running mad. He was rather before my time, but I saw him in Bedlam. I think he died about the time of the Revolution.—*Lockier*.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

That Duke of Buckingham (Villiers) was reckoned the most accomplished man of the age in riding, dancing, and fencing.

When he came into the presence-chamber, it was impossible for you not to follow him with your eye as he went along, he moved so gracefully. He got the better of his vast estate, and died between two common girls at a little alehouse in Yorkshire.—*Lockier*.

It is incredible how much pains he took with one of the actors, to teach him to speak some passages in Bayes's part in the Rehearsal, right. The vulgar notion of that

Baker to Mr. Cook (Hesiod Cook), March 5th, 1736. Howard's Coll. vol. 2, p. 595. Mr. Baker had minutely inspected all the Cambridge registers.—M.

play's being hissed off the first night is a mistake.—*The same.*

The Rehearsal, one of the best pieces of criticism that ever was, and Butler's inimitable poem of Hudibras, must be quite lost to the readers in a century more, if not soon well commented. Tonson has a good key to the former, but refuses to print it, because he had been so much obliged to Dryden.—*The same.*

In one of Dryden's plays there was this line, which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could :

“ My wound is great—because it is so small.”

and then she paused, and looked very distressed. The Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the boxes, rose immediately from his seat, and added in a loud ridiculing tone of voice—

“ Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all.”

which had such an effect on the audience, who before were not very well pleased with the play, that they hissed the poor woman off the stage, would never bear her ap-

pearance in the rest of her part, and as this was the second time only of its appearance, made Dryden lose his benefit night.—*Lockier.*

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing for the death of her husband; and after his fall, it is said, the Duke lay with her in his bloody shirt.—*Mr. Pope.*

ROCHESTER.

Lord Rochester* was of a very bad turn of mind, as well as debauched.—*The same.* (From the Duke of Buckingham, and others that knew him.)

Oldham is a very indelicate writer; he has strong rage, but it is too much like Billingsgate. Lord Rochester had much more delicacy, and more knowledge of mankind.—*The same.*

Rochester has very bad versification some-

* See p. 89.

times.—*The same.* [He instances this from his 10th satire of Horace, his full rhymes, &c.]

DORSET.

Lord Dorset's things are all excellent in their way; for one should consider his pieces as a sort of epigrams. Wit was his talent*.—*The same.*

He and Lord Rochester should be considered as holiday writers, as gentlemen that diverted themselves now and then with poetry, rather than as poets.—*The same.* [This was said kindly of them, rather to excuse their defects, than to lessen their characters.]

Lord Dorset used to say of a very good-natured dull fellow, it is a thousand pities that man is not ill-natured, that we might kick him out of company.—*The same.*

“Are there not several of Lord Dorset's pieces to be met with in the state poems?”
—Yes; I have met with two or three in dipping about this volume (vol. iii.) already.

* See p. 89.

CREECH.

Creech hurt his translation of Lucretius very much by imitating Cowley, and bringing in turns even into some of the most grand parts. He has done more justice to Manilius* than he has to Lucretius.—“That was much easier to do.”—That is true—No, he could never be of the high age (speaking of Manilius.)—*Mr. Pope.*

DRYDEN.

Dryden has assured me that he got more from the Spanish critics alone than from the Italian and French, and all others put together.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

Even Dryden was very suspicious of rivals. He would compliment Crown, when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to own that Crown had some genius, but

* Creech did not translate *Manilius*. The translation of that poet was made by Sir Edward Sherburne, I think.—M.

then he always added, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted.

—*Old Jacob Tonson.*

I was about seventeen when I first came to town; an odd looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who used to resort thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. "If any thing of mine is good," says he, "it is my *Mac-Fleckno*; and I shall value myself the more on it, because it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics." Lockier overhearing this, plucked up his spirit so far as to say in a voice just loud enough to be heard, that *Mac-Fleckno* was a very fine poem, but that he had not imagined it

to be the first that ever was wrote that way. On this Dryden turned short upon him as surprised at his interposing; asked him how long he had been a dealer in poetry, and added with a smile, "but pray, sir, what is that you did imagine to have been writ so before?" Lockier named Boileau's *Lutrin*, and Tassoni's *Secchia Rapita*, which he had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. "It is true," says Dryden, "I had forgot them." A little after Dryden went out; and in going spoke to Lockier again, and desired him to come to see him the next day. Lockier was highly delighted with the invitation, went to see him accordingly, and was well acquainted with him as long as he lived.—*Lockier* *.

* Of Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, the following account is given by that dull prosing writer, Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, in his own *Life*, p. 58, octavo edit.

His partiality for Peterborough [he is speaking of Dr. Zachary Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester] was owing to his connexion to Dr. Lockier the Dean, with whom he generally passed some time in every

Dryden allowed the Rehearsal to have a great many good strokes in it, " though so

summer. Dr. Lockier was a man of ingenuity and learning, had seen a great deal of the world, and was a most pleasant and agreeable companion; was one of Dr. Pearce's most intimate friends, and at his death bequeathed to him his library, which was a good one. As Dr. Lockier was himself a story-teller, so he had written in a large quarto book every good story that ever he had heard in company; and this used to lie in his parlour, for his visitors to turn over and amuse themselves till he could come to them. It contained a fund of entertainment, and it is a sign that it was conceived to do so, because some one or other thought it worth while to steal it: it never came to Dr. Pearce's hands, and he often regretted the loss of it. Dr. Lockier in the former part of his life was Chaplain to the Factory at Hamburgh, from whence he went every year to visit the Court of Hanover, whereby he became very well known to the King, George the First, who knew how to temper the cares of royalty with the pleasures of private life, and commonly invited six or eight of his friends to pass the evening with him. His Majesty seeing Dr. Lockier one day at Court, spoke to the Duchess of Ancaster, who was almost always of the party, that she should ask Dr. Lockier to come that evening. Dr. Lockier was not there, and the King asked the Duchess if she had spoken to him, as he desired. Yes, she said; but the Doctor presents his

severe (added he) upon myself; but I can't help saying that Smith and Jonson are two of the coolest, most insignificant fellows I ever met with on the stage." This, if it was not spoke out of resentment, betrayed

humble duty to your Majesty, and hopes your Majesty will have the goodness to excuse him at present, for he is soliciting some preferment from your Majesty's ministers, and he fears it might be some obstacle to him, if it should be known that he had the honour of keeping such good company.

The King laughed very heartily, and said he believed he was in the right. Not many weeks afterwards Dr. Lockier kissed the King's hand for the deanery of Peterborough; and as he was raising himself from kneeling, the King inclined forwards, and with great good humour whispered in his ear, "Well, now, Doctor, you will not be afraid to come in an evening; I would have you come this evening."

Dr. Lockier died in July or August 1740, I believe abroad. Mr. Spence probably met him at Hamburgh in 1730; for though he was made dean of Peterborough before 1727, he might have retained his chaplaincy some time afterwards. All the observations and anecdotes which Mr. Spence collected from him are so curious, and mark so excellent an understanding, that the quarto volume above mentioned cannot but be a most valuable compilation.—M.

a great want of judgment; for Smith and Jonson are men of sense, and should certainly say but little to such stuff, only enough to make Bayes show on.—*The same.*

Dryden was most touched with the Hind and the Panther transverst. I have heard him say, “For two young fellows that I have always been so civil to, to use an old man in so cruel a manner.” And he wept as he said it.—*The same.*

Three of the characters in Tate’s second part of Absalom and Achitophel are of Dryden’s writing, and are all excellently well writ; that of Julian Johnson, under the name of Ben; Tochannan Shadwell, under the name of Og; and Settle, under that of Doeg.—*Lockier.*

I don’t think Dryden so bad a dramatic writer as you seem to do. There are many things finely said in his plays as almost by any body. Beside his three best (All for Love, Don Sebastian, and the Spanish Fryar), there are others that are good; as Cleomenes, Sir Martin Mar-all, Limberham, and the Conquest of Mexico. His

Wild Gallant was written while he was a boy, and is very bad. All his plays are printed in the order that they were written.—*Mr. Pope.*

It was Charles the Second who gave Mr. Dryden the hint for writing his poem called the Medal. One day as the King was walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said, “If I was a poet (and I think I am poor enough to be one) I would write a poem on such a subject in the following manner,” and then gave him the plan for it. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem as soon as it was written to the King, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for it. [This was said by a priest that I often met with at Mr. Pope’s, who seemed to confirm it, and added, that King Charles obliged Dryden to put his Oxford speech into verse, and to insert it towards the close of his Absalom and Achitophel.]

Dryden lived in Gerrard-street, and used most commonly to write in the ground room next the street.—*The same.*

He had three or four sons; John, Eras-

mus, Charles, and perhaps another. One of them was a priest, and another a captain in the Pope's guards. He left his family estate, which was about 120*l.* a year, to Charles. His historiographer and poet laureat's places were worth to him about 300*l.* a year.—*The same.*

1742. Dryden cleared every way about 1200*l.* by his Virgil, and had sixpence each line for his Fables. For some time he wrote a play (at least) every year; but in those days ten broad pieces was the usual highest price for a play; and if they got 50*l.* more in the acting, it was reckoned very well.—*The same.*

His Virgil was one of the first books that had any thing of a subscription (and even that was a good deal on account of the prints, which were Ogilby's plates touched up); as the Tatlers were the first great subscription.—*The same.*

It was Dryden who made Will's coffee-house the great resort for the wits of his time. After his death, Addison transferred

it to Button's *, who had been a servant of his.—*The same.*

1743. I learned versification wholly from Dryden's works, who had improved it much beyond any of our former poets, and would probably have brought it to its perfection, had he not been unhappily obliged to write so often in haste.—*The same.*

Dryden always uses proper language, lively, natural, and fitted to the subject, it is scarce ever too high or too low; never, perhaps, except in his plays.—*The same.*

Addison passed each day alike, and much in the same manner as Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's; only he came home earlier at nights.—*The same.*

Addison was so eager to be the first name, that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run down Dryden's cha-

* In Russell-street, Covent Garden, on the south side.

racter as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it.—*Tonson.*

SHADWELL.

The Virtuoso of Shadwell does not maintain his character with equal strength to the end; and this was that writer's general fault. Wycherly used to say of him, that he knew how to start a fool very well, but that he was never able to run him down.—*Mr. Pope.*

1730. Shadwell's Squire of Alsatia took exceedingly at first, as an occasional play. It discovered the cant terms that were before not generally known, except to the cheats themselves, and was a good deal instrumental toward causing that nest of villains to be regulated by public authority. The story it was built on was a true fact.—*Mr. Dennis, the Critic.*

SETTLE.

Settle, in his *Anti-Achitophel*, was as-

sisted by Mat. Clifford *, Sprat, and several of the best hands of those times.—*Lockier*.

SPRAT.

Sprat, a worse Cowley.—*Mr. Pope*.

ETHERIDGE.

Sir George Etheridge was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he was exactly his own Sir Fopling Flutter, and yet he designed Dorimont, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture!—*Lockier*.

WYCHERLY.

Wycherly was a very handsome man. His acquaintance with the famous Duchess of Cleaveland commenced oddly enough. One day as he passed that duchess's coach in the Ring, she leaned out of the window, and cried out, loud enough to be heard distinctly by him, "Sir, you're a rascal;

* Certainly not Martin Clifford, for he was dead when *Absalom senior*, the piece meant, came out.—M.

you're a villain." Wycherly from that instant entertained hopes. He did not fail waiting on her next morning; and with a melancholy tone begged to know, how it was possible for him to have so much dis-obliged her grace? They were very good friends from that time; yet, after all, what did he get by her? He was to have travelled with the young Duke of Richmond. King Charles now and then gave him 100*l*.—not often; and he was an equerry*.—
Mr. Pope.

Wycherly was fifteen or sixteen when he went to France, and was acquainted there with Madam de Rambouillet, a little after Balzac's death †.—*The same.*

He was not unvain of his face. That's a fine one which was engraved for him by Smith, in 1703. He was then about his grand climacteric; but sat for the picture from which it was taken when he was

* Dennis says, he was equerry to the Duke of Buckingham, as Master of the Horse to the King. Letters, p. 219.

† Balzac died Feb. 18, 1654.—M.

about 28*. The motto to it (*Quantum mutatus ab illo*) was ordered by himself; and he used to repeat it sometimes with a melancholy emphasis.—*The same.*

It was generally thought by this gentleman's friends, that he lost his memory by old age. It was not by age, but by accident, as he himself has often told me. He remembered as well at sixty years old, as he had done ever since forty, when a fever occasioned that loss to him.—*The same.*

We were pretty well together to the last; only his memory was so totally bad, that he did not remember a kindness done him even from minute to minute. He was peevish, too, latterly; so that sometimes we were out a little, and sometimes in. He never did any unjust thing to me in his whole life; and I went to see him on his death-bed.—*The same.*

Wycherly died a Romanist, and he has owned that religion in my hearing.—*The same.*

Wycherly's nephew (on whom his estate

* About the year 1668.

was entailed, but with power of settling a widow's jointure) would not consent to his selling any part of it, which he wanted much to do, to pay off his debts, which were about a thousand pounds. He had therefore for some time been resolved to marry, in order to make a settlement from the estate to pay off his debt with his wife's fortune, and to plague his damn'd nephew, as he himself used to express it. When he found himself going off, he accordingly did marry, only about ten days before his death. This was about the time he had intended for it, for he only wanted to answer those ends, by marrying; and dreaded the ridicule of the world for marrying when he was old. After all, the woman he did marry* was a cheat; was a cast mistress

* He married Elizabeth Jackson, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Mr. Jos. Jackson, of Hertingfordbury, whose fortune was 1000*l.* He settled a jointure of 400*l.* a year on her. By his last will, which was made on Saturday, Dec. 31, 1715 (the day of his death), and executed about two hours before that event, he left her by the name of his "dear and well-beloved wife, Elizabeth Wycherly," after the payment

of the person who recommended her to him, and was supplied by him with money for her wedding clothes. After Wycherly's death, there were law quarrels about the settlement. Theobald was the attorney employed by her old friend, and it was by this means that Theobald came to have

of his debts and funeral charges, all the rest and residue of all his estate, ready money, plate, goods, and chattels whatsoever; and appoints his kinsman Thomas Shrimpton, Esq. his executor. About three months after his death she married Shrimpton, who was a half pay captain. Wycherley's nephew (his brother's son) soon afterwards filed a bill in chancery against Mr. and Mrs. Shrimpton, alleging that she was married to Shrimpton before she married Wycherly; that thus the old man had been imposed upon, and induced to make a jointure on her without any consideration, her fortune not having been paid to him. The defendants swore in their answer that he had received 190*l.* of it; and Lord Macclesfield finally decreed in their favour, so the allegation of her prior marriage must have been unfounded. She however, probably, was Shrimpton's mistress. The decree was made, I believe, in 1718.

See a curious letter, giving an account of these transactions, written by Shrimpton, in Egerton's (i. e. Curl's) *Life of Mrs. Oldfield*, p. 122. et seq.—M.

Wycherly's papers in his hands. — *The same.*

Wycherly had this odd particularity in him from the loss of his memory, that the same chain of thought would return into his mind at the distance of two or three years, without his remembering that it had been there before. Thus, perhaps, he would write one year an encomium upon Avarice (for he loved paradoxes), and a year or two after in dispraise of Liberty; and in both the words only would differ, and the thoughts be as much alike as two medals of different metals out of the same mould. — *The same.*

1730. Wycherly was in a bookseller's shop, at Bath, or Tunbridge, when Lady Drogheda* came in, and happened to inquire for

* This lady was the widow of Charles, the second Earl of Drogheda, whom she married in 1669, and who died June 18, 1679. She was Letitia Isabella, daughter of John Lord Robarts, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and had two daughters by her first husband Lord Drogheda, who died in their infancy. Her jointure was 800*l.* a year.—M.

the *Plain Dealer*. A friend of Wycherly's, who stood by him, pushed him towards her, and said, "There's the Plain Dealer, Madam, if you want him." Wycherly made his excuses, and Lady Drogheda said, that "she loved plain dealing best." He afterwards visited that lady, and in some time married her. This proved a great blow to his fortune. Just before the time of his courting, he was designed for the governor to the late Duke of Richmond, and was to have been allowed fifteen hundred a year from the government. His absence from court in the progress of the amour, and his being yet more absent after his marriage (for Lady Drogheda was very jealous of him), disgusted his friends there so much, that he lost all his interest with them. His lady died; he got but little by her; and his misfortunes were such, that he was thrown into the Fleet, and lay there seven years. It was then that Colonel Brett got his *Plain Dealer* to be acted, and contrived to get the King (James the Second) to be there.

The colonel attended-him thither: the king was much pleased with the play; asked who was the author of it; and upon hearing it was one of Wycherly's, complained that he had not seen him for so many years, and inquired what was become of him. The colonel improved this opportunity so well, that the king gave orders that his debts should be discharged out of the privy purse. Wycherly was so weak as to give an account only of five hundred pounds, and so was confined almost half a year longer, till his father was at last prevailed upon to pay the rest, between two or three hundred pounds more.—*Dennis* *.

Mr. Wycherly was really angry with me for correcting his verses so much. I was extremely plagued up and down, for almost two years, with them. However, it went off pretty well at last; and it appears by the edition of Wycherly's Posthumous Works, that he had followed the advice I

* See a more particular and somewhat different account of this transaction in *Dennis's Letters*, 8vo. 1721, p. 214.—M.

had so often given him, and had gone so far as to make some hundreds of prose maxims out of his verses.—Those verses that are published are a mixture of Mr. Wycherly's own original lines with a great many of Mr. Pope's inserted here and there (but not difficult to be distinguished), and some of Wycherly's softened a little in the running, probably by Theobald, who had the chief care of that edition.—*The same.*

“ People have pitied you extremely on reading your letters to Wycherly; surely 'twas a very difficult thing for you to keep well with him?” The most difficult thing in the world. He lost his memory forty years before he died, by a fever*, and would repeat the same thought sometimes in the compass of ten lines, and not dream of its being inserted but just before, and when you pointed it out to him, would say

* His fever, according to Dennis, was in 1678. King Charles visited him at his lodgings in Covent Garden on his recovery, gave him 500*l.* and insisted on his going to France for the restoration of his health: he went there the next year.

“Gad’s so, so ’tis; I thank you very much; pray blot it out.” He had the same single thoughts (which were very good) come into his head again, that he had used twenty years before. His memory did not carry above a sentence at a time—these single sentences were good; but the whole was without connexion, and good for nothing, but to be flung into maxims.—“In spite of his good sense, I could never read his plays with true pleasure, from the great stiffness of his style.”—Ay, that was occasioned by his being always studying for antitheses.—*Mr. Pope.*

The chronology of Wycherly’s Plays I was well acquainted with, for he has told me over and over. *Love in a Wood* he wrote when he was but nineteen; the *Gentleman Dancing-Master* at twenty-one; the *Plain Dealer* at twenty-five; and the *Country Wife* at one or two-and-thirty.—*The same.*

Wycherly must have been born about the year 1638, according to Pope’s account; therefore *Love in a Wood* was written in

1659: it, however, was acted for the first time at the Duke's Theatre, in 1672; and it is extremely improbable that he should have had it ten or twelve years by him after the restoration of the theatres, at which time he was certainly in great want of money, living in the Temple, and consorting with such expensive companions as Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, &c. The Gentleman Dancing-Master was first acted in 1673; the Country Wife, in 1675; and the Plain Dealer, in 1677; at which time he was at least thirty-seven, perhaps thirty-nine.—M.

Lord Rochester's character of Wycherly is quite wrong. He was far from being slow in general, and in particular wrote the Plain Dealer in three weeks.—*Mr. Pope.*

There are several verses of mine inserted in Mr. Wycherly's poems here and there, and particularly in those on Solitude, on a Life of Business, and on a Middle Life.—*Mr. Pope.*

Wycherly used to read himself asleep o' nights, either in Montaigne, Rochefou-

cault, Seneca, or Gratian, for these were his four favourite authors. He would read one or other of them in the evening, and the next morning perhaps write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading, and have several of their thoughts, only expressed in a different turn; and that without knowing that he was obliged to them for any one thought in the whole poem. I have experienced this in him several times (for I visited him for a whole winter almost every evening and morning), and look upon it as one of the strangest phænomenons that ever I observed in the human mind.—*The same.*

The nobleman look.—Yes, I know very well what you mean—that look which noblemen should have, rather than what they have generally now.

The Duke of Buckingham was a genteel man, and had a great deal of the look you speak of. Wycherly was a very genteel man, and had the nobleman look as much as the Duke of Buckingham.—*The same.*

[He instanced it, too, in Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Peterborough, the late Lord Hinchinbroke, the Duke of Bolton, and two or three more.]

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's famous essay has certainly been cried up much more than it deserves, though corrected a good deal by Dryden. It was this which set him up for a poet; and he has resolved to keep up that character, if he could, by any means fair or foul. Could any thing be more impudent than his publishing that satire, for writing which Dryden was beaten in Rose-alley (and which was so remarkably known by the name of the Rose-alley Satire), as his own? Indeed, he made a few alterations in it; but these were only verbal, and generally for the worse.—*Lockier.*

The Duke of Buckingham was superficial in every thing, even in poetry, which was his forte.—*Mr. Pope.*

Mr. Pope altered some verses in the

Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry, as he did several in Wycherly's poems.—*The same.*

PRIOR.

Lord Bathurst* used to call Prior his verseman, and Lewis his proseman. Prior, indeed, was nothing out of verse, and was less fit for business even than Addison, though he piqued himself much upon his talents for it. What a simple thing was it to say upon his tombstone, that he was writing a history of his own times! He could not write in a style fit for history; and I dare say he never had set down a word toward any such thing.—*The same.*

Prior was not a right good man. He used to bury himself for whole days and nights together with a poor mean creature, and often drank hard. He turned from

* This is undoubtedly a mistake of Mr. Spence. Lord *Oxford* must have been the person here mentioned by Pope. Lewis was, I think, Lord Oxford's secretary. Bathurst had no particular connexion with Prior. Harley had; and was his constant patron.—M.

a strong Whig, which he had been when most with Lord Halifax, to a violent Tory, and did not care to converse with any Whigs after, any more than Rowe did with Tories.—*The same.*

Prior left most of his effects to the poor woman he kept company with, his Chloe. Every body knows what a wretch she was. I think she had been a little alehouse-keeper's wife.—*The same.*

1730. Prior kept every thing by him, even to all his school-exercises. There's a MS. collection of this kind in his servant Drift's hands, which contains at least half as much as all his published works; and there are nine or ten copies of verses among them which I thought much better than several things he himself published: in particular, I remember there was a dialogue of about two hundred verses, between Apollo and Daphne, which pleased me as much as any thing of his I ever read.—*The same.*

There are also four dialogues in prose, between persons of a character very strongly opposed to one another, which I

thought very good: one of them was between Charles the Fifth and his tutor, Adrian the Sixth, to show the different turns of a person who had studied human nature only in his closet, and of one who had rambled all over Europe; another between Montaigne and Locke, on a most regular and a very loose way of thinking; a third between Oliver Cromwell and his mad porter; and the fourth between Sir Thomas More and the Vicar of Bray.—*Mr. Pope, and the Dialogues themselves.*

HALIFAX.

“ Did he not write the Country Mouse with Mr. Prior?”—“ Yes; just as if I was in a chaise with Mr. Chiselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, Lord! how finely we draw this chaise.”—*Lord Peterborough.*

SWIFT.

Dr. Swift has told me that he was born in the town of Leicester, and that his father

was minister of a parish in Herefordshire.

—*Mr. Pope.*

Dr. Swift was a great reader and admirer of Rabelais, and used sometimes to scold me for not liking him enough. Indeed, there were so many things in his works in which I could not see any manner of meaning driven at, that I never could read him over with any patience.—*The same.*

1737. Gulliver was received but indifferently at first among us, but pleased after people got more into the humour of the thing.—*Abbe Boileau, at Tours.*

Swift has stolen all his humour from Cervantes and Rabelais.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature: it is so odd that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, "Heyday, gentlemen (says the Doctor),

what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave all the great Lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean?"—"Because we would rather see you than any of them."—"Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose?"—"No, Doctor, we have supped already."—"Supped already: that's impossible; why it is not eight o'clock yet*. That's very strange; but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see, what should I have had? A couple of lobsters? Ay, that would have done very well: two shillings: tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time, only to spare my pocket."—"No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you."

* There is certainly here something omitted by the transcriber. The words omitted probably were Pope's reply to the last observation of Swift, accounting by some particular circumstance for their having supped before the usual time.—M.

—“ But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings. Two and two is four, and one is five: just two and sixpence apiece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you; and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined.” This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions: and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money.—*Mr. Pope.*

1742. Rollin has writ a letter very full of compliments to Dr. Swift. “ Has not he offended him by it?”—No; the Doctor does not hate praise, he only dislikes it when it is extravagant or coarse. When B. told Swift that he loved him more than all his friends and relations, the Dean made him no manner of answer, but said afterwards—the man was a fool.—*The same.*

“ There's a lady, Doctor, that longs to see you, and admires you above all things.” “ Then I despise her heartily.”—*The same.*

1735. That picture* of Dr. Swift is very like him: though his face has a look of dulness in it, he has very particular eyes: they are quite azure as the heavens, and there is a very uncommon archness in them.

—*The same.*

HUGHES

Was a good humble-spirited man, and but a poor writer, except his play—that was very well.—*The same.*

FENTON.

1730. Fenton is a right honest man. He is fat and indolent; a very good scholar; sits within, and does nothing but read or compose.—*The same.*

PARNELL.

Parnell's *Pilgrim* is very good. The story was written originally in *Spanish*.—*The same.* [Whence probably Howel had

* Probably a portrait of Swift by Jervais.—M.

translated it in prose, and inserted it in one of his Letters.]

GAY.

Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time; but afterwards 'thought it would be better to write a Comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the Beggar's Opera. He began on it, and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, "It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly." We were all at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by our hearing the Duke

of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, "It will do—it must do—I see it in the eyes of them." This was a good while before the first act was over; and so gave us ease soon, for that Duke (beside his own good taste) has as particular a knack as any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual: the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause.—*The same.*

Gay was remarkable for an unwillingness to offend the great by any of his writings. He had an uncommon timidity upon him in relation to any thing of that sort: and yet you see what ill luck he had that way, after all his care not to offend.—*The same.*

Mr. Addison and his friends had exclaimed so much against Gay's *Three Hours after Marriage*, for obscenities, that it provoked him to write a *Letter from a Lady in the City to a Lady in the Country*, on that subject. In it he quoted the passages which had been most exclaimed against;

and opposed other passages to them, from Addison's and Steele's plays. These were aggravated in the same manner that they had served his, and appeared worse. Had it been published, it would have made Mr. Addison appear ridiculous, which he could bear as little as any man. I therefore prevailed upon him not to print it, and have the manuscript now by me.—*The same.*

A fortnight before Addison's death, Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner to go and see Mr. Addison, which he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. Addison received him in the kindest manner, and told him, that "he had desired this visit to beg his pardon; that he had injured him greatly; but that if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him." Gay, on his going to Hanover, had great reasons to hope for some good preferment; but all those views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr. Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the

former ministry. He did not at all explain himself in what he had injured him ; and Gay could not guess at any thing else in which he could have injured him so considerably.—*The same.*

Gay was quite a natural man, wholly without art or design ; and spoke just what he thought, and as he thought it.—*The same.*

He dangled for twenty years about a court, and at last was offered to be made usher to the young Princesses.—*The same.*

Secretary Craggs made Gay a present of stock in the South Sea year, and he was worth 20,000*l.* ; but lost it all again.—*The same.*

Gay got about 400*l.* by the first Beggars' Opera, and eleven or twelve hundred by the second.—*The same.*

He was a negligent and a bad manager. Latterly the Duke of Queensbury took his money into his keeping, and let him have only what was necessary out of it ; and as he lived with them, he could not have

occasion for much. He died worth upwards of 3000*l.*—*The same.*

Gay was a good-natured man and a little poet.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

Lydia, in Lady Mary's poems, is almost wholly Gay's, and is published as such in his works. There are only five or six lines new, set by that lady. It was that which gave the hint; and she wrote the other five eclogues to it.—*Mr. Pope.*

The little copy of verses on Ditton and Whiston, in the third volume of the Miscellanies, was writ by Gay.—*The same.*

GARTH.

Garth talked in a less libertine manner than he had been used to do about the three last years of his life. He was rather doubtful and fearful than religious. It was usual for him to say, that if there was any such thing as religion, it was among the Roman catholics. He died a papist (as I was assured by Mr. Blount, who carried the father to him in his last hours); probably

from the greater efficacy we give the sacraments. He did not take any care of himself in his last illness; and had talked for three or four years as one tired of living. In short, I believe he was willing to let it go.—*The same.*

When Dr. Garth had been for a good while in a bad state of health, he sent one day for a physician with whom he was particularly intimate, and conjured him by their friendship, and by every thing that was most sacred, if there was any thing more sacred, to tell him sincerely whether he thought he should be able to get rid of his illness or not. His friend, thus conjured, told him, that he thought he might struggle on with it perhaps for some years, but that he much feared he could never get the better of it entirely. Dr. Garth thanked him for his dealing so fairly with him; turned the discourse to other things, and talked very cheerfully all the rest of the time he staid with him. As soon as he was gone, he called for his servant, said he was a good deal out of order, and then sent him for a surgeon to bleed him. Soon

after he sent for a second surgeon by a different servant, and was bled in the other arm. He then said he wanted rest, and when every body had quitted the room, he took off the bandages and lay down with a design of bleeding to death. His loss of blood made him faint away, and that stopped the bleeding. He afterwards sunk into a sound sleep; slept all the night, waked in the morning without his usual pains; and said, that if it would continue so, he would be content to live on. In his last illness he did not use any remedies, but let his distemper take its course. The former I have heard more than once from his own mouth.—*Mr. Townly*. [Who added, that the doctor was the most agreeable companion he ever knew.]

CONGREVE. VANBRUGH. FARQUHAR.

None of our writers have a freer, easier way for comedy than Etheridge and Vanbrugh. “Now we have named all the best of them,” (after mentioning those two, Wycherly, Congreve, Fletcher, Jonson, and Shakspeare).—*Mr. Pope*.

Ay, Mr. Jonson, he was ultimus Romanorum.—*The same*. With a sigh; speaking of poor Mr. Congreve, who died a year or two before.

Garth, Vanbrugh, and Congreve, were the three most honest-hearted and good men of the poetical members of the Kit-cat Club.—*Mr. Pope* and *Mr. Tonson*.

Dr. Lockier spoke of Farquhar as a mean poet, and as placed by some in a higher rank than he deserved. Mr. Pope always used to call Farquhar “a farce writer.”

ROWE.

Rowe was bred first at Westminster, and then at the Temple. He had about 300*l.* a year and his chambers there. His father was a serjeant at law. He was of a pretty personage, and a very pretty sort of man.—*Mr. Lewis*.

Frowd for his precious soul cares not a pin—a,
For he can now do nothing else but Cinn—a:

was an epigram made by Mr. Rowe on Phil. Frowd's uncle, when that gentleman

was writing a tragedy of that name.—*Mr. Pope.*

“ I thought Rowe had been too grave to write such things.” He! why, he would laugh all day long; he would do nothing else but laugh *.—*The same.*

It was mighty simple in Rowe to write a play now professedly in Shakspeare's style; that is, professedly in the style of a bad age.—*The same.*

Lord Oxford was huddled in his thoughts, and obscure in his manner of delivering them. It was he who advised Mr. Rowe to learn Spanish, and after all his pains and expectation, only said, “ then, Sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original.”—“ Was not that cruel?” I do not believe it was meant so; it was only his odd way.—*The same.*

* “ You are become a husband since I saw you last, as well as a land surveyor,” says Dennis in a letter to Rowe, dated Oct. 5, 1715, “ Jesu! what alteration must not those two offices have made in the life of a gentleman who loved to lie in bed all day for his ease, and to sit up all night for his pleasure.”—*M.*

YOUNG.

A little after Dr. Young had published his *Universal Passion*, the Duke of Wharton made him a present of 2000*l.* for it. When a friend of the Duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out, "What! two thousand pounds for a poem?" The Duke smiled, and said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand.—*Mr. Rawlinson.*

When the Doctor was very deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, that nobleman made him a very different present. He procured a human skull, and fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the Doctor, as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.—*The same.*

MAYNWARING.

That very hot copy of verses against King William and Queen Mary, in this volume of *State Poems**, was writ by the

* The third vol. p. 319.—*Tarquin and Tullia.*

famous Mr. Maynwaring, though he was so great a Whig afterwards, on his acquaintance with Lord Halifax.—*Mr. Pope.*

ADDISON.

Addison wrote the four first acts of his *Cato* abroad, at least they were written when I met him so accidentally on his return at Rotterdam*.—*Tonson.*

The love part was flung in after, to comply with the popular taste; and the last act was not written till six or seven years after he came home.—*Mr. Pope.*

When Mr. Addison had finished his *Cato*, he brought it to me, desired my sincere opinion of it, and left it with me for three or four days. I gave him my opinion sincerely, which was, that “I thought he had better not act it, and that he would get reputation enough only by printing it.” This I said, as thinking the lines well written, but the piece not theatrical enough. Some time after, Mr. Addison said, that his own opinion was the same with mine; but that some particular friends of his, whom he

or judgment
truly
and theatre,
poor
literature

could not disoblige, insisted on its being acted: and so it was, you know, with the greatest applause.—*The same.*

Mr. Addison would never alter any thing after a poem was once printed; and was ready to alter almost every thing that was found fault with before. I believe he did not leave a word unchanged that I made any scruple against in his *Cato*.—*Mr. Pope.* [The last line in that tragedy was originally—

“ And oh! ’twas this that ended Cato’s life.”

It was Mr. Pope who suggested the alteration as it stands at present:

“ And robs the guilty world of Cato’s life.”] *good*

Addison translated the first book of the *Iliad* that appeared as Tickel’s; and Steele has blurted it out in his angry preface against Tickel.—*Mr. Pope.*

Addison was so eager to be the first name, that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run down even Dryden’s character

as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it.—*Tonson.*

The worst step Addison ever took was accepting the secretary's place*. He did it to oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to qualify himself to be owned for her husband†.—*Mr. Pope.*

* “ I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I knew that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it ; and I really believe, that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and *such a wife as the Countess*, do not seem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is asthmatic ; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the voluminous Dictionary of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject ; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground classic ground ; nor will you refuse our present Secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects.”—Letter from Lady M. W. Montagu to Mr. Pope, Sept. 1, 1717.

† This is not correctly stated, for he married Char-

at a proposal
of principle
because
with concerns

He had thoughts of getting that lady, from his first being recommended into the family.—*Tonson*.

Mr. Addison wrote very fluently, but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends, and would alter almost every thing that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself, and too much concerned about his character as a poet, or, as he worded it, “too solicitous for that kind of praise, which, God knows, is a very little matter after all.”—*Mr. Pope*.

“I wonder then why his letter to Sacheverell was published?”—That was not published till after his death; and I dare say he would not have suffered it to be printed,

lotte, daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, in the County of Denbigh, Bart. and widow of Edward, Earl of Warwick (who died in July, 1701), August 2d, 1716; and he was made Secretary of State April 16th, 1717, which office he resigned March 14th, 1718. If however the marriage was not *owned* till 1717, though it took place in the preceding year, Pope was right.

had he been living, for he himself used to speak of it as a poor thing. He wrote it when he was very young; and as such gave the characters of some of our best poets in it, by hearsay only. Thus, his character of Chaucer is diametrically opposite to the truth: he blames him for want of humour. The character he gives of Spenser is false too; and I have heard him say, that he never read Spenser till fifteen years after he wrote it.—*Mr. Pope.*

Many of the Spectators he wrote very fast, and often sent them to the press as soon as they were written. It seems to have been best for him not to have had too much time to correct.—*Mr. Pope.*

Addison was perfectly good company with intimates; and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man; but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence.—*The same.*

Pope's character of Addison is one of

the truest as well as one of the best things he ever wrote. Addison deserved that character the most of any man. Yet, how charming are his prose writings! He was as much a master of humour, as he was an indifferent poet.—*Lockier*.

1731. Mr. Addison did not go to any depth in the study of medals: all the knowledge he had of that kind I believe he had from me; and I did not give him above twenty lessons upon that subject.—*Ficoroni*.

Mr. Addison staid above a year at Blois. He would get up so early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lay in bed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful; and sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room, and staid five minutes there before he has known any thing of it. He had his masters generally at supper with him; kept very little company beside; and had no amour whilst here, that I know of; and

I should have known it if he had had any.
—*Abbe Philippeaux, of Blois.*

Mr. Addison could not give out a common order in writing, from his endeavouring always to word it too finely. He had too beautiful an imagination to make a man of business.—*Mr. Pope.*

The Spectators, though there are so many bad ones among them, make themselves read still. All Addison's are allowed to be good, and many of Steele's.—*Abbe Boileau.*

Mr. Addison originally designed to have taken orders*, and was flung off from that design by his being sent abroad in so encouraging a manner. It was thence that he began to think of public posts, as his being made secretary of state at last, and sinking in his character by it, turned him back again to his first thought. He latterly had an eye towards the lawn; and it was then that he began his Essay on Chris-

* He himself speaks of that design in the close of his verses to Sacheverell, written in 1694. See his Miscel.

tianity, and had a design of translating all the Psalms *, for the use of churches. Five or six of them that he did translate were published in the Spectators.—*Mr. Pope.*

Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison. He had had a quarrel with him; and, after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him, “ One day or other you’ll see that man a bishop: I’m sure he looks that way; and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart.”—*The same.*

My acquaintance with Mr. Addison commenced in 1712. I liked him then as well as I liked any man, and was very fond of his conversation. ’Twas soon after that Mr. Addison advised me not to be content with the applause of half the nation, used to talk much and often to me of moderation in parties, and used to blame his dear friend

* Here again Pope is inaccurate. If these Psalms were inserted in the Spectator, which closed December 10, 1714, they could not have been translated on his having a view to a bishopric, after ceasing to be secretary of state in 1717.—M.

Steele for being too much of a party man. He encouraged me in my design of translating the Iliad, which was begun that year, and finished in 1718.—*The same.*

Addison's chief companions, before he married Lady Warwick, were Steele, Budgell, Philips, Carey, D'Avenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with one or other of them at his lodgings in St. James's-place, dine at taverns with them, then to Button's, and then to some tavern again to supper; and this was the usual round of his life.—*The same.*

Steele had the greatest veneration for Addison, and used to show it in all companies in a particular manner. Addison now and then used to play a little upon him: but he always took it well.—*The same.*

It was my fate to be much with the wits: my father was acquainted with them all. Addison was the best company in the world. I never knew any body that had so much wit as Congreve. Sir Richard Steele was a very good-natured man, and

Dr. Garth a very worthy one.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

I don't remember any such thing as two parties; one to set up Pope, and the other Mr. Addison, as the chief poet of those times: 'twas a thing that could not bear any dispute.—*The same.*

Addison used to value himself more upon his poetry than upon his prose, though he wrote the latter with such particular ease, fluency, and happiness.—*Mr. Pope.*

Addison usually studied all the morning, then met his party at Button's, dined there, and staid five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night.—*The same.*

I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it.—*The same.*

Addison passed each day alike, and much in the manner that Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's; only he came home earlier a' nights.—*The same.*

I used formerly to like Mr. Addison's Letter from Italy extremely; and still like

it the most of all his poems, even more than his Campaign.—*The same.*

BUDGELL.

Addison used to speak very slightly of Budgell: "One that calls me cousin; the man stamped himself into my acquaintance," &c.—*The same.* [When Mr. Addison was first in town, and in lodgings, Budgell lodged in the room over his. He walked much, and was troublesome to him. One night Addison was so tired with the noise, that he invited him to sup with him; and that began their acquaintance.]

When somebody was speaking to Mr. Addison of Budgell's Epilogue to the Distressed Mother, and said they wondered how so silly a fellow could blunder upon so good a thing, Addison said, "O, sir, 'twas quite another thing when first it was brought to me."—*The same.*

PHILIPS.

An audience was laid for the Distressed Mother; and, when they found it would

do, it was practised again yet more successfully for Cato *. Lord Bolingbroke's carrying his friends to the house, and presenting Booth with a purse of guineas, for so well representing the character of a person who rather chose to die than to see a general for life, was an incidental piece of good luck, and carried the success of the play much beyond what they ever expected.—*The same.*

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE.

Browne is an excellent copyist †; and those who take it ill of him ‡ are very much in the wrong. They are very strongly

* This should rather have been under *Addison*.—M.

† In his *Imitations on Tobacco*.

‡ Mr. Thomson did so; and, soon after they were printed, published a warm copy of verses against Mr. Browne, in one of the magazines or newspapers.

Dost thou confound the poets in thy ire,
Thou man of mighty smoke, but little fire?

was one of the distichs in it.—*Dr. Armstrong.*

mannered, and perhaps could not write so well if they were not so; but still 'tis a fault that deserves the being pointed out.—*Mr. Pope.*

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Sannazarius's *Arcadia* is written in prose, interspersed with verses, and might probably have given the hint to our Sir Philip Sydney.—*Lockier.*

BACON.

Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced.—*Mr. Pope.*

Lord Bacon, in his *Novum Organum*, has laid down the whole method that Descartes afterwards followed.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to

have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.”—*Ramsay.*

’Tis not at all improbable that Sir Isaac Newton, though so great a man, might have had a hankering after the French prophets. There was a time, I can assure you, when he was possessed with the old fooleries of astrology; and another when he was so far gone in chemistry as to be upon the hunt after the philosopher’s stone.—*Lockier.*

The pursuits of the greatest trifles may sometimes have a very good effect. The search after the philosopher’s stone has preserved chemistry; and the following astrology so much in former ages has been the cause of astronomy’s being so much advanced in ours. Sir Isaac Newton himself has owned that he began with studying judicial astrology, and that it was his pur-

suits of that idle and vain study which led him into the beauties and love of astronomy.

—*Cocchi.*

When I asked Sir Isaac how the study of the mathematics flourished in England, he said, “Not so much as it has done here; but more than it does in any other country.”

—*The same.*

Sir Isaac Newton, though so deep in algebra and fluxions, could not readily make up a common account; and, whilst he was Master of the Mint, used to get somebody to make up the accounts for him.—*Mr. Pope.*

LOCKE.

Mr. Locke spent a good part of his first years at the university in reading romances, from his aversion to the disputation way then in fashion there. He told Costi so, and gave that reason for it to him.—*Cocchi.*

Cudworth in theological metaphysics, Locke in proper metaphysics, and Nelson in physics, are read as the first books

of their kind in several foreign universities. The character of our best English writers gets ground abroad very much of late.—*Lord Bolingbroke*.—[This was said in 1728.—M.]

MARLBOROUGH.

As inconsistent as the Duke of Marlborough's character may appear to you, yet may it be accounted for, if you gauge his actions by his reigning passion, which was the love of money. He endeavoured at the same time to be well both at Hanover and St. Germain's; this surprised you a good deal when I first told you of it, but the plain meaning of it was only this:—that he wanted to secure the vast riches he had amassed together whichever should succeed. He was calm in the heat of battle; and when he was so near being taken prisoner, in his first campaign in Flanders, he was quite unmoved. It is true, he was like to lose his life in the one and his liberty in the other, but there was none of his money at stake in either. This mean passion of that

very
fair

very
unfair

great man operated very strongly in him in the very beginning of his life, and continued to the very end of it. One day as he was looking over some papers in his scrutoire with Lord Cadogan, he opened one of the little drawers, took out a green purse, and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that appeared very visible in his face, "Cadogan (says he), observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed. There are just forty of them; 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it always unbroken from that very time to this day." This shows how early and how strong this passion must have been upon him; as another little affair, which happened in his last decline at Bath, may serve, among many others, to show how miserably it continued to the end. He was playing there with Dean Jones at picquet for sixpence a game. They played a good while, and the Duke left off when winner of one game. Some time after, he desired the Dean to pay him

*Very abstractions
of Pope's. — not to be
mistrusted*

his sixpence. The Dean said he had no silver. The Duke asked him for it over and over, and at last desired that he would change a guinea to pay it him, because he should want it to pay the chair that carried him home. The Dean, after so much pressing, did at last get change, paid the Duke his sixpence, observed him a little after he left the room, and declares that after all the bustle that had been made for his sixpence, the Duke actually walked home to save that little expense a chair would have put him to.—*Mr. Pope.*

BOLINGBROKE.

Just before I went to the Congress at Utrecht I learned the Spanish language in three weeks' time, so as to be able to read and answer letters in it.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

Lord Bolingbroke and the Bishop of Rochester did not quite approve of *Telemachus*; and Lord Bolingbroke in particular used to say, that he could never bear with the saffron morning with her rosy

fingers, in prose. For my own part, though I do not like that poetic kind of prose writing, yet I always read Telemachus with pleasure. "That must be then from the good sense and spirit of humanity that runs through the whole work?" Yes, it must be that; for nothing else could make me forget my prejudices against the style it is written in so much as I do.—*Mr. Pope.*

Lord Bolingbroke is not deep in pictures, statues, or architecture.—*The same.* [I had been asking him what that Lord's opinion was of the Achilles story in the statues at Cardinal Polignac's, and he said that he spoke but lowly of them.]

Lord Bolingbroke wrote the long inscription on the column set up in honour of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim. "I own I should have thought it too stiff for so fine and easy a writer as Lord Bolingbroke." What may seem to you too stiff in it is, from that Lord's imitating the best old inscription style on that occasion.—*The same.*

Lord Bolingbroke is much the best writer of the age. Nobody knows half the extent of his excellence but two or three of his most intimate friends. Whilst abroad he wrote a consolation to a man in exile so much in Seneca's style, that was he living now among us one should conclude that he had written every word of it. He has also wrote several strictures on the Roman affairs (something like what Montesquieu published afterwards), among which there are many excellent observations. — *The same.*

Hutcheson is a very odd man, and a very bad writer; but he has struck out very great lights, and made very considerable discoveries by the way, as I have heard from people who know ten times more of those matters than I do. “Does Lord Bolingbroke understand Hebrew?” No: but he understands that sort of learning, and what is writ about it. — *The same.*

Lord Bolingbroke's usual health after dinner is, “To friendship and liberty.” I

should like to have it for a motto to my door with an S added after it*.—*The same.*

There is one thing in Lord Bolingbroke which seems peculiar to himself. He has so great a memory as well as judgment; that if he is alone and without books he can sit down by himself (as another man would in his study), and refer to the books, on such a particular subject in them, in his own mind, and write as fully on it as another would with all his books about him. He sits like an intelligence, and recollects all the questions within himself.—*The same.*

Lord Bolingbroke quitted the Pretender because he found him incapable of making a good prince. He himself, if in power, would have made the best of ministers. These things will be proved one of these days. The proofs are ready, and the world will see them †.—*The same.*

* *Amicitiae et Libertati S.*; or, Sacred to friendship and liberty.

† This seems to allude to the *Patriot King*, of which Pope had printed off an edition. What Spence has here

We have had a new set of motives and principles all over Europe since the Pyrenean treaty, so that the only part even of our own history necessary to be thoroughly studied now does not go a great way back. This is the opinion of Lord Bolingbroke, who knows more of Europe than perhaps all Europe put together at present.—*The same.*

*deductio
logica =
standard
desiderium for
authority*

OXFORD.

Lord Oxford was not a very capable minister, and had a good deal of negligence into the bargain. He used to send trifling verses from court to the Scriblerus Club almost every day; and would come and talk idly with them almost every night, even when his all was at stake.—*The same.*

That Lord talked of business in so confused a manner that you did not know what he was about; and every thing he went to tell you was in the epic way, for he always began in the middle.—*The same.*

recorded was spoken in 1744, not long before Pope's death.— M.

They were quite mistaken in his temper who thought to get rid of him by advising him to make his escape from the Tower. He would have set out the storm let the danger be what it would.—*The same.*

He was a steady man, and had a great firmness of soul, and would have died unconcernedly, or perhaps like Sir Thomas More, with a jest in his mouth.—*The same.*

On somebody's saying of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it, Lord Oxford's answer was, "You don't know how far the good people of England will bear."—*The same.*

ATTERBURY.

Upon the death of the Queen, Ormond, Atterbury, and Lord Mareshal, held a private conversation together; in which Atterbury desired the latter to go out immediately, and to proclaim the Pretender in form. Ormond, who was more afraid of consequences, desired to communicate it first to the council. "Damn it," says Atterbury, in a great heat, (for he did not

value swearing) “you very well know that things have not been concerted enough for that yet, and that we have not a moment to lose.” Indeed it was the only thing they could have done: such a bold step would have made people believe that they were stronger than they really were, and might have taken strangely. The late King, I am fully persuaded, would not have stirred a foot, if there had been a strong opposition: indeed, the family did not expect this crown; at least nobody in it but the old Princess Sophia.—*Lockier.*

*Papist
prudent*

The Princess Sophia was a woman of good sense, and excellent conversation. I was very well acquainted with her. She sat very loose in her religious principles, and used to take a particular pleasure in setting a heretic, wherever she could meet with such, and one of her chaplains a disputing together.—*The same.*

When the Bishop of Rochester was in the Tower, upon its being said in the drawing-room, “What shall we do with the man?”—Lord Cadogan answered, “Fling

him to the lions." The Bishop was told of this, and soon after in a letter to Mr. Pope, said that he had fallen upon some verses by chance in his room, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four* extreme severe lines against Lord Cadogan; and in the last in particular he called him

A bold, bad, boist'rous, blust'ring, bloody booby.

Mr. Pope.

The Bishop of Rochester's speech, as it is printed, could not be as he spoke it. I was there all the while. Both the Bishop and myself minded the time when he began, and when he left off. He was two hours in speaking it; and as it is printed, you can't well be above an hour in reading it. "Was not there an act of parliament read in the midst of it?"—No, I don't re-

* The four lines are said to have been,

By fear unmoved, by shame unaw'd,

Offspring of hangman and of bawd!

Ungrateful to the ungrateful man he grew by,

A bold, bad, boist'rous, blust'ring, bloody booby.

Anon.

member that there was; but he was indulged to sit down for two or three minutes, to rest himself a little between the speaking.—*The same.*

PETERBOROUGH.

'Tis amazing how Lord Peterborough keeps up his spirits under so violent and painful an illness as he is afflicted with. When I went down to see him in Hampshire a few weeks ago, I did not get to him till the dusk of the evening; he was sitting on his couch, and entertained all the company with as much life and sprightliness of conversation, as if he had been perfectly well; and when the candles were brought in, I was amazed to see that he look'd more like a ghost than a living creature. Dying as he was, he went from thence to Bristol; and it was there that it was declared, that he had no chance for a recovery, but by going through the torture of a very uncommon chirurgical operation; and that even with it there were a great

many more chances against him than for him. However, he would go through it; and the very day after set out from Bristol for Bath, in spite of all that St. André and the physicians could say to him.—*The same.*

[It was some time after this that I saw him at Kensington; I was admitted into his ruelle (for he kept his bed), and every body thought he would not last above five or six days longer: and yet his first speech to me was, “Sir, you have travelled, and know the places; I am resolved to go to Lisbon, or Naples.” That very day he would rise to sit at dinner with us; and in a little time after actually went to Lisbon.]

A general is only a hangman in chief.—*Lord Peterborough.* [They had been speaking of General Cadogan and his father.]

One morning, I went to hear Penn preach; for 'tis my way to be civil to all religions.—*The same.*

I would willingly live to give that rascal the lie in half his history.—*The same.* [Of

Pope's
Toleration
re.
religion

Bishop Burnet. He had marked both the volumes in several parts of the margin, and carried them with him to Lisbon.]

I took a trip once with Penn to his colony of Pennsylvania. The laws there are contained in a small volume, and are so extremely good, that there has been no alteration wanted in any of them ever since Sir William made them. They have no lawyers. Every one is to tell his own case, or some friend for him; they have four persons as judges on the bench; and after the case has been fully laid down on both sides, all the four draw lots, and he on whom the lot falls decides the question.—'Tis a fine country, and the people are neither oppressed by poor's rates, tithes, nor taxes.—*The same.*

Lord Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it, when ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write. One perhaps was a letter to the emperor, another to an old

friend, a third to a mistress, and a fourth to a statesman, and so on: and yet he carried so many and so different connexions in his head all at the same time.—*Mr. Pope.*

Lord Peterborough was not near so great a genius as Lord Bolingbroke. They were quite unlike. Lord Peterborough, to instance in the case just mentioned, would say pretty and lively things in his letters, but they would be rather too gay and wandering; whereas was Lord Bolingbroke to write to the emperor or to the statesman, he would fix on that point which was the most material, would set it in the strongest and finest light, and manage it so as to make it the most serviceable to his purpose.—*The same.*

BETTERTON.

1743. I was acquainted with Betterton from a boy.—*The same.*

Yes, I really think Betterton the best actor I ever saw; but I ought to tell you at the same time, that in Betterton's days

the older sort of people talked of Hart's being his superior, just as we do of Betterton's being superior to those now.—*The same.*

Archbishop Tillotson was very well acquainted with Betterton, and continued that acquaintance even after he was in that high station. One day when Betterton came to see him at Lambeth, that prelate asked him how it came about that after he had made the most moving discourse that he could, was touched deeply with it himself, and spoke it as feelingly as he was able, yet he could never move people in the church near so much as the other did on the stage. That, says Betterton, I think is easy to be accounted for: it is because you are only telling them a story, and I am showing them facts.—*The same.*

SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

I paid Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit but two days before he died, and I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He was lying in his bed, and con-

templating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster. A memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life.—*The same.*

Did you never hear Sir Godfrey's dream? "No." Why then I'll tell it you. A night or two ago (says Sir Godfrey) I had a very odd sort of a dream. I dreamed that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people about it. I walked on towards them. As I drew nearer, I could distinguish Saint Peter by his keys, with some other of the Apostles. They were admitting the people as they came next the door. When I had joined the company, I could see several seats every

way at a little distance within the door. As the first after my coming up approached for admittance, St. Peter asked his name, and then his religion; I am a Roman catholic, replied the spirit. Go in then, says St. Peter, and sit down in those seats there on the right hand. The next was a presbyterian; he was admitted too after the usual questions, and ordered to sit down on the seat opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said 'twas Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St. Luke (who was standing just by) turned towards me, and said with a great deal of earnestness, "What, the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, of England?"—"The very same, Sir," says I, "at your service." On this St. Luke immediately drew nearer to me, and embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we both of us had followed in this world; and entered so far into the subject, that he seemed almost to have forgot the business for which I came thither. At last,

however, he recollected himself, and said, "I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey, I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you. But, apropos; pray, Sir, what religion may you be of?" "Why, truly, Sir," says I, "I am of no religion."—"O, Sir," says he, "you will be so good then as to go in and take your seat where you please."—*The same.*

As I was sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller one day whilst he was drawing a picture, he stopped and said, "I can't do so well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little: pray flatter me, Mr. Pope; you know I love to be flattered." I was once willing to try how far his vanity would carry him, and after considering a picture which he had just finished for a good while very attentively, I said to him in French (for he had been talking for some time before in that language): "On lit dans les Ecritures Saintes, que le Bon Dieu, faisoit l'homme après son image; mais je crois, s'il voudroit faire un autre a present, qu'il le feroit après l'image que voila." Sir Godfrey turned

round, and said very gravely, “ Vous avez raison, Monsieur Pope; par Dieu je le crois aussi.”—*The same.*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU *.

When I was very young I was a vast admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years in my father's library, and so got that language whilst every body else thought I

* Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose maiden name was Pierrepont, was the oldest daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and was born about the year 1693. She died in 1762. Her father at the time of her birth was only Earl of Kingston.

Lady W. Montagu corresponded with Dr. Young, the poet, who, a little before his death, destroyed a great number of her letters, assigning as a reason of his doing so, that they were too *indecent* for public inspection.—*Gent. Mag.* 1782, p. 284.

was reading nothing but novels and romances.—*Lady M. W. M.*

I would never be acquainted with Lord B. (Bolingbroke), because I always looked upon him as a vile man.—*The same.*

Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, has described the ways and manners of the Turkish ladies as well as if he had been bred up among them.—*The same.*

The ladies at Constantinople used to be extremely surprised to see me go always with my bosom uncovered. It was in vain that I told them that every body did so among us; and alleged every thing that I could in defence of it. They could never be reconciled to so immodest a custom, as they thought it; and one of them, after I had been defending it to my utmost, said, “O my sultana, you can never defend the manners of your country, even with all your wit: but I see you are in pain for them, and shall therefore press it no farther.”—*The same.*

One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths; and

when I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me, which is another high compliment that they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath, "Come hither and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands; you need boast indeed of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you up thus in a box!"—*The same.*

It was from the customs of the Turks that I first had the thought of a septennial bill for the benefit of married persons, and of the advantages that might arise from our wives having no portions.—*The same.* [That lady's little treatise upon these two subjects is very prettily writ, and has very uncommon arguments in it. She is very strong for both those tenets; that all married people should have the liberty of declaring every seventh year, whether they chose to continue on together in that state for another seven years or not; and that,

if women had nothing but their own good qualities and merit to recommend them, it would make them more virtuous, and their husbands more happy than they are in the present marketing way among us. She talks of it very seriously, and wishes the legislature would take it under their consideration, and regulate these two points by her system.]

Sure there cannot be a more detestable set of creatures upon earth than those Anti-Knight-errants, who run about only to ruin as many ladies as they can.—*The same.*

Lord Bacon makes beauty to consist in grace and motion.—*The same.* [Mr. Locke makes it consist in colour and figure. Perhaps the two definitions joined together would make one much better than either of them is apart.]

CHEVALIER RAMSAY.

Ramsay wrote his *Cyrus* in imitation of the Archbishop of Cambray, and perhaps had some papers of his to help him in that work. That got him a character; but it is

much fallen again by the publishing of his Turenne. Every body is angry with him for that history, because Turenne's is a favourite character among us, and every body complains that he has not writ up to the dignity of the subject.—*Abbé Boileau* (at Tours.)

Yes, the Commentaries of Turenne himself are much better written, and have a great deal of Julius Cæsar's manner in them.—*The same.*

Ramsay's Cyrus was translated by Mr. Hooke in twenty days. Mr. Hooke was then at Bath for his health, and Dr. Cheney's brother was so good as to write for him. Hooke walked about the chamber and dictated to him; so that it was a sort of exercise as well as study. He always took the first heat; and if any passage did not fall readily into English to his mind, he marked the place, and went on with the next, to keep up his warmth and freedom.—*Mr. Hooke.* [Might not this be one reason of its being so generally mistaken for an original, for a good while after it

was published? for almost every body then, and many still imagine, that Ramsay himself had written it in English as well as in French.]

CHENEY.

The sale of a book may be hurt a good deal by an ill-chosen title. Dr. Cheney's bookseller absolutely refused to print his book on health, unless he would change the title. The original name designed for it was—*A Treatise on Sanity and Longevity.*—*Mr. Hooke.*

ST. EVREMONT.

Monsieur St. Evremont would talk for ever. He was a great epicure, and as great a sloven. He lived, you know, to a great old age, and in the latter part of his life used to be always feeding his ducks, or the fowls that he kept in his chamber. He had a great variety of these and other sorts of animals all over the house, and used always to say, That when we grow old, and our own spirits decay, it reanimates one to

have a number of living creatures about one, and to be much with them*.—*Mr. Pope.*

BAYLE.

Ay, he is the only man that ever collected with so much judgment, and wrote with so much spirit, at the same time.—*The same.* [After somebody had been speaking of Monsieur Bayle's manner in his Dictionary.]

GRAVINA.

Gravina was an Abbé, and as great a free-thinker as any of them. When he died, all his papers were searched by the Emperor's Ambassador at Rome. Among other things, there were notes of his upon the Bible; which, considering his character, would be curious enough to see. He was no poet; and his five tragedies are

* There is some truth in this observation, which may account for the great delight grandfathers take in the company and prattle of their grandchildren; who are surely much better companions than ducks and chickens.—M.

very indifferent things. The criticisms in his *Ragioni Poetiche* are often false.—*Crudili*.

LE SAGE.

Monsieur Le Sage writes for bread. He has published *Gusman*, and always keeps to Spanish scenes. “Has he ever been in that country?”—Yes, I think he has. He is a very worthy good man, and cheerful, though so extremely deaf; and even gay company by the help of a cornette.—*Abbé Colville* (of Tours).

1741. They have made my *Hidalgo* a Lord in the English translation, and a *Burgomaster* in the Dutch. I believe that people are much alike in all countries; one cannot paint one, without painting a thousand.—*Le Sage*.

“Ay, these were the two first works that ever I risked into the world.”—*The same*. [We had been just speaking of his *Gil Blas*, and his *Diable Boiteux*.]

“It was in this room that I wrote most of *Gil Blas*.”—*The same*. [And an extreme pretty place to write in it was. His house

is at Paris, in the suburbs of St. Jaques, and so, open to the country air; and the garden laid out in the prettiest manner that ever I saw for a town garden. It was as pretty as it was small; and when he was in the study part of it, he was quite retired from the noise of the street, or any interruptions from his own family. The garden was only of the breadth of the house, from which you step out into a raised square parterre, planted with a variety of the prettiest flowers. From this you went down a flight of steps on each side, into a berceau, which led to two rooms or summer-houses, quite at the other end of the garden. These were joined by an open portico, the roof of which was supported with columns, so that he could walk from one to the other, all under cover, in the intervals of writing. The berceaux were covered with vines and honeysuckles; and the space between them was grove work. It was in the right hand room as you go down, that he wrote *Gil Blas*.]

“ I thank God I do not wish for any one thing that I could not pray aloud for.”—*Le Sage*.

Monsieur Le Sage lives in a pretty genteel manner, though he has little more now to live on but what his son* Montmenil gets by the stage. He is the best of sons; and they live together in the greatest harmony.—*Abbé Colville*.

Surely the people of England are the most unhappy people on the face of the earth—with liberty, and property, and three meals a day.—*Le Sage*. [Somebody had been describing the perpetual complaints that were, they said, in England, in spite of all their privileges and enjoyments.]

Holland would be a good country to live

* Montmenil was the best actor in France at that time, for plain, easy comedy. When he was upon the stage, he did and said every thing so naturally, that he seemed to be the very person that he represented, and one was almost apt to forget that he was upon the stage. Though he was so excellent an actor, the Abbé said that he did not get above a hundred Louis-d'ors a year by his profession.

in, if you could change the four elements and the people.—*Le Sage*. [If one considers that the earth there is generally marshy, their waters dead, the air offensive, and that they use peat mostly for firing, we may allow that what is said of the elements there comes but too near the truth.]

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

A POEM on a slight subject requires the greatest care to make it considerable enough to be read.—*Mr. Pope*—[just after speaking of his *Dunciad*.]

Most little poems should be written by a plan. This method is evident in Tibullus, and Ovid's *Elegies*, and almost all the pieces of the ancients.—*The same*.

Horace's *Art of Poetry* was probably only fragments of what he designed. He wants the regularity that flows from a plan; and there are several passages in it that are hints only of a larger design. This appears as early as at the 23d verse:

Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum,

which looks like the proposal of a subject, on which much more was necessary to be

said ; and yet he goes off to another in the very next line.—*The same.*

A tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation robes. Education leads us from the admiration of beauty in natural objects to the admiration of artificial or customary excellence. I do not doubt but that a thorough-bred lady might admire the stars, because they twinkle like so many candles on a birth-night.—*The same.*

As L'Esprit, Rochefoucault, and that sort of people, prove that all virtues are disguised vices, I would engage to prove all vices to be disguised virtues. Neither indeed is true ; but this would be a more agreeable subject, and would overturn their whole scheme.—*The same.*

Arts are taken from nature ; and after a thousand vain efforts for improvements, are best when they return to their first principles.—*The same.*

A sketch or analysis of the first principles of each art, with their first consequences, might be a thing of most excellent service.

Thus, for instance, all the Rules of Architecture would be reducible to three or four heads; the justness of the openings—bearings upon bearings—and the regularity of the pillars.—*The same.*

That which is not just in buildings, is disagreeable to the eye; as a greater upon a slighter, &c.: this he called the reasoning of the eye.—*The same.*

1728. In laying out a garden, the first and chief thing to be considered is the genius of the place. Thus at Tiskins, for example, Lord Bathurst should have raised two or three mounts, because his situation is all a plain, and nothing can please without variety.—*The same.*

I have sometimes had an idea of planting an old Gothic cathedral in trees. Good large poplars, with their white stems, cleared of boughs to a proper height, would serve very well for the columns, and might form the different aisles or peristilliums, by their different distances and heights. These would look very well near, and the dome rising all in a proper tuft in

the middle, would look as well at a distance.

—*The same.*

As to our senses, we are made in the best manner that we possibly could. If we were so turned as to see into the most minute configuration of a post, we might perhaps be liable to break our shins against it. We see for use, and not for curiosity. Was our sight so fine as to pierce into the internal make of things, we should distinguish all the fine ducts, and the contrivance of each canal for the conveyance of the juices in every one of these leaves; but then we should lose their beautiful prospect: it would all be only a heap and confusion to the eye.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

The editorial criticism was very useful and necessary in Erasmus and the earlier revivers of learning; but the carrying it on without mercy by the later critics has only served to puzzle the text.—*The same.*

After all, it is Nicholas the Fifth to whom Europe is obliged for its present state of learning.—*The same.*

At Paris, they have a set of stated para-

doxical orations. The business of one of these was, to show that the History of Rome for the four first centuries was a mere fiction. The person engaged in it proved that point so strongly and so well, that several of the audience, as they were coming out, said, the person who had set that question had played booty; and that it was so far from being a paradox, that it was a plain and evident truth.—*The same.*

Monsieur Fenelon, the author of *Telemachus*, and Archbishop of Cambray, used to entertain Protestants as readily as Papists. He was above all the little distinctions of country or religions. He used to say, that he loved his family better than himself, his country better than his family, and mankind better than his country; for I am more a Frenchman (added he) than a Fenelon, and more a man than a Frenchman.—*Chevalier Ramsay*, (author of the *Travels of Cyrus*, and for several years in the archbishop's family; I think, as his secretary.)

The true reason of the archbishop's

being banished from the court, was the honesty he showed in not advising Louis the Fourteenth to own his marriage with Madame Maintenon. [“ ’Tis certain, then, they were married?” Oh! unquestionably, sir.] The king had asked the Bishop of Meaux his opinion in that affair, who spoke much in praise of the lady, and advised what he saw would best please the king: but added, that if his majesty had the opinion of the Archbishop of Cambrai on his side, it would be of much more weight and use than any one’s else. On this the king consulted the archbishop, who, as his enemies had foreseen, was not courtier enough to say any thing to encourage such a declaration; and, on the contrary, gave some hints of the prejudice it might be of to his majesty’s affairs, in their then situation. This soured the king much against him, as he expected it would; and soon after, Madame Maintenon, and her creatures, insinuated it into the king that Monsieur Fénélon had had the insolence of designing to represent his majesty under the charac-

ter of Idomeneus in his Telemachus; and both him and the lady (in part) under those of Pygmalion and Astarbe—and thus finished his disgrace.—*The same.*

The archbishop, when most in favour, used to say, “ I would rather see the king lose half his dominions, than occasion one unnecessary battle, in which the lives of many citizens were to be thrown away.”—*The same.*

The archbishop used to rise by four in the morning; think for about two hours, and then write. His time was chiefly spent in study, performing the duties of his function, and amusements of charity. As to the latter, it was very usual for him, whenever he went into the country to take the air, to call at the poor people's houses, where he would eat and drink, and enter into familiar conversations with them. He would inquire how they lived, and what family they had; advised them what they should do with such and such a child, and often would apprentice out their sons, or give portions for their daughters. It is in-

conceivable with what pleasure the people expected him, where he used to pay these little visits, or how much they regarded him wherever he passed: they all loved him, and looked upon him as their common father.—*The same.*

Lord Peterborough, after a visit to the archbishop, said, “ he was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for any body else. He is a delicious creature; but I was forced to get from him as soon as I possibly could, for else he would have made me pious.”—*The same.*

Dr. Clarke has but one error in relation to the Trinity, his maintaining the free production of the Son. I am very well acquainted with him, and think him the finest reasoner I ever met with. He has a transparency of mind peculiar to himself. I don't know whether I make myself understood, but what I mean is, that he does not only see things clearly himself, but makes you see clearly whatever he is speaking of.—*The same.*

Ramsay had then [1729] gone a good

way in answer to Spinoza, a Treatise on the Progress of the Human Understanding; and another high philosophical work, in which there were several notions that would have made him be looked upon as an heretic in our church, as well as his own. His favourite point in the last seems to be, that of all things being good at first; that there has been a great degeneracy and disorder in the world, and that there will be a general restoration. The whole (says he) depends on these two principles, that God would not create any thing bad; and if it became bad, would not suffer it to continue so for ever.—*The same.*

[What one of his friends said of his most elevated notions, that they were

“Like stars, when of too great a height,
That neither give us warmth nor light,”

seemed to be very well grounded. I should have been very glad to have seen the proofs of what he said he had made out, in his Progress of the Understanding, that all

theological knowledge was nobler and better preserved among the Chaldeans than among the Egyptians; that the latter clouded it much by their hieroglyphics; that it grew still more clouded and depraved among the Greeks, and received its last and worst corruption among the Romans.]

There is the same difference between Corneille and Racine, as there is between a *homme de genie* and a *homme d'esprit*. Corneille has more fire than Racine, and bolder strokes; and, in some things, is not unlike our Shakspeare. Racine's tragedies are all good, and as to Corneille's, even his greatest enemies would allow six of his to be so.—*The same*.

Lesley, after all the pains he had taken to convert the Chevalier St. George, thought latterly that he might very well have spared himself so much trouble. He said, a little before he died, that it was scarce worth while to make a convert from either of the religions to the other.—*The same*.

Not one of the Jesuits who have ever been turned out of their schools or houses

was ever known to write or speak any thing to disgrace their order.—*The same.*

When the celebrated Father Bourdaloue, who has sometimes been called the French Tillotson, was to preach on a Good Friday, and the proper officer came to attend him to church, his servants said the father was in his study, and, if he pleased, he might go up to him. In going up stairs, he heard the sound of a violin; and, as the door stood a little a-jar, saw Bourdaloue stripped into his cassock, playing a good brisk tune, and dancing to it about his study. He was extremely concerned, for he esteemed that great man highly, and thought he must be run distracted. However, at last he ventured to rap gently at the door. The father immediately laid down his fiddle, hurried on his gown, and came to him; and, with his usual composed pleasing look, said, “O, sir, is it you? I hope I have not made you stay; and am ready to attend you.” The poor man, as they were going down, could not help mentioning

his surprise at what he had heard and seen. Bourdaloue smiled, and said, "Indeed, you might well be a little surprised, if you do not know any thing of my way on these occasions; but the whole of the matter was this: In thinking over the subject of the day, I found my spirits too much depressed to speak as I ought to do; so I had recourse to my usual method of music and a little motion. It has had its effect: I am quite in a proper temper, and go now with pleasure to what else I should have gone in pain."—*The same.*

The Abbé de Fleury's Ecclesiastical History is allowed by all sides to be the best that ever was, though it is put into the Index Expurgatorius.—*The same.*

The Archbishop of Cambrai often said, that, of all the Protestant churches, the church of England alone could do any thing in disputing with the Catholics. The Calvinists (says he) have made themselves harmless enemies by holding their fatality; and the Lutherans have disarmed them-

selves of one of their chief weapons by their doctrine of consubstantiation.—*The same.*

For my part, I prefer Corneille to Racine; he has more of our Shakspeare in him: indeed, Racine's are the best crying plays.—*Lockier.*

Moliere is the only great large writer of comedies among the French.—*The same.*

I am surprised how they can pretend to set up Ariosto against Tasso still in Italy. A party may go a great way at first; but sure they have had time enough to recover their right senses.—*The same.*

Tasso is excellent too in his *Torrismondo*, which is allowed to be one of their best tragedies; and the famous *Pastor Fido* of Guarini is only a bad affected imitation of his *Amyntas*.—*The same.*

There is no good large dramatic writer among the Italians. What comedies Machiavel did write are very good.—*The same.*

Many of the best Italian poets, in their Latin works, write mere centos.—*The*

same. [He mentioned Vida, Fracastorius, and Sanazarius, as their three first; Pontanus, Bembo, Sadolet, and the Amalthei, among their secondaries.]

Lope de Vega's plays are very good, and many of our first plots are borrowed from him.—*The same.*

If Buchanan's History had been written on a subject far enough back, all the world might have mistaken it for a piece writ in the Augustan age! It is not only his words that are so pure, but his entire manner of writing is of that age.—*The same.*

Surely the Chinese are not the wise people they have been cried up for. It is true, they have had printing, gunpowder, and astronomy among them for perhaps these two thousand years; but how little have they improved on each of these articles in all that time! When our European missionaries first came among them, all the astronomy they had could not rise to the making an almanac. Then their

printing, to this day, is not by detached letters, but by whole plates for each page ; so that the pieces for a moderate book must be laid by for any future edition, and would almost lumber up a whole room. Their engineers are sad fellows. Indeed, they were always for encouraging a spirit of peace, and are some of the worst soldiers in the world. Though they had 200,000 men to defend their famous wall, the Tartars forced their way through them with 60,000, and conquered their whole country ; and their kings have ever since been of the Tartar race.—*The same.*

The great men and celebrated philosophers among the Chinese are all Atheists, a sort of Spinosists ; at least, they believe the world was always as it now is.—*The same.*

The Chinese Classics are their ancient writers, of two thousand years standing and upwards, that have given some accounts of their history, and settled the first principles of their religion. Some people talked of them as if they would make five

large volumes in folio, but they who are better acquainted with them say that the copy of all of them put together is not bigger than the Pentateuch.—*The same.*

Most of the missionaries deserve but little credit: they have falsified often, and have been discovered in some of their cheats. I think it was in the calculation of a comet, however, in some very nice calculation sent from China to Rome, the learned there were strangely surprised to find it exactly agree with one of Tycho Brahe; whereas the best of our European astronomers generally differ as to a few minutes at least. This was much talked of there at first, till it was found out, some time after, that the missionaries at Pekin had corrected and set this Chinese calculation by Tycho's.—*The same.*

Moses did not write with a view to all the world, but for one people, to establish their religion and polity; and this is the best key to let us into the meaning of his writings. Thus, for instance, in the history of the Fall, I do not question but that

Adam had a larger law given him than we hear of; but Moses may have particularized in the breach of a positive order, because the religion he was to establish was all ritual.—*The same.*

Where we translate it, “the Lord set a mark upon Cain,” the original signifies a token; and, in the Hebrew, to set a mark upon any thing, and to preserve it, are equivalent expressions.—*The same.*

The same word in Hebrew signifies blessing and cursing; as they say in Italian, *Tu es benedetto*, you are a cursed rascal. Where we make Job’s wife advise him to *curse* God and die, it should be *bless* God and die; bless him for the good you have hitherto received, and die to avoid the evils that are now come upon you.—*The same.*

To call by their names, was an expression among the Hebrews equivalent to the being master or having dominion over any thing. Thus God is said to call the stars by all their names, and Adam to have given names to all cattle.—*The same.*

The only book necessary to be understood by a divine is the Bible; any others are to be read chiefly in order to understand that. One must not read it through as a system, as a perspective, but bring our systems to our Bible, and not our Bible to our systems, as most of the divines in every church are too apt to do. Try to see its first natural sense, and consult comments afterwards, and that only where the nature of the thing makes them necessary. —*The same.*

The most general and greatest difficulty in understanding the true sense of the Scriptures arises from our not knowing the proportion between the ways of speaking used in the East and those in such a northerly country as our own. An Italian would not stick at calling that little parterre, with two rows of trees about it, a paradise, and my villa in the country a magnificent palace. As we are acquainted with their ways of speaking, we know very well that they mean nothing by this but a

pretty little garden and a tolerable house ; but, if any one less acquainted with their way should take it literally, and assert in plain honest English that I was master of a magnificent palace, and that my garden was equal to the garden of Eden, nothing could well be more ridiculous. Now, the disproportion between our ways of speaking and that of the Orientalists is much wider at present, and was still more so formerly, than between our plainness and the Italian hyperbole.—*The same.*

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense. I believe every body of that country that has any, leaves it as fast as he can.—*The same.*

The English abroad can never get to look as if they were at home. The Irish and Scotch, after being some time in a place, get the air of natives ; but an Englishman, in any foreign court, looks about him as if he was going to steal a tankard.—*The same.*

No one will ever do for conversation

who thinks of saying fine things: to please, one must say things indifferent, and many very bad.—*The same.*

Large common-placing teaches one to forget, and spoils one for conversation, or even for writing.—*The same.*

When we write in a foreign language we should not think in English: if we do, our writings will be but translations at best. If one is to write in French, one must use one's self to think in French; and even then, for a great while, our Anglicisms will get uppermost, and betray us in writing, as our native accent does in speaking, when we are among them.—*The same.*

Though the dean (Lockier) is the best of company, and one of the liveliest men in England of his age, he said, when in no ill humour, "The best of life is but just tolerable: 'tis the most we can make of it."

Let your great endeavour be to get an independency.—*Lockier.*

If a person would travel for three months,

to get the French language and qualify himself for a larger tour, the whole expense need not be above fifty pounds. Orleans would be the best place, or Caen. If you take a friend with you, it will make you miss a thousand opportunities of following your end. You go to get French; and it would be best if you could avoid making an acquaintance with any one Englishman there. To converse with their learned men will be beside your purpose too, if you go only for so short a time: they talk the worst for conversation; and you should rather be with the ladies, who are the best for it.—*The same.*

It is strange that Harrington, so little while ago, should be the first man to find out so evident and demonstrable a truth, as that of property being the true basis and measure of power. His *Oceana*, allowing for the different situations of things (as the less number of lords then, those lords having no share in the parliament and the like), is certainly one of the best founded political pieces that ever was writ.—*The same.*

Our Gothic ancestors were very great men, and of great capacities. They were the first that established, in fact, what Aristotle had touched only in theory; I mean their excellent constitution of limited monarchies. The Asiatic monarchs were absolute, and the greatest republics of antiquity very defective. Greece was split into many distinct powers, as Holland is at present; and were always jarring with one another, unless when held together by the pressure of some powerful common enemy. Rome, whilst a republic, was scarce ever free from distractions, between Patricians and Plebeians, for ten years together.— Whatever is good, either in monarchies or in republics, may be enjoyed in limited monarchies; the whole force of the nation is as ready to be turned one way, as in monarchies; and the liberties of the people may be as well secured as in republics.—
The same.

The Jews offered my Lord Godolphin to pay five hundred thousand pounds (and they would have made it a million) if the

government would allow them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, with full privileges of trade, &c. The agent from the Jews said, that the affair was already concerted with the chief of their brethren abroad; that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and of course an addition of above twenty millions of money to circulate in the nation. Lord Molesworth was in the room with Lord Godolphin, when this proposal was made; and as soon as the agent was gone, pressed him to close with it. Lord Godolphin was not of his opinion. He foresaw that it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation, the clergy and the merchants; he gave other reasons too against it; and, in fine, it was dropped.—*The same.*

The Jews had better success with Oliver Cromwell, when they desired leave to have a synagogue in London. They offered him, when Protector, 60,000*l.* for that privilege. Cromwell appointed them a day for his giving them an answer. He then

sent to some of the most powerful among the clergy, and some of the chief merchants of the city, to be present at their meeting. It was in the long gallery at Whitehall. Sir Paul Ricaut, who was then a young man, pressed in among the crowd, and said he never heard a man speak so well in his life as Cromwell did on the occasion. When they were all met, he ordered the Jews to speak for themselves. After that he turned to the clergy, who inveighed much against the Jews, as a cruel and accursed people. Cromwell, in his answer to the clergy, called them "men of God;" and desired to be informed by them, whether it was not their opinion, that the Jews were to be called, in the fulness of time, into the church. He then desired to know, whether it was not every Christian man's duty to forward that good end all he could. Then he flourished a good deal on religion prevailing in this nation, the only place in the world where religion was taught in its full purity; was it not then our duty, in particular, to en-

courage them to settle where they could be taught the truth; and not to exclude them from the light, and leave them among false teachers, Papists, and idolators? This silenced the clergy. He then turned to the merchants, who spoke of their falseness and meanness, and that they would get their trade from them. “And can you really be afraid,” says he, “that this mean despised people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world?” Thus he went on till he had silenced them too, and so was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews.—*Lockier*, [who had this from Sir Paul Ricaut himself, as he had the former from Lord Molesworth.]

It is the great maxim of all our colleges to choose a man of management for their head, rather than a man of letters.—*Pere de Colonia*, of the Jesuit’s College at Lyons.

We have but one book of laws, so small that you may hide it in your hand; and have not had any new laws made these

hundred years.—*Monsieur Cramer*, one of the professors in Geneva.

Our ecclesiastical polity in Holland is, in my opinion, preferable to yours in England, on several accounts. 1. In the people's having a share in choosing their own teachers for themselves. 2. In the clergy not being so subject to intrigues, and rivalry, and fawning for preferment, as they are with you. 3. In the greater level of their income, which renders them less subject either to pride or contempt. No clergyman, in the province of Holland, has under 40*l.* a year, and no one above 240*l.* 4. In the manner of receiving their income, in settled sums quarterly, from the magistrates, which lessens their concern about temporals, and prevents lawsuits and disputes with their parishioners. 5. In their being wholly unconcerned with the civil government, which keeps them out of party quarrels, and gives them more time to attend to their proper employment.—*Mr. Soyer*.

When there was a great fire in the Se-

raglio at Constantinople, about fifty years ago, a great deal of the goods, and among the rest several books, were flung into the street. The secretary of the French ambassador, then at the Porte, happened to be walking that way; and as he was getting as well as he could through the crowd, saw a man with a large folio, which he had opened, but could not tell what to make of it. The secretary saw it was a manuscript of Livy, and, on turning over the leaves a little further, found that it had the second Decade as well as the first, and probably might have all that was lost to us. He offered the man a handsome reward, if he would keep the book under his long robe, and follow him with it to his lodgings. The man agreed to it, and followed him; but the crowd and confusion increasing, they were separated; and so the secretary lost the recovery of so great a treasure, as that would have been to the learned world.—*The same.*

At a convent (I think it was of Benedictines) at Caen, in Normandy, they keep an

exact terrier of all the lands which formerly belonged to the monks of that order in England, in hopes it may be one day of good use to them.—*Mr. Clark*, who saw the writings in their possession.

Pray observe with what ease the passions are expressed in that face! Our statuaries now are forced to distort the features to show a passion; their strokes are all violent and forced. This will help you as much as any thing to see the superiority of the best ancient sculptors over the modern. We have no one, except Michael Angelo, that comes near them.—*The Marquis Maffei*, at Verona.

It is true the French abound in translations of the Greek and Latin authors, but we abound in them yet more than they. Indeed we began long before them; we in the fourteenth century, and they not till the beginning of the seventeenth.—*The same*.

When I was young, I published a piece called *Ninfa Fidele*; was I to write any thing of that nature now, it should be

Ninfa Infida. That title would have been more just, at least I am sure I have found them so.—*The same.*

When Henry the Fourth of France was reconciled to the church of Rome, it was expected that he should give some remarkable testimonial of his sincerity in returning to the true faith. He accordingly ordered a cross to be erected at Rome, near the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, with this inscription, *In hoc signo vinces*, on the principal part of it. This passed at first as very catholic, till it was observed that the part in which the inscription is put is shaped in the form of a cannon, and that he had really attributed only to his artillery what they had taken to be addressed to Heaven.—*Ficoroni*, (at Rome.)

You may know that Hercules to be Roman, by its being so much overwrought; the muscles look like lumps of flesh upon it. The Greek artists were more expressive, without taking so much pains to express.—*The same*, (at the Palazzo Lanciotti at Rome.)

The most promising of Carlo Marat's scholars was one Beretoni. He died when he was but two-and-thirty, and not without suspicion of foul play from his master, who could not bear to have one of his scholars excel himself. That he evidently did so may be seen, by comparing both their works in the Palazzo Altieri.—*The same.*

The resting Venus, at the Barberini Palace, is the finest of all the old paintings in Rome. Carlo Marat supplied part of the Cupids that attend her, but the Venus herself, they say, was not at all retouched.—*The same.*

Dominiquin is in as high esteem now as almost any of the modern painters at Rome. When you see any works of his and Guido's together, how much superior does he appear! Guido is often more showy, but Dominiquin has more spirit, as well as more correctness.—*The same.* (*Piu spiritoso*, was his word.)

This Leda (at the Palazza Colonna) is said to be Corregio's, but there is not any

one undoubted picture of that great master in all Rome.—*The same.*

I measured the Tarpeian Rock, when the Duke of Beaufort was here, and found it to be eighty palms high, which just answers to sixty feet English. It goes down perpendicular, as you see; and so was easily measured. I took only the height of the rock itself, exclusive of the building that has been added upon it — *The same.*

The front pillars of the Temple of Concord, that of Antonine and Faustina, and those of the Rotunda, are the most perfect of any in Rome; and in each of them the opening between the two middle pillars is larger than the openings between the side ones. The difference is not enough to be observed by a common eye, and in some of them not enough to be seen of it till you have measured them. By this means the entrance had a freer and nobler air, without breaking the regularity or harmony of the building.—*Mr. Phillips.*

Trajan's Column is composed of twenty-

four stones only, cut within for the staircase. It is 118 Roman feet high; just the height of what was taken from the hill to make room for Trajan's Forum, which was one of the most magnificent things in Rome. This column stood in the midst of it, and on that was his statue, and (they say) his ashes in an urn.—*Ficoroni*.

The four most celebrated works of the modern sculptors at Rome are Michael Angelo's Moses, Algari's story of Attila, Fiamingo's Susanna, and Bernini's Briggiana.—*The same*.

What they point out as the four most celebrated pictures are Raffaello's Transfiguration, Volterra's Descent from the Cross, Dominichin's Saint Jerome, and Andrea Sacchi's Romualdo.—*The same*.

There are 10,600 pieces of ancient sculpture, of one sort or other (relievos, statues, and busts), now in Rome; and 6,300 ancient columns of marble. What multitudes of the latter sort have there been sawed out for tables and wainscoting chapels, or mixed up with walls and other-

wise destroyed! And what multitudes may there yet lie undiscovered under ground? When we think of this altogether, it may give one some faint idea of the vast magnificence of Rome in all its glory.—

The same.

Chi Hoang Ti, Emperor of China, began his reign 246 years before the birth of our Saviour. It was he who burned all their books, except such as treated of physic or judicial astrology, in the 34th year of his reign.

Their philosophers had written against the tyrant, and argued against him and his vices from their sacred books. He was by their laws the grand interpreter of those books; and on that pretext sent out an order to them to bring in all their books to his palace, by a time named. They suspected his design, and several of them concealed the copies in their hands. There were four hundred and seventy philosophers, who were buried alive by his order, on that account. They talk of this prince to this day in China, as we Europeans do

of Nero.—*Monsignor Fauquet*, Bishop of Eleutheropolis, then (1732) residing in the College de Propaganda Fide, at Rome. He had lived in China as a missionary for twenty years, chiefly at Pequin.

Several of the books that had been hid in the time of this persecution were afterwards discovered; and there was one very excellent one, which was spared by the Emperor himself, on his mistaking it for a book of judiciary astrology, relating to the future events in the Chinese empire. Their most select and most ancient sacred writers, put all together, will make but one volume, not so big as the Pentateuch; and their authentic accounts reach so high as within fifty years of the Deluge. When I first read these books, I thought (as the Chinese themselves do) that they related to some very powerful prince that was to arise among that people; and what made me discover my mistake was, the nature of the kingdom promised in them. It was plainly described as universal, and without end. This led me to see that what was

said in them could not be meant of an earthly prince; and when I had once found out that clue, I could easily perceive that every thing else spoken of him agreed with a heavenly one.

The Chinese in general mistake the nature of this kingdom, as the Jews did, and perhaps the Romans. All the descriptions of the kingdom promised them, and all the laws of it, are heavenly; and by following those laws, through this mistake, their constitution has some of the finest rules in it that can be imagined: it has breathed a spirit of goodness throughout their government.—*The same.*

In these their sacred books are preserved some inscriptions of the greatest antiquity, their history, an account of the great hero, and the promised kingdom, &c. Their original characters in writing, too, are preserved by them. In progress of time, the Chinese have continually varied from their original characters, though they still retain a good deal of resemblance to many of them. These old characters were hiero-

glyphical, or significant in themselves. As for instance, the word that stood for a ship was composed of one character in the form of a bark, and of another which signified eight men, alluding to the first ship and the history of the deluge. The characters for the word *man* include the doctrine of the incarnation; and those for the word *virtue* signify that Christianity is the most perfect system of morality.

The characters for the latter are as in the two following columns:

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The first of these characters signifies a cross; the second, an eye; the third, a square, or rule; the fourth, a heart; and the fifth, man: and all put together in their natural order compose the following sen-

tence: “ La croix devant les yeux regle le cœur des hommes;” or, “ the observation of the christian doctrines is the best regulation for the mind of man.” Even the learned among the Chinese now do not understand these implicated meanings: they know there were such included in the old characters; but they do not know how to interpret them. Though the characters have been so much changed, they know too that the first is a cross, the second stands for an eye, and so on; but they do not know how to put them together into a sentence.—*Fauquet*.

When I signified my surprise at their characters for the name of man including the doctrine of the incarnation, the bishop said that my surprise would be much greater if I could read their sacred books; and that he was very much surprised himself to find how exactly they agreed with ours, even in the highest mysteries. I have since seen the copy of a letter which was sent to the good bishop from a brother missionary of his, that had lived two

and thirty years in China, which turned wholly on this subject. It says that the YKING is the oldest of these sacred writings; that in it are contained most of the great truths and mysteries of the christian religion; and that the YKING and the rest of them teach in particular the doctrine of the fallen angels; the creation of the world; the state in Paradise; the fall from thence; the incarnation of the great hero; his birth by a virgin; his low estate; his teaching for three years; his suffering for the sins of the whole world; his resurrection, ascent into heaven, and coming in judgment; the eternal happiness of the good, and the eternal misery of the wicked. He supposes all this knowledge to have come by tradition from Adam to the antediluvian patriarchs, and by Noah to his children, in whose time some of these books were written.

I intend to publish all these most select and sacred books of the Chinese in one volume, which will not be so much as the Pentateuch:—A Latin translation of their

family ritual (*Ritualis domestici Sinencium Traductio Latina*, are the words of the title :) with a dissertation on their funerals prefixed to it ;—A treatise to prove that the character Tao signifies the great God. In this I shall show, 1st, that their Tao is one and three ; 2d, that he created the material world ; 3d, that he created all intelligent beings ; 4th, that he was incarnated ; and 5th, that though he has the attributes of whatever is excellent, yet he is but one (they call him Ching Gin, or the Holy One) ; the temple of the most ancient wisdom (*templum veteris sapientia*) : in which I shall show, 1. That Adam was informed of the doctrine of the Trinity, and that of the future redemption ; 2. that this knowledge was delivered down to Moses, and revived by him ; 3. that it was preserved in other mystic books ; and 4. that several of those books are still preserved in China*.

* I got this list of what the good bishop designed to publish by the desire of his great friend Chevalier

I intend too to republish my Chronological Table, with an account how to manage it. In that Table Confucius is set down as born 551 years before our Saviour, but the time is disputed.—*The same.*

I brought away near 4000 of their books with me out of China into Europe, though I lost almost half of the collection I had made in the hurry of our coming away.—*The same.*

There are three sorts of idolatry among the Chinese. They worship the heavens, as chief governor of all things; Confucius, as their great teacher; and their ancestors in each particular family, as the Romans did their Lares and Manes.—*The same.*

The Chinese have a vast number of characters, about 40,000. They write in columns from the top to the bottom of the page, and begin on the right hand of the page, as we do on the left. Printing is

Ramsay; and when I sent it to the latter, said in my letter that his lordship was working on so many designs together, that I feared he would never finish any one of them; which, I believe, proved to be the case.

extremely ancient among them; and possibly the hint for our printing might be brought from thence by Paulus Venetus.

The fineness of the print in any book depends chiefly upon the author or his amanuensis; for they do not print by detached letters, but by one solid plate for each page: the engraver lays the copy, as sent, upon one of these plates, and follows the traces of the letters as he finds them.

—*The same.*

There is no soldiery of the Chinese themselves. The Tartars, who have been their masters about 90 years, forbid any Chinese having a gun in his house, or keeping a horse fit for any military service.

—*The same.*

The Chinese architecture is bad now: it was very solid when their famous wall was built. If there was any place into which you could drive a nail of a certain size with a hammer, it was ordered by Chi Hoang Ti that the overseer of that part of the work should be put to death. This

great work was finished 214 years before the beginning of our era.—*The same.*

I have seen a bridge in China of a league long, built all of vast rough stone, and some pieces of it of an extraordinary size. These vast bridges are generally carried from one hill to another, to avoid the heavy swampy roads or waters in the valley between.—*The same.*

There are about 35,000 houses in Rome, 23,000 of which belong to the religious of one kind or other (aux religieux et religieuses). The Pope can put down any religious society if he pleases, so that all their property is in his power. His usual way of rewarding people that he is obliged to is by assigning them such a pension on some or other of these religious societies; and as he can thus tyrannize over them, it often occasions his allowing them to tyrannize over their dependents in their turn, to make amends for any great draughts he may make upon them.—*Ficoroni.*

Dante wrote before we began at all to be refined; and, of course, his celebrated

poem is a sort of Gothic work. He is very singular and very beautiful in his similies, and more like Homer than any of our poets since. He was prodigiously learned for the time he lived in, and knew all that a man could then know. Homer, in his time, was unknown in Italy; and Petrarch boasts of being the first poet that had heard him explained. Indeed, in Dante's time there was not above three or four people of all our country that could read Greek: one in particular at Viterbo, and two or three in other parts. But, though he had never seen Homer, he had conversed with the works of Virgil much.—*Dr. Cocchi*, at Florence.

His poem got the name of *Comedia* after his death. He, in that piece, had called Virgil's works tragedies (or sublime poetry), and, in deference to him, called his own comedy (or low); and hence was that word used afterwards, by mistake, for the title of his poem.—*The same*.

Dante, Galileo, and Machiavel are the

three greatest geniuses that Florence has ever produced.—*The same.*

Tasso followed Ariosto too much in his particular faults, so that they are a good deal alike so far ; but he was more classically read, and especially in the old critics. He endeavoured also to write on a more correct plan. Speroni Sperone brags of finding out and disposing the subject for him. Ariosto loved the classics too ; and, in particular, understood Horace better than any man in his time. When he first came to Rome, Bembo, and several of the greatest wits there, were endeavouring to get to understand Horace. Ariosto joined them ; and they all allowed him to have a greater insight into that author than any of them. (“ I believe he did not understand Greek ? ”—“ No, sir ; and he owns it in a letter to Bembo. ”) Ariosto was a vast master of poetical language : his imagination is strong, and his descriptions often extremely lively and natural. He wrote his Orlando to divert himself, and

did not care whether he was correct or no. The great Galileo used to compare that poem to a melon-field : “ You may meet with a very good thing here and there in it (says he), but the whole is but of little value.”—*The same.*

Folengo’s poem is written in mixed language : Latin, and several of the words Italianized, as the Fidenzian is Italian Latinized. Macaronic poetry is the general name for both of them, or any such confused, ridiculous stuff.—*The same.*

Lippi’s *Malmantele* is very good. Though it is a mock epic, his style is that of Tasso, Petrarch, and the best Tuscan writers : for the common people in Florence talk the language of the nobility and gentry : it is not there as in other cities of Italy.—*The same.*

Mauro has written on low subjects in the common genteel style ; but Crudeli is the first among us that ever attempted to treat of low things in the high epic manner. I gave him the hint from Mr. Pope’s *Rape of the Lock* ; and what is handed

about of his in that style has pleased extremely.—*The same.*

Why are the Italians, that are a solid, grave people, the most fond of drolleries on their stage, and greater dealers in burlesque than any other nation? Salvini used to think it was because, when people have a mind to divert themselves, they generally choose what is most different from their ordinary temper and practice, as most likely to divert them. That may be the reason; but I should not be apt to acquiesce in it.—*The same.* [Perhaps he thought that their gravity was a cheat, and ridicule their natural bent. On the other side, it is evident that most of their drolleries are very low and violent. There is the same difference between fine drollery and theirs as there is between true and false wit. This would rather incline one to think that they are really grave, and only affect gaiety, because they pursue it so boisterously and so injudiciously.]

Perfetti was crowned, about four years ago, for his talent in improvising, or

making extempore verses ; but Manfredi is the best poet we have now in Italy. “ I thought the impromptu way had prevailed all over Italy, and was regarded as the highest excellence of poetry at present ? ” — “ No, it is only admired so much by the little and great vulgar. ” — *The same.*

Our not having any settled stage for tragedies in Italy is a great blow to our dramatic poetry. The actors, indeed, that stroll about from city to city, do now and then act a tragedy ; but, even when that happens, and the king of the play is seated on his throne, it is ten to one but in a few minutes you shall see a harlequin come upon the stage, and place himself just by him. — *The same.*

By a reckoning made for the best dictionary, for each of the following languages, there are about 20,000 words in the Spanish, 22 in the English, 25 in the Latin, 30 in the French, 45 in the Italian, 50 in the Greek, and 80 in the German. — *The same.*

Of the 22,000 words in the English language, there are about 15,000 that a man understands who is before master of Latin, French, and Italian; and 1,000 more if he be master of German. The other 4,000 are probably old British.—*The same.*

When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the pope's health in a full glass every day after dinner—*au bon pere*: whence your word *bumper*.—*The same.*

As cunning as Old Nick, and as wicked as Old Nick, were originally meant of our Nicolas Machiavel; and so came afterwards to be perverted to the devil.—*The same.*

Machiavel has been generally called so wicked from people mistaking the design of his writings. In his PRINCE, his design, at bottom, was to make a despotic government odious. "A despotic prince (he says), to secure himself, must kill such and such people." He must so; and therefore no wise people would suffer such a

prince. This is the natural consequence ; and not that Machiavel seriously advises princes to be wicked.—*The same.*

The best traditions concerning Machiavel say that he was a good honest man himself in his way of living, and rather weak and ignorant in his private affairs than otherwise. His familiar letters are now in the hands of the Abbate del Riccio at Florence ; and there are several things in them that show him to have been a good sort of man. He kept the best of company, and consorted with good men. We have several societies of men in Florence, who, though they are of no religious order, profess a greater strictness, and a higher love of religion than ordinary. They are a sort of voluntary religious societies. Machiavel was one of these *confraternites demi-religieuses*. They used to meet once a week for devotion in a church of theirs ; and, among other good things, one of the society made a moral discourse, or sermon, to the rest. There are several of these discourses, of Machiavel's composing, in

the same abbé's hands; and one in the great duke's, on Repentance (*in lodi della penitenza*); which were spoken by Machiavel in the confraternity he belonged to.—*The same*. [Signor Starra, at Lucca, did not carry this point so far. He only said that Machiavel advised politicians to be good—that was their best and easiest way; but, if they must be bad, he laid down rules how they should be so most wisely and politically.]

It was objected to Copernicus, in his own days, that, if his scheme was true, Venus must appear to us with different phases, just as the moon does. “So she would, I believe (replied he), if we could see her aright.” This was a noble guess for the time, and what has proved to be actually the case, since Galileo has found out new eyes for us.—*The same*.

I must own, that, to my taste, Correggio is the best of all our painters. His pieces are less pictures than those of Raffaello himself.—*The same*.

Tasso's madness, some think, was only

a pretended madness. He was caught making too free with a princess of the Duke of Ferrara's family, in which he lived. To save her honour and himself, he from that time, say they, began to play his melancholy tricks. There is a passage in his *Aminta* which may allude to this: it is in the end of the first act, and is spoken by Tersì; under which character Tasso meant himself.—*The same.*

In all the disputes between the Tuscan literati, whether Tasso or Ariosto be the better poet, the debate runs on the outside. Those numerous pieces are entirely taken up in speaking of the style and colours of poetry; and the writers of them seem never to have thought any thing of the plan or composition. Ariosto's poem is like the fine habit of a harlequin—made up of pieces of the very best silks, and of the liveliest colours. The parts of it are many of them more beautiful than those of Tasso's poem; but the whole in Tasso is without comparison more of a piece, and better made.—*The same.*

All the greatest physicians in Italy, a little after America was discovered, agree in speaking of the p— as a new distemper in Europe; the only dispute among them was what old distemper it might be a species of. Nicolaus Leoniconus is one of the first that mentions it; and Antonius Musa Brasavolus some time after.—*The same.*

There is a manuscript in the Lorenzo library at Florence of a Greek physician of the tenth century, in which the elephantiasis is described just like the p—; and he is the only one of the ancients who speaks of that distemper as infectious. The instance he gives too is particular. He speaks of a woman who caught the elephantiasis, infected another,* and by that means cured herself. In the margin is an epigram, of the same age, which turns on the wisdom and goodness of God, in

* This is miserably expressed. By *another*, he means *another* person, *i. e.* a *man*: but, as the words stand, *another* may mean, and probably indeed does mean, “another *woman*.”—M.

punishing a sinner, and providing for the physicians at the same time.—*The same.*

Among all our poets we have not any one good love poet. They all follow Petrarch, and his is not good love for poetry. Some of Ariosto's rhymes are the best this way, he having formed himself on the ancients, and on Tibullus in particular.—*The same.*

The Spaniards were at the top of their poetry under the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. They imitated the Italian poets, and would fain set up Garcilasso di Vega for their Petrarch. Their poetry is generally bad, and even Lope de Vega's is wretched stuff. Gonzalo Perez's translation of the *Odyssey* is very good.—*The same.*

If you look for a right good poet among us, it is a thing that you must look for in vain.—*The same.*

If any ladies apply to learning among us, and come to excel eminently in it, they are admitted to their degrees as well as the men. Antonia Maria Bassi was lately

made a doctress at Bologna; and a famous Venetian lady was doctored a good while ago at Padua.—*The same.*

There are 3,000 manuscript books in the Lorenzo library, including a few printed books equivalent to manuscripts; and, in many of them, the works of several different authors are bound up together, which they call *Catenas*. If you take them singly, there are about 10,000. There is no other library so well stocked in three of the best sorts—physical, mathematical, and poetical manuscripts.—*The same.*

The paraphrases written in the margin of Theodore Gaza's* Homer, in the Lorenzo library, have been of particular service to me when I have been at a loss to fix the meaning of any passage in that poet.—*The same.*

Operas were at first set on foot by a set of gentlemen, who acted not for money, but their own diversion. There were about thirty of them. When they first came to

* Theodore Gaza died in 1475, at 80 years of age.
—M.

be acted for money, there was one of the actresses who had 120 crowns for acting one season. This was then looked upon as such a vast reward for a singer, that she got the name of La Cento-vinti by it.—*Signor Crudeli*, of Florence.

The good taste for medals continued from Augustus's time to Adrian's; that for building to Septimius Severus.—*Baron Stosch* (the author of the *Gemmæ Literatæ*) residing at Florence.

What the monk said of Virgil, that it would make an excellent poem, if it were only put into rhyme, is just as if a Frenchman should say of a beauty, "O what a fine woman that would be, if she was but painted!"—*The same*.

Camillo Querno was sometimes a dealer in monkish verse. When he was at Leo the Tenth's table one day, some time after dinner that pope said to him, "How comes it, Querno, that Bacchus, who was the old inspirer of poets, cannot inspire you?" Querno immediately answered him in the following couplet:

“ In cratere meo Thetis est conjuncta Lyæo :

“ Est dea juncta deo ; sed dea major éo.”—*The same.*

The gentlemen of the Academy della Crusca study words more than things, and therefore the definitions in their Dictionary are often extremely absurd.—*The same.*

The octave was first well used by Politian. All the eight verses are equal, of eleven syllables each ; the same alternate rhyme in the *six first* verses, and an immediate rhyme in the *two last*. Tasso's are sung much all over Lombardy, and particularly at Venice*. The common tune to which they sing them is called Il passa Gallo, and sounds something like church music.—*The same.*

The improvviso, or extempore poets in Italy, are actually what they are called. They do it with great emulation and warmth, generally in octaves, in which the

* When we were at Venice, there was a common gondolier that could repeat all Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* in this manner. Dip where you pleased, and show him the top of the page, and he would sing three or four stanzas on immediately.

answerer is obliged to form his octave to the concluding line of the challenger; so that all the octaves after the first must be extempore, unless they act in concert together*. Our method is to create our thought at the enemy's seventh verse:

* The first time I heard them, I thought it impossible for them to go on so readily as they did, without having agreed things together before hand. It was at Florence, at our Resident's, Mr. Colnan; and when that gentleman asked me what I thought of it, I told him that I could not conceive how they could go on so readily and so evenly, without some collusion between them. He said that it amazed every body at first; that he had no doubt of its being all fair, and desired me, to be satisfied of it, to give them some subject myself, as much out of the way as I could think of. As he insisted upon by doing so, I offered a subject which must be new to them, and on which they could not well be prepared. It was but a day or two before that, a band of musicians and actors set out from Florence, to introduce operas for the first time in the Empress of Russia's court. This advance of music and that sort of dramatic poetry, which the Italians at present look upon as the most capital parts of what they call *virtu*, so much further north than ever they had been under the auspices of the then Great Duke, was the subject I offered for them. They slook their

then we have the idea, the rhymes, the words, and the verse, to think of, only whilst our opponent is repeating his last line, which we take no manner of notice of at all. We almost always do better the

heads a little, and said it was a very difficult one: however, in two or three minutes' time, one of them began with his octave upon it; another answered him immediately, and they went on for five or six stanzas alternately, without any pause, except that very short one which is allowed them by the giving off of the tune on the guitar, at the end of each stanza. They always improvise to music (at least all that I ever heard), and the tune is somewhat slow; but when they are thoroughly warmed, they will sometimes call out for quicker time. If two of these guitarers meet in the summer nights in the very streets of Florence, they will challenge one another, and improvise sometimes as rapidly as those in set companies. Their most common subject is the commendation of their several mistresses, or two shepherds contending for the same, or a debate which is the best poet; and they often put one in mind of Virgil's 3d, 5th, and 7th Eclogues, or what he calls the contention of his shepherds, in alternate verse; and, by the way, Virgil's shepherds seem sometimes to be tied down by the thought in the preceding stanza, as these extempore poets are by the preceding rhyme.

second half hour than the first, because one grows warmer and warmer, to such a degree at last, that when I have improvised a whole evening, I can never get a wink of sleep all the night after—*Signor Vaneschi*.

The first time I met with the famous Scarpellino (or stone cutter) of Settlimiano, he got the better of me in improvising. He has no learning, but is a great reader, and remembers a vast deal of Petrarch, and some other of our best poets. When we are hard put to it, we sometimes fling in some of the most difficult rhymes we can think of at the close of the stanza, to get the better of our rival; and the Scarpellino is very notable at that in particular.—*The same*.

Tuscany is almost the only place for extempore poetry, particularly at Florence and Sienna, and in the country for five or six miles round them. There are a few indeed at Rome, but even those are chiefly Tuscans.—*The same*.

The Cavalier Perfetti is of Sienna, and

is the best improviser at present in Italy. He was crowned in the capitol about four years ago [1728] by order of the Pope, at the desire of the Princess Violanti, widow to Ferdinand Prince of Tuscany. He laid in a heap of different sorts of learning and general information, *di tutte le scienze*, and has an extraordinary fluency of language, but is rather a versifier than a poet. He is so impetuous in improvising, that sometimes he will not give way for the guitar.

—*The same.*

There are two tunes chiefly used for improvising, the *Passo Gallo*, and the *Folia di Sienna*: the latter is so called, because it is generally made use of in that city, as the other is at Florence. The *Passo Gallo* is more like recitative than the *Folia* —

—*The same.*

The Count Torquato Montuiviti, of Arezzo, has translated about forty-eight of Ariosto's cantos into Latin verse, and has but two or three more to finish the whole. It is an excellent translation, but it is doubted whether he will ever publish it.

He is one of the most modest men in the world.—*Crudeli*.

Ariosto's story of Orlando begins just where Boiardo's leaves off.—*The same*.

Menzine, in his Poetics, gives the truest idea of Ariosto's and Tasso's rival pieces of any of our writers. The poem of the former (says he) is like a vast palace, very richly furnished, but built without the rules of architecture; whereas that of Tasso is like a neat palace, very regular and beautiful.—*The same*.

Muratori, an ecclesiastic of Modena, is one of the most learned men at present in Italy. Manfredi, of Bologna, is a great mathematician, and the very best of all our poets. Metastasio, though much the best for operas, blames that way of writing; but shrugs up his shoulders, and says, "You know one must get money."—*The same*.

Let a man excel as much as he pleases in any thing else, he is not esteemed in Tuscany, unless he can write verses. This is the reason of Redi and several others

being poets as well as philosophers.—*The same.*

Filicaia, in his Sonnets, makes use of many expressions borrowed from the Psalms, and consequently not generally understood among us. A gentleman of Florence, on reading some of the passages in him, which were taken literally from David, cried out, “O! are you there again with your barbarisms*!” and flung away the book, as not worth his reading.—*The same.*

Salvini was an odd sort of man, subject to gross absences, and a very great sloven. His behaviour, in his last hours, was as odd as any of his behaviour in all his life-time before could have been. Just as he was departing, he cried out in a great passion: “I will not die, I will not die, that’s flat †.” —*The same.*

The Greek statues are nine faces, and the Roman eight.—*Stosche.*

* “Oh, oh! ces sont des Lombardismes!”

† “Je ne veux pas mourir, absolument.”

Crescembini was continually inquiring, for twenty-eight years together, into the subject he has written upon (his History of the Italian Poetry), and was much the chief man in Italy for that sort of knowledge. His being a member of the Arcadi, and acquainted with all the poets in Italy of his time, must have given him great lights for all the latter part of it. He had first a very huddled method, but that is in a great measure remedied by his edition at Venice, in 1730.—*The same.*

I wonder how they came not to find out printing sooner.—*The same.*

We had been speaking of the old Emperors of Rome impressing their whole names at once on their grants and letters, and this was so common, that the very shepherds impressed theirs on their sheep and cattle *. There was a sort of printing,

* Aut pecori signum, aut numeros impressit acarves.

Virg. Geor. i. 263.

—— Vivi quoque pondera melli
Argenti coquito lentumque bitumen aheno,

and it was as easy to impress a whole line as two words, and a page as a whole line. Had they gone but these two easy steps further, it would have been just what the Chinese printing is now.

The ancient poets seem to use *laurus* indifferently, for the larger or less laurels (or bays). Strictly speaking, *lauro*, or *lauro regio*, signifies the former in Italian; and *alloro*, the latter: but our poets too use *lauro* indifferently for both.—*Crudeli*.

The Italian noblemen have been so fond of getting the old Roman mile-stones to set before the entrance into their houses, and the collectors of antiquities so wrong-headed, that between them they have not left two standing together in their old places, all over Italy, to determine exactly how much a Roman mile was. The taking the first mile-stone from its proper spot to place it in the capitol, has something of the same Gothicism or ignorance in it too.—*Mr.*

Impressurus ovi tua nomina; nam tibi lites

Afferet ingentes lectus possessor in arvo.

Calphurnius. Ecl. v. 85.

Holdsworth, author of the *Muscipula*, then at Florence.

The three most celebrated triumphal arches in Italy are all either Trajan's, or ornamented from Trajan's.—*The same*. [He had been speaking of those at Ancona and Benevento, and that of Constantine at Rome.]

The Amphitheatre of Vespasian is raised four story high, and is adorned all round on the outside with four different degrees of pillars; Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. It is an oblong of 820 Roman palms by 700; and the height of it is 222. There were places in it for eighty-seven thousand persons. They formerly ascended by three steps to it, but they are now hid by the raising of the ground. There was no cement used in the whole building; but the stones are cramped with lead and pieces of iron.—*Mr. Holdsworth*.

Each book of Virgil's *Georgics* is in a different style, or has a different colouring from all the rest. That of the first is plain,

of the second various, of the third grand, and of the fourth pleasing*.—*The same.*

Columella's Treatise on Agriculture is by much the best comment on Virgil's Georgics.—*The same.*

Solstitia, when used alone, is always used of the summer solstice, by the ancients.—*The same.*

Bruma was not used by the ancients for the whole winter, but for one day only of it; the shortest day, or the winter solstice.—*The same.*

In Queen Elizabeth's time, and a good deal later, people went from hence (England) to Italy for manners, as they do now to France. Ascham has a very severe letter on it, and there are many passages re-

* In Spence's Anecdotes are a great number of other observations on Virgil from Mr. Holdsworth, which are all found almost in the same words, in his quarto volume on Virgil, published by Spence, in 1768. The book, though full of very curious remarks, never sold, in consequence of which I lately purchased a copy of it elegantly bound for nine shillings.—M.

lating to it in Shakspeare and several others of our old dramatic writers.—*Mr. Pope.*

It is idle to say that letters should be written in an easy, familiar style. That, like most other general rules, will not hold: the style in letters, as in all other things, should be adapted to the subject. Many of Voiture's letters on gay subjects are excellent; and so are Cicero's, and several of Pliny's, and Seneca's, on serious ones. I do not think so ill even of Balzac, as you seem to do; there are certainly a great many good things in his letters, though he is too apt to run into affectation and bombast. The Bishop of Rochester's Letter is on a grave subject, and therefore should be grave.—*Mr. Pope.* [On my having said that a friend of mine thought that letter of the Bishop's too stiff.]

The noble collection of pictures in the Palais Royal at Paris cost the Regent above a million of Louis-d'ors* or guineas; in

* The showman here, or Mr. Spence, has made a small mistake. If we read *livres* instead of Louis-d'ors, we shall be much nearer the truth. A million of livres

particular, the St. Joseph, little Jesus, and Virgin, cost fifteen thousand livres (or 625 guineas); the St. John, Jesus, and Virgin, thirty thousand livres; and the St. John in the Wilderness, fifty thousand.—*The Officer who showed us the Palace.*

This picture of a Muleteer was drawn by Correggio, and served a great while as a sign to a little public-house by the road side. It has all the marks in the upper corner of its having been doubled in for that purpose. The man who kept the house had been a muleteer, and had on some occasion obliged Correggio a good deal on the road. He set him up, and painted his sign for him. The persons who were sent into Italy to collect pictures for the Regent, met with this sign, and bought it of the inn-keeper: it cost 500 guineas.—*The same.*

1737. We have two millions of religious (taking in men and women of all sorts), is about forty-eight thousand pounds. Perhaps, the collection might have cost fifty or sixty thousand pounds sterling. The other sum is incredible.—M.

and twenty millions of souls in France*.—
A very sensible Priest of the order of St. Genevieve, at Blois.

Courayer is, as Father Paul was before him, a Catholic by profession, but a Protestant in his particular tenets †.—*The same.*

Rousseau is now grown old: he was for a long time our only poet. Now, Voltaire may have the honour of that name with

* I had been speaking of our common computation of about two hundred thousand ecclesiastics for France. He laughed at that as extremely short of their number, and by his computation made it one tenth, instead of one hundredth only, of the whole body of the people: whereas, our clergy in England are but a four hundredth part of the people, if we set the clergy at twenty thousand, and the people at eight millions. How much would this single article add towards the enslaving and impoverishing the country, if we should ever happen to have a popish Prince over us, and grow as zealous Catholics as they are in France, by turning so many hands from business and trade to the promoting the superstition of the people, and increasing the weight of a foreign ecclesiastical power over us!

† His words were, “*Fra Paolo est comme lui, Catholique en gros, et Protestant en detail.*”

him, and is next to him both in merit and reputation.—*Abbé Boileau* (at Tours.)

Corneille's middle plays (for you know they are published according to the order in which they were written) are his only good ones. He has a greater variety of characters, and those more distinguished than Racine's. One should set his good plays only against those of the latter, which are in all but six; and Corneille has nine or ten good ones.—*The same*.

The third Georgic is the most epic of all the Georgics; and the introduction to it, as well as several passages in it, show that Virgil regarded it as such himself.—*Mr. Holdsworth*. [Who instanced in the second address to Pales, as well as that in the Introduction—

Nunc, veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum :
Geo. iii. 294.

and in the lines before—

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere, magnum
Quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.
Geo. iii. 291.]

A good deal of the Albula is as it were vaulted over by the concretions of the sulphur that is continually rising in it; and in some places the incrustations are so thick and solid, that you may travel over them. All the time you are doing so, you may know where the river is beneath you, by the hollow sound under the horses' feet. This I should take to be the meaning of Horace's *domus Albunea resonantis* *; for the river itself is gentle and silent.—*The same.*

When Horace speaks of the gentleness of the Gangliano †, he speaks only of a part of that river; that part, for instance, which you pass in going from Rome to Naples, where it moves just as he describes it. But both higher upwards towards its source, and lower down towards its falling

* Hor. lib. i. Ode vii. 12.

This is laid out more at large in Polymetis, Dial. xiv. p. 63.

† — rura qua, Liris quieta

Mordet aquâ, taciturnus annis. Od. l. 1, Od. 31. 7.

into the sea, that river is more rough and violent.—*The same.*

It is plain from Horace's *Satis Beatus unicus Sabinis* *, that what they show over against the Cascatelli at Tivoli for his house, is a mistake. He says there that he had but one villa, and that was at the foot of Mount Lucretilis †.

Blandusia was a spring in or near Horace's villa. When I was on the spot, which agrees with his different descriptions of it almost as well as a very like picture does with the reality, this spring in particular gave me a great deal of pleasure. It issues out from beneath some trees, and falls down through his grounds into one of the prettiest and clearest ‡ rivulets that ever I saw in Italy.—*The same.*

In Horace's invitation to Virgil to come to his villa §, you may see something of his

* Lib. ii. Od. xviii. 14.

† Lib. i. Od. xvii.

‡ Fons splendidior vitro. Lib. iii. Od. 13. 1.

Puræ rivus aquæ. ib. 16. 29.

§ Lib. iv. Od. xii.

gay character ; but corrected, as writing to a graver man. He invites him into the country, because it is the most delightful season of the year for hearing the nightingale, and to be diverted with the shepherds, their rural music, and pastoral verses. They must drink a little indeed ; but then the season is proper for it ; it is good against the spleen ; he must not always be so wise, and a debauch now and then has its charms, especially when two friends meet together. An invitation from Virgil to Horace would have been quite different ; and yet this is very well adapted to the person invited.—*The same.*

Horace, in his account of his journey to Brundisium, owns that he was but a lazy traveller ; and indeed he must have been a very lazy one, for they are three days in getting from Rome to Terracina, which is but nine posts now, and the old road was shorter than the present.—*The same.*

[They make two days of it to Forum Appii, which Horace says might have been

but one *; travel a good part of the night † by the Pontine Marshes; land at ten o'clock of the third day three miles short of Terracina; dine where they land ‡, by the fountain of Feronia, and then jog on slowly § to that city. There they are joined by Mæcenas, and go on with him to Fondi and Mamurra ||. The next day they are joined by Virgil ¶ at a town a little beyond the Gangliano, whither it is probable he came from Naples, his most usual place of residence, to meet them.]

It appears from one of Horace's epistles, that his villa was in the neighbourhood of a town called Varia, or Vicus Varia; it is now called, with very little alteration, Vicevari. It was about four miles from this town, and about ten from Tivoli, that I found that scene of country which so exactly answers Horace's description of the country about his Sabine villa.—*The same.*

* Lib. i. Sat. v. 6.

† Ibid. v. 7 and 20.

‡ Ver. 24.

§ Ver. 25.

|| Ver. 34 and 37.

¶ Ver. 40.

The Arar and Rhodanus in Livy should be the *Isara* and Rhodanus. That historian, in mentioning those two rivers, says, that they both came from the Alps, which is true of the *Isara*, and not of the Arar. Most of the manuscripts have *Isara*. This is the river which we pass and repass so often in going from Lyons to Mount Cenis. It falls into the Rhone near Valence.—*The same*.

Hannibal, according to Livy, did not go over Mount Cenis, but passed a little to the right of it; and others will have it, that he passed it so much to the left, as Mount St. Bernard: but then he could not have come into the country of the Taurini, as by all accounts he did.—*The same*.

Polybius is much more to be trusted in his account of Hannibal's passage of the Alps than any other historian. He lived but a little after Hannibal's time, and went himself to trace all his marches over those mountains. He makes him pass a little on the left of Mount Cenis, and descend into the Milanese. That road had been used

before, and Hannibal was invited over by a regulus of the Boii, a people that lived in the Milanese, and were in enmity with the Taurini.—*The same*. [Who spoke as slightingly of Livy in general, for his beautifying, making fine speeches rather than true ones, and being more of a romance writer than an historian, as he did strongly of Polybius for a good and solid writer, and one that might be safely confided in.]

It appears from Dionysius Halicarnassensis' account of Æneas's going into Italy, that Virgil did not follow his own fancy, but the tradition of those times. That historian gives much the same account of his course both by sea and land, and mentions several of the little particulars that might be most suspected of being rather poetical than historical.—*The same*.

One of Martial's friends had a delightful villa near Rome, which he celebrates and points out very distinctly in one of his epigrams *. It was on that delicious little

* Lib. i. Ep. 64. edit. Mattaire.

spot where the Villa Madamo now stands, where the garden theatre is still shown, in which they acted Guarini's Pastor Fido, and where Barclay wrote his *Argenis*.—

The same.

The Greeks were of as romantic a turn as the Spaniards in more modern times, and possibly might deal as much in romances. The *Ἐφεσiana*, or work of Xenophon the Ephesian, is a remainder of this kind, and might have been as unknown as the rest, had not our friend, Dr. Cocchi, found it out in the Lorenzo library, and published it.—*The same.*

What they now show for a temple of Janus in the forum Boarium was only an open place there, of which they had one in all their forums (like the openings under part of our market houses), for the convenience of people to deal and converse in when it rained. It was probably the name of Janus, which the Romans used for an open arch, that led people at first into this mistake.—*The same.*

The Lacus Fucinus could not have been

drained all at once. Claudius began upon it, and Suetonius says *, the work was *invidia successoris intermissum*. People have puzzled themselves so much, and accused Suetonius of contradicting himself in his account of this affair, purely from their own ignorance, and their having got it into their heads that all the water must have been let out at the same time. Claudius actually sunk it twice, and then probably quitted his design, finding the sides so rocky, that the ground would have been good for nothing.—*The same*. [The lake is thirty miles round, so that if the ground had proved good, it would have been a considerable acquisition. The drain remains, through which Claudius carried off part of the water; and Mr. Holdsworth's curiosity carried him so far into it, and the place was so damp and wet, that it gave him a rheumatism, which often returned, and hung about him as long as he lived. How much do I wish that Claudius had either never

* Sueton. in Claud. c. 21.

begun, or had quite finished that work, and stopped up his drain: for it seems to have much contributed toward shortening the days * of one of the most knowing of men, and one of the most sincere friends that ever lived.]

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Cromwell was inclined to spare the King till he found there was no trust to be put in him. It is said, at least, that there was a private correspondence carried on between them for some time. Cromwell was to restore the King to his royal power, and was himself to be made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with some other advantageous articles. The Queen heard of this, and wrote to the King to desire him not to yield too much to the traitor. The King in his an-

Charles I

* Mr. Holdsworth died in 1746, as appears from Mr. Spence's preface to his observations on Virgil, quarto, 1767. He there mentions that they first became acquainted at Florence in 1732. Mr. H. left all his papers to Charles Jennens, Esq. of Cophthall, or Gobsal, in Leicestershire.—M.

swer said, she need not have any concern in her mind on that head, for whatever agreement they might enter into, he should not look upon himself as obliged to keep any promises made so much on compulsion, whenever he had power enough to break through them. Cromwell intercepted this answer, and from that moment acted always uniformly to take away the King's life *.—*Mr. Pope.*

* See *Richardsoniana*, p. 132, where the younger Richardson mentions that Lord Bolingbroke said in his presence, June 12, 1742, that Lord Oxford had often told him that he had seen and had in his hand the letter from King Charles to the Queen here alluded to; and that he had offered five hundred pounds for it. He adds, "Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Marchmont, and Mr. P—e [Pope], all believed that the story I heard or read to this purpose (and which occasioned Lord Bolingbroke's telling us the above), had its origin no higher than this story of Lord Oxford."

This story being entirely inconsistent with Charles's character is, in my opinion, wholly unworthy of credit; and so thinks Hume. It was first told in print, I find, as a report by Roger Cook, Charles, p. 398, and probably grew out of another story told by Maurice, in his memoirs of Roger, Earl of Orrery, of Cromwell in-

The night after King Charles the First was beheaded, my Lord Southampton and intercepting a letter from Charles to the Queen, by ripping open a packsaddle, in which the King told her he meant to throw himself into the hands of the Scotch presbyterians. This is evidently the same story in another form, to which Dugdale alludes in his *Short View*, &c. fol. 1681, p. 378, where he mentions that it had been reported, in order to blacken the King's memory, that after Charles had been brought from Holdenly to Hampton Court, a certain letter from the Queen to him was intercepted and opened by Cromwell, in which she acquainted him "that the Scots were raising an army in order to rescue him from his captivity;" that Cromwell having read this letter, and made it up so artificially that no violation of the seal could appear, conveyed it to the King, and the next morning sent Ireton to him to inquire whether he knew of any hostile preparations making by the Scots; to which inquiry the King replied, that "he neither knew nor believed any thing of it." Whereupon they both concluded that he was not to be further trusted, and determined to put him to death. This story Dugdale completely refutes.

With respect to Lord Oxford's pretended letter, it is only necessary to observe that if Charles had been so lax in his principles as this story represents him, and had thought himself at liberty to recede at a subsequent period from his engagements with the execra-

a friend of his got leave to sit up by the body in the banqueting-house at Whitehall. As they were sitting very melancholy there, about two o'clock in the morning they heard the tread of somebody coming very slowly up stairs. By and by the door opened, and a man entered, very much muffled up in his cloak, and his face quite

ble wretches with whom he had to deal, he might on many occasions have closed with them, and saved both his crown and his life. But in his treaties with them he firmly adhered to the maintenance of episcopacy, and other points which he thought himself bound to maintain, and by this means these treaties were broken off.

This proves decisively that the letter in question is a forgery. And his answer on the Sunday before he died to the proposal then made to him by Cromwell, Ireton, and the rest, is also a strong evidence to the same point. As soon as he had read two or three of the propositions, he threw them aside with indignation, saying, that he would rather become a sacrifice for his people than thus betray their laws, liberties, lives, and estates, together with the church, the commonwealth and honour of the crown, to so intolerable a bondage of an armed faction.—See Clement Walker's History of Independency, P. II, p. 103.—M.

hid in it. He approached the body, considered it very attentively for some time, and then shook his head, and sighed out the words, "Cruel necessity!" He then departed in the same slow and concealed manner as he had come in. Lord Southampton used to say that he could not distinguish any thing of his face, but that by his voice and gait he took him to be Oliver Cromwell*.—*The same.*

* King Charles was murdered on Tuesday, January 30, at two o'clock. The body remained that night and the next at Whitehall, and on Thursday, February 1, was removed to St. James's. If Lord Southampton did sit up with the body on Tuesday night, the person who accompanied him in this sad office was without doubt *Mr. Herbert*. Herbert, who could not bear to see the stroke given, stood in the banqueting-house, near the scaffold, till the Bishop of London (Juxon) came from thence with the royal corpse, which was immediately put into a coffin, and carried by them to the backstairs to be embalmed. They then left the body to the surgeons, who were specially chosen by the faction, and care taken that they should not be the King's own surgeons, and Mr. Herbert then walked into the gallery, where he met both Fairfax (with whom he had an extraordinary conversation) and

*Toujours
St. Higgins
~~the~~ we
bung de
& descent
re us
ap word*

Scaliger's Poetics is an exceeding useful book in its kind, and extremely well collected.—*The same.*

Cromwell, who told him he should have orders for the King's burial speedily. "The royal corpse (says Herbert) being embalmed and coffined, and then wrapped in lead, and covered with a new velvet pall, was removed to the King's house at St. James's, where was great pressing by all sorts of people to see the King." According to this account it should seem that the body was removed the same day to St. James's; but it was not so, as appears from Dugdale's *Short View*, &c. 1681. Mr. Herbert, it is observable, says nothing of any person's having leave to sit up with the body the first night; and, as undoubtedly he himself sat up with it, having the care of the funeral, had such a circumstance as a man thus stalking in happened, he would probably have mentioned it. Allowing, however, the fact, most assuredly that flagitious and detestable impostor Cromwell was not the man. The whole tenour of his life and of his conduct to Charles proves that he had no such tender or honourable feelings. On the trial of Harry Martin, Sir Patrick Temple swore, that from a hole in the hangings of the House of Lords, where he was concealed on the 20th of January, 1648-9, he saw and heard the consultation held in the painted chamber previous to Charles's being brought into Westminster Hall; that as soon as news was brought that the King was landed (from Whitehall) at Sir

Middling poets are no poets at all. There is always a great number of such in each

Robert Cotton's stairs, Cromwell ran to the window to look at his majesty as he came up the garden, and returned as *white as the wall*: he then said to Bradshaw and the rest, "My masters, he is come, he is come," &c. as in the trial of the regicides. Cromwell appears to have been in Whitehall the whole of the 30th of January. At eleven o'clock he let Nunelly, a door-keeper to the committee of the army, into the boarded gallery there, saying to him, "Nunelly, will you go to Whitehall? surely you will see the beheading of the King!" At *past one o'clock* the warrant to the executioner was made out. A warrant had been issued by the pretended court of justice on the 29th, directed "To Col. Francis Hacker, Col. Huncks, Col. Phayre, and to every of them," to see execution done on the King the next day between the hours of ten and five in the afternoon. On the trial of Hacker, Huncks became King's evidence, and swore that a little before the King came on the scaffold, Cromwell showed him that warrant in a little room in Whitehall (Ireton's chamber), where Ireton and Harrison were in bed together, and desired him to draw up and sign another warrant to the *executioner*, which Huncks refused; on which Cromwell said, "he was a froward peevish fellow." Col. Hacker and Phayre were also in the room, and Col. Axtell at the door, half in and half out. There being a little table, with pen, ink, and paper on it, in the room, Crom-

age that are almost totally forgotten in the next. A few curious inquirers may know well stepped to it, and wrote the warrant, and gave it to Hacker to sign, which he did, as he asserted to the last, without reading it; so that he could not tell the name of the executioner. Soon afterwards they all, except Huncks, went into another room, and *immediately afterwards* the King came on the scaffold. Bates, in his *Elenchus Motuum, &c.* part the first, which was published in 1651, says, (English translation, p. 158,) "*Cromwell*, that he might to the full glut his traitorous eyes with that spectacle, having opened the coffin wherein the body was carried from the scaffold into the palace, curiously viewed it, and with his fingers severed the head from the shoulders, as we have been informed by eye witnesses." Bates was physician to Cromwell. So also Heath in his *Flagellum, Perenchief*, and many others.

That this unparalleled villain was touched with the slightest compunction or remorse, is contradicted by the whole tenour of his life, and particularly by the treachery, lies, and perfidy, by which he effected the murder of Charles.

The foregoing evidence of Col. Huncks with respect to Cromwell being in Ireton's room, where he (Ireton) and Harrison were in bed together not long before the axe fell on Charles's head, makes the story told by Sir Thomas Herbert that Fairfax, Harrison, Cromwell, &c. had been seeking the Lord at the very moment of the

that there were such men, but to the world they are as if they had never been.—*The same.*

There is a great number of exceeding execution, extremely doubtful. According to him and Perenchief, *Harrison* was the preacher; according to May's Breviate and Heath, Cromwell performed this office. Young says, in his life of Hugh Peters, that Cromwell saw the execution from a window in Whitehall, which is more likely. And an entirely different story is told in a book called, "A History of Scotch and English Presbytery," printed in French in 1650, and in English in 1660. See Kennet's Reg. p. 614, where the passage, which is extremely curious, is given at large. Cromwell, according to this last account, prolonged an hypocritical discourse in the council of officers till the moment of the execution (which he affected to prove inexpedient) was passed; when a messenger, whom he had sent to *despatch* the business, returned into the chamber, and told them, "Gentlemen, you may cease to consult; the work is done; the King is executed." Upon this Cromwell suddenly fell upon his knees, with signs of great devotion, crying out, that this was a work of God, and a true stroke of Heaven, the council being disposed to save his life, but the divine justice would not suffer so much innocent blood shed by this TYRANT to escape unpunished." And hereupon he made an eloquent prayer to give glory to God, and acknowledge his providence.—M.

good writers among the French. They don't indeed think so closely, or speak so clearly as Locke, but they both think and speak better than most of our other writers.

—*The same.*

I have nothing to say for rhyme, but that I doubt whether a poem can support itself without in our language, unless it be stiffened with such strange words as are likely to destroy our language itself.—*The same.*

The high style that is affected so much in blank verse would not have been borne even in Milton, had not his subject turned on such strange out-of-the world things as it does.—*The same.*

The gross of mankind are generally right in their judgment, at least they have a very good mediocre taste. As to higher things, it requires pains to distinguish justly; they are not fit for the crowd; and even to offer such to them is, as Ben Jonson says*, “caviare to the multitude.”—*The same.*

Our flattering ourselves with the thoughts

* This is a mistake either of Pope or Spence. The words quoted are Shakspeare's.

of enjoying the company of our friends here in the other world, may be but too like the Indians thinking that they shall have their dogs and their horses there.—

The same.

A metempsychosis is a very rational scheme, and would give the best account for some phenomena in the moral world.—

The same, and Mr. L.

We are apt to think that best in general for which we find ourselves best fitted in particular. It is vanity which makes the rake at twenty, the worldly man at forty, and the retired man at sixty. Every body finds that best and most commendable that he is doing, whilst he is doing it, and does not *then* suspect what he chooses to be half so good. If a man saw all at first it would damp his manner of acting; he would not enjoy himself so much in his youth, nor bustle so much in his manhood. It is best for us to be short sighted in the different stages of our life, just in the same manner as it is best for us in this world not to know how it is to be in the next.—*Mr. Pope.*

Erythræus, above two hundred years ago, has shown all the mysteries of fine versification.—*Mr. Auditor Benson.* [He called Vossius's treatise de Rythmo a wretched silly thing.]

I have seen English verse of Havillan's.—*Mr. Auditor Benson.* [Havillan was one of the most celebrated men of his time for Latin poetry; and is the only Latin poet of all our countrymen that is recommended by Ludovicus Vives, in his Treatise de tradenctis Disciplinis*. If there be any English poem of his extant, it must be a great curiosity, for he lived above a hundred years before Chaucer's time.]

Rabelais had writ some sensible pieces, which the world did not regard at all. "I will write something (says he) that they shall take notice of;" and so sat down to write nonsense.—*Mr. Pope.*

Every body allows that there are several things without any manner of meaning in his Pantagruel. Dr. Swift likes it much,

* Lib. 3. p. 542.

and thinks there are more good things in it than I do.—*The same.*

Friar John's character is maintained throughout with a great deal of spirit. His concealed characters are touched only in part and by fits: as, for example, though the king's mistress be meant in such a particular related of Garagantua's mare, the very next thing perhaps that is said of the mare will not at all agree with the mistress.

—*The same.*

“I can't think how DENOCHARES would have carried his proposal* to Alexander the Great into execution.” For my part I have long since had an idea how that might be done; and if any body would make me a present of a Welsh mountain, and pay the workmen, I would undertake to see it executed. I have quite formed it sometimes in my imagination.

The figure must be in a reclining posture; because of the hollowing that would

* Of turning Mount Athos into a statue of that prince.

otherwise be necessary, and for the city's being in one hand.

It should be a rude, unequal hill, and might be helped with groves of trees for the eyebrows, and a wood for the hair. The natural green turf should be left, wherever it would be necessary to represent the ground he reclines on. It should be contrived so that the true point of view should be at a considerable distance.

When you were near it, it should still have the appearance of a rough mountain; but at the proper distance such a rising should be the leg, and such another an arm. It would be best, if there was a river, or rather a lake at the bottom of it, for the rivulet that runs through his other hand to tumble down the hill, and discharge itself into it.—*The same.*

The lights and shades in gardening are managed by disposing the thick grove work, the thin, and the openings in a proper manner, of which the eye generally is the properest judge.—*The same.*

Those clumps of trees are like the groups in pictures.—*The same.*

You may distance things by darkening them, and by narrowing the plantation more and more towards the end, in the same manner as they do in painting, and as it is executed in the little cypress walk to that obelisk.—*The same.*

There are several passages in Hobbes's translation of Homer, which if they had been writ on purpose to ridicule that poet, would have done very well.—*The same*: [who gave several instances of it, and particularly in the very first lines, the Ichor, and the two tumblers at a feast.]

It was just after, in looking on the Pope at Lord Burlington's, at Chiswick, which he called "the best portrait in the world," that he spoke so highly of Carlo Marat.—*The same.* ["I really think him as good a painter as any of them,"—were his words.]

The best time for telling a friend of any fault he has is while you are commending him, that it may have the more influence

upon him. And this I take to be the true meaning of the character which Persius gives Horace*.—*The same.*

1739. “I wonder how Horace could say such coarse obscene things in so polite an age, or how such an age could allow of it.” ’Tis really a wonder, though ’twas the same with us in Charles the Second’s time, or rather worse.—However it was not above five or six years, even in that witty reign, that it passed for wit, as the saying wicked things does among some now. I wish there were not too great remains of the former still, even among people of the first fashion; but the prevailing notion of genteelness consisting in freedom and ease, has led many to a total neglect of decency either in their words or behaviour: true politeness consists in the being easy one-self, and making every body about one as easy as we can. But the mistaking brutality for freedom, for which many of our young people

* Omne vafer vitium ridentè Flaccus amico

Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludet.

Pers. Sat. i. 117.

of quality in particular have made themselves so remarkable of late, has just the contrary effect; for that leads them to the taking of liberties which often make others uneasy, and always ought to make the aggressors themselves so.—*The same.*

'Tis difficult to find out any fault in Virgil's Eclogues or Georgics. He could not bear to have any appear in his *Æneid*, and therefore ordered it to be burnt.—*The same.*

Virgil is very sparing in his commendation of other poets, and scarce ever does it, unless he is forced. He hints at Theocritus*, because he has taken so much from him, and his subject led to it, and does the same by Hesiod† for the same reasons. He never speaks a single word of Homer, and indeed could not do it, where some would have had him‡, because of the anachronism.—*The same.*

* Prima Syracusio, &c. Ecl. vi. 2.

† Ascraumque cano, &c. Geo. ii. 176.

‡ They blame him for not mentioning Homer instead of Musæus, *Æneid*, vi. 667; without considering

Virgil's triumph over the Greek poets in his *Georgics**, is one of the vainest things that ever was written.—*The same.*

There are not above two or three lines in Virgil, from what we now have for Hesiod's works: Virgil owns the imitating that poet, and would never do so for two or three lines only.—*The same.*

Perhaps what we call Hesiod's works at present is misnamed. The *Theogony* has little prettinesses † in it, not like the great *Antiquity*. The *Shield of Hercules* is taken from Homer's *Shield of Achilles*, and there are several lines exactly the same in both. The *Εφγων* has the truest air of antiquity. *Nudus ara* ‡ is, I think, from the *Εφγων*: but possibly none of it is Hesiod's.—*The same.*

Virgil's great judgment appears in putting things together, and in his picking

that then Homer must have been put into *Elysium* long before he was born.

* G. iii. 10, 422.

† Fame is a great good and a great evil; hardly got, and easily lost. So half more than the whole.

‡ Geo. i. 299.

gold out of the dunghills of the old Roman writers.—*The same.*

He borrowed even from his contemporaries. *Perdita, nec sera meminit decidere nocti*, from Varrus, as, I think, Aulus Gellius tells us.—*The same.*

The *Æneid* was evidently a party piece; as much as Absalom and Achitophel.—*The same.*

I have formerly said that Virgil wrote one honest line :

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem :
and that, I now believe, was not meant of Cato Uticensis.—*The same.*

Nil admirari is as true in relation to our opinion of authors, as it is in morality; and one may say—*O admiratores verum picus!* full as justly as—*O imitatores!*—*The same.*

The three first books in Giannoni's History were not writ by himself, and the rest that were, are but indifferent.—*Lady O.* (at Florence.)

The best talkers among the ladies at Naples pique themselves on talking in Boccaccio's novel style.—*Mr. Pope.*

Yes, he has some warmth at first, but he

grows dull, and falls asleep too soon.—*The same.* [Speaking of Petrarch's Sonnets to Laura.]

There are two history pieces in the Camera delle Cattinette, in the Great Duke's Gallery at Florence, by the famous Mantegna. Some of the faces are very well, but the manner in general is still stiff and dry. The ground of both is all gold, and there is a good deal of gold in several other parts of the pictures. Mantegna was much the best painter of all Europe, till Lienardo da Vinci so greatly advanced that art. It seems from hence, that the tawdry taste brought into Italy by the Greeks*, continued quite down† to the improvements of the latter; and the banishment of it ought most probably to be reckoned among the very high merits of that extraordinary man.—*Mr. T.*

There is a loadstone in the Camera Mathematica, which holds up a piece of iron

* In the year 1013, according to Felibien, i. 157.

† Mantegna died in the year 1517; Vinci the year after; so that the tawdry or bad taste continued about 450 years in Italy.

of forty pounds weight fast to it: two of double or treble that force might have kept up an iron tomb, perhaps with Mahomet in it, suspended in the air.—*The same.*

In the chamber of Painters' heads, drawn by themselves, out of two hundred and forty there are but five from England, and not one of those properly an Englishman.—[Kneller's is of a larger size, and set up above all the rest, and is full of his usual vanity: he has inserted his gold chain, diamond ring, and his house at Twittenham. We did not much like it, and I believe it will be soon removed out of the room.] We have no head of Coreggio* out of his modesty; nor of Carlo Marat, for the contrary reason.—*Signor Bianchi.*

The heads of Romans are without beards all the time between the elder Brutus and Adrian, unless a head of Nero, and of two or three before him, who let them grow on some melancholy occasion or other.—*The same.*

* He called him *uomo bono*, which he explained by *modesto*; and added—"Non aveva il malo Francese," by which he meant *forwardness*.

There are a very fine Caracalla, and a very fine Plautilla, in the Great Duke's collection of gems, and three or four very wretched ones before them. After their time the art fell in general, though you have now and then a tolerable head after them.—*The same.*

In the gold medals here the taste ends with Pertinax, though there are some pretty good of Caracalla, and particularly one with Severus's Arch for the reverse.—*The same.*

In Spain the people are so overrun with devotion, that they have not a grain of religion left among them*.—*Signor N.*

On the hearing of the Ave-Mary bell, the Spaniards who happen to be in the theatre, and even the actors on the stage, fall down on their knees, and then rise again, and carry on their diversion as before. A French gentleman who happened to be present on one of these occasions, and had never seen any thing of the kind before, seemed at first extremely surprised at it, and then burst

* His words were—En Espagne il n'y a point de religion, et beaucoup de devotion.

out a laughing, and cried out, *Bis, Bis**, with a good deal of vehemence.—*The same.*

The courtezans there do something of the same nature, that is yet more extraordinary. Indeed they are great worshippers of the Virgin, and among other things pray to her for a good trade.—*The same.*

The nuns in Spain take very great freedoms; and one of their prayers at the foot of the crucifix is, to beg pardon of their sweetest spouse (represented on it) if they should happen to add a pair of horns to his head †.—*The same.*

Their very bull feasts are a sort of religious act, as stage plays were among the old Romans; they are generally to celebrate their rejoicings on some Saints' days, or some other great holyday of the Church.—*The same.*

They seem almost as fond too of the sanguinary effects of these feasts, as the Romans were of those in their Amphitheatres. When a bull that has got a cha-

* The same as our Encore.

† *Pardona o dulcissimo sposo, si te ver aponer quernos.*

racter in some of the former feasts has been passing by, I have heard some of the ladies cry, "O the dear creature!" and others, "Blessed be the soul of the mother who bore thee! thou hast killed thy six men*." —*The same.*

There is a French author who has writ a very pretty piece in three or four volumes, to show that the warmest flights of some of our greatest saints are nothing but lust in disguise. This is most evident in our nuns and female saints.—*The same.*

St. Teresa in one of her exclamations makes the chief misery of the damned consist in their being incapable of love †.—*The same.* [This is the saint who is so generally represented as fainting away upon an angel's touching her with a dart tipped with fire.]

The Spanish ladies are of a constitution particularly apt to take fire. As they are more confined, they are fuller of passion

* Beneditta sia l'alma della madre, che lo pario! matto sei uomini.

† Sono infelicissimi i Dannati: non possono amare! was what he quoted as her words.

than other women are, and sometimes actually faint away from a look at a window.—*The same.*

There are no paintings so good for prints as those of Guido, from his disposition of the lights and shades.—*Giacomo Frey.*

Why have not you done more of Raffaelles? Because many of his are done already, and others are ill-placed. I wanted much to have done the Transfiguration, but when I took a view of it with that design, I found I could not see it enough to do it.—*The same.*

In the School of the Jesuits at the Nazarene College, at Rome, the boys are divided into five classes: each class has its distinct master, and we reckon ten boys a great many for a class.—*Abbé Grant.*

The first class is called the Grammar Class. In it they learn Emanuel Alvari's Grammar, the Colloquies of Ludovicus Vives, and Phædrus.—*The same.*

In the second, or that of humanities, they learn Martial's Epigrams, some select stories out of Ovid's Metamorphoses, the Familiar Epistles of Cicero, and some of his chosen orations.

In the third, or rhetoric class, other chosen orations of Cicero, the rest of his epistles, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal, Livy's History, and an Art of Rhetoric.

The fourth class is for the study of philosophy. In this they are taught logic, physics, and metaphysics, arithmetic, geometry, and geography.

The fifth and last is for divinity. In this they also study the civil law.

The three first of these classes are called the *Parvæ*: there are two years allowed for each of them; the same for the fourth class; and double the time for the fifth: so that a boy, who does not begin till he is twelve years old, may go through the whole course of his studies by four-and-twenty.—*Abbe Grant*.

[The same gentleman was so good as to favour me with a list of the books and subjects that were to be explained at the Roman College, published in the latter end of the year 1740.]

If spies are bad people, a great part of the people of Venice are bad. There are no less than 33,000 pensioned by the State,

among which are all the gondoliers, and a great number of priests and abbés.

“The eyes are every thing.” When a person was once saying to me, “That picture is like in every thing but the eyes,” my answer was, “Then ’tis not like at all.”—*Signora Rosalba*, (at Venice.)

“Every thing seems good to me just after I have done it, and perhaps for seven or eight hours after.”—*The same*. [Though one of the most modest painters of the age. So that the difference between the modest and sensible artists, and those that are ignorant and impudent, seems to be, that the former can find out their own faults soon, and the latter never.]

I have been so long used to study features, and the expressions of the mind by them, that I know people’s temper by their faces.—*The same*. [She added, as a proof of this, the characters of two of my friends, whom she had seen but twice or thrice, and my own, as justly, and the last perhaps more justly, than I could have done myself.]

A lady who came out of the country this summer, to see the court of Versailles, on

her return said, that, bating the amours and debaucheries that reign there, she never saw so dull a thing in her whole life.—*Mon. le Grand*, (at Paris.)

The side oratories of St. Paul's were added to Sir Christopher Wren's original design by order of the Duke of York, who was willing to have them ready for the popish service when there should be occasion. It narrowed the building, and broke in very much upon the beauty of the design. Sir Christopher insisted so strongly on the prejudice they would be of, that he actually shed some tears in speaking of it; but it was all in vain. The Duke insisted absolutely on their being inserted, and so he was forced to insert them.—*Mr. Harding*.

The first part of Robinson Crusoe is good. De Foe wrote a vast many things, and none bad, though none excellent. There's something good in all he writ.—*Mr. Pope*.

All the rules of gardening are reducible to three heads: the contrasts, the management of surprises, and the concealment of the bounds. “Pray, what is it you mean

by the contrasts?"—"The disposition of the lights and shades."—" 'Tis the colouring then?"—"Just that."—"Should not variety be one of the rules?"—"Certainly, one of the chief; but that is included mostly in the contrasts. I have expressed them all in two verses* (after my manner, in very little compass), which are in imitation of Horace's—*Omne tulit punctum.*"—*The same.*

There was not any one honest minister in all their reigns †, except Lord Clarendon ‡.—"Yes, Lord Godolphin." He was a good man, though he had underhand dealings with the Pretender at first.—*The same.*

The great thing toward speaking or writing well is to understand the thing perfectly which one is to write or speak about. I scarce ever heard any one speak ill in the House of Commons in an affair which he was well acquainted with.—*Mr. L.*

* He gains all ends, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Epist. to Lord Burl. 56.

† The Stuarts.

‡ Mr. Pope is certainly here inaccurate. The Lord Treasurer Southampton was as amiable and virtuous a character as any recorded in our history.—M.

L'Estrange's excellent fable style is abominable in his translation of Josephus; and it is the same in his imitator, Collier, as to his lighter pieces, and his translation of Marcus Antoninus.—*Mr. Pope.*

One may form some idea of the consistency of foreknowledge and free-will from the instance of a tutor and a child. If you know the temper and custom of a man thoroughly, and the circumstances of the thing offered to him, you know often how he will choose; and his choice is not at all the less free for your foreseeing it. A man always chooses what appears best to him; and if you certainly foresaw what would appear best to him, in any one particular case, you would certainly foresee what he would choose.—*The same.*

There never was any thing so wicked as the holy wars.—*The same.*

I have never been at the city of Mexico myself; but a particular friend, who has been there, and whom I could absolutely trust, has assured me that he was never struck so much with any thing as with the magnificence now used there; and yet he

had been in several of the most splendid courts in our parts of the world before he went thither. He said, in particular, that there were above seven hundred equipages, with the harness of solid silver; and when they go out on one of the great causeways, which is the walk in fashion at present, every lady has a black slave on each side of her, with an umbrella to shade her from the sun, and a third to hold her train.—*Mr. B.*

A hidden doctrine, as well as a vulgar one, was so necessary, that it was used not only in China and Egypt, but in all the heathen nations of old.—*Mr. W**.

The hidden doctrines of the unity of the Deity and of the immortality of the soul were originally in all the Mysteries, even in those of Cupid and Bacchus.—*The same.*

The Mysteries at first were the retreats of sense and virtue, till time corrupted them in those of most of the gods (for there were mysteries belonging to each); but more particularly, as was most to be

* Without doubt Mr. W. is Mr. *Warburton*. This was said in 1744, when Warburton was much with Pope.—M.

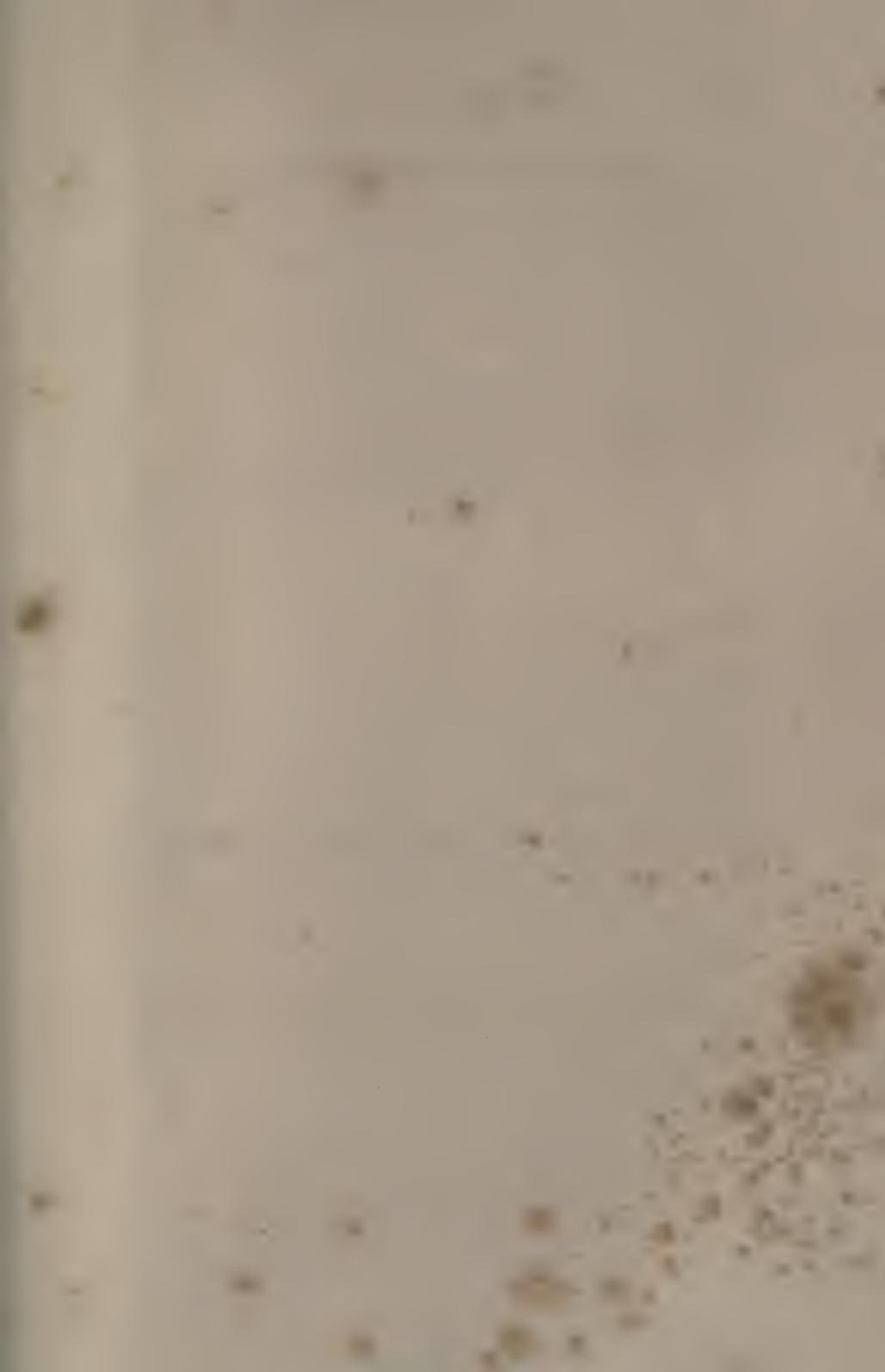
expected, in those of Bacchus and Cupid.
—*The same.*

The general progress of idolatry in most nations has been the same. People began with worshipping the sun, moon, and stars; then, after entering into a society, each adored their public benefactors as such; and lastly, the same as real divinities, to hide the nonsense of worshipping made gods.—*The same.*

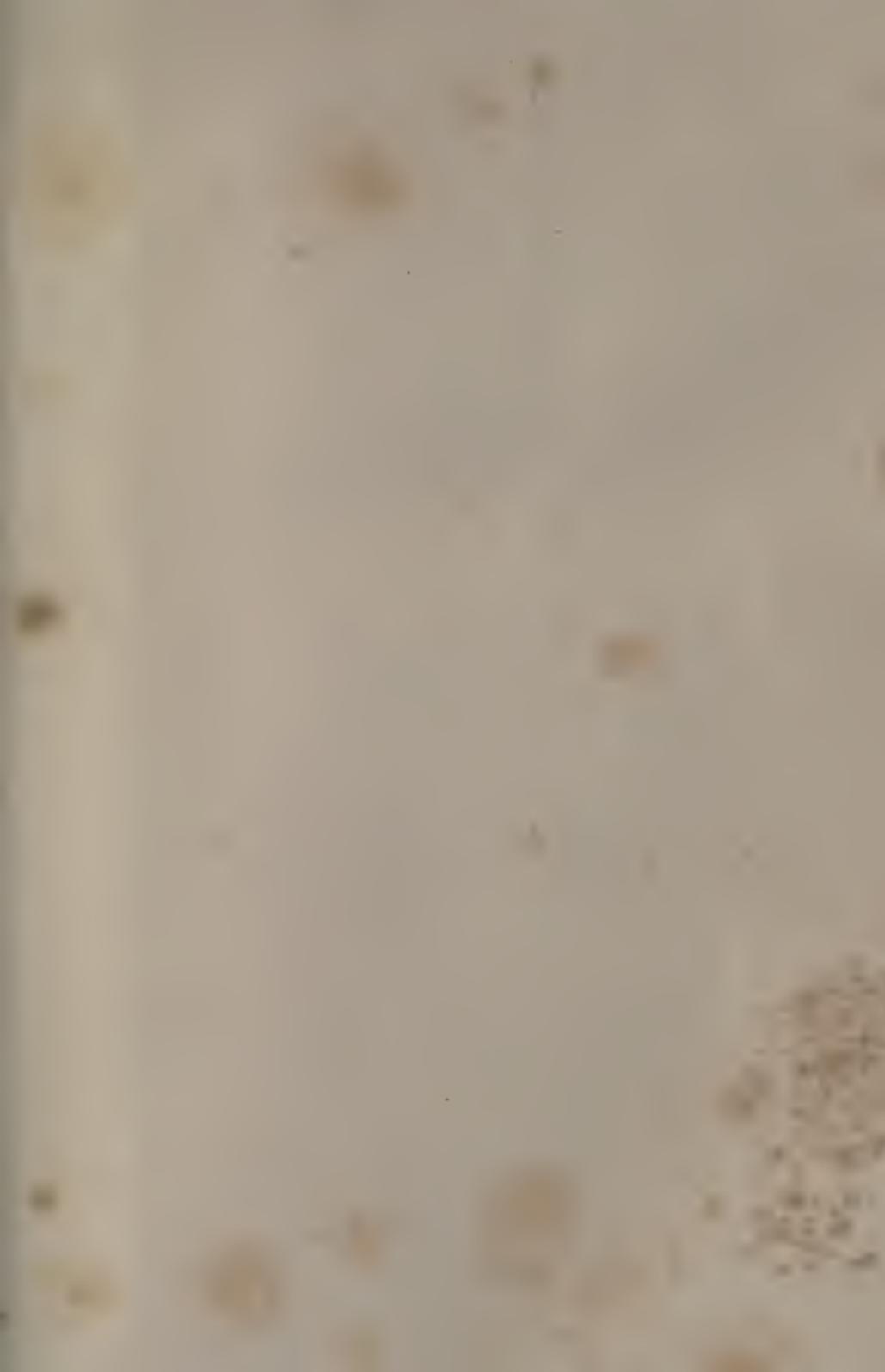
Momus, or the complaining against Providence, was originally supposed to be the son of Nox and Chaos, or Ignorance and Disorder; but afterwards, when the Greeks grew wicked, it was turned into a character of wit.—*The same.*

Facts in ancient history are not very instructive now, the principles of acting vary so often and so greatly. The actions of a great man were quite different, even in Scipio's and Julius Cæsar's time.—*Mr. Pope.*

THE END.



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