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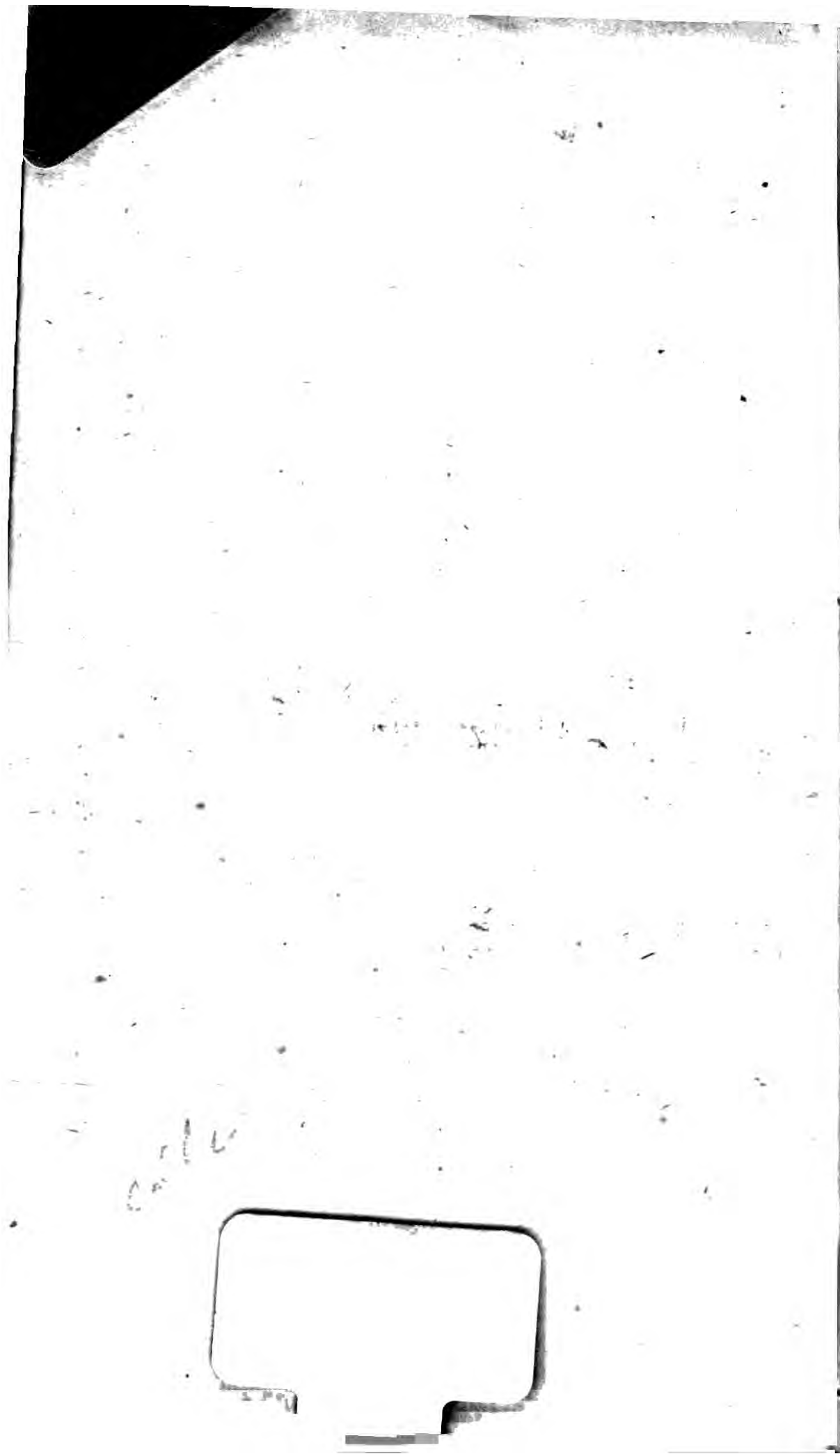
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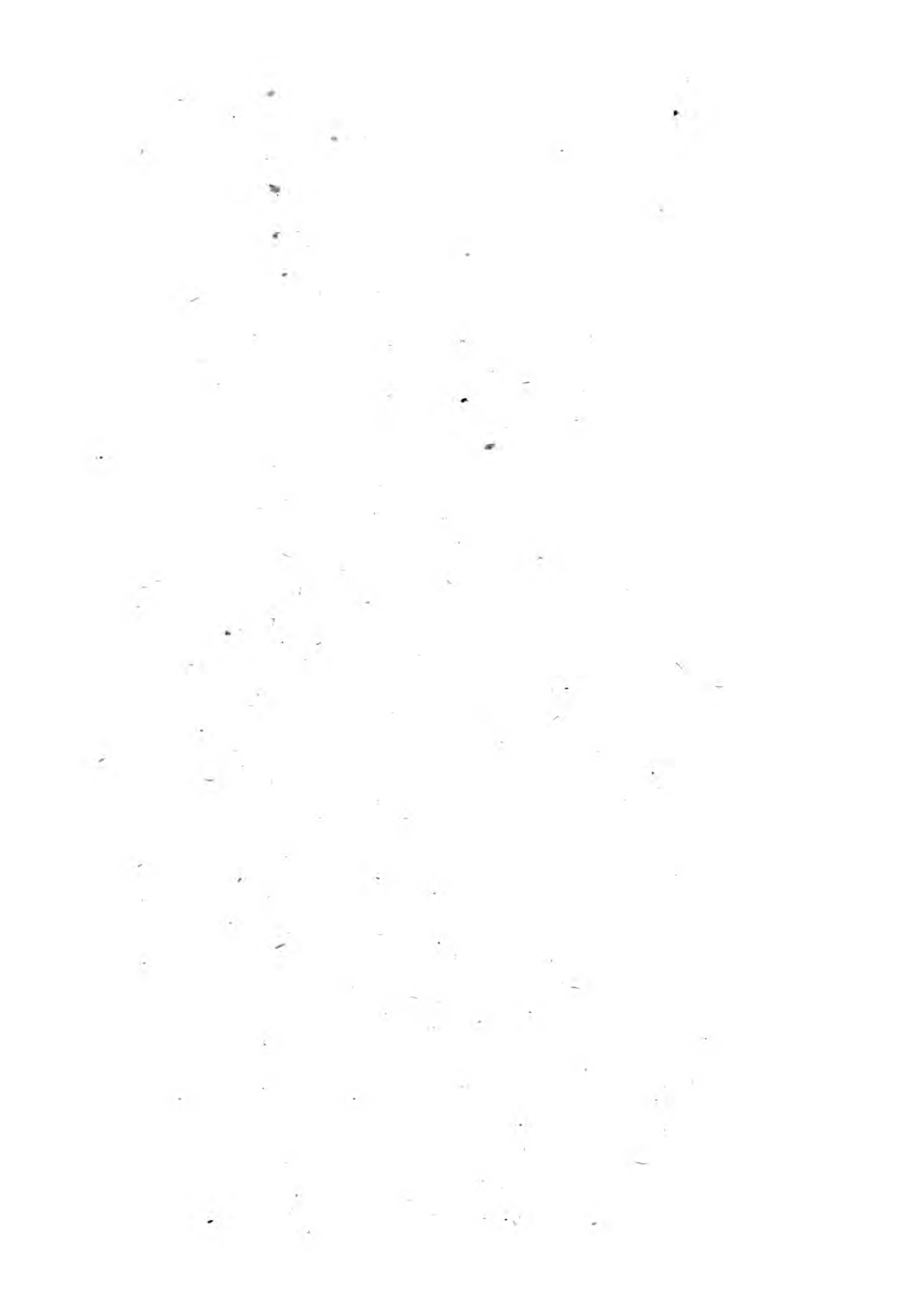
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FUGITIVE
PIECES,
ON
Various SUBJECTS.

By several AUTHORS.

In TWO VOLUMES.

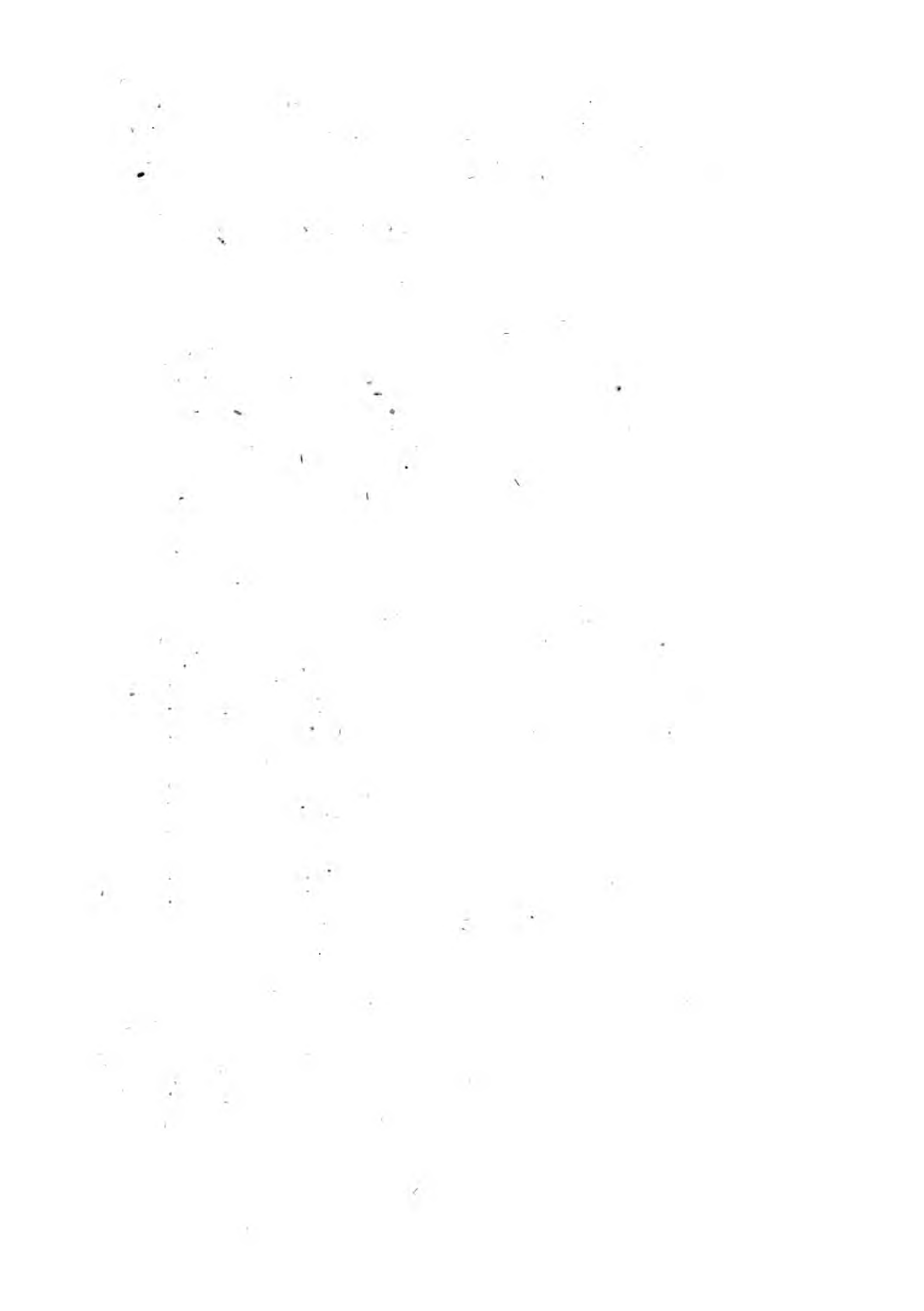
VOL. II. Containing

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| I. A Vindication of Natural Society. Written in the Character of a late noble Author. | By Lord Whitworth. |
| II. History and Antiquities of the ancient Villa of <i>Wheatfield</i> , in the County of <i>Suffolk</i> . | V. A Journey into <i>England</i> . By <i>Paul Hentzner</i> , in the Year 1598. |
| III. Fragments of ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of <i>Scotland</i> . | VI. A Parallel, in the Manner of <i>Plutarch</i> , between a most celebrated Man of <i>Florence</i> ; and One, scarce ever heard of in <i>England</i> . By the Reverend Mr. <i>Spence</i> . |
| IV. An Account of <i>Russia</i> in the Year 1710. | |

D U B L I N :

Printed for PETER WILSON, in *Dame-street*.

M,DCC,LXII.



A
VINDICATION

OF

NATURAL SOCIETY;

OR,

A View of the MISERIES and EVILS arising to
Mankind from every Species of

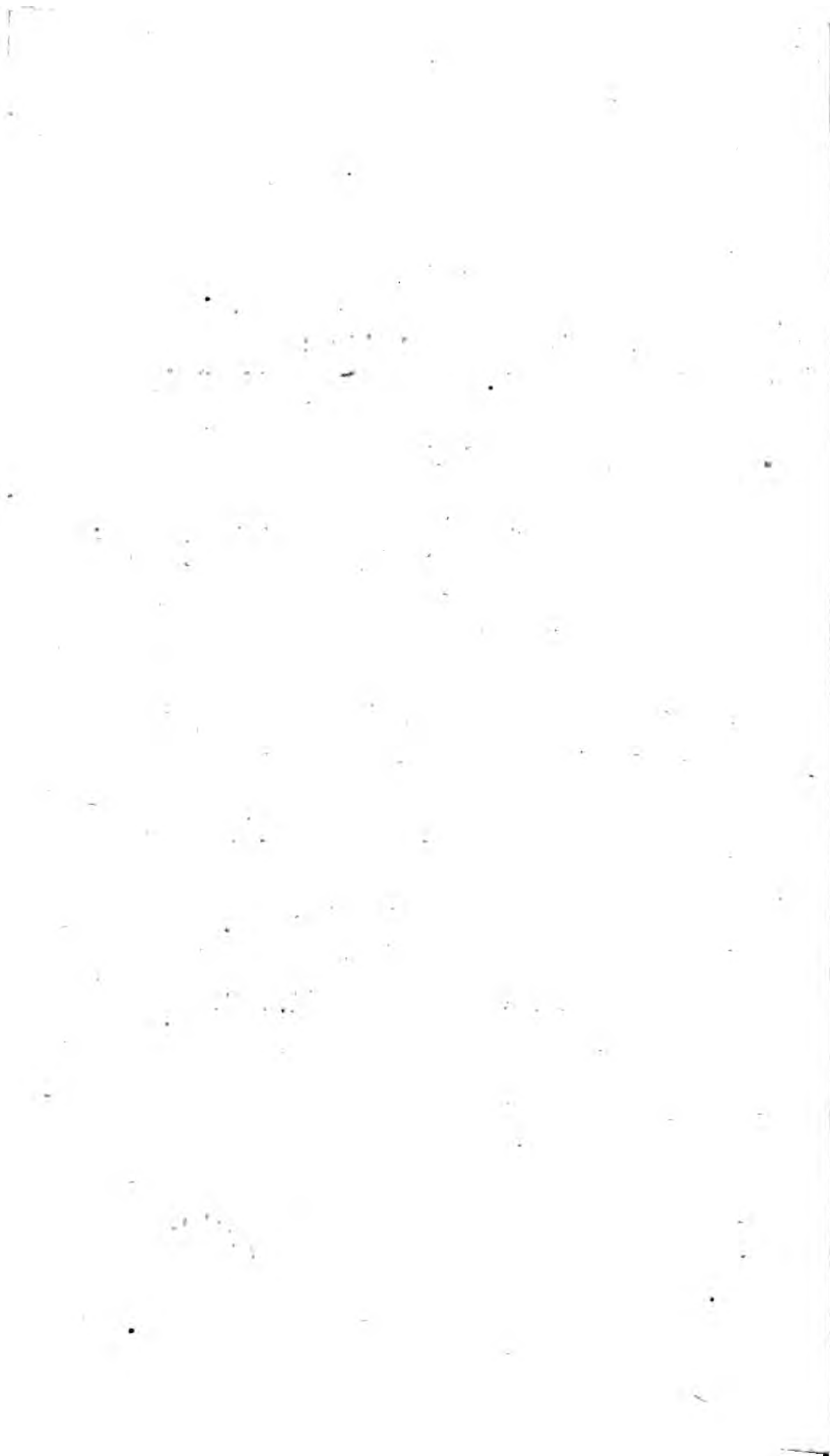
ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY.

In a LETTER to Lord ****.

By a late NOBLE WRITER.

First Printed in the Year 1756.

A 2



P R E F A C E.

BEFORE the philosophical Works of Lord *Bolingbroke* had appeared, great Things were expected from the Leisure of a Man, who, from the splendid Scene of Action, in which his Talents had enabled him to make so conspicuous a Figure, had retired to employ those Talents in the Investigation of Truth. Philosophy began to congratulate herself upon such a Profelyte from the World of Business, and hoped to have extended her Power under the Auspices of such a Leader. In the midst of these pleasing expectations, the Works themselves at last appeared in *full Body*, and with great Pomp. Those who searched in them for new Discoveries in the Mysteries of Nature; those who expected something which might explain or direct the Operations of the Mind; those who hoped to see Morality illustrated and enforced; those who looked for new Helps to Society and Government; those who desired to see the Characters and Passions of Mankind delineated; in short, all who consider such Things as Philosophy, and require some of them at least, in every philosophical Work, all these were certainly disappointed; they found the Land-

marks of Science precisely in their former Places : And they thought they received but a poor Recompence for this Disappointment, in seeing every Mode of Religion attacked in a lively Manner, and the Foundation of every Virtue, and of all Government, sapped with great Art and much Ingenuity. What Advantage do we derive from such Writings? What Delight can a Man find in employing a Capacity which might be usefully exerted for the noblest Purposes, in a sort of sullen labour, in which, if the author could succeed, he is obliged to own, that nothing could be more fatal to Mankind than his success?

I cannot conceive how this sort of Writers propose to compass the Designs they pretend to have in View, by the Instruments which they employ. Do they pretend to exalt the Mind of Man, by proving him no better than a Beast? Do they think to enforce the Practice of Virtue, by denying that Vice and Virtue, are distinguished by good or ill Fortune here, or by Happiness or Misery hereafter? Do they imagine they shall increase our Piety, and our Reliance on God, by exploding his Providence, and insisting that he is neither just nor good? Such are the Doctrines which, sometimes concealed, sometimes openly and fully avowed, are found to prevail throughout the Writings of Lord *Bolingbroke*; and such are the Reasonings which this noble Writer and several others have been pleased to dignify with the Name of Philosophy. If these are delivered in a specious, Manner, and in a Stile above the common, they
cannot

cannot want a Number of Admirers of as much Docility as can be wished for in Disciples. To these the Editor of the following little Piece has addressed it : there is no Reason to conceal the Design of it any longer.

The Design was, to shew that, without the Exertion of any considerable Forces, the same Engines which were employed for the Destruction of Religion, might be employed with equal Success for the Subversion of Government ; and that specious Arguments might be used against those Things which they, who doubt of every thing else, will never permit to be questioned. It is an Observation which, I think, *Isocrates* makes in one of his Orations against the Sophists, that it is far more easy to maintain a wrong Cause, and to support paradoxical Opinions to the Satisfaction of a common Auditory, than to establish a doubtful Truth by solid and conclusive Arguments. When Men find that something can be said in Favour of what, on the very Proposal, they have thought utterly indefensible, they grow doubtful of their own Reason ; they are thrown into a sort of pleasing Surprize ; they run along with the Speaker, charmed and captivated to find such a plentiful Harvest of Reasoning, where all seemed barren and unpromising. This is the Fairy Land of Philosophy. And it very frequently happens, that those pleasing Impressions on the Imagination, subsist and produce their Effect, even after the Understanding has been satisfied of their unsubstantial Nature. There is a sort of Gloss up-

on ingenious Falsehoods, that dazzles the Imagination, but which neither belongs to, nor becomes the sober aspect of Truth. I have met with a Quotation in Lord *Coke's* Reports that pleased me very much, though I do not know from whence he has taken it: "*Interdum fucata, falsitas (says he) in multis est probabilior, et sæpe rationibus vincit nudam veritatem.*" In such Cases, the Writer has a certain Fire and Alacrity inspired into him by a Consciousness, that let it fare how it will with the Subject, his Ingenuity will be sure of Applause; and this Alacrity becomes much greater if he acts upon the offensive, by the Impetuosity that always accompanies an Attack, and the unfortunate Propensity which Mankind have to the finding and exaggerating Faults. The Editor is satisfied that a Mind which has no Restraint from a Sense of its own Weakness, of its subordinate Rank in the Creation, and of the extreme Danger of letting the Imagination loose upon some Subjects, may very plausibly attack every thing the most excellent and venerable; that it would not be difficult to criticise the Creation itself; and that if we were to examine the divine Fabricks by our Ideas of Reason and Fitness, and to use the same Method of Attack by which some Men have assaulted Revealed Religion, we might, with as good Colour, and with the same Success, make the Wisdom and Power of God in his Creation, appear to many no better than Foolishness. There is an Air of Plausibility which accompanies vulgar Reason-

Reasonings and Notions taken from the beaten circle of ordinary Experience, that is admirably suited to the narrow Capacities of some, and to the Laziness of others. But this Advantage is in great measure lost, when a painful, comprehensive Survey of a very complicated Matter, and which requires a great Variety of Considerations; is to be made; when we must seek in a profound Subject, not only for Arguments, but for new Materials of Argument, their Measures and their Method of Arrangement; when we must go out of the Sphere of our ordinary Ideas, and when we can never walk sure but by being sensible of our Blindness. And this we must do, or we do nothing, whenever we examine the Result of a Reason which is not our own. Even in Matters which are, as it were, just within our Reach, what would become of the World if the Practice of all moral Duties, and the Foundations of Society, rested upon having their Reasons made clear and demonstrative to every Individual?

The Editor knows that the Subject of this Letter is not so fully handled as obviously it might: it was not his Design to say all that could possibly be said. It had been inexcusable to fill a large Volume with the Abuse of Reason; nor would such an Abuse have been tolerable even for a few Pages, if some under-plot, of more Consequence than the apparent Design, had not been carried on.

Some Persons have thought that the Advantages of the State of Nature ought to have been

more fully displayed. This had undoubtedly been a very ample Subject for Declamation ; but they do not consider the Character of the Piece. The Writers against Religion, whilst they oppose every System, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own. If some inaccuracies in Calculation, in Reasoning, or in Method be found, perhaps these will not be looked upon as Faults by the Admirers of Lord *Bolingbroke* ; who will, the Editor is afraid, observe much more of his Lordship's Character in such Particulars of the following Letter, than they are like to find of that rapid Torrent of an impetuous and over-bearing Eloquence, and the Variety of rich Imagery, for which that Writer is justly admired.

A
L E T T E R
T O
L O R D * * * *

SHALL I venture to say, my Lord, that in our late Conversation, you were inclin'd to the Party which you adopted rather by the Feelings of your good Nature, than by the Conviction of your Judgment? We laid open the Foundations of Society; and you feared, that the Curiosity of this Search might endanger the Ruin of the whole Fabrick. You would readily have allowed my Principle, but you dreaded the Consequences; you thought, that having once entered upon these Reasonings, we might be carried insensibly and irresistibly, farther than at first we could either have imagined or wished. But for my Part, my Lord, I then thought, and am still of the same Opinion, that Error, and not Truth of any kind, is dangerous; that ill Conclusions can only flow from false Propositions; and that, to know whether any Proposition be true or false, it is a preposterous Method to examine it by its apparent Consequences. These

These were the Reasons which induced me to go so far into that Enquiry; and they are the Reasons which direct me in all my Enquiries. I had indeed often reflected on that Subject, before I could prevail upon myself to communicate my Reflections to any body. They were generally melancholy enough; as those usually are which carry us beyond the mere Surface of Things; and which would undoubtedly make the Lives of all thinking Men extremely miserable, if the same Philosophy which caused the Grief, did not at the same Time administer the Comfort.

On considering political Societies, their Origin, their Constitution, and their Effects, I have sometimes been in a good deal more than Doubt, whether the Creator did ever really intend Man for a State of Happiness. He has mixed in his Cup a Number of natural Evils, (in spite of the Boast of Stoicism they are Evils) and every Endeavour which the Art and Policy of Mankind has used from the Beginning of the World to this Day, in order to alleviate, or cure them, has only served to introduce new Mischiefs, or to aggravate and inflame the old. Besides this, the Mind of Man itself is too active and restless a Principle ever to settle on the true Point of Quiet. It discovers every Day some craving Want in a Body, which really wants but little. It every Day invents some new artificial Rule to guide that Nature, which, if left to itself, were the best and surest Guide. It finds out imaginary Beings prescribing imaginary Laws; and then, it raises imaginary Terrors

OF NATURAL SOCIETY. 13

to support a Belief in the Beings, and an Obedience to the Laws. Many Things have been said, and very well undoubtedly, on the Subjection in which we should preserve our Bodies to the Government of our Understanding; but enough has not been said upon the Restraint which our bodily Necessities ought to lay on the extravagant Sublimities, and excentrick Rovings of our Minds. The Body, or as some love to call it, our inferior Nature, is wiser in its own plain Way, and attends its own Business more directly, than the Mind with all its boasted Subtilty.

In the State of Nature, without question, Mankind was subjected to many and great Inconveniencies. Want of Union, want of mutual Assistance, want of a common Arbitrator to resort to in their Differences. These were Evils which they could not but have felt pretty severely on many Occasions. The original Children of the Earth lived with their Brethren of the other Kinds in much Equality. Their Diet must have been confined almost wholly to the vegetable kind; and the same Tree, which in its flourishing State produced them Berries, in its Decay gave them an Habitation. The mutual Desires of the Sexes uniting their Bodies and Affections, and the Children, which were the Results of these Intercourses, introduced first the Notion of Society, and taught its Conveniencies. This Society, founded in natural Appetites and Instincts, and not in any positive Institution, I shall call *Natural Society*. Thus far

far Nature went, and succeeded ; but Man would go farther. The great Error of our Nature is, not to know where to stop, not to be satisfied with any reasonable Acquirement ; not to compound with our Condition ; but to lose all we have gained, by an insatiable Pursuit after more. Man found a considerable Advantage by this Union of many Persons to form one Family ; he therefore judged that he would find his Account proportionably in an Union of many Families into one body politick. And as Nature has formed no Bond of Union to hold them together, he supplied this Defect by *Laws*.

This is *Political Society*. And hence the Sources of what are usually called States, civil Societies, or Governments ; into some Form of which, more extended or restrained, all Mankind have gradually fallen. And since it has so happened, and that we owe an implicit Reverence to all the Institutions of our Ancestors, we shall consider these Institutions with all that Modesty with which we ought to conduct ourselves in examining a received Opinion ; but with all that Freedom and Candour which we owe to Truth wherever we find it, or however it may contradict our own Notions, or oppose our own Interests. There is a most absurd and audacious Method of Reasoning avowed by some Bigots and Enthusiasts, and through Fear assented to by some wiser and better Men ; it is this : They argue against a fair Discussion of popular Prejudices, because, say they, though they would be found without any reasonable Support, yet

yet the Discovery might be productive of the most dangerous Consequences. Absurd and blasphemous Notion! as if all Happiness was not connected with the Practice of Virtue, which necessarily depends upon the Knowledge of Truth; that is, upon the Knowledge of those unalterable Relations, which Providence has ordained that every thing should bear to every other. These Relations, which are Truth itself, the Foundation of Virtue, and consequently, the only Measures of Happiness, should be likewise the only Measures by which we should direct our Reasoning. To these we should conform in good Earnest; and not think to force Nature, and the whole order of her System, by a Compliance with our Pride and Folly, to conform to our artificial Regulations. It is by a Conformity to this Method we owe the Discovery of the few Truths we know, and the little Liberty and rational Happiness we enjoy. We have something fairer Play than a Reasoner could have expected formerly; and we derive Advantages from it which are very visible.

The Fabrick of Superstition has, in this our Age and Nation, received much ruder Shocks than it had ever felt before; and through the Chinks and Breaches of our Prison, we see such Glimmerings of Light, and feel such refreshing Airs of Liberty, as daily raise our Ardour for more. The Miseries derived to Mankind from Superstition, under the Name of Religion, and of ecclesiastical Tyranny, under the Name of Church Government, have been clearly and usefully exposed. We
begin

begin to think and to act from Reason and from Nature alone. This is true of several, but still is by far the Majority in the same old State of Blindness and Slavery; and much is it to be feared that we shall perpetually relapse, whilst the real productive Cause of all this superstitious Folly, enthusiastical Nonsense, and holy Tyranny, holds a reverend Place in the Estimation even of those who are otherwise enlightened.

Civil Government borrows a Strength from ecclesiastical; and artificial Laws receive a Sanction from artificial Revelations. The Ideas of Religion and Government are closely connected; and whilst we receive Government as a thing necessary, or even useful to our Well-being, we shall, in Spite of us, draw in, as a necessary, though undesirable Consequence, an artificial Religion of some kind or other. To this the Vulgar will always be voluntary Slaves; and even those of a Rank of Understanding superior, will now and then involuntarily feel its Influence. It is therefore of the deepest Concernment to us to be set right in this Point; and to be well satisfied whether civil Government be such a Protector from natural Evils, and such a Nurse and Increaser of Blessings, as those of warm Imaginations promise. In such a Discussion, far am I from proposing in the least to reflect on our most wise Form of Government; no more than I would, in the freer Parts of my philosophical Writings, mean to object to the Piety, Truth, and Perfection of our most excellent Church. Both, I am sensible, have
their

their Foundations on a Rock. No Discovery of Truth can prejudice them. On the contrary the more closely the Origin of Religion and Government are examined, the more clearly their Excellencies must appear. They come purified from the Fire. My Business is not with them. Having entered a Protest against all Objections from these Quarters, I may the more freely enquire from History and Experience, how far Policy has contributed in all Times to alleviate those Evils which Providence, that perhaps has designed us for a State of Imperfection, has imposed; how far our physical Skill has cured our constitutional Disorders; and whether, it may not have introduced new ones, curable perhaps by no Skill.

In looking over any State to form a Judgment on it; it presents itself in two Lights, the external and the internal. The first, that Relation which it bears in point of Friendship or Enmity to other States. The second, that Relation its component Parts, the Governing and the Governed, bear to each other. The first Part of the external View of all States, their Relation as Friends, makes so trifling a Figure in History, that I am very sorry to say, it affords me but little Matter on which to expatiate. The good Offices done by one Nation to its Neighbour [a];
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[a] Had his Lordship lived to our Days, to have seen the noble Relief given by this Nation to the distressed *Portuguese*, he had perhaps owned this Part of his Argument a little weakened; but we do not think ourselves intitled to alter his Lordship's Words, but that we are bound to follow him exactly.

the Support given in public Distress ; the Relief afforded in general Calamity ; the Protection granted in immergent Danger ; the mutual Return of Kindness and Civility, would afford a very ample and very pleasing Subject for History. But, alas ! all the History of all Times, concerning all Nations, does not afford Matter enough to fill ten Pages, though it should be spun out by the Wire-drawing Amplification of a *Guicciardini* himself. The glaring side is that of Enmity. War is the Matter which fills all History, and consequently the only, or almost the only View in which we can see the External of political Society, is in a hostile Shape ; and the only Actions, to which we have always seen, and still see all of them intent, are such, as tend to the Destruction of one another. War, says *Machiavell*, ought to be the only Study of a Prince ; and by a Prince, he means every sort of State however constituted. He ought, says this great political Doctor, to consider Peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him Leisure to contrive, and furnishes Ability to execute military Plans. A Meditation on the Conduct of political Societies made old *Hobbes* imagine, that War was the State of Nature ; and truly, if a Man judged of the Individuals of our Race by their Conduct when united and packed into Nations and Kingdoms, he might imagine that every sort of Virtue was unnatural and foreign to the Mind of Man.

The first Accounts we have of Mankind are but so many Accounts of their Butcheries. All Empires

pires have been cemented in Blood ; and in those early Periods, when the Race of Mankind began first to form themselves into Parties and Combinations, the first Effect of the Combination, and indeed the End for which it seems purposely formed, and best calculated, is their mutual Destruction. All antient History is dark and uncertain. One thing however is clear. There were Conquerors, and Conquests in those Days ; and consequently all that Devastation, by which they are formed, and all that Oppression by which they are maintained. We know little of *Sesostris*, but that he led out of *Egypt* an Army of above 700,000 Men ; that he over-ran the *Mediterranean* Coast as far as *Colchis* ; that in some Places, he met but little Resistance, and of course shed not a great deal of Blood ; but that he found in others, a People who knew the Value of their Liberties, and sold them dear. Whoever considers the Army this Conqueror headed, the Space he traversed, and the Opposition he frequently met ; with the natural Accidents of Sickness, and the Dearth and Badness of Provision to which he must have been subject in the Variety of Climates and Countries his March lay through, if he knows any thing, he must know, that even the Conqueror's Army must have suffered greatly ; and that, of this immense Number, but a very small Part could have returned to enjoy the Plunder accumulated by the Loss of so many of their Companions, and the Devastation of so considerable a Part of the World. Considering, I say, the vast Army headed by this Con-

Conqueror, whose unwieldy Weight was almost alone sufficient to wear down its Strength, it will be far from Excess to suppose that one half was lost in the Expedition. If this was the State of the Victorious, and, from the Circumstances, it must have been this at the least; the Vanquished must have had a much heavier Loss, as the greatest Slaughter is always in the Flight, and great Carnage did in those Times and Countries ever attend the first Rage of Conquest. It will, therefore, be very reasonable to allow on their account as much as, added to the Losses of the Conqueror, may amount to a Million of Deaths, and then we shall see this Conqueror, the oldest we have on the Records of History, (though, as we have observed before, the Chronology of these remote Times is extremely uncertain,) opening the Scene by a Destruction of at least one Million of his Species, unprovoked but by his Ambition, without any Motives but Pride, Cruelty and Madness, and without any Benefit to himself; (for *Justin* expressly tells us, he did not maintain his Conquests) but solely to make so many People, in so distant Countries, feel experimentally, how severe a Scourge Providence intends for the human Race, when he gives one Man the Power over many, and arms his naturally impotent, and feeble Rage, with the Hands of Millions, who know no common Principle of Action, but a blind Obedience to the Passions of their Ruler.

The next personage, who figures in the Tragedies of this ancient Theatre, is *Semiramis*: For we have no Particulars of *Ninus*, but that he made immense and rapid Conquests, which doubtless were not compassed without the usual Carnage. We see an army of above three Millions employed by this martial Queen in a War against the *Indians*. We see the *Indians* arming a yet greater; and we behold a War continued with much Fury, and in various Success. This ends with the Retreat of the Queen, with scarce a third of the Troops employed in the Expedition; an Expedition, which at this rate must have cost two Millions of Souls on her part; and it is not unreasonable to judge that the Country which was the Seat of War, must have been an equal Sufferer. But I am content to detract from this, and to suppose that the *Indians* lost only half so much, and then the Account stands thus: In this War alone, (for *Semiramis* had other Wars) in this single Reign, and in this one Spot of the Globe, did three Millions of Souls expire, with all the horrid and shocking Circumstances which attend all Wars, and in a Quarrel, in which none of the Sufferers could have the least rational Concern.

The *Babylonian*, *Affyrian*, *Median*, and *Persian* Monarchies must have poured out Seas of Blood in their Formation, and in their Destruction. The Armies and Fleets of *Xerxes*, their Numbers, the glorious Stand made against them, and the unfortunate Event of all his mighty Preparations, are
known

known to every body. In this Expedition, draining half *Asia* of its Inhabitants, he led an Army of about two Millions to be slaughtered, and wasted, by a thousand fatal Accidents, in the same Place where his Predecessors had before, by a similar Madness, consumed the Flower of so many Kingdoms, and wasted the Force of so extensive an Empire. It is a cheap Calculation to say, that the *Persian* Empire in its Wars, against the *Greeks*, and *Scythians*, threw away at least four Millions of its Subjects, to say nothing of its other Wars, and the Losses sustained in them. These were their Losses abroad; but the War was brought home to them, first by *Agessilaus*, and afterwards, by *Alexander*. I have not, in this Retreat, the Books necessary to make very exact Calculations; nor is it necessary to give more than Hints to one of your Lordship's Erudition. You will recollect his uninterrupted Series of Success. You will run over his Battles. You will call to mind the Carnage which was made. You will give a Glance of the Whole, and you will agree with me; that to form this Hero no less than twelve hundred thousand Lives must have been sacrificed; but no sooner had he fallen himself a Sacrifice to his Vices, than a thousand Breaches were made for Ruin to enter, and give the last Hand to this Scene of Misery and Destruction. His Kingdom was rent and divided; which served to employ the more distinct Parts to tear each other to Piece, and bury the whole in Blood and Slaughter. The Kings of *Syria* and of *Egypt*,

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the Kings of *Pergamus* and *Macedon*, without Intermission, worried each other for above two hundred Years; until at last a strong Power arising in the West, rushed in upon them and silenced their Tumults, by involving all the contending Parties in the same Destruction. It is little to say, that the Contentions between the Successors of *Alexander* depopulated that Part of the World of at least two Millions.

The Struggle between the *Macedonians* and *Greeks*, and before that, the Disputes of the *Greek* Commonwealths among themselves, for an unprofitable Superiority, form one of the bloodiest Scenes in History. One is astonished how such a small Spot could furnish Men sufficient to sacrifice to the pitiful Ambition of possessing five or six thousand more Acres, or two or three more Villages: Yet to see the Acrimony and Bitterness, with which this was disputed between the *Athenians* and *Lacedemonians*; what Armies cut off; what Fleets sunk, and burnt; what a Number of Cities sacked, and their Inhabitants slaughtered, and captivated; one would be induced to believe the Decision of the Fate of Mankind at least, depended upon it! But these Disputes ended, as all such ever have done, and ever will do, in a real Weakness of all Parties; a momentary shadow, and Dream of Power in some one; and the Subjection of all to the Yoke of a Stranger, who knows how to profit of their Divisions. This at least was the Case of the *Greeks*; and sure, from the earliest Accounts of them, to their Absorption

tion into the *Roman* Empire, we cannot judge that their intestine Divisions, and their foreign Wars consumed less than three Millions of their Inhabitants.

What an *Aceldama*, what a field of Blood *Sicily* has been in antient times, whilst the Mode of its Government was controverted between the republican and tyrannical Parties, and the possession struggled for by the Natives, the *Greeks*, the *Carthaginians*, and the *Romans*, your Lordship will easily recollect. You will remember the total Destruction of such Bodies as an Army of 300,000 Men. You will find every Page of its History dyed in Blood, and blotted and confounded by Tumults, Rebellions, Massacres, Assassinations, Proscriptions, and a Series of Horrors beyond the Histories perhaps of any other Nation in the World; though the Histories of all Nations are made up of similar Matter. I once more excuse myself in point of Exactness for want of Books. But I shall estimate the Slaughters in this Island but at two Millions; which your Lordship will find much short of the Reality.

Let us pass by the Wars, and the Consequences of them, which wasted *Græcia-Magna*, before the *Roman* Power prevailed in that Part of *Italy*. They are perhaps exaggerated; therefore I shall only rate them at one Million. Let us hasten to open that great Scene which establishes the *Roman* Empire, and forms the grand Catastrophe of the antient Drama. This Empire, whilst in its Infancy, began by an Effusion of human Blood
scarcely

scarcely credible. The neighbouring little States teemed for new Destruction: The *Sabines*, the *Samnites*, the *Equi*, the *Volsci*, the *Hetrurians*, were broken by a Series of Slaughters which had no interruption, for some hundreds of Years; Slaughters which upon all sides consumed more than two Millions of the wretched People. The *Gauls* rushing into *Italy* about this Time, added the total Destruction of their own Armies to those of the antient Inhabitants. In short, it were hardly possible to conceive a more horrid and bloody Picture, if that which the *Punic Wars* that ensued soon after did not present one, that far exceeds it. Here we find that Climax of Devastation, and Ruin, which seemed to shake the whole earth. The Extent of this War which vexed so many Nations, and both Elements, and the Havock of the human Species caused in both, really astonishes beyond Expression, when it is nakedly considered, and those Matters which are apt to divert our Attention from it, the Characters, Actions, and designs of the Persons concerned, are not taken into the Account. These Wars, I mean those called the *Punic Wars*, could not have stood the human Race in less than three Millions of the Species. And yet this forms but a Part only, and a very small Part, of the Havock caused by the *Roman Ambition*. The War with *Mithridates* was very little less bloody; that Prince cut off at one Stroke 150,000 *Romans* by a Massacre. In that War *Sylla* destroyed 300,000 Men at *Cheronea*. He defeated *Mithridates's* Army under

der *Dorilaus*, and flew 300,000. This great and unfortunate Prince lost another 300,000 before *Cyzicum*. In the course of the War he had innumerable other Losses; and having many Intervals of Success, he revenged them severely. He was at last totally overthrown; and he crushed to Pieces the King of *Armenia*, his Ally, by the greatness of his Ruin. All who had Connections with him shared the same Fate. The merciless Genius of *Sylla* had its full Scope; and the Streets of *Athens* were not the only ones which ran with Blood. At this Period, the Sword, glutted with foreign Slaughter, turned its Edge upon the Bowels of the *Roman* Republick itself; and presented a Scene of Cruelties and Treasons enough almost to obliterate the Memory of all the external Devastations. I intended, my Lord, to have proceeded in a soft of Method in estimating the Numbers of Mankind cut off in these Wars which we have on Record. But I am obliged to alter my Design. Such a tragical Uniformity of Havock and Murder would disgust your Lordship as much as it would me; and I confess I already feel my Eyes ake by keeping them so long intent on so bloody a Prospect. I shall observe little on the *Servile*, the *Social*, the *Gallic*, and *Spanish* Wars; nor upon those with *Jugurtha*, nor *Antiochus*, nor many others equally important, and carried on with equal Fury. The Butcheries of *Julius Caesar* alone, are calculated by some body else; the Numbers he has been a means of destroying have been reckoned at 1,200,000. But to give your
Lordship

Lordship an Idea that may serve as a Standard, by which to measure, in some Degree, the others, you will turn your Eyes on *Judea*; a very inconsiderable Spot of the Earth in itself, though ennobled by the singular Events which had their Rise in that Country.

This Spot happened, it matters not here by what means, to become at several times extremely populous, and to supply Men for Slaughters scarcely credible, if other well-known and well-attested ones had not given them a Colour. The first settling of the *Jews* here, was attended by an almost entire extirpation of all the former Inhabitants. Their own civil Wars, and those with their petty Neighbours, consumed vast Multitudes almost every Year for several Centuries; and the Irruptions of the Kings of *Babylon* and *Assyria* made immense Ravages. Yet we have their Histories but partially, in an indistinct confused manner; so that I shall only throw the strong Point of Light upon that part of which coincides with *Roman* History, and of that Part only on the Point of Time when they received the great and final Stroke which made them no more a Nation; a Stroke which is allowed to have cut off little less than two Millions of that People. I say nothing of the Loppings made from that Stock whilst it stood; nor from the Suckers that grew out of the old Root ever since. But if, in this inconsiderable Part of the Globe, such a Carnage has been made in two or three short Reigns, and that this Carnage, great as it is, makes but a minute Part of

what the Histories of that People inform us they suffered; what shall we judge of Countries more extended, and which have waged Wars by far more considerable?

Instances of this sort compose the Uniform of History. But there have been Periods when no less than universal Destruction to the Race of Mankind seems to have been threatened. When the *Goths*, the *Vandals*, and the *Huns* poured into *Gaul*, *Italy*, *Spain*, *Greece*, and *Africa*, carrying Destruction before them as they advanced, and leaving horrid Desarts every where behind them. *Vastum ubique silentium; secreti colles; fumantia procul tecla; nemo exploratoribus obvius*, is what *Tacitus* calls *facies Victoriæ*. It is always so; but was here emphatically so. From the North proceeded the Swarms of *Goths*, *Vandals*, *Huns*, *Ostrogoths*, who ran towards the South into *Africa* itself, which suffered as all to the North had done. About this Time, another Torrent of Barbarians, animated by the same Fury, and encouraged by the same Success, poured out of the South, and ravaged all to the North-east and West, to the remotest parts of *Persia* on one hand, and to the Banks of the *Loire* or further on the other; destroying all the proud and curious Monuments of human Art, that not even the Memory might seem to survive of the former Inhabitants. What has been done since, and what will continue to be done whilst the same Inducements to War continue, I shall not dwell upon. I shall only in one Word mention the horrid Effects of Bigotry and Avarice, in the Conquest

quest of *Spanish America*; a Conquest on a low Estimation effected by the Murder of ten Millions of the Species. I shall draw to a Conclusion of this Part, by making a general Calculation of the Whole. I think I have actually mentioned above thirty-six Millions. I have not particularized any more. I don't pretend to Exactness; therefore for the sake of a general View, I shall lay together all those actually slain in Battles, or who have perished in a no less miserable manner by the other destructive Consequences of War, from the Beginning of the World to this Day, in the four Parts of it, at a thousand Times as much; no exaggerated Calculation, allowing for Time and Extent. We have not perhaps spoke of the five hundredth Part; I am sure I have not of what is actually ascertained in History; but how much of these Butcheries are only expressed in generals, what part of Time History has never reached, and what vast Spaces of the habitable Globe it has not embraced, I need not mention to your Lordship. I need not enlarge on these Torrents of silent and inglorious Blood which have glutted the thirsty Sands of *Afric*, or discoloured the polar Snow, or fed the savage Forests of *America* for so many Ages of continual War; shall I, to justify my Calculations from the Charge of Extravagance, add to the Account those Skirmishes which happen in all Wars, without being singly of sufficient Dignity in Mischiefs, to merit a place in History, but which by their Frequency compensate for this comparative Innocence; shall I inflame the Account by those

general Massacres which have devoured whole Cities and Nations; those wasting Pestilences, those consuming Famines, and all those Furies that follow in the Train of War? I have no need to exaggerate; and I have purposely avoided a Parade of Eloquence on this Occasion. I should despise it upon any Occasion; else in mentioning these Slaughters, it is obvious how much the whole might be heightened, by an affecting Description of the Horrors that attend the wasting of Kingdoms, and sacking of Cities. But I do not write to the Vulgar, nor to that which only governs the Vulgar, their Passions. I go upon a naked and moderate Calculation, just enough, without a pedantical Exactness, to give your Lordship some Feeling of the Effects of political Society. I charge the whole of these Effects on political Society. I avow the Charge, and I shall presently make it good to your Lordship's Satisfaction. The Numbers I particularized are about thirty-six Millions. Besides those killed in Battles I have said something, not half what the Matter would have justified, but something I have said, concerning the Consequences of War even more dreadful than that monstrous Carnage itself which shocks our Humanity, and almost staggers our Belief. So that allowing me in my Exuberance one way, for my Deficiencies in the other, you will find me not unreasonable. I think the Numbers of Men now upon Earth are computed at 500 Millions at the most. Here the Slaughter of Mankind, on what you will call a small Calculation, amounts
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to upwards of seventy times the Number of Souls this Day on the Globe. A Point which may furnish matter of Reflexion to one less inclined to draw Consequences than your Lordship.

I now come to shew, that political Society is justly chargeable with much the greatest Part of this Destruction of the Species. To give the fairest Play to every side of the Question, I will own that there is a Haughtiness, and Fierceness in human Nature, which will cause innumerable Broils, place Men in what Situation you please; but owning this, I still insist in charging it to political Regulations, that those Broils are so frequent, so cruel, and attended with Consequences so deplorable. In a state of Nature, it had been impossible to find a Number of Men, sufficient for such Slaughters, agreed in the same bloody Purpose; or allowing that they might have come to such an Agreement, (an impossible Supposition) yet the Means that simple Nature has supplied them with, are by no means adequate to such an End; many Scratches, many Bruises undoubtedly would be received upon all hands; but only a few, a very few Deaths. Society, and Politicks, which have given us these destructive Views, have given us also the Means of satisfying them. From the earliest Dawnings of Policy to this Day, the Invention of Men has been sharpening and improving the Mystery of Murder, from the first rude Essays of Clubs and Stones, to the present Perfection of Gunnery, Cannoneering, Bombarding, Mining, and all these Species of artificial, learned,

and refined Cruelty, in which we are now so expert, and which make a principal Part of what Politicians have taught us to believe is our principal Glory.

How far mere Nature would have carried us, we may judge by the Example of those Animals, who still follow her Laws, and even of those to whom she has given Dispositions more fierce, and Arms more terrible than ever she intended we should use. It is an incontestable Truth, that there is more Havock made in one Year by Men, of Men, than has been made by all the Lions, Tigers, Panthers, Ounces, Leopards, Hyenas, Rhinoceroses, Elephants, Bears, and Wolves, upon their several Species, since the Beginning of the World; though these agree ill enough with each other, and have a much greater Proportion of Rage and Fury in their Composition than we have. But with respect to you, ye Legislatures, ye Civilizers of Mankind! ye Orpheus's, Moseses, Minos'es, Solons, Theseuses, Lycurguses, Numas! with respect to you be it spoken, your Regulations have done more Mischief in cold Blood, than all the Rage of the fiercest Animals in their greatest Terrors, or Furies, has ever done, or ever could do!

These Evils are not accidental. Whoever will take the Pains to consider the Nature of Society, will find they result directly from its Constitution. For as *Subordination*, or, in other Words, the Reciprocation of Tyranny and Slavery, is requisite to support these Societies, the Interest, the Ambition, the Malice, or the Revenge, nay, even the Whim
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and Caprice of one ruling Man among them, is enough to arm all the rest, without any private Views of their own, to the worst and blackest Purposes, and what is at once lamentable, and ridiculous, these wretches engage under those Banners with a Fury greater than if they were animated by Revenge for their own proper Wrongs.

It is no less worth observing, that this artificial Division of Mankind, into separate Societies, is a perpetual Source in itself of Hatred, and Dissension among them. The Names which distinguish them are enough to blow up Hatred, and Rage. Examine History; consult present Experience; and you will find, that for the greater part of the Quarrels between several Nations, had scarce any other Occasion, than that these Nations were different Combinations of People, and called by different Names;—to an *Englishman*, the Name of a *Frenchman*, a *Spaniard*, an *Italian*, much more a *Turk*, or a *Tartar*, raise, of course, Ideas of Hatred, and Contempt. If you would inspire this Compatriot of ours with Pity or Regard, for one of these; would you not hide that Distinction? You would not pray him to compassionate the poor *Frenchman*, or the unhappy *German*. Far from it; you would speak of him as a *Foreigner*, an Accident to which all are liable. You would represent him as a *Man*; one partaking with us of the same common Nature, and subject to the same Law. There is something so averse from our Nature in these artificial political Distinctions,

stinctions, that we need no other Trumpet to kindle us to War, and Destruction. But there is something so benign and healing in the general Voice of Humanity, that maugre all our Regulations to prevent it, the simple Name of Man applied properly, never fails to work a salutary Effect.

This natural unpremeditated Effect of Policy on the unpossessed Passions of Mankind, appears on other Occasions. The very Name of a Politician, a Statesman, is sure to cause Terror and Hatred; it has always connected with it the Ideas of Treachery, Cruelty, Fraud and Tyranny; and those Writers who have faithfully unveiled the Mysteries of State-freemasonry, have ever been held in general Detestation, for even knowing so perfectly a Theory so detestable. The Case of *Machiavel* seems at first sight something hard in that Respect. He is obliged to bear the Iniquities of those whose Maxims and Rules of Government he published. His Speculation is more abhorred than their Practice.

But if there were no other Arguments against artificial Society than this I am going to mention, methinks it ought to fall by this one only. All Writers on the Science of Policy are agreed, and they agree with Experience, that all Governments must frequently infringe the Rules of Justice to support themselves; that Truth must give way to Diffimulation; Honesty to Convenience; and Humanity itself to the reigning Interest. The whole of this Mystery of Iniquity is called the Reason of State.

State. It is a Reason, which I own I cannot penetrate. What sort of a Protection is this of the general Right, that is maintained by infringing the Rights of Particulars? What sort of Justice is this, which is enforced by Breaches of its own Laws? These Paradoxes I leave to be solved by the able Heads of Legislators and Politicians. For my Part, I say what a plain Man would say on such an Occasion. I can never believe, that any Institution agreeable to Nature, and proper for Mankind, could find it necessary, or even expedient in any Case whatsoever to do, what the best and worthiest Instincts of Mankind warn us to avoid. But no wonder, that what is set up in Opposition to the State of Nature, should preserve itself by trampling upon the Law of Nature.

To prove that these sorts of policed Societies are a Violation offered to Nature, and a Constraint upon the human Mind, it needs only to look upon the sanguinary Measures, and Instruments of Violence which are every where used to support them. Let us take a Review of the Dungeons, Whips, Chains, Racks, Gibbets, with which every Society is abundantly stored, by which Hundreds of Victims are annually offered up to support a dozen or two in Pride and Madness, and Millions in an abject Servitude. and Dependence. There was a Time, when I looked with a reverential Awe on these Mysteries of Policy; but Age, Experience, and Philosophy have rent the Veil; and I view this *Sanctum Sanctorum*, at least, without any enthusiastick Admiration. I acknowledge indeed,
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the Necessity of such a Proceeding in such Institutions; but I must have a very mean Opinion of Institutions where such Proceedings are necessary.

It is a Misfortune, that in no Part of the Globe natural Liberty and natural Religion are to be found pure, and free from the Mixture of political Adulterations. Yet we have implanted in us, by Providence, Ideas, Axioms, Rules, of what is pious, just, fair, honest, which no political Craft, nor learned Sophistry, can entirely expel from our Breasts. By these we judge, and we cannot otherwise judge of the several artificial Modes of Religion and Society, and determine of them as they approach to, or recede from, this Standard.

The simplest Form of Government is *Despotism*, where all the inferior Orbs of Power are moved merely by the Will of the Supreme, and all that are subjected to them, directed in the same Manner, merely by the occasional Will of the Magistrate. This Form, as it is the most simple, so it is infinitely the most general. Scarce any Part of the World is exempted from its Power. And in those few Places where Men enjoy what they call Liberty, it is continually in a tottering Situation, and makes greater and greater Strides to that Gulph of Despotism which at last swallows up every Species of Government. This manner of ruling being directed merely by the Will of the weakest, and generally the worst Man in the Society, becomes the most foolish and capricious.

ious Thing, at the same time that it is the most terrible and destructive that well can be conceived. In a Despotism the principal Person finds, that let the Want, Misery, and Indigence of his Subjects, be what they will, he can yet possess abundantly of every thing to gratify his most insatiable Wishes. He does more. He finds that these Gratifications increase in Proportion to the Wretchedness and Slavery of his Subjects. Thus encouraged both by Passion and Interest to trample on the public Welfare, and by his Station placed above both Shame and Fear, he proceeds to the most horrid and shocking Outrages upon Mankind. Their Persons become Victims of his Suspicions. The slightest Displeasure is Death; and a disagreeable Aspect is often as great a Crime as High-treason. In the Court of *Nero* a Person of Learning, of unquestioned Merit, and of unsuspected Loyalty, was put to Death for no other than that he had a pedantick Countenance which displeased the Emperor. This very Monster of Mankind appeared in the Beginning of his Reign to be a Person of Virtue. Many of the greatest Tyrants on the Records of History have begun their Reigns in the fairest Manner. But the Truth is, this unnatural Power corrupts both the Heart, and the Understanding. And to prevent the least Hope of Amendment, a King is ever surrounded by a Crowd of infamous Flatterers, who find their Account in keeping him from the least Light of Reason, till all Ideas of Rectitude and Justice are utterly erased

erased from his Mind. When *Alexander* had, in his Fury, inhumanly butchered one of his best Friends, and bravest Captains; on the Return of Reason he began to conceive an Horror suitable to the Guilt of such a Murder. In this Juncture, his Council came to his Assistance. But what did his Council? They found him out a Philosopher who gave him Comfort. And in what Manner did this Philosopher comfort him for the Loss of such a Man, and heal his Conscience, flagrant with the Smart of such a Crime? You have the Matter at Length in *Plutarch*. He told him; “*That let a Sovereign do what he will, all his Actions are just and lawful, because they are his.*” The Palaces of all Princes abound with such courtly Philosophers. The Consequence was such as might be expected. He grew every Day a Monster more abandoned to unnatural Lust, to Debauchery, to Drunkenness, and to Murder. And yet this was originally a great Man, of uncommon Capacity, and a strong Propensity to Virtue. But unbounded Power proceeds Step by Step, until it has eradicated every laudable Principle. It has been remarked, that there is no Prince so bad, whose Favourites and Ministers are not worse. There is hardly any Prince without a Favourite, by whom he is governed in as arbitrary a Manner as he governs the Wretches subjected to him. Here the Tyranny is doubled. There are two Courts, and two Interests; both very different from the Interests of the People. The Favourite knows that the Regard of a Tyrant is as
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unconstant and capricious as that of a Woman; and concluding his Time to be short, he makes haste to fill up the Measure of his Iniquity, in Rapine, in Luxury, and in Revenge. Every Avenue to the Throne is shut up. He oppresses, and ruins the People, whilst he persuades the Prince, that those Murmurs, raised by his own Oppression, are the Effects of Disaffection to the Prince's Government. Then is the natural Violence of Despotism inflamed, and aggravated by Hatred and Revenge. To deserve well of the State is a Crime against the Prince. To be popular, and to be a Traitor, are considered as synonymous Terms. Even Virtue is dangerous, as an aspiring Quality, that claims an Esteem by itself, and independent of the Countenance of the Court. What has been said of the Chief, is true of the inferior Officers of this Species of Government; each in his Province exercising the same Tyranny, and grinding the People by an Oppression, the more severely felt, as it is near them, and exercised by base and subordinate Persons. For the Grofs of the People; they are considered as a mere Herd of Cattle; and really in a little Time become no better; all Principle of honest Pride, all Sense of the Dignity of their Nature, is lost in their Slavery. The Day, says *Homer*, which makes a Man a Slave, takes away half his Worth; and in fact, he loses every Impulse to Action, but that low and base one of Fear.—In this kind of Government human Nature is not only abused, and insulted, but it is actually degraded and sunk into a
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Species of Brutality. The Consideration of this made Mr. *Locke* say, with great Justice, that a Government of this kind was worse than Anarchy; indeed it is so abhorred, and detested by all who live under Forms that have a milder Appearance, that there is scarce a rational Man in *Europe*, that would not prefer Death to *Asiatick* Despotism. Here then we have the Acknowledgment of a great Philosopher, that an irregular State of Nature is preferable to such a Government; we have the Consent of all sensible and generous Men, who carry it yet further, and avow that Death itself is preferable; and yet this Species of Government, so justly condemned, and so generally detested, is what infinitely the greater Part of Mankind groan under, and have groaned under from the Beginning. So that by sure and uncontested Principles, the greatest Part of the Governments on Earth must be concluded Tyrannies, Impositions, Violations of the Natural Rights of Mankind, and worse than the most disorderly Anarchies. How much other Forms exceed this, we shall consider immediately.

In all Parts of the World, Mankind; however debased, retain still the Sense of *Feeling*; the Weight of Tyranny, at last, becomes insupportable; but the Remedy is not so easy; in general, the only Remedy by which they attempt to cure the Tyranny, is to change the Tyrant. This is, and always was the Case for the greater Part. In some Countries however, were found Men of
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more Penetration; who discovered, “*that to live by one Man’s Will, was the Cause of all Men’s Misery.*” They therefore changed their former Method, and assembling the Men in their several Societies, the most respectable for their Understanding and Fortunes, they confided to them the Charge of the public Welfare. This originally formed what is called an *Aristocracy*. They hoped, it would be impossible that such a Number could ever join in any Design against the general Good; and they promised themselves a great deal of Security and Happiness, from the united Counsels of so many able and experienced Persons. But it is now found by abundant Experience, that an *Aristocracy*, and a *Despotism* differ but in Name; and that a People, who are in general excluded from any Share of the Legislative, are to all Intent and Purposes, as much Slaves, when twenty, independent of them, govern, as when but one domineers. The Tyranny is even more felt, as every Individual of the Nobles has the Haughtiness of a Sultan; the People are more miserable, as they seem on the Verge of Liberty, from which they are for ever debarred; this fallacious Idea of Liberty, whilst it presents a vain Shadow of Happiness to the Subject, binds faster the Chains of his Subjection. What is left undone, by the natural Avarice and Pride of those who are raised above the others, is compleated by their Suspensions, and their Dread of losing an Authority, which has no Support in the common Utility of the

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the Nation. A *Genoese*, or a *Venetian* Republick, is a concealed *Despotism*; where you find the same Pride of the Rulers, the same base Subjecti-
on of the People, the same bloody Maxims of a suspicious Policy. In one respect the *Aristocracy* is worse than the *Despotism*. A Body Politick, whilst it retains its Authority, never changes its Maxims; a *Despotism*, which is this Day horrible to a supreme Degree, by the Caprice natural to the Heart of Man, may, by the same Caprice otherwise exerted, be as lovely the next; in a Succession, it is possible to meet with some good Princes. If there have been *Tiberiuses*, *Caligulas*, *Neroes*, there have been likewise the serene Days of *Vespasians*, *Tituses*, *Trajans*, and *Antonines*; but a Body Politick is not influenced by Caprice or Whim; it proceeds in a regular Manner; its Succession is insensible; and every Man as he enters it, either has, or soon attains the Spirit of the whole Body. Never was it known, that an *Aristocracy*, which was haughty and tyrannical in one Century, became easy and mild in the next. In effect, the Yoke of this Species of Government is so galling, that whenever the People have got the least Power, they have shaken it off with the utmost Indignation, and established a popular Form. And when they have not had Strength enough to support themselves, they have thrown themselves into the Arms of *Despotism*, as the more eligible of the two Evils. This latter was the Case of *Denmark*, who sought a Refuge from the Oppression of its Nobility, in the

the strong Hold of arbitrary Power. *Poland* has at present the Name of Republick, and it is one of the *Aristocratick* Form; but it is well known, that the little Finger of this Government, is heavier than the Loins of arbitrary Power in most Nations. The People are not only politically, but personally Slaves, and treated with the utmost Indignity. The Republick of *Venice* is somewhat more moderate; yet even here, so heavy is the *Aristocratick* Yoke, that the Nobles have been obliged to enervate the Spirit of their Subjects by every Sort of Debauchery; they have denied them the Liberty of Reason, and they have made them amends, by what a base Soul will think a more valuable Liberty, by not only allowing, but encouraging them to corrupt themselves in the most scandalous Manner. They consider their Subjects, as the Farmer does the Hog he keeps to feast upon. He holds him fast in his Stye, but allows him to wallow as much as he pleases in his beloved Filth and Gluttony. So scandalously debauched a People as that of *Venice*, is to be met with nowhere else. High, Low, Men, Women, Clergy, and Laity, are all alike. The ruling Nobility are no less afraid of one another, than they are of the People; and for that Reason, politically enervate their own Body by the same effeminate Luxury, by which they corrupt their Subjects. They are impoverished by every Means which can be invented; and they are kept in a perpetual Terror by the Horrors of a State-Inquisition; here you see a People deprived of all rational Freedom, tyrannized

rannized over by about two Thousand Men ; and yet this Body of two Thousand, are so far from enjoying any Liberty by the Subjection of the rest, that they are in an infinitely severer State of Slavery ; they make themselves the most degenerate, and unhappy of Mankind, for no other Purpose, than that they may the more effectually contribute to the Misery of an whole Nation. In short, the regular and methodical Proceedings of an *Aristocracy*, are more intolerable than the very Excesses of a *Despotism*, and in general, much further from any Remedy.

Thus, my Lord, we have pursued *Aristocracy* through its whole Progress ; we have seen the Seeds, the Growth, and the Fruit. It could boast none of the Advantages of a *Despotism*, miserable as those Advantages were, and it was overloaded with an Exuberance of Mischiefs, unknown even to *Despotism* itself. In effect, it is no more than a disorderly Tyranny. This Form therefore could be little approved, even in Speculation, by those who were capable of thinking, and could be less borne in Practice by any who were capable of feeling. However, the fruitful Policy of Man was not yet exhausted. He had yet another Farthing-Candle to supply the Deficiencies of the Sun. This was the third Form, known by political Writers under the Name of *Democracy*. Here the People transacted all public Business, or the greater Part of it, in their own Persons : their Laws were made by themselves, and upon any Failure of Duty, their Officers were accountable to themselves, and to them.

them only. In all Appearance, they had secured by this Method the Advantages of Order and good Government, without paying their Liberty for the Purchase. Now, my Lord, we are come to the Master-piece of *Grecian* Refinement, and *Roman* Solidity, a popular Government. The earliest and most celebrated Republic of this Model, was that of *Athens*. It was constructed by no less an Artist, than the celebrated Poet and Philosopher, *Solon*. But no sooner was this political Vessel launched from the Stocks, than it overset even in the Life-time of the Builder. A Tyranny immediately supervened; not by a foreign Conquest, not by Accident, but by the very Nature and Constitution of a *Democracy*. An artful Man became popular, the People had Power in their Hands, and they devolved a considerable Share of their Power upon their Favourite; and the only Use he made of this Power, was to plunge those who gave it into Slavery. Accident restored their Liberty, and the same good Fortune produced Men of uncommon Abilities and uncommon Virtues amongst them. But these Abilities were suffered to be of little Service either to their Possessors or to the State. Some of these Men, for whose Sakes alone we read their History, they banished; others they imprisoned; and all they treated with various Circumstances of the most shameful Ingratitude. Republicks have many Things in the Spirit of absolute Monarchy, but none more than this; a shining Merit is ever hated or suspected in a popular Assembly, as well

as in a Court; and all Services done to the State, are looked upon as dangerous to the Rulers, whether Sultans or Senators. The *Ostracism* at *Athens* was built up on this Principle. The giddy People, whom we have now under Consideration, being elated with some Flashes of Success, which they owed to nothing less than any Merit of their own, began to tyrannize over their Equals, who had associated with them for their common Defence. With their Prudence they renounced all Appearance of Justice. They entered into Wars rashly and wantonly. If they were unsuccessful, instead of growing wiser by their Misfortune, they threw the whole Blame of their own Misconduct on the Ministers who had advised, and the Generals who had conducted those Wars; until, by Degrees, they had cut off all who could serve them in their Councils or their Battles. If at any Time these Wars had an happier Issue, it was no less difficult to deal with them on account of their Pride and Insolence. Furious in their Adversity, tyrannical in their Successes, a Commander had more Trouble to concert his Defence before the People, than to plan the Operations of the Campaign. It was not uncommon for a General, under the horrid *Despotism* of the *Roman* Emperors, to be ill received in proportion to the Greatness of his Services. *Agricola* is a strong Instance of this. No Man had done greater Things, nor with more honest Ambition. Yet on his Return to Court, he was obliged to enter *Rome* with all the Secrecy of a Criminal. He went to the Palace, not like

a victorious Commander who had merited and might demand the greatest Rewards, but like an Offender who had come to supplicate a Pardon for his Crimes. His Reception was answerable: “ *Brevi osculo, & nullo sermone exceptus, turbæ servientium immixtus est.*” Yet in that worst Season of this worst of monarchical * Tyrannies, Modesty, Discretion, and a Coolness of Temper, formed some kind of Security even for the highest Merit. But at *Athens*, the nicest and best studied Behaviour was not a sufficient Guard for a Man of great Capacity. Some of their bravest Commanders were obliged to fly their Country, some to enter into the Service of its Enemies, rather than abide a popular Determination on their Conduct, lest, as one of them said, their Giddiness might make the People condemn where they meant to acquit; to throw in a black Bean, even when they intended a white one.

The *Athenians* made a very rapid Progress to the most enormous Excesses. The People under no restraint soon grew dissolute, luxurious and idle. They renounced all Labour, and began to subsist themselves from the publick Revenues. They lost all Concern for their common Honour and Safety, and could bear no Advice that tended to reform them. At this time Truth became offensive to those Lords the People, and most highly dan-

* *Sciunt quibus moris illicita mirari, posse etiam sub malis principibus magnos viros, &c.*

dangerous to the Speaker. The Orators no longer ascended the *Rostrum*, but to corrupt them further with the most fulsome Adulation. These Orators were all bribed by foreign Princes on the one Side or the other. And besides its own Parties, in this City there were Parties, and avowed ones too, for the *Persians*, *Spartans*, and *Macedonians*, supported each of them by one or more Demagogues pensioned and bribed to this iniquitous Service. The People, forgetful of all Virtue and public Spirit, and intoxicated with the Flatteries of their Orators (these Courtiers of Republicks, and endowed with the distinguishing Characteristicks of all other Countries) this People, I say, at last arrived at that Pitch of Madness, that they coolly and deliberately, by an express Law, made it capital for any Man to propose an Application of the immense Sums squandered in publick Shows, even to the most necessary Purposes of the State. When you see the People of this Republick banishing or murdering their best and ablest Citizens, dissipating the publick Treasure with the most senseless Extravagance, and spending their whole Time, as Spectators or Actors, in playing, fidling, dancing and singing, does it not, my Lord, strike your Imagination with the Image of a sort of a complex *Nero*? And does it not strike you with the greater Horror, when you observe, not one Man only, but a whole City, grown drunk with Pride and Power, running with a Rage of Folly into the
same

same mean and senseless Debauchery and Extravagance? But if this People resembled *Nero* in their Extravagance, much more did they resemble and even exceed him in Cruelty and Injustice. In the Time of *Pericles*, one of the most celebrated Times in the History of that Commonwealth, a King of *Egypt* sent them a Donation of Corn. This they were mean enough to accept. And had the *Egyptian* Prince intended the Ruin of this City of wicked Bedlamites, he could not have taken a more effectual Method to do it, than by such an ensnaring Largess. The Distribution of this Bounty caused a Quarrel; the Majority set on foot an Enquiry into the Title of the Citizens; and upon a vain Pretence of Illegitimacy, newly and occasionally set up, they deprived of their Share of the royal Donation no less than five thousand of their own Body. They went further; they disfranchised them; and having once begun with an Act of Injustice, they could set no Bounds to it. Not content with cutting them off from the Rights of Citizens, they plundered these unfortunate Wretches of all their Substance; and to crown this Master-piece of Violence and Tyranny, they actually sold every Man of the five thousand as Slaves in the publick Market. Observe, my Lord, that the five thousand we here speak of, were cut off from a Body of no more than nineteen thousand; for the entire Number of Citizens was no greater at that Time. Could the Tyrant who wished the *Roman* People but one Neck; could the Tyrant *Caligula* himself

have done, nay, he could scarcely wish for a greater Mischief, than to have cut off, at one Stroke, a fourth of his People; Or has the Cruelty of that Series of sanguine Tyrants, the *Cæsars*, ever presented such a Piece of flagrant and extensive Wickedness? The whole History of this celebrated Republick is but one Tissue of Rashness, Folly, Ingratitude, Injustice, Tumult, Violence, and Tyranny, and indeed of every Species of Wickedness that can well be imagined. This was a City of wise Men, in which a Minister could not exercise his Functions; a warlike People, amongst whom a General did not dare either to gain or lose a Battle; a learned Nation, in which a Philosopher could not venture on a free Enquiry. This was the City which banished *Themistocles*, starved *Aristides*, forced into Exile *Miltiades*, drove out *Anaxagoras*, and poisoned *Socrates*. This was a City which changed the Form of its Government with the Moon; eternal Conspiracies, Revolutions daily, nothing fixed and established. A Republick, as an antient Philosopher has observed, is no one Species of Government, but a Magazine of every Species; here you find every Sort of it, and that in the worst Form. As there is a perpetual Change, one rising and the other falling, you have all the Violence and wicked Policy, by which a beginning Power must always acquire its Strength, and all the Weakness by which falling States are brought to a complete Destruction.

Rome

Rome has a more venerable Aspect than *Athens*; and she conducted her Affairs, so far as related to the Ruin and Oppression of the greatest Part of the World, with greater Wisdom and more Uniformity. But the domestic Oeconomy of these two States was nearly or altogether the same. An internal Diffension constantly tore to Pieces the Bowels of the *Roman* Commonwealth. You find the same Confusion, the same Factions which subsisted at *Athens*, the same Tumults, the same Revolutions, and, in fine, the same Slavery: If, perhaps, their former Condition did not deserve that Name altogether as well. All other Republicks were of the same Character. *Florence* was a Transcript of *Athens*. And the modern Republicks, as they approach more or less to the Democratick Form, partake more or less of the Nature of those which I have described.

We are now at the Close of our Review of the three simple Forms of artificial Society, and we have shewn them, however they may differ in Name, or in some slight Circumstances, to be all alike in Effect; in Effect, to be all Tyrannies. But suppose we were inclined to make the most ample Concessions; let us concede *Athens*, *Rome*, *Carthage*, and two or three more of the antient, and as many of the modern Commonwealths, to have been, or to be free and happy, and to owe their Freedom and Happiness to their political Constitution: Yet, allowing all this, what Defence does this make for artificial Society in gene-

ral, that these inconsiderable Spots of the Globe have for some short Space of Time stood as Exceptions to a Charge so general? But when we call these Governments free, or concede that their Citizens were happier than those which lived under different Forms, it is merely *ex abundantia*. For we should be greatly mistaken, if we really thought that the Majority of the People which filled these Cities, enjoyed even that nominal political Freedom of which I have spoken so much already. In reality, they had no Part of it. In *Athens* there were usually from ten to thirty thousand Freemen: This was the utmost. But the Slaves usually amounted to four hundred thousand, and sometimes to a great many more. The Freemen of *Sparta* and *Rome* were not more numerous in Proportion to those whom they held in a Slavery, even more terrible than the *Athenian*. Therefore state the Matter fairly: The free States never formed, though they were taken all together, the thousandth Part of the habitable Globe; the Freemen in these States were never the twentieth Part of the People, and the Time they subsisted is scarce any thing in that immense Ocean of Duration, in which Time and Slavery are so nearly commensurate. Therefore call these free States, or popular Governments, or what you please; when we consider the Majority of their Inhabitants, and regard the natural Rights of Mankind, they must appear in Reality and Truth, no better than pitiful and oppressive Oligarchies.

After

After so fair an Examen, wherein nothing has been exaggerated; no Fact produced which cannot be proved, and none which has been produced in any wise forced or strained, while thousands have, for Brevity, been omitted; after so candid a Discussion in all Respects; what Slave so passive, what Bigot so blind, what Enthusiast so headlong, what Politician so hardened, as to stand up in Defence of a System calculated for a Curse to Mankind? a Curse under which they smart and groan to this Hour, without thoroughly knowing the Nature of the Disease, and wanting Understanding or Courage to apply the Remedy.

I need not excuse myself to your Lordship, nor, I think, to any honest Man, for the Zeal I have shewn in this Cause; for it is an honest Zeal, and in a good Cause. I have defended Natural Religion against a Confederacy of Atheists and Divines. I now plead for Natural Society against Politicians, and for Natural Reason against all three. When the World is in a fitter Temper than it is at present to hear Truth, or when I shall be more indifferent about its Temper; my Thoughts may become more publick. In the mean time, let them repose in my own Bosom, and in the Bosoms of such Men as are fit to be initiated in the sober Mysteries of Truth and Reason. My Antagonists have already done as much as I could desire. Parties in Religion and Politics make sufficient Discoveries concerning each other, to give a sober Man a proper Caution

against them all. The Monarchic, Aristocratical, and Popular Partizans have been jointly laying their Axes to the Root of all Government, and have in their Turns proved each other absurd and inconvenient. In vain you tell me that artificial Government is good, but that I fall out only with the Abuse. The Thing! the Thing itself is the Abuse! Observe, my Lord, I pray you, that grand Error upon which all artificial legislative Power is founded. It was observed, that Men had ungovernable Passions, which made it necessary to guard against the Violence they might offer to each other. They appointed Governors over them for this Reason; but a worse and more perplexing Difficulty arises, how to be defended again the Governors? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* In vain they change from a single Person to a few. These few have the Passions of the one, and they unite to strengthen themselves, and to secure the Gratification of their lawless Passions at the Expence of the general Good. In vain do we fly to the many. The Case is worse; their Passions are less under the Government of Reason, they are augmented by the Contagion, and defended against all Attacks by their Multitude.

I have purposely avoided the mention of the mixed Form of Government, for Reasons that will be very obvious to your Lordship. But my Caution can avail me but little. You will not fail to urge it against me in favour of political Society. You will not fail to shew how the Er-

rors of the several simple Modes are corrected by a Mixture of all of them, and a proper Balance of the several Powers in such a State. I confess, my Lord, that this has been long a darling Mistake of my own; and that of all the Sacrifices I have made to Truth, this has been by far the greatest. When I confess that I think this Notion a Mistake, I know to whom I am speaking, for I am satisfied that Reasons are like Liquors, and there are some of such a Nature as none but strong Heads can bear. There are few with whom I can communicate so freely as with *Pope*. But *Pope* cannot bear every Truth. He has a Timidity which hinders the full Exertion of his Faculties, almost as effectually as Bigotry cramps those of the general Herd of Mankind. But whoever is a genuine follower of Truth, keeps his Eye steady upon his Guide, indifferent whither he is led, provided that she is the Leader. And, my Lord, if it be properly considered, it were infinitely better to remain possessed by the whole Legion of vulgar Mistakes, than to reject some, and at the same time to retain a Fondness for others altogether as absurd and irrational. The first has at least a Consistency, that makes a Man, however erroneously, uniform at least; but the latter way of proceeding is such an inconsistent Chimæra and Jumble of Philosophy and vulgar Prejudice, that hardly any thing more ridiculous can be conceived. Let us therefore freely, and without Fear or Prejudice, examine

this last Contrivance of Policy. And without considering how near the quick our Instruments may come, let us search it to the Bottom.

First then, all Men are agreed, that this Junction of Regal, Aristocratic, and popular Power, must form a very complex, nice, and intricate Machine, which being composed of such a Variety of Parts, with such opposite Tendencies and Movements, it must be liable, on every Accident, to be disordered. To speak without Metaphor, such a Government must be liable to frequent Cabals, Tumults, and Revolutions, from its very Constitution. These are undoubtedly as ill Effects, as can happen in a Society; for in such a Case, the Closeness acquired by Community, instead of serving for mutual Defence, serves only to increase the Danger. Such a System is like a City, where Trades that require constant Fires are much exercised, where the Houses are built of combustible Materials, and where they stand extremely close.

In the second Place, the several constituent Parts having their distinct Rights, and these many of them so necessary to be determined with Exactness, are yet so indeterminate in their Nature, that it becomes a new and constant Source of Debate and Confusion. Hence it is, that whilst the Business of Government should be carrying on, the Question is, who has a Right to exercise this or that Function of it, or what Men have Power to keep their Offices in any Function. Whilst
this

this Contest continues, and whilst the Balance in any sort continues, it has never any Remission; all manner of Abuses and Villanies in Officers remain unpunished; the greatest Frauds and Robberies in the publick Revenues are committed in Defiance of Justice; and Abuses grow, by Time and Impunity, into Customs; until they prescribe against the Laws, and grow too inveterate often to admit a Cure, unless such as may be as bad as the Disease.

Thirdly; the several Parts of this Species of Government, though united, preserve the Spirit which each Form has separately. Kings are ambitious; the Nobility haughty; and the Populace tumultuous and ungovernable. Each Party, however in Appearance peaceable, carries on a Design upon the others; and it is owing to this, that in all Questions, whether concerning foreign or domestick Affairs, the whole generally turns more upon some Party-matter than upon the Nature of the Thing itself; whether such a Step will diminish or augment the Power of the Crown, or how far the Privileges of the Subject are like to be extended or restricted by it. And these Questions are constantly resolved, without any Consideration of the Merits of the Cause, merely as the Parties who uphold these jarring Interests may chance to prevail; and as they prevail, the Balance is overset, now upon one side, now upon the other. The Government is one Day, arbitrary Power in a single Person; another, a juggling

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Confederacy of a few to cheat the Prince and enslave the People; and the third, a frantick and unmanageable Democracy. The great Instrument of all these Changes, and what infuses a peculiar Venom into all of them, is Party. It is of no Consequence what the Principles of any Party, or what their Pretensions are; the Spirit which actuates all Parties is the same; the Spirit of Ambition, of Self-Interest, of Oppression, and Treachery. This Spirit entirely reverses all the Principles which a benevolent Nature has erected within us; all Honesty, all equal Justice, and even the Ties of natural Society, the natural Affections. In a word, my Lord, we have all *seen*, and if any outward Considerations were worthy the lasting Consideration of a wise Man, we have some of us *felt*, such Oppression from Party Government as no other Tyranny can parallel. We behold daily the most important Rights, Rights upon which all the others depend, we behold these Rights determined in the last Resort, without the least Attention even to the Appearance or Colour of Justice; we behold this without Emotion, because we have grown up in the constant View of such Practices; and we are not surpris'd to hear a Man requested to be a Knave and a Traitor, with as much Indifference as if the most ordinary Favour were asked; and we hear this Request refused; not because it is a most unjust and unreasonable Desire, but that this Worthy has already engaged his Injustice to another. These and many more Points I am far from spreading to
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the full Extent. You are sensible that I do not put forth half my Strength ; and you cannot be at a Loss for the Reason. A Man is allowed sufficient Freedom of Thought, provided he knows how to chuse his Subject properly. You may criticise freely upon the *Cbinese* Constitution, and observe with as much Severity as you please upon the absurd Tricks, or destructive Bigotry of the Bonzees. But the Scene is changed as you come homeward, and Atheism or Treason may be the Names given in *Britain*, to what would be Reason and Truth, if asserted of *Cbina*. I submit to the Condition, and though I have a notorious Advantage before me, I wave the Pursuit. For else, my Lord, it is very obvious what a Picture might be drawn of the Excesses of Party even in our own Nation. I could shew, that the same Faction has, in one Reign, promoted popular Seditions, and in the next been a Patron of Tyranny ; I could shew, that they have all of them betrayed the publick Safety at all Times, and have very frequently, with equal Perfidy, made a Market of their own Cause, and their own Associates. I could shew how vehemently they have contended for Names, and how silently they have passed over Things of the last Importance. And I could demonstrate, that they have had the Opportunity of doing all this Mischief, nay, that they themselves had their Origin and Growth from that complex Form of Government, which we are wisely taught to look upon as so great a Blessing. Revolve, my Lord, our History from
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the Conquest. We scarce ever had a Prince, who, by Fraud, or Violence, had not made some Infringement on the Constitution. We scarce ever had a Parliament which knew, when it attempted to set Limits to the Royal Authority, how to set Limits to its own. Evils we have had continually calling for Reformation, and Reformations more grievous than any Evils. Our boasted Liberty sometimes trodden down, sometimes giddily set up, and ever precariously fluctuating and unsettled; it has been only kept alive by the Blasts of continual Feuds, Wars and Conspiracies. In no Country in *Europe* has the Scaffold so often blushed with the Blood of its Nobility. Confiscations, Banishments, Attainders, Executions, make a large Part of the History of such of our Families as are not utterly extinguished by them. Formerly indeed Things had a more ferocious Appearance than they have at this Day. In these early and unrefined Ages, the jarring Parts of a certain chaotick Constitution supported their several Pretensions by the Sword. Experience and Policy have since taught other Methods.

Res vero nunc agitur tenui pulmone rubetæ.

But how far Corruption, Venality, the Contempt of Honour, the Oblivion of all Duty to our Country, and the most abandoned publick Prostitution, are preferable to the more glaring and violent Effects of Faction, I will not presume to determine. Sure I am that they are very great Evils.

I have

I have done with the Forms of Government. During the Course of my Enquiry, you may have observed a very material Difference between my Manner of Reasoning, and that which is in Use amongst the Abettors of artificial Society. They form their Plans upon what seems most eligible to their Imaginations, for the ordering of Mankind. I discover the Mistakes in those Plans, from the real known Consequences which have resulted from them. They have enlisted Reason to fight against itself, and employ its whole Force to prove, that it is an insufficient Guide to them in the Conduct of their Lives. But unhappily for us, in proportion as we have deviated from the plain Rule of our Nature, and turned our Reason against itself, in that Proportion have we increased the Follies and Miseries of Mankind. The more deeply we penetrate into the Labyrinth of Art, the further we find ourselves from those Ends for which we entered it. This has happened in almost every Species of Artificial Society, and in all Times. We found, or we thought we found, an Inconvenience in having every Man the Judge of his own Cause. Therefore Judges were set up, at first with discretionary Powers. But it was soon found a miserable Slavery to have our Lives and Properties precarious, and hanging upon the arbitrary Determination of any one Man, or Sett of Men. We flew to Laws as a Remedy for this Evil. By these we persuaded ourselves we might know with some Certainty upon what Ground we stood. But lo! Differences arose upon

upon the Sense and Interpretation of these Laws. Thus we were brought back to our old incertitude. New Laws were made to expound the old; and new Difficulties arose upon the new Laws; as Words multiplied, Opportunities of cavilling upon them multiplied also. Then Recourse was had to Notes, Comments, Glosses, Reports, *Responsa Prudentum*, learned Readings: Eagle stood against Eagle: Authority was set up against Authority. Some were allured by the modern, others revered the antient. The new were more enlightened, the old were more venerable. Some adopted the Comment, others stuck to the Text. The Confusion increased, the Mist thickened, until it could be discovered no longer what was allowed or forbidden, what Things were in Property, and what common. In this Uncertainty, (uncertain even to the Professors, an *Ægyptian* Darkness to the rest of Mankind) the contending Parties felt themselves more effectually ruined by the Delay, than they could have been by the Injustice of any Decision. Our Inheritances are become a Prize for Disputation; and Disputes and Litigations are become an Inheritance.

The Professors of artificial Law have always walked hand in hand with the Professors of Artificial Theology. As their End in confounding the Reason of Man, and abridging his natural Freedom, is exactly the same, they have adjusted the Means to that End in a Way entirely similar. The Divine thunders out his *Anathemas* with
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more Noise and Terror against the Breach of one of his positive Institutions, or the Neglect of some of his trivial Forms, than against the Neglect or Breach of those Duties and Commandments of natural Religion, which, by these Forms and Institutions, he pretends to enforce. The Lawyer has his Forms, and his positive Institutions too, and he adheres to them with a Veneration altogether as religious. The worst Cause cannot be so prejudicial to the Litigant, as his Advocate's or Attorney's Ignorance or Neglect of these Forms. A Law-suit is like an ill-managed Dispute, in which the first Object is soon out of Sight, and the Parties end upon a Matter wholly foreign to that on which they began. In a Law-suit the Question is, who has a Right to a certain House or Farm? And this Question is daily determined, not upon the Evidences of the Right, but upon the Observance or Neglect of some Forms of Words in use with the Gentlemen of the Robe, about which there is even amongst themselves such a Disagreement, that the most experienced Veterans in the Profession, can never be positively assured that they are not mistaken.

Let us expostulate with these learned Sages, these Priests of the sacred Temple of Justice. Are we Judges of our own Property? By no means. You then, who are initiated into the Mysteries of the blindfold Goddess, inform me whether I have a Right to eat the Bread I have earned by the Hazard of my Life, or the Sweat of my Brow? The grave Doctor answers me in
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the Affirmative: The reverend Serjeant replies in the Negative: The learned Barrister reasons upon one Side and upon the other, and concludes nothing. What shall I do? An Antagonist starts up and presses me hard. I enter the Field, and retain these three Persons to defend my Cause. My Cause, which two Farmers from the Plough could have decided in half an Hour, takes the Court twenty Years. I am, however, at the End of my Labour, and have in Reward for all my Toil and Vexation, a Judgment in my Favour. But hold — a sagacious Commander, in the Adversary's Army has found a Flaw in the Proceeding. My Triumph is turned into Mourning. I have used *or*, instead of *and*, or some Mistake, small in Appearance, but dreadful in its Consequences, and have the whole of my Success quashed in a Writ of Error. I remove my Suit; I shift from Court to Court; I fly from Equity to Law, and from Law to Equity; equal Uncertainty attends me every where: And a Mistake in which I had no Share, decides at once upon my Liberty and Property, sending me from the Court to the Prison, and adjudging my Family to Beggary and Famine. I am innocent, Gentlemen, of the Darknes and Uncertainty of your Science. I never darkened it with absurd and contradictory Notions, nor confounded it with Chicane and Sophistry. You have excluded me from any Share in the Conduct of my own Cause; the Science was too deep for me; I acknowledged it; but it was too deep even for yourselves: You have
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made the Way so intricate, that you are yourselves lost in it: You err, and you punish me for your Errors.

The Delay of the Law is, your Lordship will tell me, a trite Topic, and which of its Abuses have not been too severely felt not to be often complained of? A Man's Property is to serve for the Purposes of his Support; and therefore to delay a Determination concerning that, is the worst Injustice, because it cuts off the very End and Purpose for which I applied to the Judicature for Relief. Quite contrary in Case of a Man's Life, there the Determination can hardly be too much protracted. Mistakes in this Case are as often fallen into as in any other; and if the Judgment is sudden, the Mistakes are the most irretrievable of all others. Of this the Gentlemen of the Robe are themselves sensible, and they have brought it into a Maxim: *De morte hominis nulla est cunctatio longa*. But what could have induced them to reverse the Rules, and to contradict that Reason which dictated them, I am utterly unable to guess. A Point concerning Property, which ought, for the Reasons I just mentioned, to be most speedily decided, frequently exercises the Wit of Successions of Lawyers, for many Generations. *Multa virum volvens durando sæcula vincit*. But the Question concerning a Man's Life, that great Question in which no Delay ought to be counted tedious, is commonly determined in twenty-four Hours at the utmost. It is not

not to be wondered at, that Injustice and Absurdity should be inseparable Companions.

Ask of Politicians the End for which Laws were originally designed; and they will answer, that the Laws were designed as a Protection for the Poor and Weak, against the Oppression of the Rich and Powerful. But surely no Pretence can be so ridiculous; a Man might as well tell me he has taken off my Load, because he has changed the Burthen. If the poor Man is not able to support his Suit, according to the vexatious and expensive Manner established in civilized Countries, has not the Rich as great an Advantage over him as the Strong has over the Weak in a State of Nature? But we will not place the State of Nature, which is the Reign of God, in Competition with Political Society, which is the absurd Usurpation of Man. In a State of Nature, it is true, that a Man of superior Force may beat or rob me; but then it is true, that I am at full Liberty to defend myself, or make Reprisal by Surprise or by Cunning, or by any other way in which I may be Superior to him. But in Political Society, a rich Man may rob me in another way. I cannot defend myself; for Money is the only Weapon with which we are allowed to fight. And if I attempt to avenge myself, the whole Force of that Society is ready to complete my Ruin.

A good Parson once said, that where Mystery begins, Religion ends. Cannot I say, as truly at least, of human Laws, that where Mystery begins,

gins, Justice ends? It is hard to say, whether the Doctors of Law or Divinity have made the greater Advances in the lucrative Business of Mystery. The Lawyers, as well as the Theologians, have erected another Reason besides Natural Reason; and the result has been, another Justice besides Natural Justice. They have so bewildered the World and themselves in unmeaning Forms and Ceremonies, and so perplexed the plainest Matters with metaphysical Jargon, that it carries the highest Danger to a Man out of that Profession, to make the least Step without their Advice and Assistance. Thus, by confining to themselves the Knowledge of the Foundation of all Men's Lives and Properties, they have reduced all Mankind into the most abject and servile Dependance. We are Tenants at the Will of these Gentlemen for every thing; and a metaphysical Quibble is to decide whether the greatest Villain breathing shall meet his Deserts, or escape with Impunity, or whether the best Man in the Society shall not be reduced to the lowest and most despicable Condition it affords. In a word, my Lord, the Injustice, Delay, Puerility, false Refinement, and affected Mystery of the Law are such, that many, who live under it, come to admire and envy the Expedition, Simplicity, and Equality of arbitrary Judgments. I need insist the less on this Article to your Lordship, as you have frequently lamented the Miseries derived to us from Artificial Law, and your Candor is the more to be admired and applauded in this, as your Lordship's noble
House

House has derived its Wealth and its Honours from that Profession.

Before we finish our Examination of Artificial Society, I shall lead your Lordship into a closer Consideration of the Relations which it gives Birth to, and the Benefits, if such they are, which result from these Relations. The most obvious Division of Society is into Rich and Poor; and it is no less obvious, that the Number of the former bear a great Disproportion to those of the latter. The whole Business of the Poor is to administer to the Idleness, Folly, and Luxury of the Rich; and that of the Rich, in Return, is to find the best Methods of confirming the Slavery and increasing the Burthens of the Poor. In a State of Nature, it is an invariable Law, that a Man's Acquisitions are in Proportion to his Labours. In a State of Artificial Society, it is a Law as constant and as invariable, that those who labour most, enjoy the fewest Things; and that those who labour not at all, have the greatest Number of Enjoyments. A Constitution of Things this, strange and ridiculous beyond Expression. We scarce believe a Thing when we are told it, which we actually see before our Eyes every Day, without being in the least surpris'd. I suppose that there are in *Great-Britain* upwards of an hundred thousand People employed in Lead, Tin, Iron, Copper, and Coal Mines; these unhappy Wretches scarce ever see the Light of the Sun; they are buried in the Bowels of the Earth; there they work at a severe and dismal Task, without

without the least Prospect of being delivered from it; they subsist upon the coarsest and worst Sort of Fare; they have their Health miserably impaired, and their Lives cut short, by being perpetually confined in the close Vapour of these malignant Minerals. An hundred thousand more at least are tortured without Remission by the suffocating Smoak, intense Fires, and constant Drudgery necessary in refining and managing the Products of those Mines. If any Man informed us that two hundred thousand innocent Persons were condemned to so intolerable Slavery, how should we pity the unhappy Sufferers: and how great would be our just Indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a Punishment? This is an Instance, I could not wish a stronger, of the numberless Things which we pass by in their common Dress, yet which shock us when they are nakedly represented. But this Number, considerable as it is, and the Slavery with all its Baseness and Horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the rest of the World affords of the same Nature. Millions daily bathed in the poisonous Damps and destructive Effluvia of Lead, Silver, Copper and Arsenick. To say nothing of those other Employments, those Stations of Wretchedness and Contempt, in which Civil Society has placed the numerous *Enfans perdus* of our Army. Would any rational Man submit to one of the most tolerable of these Drudgeries, for all the artificial Enjoyments which Policy has made to result from them? By no Means. And yet

yet need I suggest to your Lordship, that those who find the Means, and those who arrive at the End, are not at all the same Persons? On considering the strange and unaccountable Fancies and Contrivances of artificial Reason, I have somewhere called this Earth the Bedlam of our System. Looking now upon the Effects of some of those Fancies, may we not, with equal Reason, call it likewise the Newgate, and the Bridewell of the Universe. Indeed the Blindness of one Part of Mankind co-operating with the Frenzy and Villany of the other, has been the real Builder of this respectable Fabric of political Society: And as the Blindness of Mankind has caused their Slavery, in Return their State of Slavery is made a Pretence for continuing them in a State of Blindness; for the Politician will tell you gravely, that their Life of Servitude disqualifies the greater Part of the Race of Man for a Search of Truth, and supplies them with no other than mean and insufficient Ideas. This is but too true; and this is one of the Reasons for which I blame such Institutions.

In a Misery of this sort, admitting some few Lenities, and those too but a few, nine Parts in ten of the whole Race of Mankind drudge through Life. It may be urged perhaps, in Palliation of this, that, at least, the rich Few find a considerable and real Benefit from the Wretchedness of the Many. But is this so in Fact? Let us examine the Point with a little more Attention. For this Purpose the Rich in all Societies may be
thrown

thrown into two Classes. The first is of those who are Powerful as well as Rich, and conduct the Operations of the vast political Machine. The other is of those who employ their Riches wholly in the Acquisition of Pleasure. As to the first sort, their continual Care, and Anxiety, their toilsome Days, and sleepless Nights, are next to proverbial. These Circumstances are sufficient almost to level their Condition to that of the unhappy Majority; but there are other Circumstances which place them in a far lower Condition. Not only their Understandings labour continually, which is the severest Labour, but their Hearts are torn by the worst, the most troublesome, and insatiable of all Passions, by Avarice, by Ambition, by fear and Jealousy. No Part of the Mind has Rest. Power gradually extirpates from the Mind every humane and gentle Virtue. Pity, Benevolence, Friendship, are Things almost unknown in high Stations. *Veræ amicitiae rarissime inveniuntur in iis qui in honoribus reque publica versantur, says Cicero.* And indeed, Courts are the Schools where Cruelty, Pride, Dissimulation and Treachery are studied and taught in the most vicious Perfection. This is a Point so clear and acknowledged, that if it did not make a necessary Part of my Subject, I should pass it by entirely. And this has hindered me from drawing at full length, and in the most striking Colours, this shocking Picture of the Degeneracy and Wretchedness of human Nature, in that Part which is vulgarly thought its happiest and most amiable

amiable State. You know from what Originals I could copy such Pictures. Happy are they who know enough of them to know the little Value of the Possessors of such Things, and of all that they possess; and happy they who have been snatched from that Post of Danger which they occupy, with the Remains of their Virtue; Loss of Honours, Wealth, Titles, and even the Loss of one's Country, is nothing in Balance with so great an Advantage.

Let us now view the other Species of the Rich; those who devote their Time and Fortunes to Idleness and Pleasure. How much happier are they? The Pleasures, which are agreeable to Nature, are within the reach of all, and therefore can form no Distinction in favour of the Rich. The Pleasures which Art forces up are seldom sincere, and never satisfying. What is worse, this constant Application to Pleasure takes away from the Enjoyment, or rather turns it into the Nature of a very burthensome and laborious Business. It has consequences much more fatal. It produces a weak valetudinary State of Body, attended by all those horrid Disorders, and yet more horrid Methods of Cure, which are the Result of Luxury on one Hand, and the weak and ridiculous Efforts of human Art on the other. The Pleasures of such Men are scarcely felt as Pleasures; at the same time that they bring on Pains and Diseases, which are felt but too severely. The Mind has its Share of the Misfortune; it grows lazy and enervate, unwilling and unable to search for Truth,
and

and utterly uncapable of knowing, much less of relishing, real Happiness. The Poor, by their excessive Labour, and the Rich, by their enormous Luxury, are set upon a Level, and rendered equally ignorant of any Knowledge which might conduce to their Happiness. A dismal View of the Interior of all Civil Society. The lower Part broken and ground down by the most cruel Oppression; and the Rich by their artificial Method of Life bringing worse evils on themselves, than their Tyranny could possibly inflict on those below them. Very different is the Prospect of the natural State. Here there are no Wants which Nature gives, and in this State Men can be sensible of no other Wants, which are not to be supplied by a very moderate Degree of Labour; therefore there is no Slavery. Neither is there any Luxury, because no single Man can supply the materials of it. Life is simple, and therefore it is happy.

I am conscious, my Lord, that your Politician will urge in his Defence, that this unequal State is highly useful. That without dooming some Part of Mankind to extraordinary Toil, the Arts which cultivate Life could not be exercised. But I demand of this Politician, how such Arts came to be necessary? He answers, that Civil Society could not well exist without them. So that these Arts are necessary to Civil Society, and Civil Society necessary again to these Arts. Thus running in a Circle, without Modesty, and without End, and making one Error and Extravagance an Ex-

cuse for the other. My Sentiments about these Arts and their Cause, I have often discoursed with my Friends at large. *Pope* has expressed them in good Verse, where he talks with so much Force of Reason and Elegance of Language in Praise of the State of Nature :

*Then was not Pride, nor Arts that Pride to aid,
Man walk'd with Beast, Joint-tenant of the
Shade.*

On the whole, my Lord, if Political Society, in whatever Form, has still made the Many the Property of the Few ; if it has introduced Labours unnecessary, Vices and Diseases unknown, and Pleasures incompatible with Nature ; if in all Countries it abridges the Lives of Millions, and renders those of Millions more utterly abject and miserable, shall we still worship so destructive an Idol, and daily sacrifice to it our Health, our Liberty, and our Peace ? Or shall we pass by this monstrous Heap of absurd Notions, and abominable Practices, thinking we have sufficiently discharged our Duty in exposing the trifling Cheats and ridiculous Juggles of a few mad, designing, or ambitious Priests ? Alas ! my Lord, we labour under a mortal Consumption, whilst we are so anxious about the Cure of a sore Finger. For has not this Leviathan of Civil Power overflowed the Earth with a Deluge of Blood, as if he were made to disport and play therein ? We have shewn, that Political Society, on a moderate Cal-
 culation,

culation, has been the Means of murdering, several times the Number of Inhabitants now upon the Earth, during its short Existence, not upwards of four thousand Years in any accounts to be depended on. But we have said nothing of the other, and perhaps as bad Consequence of these Wars, which have spilled such Seas of Blood, and reduced so many Millions to a merciless Slavery. But these are only the Ceremonies performed in the Porch of the political Temple. Much more horrid ones are seen as you enter it. The several Species of Government vie with each other in the Absurdity of their Constitutions, and the Oppression which they make their Subjects endure. Take them under what Form you please, they are, in effect, but a Despotism, and they fall both in Effect and Appearance too, after a very short Period, into that cruel and detestable Species of Tyranny; which I rather call it, because we have been educated under another Form, than that this is of worse Consequences to Mankind. For the free Governments, for the Point of their Space, and the Moment of their Duration, have felt more Confusion, and committed more flagrant Acts, of Tyranny, than the most perfect despotic Governments which we have ever known. Turn your Eye next to the Labyrinth of the Law, and the Iniquity conceived in its intricate recesses. Consider the Ravages committed in the Bowels of all Commonwealths by Ambition, by Avarice, Envy, Fraud, open Injustice, and pretended Friendship; Vices which could draw little Sup-

port from a State of Nature, but which blossom and flourish in the Rankness of political Society. Revolve our whole Discourse; add to it all those Reflections which your own good Understanding shall suggest, and make a strenuous Effort beyond the Reach of vulgar Philosophy, to confess that the Cause of Artificial Society is more defenceless even than that of Artificial Religion; that it is as derogatory from the Honour of the Creator, as subversive of human Reason, and productive of infinitely more Mischief to the human Race.

If pretended Revelations have caused Wars where they were opposed, and Slavery where they were received, the pretended wise Inventions of Politicians have done the same. But the Slavery has been much heavier, the Wars far more bloody, and both more universal by many Degrees. Shew me any Mischief produced by the Madness or Wickedness of Theologians, and I will shew you an hundred, resulting from the Ambition and Villainy of Conquerors and Statesmen. Shew me an Absurdity in Religion, I will undertake to shew you an hundred for one in political Laws and Institutions. If you say, that Natural Religion is a sufficient Guide without the foreign Aid of Revelation, on what Principle should Political Laws become necessary? Is not the same Reason available in Theology and in Politics? If the Laws of Nature are the Laws of God, is it consistent with the Divine Wisdom to prescribe Rules to us, and leave the Enforcement
of

of them to the Folly of human Institutions? Will you follow Truth but to a certain Point?

We are indebted for all our Miseries to our Distrust of that Guide, which Providence thought sufficient for our Condition, our own natural Reason, which, rejecting both in human and divine Things, we have given our Necks to the Yoke of political and theological Slavery. We have renounced the Prerogative of Man, and it is no Wonder that we should be treated like Beasts. But our Misery is much greater than theirs, as the Crime we commit, in rejecting the lawful Dominion of our Reason, is greater than any which they can commit. If after all, you should confess all these Things, yet plead the Necessity of political Institutions, weak and wicked as they are, I can argue with equal, perhaps superior Force, concerning the Necessity of artificial Religion; and every Step you advance in your Argument, you add a Strength to mine. So that if we are resolved to submit our Reason and our Liberty to civil Usurpation, we have nothing to do but to conform as quietly as we can to the vulgar Notions which are connected with this, and take up the Theology of the Vulgar as well as their Politics. But if we think this Necessity rather imaginary than real, we should renounce their Dreams of Society, together with their Visions of Religion, and vindicate ourselves into perfect Liberty.

You are, my Lord, but just entering into the World; I am going out of it. I have played long enough to be heartily tired of the Drama. Whe-

ther I have acted my Part in it well or ill, Posterity will judge with more Candor than I, or than the present Age, with our present Passions, can possibly pretend to. For my part, I quit it without a Sigh, and submit to the Sovereign Order without murmuring. The nearer we approach to the Goal of Life, the better we begin to understand the true Value of our Existence, and the real Weight of our Opinions. We set out much in love with both; but we leave much behind us as we advance. We first throw away the Tales along with the Rattles of our Nurses; those of the Priest keep their Hold a little longer; those of our Governors the longest of all. But the Passions which prop these Opinions are withdrawn one after another; and the cool Light of Reason at the Setting of our Life, shews us what a false Splendor played upon these Objects during our more sanguine Seasons. Happy, my Lord, if instructed by my Experience, and even by my Errors, you come early to make such an Estimate of Things, as may give Freedom and Ease to your Life. I am happy that such an Estimate promises me Comfort at my Death.

THE
HISTORY and ANTIQUITIES
OF THE
ANCIENT VILLA
OF
WHEATFIELD,
IN THE
COUNTY of SUFFOLK.

— *Ex fumo dare lucem.*

HOR.

First Printed in the Year 1758.

WHEATFIELD
IN THE
COUNTY OF SUFFOLK

— James M. ...
HOR.

Printed in the Year 1858.

T O
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
L O R D * * * *

MY LORD,

I Venture into the Ocean of Antiquities in Confidence of your Lordship's Humanity and great Judgment; relying on the former to hold me up, if you see me sinking; and on the latter to distinguish me from the many Logs, and drowned Puppies, bobbing up and down upon the same Element; and upon both for Your Excuse of this Presumption.

Your Lordship very well knows, that Studies of this Kind are apt, in their own Nature, to introduce Familiarities, not nicely regardful of Distinctions; because it is oftentimes necessary to be free with Kings, and great Men; by making them older, or younger, better or worse, as it best suits the Purpose of the Antiquary: There is also something *levelling* in these Enquiries; where we find Rottenness and Corruption,

Dust and Ashes, to be equally the Fate of the Emperor, and the meanest of his Vassals.

But not to found my Apology wholly upon such mortifying Reflexions; Permit me, my Lord, to plead Your general Civility to Strangers, and Your indulgent Partialities to all Men embarked in the same Studies with your Lordship: Permit me likewise to plead the Merit of a Performance, which retrieves the proper Name of a most important Village, and delivers down to Posterity the Antiquities of a Place unnoticed by former Writers. To these Considerations let me add the infinite Labour, as well as Usefulness of such Discoveries.

I cannot conclude this Address without joining my hearty Wishes, that, for Your Lordship's Amusement, some Hill may open itself, and pour forth Treasures and Curiosities, not inferior to those of *Herculaneum*; and that Your Lordship may live to be Yourself a most venerable Piece of Antiquity.

I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted

Humble Servant.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT is a customary Respect generally paid to the Reader to give him, by way of Preface, some Account of the Book he has been at the Expence of purchasing, and purposes to be at the Trouble of Reading: I call it *Respect*, in concert with my Fellow-writers; but I do not, in the least, desire him to entertain a more favourable Opinion, either of my Manners, or of my Regard for him from this Circumstance; for I can assure him, we durst not hazard our Works into the World, absolutely upon their own Bottom, but are obliged previously to point out the Beauties, &c. lest they should not strike the Reader so forcibly as, perhaps, they have us, the Authors, or Editors.

As this is one Reason, and generally the principal one, for Prefaces, so there is another, a much more humble one, which indeed gave Birth to this; and that is to acquaint the Publick

lick with what Labour, Injury to Health, and Loss of Eyes I have finished the following History. Indeed, courteous Reader, I have spent the major Part of a long Life in this Study, and I have inverted, as it were, the very form of my Body in your Service; which was once plumpish, and inclining to Fat upwards, but by my Seditariness is now fallen downwards, to the no small Increase of my Legs. When I first engaged, I had Eyes of my own, but now I cannot see, even with the Assistance of Art: I have gone from Spectacles of the first Sight (i. e.) the least Magnifiers, to the third and greatest Magnifiers: The Chevalier *Taylor* gives my Eyes over, and my *Optician* writes me word he can grind no higher for me. Thus in endeavouring, according to my *Motto*, *to bring to light the hidden things of Darkness*, I have lost my Sight; for which I hope you will settle a small Pension of your Candour upon me.

I will say nothing of the Usefulness of these Discoveries, because I must, at the same Time, publish my own Importance, and Services to the Publick; but was I not restrained by this consequential Mode of Modesty, I should make no Scruple to assert, that Researches of this sort tend more to the illustrating History, and ascertaining the Dates, Progress, Settlements and Customs of our Ancestors, than all the *Rapins*, the *Echards*, and the *Cartes* put together; for they appear to me not to have dug up their Materials
them-

themselves, and not to have been very choice of whom they had them: An Indolence and Indifference always fatal to History; for when *dig we cannot, and to beg we are ashamed*, much depends upon the Abilities of the Antiquity-maker from whom we steal.

The particular Motives that induced me, at this Time, to publish the following Work, were really no other, than to establish the World in their present Belief of Antiquities, which I greatly suspect some ill designing Men, both at Home, and Abroad, are now endeavouring to subvert: The Foundation of these my Fears is, partly, the uncommon Application of Men to *Novel-writing*; for though these Books come out under the Pretence of Diversions and Amusements, I am very apprehensive some latent Malevolence at Antiquity lies couched under it; (an Artifice very common in the World) and partly the seeming Humanity of the *Swedish* Physician, who recommends Iron, instead of Brasses Implements in Cookery; for though in a Patriot-view we may think him promoting the Iron Mines of his Country, or in a benevolent one, the Life and Health of his Fellow-Creatures, yet I wish his main Design be not levelled at Brasses and Copper, in order to discredit those noble Monuments of Antiquity, such as Coins, now remaining in these Metals; and particularly as he lays the greatest Stress upon the Unwholesomeness of the Rust and Verdegrease Suffusions, which make these Coins so very valuable. I should be glad to find these

Appre-

Apprehensions of mine groundless ; but the same indirect Attack (invisible indeed to common Eyes) we are told, has been made upon Protestantism by Father *Hardouin*, and upon Christianity itself by Dr. *Middleton*.

But to give a more explicit Account of myself, and this Work, in the Words of a great Antiquary of the present Age.

“ It being my Lot to be fixed in the Villa of
 “ WHEATFIELD ; and finding that it abounds
 “ with many curious Materials, which, if di-
 “ gested, might be of Use to present and future
 “ Generations, I thought I could not better employ
 “ my leisure Hours, than in compiling this Book,
 “ which I now offer to the Reader.”

“ It might have been more compleat, if the
 “ Records of the Parish had been carefully
 “ kept.”

“ In this laborious and toilsome Work,” [I
 “ cannot lament that alas!] “ the *Greatest* En-
 “ couragements I have received, have been [only]
 “ repeated Acts of Beneficence, and good Pre-
 “ ferment ;” [for in Truth I have not been fa-
 “ voured even with such Trifles.] “ Nor in
 “ other Respects can I boast of much Encourage-
 “ ment ; for I have not [one] Subscriber ; and
 “ the Expence of this Book, even allowing no-
 “ thing for my Time and Pains, every under-
 “ standing Person may judge.”

“ This Want of *due* Encouragement hath re-
 “ tarded for some Time the Publication of this
 “ Book, (while I was hesitating whether I should
 “ commit

“ commit it to the Press or the Flames) but the
 “ World is no Loser by that Delay; since it
 “ has afforded me full Leisure, and Opportunity
 “ to perfect this Work to the utmost of my
 “ Power;” [because such Hesitations *naturally*
 promote uncommon Diligence and Application to
 perfect a Book equally poised, between the Fire
 and the Press.]

“ By the Advice of Friends I have chosen
 “ to print it in” *Quarto*, * “ as the most com-
 “ modious Form; and though it be but thin, it
 “ contains as much as might have been run out
 “ into a more bulky *Octavo* ;” [because one
 “ Fourth of a Sheet contains two eighths, and
 one fold more of the Paper would have made the
 Bulk just double.] †

---- *Si de quincunce remota est*

Uncia, quid superest--- triens.----

----- *redit uncia, quid sit?*

Semis.

HOR.

* This Tract was first printed in *Quarto*.

† See the Preface to the History, &c. of *Colchester*, by P. M. Printed at London. 1748.

Extracts of Letters, &c. to the AUTHOR
and EDITOR.

I Cannot but congratulate the present Age, that such a Genius for Antiquities is risen amongst us: from whose Researches and Discoveries the World may expect much publick Service. *Macte virtute esto.*

A. B.

I Have read over your History, &c. of WHEATFIELD, and, next that of Colchester in the Year 1748, I think it the best and most useful Book that has been written of many Years, upon that Subject.—I am certain your Dedication can give no Offence, though you had not special Licence: I should be proud of it, could it be transferred to

B. C.

I Must not forget to thank you for the Loan of your Antiquities, &c. I hope you intend to make them publick; the Chain, as far as it continues whole, is excellently disposed, and where broken,

broken, is happily amended by natural Conjectures; and your Stile, like the Emblem of your Subject, *serpit bumi*, as well as the best of your Contemporaries. I wish, contrary to my Expectations, the ungrateful World may pay you for your Labours.

C. D.

TO the unknown AUTHOR and EDITOR of
the HISTORY and ANTIQUITIES of
WHEATFIELD.

SATURN, or Time, no more shall Britons
fear,

Drawn are his Teeth, and run is his Career;

No longer fierce the Column to consume,

Or dusty o'er the Heroe's nodding Plume.

By you set free, and, prompt at your Cammand,

See Pillars, Columns, Arches cloud the Land!

Heroes that long in Dust and Ashes lay,

Start from their Tombs, and cry, Come, come
away.

You give Oblivion nought but trivial Things,

Songs to the Fair, and Birth-day Odes to Kings.

D. E.

On the same.

OLD Time, with your Scythe, and your
Snake, and your Glafs,

Have a Care of your self, there's a *Snake in the
Grass!*

A

A Snake like the Serpent in MOSES'S Hand,
That will eat up your Snake at the Word of
Command.

E. F.

Ad Eundem.

QUUM potis es seclis tritis revocare nitorem,
Heu! quondam formæ prisca Corinna petit.
Ars tua nil magni refugit; miserere Corinnæ;
Dentes, quos dempsisti a Tempore, dentur ei.

E. G.

Cum multis aliis.

T H E

O

THE
HISTORICAL
OF
WHEATFIELD.

THE ancient *Villa* or Parish of WHEATFIELD lies on the South-west Part of the County of *Suffolk*, in the 52d Degree, 12 Minutes of Northern Latitude, and distant from *London* 66 Miles. It stands upon the South and East Side of a lofty Hill, and gradually rising from the River *Brett*, which begins at a Village called *Brettenham*, [a] *Britonum villa*, and ends at *Higbam* in the said County, where it empties itself into the *Stour*, the River that parts *Suffolk* from *Essex*.

— *Quo non alius per pinguia Culta
In Sturam puram dilectior influit amnis.*

There are no less Number than five Bridges, three of Brick, and two of Wood, over the *Brett*,

[a] Baxt. Gloss.

and

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and five Water-mills, all within the Compass of three Miles; besides a Ford call *Overgang*, probably so named by the *Scots*, upon passing this River at that Place; the Word *Gang* being of [b] *Scottish* Extraction. These numerous Communications were made for the Sake and Convenience of carrying on the Traffick of Wheat; and the no less numerous Mills (all of them to this Day Corn-mills) were erected with a View to the same End; for it does not appear, from the oldest Records, that ever any Manufacture was established here, or any where near, so as to make this Village a Thorough-fare.

So noted was this Place, even since the Conquest, that it appears to have been made a Guide or Direction to the more obscure Villages adjacent; for in a Chartulary of the Grants to St. *John's* Abbey in *Colechester*, I find that *Geffrey de Amblé* gave four Acres of Land at *Elmsfert*, near (*ignotum per notum*) WHEATFIELD.

Neither Post, Coach, nor Stage-Waggon, set out from hence, nor are they in the least wanted; for the Waggon, Tumbrels, and Horses of the Place are always sufficient to carry out the Inhabitants and their Commodities, as far as they have ever Occasion to go; and the single Postage of a Letter to *London* will amply pay a Messenger to the utmost Extent of their Correspondence.

WHEATFIELD was called by the *Romans*, VILLA FRUMENTARIA, and sometimes,

[b] Johnson's Dict.

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hyperbolically, SICILIA BRITANNICA, for the Excellency and Plenty of Wheat growing therein. The *Saxons* called it *phATEfeld*, *phATE* signifying Wheat, and *FELD* Field; which the Moderns, for want of Skill in the *Saxon* Tongue, mistaking its Etymology, now corruptly call *WHATFIELD*. There are not wanting learned Men, I confess, who adhere to the vulgar Reading; and in support of it suppose, that the *Saxons*, out of Surprize and Amazement at the Fertility of the Place, cried out, *What Feld!* And from that Moment, according to the capricious and licentious Nomination of Men and Things of those Times, called it *WHATFELD*.

It appears to have been a *Roman* Station, from the frequent [c] *Fossæ* in many Parts of the *Villa*; and by the [d] Coins often plough'd up in a Field called *Castle* Field, to have been in their Hands from the Beginning of *Claudius* to the Death of *Valentinian* III^d; when the *Roman* Eagle took its Flight from *Britain*. There are no Remains of the *Castle*; but from the Eminence and Con-

[c] *Dion. Amm. Mar.*

[d] *Camden* tells us, that from the Time of *Claudius* to that of *Valentinian*, the *Roman* Coin only was current in this Nation. It is certain all the Coins found here begin and end at those *Æra*'s. Upon all the Reverses are either *CERES AVGVSTA* or *CERES FRVGIFERA*, with Emblems of Wheat Ears and Cornucopias; from which Circumstance I collect that this particular Money was coined for the Use of this Village, and that its Currency probably never exceeded the Boundaries of it.

venience

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venience of its Situation, it was excellently adapted to overlook the *Aratores* in tilling the Ground, and the *Messores* in reaping and gathering in the Harvest: For which reason it was probably the [e] *Castellum* of a *Præfectus Annææ*, or *Frumenti*.

Not a *Roman Stadium* to the West, there is a very uncouth Declivity, and a Pit, where, no doubt, was the *Fornax calcaria*, to make Lime for building the *Castle*; the Soil being Chalk, and the Field called to this Day, according to the *Saxon* Translation, CYLN FELD, KILN-FIELD.

Towards the East stands an Edifice emphatically called the *Fornax*: Here was erected a *Fornax Lateraria*, as appears from the Excavations in many Parts about it, (now converted into Fish-ponds), and from the broken Roman *Tegulae* and *Lateres*, found frequently in the adjacent Fields.

Part of the Parish Church is manifestly *Roman*, but how much larger the Structure was, and for what Use, is not so apparent: Perhaps, as it lies upon the [f] *Via Icenorum*, it was a *Horreum*, or Granary; which Supposition is much strengthened by its subsequent Use; for nothing could have induced the good Bishop to suffer a *Heatben* Building to be converted into a *Christian* Church, but that particular Circumstance of its having been a Repository for Wheat; that Grain being

[e] Rosin. Antiquit.

[f] Ant. I. in.

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so often made use of symbolically to signify something much better.

The Parsonage House, encompassed by a Moat, is an ancient, though not a *Roman* Building; but it is not without some extraneous Ornaments of *Roman* Architecture, pick'd up perhaps from the Ruins of the [g] Temple erected to *Claudius*, which possibly stood in the same place, surrounded with [b] Water for the Convenience of Sacrificing. In a Cornice of exquisite Workmanship, there is a large *Roman* C, and some imperfect Figures of the Date V. C. but the Ignorance of some modern Inhabitant has defaced it, either by prefixing the initial Letter of his own Christian Name, or by giving a ridiculous Tail to another *Roman* C, (inscribed perhaps C. C. *Claudius Cæsar*) and so converting it into G; whom, upon searching the Parish Register, I take to have been the simple Rector, one *George Carter*.

In a Garden of modern Disposition belonging to the Parsonage, formerly called the Orchard, stands a *Grecian* Temple, built according to the Model *Andronicus-Cyrestes* gave to the *Atbenians*. It is an Octogon, supported by eight *Ionic* Pillars; which Order being sacred to *Bacchus*, *Apollo*, *Ceres*, and *Diana*, it was, no doubt, dedicated to one of those Deities; and most probably to *Ceres*, as it is surrounded by some very rich Land, and looks over a very fertile Country; it being customary to build Temples in the Places

[g] Tac. Dion.

[b] Eras. Adag.

most agreeable to the Deities. There is an Inscription upon the entablature of one of the Pillars, that indeed puts it past all Dispute; for, though defaced in some Letters, it is most easy to fill it up with the Name, &c. of that Deity, CEPEPIS SVNT OMNIA MVNVS, (*i. e.*) CERERIS SUNT OMNIA MUNUS [*i*].

Some learned Antiquaries are of Opinion, that this Temple among other Spoils of *Greece*, was brought to *Rome*, and afterwards transported to *Britain*, and placed where it now stands, by *Claudius Cæsar*: But there is one fatal Objection to this account, and that is the Latin Inscription upon it; for *Claudius* was a Scholar, understood *Greek*, and valued Antiquities, and would not have been guilty of such an inconsistency, as to write in *Latin* upon an antient *Grecian* Building: It is therefore much more probable, that this Temple was built here according to the *Grecian* Order, and dedicated and inscribed at the same time it was erected. It stands upon a very high Hill, open to the [*k*] rising Sun, and the Frontispiece is placed towards the West, according to the Custom of most Nations, who worshipped upon the [*l*]

[*i*] *Sunt pro sumus*. I cannot but observe the great Ingenuity of *Claudius* in his Choice of this Verse from *Ovid*. It is not pick'd up, like modern Quotations, from Passages, in all Respects but the mere Words, foreign to the Subject; but is taken from a solemn Invocation upon the very Deity to whom the Temple is dedicated.

[*k*] Vitruv. advers. 42.

[*l*] Archbishop Potter Lycoph.

Tops of Mountains, with their Faces to the East. Near this Temple grow Oak, Yew, and Box Trees, planted there with a View to repair, or refit the Deity within; for we are told that, amongst the antient *Greeks*, their Statues were made of [m] Wood, and that [n] Cypress, Cedar, Oak, Ash, Yew, and Box Trees were used for that Purpose.

*Felices populi, quorum nascantur in hortis
Numina.*——

This Temple is made of Wood and Plaister, and therefore cannot be supposed to be the Identical Temple first erected here; though the Orders have been very exactly preserved; but, like the Royal Sovereign, [o] has been built and rebuilt till scarce a Plank is left of the original Structure. The Pavement is tessellated, *Musaic*, corruptly called *Mosaic* Work.

There were many imperfect Letters and Words upon some *Scamna*, or Benches, disposed in different Parts of the Garden, which more than hints to us that obscene God *Priapus* had a Statue erected to him in one of the Fruit Quarters; for the *Priapeia Carmina* have *le haut Goût de Salaceté*, which discriminates them from all other *Carmina* whatever. The modesty of modern Times has resolved the Doubt, *Cum faber*

[m] Plutarch.
Nav. Hist.

[n] Pausan.

[o] Burch.

incentus Scamnum, Faceretue Priapum, in favour of Decency, by converting, and as it were returning the *inutile lignum* to its native Purposes; and I wish the Learned of Modern Times also had been able to read, because it would certainly have erased the filthy Inscriptions: However, I have had Interest enough to prevail with the present Possessor, upon convincing him of their Obscenity, by the Help of a Dictionary, to demolish them all. No Traces, no legible Appendages of this beastly Deity remain in the Garden. The same cannot be affirmed of the *Villa*; for the Asses, which were at first introduced to furnish out a constant Supply of Victims to him, are now, upon the Cessation of annual Massacres, so increased as to be Nuisances to the whole Neighbourhood; and unless some other friendly Cause of the same Sacrifices be invented to reduce their Number, they will, 'tis feared, in time over-run the whole Kingdom.---The Nakedness of the Boys and Girls, who are the *Formido avium* at certain Seasons of the Year, I do not consider as a Tincture of *Priapism*, or want of Modesty, but real Want of Cloathing.

In a shady and obscure part of the same Garden, there remains very entire a Gothic Arch, built with black Flints, and directly over the Center of the Arch is placed an Angel, in a full-bottom'd Wig, cloathed with a Vestment of many Folds, tied together by a Bandage, not unlike what our Clergy call a Sash, with Wings fully expanded, bearing, and as it were, presenting

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sending with both Hands, a Shield Pearl, a Fesse Sable, between three [p] Garbes Or, supposed to have been devised according to the Properties, and Name of the Parish, WHEATFIELD. This Herald Angel seems to have been commissioned by the same Superstition, that employed the like Sort of Minister to present the Arms of France to [q] Clovis, the first Christian King of that Nation.

I deliver this Conjecture as such, and do by no means assert it to be Matter of Fact; a cautionary Distrust not so generally acknowledged by Antiquaries; for one of these Gentlemen, after telling us, that *Helena*, upon digging for a Foundation for a Church, found three *Crosses*, very roundly asserts, that “for this very Reason it is, that the [r] Arms of *Colchester* are a (one) *Cross* between three *Crowns* or *Coronets*.” Whereas it is much more probable, that these Arms owe their Being to the miraculous *Cross* and *Crown* exhibited to *Constantine*, which he wore after-

[p] *Garbe* is a Sheaf of Corn. *Posto ad caput ejus frumenti manipulo, quem patria lingua Sheaf (Sceaf) dicimus, Gallice vero Garbam.* M. West.

[q] L'on tient, que par miracle la Sainte Ampule, dont l'on se sert au sacre de ses successeurs, luy fut envoyée du Ciel aussi bien que l'aureole au etendart de guerre, et les fleurs de lys armes de roys de France, parce qu'il port ou auparavant écartelé au 1 & 4. d'azur à trois diademes d'or au 2 & 3 d'argent à 3 crapaux de Sinople. *Histoire de France.*

[r] *Hist. of Colch.* page 34.

wards in his Standard, his Shield, and his Banner; to which Monkish Superstition might add two Crowns more, for the Sake of the Sacred Number. In short, the *Cross*, as the general Emblem of Christianity, the Cross in the Shield of St. *George*, the Cross as the Badge of the *crossed* or *crouched* Friars of the Monastery of *Holy Cross*, founded at *Colchester* in the Year 1244, without the Aid of this absurd ridiculous Story of *Helena*, might, any of them, more probably give Arms to *Colchester*. Three Crowns were once the Arms of *Britany*, three Crowns are now Part of the Arms of the *Skinners* Company, three Tripple Crowns are the Arms of the *Drapers* Company; and one, two, or three Crowns are common Arms to Societies of Men incorporated by *Royal Charter*. But I forget myself; *Helena* did not find three Crowns or Coronets, with the three Crosses, though “for this very Reason,” they engross the major Part of the Shield——*Risum teneatis, amici?*

Another of these Gentlemen, as full of the same flat unnatural Imagination, and as peremptory in his Conclusions from it, tells us, that the [s] Arms of *Dover* are an Highwayman on Horseback, robbing a Man on Foot; whereas, in Fact, they are St. *Martin* on Horseback, pulling off his Cloak to give it a Beggar on Foot: That very St. *Martin* to whom a Church was built at *Canterbury*, so early as the Time of the *Romans*, according to [t] *Bede*.

[s] *Ws. Notitia Parliament. Pag. 71.* [t] *Bede Hist. Eccles. lib. ii. chap. 26.*

I should not have said thus much upon so trifling a Subject, if I was not under some Apprehensions that the Forgeries and Legerdemain of the 15th Century are reviving and practising at this Time; and that the Spirit of the Monk of *Viterbo* has taken up his Habitation in some *British* earthly Tabernacles; for a late Attempt upon *Milton* was as impudent and daring as *Annius's* Publication of *Berosus Manetho, Matasthenes, Archilochus, &c.*——And not only Authors, but Monuments of Antiquity have been also counterfeited, as appears from some very modern Inventions, as well as from many in *Gruter's* Collection of Inscriptions. In whatever Age, whether 1500, 1600, or 1748, Men grow inquisitive into Matters of Antiquity, Men of more Learning, and better Invention, immediately set themselves to work, to gratify their Curiosity; and such Things are so greedily swallowed by the less judicious, it is almost impossible to convince them of the Imposture. I beg Pardon for this Digression.

The *Gothick* Arch described above, is not sepulchral, but merely monumental, and is probably a *Cenotaphium* to the Memory, or to quiet the *Manes*, of some *Britons* who deserved well of Agriculture.

On the most Western side of the *Villa* lies a *Cretarium*, which was a [u] *Locus Sepulturæ*; and by the Position of the many large Bodies found

[u] Rosin. Antiq.

there, it appears to have been made since the Establishment of Christianity by the Emperor *Constantine*; for they all lie with their Faces to the East; an exactness that could scarcely have been observed, in the more unsettled Times of that Religion; and there are no Signs of their having been turned since their first Interment. A Thighbone of uncommon Size was lately dug up in an adjoining Village, which an ingenious Antiquary obtained, by giving his Promissory Note to return it upon Demand of the proper owner.

About the Centre of the *Villa*, there is a large Field, in which most probably the Feasts, the *Stativa Ferie* on the 7th of the Kalends of *May*, to *Robigus*, and from him called *Robigalia*, were celebrated: They were instituted to invoke the Aid of that Deity [*] *ad arcendum a satis Rubiginem*, &c. At these Feasts, as at the *Saturnalia*, Intemperance, and all Kinds of Licentiousness had their full Swing; so that in early Times that Confusion of Sense, and Debility of Limbs which Intoxication occasions, was called a *Robigation*, or sometimes a *Robigation*. These Feasts are now obsolete and unobserved, but there is another to *Ceres* at the ending of Harvest, which always concludes, if I may be allowed the Expression, with a *Robigation*. From hence Superstition has possessed the Inhabitants, that, drunk or sober, it is impossible to find the Way out of this Field in the Dark, but that every

[*] Var. Plin.

one, that is so hardy as to make the Experiments is *Roblet-led*; by which they mean led by some Ghost or Phantom; whereas in Truth nothing at first was intended, but only that those who had dipped too deep in the Pleasures of the Festivity, and could not walk, were *Robigated*, or *Robigaled*, when they could not get out of the Field.

This Institution, pious in itself, was adopted by *Mamercus* Bishop of *Vienna*, afterwards by *Sidonius* Bishop of *Glermont*, and in the Beginning of the sixth Century, the first Council of *Orleans* appointed that it should be yearly observed to the true God. At the Reformation, when all Processions were abolished, yet, for retaining the Perambulations of the Circuits of Parishes, it was ordained that People shall, once a Year, at the Time accustomed, assemble together to give Thanks to God for the Increase and Abundance of the Fruits upon the Face of the Earth, and go the Circuit of their several Parishes; which Usage is still kept up, but, I am afraid, the religious Part is generally neglected; for instead of Men's returning Thanks, they are too commonly engaged in filching and purloining, here and there, a little Piece of Land from their Neighbours; and the Day ends too frequently with an Abuse of those very Creatures for which they should return Thanks.

There are *Disci*, *Sympurvia*, and *Patera*, [y] to be met with in almost every House, but they

[y] Rosin. Antiq.

are not put to very religious Uses. *Fibulae* are very rare, or unnoticed; owing, probably, to the confined Idea Men have of the Rotundity of a *Button*; whereas the Roman *Fibula* was of various Forms: I have lately been favoured with the Sight of one by a Lady: It is about three Inches long, regularly tapered, and sharp pointed; in all Respects like the Roman *Fibulae* found at [z] *Ribchester* in *Lancashire*, except the Curvature. By the Devices engraved on it, *viz.* the *Arcus* and *Sagittæ*, it seems to have been a Pin of the modest Goddess *Diana*;—*Subnectit fibula vestem.* It has a small Eye at the larger End, as the Roman *Acus*, through which something of Lace or Bobbin might be drawn (as a Nail through the [a] Linch-pin of an Axle-tree, to keep the Wheel on) that the *Fibula* might not at any Time slip out, and expose the Nakedness of that chaste Deity. I shall not dispute it with the Learned, if they chuse to suppose, that this is a *Fibula Chirurgica*; and that the *Arcus* and *Sagittæ* are as well Emblems of *Apollo*, the God of Physick; though such an Explanation subjects the Faculty to idle Jokes, and Reflections; and it had certainly been more decent, if not more just, to have given Emblems of his healing, rather than of his murdering Capacity. This Instrument probably the *Pollinctores* made use of to lard the dead Bodies it had killed, with the more stringy, though

[z] Leigh Hist. Lancash.

[a] Vitruv.

unctuous

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unctuous Sorts of Spices. It is now used, *O Tempora! O Mores!* as a Bodkin.

There are but two Names remaining in the *Villa* of Roman Extraction; (*viz.*) the *Rufil* Family, probably descended from that Fop *Rufillus* recorded by *Horace*; but it is much departed from all idle Taste of Essences and Perfumes: And the *Vince* Family, from those hardy People the *Vei-entes*, [*b*] or *Vincentes*, as they should be called, so early incorporated with the *Romans*: And much of that Robustness continues in this athletic Family.

After the Departure of the *Romans*, and upon the Irruption of the *Scots* and *Picts*, this Village was again made a Settlement of the Enemy; [*c*] but they proved less cruel and oppressive than was expected; for when they had filled their hungry Bellies, they laid themselves down at their Ease, and gave little Molestation; for the ancient Inhabitants, observing the pacific Power of Plenty and Fulness, took Care to avail themselves of it; and accordingly appointed Officers, not unlike the Keepers of wild Beasts, to ply them, whenever they seemed restless, with Dumpling; the *Tertium quid* of chemical Cookery, from those two simple Ingredients, Meal and Water. *Gildas*, indeed, that sorrowful Historian, with a peculiar Propensity to turn every thing into Lamentation, deduces their Savageness and Cruelty from some innocent Posts, erected for a different Pur-

[*b*] Liv.

[*c*] Gild. Bed.

pose, by supposing them Engines and Gibbets of Torture, for the poor Natives of this Place. But a late eminent Antiquary, though he has not given us the true Use of them, has certainly led us to it. He fancies from an old Manuscript, that these were Mile and rubbing Posts; and then with an Imagination as airy as *New-Market* itself, talks of Matches and King's Plates being run for on this two Mile Course; not considering, that if the Soil has continued from the Flood, in the State it is now in, it was always too deep and heavy for such Diversions. 'Tis much more probable that Worms or Mould have robbed his Manuscript of two Letters *S.C.*, and that it was *scrubbing* instead of *rubbing* Posts; a Contrivance not less politic than the other of feeding their Enemies; *Optimus, quos pascere et scabere, est triumphus*: For Naturalists inform us, that all cutaneous Distempers, even those that spring from Poverty of Blood, are always inflamed by high living; and that a thriving is constantly an itching Condition; a Sensation so pleasing with, and so intolerable without scratching, that Instinct has directed brute Beasts under such Titillations to assist one another; and from thence comes the *Latin* Proverb, *Scabunt mutus Muti*.

The Religion of these People did by no means require Temples, and their want of Taste and Elegance made them quite indifferent about the Order of their other Buildings; so that the Huts they erected, which are the greater Part now standing, are rather Dormitories, than Houses of any

any other Accommodations. They left behind them, no good, nor indeed, wicked Customs; but many that were clownish and indelicate: Such as blowing the Nose without a Handkerchief,—fitting down to Dinner without a Table-cloth,—and doing the Occasions of Nature over a Rail, or a Battling: They left no *Nostrums* but what were culinary, such as how to make Frumenty, and Hasty Pudding, and no Distemper, but the Itch, for which they will be always had in Remembrance. Many of these People, enamoured with the Plenty, and change of Diet, peaceably settled here, and some of their Posterity are still remaining in the Village. Of the first, are the *Johnstons*, the *Stewards*, and a numerous Family, provincially called, *Scots*, who coming in a hurry left their proper Names behind them. Of the second, are the *Greens*, the *Browns*, and the *Osborn* Family, which latter, though written with an *O*, according to the broad Pronunciation of those People, is, orthographically, *Asborn*, a Word synonymous to naked. To the *Picts* we are indebted for the *Barberry*, the *Saffron*, the *Wood*, and the *Madder*, so useful, and even necessary, in Dying.

The *Saxons* succeeded next, who, coming by [d] Invitation of the *Britons*; and as Friends and Allies, were neither formidable to the Village, nor, at first, injurious to it; but rather set out as Benefactors, correcting some Errors, and filling

up some Omissions their Predecessors had been guilty of. But this peaceable and improving Spirit lasted a very little Time; for as soon as their treacherous Leader concluded a Peace with the *Picts*, this little Detachment, *Regis ad Exemplum*, dealt as treacherously with the Natives of this Village; entering into Leagues and Cabals with the *Scots* and *Picts* now settled here: And had it not been for the many *Fossæ* and Intrenchments of the *Romans* which the Natives were luckily possessed of, they had been totally extirpated. But in Process of Time these Animosities ceased, and indeed a perfect Amity commenced between the two People: The *Britons* returned to the Plough, and tilling the Ground, and the *Saxons* busied themselves in mechanical Employments. They made Doors to the Huts erected by the *Scots* and *Picts*, built Chimnies which the former never heard of, and made Windows which they never wanted. They carved huge Columns for Bedposts, and embossed Bread-and-Cheese Cupboards; set Tables upon magnificent Pillars, and Chairs upon Cloven Feet. They prayed a Faculty for building a Church, and another for Liberty to make Use of the [e] Roman *Horreum* as a Part; both which they obtained for the customary Fees, so religiously due, upon *Deodands*: And that stately Structure, all but the Steeple, which is now the Parish Church, is the pious Effect of the good Bishop's Indulgence, and the

[e] Cod. Theod. de Paganis.

Saxons Devotion. The almost angular arched Door-ways, the loaded Windows with gouty Pillars and *Gotbie* Devices, like so many Centinels placed there to keep the Light out, the *Harpies* to hang Hats on, and the Devil's Faces on the Cieling to turn our Devotion into Horror; the *Dragons* spouting Water without, and the *Dolphins* breathing the Holy-Fire within, are all the unnatural Invention of the *Saxons*.

There are, at least, two *Saxon* Families now in the Village, *viz.* the *Edgars* and the *Cutbberts*: the first, though descended from the King of that Name, is no more than a poor Day-Labourer; and the latter's vast Possessions here are reduced to a small Farm of ten Pounds *per Ann.* Such is the Instability of human Greatness, so averse are the Laws of Providence to a Perpetuity of earthly Grandeur!

The [*f*] *Danes* were not long landed in this Island, before they sent a Detachment to secure this important Village; and they entered it on the South Side, at a Gate called, to this Day, for that Reason, *Enter Lond-Gate*; as a Memorial of their Entrance upon the Land of Wheat and Plenty at that very Place: But they were not so easily admitted, as the former Depredators had been; the *Britons*, the *Scots*, and *Picts*, and the *Saxons* joining Forces, and with great Unanimity opposing them. There are several round Hillocks, which was the usual Form of a *Danish* Intrench-

[*f*] Sim. Dunelm. Florent.

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ment, cast up in different Parts of the Village; now, indeed, called Mill-Hills, through Mistake, or perhaps with modern Propriety; because some Wind-mills may, since those Times, have been erected upon them. How long they lay in this hostile Manner, and whether they forced their Way, or entered upon Capitulation, neither *William of Malmsbury*, nor *Matthew of Westminster* inform us; but certain it is, they staid long enough to fix some of their Language; such as GRAVE from *Grave tegere*, to cover, and GAFFER from *Gafene* which signifies Master; a Word in such general Use here, that within the Space of thirty Years, there was but one Man, except the Parson, that was ever accosted by any other Term of Salutation. The same may be said of GAMMER for Mistress.

There are no Buildings we can style *Danish*, nor any Remains of their mechanick Abilities, except a few [g] Grave Rails, laid over some Persons of *Danish* Extraction; and these are ill proportioned, and needlessly inform us of their Use, by confused Representations of Hour-Glasses, Scythes, Skulls and Skeletons. The *Danes* gave the Bells to the Church, as appears from the only legible Word on them, *viz. Gud*, which signifies God.

In a Parlour belonging to a Farm-house called the *Rookery*, there was a remarkably large Dormer of Chesnut, and about the Middle of it, the

[g] Ingulph.

following

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following Inscription cut with a Knife or a Chiz-
 zel; which, for the Sake of the latter Date's be-
 ing a *Danish* Period, I shall examine in this Place.
 The Inscription was, WARTER. IOHN. C. I.
 T. S. 449. D. B. M. W. T. 994. It has been
 seen by many Antiquaries, and their Sentence has
 been always, that one JOHN WATER, a Block-
 head, that did not know his Heels from his Head,
 and could not spell his own Name, was the Au-
 thor of it; and the initial Letters, or Abbrevia-
 tions and Dates have been considered as the Re-
 veries of an idle Head, or a fortuitous Hand; to
 which Opinion I have always subscribed; but
 reading lately, upon a Tomb-stone in a neigh-
 bouring Church, a Monumental Inscription [b]
 of very modern Date, with Abbreviations like
 some of those before described, I was encouraged
 to attempt a Solution, a second Time. D. B. M.
 W. T. by the Help of this Clue, I soon found to
 signify *Done. By. Me. William. T.*—suppose *Turn-
 ner*, for perhaps it is the Humour of this Family
 to abbreviate in this Manner. By the same Light
 I discovered that WARTER. IOHN did not
 cut the Inscription, but was recorded by it. I
 next considered what remarkable *Æra* 449 was;
 and found it was the very Year VORTIGERN

[b] Here Lyeth Buried the Body of
 Mrs. Francis Foorthe, who departed this
 Life the 20th of September, 1725.

Aged 78 Years.

D. B. M. I. T.
 Done By Me John Turner.

struck

struck a League with *Hengist the Saxon*, C. I. T. S, I thence fancied signified *Called. In. The. Saxons*, but what to do with WARTER IOHN I knew not, write and spell him how you will; because no Man of that Name is mentioned in the History of those Times. At last, by frequently repeating WARTER IOHN, I discovered the Sound of VORTIGERN; and that Name suiting, both the first Abbreviations, and the Date, I concluded the Author, through Ignorance, or Punning, or Ænigmatic Ingenuity, which are much alike in their Operations, has inveloped and perplexed the Thing, but must mean *Prince VORTIGERN*.

But be the Fate of this Decyphering what it will, it is certain the Dates, which are very plain, and no ways conjectural, may be of Use, towards clearing up the *Æra* when Numeral Figures, or *Arabian Characters*, came first into Use in *England*; or, at least, towards proving, that they were used before the Year 1250 or 1300, contrary to the Assertions of Father *Mabillon* and *Gerard J. Vossius*; for this numeral Date 994, added to the famous Date at *Colchester* 1090, taken Notice of by [i] Mr. *Thomas Lufkin* of that Town, and to that other of *Ao. Do. Mo. 133*, at *Helmdon* in *Northamptonshire* by [k] Dr. *John Wallis*, are not to be condemned as Forgeries, because [l] a learn-

[i] Phil. Transact. Aug. 1699. N^o 255.

[k] Phil. Transact. Dec. 1683. N^o 154.

[l] Jeb's Biblioth. Literaria.

ed Man has said, “ *Mabillon* and *Vossius* were too good Judges to be imposed upon in the *Æra* of “ Numerals.”

There are numerous Branches of one *Danish* Family, *viz.* the *Garrolds*, still remaining in the Village, remarkable only for the Wideness of their Mouths, and the undeviating Poverty of their Condition; for 'tis said, that from their first Settling in the Year 1017, to the present Year 1758, there never was one of them worth a Shilling.

Some awkward Customs, or Habits remain in the Village, which seem to be of *Saxon Extraction*, but not being certain whether they may not be *Danish*, I suspended my Account of them, till I had taken Notice of some small Traces and Remains of the *Danes*: I shall now leave it to the Judgment of the Reader to ascribe them to either, or to both, as his greater Skill in the History and Customs of those Times and Nations shall incline him. I call them *Customs* or *Habits*, because they were no other at first, but I mean those Superinductions in the Progeny, which they derive, not by Imitation, but from the very Loins of their Progenitors; for as Custom is proverbially called second Nature, so when uniformly practised through two or three Generations, it becomes a Part of the first in later Posterity.

The Custom of holding the Wig on with the left Hand, while the Hat is taken off with the right, is an inbred Caution derived from their
Ancestors,

Ancestors, who wore [m] Wool-wigs, which adhered to the Cap, and could not be separated without the utmost Care; but now Hats and Hair-wigs are in Fashion, which are generally well lubricated with Oil, or Hogs-lard, there seems to be no Occasion for it.—The Custom of carrying their own [n] Knives to an Entertainment, and refusing to make Use of the Knives laid upon the Table, is an inbred Caution derived from their Ancestors, who, in those unsettled Times, probably suspecting the Knives of their Host might be insidiously blunted, carried their own, in case of a Surprise.—The Custom of setting the Knife bolt upright upon the Table, as soon as it has cut a Mouthful, is an inbred Posture of Defence derived from their Ancestors, who made Knives Weapons to guard themselves, and to be Surety for their Friends, that they should receive no Harm while they were drinking [o].—The Custom of eating without a Fork, is an inbred Habit derived from their Ancestors, who would not incumber both Hands at a Time; but is now an useless Piece of Slovenness; and yet as *Horace* says,

Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret,

[m] *Blasii. Episc. Reliq. vulgo voc. Floculi.*

[n] *Howii op.*

[o] This Custom in *pledging one in drinking, (i. e.)* to be Surety for his Safety at that Time, was occasioned by the Practice of the *Danes*, who frequently used to stab, or cut the Throats of one another, while they were drinking.

for

for they will throw them down as fast as you lay them.—The Custom of sitting at Arm's Length from the Table, is an inbred Distance derived from their Ancestors, whose *gouty* Legs to their Tables would not suffer Men to come nearer; but in these more modern and shapeable Times quite unnecessary.

That these were the prudent and even necessary Customs of their *Saxon* or *Danish* Ancestors, or both, is very evident; and that they were delivered down to their Posterity in the Channel I have mentioned, seems very probable; for nothing but the Force of first, or second Nature, which goes its own Way, in Defiance of Fashion or Ridicule, could continue Customs, now so apparently unnecessary, troublesome and indelicate.

Nothing since the Conquest of this Island by the Duke of *Normandy*, commonly called WILIAM the Conqueror, has happened to this Village in particular; in general he, and, for his sake, his Ancestors, seem to have been great Favourites here, as well as all over *England*. The famous *Clameur de HA-RO* is a Proof of it; for though now fallen among Carters and Ploughmen, and by them converted into a Language, like Pedlar's *French*, HA, HO, HAYT, HO, &c. to their Horses, it was at first an Invocation, by all Ranks of Men, upon Duke ROLLO, under any Difficulties, even by Carters themselves, when their Waggon were *set* in bad Roads; RO being a current and established Abbreviation of the

the Duke's Name. The Invocation was [p] HARO *al' aide, mon Prince!* The latter Part of which has been here, (*i. iacos intra muros peccatur et extra*) as well as elsewhere, profaned, by a very false Interpretation, to some little Curses and Imprecations; it being almost a general Belief among the Vulgar, that when Men speak *French*, or any *Outlandish Linguo*, they swear, or talk Bawdy.

The *Corfew* Bell is not rung here, because there is not one in the Steeple that has Voice enough to be heard throughout the Parish; but the Order and Custom is observed by all the better Sort; the Poor, by a Fatality that runs through their whole Oeconomy, are the only People that burn Fire and Candle after eight o'Clock at Night; by which Mismanagement they waste a Penny to earn an Half-penny if they work; but too often their Farthing Candle serves only to make Darknes visible for much worse Purposes. — For this Reason I have often thought, that if Authority would order the *Corfew* Bell to be rung, or a Bell-man to go round every Parish, at eight at Night, throughout the Kingdom, (instead of disturbing us in our Beds at twelve or one in the Morning) with a *Veto esse tale Luminis commercium*, Put out your Lights, at every Man's Door, who does not pay *Scot* and *Lot*, it would be better for the Poor, for their Neighbours, and for the Commonwealth.

[p] Falle's Acc. of Jersey.

The present State of this Parish differs nothing from the ancient in Point of Fruitfulness. The People by Intermarriages, and *other ways*, have passed through so many Combinations, that they all sit down under the common Denomination of *English*. They are Christians, as appears *most evidently* from the Parish Register; and all of them, when they do not stay at Home, go to the same Place of Worship; except one —, who retaining some Tenets of his *British* Paganism, pays his Devotions under an Oak, or a Walnut-Tree, with a modern *Druid*, every Sabbath-Day.—There have been but two Houses erected of late Years; the one seemingly contrived by *Eli*, a Jew-Christian Family settled here; for it is built without a Stair-case, upon the *Jewish* Model of *climbing*, not walking up to Bed. The other I know not by whom; but it is upon a very inhospitable Plan (quite contrary to the Tempers of the late Inhabitants) for the Chimnies are so placed, it is difficult to get in at the Door.—The prevailing Taste runs much upon building Temples to *Cloacina*, and *Menageries* for Wild-Boars; Structures in themselves beautiful, but at the Expence of that noble *Roman* Way, the *Via Icenorum* that leads through the Parish, which they narrow and obumbrate.----The Morals of the People are like the Morals of other Men, of the same Rank; not the worse perhaps for the Advice of their Parson, of whom they seem to entertain

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ertain a tolerably good Opinion. The Parson [q] has begot himself Children; made himself Gardens and Orchards, and planted Trees in them of all Kinds. He hath made himself Pools of Water, to water therewith the Trees; and he has had Possession of *great* Cattle above all that were in WHEATFIELD before him.

—VALEAT RES LUDICRA.—

[q] This Passage alludes to the Rector's numerous Family of nine Children—To his Love for Gardens and Plantations—To his making some small Pieces of Water, and to his very accidental Breeding and Feeding a large Bullock, that, after Sale, was made a Show of.

FRAGMENTS

OF

ANCIENT POETRY,

Collected in the HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND,

AND

Translated from the GALIC or ERSE Language.

*Vos quoque, qui fortes animas belloque peremptas
Laudibus in longum vates dimittitis ævum,
Plurima securi fudistis carmina, Bardi.*

LUCAN.

First Printed in the Year 1760.

УТВЕРЖДАЮ

УПРАВЛЕНИЕ ТРУДА

И ДЕЛ РАБОТЫ

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И ДЕЛ РАБОТЫ

P R E F A C E.

THE Public may depend on the following Fragments as genuine Remains of ancient Scottish Poetry. The Date of their Composition cannot be exactly ascertained. Tradition, in the Country where they were written, refers them to an *Æra* of the most remote Antiquity: And this Tradition is supported by the Spirit and Strain of the Poems themselves; which abound with those Ideas, and paint those Manners, that belong to the most early State of Society. The Diction too, in the Original, is very obsolete; and differs widely from the Style of such Poems as have been written in the same Language two or three Centuries ago. They were certainly composed before the Establishment of Clanship in the Northern Part of *Scotland*, which is itself very Ancient; for had Clans been then formed and known, they must have made a considerable Figure in the Work of a Highland Bard; whereas there is not the least Mention of them in these Poems. It is remarkable that there are found in them no Allusions to the Christian Religion or Worship; indeed, few Traces of Religion of any Kind. One Circumstance seems to

prove them to be coeval with the very Infancy of Christianity in *Scotland*. In a Fragment of the same Poems, which the Translator has seen, a Culdee or Monk is represented as desirous to take down in Writing from the Mouth of *Oscian*, who is the principal Personage in several of the following Fragments, his Warlike Atchievements and those of his Family. But *Oscian* treats the Monk and his Religion with Disdain, telling him, that the Deeds of such great Men were Subjects too high to be recorded by him, or by any of his Religion: A full Proof that Christianity was not as yet established in the Country.

Though the Poems now published appear as detached Pieces in this Collection, there is Ground to believe that most of them were originally Episodes of a greater Work which related to the Wars of *Ringal*. Concerning this Hero innumerable Traditions remain, to this Day, in the *HIGHLANDS* of *Scotland*. The Story of *Oscian*, his Son, is so generally known, that to describe one in whom the Race of a great Family ends, it has passed into a Proverb; “*Oscian*, the last of the Heroes.”

There can be no Doubt that these Poems are to be ascribed to the Bards; a Race of Men well known to have continued throughout many Ages in *Ireland* and the North of *Scotland*. Every Chief or great Man had in his Family a Bard or Poet, whose Office it was to record in Verse, the illustrious Actions of that Family. By the Succession of these Bards, such Poems were handed
down

down from Race to Race; some in Manuscript, but more by oral Tradition. And Tradition, in a Country so free of Intermixture with Foreigners, and among a People so strongly attached to the Memory of their Ancestors, has preserved many of them, in a great measure, incorrupted to this Day.

They are not set to Music, nor sung. The Versification in the Original is simple; and to such as understand the Language, very smooth and beautiful. Rhyme is seldom used: But the Cadence, and the Length of the Line varied, so as to suit the Sense. The Translation is extremely literal. Even the Arrangement of the Words in the Original has been imitated; to which must be imputed some Inversions in the Style, that otherwise would not have been chosen.

Of the poetical Merit of these Fragments nothing shall here be said. Let the Public judge, and pronounce. It is believed, that by a careful Inquiry, many more Remains of ancient Genius, no less valuable than those now given to the World, might be found in the same Country where these have been collected. In particular there is Reason to hope that one Work of considerable Length, and which deserves to be styled an heroic Poem, might be recovered and translated, if Encouragement were given to such an Undertaking. The Subject is, an Invasion of *Ireland* by *Swarthan* King of *Lochlyn*; which is the Name of *Denmark* in the *Erse* Language. *Cucbulaid*, the General or Chief of the *Irish*

Tribes, upon Intelligence of the Invasion, assembles his Forces; Councils are held; and Battles fought. But after several unsuccessful Engagements, the *Irish* are forced to submit. At length, *Fingal* King of *Scotland*, called in this Poem, “The Desert of the Hills,” arrives with his Ships to assist *Cuchulaid*. He expels the *Danes* from the Country; and returns home victorious. This Poem is held to be of greater Antiquity than any of the rest that are preserved: And the Author speaks of himself as present in the Expedition of *Fingal*. The three last Poems in the Collection are Fragments which the Translator obtained of this Epic Poem; and though very Imperfect, they were judged not unworthy of being inserted. If the Whole were recovered, it might serve to throw considerable Light upon the *Scottish* and *Irish* Antiquities.

FRAGMENT I.

SHILRIC, VINVELA.

VINVELA.

MY Love is a Son of the Hill. He pursues the flying Deer. His gray Dogs are panting around him; his Bow-string sounds in the Wind. Whether by the Fount of the Rock, or by the Stream of the Mountain thou liest; when the Rushes are nodding with the Wind, and the Mist is flying over thee, let me approach my Love unperceived, and see him from the Rock. Lovely I saw thee first by the aged Oak of *Branno*; thou wert returning tall from the Chase; the fairest among thy Friends.

Sbilric. What Voice is that I hear? That Voice like the Summer-wind.—I sit not by the nodding Rushes; I hear not the Fount of the Rock. Afar, *Vinvela*, afar I go to the Wars of *Fingal*. My Dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the Hill. No more from on high I see thee, fair-moving by the Stream of the Plain; bright as the Bow of Heaven; as the Moon on the western Wave.

Vinvela. Then thou art gone, O *Sbilric!* and I am alone on the Hill. The Deer are seen on the Brow; void of Fear they graze along. No more they dread the Wind; no more the rustling Tree. The Hunter is far removed; he is in the Field of Graves. Strangers! Sons of the Waves! spare my lovely *Sbilric.*

Sbilric. If fall I must in the Field, raise high my Grave, *Vinvela.* Grey Stones, and heaped-up Earth, shall mark me to future Times. When the Hunter shall sit by the Mound, and produce his Food at Noon, "Some Warrior rests here," he will say; and my Fame shall live in his Praise. Remember me, *Vinvela,* when low on Earth I lie!

Vinvela. Yes!—I will remember thee—indeed my *Sbilric* will fall. What shall I do, my Love! when thou art gone for ever! Through these Hills I will go at Noon: I will go through the silent Heath. There I will see the Place of thy Rest, returning from the Chase. Indeed, my *Sbilric* will fall; but I will remember him.

FRAGMENT II.

I Sit by the mossy Fountain; on the Top of the Hill of Winds. One Tree is rustling above me. Dark Waves roll over the Heath. The Lake is troubled below. The Deer descend from the Hill. No Hunter at a Distance is seen;
no

no whistling Cow-herd is nigh. It is mid-day :
 But all is silent. Sad are my Thoughts alone.
 Didst thou but appear, O my Love, a Wanderer
 on the Heath ! Thy Hair floating on the Wind
 behind thee ; thy Bosom heaving on the Sight ;
 thine Eyes full of Tears for thy Friends, whom
 the midst of the Hill had concealed ! Thee I
 would comfort, my Love, and bring thee to thy
 Father's House.

But it is she that there appears, like a Beam of
 Light on the Heath ? Bright as the Moon in Au-
 tumn, as the Sun in a Summer-storm, comest
 thou, lovely Maid, over Rocks, over Mountains to
 me ?—She speaks : but how weak her Voice ! like
 the Breeze in the Reeds of the Pool. Hark !

Returnest thou safe from the War ; Where are
 thy Friends, my Love ? I heard of thy Death on
 the Hill ; I heard and mourned thee, *Sbilric* !

Yes, my Fair, I return ; but I alone of my
 Race. Thou shalt see them no more : Their
 Graves I raised on the Plain. But why art thou
 on the desert Hill ? why on the Heath, alone ?

Alone I am, O *Sbilric* ! alone in the Winter-
 House. With Grief for thee I expired. *Sbilric*,
 I am Pale in the Tomb.

She fleets, she sails away ; as grey Mist before
 the Wind !—and, wilt thou not stay, my Love ?
 Stay and behold my Tears ? Fair thou appearest,
 my Love ! fair thou wast, when alive !

By the mossy Fountain I will sit ; on the Top
 of the Hill of Winds. When Mid-day is silent
 around, converse, O my Love, with me ! come

on the Wings of the Gale! on the Blast of the Mountain, come! Let me hear thy Voice, as thou passest, when Mid-day is silent around.

FRAGMENT III.

EVENING is grey on the Hills. The North-Wind resounds through the Woods. White Clouds rise on the Sky: the thin-wavering Snow descends. The River howls afar, along its winding Course. Sad, by a hollow Rock, the grey-hair'd *Carry!* sat. Dry Fern waves over his Head; his Seat is in an aged Birch. Clear to the roaring Winds he lifts his Voice of Woe.

Tossed on the wavy Ocean is He, the Hope of the Isles; *Malcolm*, the Support of the Poor; Foe to the proud in Arms! Why hast thou left us behind? Why live we to mourn thy Fate? We might have heard, with thee, the Voice of the Deep; have seen the oozy Rock.

Sad on the Sea-beat Shore thy Spouse looketh for thy Return. The Time of thy Promise is come; the Night is gathering around. But no white Sail is on the Sea; no Voice but the blustering Winds. Low is the Soul of the War; Wet are the Locks of Youth! By the Foot of some Rock thou liest; washed by the Waves as they come. Why, ye Winds, did ye bear him on the desert Rock? Why, ye Waves, did ye roll over him?

But,

But, Oh! What Voice is that? Who rides on that Meteor of Fire! Green are his airy Limbs. It is he! it is the Ghost of *Malcolm!*—Rest, lovely Soul, rest on the Rock; and let me hear thy Voice—He is gone, like a Dream of the Night. I see him through the Trees. Daughter of *Reynold!* he is gone. Thy Spouse shall return no more. No more shall his Hounds come from the Hill, Forerunners of their Master. No more from the distant Rock shall his Voice greet thine Ear. Silent is he in the Deep, unhappy Daughter of *Reynold!*

I will sit by the Stream of the Plain. Ye Rocks! hang over my Head. Hear my Voice, ye Trees! as ye bend on the shaggy Hill. My Voice shall preserve the Praise of him, the Hope of the Isles.

FRAGMENT IV.

CONNAL, CRIMORA.

CRIMORA.

WHO cometh from the Hill, like a Cloud tinged with the Beam of the West? Whose Voice is that, loud as the Wind, but pleasant as the Harp of *Carryl?* It is my Love in the Light of Steel; but sad is his darkened Brow. Live the mighty Race of *Fingal?* Or what disturbs my *Connal?*

Connal. They live. I saw them return from the Chase, like a Stream of Light. The Sun

was on their Shields: Like a Ridge of Fire they descended the Hill. Loud is the Voice of the Youth; the War, my Love, is near. To-morrow the enormous *Dargo* comes to try the Force of our Race. The Race of *Fingal* he defies; the Race of Battle and Wounds.

Crimora. *Connal*, I saw his Sails like grey Mist on the fable Wave. They slowly came to Land. *Connal*, many are the Warriors of *Dargo*!

Connal. Bring me thy Father's Shield; the Iron Shield of *Rinval*; that Shield like the full Moon when it is darkened in the Sky.

Crimora. That Shield I bring, O *Connal*; but it did not defend my Father. By the Spear of *Gauror* he fell. Thou mayest fall, O *Connal*!

Connal. Fall indeed I may: But raise my Tomb, *Crimora*. Some Stones, a Mound of Earth, shall keep my Memory. Bend thy red Eye over my Tomb, and beat thy Breast of Sighs. Though fair thou art, my Love, as the Light; more pleasant than the Gale of the Hill; yet I will not stay. Raise my Tomb, *Crimora*.

Crimora. Then give me those Arms of Light; that Sword, and that Spear of Steel. I shall meet *Dargo* with thee, and aid my lovely *Connal*. Farewell, ye Rocks of *Ardwen*! ye Deer! and ye Streams of the Hill!—We shall return no more. Our Tombs are distant far.

FRAGMENT V.

AUTUMN is dark on the Mountains ; grey Mist rests on the Hills. The Whirlwind is heard on the Heath. Dark rolls the River through the narrow Plain. A Tree stands alone on the Hill, and marks the Grave of *Connal*. The Leaves whirl round with the Wind, and strew the Grave of the Dead. At Times are seen here the Ghosts of the deceased, when the musing Hunter alone stalks slowly over the Heath. Appear in thy Armour of Light, thou Ghost of the mighty *Connal* ! Shine, near thy Tomb, *Crimora* ! like a Moon-beam from a Cloud.

Who can reach the Source of thy Race, O *Connal* ? and who recount thy Fathers ? Thy Family grew like an Oak on the Mountain, which meeteth the Wind with its lofty Head. But now it is torn from the Earth. Who shall supply the Place of *Connal* ?

Here was the Din of Arms ; and here the Groans of the dying. Mournful are the Wars of *Fingal* ! O *Connal* ! it was here thou didst fall. Thine Arm was like a Storm ; thy Sword a Beam of the Sky ; thy Height, a Rock on the Plain ; thine Eyes, a Furnace of Fire. Louder than a Storm was thy Voice, when thou confoundedst the Field. Warriors fell by thy Sword, as the Thistle by the Staff of a Boy.

Dargo the mighty came on, like a Cloud of Thunder. His Brows were contracted and
dark.

dark. His Eyes like two Caves in a Rock. Bright
rose their Swords on each Side; dire was the
Clang of their Steel.

The Daughter of *Rinval* was near; *Crimora*,
bright in the Armour of Man; her Hair loose
behind, her Bow in her Hand. She followed the
Youth to the War, *Connal* her much-beloved.
She drew the String on *Dargo*; but erring pierced
her *Connal*. He falls like an Oak on the Plain;
like a Rock from the shaggy Hill. What shall
she do, hapless Maid!—He bleeds; her *Connal*
dies. All the Night long she cries, and all the
Day, O *Connal*, my Love, and my Love, and
Friend! With Grief the sad Mourner died.

Earth here encloseth the loveliest Pair on the
Hill. The Grass grows between the Stones of
their Tomb; I sit in the mournful Shade. The
Wind sighs through the Grass; and their Me-
mory rushes on my Mind. Undisturbed you now
sleep together; in the Tomb of the Mountain
you rest alone.

FRAGMENT VI.

SON of the noble *Fingal*, *Oscian*, Prince of
Men! what Tears run down the Cheeks of
Age? what shades thy mighty Soul?

Memory, Son of *Alpin*, Memory wounds the
Aged. Of former Times are my Thoughts;
my Thoughts are of the noble *Fingal*. The
Race

Race of the King return into my Mind, and wound me with Remembrance.

One Day, returned from the Sport of the Mountains, from pursuing the Sons of the Hill, we covered this Heath with our Youth. *Fingal* the mighty was here, and *Oscur*, my Son, great in War. Fair on our Sight from the Sea, at once, a Virgin came. Her Cheek like the Bud of the Rose. Mild was her blue rolling Eye: But Sorrow was big in her Heart.

Fingal renowned in War! she cries, Sons of the King, preserve me! Speak secure, replies the King, Daughter of Beauty, speak: Our Ear is open to all: Our Swords redress the injured. I fly from *Ullin*, she cries, from *Ullin* famous in War. I fly from the Embrace of him who would debase my Blood. *Cremor*, the Friend of Men, was my Father; *Cremor* the Prince of *Inverne*.

Fingal's younger Sons arose; *Carryl* expert in the Bow; *Fillan* beloved of the Fair; and *Fergus* first in the Race.—Who from the farthest *Lochlyn*? who to the Seas of *Molochasquir*? who dares hurt the Maid whom the Sons of *Fingal* guard? Daughter of Beauty, rest secure; rest in Peace, thou fairest of Women.

Far in the blue Distance of the Deep, some Spot appeared like the Back of the Ridge-wave. But soon the Ship increased on our Sight. The Hand of *Ullin* drew her to Land. The Mountains trembled as he moved. The Hills shook at his Steps. Dire rattled his Armour around him.

him. Death and Destruction were in his Eyes. His Stature like the Oak of *Moirwen*. He moved in the Lightning of Steel.

Our Warriors fell before him, like the Field before the Reapers. *Fingal's* three Sons he bound. He plunged his Sword into the Fair-one's Breast. She fell as a Wreath of Snow before the Sun in Spring. Her Bosom heaved in Death; her Soul came forth in Blood.

Oscur my Son came down; the mighty in Battle descended. His Armour rattled as Thunder; and the Lightning of his Eyes was terrible. There, was the clashing of Swords; there, was the Voice of Steel. They struck and they thrust; they digged for Death with their Swords. But Death was distant far, and delayed to come. The Sun began to decline; and the Cow-herd thought of Home. Then *Oscur's* keen Steel found the Heart of *Ullin*. He fell like a Mountain-Oak covered over with glistering Frost: He shone like a Rock on the Plain.—Here the Daughter of Beauty lieth; and here the bravest of Men. Here one Day ended the Fair and the Valiant. Here rest the Pursuer and the Pursued.

Son of *Alpin*! the Woes of the Aged are many: Their Tears are for the past. This raised my Sorrow, Warrior; Memory awaked my Grief. *Oscur* my Son was Brave; but *Oscur* is now no more. Thou hast heard my Grief, O Son of *Alpin*; forgive the Tears of the Aged.

FRAGMENT VII.

WHY openest thou afresh the Spring of my Grief, O Son of *Alpin*, inquiring how *Oscur* fell? My Eyes are blind with Tears; but Memory beams on my Heart. How can I relate the mournful Death of the Head of the People! Prince of the Warriors, *Oscur*, my Son, shall I see thee no more!

He fell as the Moon in a Storm; as the Sun from the Midst of his Course, when Clouds rise from the Waste of the Waves, when the Blackness of the Storm inwraps the Rocks of *Ardannider*. I, like an ancient Oak on *Murven*, I moulder alone in my Place. The Blast hath lopped my Branches away; and I tremble at the Wings of the North. Prince of the Warriors, *Oscur*, my Son! shall I see thee no more!

Dermid and *Oscur* were one: They reaped the Battle together. Their Friendship was strong as their Steel; and Death walked between them to the Field. They came on the Foe like two Rocks falling from the Brows of *Ardven*. Their Swords were stained with the Blood of the Valiant: Warriors fainted at their Names. Who was a Match for *Oscur*! but *Dermid*? and who for *Dermid*, but *Oscur*?

They killed mighty *Dargo* in the Field; *Dargo* before invincible. His Daughter was fair as the Morn; Mild as the Beam of Night. Her Eyes, like two Stars in a Shower: Her Breath,
the

the Gale of Spring: Her Breasts, as the new-fallen Snow floating on the moving Heath. The Warriors saw her, and loved; their Souls were fixed on the Maid. Each loved her, as his Fame; each must possess her or die. But her Soul was fixed on *Oscur*; my Son was the Youth of her Love. She forgot the Blood of her Father; and loved the Hand that slew him.

Son of *Oscian*, said *Dermid*, I love; O *Oscur*, I love this Maid. But her Soul cleaveth unto thee; and nothing can heal *Dermid*. Here pierce this Bosom, *Oscur*; relieve me, my Friend, with thy Sword.

My Sword, Son of *Mornny*, shall never be stained with the Blood of *Dermid*.

Who then is worthy to slay me, O *Oscur* Son of *Oscian*? Let not my Life pass away unknown. Let none but *Oscur* slay me. Send me with Honour to the Grave, and let my Death be renowned.

Dermid, make use of thy Sword; Son of *Mornny*, wield thy Steel. Would that I fell with thee! that my Death came from the Hand of *Dermid*!

They fought by the Brook of the Mountain, by the Streams of *Branno*. Blood tinged the silvery Stream, and curdled round the mossy Stones. *Dermid* the Graceful fell; fell, and smiled in Death.

And fallest thou, Son of *Mornny*; fallest thou by *Oscur*'s Hand! *Dermid*, invincible in War, thus do I see thee fall!—He went, and returned to the Maid whom he loved; returned, but she perceived his Grief.

Why

Why that Gloom, Son of *Oscian*? What shades thy mighty Soul?

Though once renowned for the Bow, O Maid, I have lost my Fame. Fixed on a Tree by the Brook of the Hill, is the Shield of *Gormur* the Brave, whom in Battle I slew. I have wasted the Day in vain, nor could my Arrow pierce it.

Let me try, Son of *Oscian*, the Skill of *Dargo's* Daughter. My Hands were taught the Bow: My Father delighted in my Skill.

She went. He stood behind the Shield. Her Arrow flew and pierced his Breast [*p*].

Blessed be that Hand of Snow; and blessed thy Bow of Yew! I fall resolved on Death: And who but the Daughter of *Dargo* was worthy to slay me; Lay me in the Earth, my Fair-one; lay me by the Side of *Dermid*.

Oscur! I have the Blood, the Soul of the mighty *Dargo*. Well pleased can I meet Death. My Sorrow I can end thus.—She pierced her white Bosom with Steel. She fell; she trembled; and died.

[*p*] Nothing was held by the ancient *Highlanders* more essential to their Glory, than to die by the Hand of some Person worthy or renowned. This was the Occasion of *Oscur's* contriving to be slain by his Mistress, now that he was weary of Life. In those early Times, Suicide was utterly unknown among that People, and no Traces of it are found in the old Poetry. Whence the Translator suspects the Account that follows of the Daughter of *Dargo* killing herself, to be the Interpolation of some later Bard.

By

By the Brook of the Hill their Graves are laid; a Birch's unequal Shade covers their Tomb. Often on their green earthen Tombs the branchy Sons of the Mountain feed, when Mid-day is all in Flames, and Silence is over all the Hills.

FRAGMENT VIII.

BY the Side of a Rock on the Hill, beneath the aged Trees, old *Oscian* sat on the Moss; the last of the Race of *Fingal*. Sightless are his aged Eyes; his Beard is waving in the Wind. Dull through the leafless Trees he heard the Voice of the North. Sorrow revived in his Soul: He began and lamented the Dead.

How hast thou fallen like an Oak, with all thy Branches round thee! Where is *Fingal* the King? Where is *Oscur* my Son? Where are all my Race? Alas! in the Earth they lie. I feel their Tombs with my Hands. I hear the River below murmuring hoarsely over the Stones. What dost thou, O River, to me? Thou bringest back the Memory of the past.

The Race of *Fingal* stood on thy Banks, like a Wood in a fertile Soil. Keen were their Spears of Steel. Hardy was he who dared to encounter their Rage. *Fillan* the Great was there. Thou *Oscur* wert there, my Son! *Fingal* himself was there, strong in the grey Locks of Years. Full rose his sinewy Limbs; and wide his Shoulders spread.

spread. The unhappy met with his Arm, when the Pride of his Wrath arose.

The Son of *Mornny* came; *Gaul*, the tallest of Men. He stood on the Hill like an Oak; his Voice was like the Streams of the Hill. Why reigneth alone, he cries, the Son of the mighty *Corval*? *Fingal* is not strong to save: He is no Support for the People. I am strong as a Storm in the Ocean; as a Whirlwind on the Hill. Yield, Son of *Corval*; *Fingal*, yield to me. He came like a Rock from the Hill, resounding in his Arms.

Oscar stood forth to meet him; my Son would meet the Foe. But *Fingal* came in his Strength, and smiled at the Vaunter's Boast. They threw their Arms round each other; they struggled on the Plain. The Earth is ploughed with their Heels. Their Bones crack as the Boat on the Ocean, when it leaps from Wave to Wave. Long did they toil; with Night, they fell on the founding Plain; as two Oaks, with their Branches mingled, fall crashing from the Hill. The tall Son of *Mornny* is bound; the aged overcame.

Fair with her Locks of Gold, her smooth Neck, and her Breasts of Snow; fair as the Spirits of the Hill when at silent Noon they glide along the Heath; fair as the Rain-bow of Heaven; came *Minvane* the Maid. *Fingal!* She softly saith, loose me my Brother *Gaul*. Loose me the Hope of my Race, the Terror of all but *Fingal*. Can I, replies the King, can I deny the lovely Daughter of the Hill? Take thy Brother,
O *Min-*

O *Minvane*, thou fairer than the Snow of the North.

Such, *Fingal!* were thy Words; but thy Words I hear no more. Sightless I sit by thy Tomb. I hear the Wind in the Wood; but no more I hear my Friends. The Cry of the Hunter is over. The Voice of War is ceased.

FRAGMENT IX.

THOU askest, fair Daughter of the Isles! whose Memory is preserved in these Tombs? The Memory of *Ronnan* the bold, and *Connan* the Chief of Men; and of her, the fairest of Maids, *Rivine* the lovely and the Good. The Wing of Time is laden with Care. Every Moment hath Woes of its own. Why seek we our Grief from afar? Or give our Tears to those of other Times? But thou commandest, and I obey, O fair Daughter of the Isles!

Conar was mighty in War. *Gaul* was the Friend of Strangers. His Gates were open to all; Midnight darkened not on his barred Door. Both lived upon the Sons of the Mountains. Their Bow was the Support of the Poor.

Connan was the Image of *Conar's* Soul. *Coul* was renewed in *Ronnan* his Son. *Rivine* the Daughter of *Conar* was the Love of *Ronnan*; her Brother *Connan* was his Friend. She was fair as the Harvest Moon setting in the Seas of *Molachasquir*. Her Soul was settled on *Ronnan*; the Youth was the Dream of her Nights.

Rivine,

Rivine, my Love! says *Ronnan*, I go to my King in *Norway* [q]. A Year and a Day shall bring me back. Wilt thou be true to *Ronnan*?

Ronnan! a Year, and a Day I will spend in Sorrow. *Ronnan*, behave like a Man, and my Soul shall exult in thy Valour. *Connan*, my Friend, says *Ronnan*, wilt thou preserve *Rivine* thy Sister? *Durstan* is in Love with the Maid; and soon shall the Sea bring the Stranger to our Coast.

Ronnan, I will defend: Do thou securely go.— He went. He returned on his Day. But *Durstan* returned before him.

Give me thy Daughter, *Conar*, says *Durstan*; or fear and feel my Power.

He who dares attempt my Sister, says *Connan*, must meet this Edge of Steel. Unerring in Battle is my Arm: My Sword, as the Lightning of Heaven.

Ronnan the Warrior came; and much he threatened *Durstan*.

But, faith *Uran* the Servant of Gold, *Ronnan* by the Gate of the North shall *Durstan* this Night carry thy Fair-one away. Accursed, answers *Ronnan*, be this Arm, if Death meet him not there.

Connan! faith *Uran*, this Night shall the Stranger carry thy Sister away. My Sword shall meet him, replies *Connan*, and he shall lie low on Earth.

[q] Supposed to be *Fergus II.* This Fragment is reckoned not altogether so ancient as most of the rest.

The Friends met by Night, and they fought. Blood and Sweat ran down their Limbs as Water on the mossy Rock. *Connan* falls; and cries, O *Durstan*, be favourable to *Rivine*!—And is it my Friend, cries *Ronnan*, I have slain? O *Connan*! I knew thee not.

He went, and he fought with *Durstan*. Day began to rise on the Combat, when fainting they fell, and expired. *Rivine* came out with the Morn; and—O what detains my *Ronnan*!-- She saw him lying pale in his Blood; and her Brother lying pale by his Side. What could she say? what could she do? Her Complaints were many and vain. She opened this Grave for the Warriors; and fell into it herself, before it was closed; like the Sun snatched away in a Storm.

Thou hast heard this Tale of Grief, O fair Daughter of the Isles! *Rivine* was fair as thyself: shed on her Grave a Tear.

FRAGMENT X.

IT is Night; and I am alone, forlorn on the Hill of Storms. The Wind is heard in the Mountain. The Torrent shrieks down the Rock. No Hut receives me from the Rain; forlorn on the Hill of Winds.

Rise, Moon! from behind thy Clouds; Stars of the Night, appear! Lead me, some Light, to the Place where my Love rests from the Toil of the Chase! his Bow near him, untrung; his
Dogs

Dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the Rock of the mossy Stream. The Stream and the Wind roar; nor can I hear the Voice of my Love.

Why delayeth my *Sbalgar*; why the Son of the Hill, his Promise? Here is the Rock, and the Tree; and here the roaring Stream. Thou promised'st with Night to be here. Ah! whither is my *Sbalgar* gone? With thee I would fly my Father; with thee, my Brother of Pride. Our Race have long been Foes; but we are not Foes, O *Sbalgar*!

Cease a little while, O Wind! Stream, be thou silent a while! let my Voice be heard over the Heath; let my Wanderer hear me. *Sbalgar*! It is I who call. Here is the Tree, and the Rock. *Sbalgar*, my Love! I am here. Why delayest thou thy coming? Alas! no Answer.

Lo! the Moon appeareth. The Flood is bright in the Vale. The Rocks are grey on the Face of the Hill. But I see him not on the Brow; his Dogs before him tell not that he is coming. Here I must sit alone.

But who are these that lie beyond me on the Heath? Are they my Love and my Brother?--- Speak to me, O my Friends! they answer not. My Soul is tormented with Fears.—Ah! they are dead. Their Swords are red from the Fight. O my Brother! my Brother! why hast thou slain my *Sbalgar*? Why, O *Sbalgar*! hast thou slain my Brother? Dear were you both to me! What shall I say in your Praise? Thou wert fair on the Hill

Hill among Thousands ; he was terrible in Fight. Speak to me ; hear my Voice, Sons of my Love ! But alas ! they are silent, silent for ever ! Cold are their Breasts of Clay !

Oh ! from the Rock of the Hill ! from the Top of the Mountain of Winds, speak, ye Ghosts of the Dead ! speak, and I will not be afraid. — Whither are ye gone to rest ? In what Cave of the Hill shall I find you ? No feeble Voice is on the Wind : No Answer half-drowned in the Storms of the Hill.

I sit in my Grief. I wait for Morning in my Tears. Rear the Tomb, ye Friends of the Dead, but close it not till I come. My Life flyeth away like a Dream : Why should I stay behind ? Here shall I rest with my Friends by the Stream of the sounding Rock. When Night comes on the Hill ; when the Wind is upon the Heath ; my Ghost shall stand in the Wind, and mourn the Death of my Friends. The Hunter shall hear from his Booth. He shall fear, but love my Voice. For sweet shall my Voice be for my Friends ; for pleasant were they both to me.

FRAGMENT XI.

SAD ! I am sad indeed : Nor small my Cause of Woe ! — *Kirmor*, thou hast lost no Son ; thou hast lost no Daughter of Beauty. *Connar* the valiant lives ; and *Annir* the fairest of Maids. The Boughs of thy Family flourish, 'O *Kirmor* !
But

But *Armyn* is the last of his Race. Dark is thy Bed, O *Daura!* and deep thy Sleep in the Tomb.—When shalt thou awake with thy Songs? with all thy Voice of Music?

Rise, Winds of Autumn, rise; blow upon the dark Heath! Streams of the Mountains, roar! howl, ye Tempests, in the Top of the Oak! walk through broken Clouds, O Moon! show by Intervals thy pale Face? bring to my Mind that sad Night, when all my Children fell; when *Arindel* the mighty fell, when *Daura* the Lovely failed; when all my Children died.

Daura, my Daughter! thou wert Fair; fair as the Moon on the Hills of *Jura*; white as the driven Snow; sweet as the breathing Gale. *Arindel*, thy Bow was strong, thy Spear was swift in the Field: Thy Look was like Mist on the Wave, thy Shield, a red Cloud in a Storm. *Armor* renowned in War came, and fought *Daura's* Love; he was not long denied: Fair was the Hope of their Friends.

Earch, Son of *Ogdal*, repined; for his Brother was slain by *Armor*. He came disguised like a Son of the Sea: Fair was his Skiff on the Wave; white his Locks of Age; calm his serious Brow. Fairest of Women, he said, lovely Daughter of *Armyn!* a Rock not distant in the Sea, bears a Tree on its Side; red shines the Fruit afar. There *Armor* waiteth for *Daura*. I came to fetch his Love. Come, fair Daughter of *Armyn!*

She went; and she called on *Armor*. Nought answered, but the Son of the Rock. *Armor*, my Love! my Love! why tormentest thou me with Fear? hear, Son of *Ardnart*, hear: It is *Daura* who calleth thee!—*Earch* the Traytor fled laughing to the Land. She lifted up her Voice, and cried for her Brother and her Father. *Arindel*! *Armyn*! none to relieve your *Daura*!

Her Voice came over the Sea. *Arindel* my Son descended from the Hill; rough in the Spoils of the Chase. His Arrows rattled by his Side; his Bow was in his Hand; five dark grey Dogs attended his Steps. He saw fierce *Earch* on the Shore; he seized and bound him to an Oak. Thick fly the Thongs of the Hide around his Limbs; he loads the Wind with his Groans.

Arindel ascends the surgy Deep in his Boat, to bring *Daura* to the Land. *Armor* came in his Wrath, and let fly the grey-feathered Shaft. It sunk; it sunk in thy Heart, O *Arindel* my Son! for *Earch* the Traitor thou diedst. The Oar is stopped at once; he panted on the Rock and expired. What is thy Grief, O *Daura*, when round thy Feet is poured thy Brother's Blood!

The Boat is broken in twain by the Waves. *Armor* plunges into the Sea, to rescue his *Daura* or die. Sudden a Blast from the Hill comes over the Waves. He sunk, and he rose no more.

Alone, on the Sea-beat Rock, my Daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her Cries; nor could her Father relieve her. All Night I stood on the Shore. I saw her by the faint

faint Beam of the Moon. All Night I heard her Cries. Loud was the Wind; and the Rain beat hard on the Side of the Mountain. Before Morning appeared, her Voice was weak. It died away, like the Evening-Breeze among the Grass of the Rocks. Spent with Grief she expired. And left thee, *Armyn*, alone: Gone is my Strength in the War, and fallen my Pride among Women.

When the Storms of the Mountain come; when the North lifts the Waves on high; I sit by the sounding Shore, and look on the fatal Rock. Often by the setting Moon I see the Ghosts of my Children. Half-viewless, they walk in mournful Conference together. Will none of you speak in Pity? They do not regard their Father.

FRAGMENT XII.

RYNO, ALPIN.

RYNO.

THE Wind and the Rain are over: Calm is the Noon of Day. The Clouds are divided in Heaven. Over the green Hills flies the inconstant Sun. Red through the stony Vale comes down the Stream of the Hill. Sweet are thy Murmurs, O Stream! but more sweet is the Voice I hear. It is the Voice of *Alpin* the Son of the Song, mourning for the Dead. Bent is his Head of Age, and red his tearful Eye. *Alpin*, thou Son of the Song, why alone on the silent Hill? Why complainest thou, as a Blast in the Wood; as a Wave on the lonely Shore?

Alpin. My Tears, O *Ryno!* are for the Dead; my Voice for the Inhabitants of the Grave. Tall thou art on the Hill; fair among the Sons of the Plain. But thou shalt fall like *Morar*; and the Mourner shall sit on thy Tomb. The Hills shall know thee no more; thy Bow shall lie in the Hall unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O *Morar!* as a Roe on the Hill; terrible as a Meteor of Fire. Thy Wrath was as the Storm of *December*. Thy Sword in Battle, as Lightning in the Field. Thy Voice was like a Stream after Rain; like Thunder on distant Hills. Many fell by thy Arm; they were consumed in the Flames of thy Wrath.

But when thou returnedst from War, how peaceful was thy Brow! Thy Face was like the Sun after Rain; like the Moon in the Silence of Night; calm as the Breast of the Lake when the loud Wind is laid.

Narrow is thy Dwelling now; dark the Place of thine Abode. With three Steps I compass thy Grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four Stones with their Heads of Moss are the only Memorial of thee. A Tree with scarce a Leaf, long Grass which whistles in the Wind, mark to the Hunter's Eye the Grave of the mighty *Morar*. *Morar!* thou art low indeed. Thou hast no Mother to mourn thee; no Maid with her Tears of Love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the Daughter of *Morglan*.

Who on his Staff is this? Who is this, whose Head is white with Age, whose Eyes are red with
Tears,

Tears, who quakes at every Step?—It is thy Father, O *Morar!* the Father of none but thee. He heard of thy Fame in Battle; he heard of Foes dispersed. He heard of *Morar's* Fame; why did he not hear of his Wound? Weep, thou Father of *Morar!* weep; but thy Son heareth thee not. Deep is the Sleep of the Dead; low their Pillow of Dust. No more shall he hear thy Voice; no more shall he awake at thy Call. When shall it be Morn in the Grave, to bid the Slumberer awake?

Farewell, thou bravest of Men! thou Conqueror in the Field! but the Field shall see thee no more; nor the dark Wood be lightened with the Splendor of thy Steel. Thou hast left no Son. But the Song shall preserve thy Name. Future Times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen *Morar*.

FRAGMENT XIII.

RAISE high the Stones; collect the Earth: Preserve the Name of *Fear-combraic*. Blow, Winds, from all your Hills; sigh on the Grave of *Muirnin*.

The dark Rock hangs, with all its Wood, above the calm Dwelling of the Heroes.

The Sea with its foam-headed Billows murmurs at their Side.

Why sigh the Woods, why roar the Waves!
They have no cause to mourn.

But thou hast Cause, O *Diorma!* thou Maid
of the Breast of Snow! Spread thou thy Hair to
the Wind; send thy Sighs on the Blasts of the
Hills.

They vanished like two Beams of Light, which
fly from the Heath in a Storm: They sunk like
two Stars in a Cloud when the Winds of the
North arise.

For Thee weep the Maids, *Fear-combraic*, a-
long the echoing Hills. For Thee the Women
weep, O *Muirnin*; Chief of the Wars of *Erin*.
I see not *Fear-combraic* on the Hill; I see not
Muirnin in the Storms of Ocean. Raise, raise
the Song, relate the Tale. Descend ye Tears of
other Times.

Diorma was the Daughter of *Connaid* the Chief
of a thousand Shields.

Diorma was among the Maids, as the white
Flower among the Heath.

Her Breast was like a white Cloud in Heaven.
Her Bosom like the Top of a Wave in a Storm.
Her Hair was like Smoke in the Sun: Her Eye
like the Star of Morn. Not fairer looks the
Moon from between two Clouds, than the Face
of *Diorma* from between her Locks.

A thousand Heroes loved the Maid; the Maid
loved none but *Fear-combraic*. He loved the
Maid, and well he might; fair among Women
was the Daughter of *Connaid*. She was the Light
of

of his Soul in Danger; the Strength of his Arm
in Battle.

Who shall deny me the Maid, said *Fear-comb-
raic*, who, the fairest of Women, *Diorma!*
Hard must be his Helm of Steel, and strong his
Shield of Iron.

I deny her, said *Muirnin*, Son of the Chief of
generous Shells. My Sword is keen, my Spear
is strong; the Valiant yield to *Muirnin*.

Come then, thou Son of *Cormac*, O mighty
Muirnin, come! leave the Hills of *Erin*, come
on the foamy Wave. Let thy Ship, like a Cloud,
come over the Storms of Ocean.

He came along the Sea: His Sails were like
grey Mist on the Heath: Long was his Spear of
Ash; his Shield like the Bloody Moon.—*Aodan*
Son of *Armclach* came; the Youth of the gloomy
Brow.

Rise, *Fear-combraic*, rise thou Love of the
soft *Diorma!* Fight, or yield the Maid, Son of
the great *Combfeadan!*

He rose like a Cloud on the Hill, when the
Winds of Autumn blow.

Tall art thou, said *Fear-combraic*, Son of
mighty *Cormac*; fair are thy Cheeks of Youth,
and strong thy Arm of War. Prepare the Feast,
and slay the Deer; send round the Shell of Joy:
Three Days we feast together; we fight on the
fourth, Son of *Cormac*.

Why should I sheath my Sword, Son of the
noble *Combfeadan?* Yield to me, Son of Battle,
and raise my Fame in *Erin*.

Raise thou my Tomb, O *Muirnin*! If *Fear-combraic* fall by thy Steel, place my bright Sword by my Side, in the Tomb of the lonely Hill.

We fight by the Noise of the Stream, *Muirnin*! wield thy Steel.

Swords sound on Helmets, sound on Shields; Brass clashes, clatters, rings, Sparkles buzz; Shivers fly; Death bounds from Mail to Mail. As leaps a Stone from Rock to Rock, so Blow succeeds to Blow. Their Eyes dart Fire; their Nostrils blow: They leap, they thrust, they wound.

Slowly, slowly falls the Blade of *Muirnin*, Son of War. He sinks, his Armour rings, he cries, I die, *Fear-combraic*, I die.

And falls the bravest of Men the Chief of *Innisballin*! Stretch wide the Sail; ascend the Wave, and bring the Youth to *Erin*. Deep on the Hills of *Erin* is the Sigh of Maids. For thee, my Foe, I mourn: Thou art the Grief of *Fear-combraic*.

Rise, ye Winds of the sounding Hill; sigh over the Fall of *Muirnin*! Weep, *Diorma*, for the Hero; weep, Maid of the Arms of Snow; appear like the Sun in Rain; move in Tears along the Shore!

Aodan saw the Fall of *Muirnin*, and drew the sounding Bow: The grey-winged Arrow flew, and pierced the Breast of *Fear-combraic*. *Aodan*, said *Fear-combraic*, where was the Sword of War? Where was the Spear of thy Strength, when thus thou hast slain *Fear-combraic*? Raise, gloomy Youth,

Youth, raise thou our Tombs! I will rest with
the Chief of *Innisballin*.

Who is that on the Hill like a Sun-beam in a
Storm? Who is that with the heaving Breasts,
which are like two Wreaths of Snow? Thy blue
Eyes roll in Tears, thou Daughter of mighty
Connaid! Thy Hair flies round thy Temples, as
the Mist on the Rocks of *Arduen*. Thy Robe
flows on the Heath, Daughter of Grief, *Diormal*!
He is fallen on the Hill like a Stream of Light in
a Cloud. No more shall he hear thy Voice like
the Sound of the String of Music. The Strength
of the War is gone; the Cheek of Youth is
pale.

FRAGMENT XIV. *

CUCHULOID sat by the Wall; by the Tree
of the rustling Leaf †. His Spear leaned
against the mossy Rock. His Shield lay by him
on the Grass. Whilst he thought on the mighty
Carbre whom he slew in Battle, the Scout of the
Ocean came, *Moran* the Son of *Fithil*.

Rise, *Cuchulaid*, rise! I see the Ships of *Garve*.
Many are the Foe, *Cuchulaid*; many the Sons of
Lochlyn.

* This is the Opening of the Epic Poem men-
tioned in the Preface. The two following Frag-
ments are Parts of some Episodes of the same Work.

† The Aspen or Poplar Tree.

Moran! thou ever tremblest; thy Fears increase the Foe. They are the Ships of the Desert of Hills arrived to assist *Cuchulaid*.

I saw their Chief, says *Moran*, tall as a Rock of Ice. His Spear is like that Fir; his Shield like the rising Moon. He sat upon a Rock on the Shore, as a grey Cloud upon the Hill. Many, mighty Man! I said, many are our Heroes; *Garve*, well art thou named [1], many are the Sons of our King.

He answered like a Wave on the Rock; who is like me here? The Valiant live not with me; they go to the Earth from my Hand. The King of the Desert of Hills alone can fight with *Garve*. Once we wrestled on the Hill. Our Heels overturned the Wood. Rocks fell from their Place, and Rivulets changed their Course. Three Days we strove together; Heroes stood at a Distance, and feared. On the fourth, the King saith that I fell; but *Garve* saith, he stood. Let *Cuchulaid* yield to him that is strong as a Storm.

No. I will never yield to Man. *Cuchulaid* will conquer or die. Go, *Moran*, take my Spear; strike the Shield of *Caitbbait* which hangs before the Gate. It never rings in Peace. My Heroes shall hear on the Hill.—

[1] *Garve* signifies a Man of great Size.

FRAGMENT XV.

DUCHOMMAR, MORNA.

DUCHOMMAR.

[u] **M**ORNA, thou fairest of Women,
 Daughter of *Cormac-Cairbre*? why in
 the Circle of Stones, in the Cave of the Rock,
 alone? The Stream murmureth hoarsely. The
 Blast groaneth in the aged Tree. The Lake is
 troubled before thee. Dark are the Clouds of
 the Sky. But thou art like Snow on the Heath.
 Thy Hair like a thin Cloud of Gold on the Top
 of *Cromleacb*. Thy Breasts like two smooth
 Rocks on the Hill which is seen from the Stream
 of *Brannuin*. Thy Arms, as two white Pillars
 in the Hall of *Fingal*.

Morna. Whence the Son of *Mugruch*, *Du-
 chommar* the most gloomy of Men? Dark are
 thy Brows of Terror. Red thy rolling Eyes.
 Does *Garve* appear on the Sea? What of the Foe,
Duchommar?

[u] The Signification of the Names in this Frag-
 ment are *Duchommar*, a black well shaped Man;
Murine or *Morna*, a Woman beloved by all. *Cormac-
 Cairbre*, an unequalled and rough Warrior. *Crom-
 leab*, a crooked Hill. *Mugruch*, a surly gloomy
 Man. *Tarman*, Thunder. *Moinie*, soft in Temper
 and Person.

Duchom-

Duchommar. From the Hill I return, O *Morna*, from the Hill of the flying Deer. Three have I slain with my Bow; three with my panting Dogs. Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre*, I love thee as my Soul. I have slain a Deer for thee. High was his branchy Head; and fleet his Feet of Wind.

Morna. Gloomy Son of *Mugruch*, *Duchommar*! I love thee not: Hard is thy Heart of Rock; Dark thy terrible Brow. But *Cadmor* the Son of *Tarman*, thou art the Love of *Morna*! thou art like a Sun-beam on the Hill, in the Day of the gloomy Storm. Sawest thou the Son of *Tarman*, lovely on the Hill of the Chase? Here the Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre* waiteth the coming of *Cadmor*.

Duchommar. And long shall *Morna* wait. His Blood is on my Sword. I met him by the mossy Stone, by the Oak of the noisy Stream. He fought; but I slew him; his Blood is on my Sword. High on the Hill I will raise his Tomb, Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre*. But love thou the Son of *Mugruch*; his Arm is strong as a Storm.

Morna. And is the Son of *Tarman* fallen; the Youth with the Breast of Snow! The first in the Chase of the Hill; the Foe of the Sons of the Ocean!—*Duchommar*, thou art gloomy indeed; cruel is thy Arm to me.—But give me that Sword, Son of *Mugruch*; I love the Blood of *Cadmor*!

[He

[He gives her the Sword, with which she instantly stabs him.]

Duchommar. Daughter of *Cormac-Carbre*, thou hast pierced *Duchommar*! the Sword is cold in my Breast; thou hast killed the Son of *Mugruch*. Give me to *Moinie* the Maid; for much she loved *Duchommar*. My Tomb she will raise on the Hill; the Hunter shall see it, and praise me.— But draw the Sword from my Side, *Morna*; I feel it cold.—

[Upon her coming near him, he stabs her. As she fell, she plucked a Stone from the Side of a Cave, and placed it betwixt them, that his Blood might not be mingled with hers.]

FRAG-

FRAGMENT XVI.

[x] **W**HERE is *Gealchossa* my Love, the Daughter of *Tuathal-Teachbuar* ! I left her in the Hall of the Plain, when I fought with the hairy *Ulfadba*. Return soon, she said, O *Lamderg* ! for here I wait in Sorrow. Her white Breast rose with Sighs ; her Cheek was wet with Tears. But she cometh not to meet *Lamderg*, or sooth his Soul after Battle. Silent is the Hall of Joy ; I hear not the Voice of the Singer. *Brann* does not shake his Chains at the Gate, glad at the coming of his Master. Where is *Gealchossa* my Love, the Daughter of *Tuathal-Teachbuar* ?

Lamderg ! says *Firchios* Son of *Aydon*, *Gealchossa* may be on the Hill ; she and her chosen Maids pursuing the flying Deer.

Firehoise ! no Noise I hear. No Sound in the Wood of the Hill. No Deer fly in my Sight ; no panting Dog pursueth. I see not *Gealchossa* my Love ; fair as the full Moon setting on the the Hills of *Cromleach*. Go, *Firchios* ! go to

[x] The Signification of the Names in this Fragment are ; *Gealchossack*, white legged. *Tuathal-Teachtmbar*, the surly, but fortunate Man. *Lamdderg*, Bloody-hand. *Ulfadba*, Long-beard. *Firchios*, the Conqueror of Men.

Allad

Allad [y], the Grey-haired Son of the Rock. He liveth in the Circle of Stones; he may tell of *Gealchoffa*.

Allad! saith *Firchios*, thou who dwellest in the Rock; thou who tremblest alone; what saw thine Eyes of Age?

I saw, answered *Allad* the Old, *Ulin*, the Son of *Carbre*: He came like a Cloud from the Hill; he hummed a furlly Song as he came, like a Storm in leafless Wood. He entered the Hall of the Plain. *Lamderg*, he cried, most dreadful of Men! Fight, or yield to *Ulin*. *Lamderg*, replied *Gealchoffa*, *Lamderg* is not here; he fights the Hairy *Ulfadha*; mighty Man, he is not here. But *Lamderg* never yields; he will fight the Son of *Carbre*. Lovely art thou, O Daughter of *Tuathal-Teachvar*! said *Ulin*. I carry thee to the House of *Carbre*; the Valiant shall have *Gealchoffa*. Three Days from the Top of *Cromleach* will I call *Lamderg* to fight. The fourth, you belong to *Ulin*, if *Lamderg* die, or fly my Sword.

Allad! Peace to thy Dreams!----found the Horn, *Firchios*!---*Ulin* may hear, and meet me on the Top of *Cromleach*.

Lamderg rushed on like a Storm. On his Spear he leaped over Rivers. Few were his Strides up the Hill. The Rocks fly back from

[y] *Allad* is plainly a Druid consulted on this Occasion.

his

his Heels; loud crashing they bound to the Plain. His Armour, his Buckler rung. He hummed a furly Song like the Noise of the falling Stream. Dark as a Cloud he stood above; his Arms, like Meteors, shone. From the Summit of the Hill, he rolled a Rock. *Ullin* heard in the Hall of *Carbre*.—

A N

AN
ACCOUNT
OF
RUSSIA,

AS IT WAS

IN THE YEAR 1710.

BY

CHARLES LORD WHITWORTH.

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ROBERT H. COHEN

AND

JOHN H. COHEN

Advertisement.

THE following short but curious Account of the *Russian* Empire, as it began to emerge from Barbarism in the Year 1710, cannot but be acceptable to the Public, from the curiosity of the Subject, and from the Merit of the Performance. Lord *Molesworth's* Account of the Revolution in *Denmark*, which totally overturned the Constitution of that Country, is one of our Standard Books. Lord *Whitworth's* little Treatise will throw considerable Lights upon the Formation of the *Muscovite* Power, and upon the Plans of that extraordinary Genius, *Peter* the Great. Each Author shews what lasting Benefits Embassadors and foreign Ministers might confer on Mankind, beyond the temporary Utility of negotiating and sending Intelligence.

Our Author *Charles* Lord *Whitworth*, was Son of *Richard Whitworth*, Esq; of *Blowerpipe* in *Staffordshire*, who about the Time of the Revolution, had settled at *Adbaston*. He married *Anne Moseley*, Niece of Sir *Oswald Moseley*, of *Cheshire*, by whom he had six Sons and a Daughter. *Charles*; *Richard*, Lieutenant-colonel of the Queen's own royal Regiment of Horse; *Edward*, Captain of a Man of War; *Gerard*,
one

164 A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

one of the Chaplains to King *George* the First; *John*, Captain of Dragoons; *Francis*, Surveyor-general of his Majesty's Woods, and Secretary of the Island of *Barbadoes*, Father of *Charles Whitworth*, Esq; Member in the present Parliament for *Mine-head*, in *Somersetshire*: and *Anne*, married to *Tracey Pauncefort*, Esq; of *Lincolnshire*.

Charles, the eldest Son, was bred under that accomplished Minister and Poet, Mr. *Stepney*, and having attended him through several Courts of *Germany*, was, in the Year 1702, appointed Resident at the Diet of *Ratisbon*. In 1704, He was named Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of *Petersburgh*, as he was sent Embassador Extraordinary thither on a more solemn and important Occasion in 1710. M. de *Matueof*, the *Czar's* Minister at *London*, had been arrested in the public Street by two Bailiffs, at the Suit of some Tradesmen to whom he was in Debt. This Affront had like to have been attended with very serious Consequences. The *Czar*, who had been absolute enough to civilize Savages, had no Idea, could conceive none, of the Privileges of a Nation civilized in the only rational Manner, by Laws and Liberties. He demanded immediate and severe Punishment of the Offenders: He demanded it of a Princess whom he thought interested to assert the Sacredness of the Persons of Monarchs, even in their Representatives; and he demanded it with Threats of wrecking his Vengeance on all *English* Merchants and Subjects established

established in his Dominions. In this Light the Menace was formidable——otherwise, happily the Rights of a whole People were more sacred *here* than the Persons of foreign Ministers. The *Czar's* Memorials urged the Queen with the Satisfaction which she had extorted herself, when only the Boat and Servants of the Earl of *Manchester* had been insulted at *Venice*. That State had broken through their fundamental Laws to content the Queen of *Great-Britain*. How noble a Picture of Government, when a Monarch that can force another Nation to infringe its Constitution, dare not violate his own! One may imagine with what Difficulties our Secretaries of State must have laboured through all the Ambages of Phrase in *English, French, German* and *Russ*, to explain to *Muscovite* Ears and *Muscovite* Understandings, the Meaning of Indictments, Pleadings, Precedents, Juries and Verdicts [z]; and how impatiently *Peter* must have listened to Promises of a Hearing next Term! With what Astonishment must he have beheld a great Queen, engaging to endeavour to prevail on her Parliament to pass an Act to prevent any such Outrage for the future! What Honour does it reflect on the Memory of that Princess to see her not blush to own to an arbitrary Emperor, that even to

[z] Mr. *Dayrolles* in his Letter to the *Russian* Ambassador, *March* 10, 1705, gives him a particular Account of the Trial before the Lord Chief Justice *Holt*.

Vide *Motley's Life of Peter I.* Vol. II. p. 57.

appease

appease *him* She dared not put the meanest of her Subjects to Death uncondemned by Law! "There are," says she [a], in one of her Dispatches to him, "insuperable Difficulties with respect to the antient and fundamental Laws of the Government of our People, which we fear do not permit so severe and rigorous a Sentence to be given, as your imperial Majesty, at first seemed to expect in this Case: and we persuade our Self, that your Imperial Majesty, who are a Prince famous for Clemency and for exact Justice, will not require us, *who are the Guardian and Protectress of the Laws*, to inflict a Punishment upon our Subjects, which the Law does not empower us to do." Words so venerable and heroic, that this Broil ought to become History, and be exempted from the Oblivion due to the silly Squabbles of Embassadors and their Privileges. If *Anne* deserved Praise for her Conduct on this Occasion, it reflects still greater Glory on *Peter*, that this ferocious Man had Patience to listen to these Details, and had Moderation and Justice enough to be persuaded by the Reason of them.

Mr. *Whitworth* had the Honour of terminating this Quarrel. In 1714, he was appointed Plenipotentiary to the Diet of *Ausbourg* and *Ratisbon*; in 1716, Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of *Prussia*. In 1717, Envoy Extraordinary to the *Hague*. In 1719, He re-

[a] *Motley's Life of Peter I.* Vol. II. p. 67.

turned in his former Character to *Berlin*; and in 1721, the late King rewarded his long Services and Fatigues by creating him Baron *Whitworth* of *Galway* in the Kingdom of *Ireland*, the Preamble of his Patent enumerating many of his Virtues and Labours, being as follows:

CUM alii homines re aliâ clari inclytique sese Nobis commendaverint, laud minorem tamen vel sibi met gloriam acquirere, vel Regnis nostris utilitatem conferre eos existimamus, qui res nostras apud principis statusque externos prudenter feliciterque administrant. Inter hosce quidem eminentissimum tum longinquo usu atque exercitatione, tum solertiâ quadam singulari fidelis & dilectus nobis *Carolus Whitworth* Armiger. Variis in aulis externis persunctis muneribus sese antecessoribus nostris gloriosæ memoriæ, *Gulielmo Tertio Regi*, *Reginæque Annæ* perspectum imprimis comprobatumque reddidit. In Comitibus *Ratisbonensibus*, in *Aulâ Cæsareo-Germanicâ*, atque apud *Czarum Muscoviæ* temporibus difficillimis res maximi momenti semper cum laude tractavit, ac meritis suis eximiiis summos honores rerum exterarum curatoribus tribui solitos, legati scilicet extraordinarii et Plenipotentiarii characterem consecutus est. Ita ornatum, ita commendatum nos eum accepimus, ac proinde ejus operâ in arduis compluribus negociis tanto cum nostro commodo tantoque omnium plausu usi sumus, ut testimonio aliquo illustri ejus virtutes, intemeratam præcipuè fidem et constantiam, remunerandas esse censuerimus; et cum Majestatem imperii

perii nostri deceat, tum rebus tractandis pondus aliquod adjiciat nobilitatis splendor atque amplitudo, nos prædictum Carolum Whitworth, quem legati nostri extraordinarii ac plenipotentiarii titulis insignivimus ad tractatus pacis in congressu Brunsvicensi proximo celebrandos, qui in Aulâ Berolinensi, atque apud Ordines Generales Uniti Belgii, plenâ potentiâ res nostras procurat, ad dignitatem gradumque Baronis in Regno nostro Hiberniæ promovendum esse statuimus: Sciatis igitur, &c.

The next Year his Lordship was entrusted with the Affairs of *Great Britain* at the Congress of *Cambray*, in the Character of Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. He returned Home in 1724, and died the next Year at his House in *Gerard-street, London*. His Body was interred in *Westminster-Abbey*.

These short memorials, communicated to me by his Family without any Ostentation, are all I have been able to recover of a Man so useful to his Country; who, besides the following little Piece, which must retrieve and preserve his Character from Oblivion, has left many Volumes of State-letters and Papers in the Possession of his Relations. One little Anecdote of him I was told by the late Sir *Luke Schaub*, who had it from himself: Lord *Whitworth* had had a personal Intimacy with the famous *Czarina Catherine*, at a Time when her Favours were not purchased nor rewarded at so extravagant a Rate as that of a Diadem.

Diadem. When he had compromised the Rupture between the Court of *England* and the *Czar*, He was invited to a Ball at Court, and taken out to dance by the *Czarina*. As they began the Minuet, She squeezed him by the Hand, and said in a Whisper, *Have you forgot little Kate?*

It is to be lamented that so agreeable a Writer as Lord *Whitworth*, has not left us more ample Accounts of this memorable Woman. Even his Portrait of her Lord is not detailed enough to satisfy our Curiosity. How striking a Picture might an Author of Genius form from the Contrast exhibited to *Europe* by four extraordinary Men at the same Period! *Peter* recalled that Image of the Founders of Empires, of whom we read with much Satisfaction and much Incredulity in ancient Story. *Charles* the Twelfth, of those frantic Heroes of Poesy, of whom we read with perhaps more Satisfaction and no Credulity at all. *Romulus* and *Achilles* filled Half our Gazettes, while *Lewis* the Fourteenth was treading to Universal Monarchy with all the Pomp and Policy of these latter Ages. *William* the Third was opposing this modern *Xerxes* with the same Arts; and (with perhaps a little of *Charles's* Jealousy) had the good Fortune to have his Quarrel confounded with that of *Europe*. While *Peter* tamed his Savages, raised Cities, invited Arts, converted Forests into Fleets, *Charles* was trying to recall the Improvements of War to its first Principle, brutal Strength; fancying that the Weight of the *Turkish* Empire was to be overturned by a

single Arm, and that heroic Obstinacy might be a Counterpoize to Gun-power.

A Philosopher in these four Men saw at once the great Outlines of what the World had been, and of what it is.

Lord *Whitworth's* MS. was communicated to me by *Richard Owen, Cambridge, Esq;* having been purchased by him in a very curious Sett of Books, collected by *Monfieur Zolman*, Secretary to the late *Stephen Poyntz, Esq;* This little Library relates solely to *Russian* History and Affairs, and contains in many Languages every Thing that perhaps has been written on that Country. Mr. *Cambridge's* known Benevolence, and his Disposition to encourage every useful Undertaking, has made him willing to throw open this Magazine of Curiosity to whoever is inclined to compile a History, or elucidate the Transactions of an Empire, almost unknown even to its Contemporaries.

A N
A C C O U N T
O F
R U S S I A

In the Y E A R 1710.

THE Country of *Russian* has formerly been so little frequented by Foreigners, and their Share in the Affairs of *Europe* so inconsiderable, that to form any just Notion thereof it may be of Use in the present Juncture, to give some general Account of the *Czar's* Dominions, Revenues, and Forces, which may serve as a Ground-work, to judge more properly of whatever may happen in the Course of this War.

The Empire of *Muscovy* is at present of a vast Extent, bounded on the North by the *Ice-sea*, and the unknown Tracts near the Pole, on the East and South-East by *Cbind*, *Great Tartary*, the *Usbecque Tartars*, and *Persia*; on the South by Part of *Turkey*, *Poland* and *Lithuania*, and

on the West by the *Baltick-sea*, *Sweden* and *Lap-land*: A Territory almost equal in *Com-
Nature.* pass of Ground to the rest of *Europe*, but very short of several Kingdoms, in the Riches of the Country, and Number of the People: Most like the *American* Plantations on the Continent, the Banks of the several Rivers being tolerably inhabited, and Land enough tilled for the Necessity of Life and the Conveniency of their Trade, as is very obvious from the Frontiers of *Lithuania* to *Mosco*; for the Ground is only cleared in Proportion to the Largeness of the Towns or Villages on the Road, and the rest Wood on all Sides. In the Southern Parts are very large unfrequented Plains of several hundred Miles, extremely fruitful in Grass, and all Sorts of sweet Herbs and Flowers, but wanting in Wood and good Water, and exposed to the sudden Inroads of the *Tartars*, against which no Peace or Treaty is any Security.

The Soil is different in Nature and Goodness according to the Climate: That about *Mosco* is sandy and not very fruitful, but *Climate.* sufficiently supplied by the Convenience of the Rivers in Summer, and Cheapness of sled Carriage in the Winter, which generally lasts there about six Months.

The Inhabitants are chiefly those called *Muscovites*, the rest swell the Bulk, but *Inhabitants.* add little to the Strength of the Country; the *Laplanders* and *Samoiedes* being too heavy and dispirited; the several Nations of *Tartars*

too wild, and the *Cossacks* too full of Freedom and Privilege to be of any great Advantage.

The *Laplanners* and *Samoiedes* are dispersed all along the large Woods on the *White* and *Ice Sea*; their Stature is low, their Figure very disagreeable, their Apprehension and Understanding scarce above that of Brutes, and their Religion, if any at all, little understood by those who frequent them. Their Food is generally raw Fish, or whatever they kill or find dead, without Distinction; they are of Use to the *Muscovites* in their Seal-fishery about *Nova Zembla*; and pay the *Czar* a small Tribute of Furs.

*Laplanners
and
Samoiedes.*

The Kingdoms of *Siberia* and *Daury* were first entered by some *Russian* Malefactors who fled from Justice in the Time of *John Basilowitz*, but on this Discovery received their Pardons, and being seconded by some Soldiers made several Settlements on the nearest Rivers; which by Degrees have been extended to the Frontiers of *China*, the last Fortrefs of the *Czar's* Dominions called *Nerczinsk*, being built on the River *Amur* which falls into the *South-Sea*; the original Inhabitants of these wide Countries were several Sorts of *Tartars*, who living in little Hordes or Companies under distinct Governments, like the *Indian* Nations in *America*, were easily subdued; near the *Russian* Plantations, they have learned to dwell in Houses, to till the Ground, and pay the *Czar* an Annual Tribute of Furs, as Sables, Foxes and Ermines:

*Tartars of
Siberia and
Daury.*

The other *Tartars*, who continue to range about with their Tents, do not acknowledge the *Czar's* Sovereignty, and are often troublesome in little Parties, though not capable of making any great Impression.

Casan and *Astracan* were *Tartarian* Kingdoms, who once made the *Muscovites* tributary, and several Times brought that Government to the brink of Ruin; but were entirely subdued by *John Basilewitz*, the first in 1552, and the other in 1554: After which he built several Towns on the *Volga*, strengthened them with good Garrisons, and sent Colonies of his own People to *Casan* and *Astracan*, who to this Day do not suffer any *Tartarians* to settle within the Walls.

The *Czeremesses* and *Morduars* possess a large Tract of Land between *Nisen-Nowogrod* and *Casan*, on both Sides of the River *Volga*; they live in Houses, follow Husbandry, and pay the *Czar* Taxes and Services as his other Subjects, but never furnish Recruits to the War.

The *Baskirs* are a powerful Nation, extended from *Casan* to the Frontiers of *Siberia*; they have some Villages, but maintain their old Freedom, and rebelled in 1707, when the *Czar's* Officers would have loaded them with new Impositions, and forced several of them to be baptized: They were appeased by the Shew of Force, and redress'd their Grievances.

The rest of the Country to *Astracan* and the Frontiers of the *Usbecques*, is haunted by the *Calmucks*, and other Hordes, who remove with their Tents according to the Season and Convenience of Subsistence: The *Czar* makes them Presents every Year of Cloth, Money, and some Arms; and in Return they are obliged to serve him in his Wars without Pay, which they sufficiently make up to themselves, by plundering Friends and Foes wherever they march; the greatest Number which has of late appeared in Arms for the *Czar*, was about twelve Thousand, who coming eight Days after the Battle of *Poltowa*, were dismissed back again, only about two Thousand were sent into *Livonia*. The Religion of the *Tartars* is either *Mabometan* or *Heathen*, in which they have been left undisturbed by the *Czar* and his Ancestors.

The *Cossacks* are distinguished into three Sorts, known by the Places where they first settled themselves; but are all of the same Nation, Language, Religion, and Form of Government. They were originally *Polish* Peasants, formed into a Militia under their own Officers and Discipline, and placed in the fruitful Plains of the *Ukraine*, to secure the Frontiers of the Common-wealth against the *Tartars*; after some Years they increased prodigiously in Number and Riches, and could no longer bear the Indignities of the *Polish* Nobility, who affected to treat them as their Slaves on all Occasions;

this Usage was the Rise of several bloody Wars, with different Success.

In one of the first, the *Cossacks* being worsted, several of them, rather than submit to the Yoke, removed from the *Ukraine* to the unfrequented Banks of the *Don*, or *Tanais*, where they begun a new Plantation. In the Year 1637, another Detachment on the same Occasion resolved to seek their Fortune as far as the *Caspian* Sea, but in their Passage were persuaded by their old Countrymen on the *Don*, to stop short and join in an Attempt against *Asoph*, which they took the same Year and kept till 1642, when the *Turks* approaching with a great Army, and the *Muscovites* refusing them timely Succours, they burnt the Place, and fixed the Seat of their little Common-wealth at *Circasky*, a Town on an Island in the *Don*: Sometime after they put themselves under the Protection of the *Muscovites*; and had lately thirty-nine Towns on that River, from *Rybna* to *Asoph*, most of them on the North-East Side: The Country is generally without Trees, but fruitful to a Wonder in Grass, Flowers, sweet Herbs, wild Asparagus, &c. They sow very little Corn, that being only the Employment of their Slaves; nor do they eat much Bread, Roots, or Herbs; their chief Diet being Fish, Flesh, and Fruits; their Riches consist in Cattle, Horses, Dromedaries and Camels; in their Houses and Cloathes they are generally neater than the *Muscovites*; their Religion is after the *Greek*, or Eastern Church; they have very few

few Tradesmen, or Artificers ; Arms are their Employment and Delight, which in Times of Peace they exercise by Parties against their constant Enemies, the *Calmuck*, *Cuban*, and *Crim Tartars* ; and in Time of open War against the *Turks* on the *Palus Mæotis*. Their Government is a Sort of military Democracy ; their chief *Hetman*, or Colonel over all, keeps his Residence at *Circasky* : He is elected in a general Meeting of the Captains and civil Officers of the Nation, but is confirmed by the *Czar*, and then his Employment lasts for Life, which he often loses on an unfortunate Expedition, or other Tumult : Every Town is like a little Commonwealth, and has its own *Hetman*, or Captain, chosen Yearly, who has the Care of all Business Civil and Military, and in the Field acts as Captain of his own Community : They are left in Possession of their old Laws and Customs, pay the *Czar* no Tribute, furnish no Recruits, and are only bound to appear in Arms at their own Charge when summoned : But on the contrary their Captains used to receive yearly Presents from his Treasury of Cloth, Money and Corn ; they have very great Privileges, one of the most considerable was the Freedom of any Peasant or Slave, who being once in their Country could not be reclaimed by his Master, or the *Muscovite* Government ; and on this Account vast Numbers of Deserters sheltered themselves here in the present War, of which the *Czar* being informed, Prince *Dolgoruki* was sent four Years ago with twelve

hundred Men to search them out: He found some hundreds, but not being on his Guard was in his Return attacked by the *Cossack's* and cut to Pieces with all his People; this occasioned a general Revolt, and employed the *Czar* about ten thousand Men near two Years, in which Troubles many of their Towns were burnt, and no Quarter given to Man, Woman, or Child; besides several Hundreds who were publicly executed at *Veronitz*: This has very much dispeopled the Country, and made the Name of *Muscovy* odious to the rest. In their most flourishing Condition, they might be reckoned at fifteen thousand Men fit to bear Arms.

The *Cossacks* of the *Ukraine*, are much more numerous and considerable, their Dominions extending several hundred Miles between the Rivers *Boristbenes*, or *Neiper*, and the *Don*; in 1654, they, with their *Hetman*, on ill Usage, revolted from *Poland*, and put themselves under the *Czar's* Protection, giving him up *Chioff*, *Czernicboff*, and several other strong Towns, as Pledges of their Fidelity. This Country is extremely well peopled, and tilled; their Towns are many, all fortified with a dry Ditch, earthen Wall, and Palisadoes; the Villages are large and neatly built with Wood, they drive a great Trade in Hemp, Pot-ash, Wax, Corn, and Cattle; they live in much Ease and Plenty, enjoying the same Privileges as those on the *Don*, which with their Riches, drew upon them the Envy of the *Muscovite* Nobility and Govern-

Government, who by Degrees made several In-
 croachments on their Liberties; and from hence
 sprung an universal Discontent, and the Revolt
 of *Mazeppa* to the King of *Sweden*; which being
 ill managed, the Residence Town of *Bathurin*.
 was immediately taken and burnt, and above six
 thousand Persons put to the Sword without Dis-
 tinction of Age or Sex.

The *Zaporovian Cossacks*, are just of the same
 Temper and Manner of Life with
 those on the *Don*; they are so called
 from the Falls in the River *Boristhenes*,
 about which they seated themselves chiefly for
 their greater Security and Convenience of their
 Incursions against the *Turks* and *Tartars*: When
 the *Cossacks* of the *Ukraine*, discouraged by the
 severe Execution at *Bathurin*, sat still, these open-
 ly declared for *Mazeppa*, and continued firm to
 him to the last; two or three Thousand followed
 his Fortune to *Bender*, and are still with the King
 of *Sweden*; most of the rest were cut to Pieces,
 so that the Remains of that Name are at present
 very inconsiderable.

From these Accounts it is plain the *Czar's*
 Strength must be chiefly computed
 from his national *Muscovites*, from
 whence alone his regular Forces are formed and
 maintained, if you expect some few Contributi-
 ons from the *Morduars* and *Czeremess Tartars*,
 who by Degrees have been civilized and
 subjected. The highest and most proba-
 ble Computation of their Numbers is, by

*Cossacks of
 the Zapa-
 rob, or Falls.*

Muscovites.

*Their Num-
 bers.*

Houses

180 A N A C C O U N T

Houfes that contribute to the War	}	884000
in Money,		
Houfes that contribute towards	}	424000
Carriages and Provisions		

Houfes 1,308,000

Souls.

Which, at a medium of five	}	6,540,000
Persons to a Houfe, make		

I have feen another by which the Empire was divided into eighty-four Parts, for raifing the *Czar's* Fleet in 1697 :

Each Part reckoned at	—	—	—	Houfes.	10,000
				In all,	840,000

Souls.

At five Perfons <i>per</i> Houfe,	—	—	4,200,000
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These Calculations comprehend all the *Muscovites* and their feveral Colonies from *Cbioff* to *China*, and the *Ice Sea*.

As the Ground lies in moft Parts untilled, and the Improvement of every Gentleman's Revenue is the Number of his Peafants, or Subjects; it has been the old Maxim of the *Muscovite* Officers, in all their fucceffful Wars, to carry of as many of the People as they could, and plant them on their own Eftates : Several Towns on the *Wolga*, are the Fruits of their former Expeditions in *Poland*, and *Litwania* ; and they have at prefent drained

drained above one third of the Inhabitants from *Ingria* and *Livonia*, and settled whole Villages of them in the Southern Parts towards *Veronitz*, who finding their new Slavery easier than their old, the Earth more fruitful, and the Climate more gentle, would, I believe, never return back, though left at Liberty; an irreparable Loss to the King of *Sweden*, if ever those Provinces should return to their former Master. *Ingria* has in some Measure been re-peopled by Colonies of *Muscovites*: Most of the great Families now in being are of foreign Extraction; as the *Galiczys*, *Apraxins*, *Nareskins*, &c. from *Poland*; the *Circaskys* from *Tartary*; and the *Czar* prides himself in a *Prussian* Original.

They are divided into three Ranks, the Nobility, called **KNEAS**; the Gentry, called **DUORNINS**, and the **PEASANTS**. Degrees.

The **KNEAS**, or **Dukes**, were anciently Heads of the little Governments into which this Country was divided, but were all Nobility. subdued in Time by the Princes of *Volodomir*, who translated their Residence to *Mosco*, and took upon them the Title of **WELIKI KNEAS**, or *Great Duke*: The Races of these Families still retain their ancient Title, and several *Poles* transplanted thither, as they became considerable, assumed the same Mark of Distinction, on Pretence of being descended from their **WAY-WODES**, or *Palatines*. This Title is differently respected, according to the Revenue or Employment of the Person; for those **Dukes** who sub-
mitted

mitted on Condition, and received Estates in Exchange for their petty Sovereignties, still continue in some Splendor; others have raised themselves again by their civil or military Service, while the rest are reduced to the lowest Poverty and Contempt: And two Years ago, there were near three hundred *Kneas* common Soldiers in Prince *Menzicoff's* Regiment of Dragoons. To remedy the Confusion of this Title, the *Czar* has begun since his Progress to make some Alterations: His late first Minister *Golowin*, and General *Gordon*, were made Counts by the Emperor; *Alexander Menzicoff* his Favourite, was made Prince of the Empire, four Years ago: But the *Czar's* Ambition increasing with his Success, he thought of bestowing his own Honours, and soon after created Prince *Menzicoff* Duke of *Ingria*. When Monsieur *Goloskin*, his present first Minister and Great Chancellor, was made a Count by the Emperor, he received soon after the same Title from the *Czar*, who has since made his High Admiral *Apraxin*, and Lord Privy-seal *Sotoff*, both Counts, without any Recourse to the Imperial Court, and designs by Degrees to introduce the Title of Barons and Knights; he has already instituted an Order of Knighthood in Honour of St. *Andrew*, who wear a blue Ribband and Star in Imitation of the Garter.

The *DUORNINS* are Country Gentlemen, most whereof hold their Lands by Knights Service, to appear in War on *Gentry*.
Horse-back; formerly it was sufficient to send a
Man

Man well armed and mounted, but the present *Czar* makes them or their Sons serve in Person, if they cannot buy Interest enough with his Ministers to be excused: When they appear in the Field, they are not allowed a Servant, though they may be masters of some hundred Peasants, and are obliged to do all the Duties of common Soldiers; but their greatest Mortification is, that such of their Peasants as will but list Volunteers, are immediately declared Freemen, and in equal Consideration with their Masters, though the Point of Honour has not yet prevailed so far, as to give many Instances of this Nature. Such of the *Duornins* as live on their Estates, and are far from *Mosco*, are at much Ease, and give themselves great Airs, though they are again as humble and submissive to the chief Nobility and Officers; for this Country is the perfect Model of *Bayes's* Grand-dance, where every one has his Share of Slavery and Worship; except

The PEASANTS, who are perfect Slaves, subject to the arbitrary Power of their Lords and transferred with Goods and Chattels; they can call nothing their own, which makes them very lazy, and when their Master's Task is done, and a little Bread and Firing provided for the Year, the great Business of their Life is over, the rest of their Time being idled or slept away, and yet they live content, a couple of earthen Pots, a wooden Platter, wooden Spoon and Knife, are all their Household Goods; their Drink is Water; their Food Oatmeal, Bread, Salt,

Salt, Mushrooms, and Roots, on great Days a little Fish, or Milk, if it is not a Fast; but Flesh very rarely; thus mere Custom in them shames the pretended Austerities of Philosophy and false Devotion, and fits them admirably for the Fatigues of War, which, if once familiar by Use and Discipline, will certainly advance far in a People, who go as unconcerned to Death, or Torments, and have as much passive Valour as any Nation in the World.

Their Religion is the Eastern or *Greek Church*, still more corrupted by Ignorance and Superstition; they think to satisfy the second Commandment by allowing no carved Images, but their Churches are filled with miserable Paintings without Shade or Perspective, and yet some of those Drawings, as well as the finer Strokes of the *Italian Pencils*, are said to be the Work of Angels; particularly a celebrated Piece of the *Virgin Mary* with three Hands, which is preserved in the Monastery of *Jerusalem*, about thirty Miles from *Mosco*: The Respect paid to these Pictures is the grossest kind of Idolatry, and makes up a principal Part of their Devotion; to these they bow and cross themselves; every Child has its own Patron Saint allotted him at Baptism, and every Room its guardian Picture in a *Corner*, the *Russian Place of Honour*, to which Strangers pay their Reverence coming in, before they begin their Business, or take any Notice of the Company: These Representations are all called by the general

ral Name of BOG, or God. The rest of their
 Worship is in observing the Fasts, *Fasts.*
 which are four in the Year, besides
Wednesdays and *Fridays*, and very severe; in fre-
 quenting the Church, if nigh at Hand, once a
 Day, in lighting up Wax Candles to their Saints,
 and often repeating the GOSPODI PHOMELI, or
Lord have Mercy upon me, without any further
 Attention: Since the War, and frequent Voyages
 of their young Gentry, they begin to be less
 strict in their Fasts; the *Czar* himself eats Flesh
 on all of them in private Houses, but refrains
 from giving any Scandal in Public. Their
 Churches are very numerous, some of *Churches.*
 Stone, the rest of Wood, all built in
 the Form of a Cross, with five little Cupolas;
 every Nobleman's Seat has one; to build a Church
 being thought a meritorious Act, and laying a
 sort of Obligation on Heaven, though they are
 left at Liberty to frequent them. Their Parish
 Priests and Chaplains, are of the mean-
 est People, *Husbands of one Wife* in a *Secular*
Clergy.
 literal Explication of the Scripture;
 and when she died, the Priest was formerly ex-
 cluded from the Service, and obliged to turn
 Monk, or take up some sorry Trade for a Live-
 lihood; but this *Czar* allows them to continue in
 the under Offices of the Church; from this Pa-
 rentage and Condition, it is no wonder they are
 very ignorant, their utmost Education being to
 repeat their Service with a musical Accent, and
 to read a Chapter in the Bible, which being in
 the

the *Sclavonian* Language, is understood by very few of them; they never read the Old Testament in the Church, and much less allow it to be placed on the Altar. Their *regular and dignified Clergy.* Monks and dignified Clergy though almost equally Ignorant, except some few educated at *Chioff*, are in much greater Esteem, their Habits, Fasts, (for they never eat any Flesh, Gravity and continual Devotion, draw to them the Eyes and Veneration of the People, and their large Possessions formerly strengthened their temporal Interests so far, that the Patriarch *Nicbon* durst struggle with the *Czar's* Father for Independency, and was not kept under without great Disturbance. This Power has been so dangerous, that the present *Czar*, on the Death of the late Patriarch, sequestered the Office, committing the spiritual Administration to the Archbishop of *Rezan*, and the Management of the temporal Affairs to a Lay-commission, who have likewise the Disposal of the Abby Lands and Revenues, which he took away some Years ago on a pleasant Pretence; for the Abbots on his Enquiry, affecting to appear very poor, alledging, that they were scarce able to maintain their Monks though they confined themselves to the poor Pittance of *fifteen Rubles* a Year per Head; the *Czar* in a seeming Compassion told them, he would take Care of their Revenues, and double that Allowance; as he has done in Effect, which, besides the Annual Advantage of one hundred and fifty thousand Pounds Sterling

to

to his Treasury, has quite broke their Interest in the Country, where they have no more Freehold left, and their Peasants or Subjects, now immediately depend upon the *Czar's* Officers.

The Government is Absolute in the last Degree, not bound up by any Law or Custom, but depending on the Breath *Government.* of the Prince, by which the Lives and Fortunes of all the Subjects are decided; the common Compliment of the greatest Nobility being, I AM THY SLAVE, TAKE MY HEAD: However, such as are employed in the State have their Share of arbitrary Power, their Proceedings being without Appeal, all in the *Czar's* Name, which they often Abuse to satisfy their Avarice, Revenge, or other guilty Passions. For Right between private Men, they have writ- *Laws.* ten Laws and Precedents which they generally follow, though, without any Obligation, and their Methods are easy and short enough, could their Justice be Proof against the Temptation of a Bribe, which is seldom found in this Nation. The *Czars* *Administration.* used formerly to keep up the Veneration of their Subjects, by appearing very rarely, except in public Acts of Ceremony and Devotion, and then with a Solemnity suitable to the Occasion; while the *Bojars*, or privy Councillors disposed of the Empire at their Pleasure: But his present Majesty has broke through this formal Servitude, and omits no Occasion of exposing them and their Customs

Customs to the common People ; to weaken ancient-Families farther, he often obliges their Children to the meanest Service, as being common Soldiers in his Foot-guards, and raises Persons of no Extraction to the great Employments. The *Bojars*, or *privy Councillors*, had formerly the chief Direction of all the *Pricasses*, or Offices : The *Ocolnitzen* were their Assistants, being a lower Sort of privy Councillors, only admitted on extraordinary Occasions. The *Dumnoy* are the Judges of all the Processes, and the *Diacks*, the Secretaries: Every *Pricasse* was composed of those Officers, and had a sovereign Jurisdiction of Life and Death, independant one of another, which often caused no small Confusion ; they were above thirty in Number, for the several Branches or Provinces of the Empire, and though they are still kept up, yet the head Officers, as *Bojars* and *Ocholnitzen*, have been dropt by Degrees, and most of them left to the *Diack*, or Secretary. In 1710, the Czar fell upon a new Scheme, which in Time may cause great Alterations ; he has divided the Empire into eight Governments.

Mosco, with all its Dependencies, is given to Mr. *Stresnoff*, the President at War.

ARCHANGEL, to Prince *Galiczyn*, formerly Envoy at *Vienna*.

ASOPH and the Don, to Count *Apraxin*, High-Admiral.

CASAN and ASTRACAN, to Lieutenant-General *Apraxin*, his Brother.

CHIOFF and the UKRAINE, to Lieutenant-General *Galliczyn*, who was Commissary of War with the *Muscovite* Troops in *Saxony*.

SIBERIA, to Prince *Gagarin*.

LIVONIA, INGRIA, PLESCOW and NOVOGROD, to Prince *Menzicoff* the Favourite.

SMOLENSKO, to Monsieur *Soltikoff*.

VERONITZ and the Ship-Yards, are to be a small Government apart, which the *Czar* reserves in *petto*.

These Governors have the Disposal of all Employments Civil and Military, receive the Revenues, and defray all the Expences in their several Provinces, and send a certain Sum Yearly into the great Treasury, clear of all Charges; they have absolute Power, except in relation to the regular Troops, who are never to be under their Direction, nor paid by them, though quartered in their Jurisdiction, but are to receive their Orders immediately from the *Czar* and his Generals.

The

The present *Czar* is in his thirty-eighth Year, a handsome Prince, of a strong Constitution, but of late much broke by irregular Living, and other Fatigues: He was very subject to Convulsions, said to be the Effects of Poison from his Sister *Sophia* in his Youth, which made him shy of being seen, but of late they are much mended. He is extremely curious and diligent, and has farther improved his Empire in ten Years, than any other ever was, in ten Times that Space; and which is more surprizing, without any Education, without any foreign Help, contrary to the Intention of his People, Clergy, and chief Ministers, but merely by the Strength of his own Genius, Observation and Example: He has gradually passed through all the Employments of the Army, from a Drummer to Lieutenant-General; of the Fleet, from a common Seaman to Rear-Admiral; and in his Ship-yards, from an ordinary Carpenter to Master-Builder: Farther Particulars, though agreeable, would be too long for this Place: He is good-natured but very passionate, though by Degrees he has learnt to constrain himself, except the Heat of Wine is added to his natural Temper; he is certainly Ambitious, though very Modest in Appearance; suspicious of other People; not over scrupulous in his Engagements, or Gratitude; violent in the first Heat, irresolute on longer Deliberation, not rapacious, but near in his Temper and Expence to Extremity; he loves his Soldiers, understands Navigation, Ship-building,

ing, Fortification, and Fire-working: He speaks High-Dutch pretty readily, which is now growing the Court Language. He is very particular in his way of Living; when at *Mosco* he never lodges in the Palace, but in a little wooden House built for him in the Suburbs as Colonel of his Guards; He has neither Court, Equipage, or other Distinction from a private Officer, except when he appears on public Solemnities.

The Court of the former *Czars* was very numerous and magnificent, being filled on solemn Occasions by the *Bojars*, or *privy Councillors*, with all the Officers of each *Pricasse*, by the Nobility and Gentry, who were obliged to Attendance by Titles of Honour and Distinction without any Salary; as the *Krapfsbecks* or *Carvers*, who are only two of the first Nobility, this Employment being reckoned very considerable: The *Stolnicks*, or *Sewers*, who are also used to carry any Message of Importance, to receive Embassadors, &c. The *Spalnicks*, or Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber; which two last Titles are in great Number, and descend from Father to Son, though generally confirmed by the Prince: And lastly, by the *Gofts*, or chief Merchants. On public Feasts or Ceremonies all these received rich Gowns of Brocade lined with Furs from the Treasury, which they returned as soon as the Appearance was over; but the present *Czar* has quite abolished these Formalities, without settling any other Court; some say to spare the Expence during the War, or rather from his particular

particular Temper which is averse to such Constraints. On any Ceremony he is attended by the Officers of his Army, and Nobility without any Distinction, which makes a tolerable Show.

His Favourite *Alexander Menzikoff* is born of very mean Parents ; was accidentally met by the *Czar* in the Streets when a Boy, and for some lucky Answers preferred to serve one of his Gentlemen ; from which Step he is grown by Degrees the most powerful Subject in *Europe* ; his Diligence and Dispatch have been his chief Recommendation ; and some have thought their Intimacy rather resembled Love than Friendship, they having frequent Jarrs and constant Reconcilements, though some such Accident may once prove fatal, as has already been very near. His Parts are not extraordinary, his Education low, for the *Czar* would never let him learn to read or write, and his Advancement too quick to give him Time for Observation or Experience. Under the *Czar's* Name he uses an absolute Power in all Affairs ; makes every Interest give way to his private Passions ; in which he often contradicts the *Czar's* Orders, and if it comes to be contested, generally carries the Point from his Master ; he is not beloved by the common People, and much less by the old Nobility and chief Officers, who have a strong Cabal against him, headed by the High-Admiral *Apraxin*. He was made Prince of the Empire in 1706 ; Duke of *Ingria* in 1707 ; and Felt Marshal in 1709. He is a violent Enemy to Felt
 Marshal

Marshal *Sheremetoff*, and has often brought him to the Brink of Ruin. He has formed a Court after the Fashion of the little *German* Princes, of Chamberlains, Marshals, Secretaries, &c. most Foreigners.

Monsieur *Golofkin* is of an ancient Family, he was Great Chamberlain, and on the Death of Count *Golowin* was made Lord Chancellor of the Empire, Chancellor of the Empire. which great Employment he modestly declined for several Months; he is a Gentleman of good Sense, very Devout, and has the general Character of a Man of Honour: No one ever complained of his Cruelty and Injustice, though some think he is not resolute enough in opposing that of others. He was made Count of the *Roman* Empire and of *Russia* about three Years ago.

Monsieur *Schapsirroff* is of no great Extraction, his Grand-Father was one of the Jews carried out of *Poland* in their former Wars, his Father was baptized, and he professes the *Russian* Religion: In 1705, he was private Secretary to Count *Golowin*, to whom his Diligence and Knowledge of the High-Dutch Tongue made him absolutely necessary; on the Count's Death he was made Secretary to the Office of Embassies, and in 1709, Vice Chancellor with Count *Golofkin*; all foreign Affairs go necessarily through his Hands; he has more Experience than natural Qualifications; he is generally esteemed fair enough in his Business but his quick Preferments have given him an Air

of Stiffness, and it is said his private Interest will not always let him distinguish the Merits of the Cause.

Prince *Dolgoruki*, who some Years ago was the *Czar's* Embassador in *Poland*, is often joined to these Gentlemen in the Consultations on any foreign Affairs, but the executive Part is entirely left to them; he is a Person of good Sense, Manners, Modesty and Honour.

Monfieur *Apraxin* is of a good Family, his Ancestors having been *Stalnicks*, or *Sewers*; the old Empress Dowager, Mother of the *Czar's* eldest Brother, is his Sister; this Alliance brought him into Court and Favour, which he soon improved by a ready Wit, and a Conscience not enslaved to any Scruples to obstruct his Fortune; he had been Commissioner of the Admiralty for many Years, and on Count *Golowin's* Death was made High-Admiral; in 1709, he was made Governor of *Ingria* in Prince *Menzicoff's* Absence, and had the good Fortune to see the *Swedish* Army under General *Lubecker* kill their Horses, and retire out of that Province unaccountably; which Miscarriage turned as his own Merit, and thereby increased his Credit with his Prince; he is very revengeful, and no Enemy to Presents; he appears openly against the Favourite, and has great Credit at Court, but his Indiscretion in Drink when in the *Czar's* Company, sometimes exposes him to disagreeable accidents.

Felt

Felt Marshal *Sheremetoff* is of a very ancient Family, famous for producing lucky *Felt Marshal.* Generals against the *Tartars*, of which Success he has also had his Share in the late *Turkish War*: In his Travels to *Italy*, he made a Campaign on the Galleys of *Malta*, and is honoured with a Cross of that Order. He is the politest Man in the Country, and most improved by his Travels, is magnificent in his Equipage and way of Life, extremely beloved by the Soldiers, and almost adored by the People; he enjoys a vigorous Age at sixty and odd, has Good-nature, Honour, and as much personal Valour as any Man, but not Experience enough to act against an Army of regular Troops; he often suffers under the Favourite's Persecution, and has more than once desired Leave to lay down his Command, but has always been refused.

There are several other Ministers who come into the privy Council, but as they confine themselves to the domestick Affairs, and have no remarkable Degree of Favour, or Influence in Matters of State, I shall not trouble you with their Names or Employments, but proceed to some small Account of the *Riches.* *Czar's Riches.*

The Commerce Coin of *Muscovy* is a small Piece of Silver about the Bigness of any *English Penny*, called a *Copeek*. *Silver Coin.*

3 COPEEKS, <i>make an</i>	ALTINE.
10 COPEEKS, — <i>a</i>	GREIVEN.
25 COPEEKS, — <i>a</i>	POPOLTINE.
50 COPEEKS, — <i>a</i>	POLTINE,
100 COPEEKS, — <i>a</i>	RUBLE.

Formerly there was no Coin but Copeeks, and the other Names were only to signify such a Number, for the Easiness of the Tale; but in 1703, great Quantities of Specie, Rubles, half Rubles, &c. were made, though the Mass of Money is still in Copeeks.

All great Sums are generally by Rubles, or an hundred Copeeks, the intrinsic Value whereof may be about 4*s.* 4*d.* *English*, but in the Course of Exchange, is generally reckoned at 6*s.* 8*d.*: And fifteen Years ago was 10*s.*

An hundred Rubles weighed twelve Pounds in *John Basilewitz's* Time, who reigned from 1540 to 1584, and were kept up to eleven Pounds till the Reign of his present Majesty; but since the War, and growing Necessities of the Treasury, have been reduced by Degrees to six Pounds twelve Ounces and three Quarters, *English Weight*. An hundred Rubles of old Copeeks weighing ten Pounds, are received in the Treasury, at an Allowance of fifteen *per Cent.* and are there melted down into new Copeeks.

The

The Standard should be of the same Goodness with *Lyon Dollars*, viz. twelve Ounces fine Silver, and four Ounces Alloy *Standard.* to the Pound Weight; but most that is carried into the Mint is not above ten Ounces fine Silver, and being seldom tryed when melted, their Coins are of different Value, as the Run happens to be good or bad, Plate, Dollars, and old Copeeks being all melted together, with an additional Alloy of Brass.

The Silver is *Cross Dollars*, *Lyon Dollars*, and *Albertus Dollars*, with unwrought Plate, brought from *Holland*, *Hamburg*, and *Bremen*. *Imported.* Of Dollars yearly from two to three Thousand; Part to clear the Merchants Customs; Part in return of Brass Money, which the Treasury often advances to Foreigners, to be repaid in Dollars at two Years end, and partly for the Advantage of the Exchange, in the Course whereof to *Holland*, a Dollar is only rated from sixty-two to seventy-three Copeeks; but can be sold in *Archangel* from eighty-five to ninety Copeeks.

In 1702, the first Ducats were coined with the *Czar's* Stamp, at twenty-six Carrats, being the Value of *Holland's* *Gold Coin.* Ducats; but next Year the Direction of the Mint was taken from the Foreigners, and the *Chinese* Gold being only at twenty or twenty-one Carrats from one to three Grains, was left without refining, which utterly decried those Ducats,

and very few have been coined since 1706. The Gold is imported in Ingots from *China*, about three hundred and sixty Pound Weight *English* Yearly, besides some thousand Ducats brought every Summer by the Fleet to *Archangel*.

In 1705, the *Czar* began to coin Brass Copeeks, Halves and Quarters, thirty-six Pound of Brass *English* Weight, which is bought in *Mosco* for seven Rubles, produce twenty when coined; about ten Thousand of these Copeeks are given out Monthly, but no one is obliged to receive them in Payment, except such as are in the *Czar's* Service; they may be negotiated against Silver at two *per Cent.* Loss. The Brass comes by the Fleets to *Archangel*.

The Money of this Country, as to the Supplies of Silver and Value of the Coin, depends so much on Trade, that it will be necessary to make some mention of the chief Branches in this Place.

The Goods chiefly imported from *England* are all Sorts of Woollen Manufactures, Lead, Tin, Dying-Woods, Indigo, Pewter, Olibanum, Brimstone, Lignum-vitæ: The *Hollanders* and *Hamburgers*, besides these, bring Wines, Paper, Alum, Glas-ware, Spices, Dollars, Plate, Gold and Silver Lace, Brocades, Silesia Cloth, and all Sorts of Gallantries.

The

The *English* export chiefly, Hemp, Flax, Train-Oil, Linen, Pot-Ash, Rhu-
 barb, Isinglass, Wax, Tar, Red *Exportations.*
 Hides and Caviar; the two last to *Leghorne*. The
Hollanders and *Hamburgers* carry out farther,
 Wood-Ash, Masts, Hydres dried and salted,
 Tallow, Sables, Hemp-Seed, Mats, and Hogs-
 Bristles.

Their Fishery of *Seals*, or *Sea-Dogs*, about
 ten thousand a Year, yield five Thou-
 sand Measures of Oil; the Skins and Oil *Fishery.*
 are sent to *England*. *Morses*, or Sea-Horses,
 from *Nova-Zembla*, used to load thirty Boats a
 Year with Blubber, the Teeth are esteemed next
 to Ivory, but the Trade being monopolized by a
 COMPANY decays daily. Cod and Stock-Fish,
 about three Ships lading Yearly to *Denmark*;
 Salmon salted and dried, a Ship's Loading to
Bilboa; these with the Cod are taken in the
 North-Sea, about *Kilduyn* and *Cola*; but the Ships
 bring Salt from *St. Ubes*.

The Foreign Merchants are obliged to pay
 their Customs in Dollars, Specie, at *Archangel*, which are only reckoned at *Customs.*
 the ancient Value of fifty Copeeks when received
 into the Treasury, and that too by Weight, four-
 teen to the Pound, which seldom holding, it
 comes from fourteen and a Quarter, to three
 Quarters. Foreigners pay five *per Cent.* for all
 Goods bought and sold by Weight, and four *per*
Cent. for those by Tale or Measure; they only
 pay single Duties either for their Exportations or

Importations, whichsoever mount highest at the End of the Trade Time ; Goods sent up by Foreigners to *Mosco*, or any inland Towns pay ten *per Cent.* in Dollars, and six *per Cent.* where they buy or sell in *Russ* Money : The *Russians* pay five *per Cent.* where they sell or buy in the Country, and five *per Cent.* at *Archangel*. Wine pays a particular Custom of five Dollars an Hog-head.

In 1710, the Course of Exchange was three Rubles ten Copecks to the Pound Sterling, whereas the intrinick Value is only about four Rubles and a half ; for the Exportations exceeding the Importations near two thousand Rubles Yearly, the national Credit of their Money is kept up, which would fall almost to the real Worth, if any considerable Sum above the Ballance of the Trade was to be remitted beyond Sea.

The *Czar's* Revenues may be about seven Millions of Rubles Yearly, arising chiefly ;

From the Custom of Goods in *Archangel*, and the Duties on them when bought or sold by Retail in the Country.

From *Monopolies* in the *Czar's* Hands ; Pot-ash Yearly to the Value of forty thousand Dollars ; Wood-ash one hundred and twenty-five thousand Dollars ; Caviar, thirty thousand Pieces of Eight, besides what is consumed in the Country ; Rhubarb, about twenty thousand Dollars, all which Commodities are never sold but for Specie

Specie Dollars; Tar, in 1706, forty thousand Dollars, and another for ten thousand Rubles; very little sold since.

From *Inland Monopolies*; Salt, five hundred thousand Rubles; Tobacco, Boards and Bricks, which are only sold by the *Czar's* Officers, the Sums uncertain; Furs from *Siberia* in the Treasury; Brandy and Beer, which in the Town of *Mosco* alone bring in six hundred thousand Rubles *per Ann.*

From the *Mint* by re-coinage of Dollars, at one hundred and twenty *per Cent.* Profit.

Of OLD MONEY at thirty *per Cent.*

Of BRASS MONEY at sixty-five *per Cent.*

From the *Chinese Trade*, which, if well managed, would bring in about two or three hundred thousand Rubles Profit Yearly; the Cargoes thither are several Sorts of *European* Merchandize, but chiefly Furrs, as Sables, Ermines, Black Foxes, and Grey Squirrels, from *Siberia*; the Returns are made in Damasks, Callicoes, blue Linen, Gold, Tapistry, *China* Ware, and Drugs: A great Part of these used to be sold in *Litwania* and *Poland*, which Trade is now almost sunk.

From the *Persian Trade*, whence Raw-silk, Carpets, Brocades, Sattins, Jewels, and *Persia* Leather are imported, chiefly by the *Armenians*, who only pay two *per Cent.* Custom, for whatever they transport through the *Czar's* Dominions without breaking Bulk, according to an old Privilege.

From *new Impositions* on stamp Paper ; on all Law-suits, which pay ten *per Cent.* of the Value contested ; Oven, or Chimney Money ; all hackney Horses and Carriages ; all Bath-stoves, of which every Village has one in Public, and every fashionable House one in particular, are taxed at a Ruble a Piece Yearly.

From the *Abbey Lands*, which are very considerable, but have been taken into the *Czar's* Hands, and are managed by a secular Commission, a Competency being allowed each Cloister in Proportion to the Number of Monks.

From the *Land Tax*, and *Royal Demesnes*.

All the *Czar's* Expences are paid within the Year, which makes the present War fall very heavy on him ; for though he does not owe above two hundred thousand Rubles on all Accounts ; his Treasury by ill Management cannot find Credit for ten thousand Rubles ; nor will the Merchants give any Bills of Exchange, till they have received the Money before hand.

Mines there are,

Of *Iron*, several in *Russia* indifferent ; in *Siberia* very good.

Of *Copper*, at *Olonitz*.

Of *Brimstone*, at *Casan*, and in the Mountains which bound *Siberia*.

Hot Baths and Mineral Waters are found about *Terki* on the *Caspian-Sea*.

Salt-

Salt-petre comes from *Cbiof* and *Rebona* in the *Ukraine*, as good as any in the World.

In 1709, an Engineer sent down into the Deserts between *Asoph* and *Cbioff*, found three Mines of different Ore, on the River *Kundruczi* which falls into the *Don*, above the Town of *Circasky*: On other little Rivers which falls into the *Donec*, he found old melting Ovens, the Openings of several Mines which had been worked on, all thought to be the Remains of the *Genoese* Colonies. He supposes some of them to have Vitriol, and Quick-silver, or good Tin.

The *Czar's* Forces which are regimented, cloathed and disciplined, after the Foreign Manner, including the separate Bodies in *Poland*, *Lituania*, *Livonia*, and *Ingria*, with the several Garrisons along the Frontiers from *Cbioff* to *Wyburgh*, consist of fifty-one Regiments of Foot, *viz.*

	<i>Men.</i>
51 { The first of Guards,	2400
{ Five more 1800 each,	9000
{ Forty-five more 1200 each,	54000
Fifty-one Companies of Grenadiers,	5100
One Company of Bombardiers,	150
Thirty-six Regiments of Dragoons, at } 1000 each,	36000
Three Regiments of Horse Grenadiers,	3000
<hr/>	
<i>Total, 109,650</i>	

The

The first Regiment of Foot-Guards has twenty-four Companies, the five others *Their Establish-* eighteen Companies, and the ordinary Regiments twelve; the Regiments of Dragoons have ten Companies each. The Foot receive equal Pay and Portion with the Dragoons, Hay and Oats excepted.

S T A F F O F F I C E R S .

	<i>Yearly Rubles.</i>
Colonel, as such	650
Lieut. Colonel, as such,	390
Major, as such,	325
Clerk of the Regiment,	91
Surgeon,	130
Chaplain	} <i>are paid by the Regiment.</i>
and	
Provost	

O f a C O M P A N Y .

	<i>Yearly Rubles.</i>
Captain,	234
Lieutenant,	130
Ensign,	104
Quarter Master,	91
Three Serjeants, at 15 Rubles 60 } Copecks each,	46
Six Corporals, at 13 Rubles each,	78
Clerk of the Company,	13
Two Drummers, 11 Rubles each,	22

Eighty-

O F R U S S I A. 205

Eighty-four common Soldiers, at	11	}	924	
Rubles each,				
One hundred Men,			1642	
Nine Companies more,			14,778	
Total of a Dragoon Regiment,			18006	

The Colonels, Lieut. Colonels, and Majors, have all Companies, and full Allowance as Captains.

The Portions are to every common Soldier a * Ton of Corn, the Eighth Part of a Ton of Pease or Oatmeal, and ten Pounds of Bacon, *per Month.*

To the Dragoons eighteen Pounds *English* of Hay *per Diem*, and two Tons of Oats *per Month.* All under Officers, from Quarter-masters to Drummers inclusively, have double Portions; the Hautboys, where any are, receive their *extra* Pay from the Colonels.

The Foreign Generals are on different Footings according to their Capitulations. *General Officers.*

Felt Marshal Lieutenant, 10,000 Dollars, *per Annum.*

A Foreign Lieutenant General, commonly 3250 Rubles, *per Annum.*

* So in the Original; but probably a *Russian* Ton differs very much from ours.

Rubles Yearly.

Lieutenant General of the Country,	1560
A Foreign Major General,	1950
Major General of the Country,	1170
Brigadier General, about	1040

All general Officers have Regiments and Companies, with Allowance of Pay and Profits.

ALLOWANCE of SERVANTS.

	Numb.	
Felt Marshal,	30	} <i>Besides those as Colonels,</i> <i>and Captains.</i>
Lieut. General,	12	
Major General,	8	
Colonel,	6	} <i>Besides those as Captains.</i>
Lieut. Colonel,	5	
Major,	5	
Captain,	2	
Lieutenant,	1	
Ensign,	1	

REGIMENTS *which are not compleatly Officered,*
cloathed and paid on the Foreign Footing.

	MEN.
Four Regiments in Garrison at <i>Smolensko</i> ,	4800
One Regiment in <i>Archangel</i> ,	1200
One Regiment in <i>Veronitz</i> ,	1200
Four Regiments in <i>Asoph</i> and <i>Taganrok</i> ,	4800
Five Regiments in <i>Astracan</i> ,	6000
<i>In Casan, and between the</i>	} Four Regiments of Foot, 4800 } Two Regiments of } } Dragoons. } 2000
<i>Don and Wolga.</i>	

Twenty-one Regiments, 24,800
Two

O F R U S S I A.	207
Two Regiments of Militia near <i>Casan</i> ,	2000
Unregimented Soldiers and Free Companies in the lesser Garrisons of <i>Ingria</i> ,	} 3383
Officers and Soldiers of the Artillery in several Garrisons of <i>Ingria</i> ,	} 767
Recruits exercising in several Parts of the Country, generally about	} 10,000
Ninety Regiments of Dragoons,	109,650
Total, 150,600	

Six Regiments of *Germans*, who, after their Capitulation at *Perevolotsch*, took Service under the *Czar*, and were sent last Winter to *Casan* and *Astracan*, being between three or four hundred each, may be about 2000.

Of the *Cossacks* and *Tartars* I cannot make any just Computation; the most the *Czar* has had together in this War, have not been above 30,000 Men.

To these must be added, the Garrisons of *Siberia* and the North, which cannot be drawn off for any Service in *Europe*.

The Pay of the Officers in the Garrisons and uncompleted Regiments is,

Colonel, from	25 to 30 Rubles, <i>per Month</i> .
Lieut. Colonel,	15 Rubles, <i>per Month</i> .
Major,	14
Captain,	11
Lieutenant,	9 10 Copeeks.

For

For cloathing the *Czar's* Army, every Man is allowed eight *Arfbines* of Cloth, from
Cloathing, sixty to seventy Copeeks the *Arfbine** ; the first Cost of the Cloth in *England* is about 3^s. and 2^d. the Yard.

Cloaks for the Dragoons,	each six Yards.
Hats delivered into the Magazines at	} 60 Copeeks a Piece.
Boots,	
A Soldier's Musquet, <i>bad</i> ,	80 Copeeks.
A Sword,	25 Copeeks.
A Pair of Pistols,	3 Rubles.

N. B. Only the Guards have Pistols ; they have also better Arms from Utrecht, or Saxony.

The Army is cloathed once in two Years ; towards the Cloathing, a Copeek a Day is deducted from the Soldiers ; the *Czar* finds the Arms and Horses.

The Nobility are obliged to furnish the Horses
Horses. for the Dragoons, at seven Rubles a Horse, paid out of the *Czar's* Treasury, though the Horses often cost them ten or twelve Rubles a Piece. Some of the Regiments have been mounted on the *Swedish* Horses which were surrendered at *Perevolotsch* ; the rest very ill mounted : Most of the Dragoons are Gentry, obliged to appear by the Tenure of their Lands.

* The Name of a *Russ* Measure, near a Quarter less than an *English* Yard.

The

The Artillery is very well served; the great Guns are most of Metal, generally from three to thirty-six Pounders, new *Artillery.* cast since the present War, either from old Pieces, which had been heaped up by the *Czar's* Ancestors, without any just regard to the *Calibre*, or from the Bells which every Church or Cloister were obliged to furnish to the Foundery about ten Years ago, according to their Largeness and Income. In 1708, there were a thousand Pieces of Cannon in the Town of *Mosco* alone; from one to sixty Pounders; the *Arsenals* of *Plescow*, *Smolensko* and *Cbioff* were filled in Proportion; besides the Field Artillery, every Battalion having two long three Pounders of Metal; the Mortars are of Brass, or *Siberia* Iron, of all Bores. The *Czar* is personally very curious in his Fire-works, is Captain of his Bombardiers, and has most foreign Officers, which he engaged in *England* or *Holland* after the last Peace. The Powder is made in *Mosco*, strong and good, except the Delivery is connived at by the Officers for their own Profits; the Magazines are not filled with Stores as they ought to be, but sufficient Quantities may be prepared in a little Time, there being several Mills ready, and always plenty of good Salt-petre from the *Ukraine*.

Account of the Progress made by the *Czar* in his Shipping.

The

The first Ship was built for the *Czar's* Pleasure when very young, on the *Bielo Ozero*, or *White-Sea*, a large Lake about three hundred Miles from *Mosco*.
Shipping.

In the Winter of 1695, several half Gallies and Brigantines were prepared at *Mosco*, and carried by Sled-way to *Veronitz* where they were put together, and sent down the *Don* to be used at the Siege of *Asph*.

In 1696, a considerable Number of Ship-Carpenters coming from *Holland*, with two *Italians* and a *Greek* Master from *Venice*, a Fleet was raised at *Stupena* and *Veronitz*, for which End the whole Empire was divided into eighty-four Parts, and each Division to furnish a Ship, or an equivalent Number of Gallies, Brigantines, and small Craft: The chief Nobility appointed to oversee this Work in the *Czar's* Absence, contracted for the Ships with Foreigners, who, for want of Experience, dry Timber, and sufficient Time, as well as for their private Gains, run up the Vessels very slightly with green and bad Stuff, so that they decayed before they were finished; which the *Czar* perceiving at his Return from *Great-Britain*, he came by Degrees entirely to dislike the *Dutch* Building and Masters, and discharged them as he could procure *Englisb*. The last Ships built by the *Dutch*, were eleven Frigates at *Stupena* in 1703.

The

The Fleet being built on large Rivers, far up in the Land, it may be of Use to give some short Description of the Places, where the Yards either are, or have been settled.

*Places where
the Ships
are built.*

Stupena is a small Town on the River *Veronne*, about twenty *English* Miles above *Veronitz*.

Stupena.

Veronitz is another small Town, lying in 50 Degrees 20 Minutes of Northern Latitude, and in 63 Degrees Longitude, on the *Veronne*, eight *English* Miles above the Mouth of that River, which falls into the *Don*. In 1696, the *Czar* began a Stone Arsenal there, to preserve all Manner of Stores. The Ships here, and at *Stupena*, were built on the Land on Launches, but could not be got a-float without great Difficulty, nor otherwise than in the Spring, to remove which Inconvenience a Sluice and Work was made at the Mouth of the River in 1702, for raising and letting off the Water at any Time required; and by this Means fifteen Ships were dry on the Land to be refitted in 1703: But proper Care not being taken to keep the Sluices open in the Spring, when the Floods come down, and bring vast Quantities of Sand washed off the neighbouring Mountains, the Channel began to choak up, scarce six Feet of Water remaining where seventeen were formerly.

Veronitz.

This

This Disappointment, with the bad Air, the Ground being Marshy, and the People subject to Agues in the Spring, which has carried several of them off, obliged the *Czar* to think of removing his Yards, and the River being visited in 1705, for a proper Place to make some Docks, *Taveroff* a little Village six Miles lower was pitched on by the High-Admiral *Apraxin*, contrary to the Opinion of all the Ship-carpenters and Sluicemakers, who represented that it was impossible to lay any Foundation there, which could secure them against the Force of the Floods, the Banks being a loose Sand; but the Admiral continuing obstinate for some private Interest, eight Docks were begun under the Direction of a *Polander*, *Anniseé Miketowick*, in 1706. The Gates and Foundations were accordingly blown up in 1707, and notwithstanding all possible Care and Reparations, met the same Fate in 1708: In the same Year, however, positive Orders being given to set up four eighty Gun Ships, three of forty-eight, and one of twenty four in that Place, the Carpenters resolved to open the Gates in the Floods and let in the Water, rather than have the Foundation of the Dock tore up, and the Carcasses of the Ships spoiled at the same Time, as happened to one the Year before: This occasions a great Delay of near six Weeks in the Spring, during which all the Men lie idle.

The *Czar* being convinced of these Inconveniencies in 1709, when he was there in the Spring, ordered the Ships to be run up with Plank, until they

they could hold Water, and then to abandon the Work, which had cost above one hundred and sixty thousand Dollars, and the Lives of three or four thousand Men; and a new Work is begun at the Mouth of the River *Seriot*, which forms a small Lake a little before it falls into the *Don*, about one hundred *English* Miles below *Veronitz*; and an Engineer is already ordered thither, to lay out the Plan of a Fortification, the Place being on the *Step*, or Desert, exposed to the Rebellions of the *Cossacks*, and sudden Incurfions of the *Tartars*.

The River *Don* springs from the *Ivan Ozero*, or *St. John's-Sea*, in the 54th Degree 15 Minutes, and from thence runs a Course of about five hundred *English* Miles to *Asoph*, a little below which Place it falls into the *Palus Mæotis*, in the 47th Degree 20 Minutes. The *Don* is below *Veronitz*, from three hundred to six hundred Fathom broad, and deep enough from the Middle of *April* to the End of *June* for Ships of Burthen, but in the other Months the Water is so low, that in several Shallows there is not above a Foot and a Half. In the Spring Floods this River rises from sixteen to eighteen Feet perpendicular, and the Current is very rapid. In 1709, the *Czar* set out from *Veronitz* with six Brigantines on the tenth of *April*, and arrived at *Asoph* on the 20th of the same Month; two Men of War, which were carried down at the same Time, got thither about a Fortnight afterwards.

Asoph

*River Don, the
ancient Tanais.*

Asoph lies at the Mouth of the River *Don*, in
Asoph. 47 Degrees 27 Minutes Latitude, and
 64 Degrees 32 Minutes Longitude; it
 was taken by the *Cossacks* in 1637, who continu-
 ed Masters of the Place till 1642, when it fell to
 the *Turks*, and remained in their Hands till 1696,
 but was then taken by the *Czar*; the Fortificati-
 ons were new modelled, and two little Fortresses
 built at the Mouth of the *Don*. This Haven is
 very inconvenient, and almost impracticable for
 Ships of Burthen; for the *Don* dividing into sever-
 al Branches, the Currents are not strong enough
 to clear the Mouths of the River from the Sands
 which choak them up, and leave not above six or
 seven Feet of Water in most Places, so that the
 Men of War can only go out in the Spring
 Floods, and then must be lightened from their
 Artillery, &c. or when violent Winds have set
 in from the Sea for several Days together, which
 raise the Water to a very great Height, and ge-
 nerally happen in Autumn in the *Finnish Gulph*.

By reason of this Difficulty, the *Czar* was
Taganrok. obliged to look out for another Haven,
 and pitched on a Nook of Land which
 runs out into the *Palus Mæotis*, to the West of
Asoph, where he built a very good Town, regular
 Fortifications, a large Mole like the Basin of
Toulon, and for the greater Security, a Redoubt
 in Nature of the *Riesbank* has been raised before
 the Entrance. When this Work was begun,
 the Harbour was deep enough for Ships of Force,
 but as the Mole was carried on, the Sands increa-
 sed,

fed, and now a Ship of fifty Guns cannot go in or out without Camels, as at the *Pampus*; so that it cannot serve for a Retreat from an Enemy, or in bad Weather.

The *Palus Mætis* is about three hundred *English* Miles long, and generally about an hundred broad, it ebbs and flows as the *Mediterranean*, the Water is very shallow towards the Shores, and subject to great Storms and short Waves.

The *Czar's* Ships for the *Baltick* are built at *Ladinopole*, and *Olonitz*, or *Olonec*, Villages lying on two small Rivers on the North-east Side of the *Ladoga-Sea*.

At *Petersburgh* there is a little Yard, where all Sorts of Boats and small Craft are built, and some of the Frigates are repaired: This is the *Czar's* favourite Town and Haven, built on two small Islands in the River *Nieva*, which is there large and deep enough to receive sixty Gun Ships close to the Walls of the Fortrefs: The Foundation of this new Town was laid soon after the taking of *Nyenschantz*, which the *Czar* demolished, in hopes it might one Day prove a second *Amsterdam* or *Venice*; to People it the Nobility were ordered to remove hither from the farthest Part of the Country, though with no small Difficulty, since the Climate is too cold, and the Ground too marshy to furnish the Conveniencies of Life, which

which are all brought from the neighbouring Countries; however, the *Czar* is charmed with this new Production, and would lose the best of his Provinces sooner than this barren Corner. The Fortrefs is built on a separate Island with good Stone Bastions laid on Piles, but of much too narrow an Extent to make any considerable Defence, in case of an Attack. The Floods in Autumn are very inconvenient, sometimes rising suddenly in the Night to the first Floors, so that the Cattle are often swept away, and the Inhabitants scarce saved by their upper Stories; on which account they can have no Magazines or Cellars, nor is the Ground practicable for digging, the Water coming in at two Feet Depth; the River is seldom or never clear of the Ice before the Middle of *May*, and the Ships cannot hold the Sea any longer than the End of *September*, without great Danger.

At *Archangel* the Royal Transport lies in very good Condition, with a Frigate of sixteen Guns and another of twenty; some Merchant Ships are built almost Yearly here, by a *Dutch* Builder, with *Russian* Carpenters under him.

At *Casan* about forty Frigates from eight to fourteen Guns, which were built there, but very ill proportioned, lie rotting on the Shore.

Number of SHIPS on the Don that are finished.

	GUNS.
One by his <i>Czarish</i> Majesty of	80 <i>decayed.</i>
Two by Mr. <i>Cofens</i> of	70
Two by Mr. <i>Nye</i> of	70
Three by Mr. <i>Nye</i> of	50
<i>Two of these have been decayed,</i>	
<i>and are repaired.</i>	
Two by the <i>Czar</i> of	50
<i>One of these has been decayed, the</i>	
<i>other has been repaired.</i>	
Two <i>Dutch</i> Ships re-built at <i>Stupena</i> of	48
One by Mr. <i>Nye</i> of	16
<i>The last in Imitation of the Transport.</i>	

In all, 13

In which Mr. *Cofens* has been employed eight, and Mr. *Nye* eleven Years.

On the STOCKS at TOVAROFF.

	GUNS.
Two by Mr. <i>Cofens</i> of	80
Two by Mr. <i>Nye</i> of	80

The Frames of these are up, but on Representation of their being too large, only one is to be finished for a Trial.

The *Czar* has Timber lying ready there for two more of eighty Guns; but none of these will carry so many Guns as they are rated at, by six or ten each.

On the LAUNCHES at TOVAROFF.

Two by Mr. Cofens of	48
One by Mr. Nye of	48
One by Mr. Nye of	24

The last is designed for a Battery Ship, to carry one
Tire only, 24 Pounds.

These last Ships now in Hand are to be built on Chests, for the easier floating them down the Don, and over the Flats at *Asep*.

On the *Don* at several Places, are thirty-six Sail of *Dutch* Ships from eighty to thirty Guns, all rotten, and only planked on the Out-side to keep above Water for a Show, but as the new Ships can be got ready, will be broke up and used for Firing, the two lately rebuilt having not proved worth the Expence of Time and Charge.

In the the *Palus Mæotis*; at *Asep* are two Men of War *British* built, and carried down thither in 1709; the rest are Brigantines and half Gallies.

At *Taganrok* are six or seven *Dutch* built Ships quite decayed; two are used every Year to fetch Salt from one of the Islands in the *Palus Mæotis*, on the Coast of *Georgia*, and are all fit for no other Service.

The Dimensions of the eighty Gun Ships are
Dimensions. fifty Feet broad, and one hundred and
 sixty eight Feet long, and seventeen
 Feet and a half is to be their greatest Draught of
 Water; but they being built too shallow for the
 Length and Breadth, the Shipwrights were of
 Opinion,

Opinion, their Backs would be in danger of breaking in bad Weather, that they had not Hold enough in the Water to save themselves from a Lee-shore, and were of too great bulk for the *Palus Mæotis*. The other Rates are after the same Proportion.

All the Ships by the Fault of the Timber, some being green, others over-grown, and a great Part cut in the Spring after the Sap is run up, which makes the Wood spongy, Moistness of the Air, and Damps of the Earth, rot as fast as they are built; to prevent which, a Proposal was made by Captain *Perry*, three Years ago, to lay them up in a dry Haven, and cover them with Sheds; the Timber for the Project was cut down, but the Work not yet begun; a Copy of the Proposal was sent by me to *Great Britain* some Time ago.

The Fleet at *Petersburgh*, consists of twelve Frigates, eight Gallies, six Fire-ships, and two Bomb-vessels, besides small ^{*Ships at*} *Petersburgh* Craft. Of the Frigates only three are in a Condition of Service, the rest being decayed will scarce endure the Sea, and much less an Engagement before they are rebuilt.

At *Olonitz*, two Ships of Fir are building of forty Guns, and may be ready this Summer.

At *Ladinople*, two by Mr. *Brown* of fifty Guns were to be ready the last Summer, the Knee, Timbers, Stem and Stern are of Oak, brought from *Casan* by Land.

One Ship of eighty Guns was to be set up last Year.

All the other Ships at *Petersburgh* and *Archangel* are of Fir, those at *Veronitz* and *Casan* are of Oak. In 1710, Orders were given for fitting up twenty-three Sail of Ships on the *Don*, being those built, or building by the *English*, which are like to be the main Force of the *Czar's* Fleet, the rest being Show and Number.

The Fleet at *Petersburgh* has only hither to been manned in any tolerable Regularity; *Sea-Men at Petersburgh.* each Frigate there had a Captain, Lieutenant, Master, Boatswain, Boatswain's-mate, Seamen, and eighty Marines; but on any Expedition they were always reinforced by the Soldiers of the Garrison.

On the thirty-six Sail of *Dutch* Ships on the *Don* are thirty-five *Dutch* Officers and Seamen, and about two hundred *Russians*.

At *Tavaroff*, are about fifteen Officers and Seamen.

At *Tagnarak* is Commodore *Beckham*, an *Englishman*, with about three foreign Officers and Seamen, and sixteen *Russians* on board each Ship: When the Vessels sailed for Salt, they are manned by the Soldiers of the Garrison.

At *Archangel* was a Commodore, a *Hollander*; the Frigates there were better manned by *Russian* Pilots and Watermen, and foreign Seamen, which were yearly debauched out of the Fleets; These Vessels are now pirating in the *Baltick*.

A Sea Captain has thirty nine Rubles, a Month; a Lieutenant seventeen; and under Lieutenant and Master eleven: The *Russian* Pay. Seamen and Marines are paid on the same Footing with the Land Forces, viz. each Man a Ton of Corn, the eighth Part of a Ton of Peas or Oatmeal, and ten Pounds of Bacon, a Month, and eleven Rubles a Year in Money. The Foreigners have something extraordinary for their Encouragement.

On the *Don* are three Yards on the following Establishment.

In the First YARD.

	YEARLY SALARY.	
	Pounds Ster.	Rubles.
Master Builder, <i>Richard Cosens,</i>	500	120
Under Master, <i>Hadley,</i>	100	100
Assistant, <i>Rob. Davenport,</i>	70	80
First Prentice, <i>Francis Kitchen,</i>		182
Second Prentice, <i>Wm. Snelgrove,</i>		150
sent to <i>Petersburgh,</i>		
A <i>Dutch</i> Ship for the Ship-work,		260
Five hundred Carpenters and Labourers, one with another,		12,592
<hr/>		
Total,	670.	13,592

In the Second YARD.

	<i>Yearly Rubles.</i>
Master Builder, the CZAR, at	500
Under Master, <i>Fedaseé Soltikoff</i> ,	1000
First Assistant,	260
Second Assistant,	260
A Dutch Smith,	182
Five hundred Carpenters, &c. as in the } First, }	12,592
	<hr/>
<i>Total,</i>	14,794

In the Third YARD.

	<i>YEARLY SALARY.</i>	
	<i>Pounds Ster.</i>	<i>Rubles.</i>
Master Builder, <i>Henry Nye</i> ,	250	100
Under Master, <i>Henry Johnson</i> ,	100	120
Assistant, <i>Wm. Gardner</i> ,	80	100
Three <i>Russian</i> Prentices, at 130 } Rubles each, }		390
A Dutch Smith,		260
Five hundred Carpenters, &c.		12592
		<hr/>
<i>Total,</i>	430.	13,562

Note, The Men dying in the Yards, and their Places not being supplied, no Yard has at present above two hundred Men. The *Czar's* Yard for these three last Years has only built Brigantines and small Craft, he being in the Army, and his under Master at *Petersburgh*, but he regularly receives

ceives his Proportion of Timber, by Lot, with the rest, nor will he suffer the other Yards to make use of his Stuff, but on Obligation to repay him the next Receipts. He allows no Foreigners to work in his Yard, but has the Draughts of his Ships from the *British* Masters.

Mr. *Cofens* and *Nye* have the Inspection of the *Dutch* Ships on the *Don*, which are most decayed; under them for this Service are,

	YEARLY SALARY.	
	Pounds Ster.	Rubles.
Assistant, <i>Henry Bird</i> ,	100	120
Prentice, <i>Leonard Chapman</i> ;		182
An <i>Italian</i> Calker,		260
Three hundred Carpenters, Calk- ers and Labourers,	}	6752

Total,	100.	7314

At *STUPENA*, to take Care of the old *Dutch* Ships :

	YEARLY SALARY.	
	Pounds Ster.	Rubles.
A <i>Dutch</i> Builder,		220
Under him a few Men taken out of the other Yards	}	

For building and taking Care of the *GALLIES*.

Master Builder, a <i>Greek</i> ,	300
His Assistant,	130
Fifty Carpenters,	912

Mast-makers and other Artificers.

	<i>Pounds Ster.</i>	<i>Rubles.</i>
Master Mast-maker, <i>Henry Wright</i> ,	100	220
Two Prentices at 130 Rubles each,		260
Interpreter,		18
Eighty Carpenters,		1423
Master Block-maker, <i>Baggs</i> ,	100	220
Two Assistants, at 195 Rubles each,		390
One hundred Carpenters and Turners,		2190
Master Carver, <i>Mansfeldt</i>		400
Under Carver, a <i>Pole</i> ,		195
Two Assistants, at 195 Rubles each,		390
Seventy Men,		1533
Master Calker, <i>H. Atherley</i> ,	50	
One hundred and fifty Calkers,		2737
Master Painter, <i>S. Hopkins</i> ,	100	
Under Painter, a <i>Russian</i> ,		260
Japanner, <i>Brunquass</i> ,		325
Joiner, a <i>Swede</i> ,		65
Master Boat-builder, a <i>Russ</i> ,		260
Master Sail-maker, a <i>Russ</i> ,		260
Master Sawyer, a <i>Dutch-man</i> ,		390
Twenty Men,		219

All the *Czar's* Anchors are made at *Dobrovo*, about an hundred *English* Miles from *Venoritz* nearer *Mosco*.

	<i>Pounds Ster.</i>
Master Anchor-smith, <i>R. Halley</i> ,	150
Under Master, <i>Robert Davies</i> ,	80
Lock-smith, <i>Thomas Daniel</i> ,	100
Smiths and Prentices under them.	

Purveyors

Purveyors in the Woods.

Yearly Rubles.

A Dutchman,	260
A Greek, who has been in England, } chuses good Timber,	260
A Greek, who sends down any Stuff } that comes to Hand,	

The Labourers are Peasants, obliged to work in the Woods for Nothing, which Hardship has made several hundreds desert the Country.

Yearly Rubles.

Dock-builder, <i>Annisé Miketowick</i> , a Pole,	700
Assistant, a <i>Russian</i> ,	260
Two hundred Carpenters,	3650

Several hundred Labourers, which the neighbouring Provinces are obliged to send in by Turns, and furnish them with Bread and Subsistence for so many Months.

At OLONITZ, in the Ladoga-Sea.

YEARLY SALARY
Pounds Ster. Rubles.

Master Builder, <i>Rich. Brent</i> ,	200	150
Assistant, <i>Edward Hill</i> ,	100	120
Two hundred and fifty Carpenters and Labourers, }		6296

At LADINOPLE.

Master Builder, <i>Brown</i> ,	150	100
Two hundred and fifty Carpenters and Labourers, }		6296
Master Boat-builder, <i>Hunt</i> ,	150	100
Master Joiner, <i>Evans</i> ,	80	
Master Carver, <i>Mallard</i> ,	80	

The Communications which the *Czar* has ordered between several Rivers, with a prospect of advancing his Trade and Shipping, are between the *Don* and *Wolga*.

This Passage was first endeavoured to be cut by *Sultan Selim*, for the better Transportation of his Army to *Astracan* and the *Caspian-Sea* against the *Persians*, in 1560, but his Design was defeated by the continual Irruptions of the *Cossacks* and *Russes*. This Enterprize lay dead till about 1693, when the *Czar* employed an Engineer, Colonel *Breckel*, to work on the Communication, but being very ill used by Prince *Boris Alexewitz Galliczyn*, Governor of the Province, who openly opposed the Work, and who would neither furnish Men or Materials in pursuance of the *Czar's* Orders, the Engineer, to avoid his Persecution, fled away to *Persia*. In 1699, another Engineer Captain *Perry*, was employed in this Service, but met with the same Discouragement from Prince *Galliczyn* as his Predecessor; notwithstanding which, the Work was carried on with pretty good Success till the End of *December*, 1710, when the *Czar* ordered it to be laid aside till after the War, since he could not so well spare the Number of Men required in the present Juncture. The digging Work is about half finished; twelve thousand Men and about five Years Time, would serve to perfect the Whole; the Channel was to be large and deep enough for Ships of eighty Guns

Guns to pass ; it is to be dug through near three *English* Miles, in which Space there is a large Mountain between the Rivers *Lavala* and *Camishinka* ; the first falls into the *Don* about one hundred and thirty *English* Miles from the Canal, and the last into the *Wolga*, about nine *English* Miles from the Canal ; six Sluices are begun but none finished, and six more are to be made in the *Camishinka*. : In all from the *Lavala* to the Place where the *Camishinka* falls into the *Wolga*, are sixty-two thousand three hundred *English* Feet.

The second Communication is by a Canal near the *Ivan Ozero*, between a Branch of the River *Don* and the *Tula*, which *Don and Occa.* falls into the *Occa* ; this Work is above eight *English* Miles long, and has several Stone Sluices, though not quite brought to Perfection, and is only designed for a Passage for large Boats.

The third Communication is between the *Wolga* and the *Wolchow*, a River which runs by *Novogrod* and falls into the *Ladoga-Sea* : *Wolga and Ladoga-Sea.* This Canal is cut near *Wisnei Woloczok*, I think not above an *English* Mile long, and quite finished ; a Mathematician was sent down this Spring to take an exact Survey of it and the upper Parts of the two Rivers ; and another Engineer was at the same Time dispatched to view the Rivers about the *Biel Ozora*, and other Lakes, to see whether he cannot find a more convenient Passage into the *Ladoga-sea* ; the River *Wolchow* below *Novogrod* having two or three dangerous Falls. This Communication seems to be

be more for Curiosity than Use, for the Frigates now bringing from *Casan*, have been three Years in their Passage; they are frozen up the six Winter Months; during the Spring Floods for five or six Weeks it is scarce possible for them to mount the *Wolga* against the Current; towards the Autumn the Waters are very low, and they are often forced to warp round the Points of Land and Sand Banks: This last Winter a Carpenter was sent to cut down Oak for six Fifty-gun Ships at *Casan*, the Timbers were to be rough hewn there, and transported in flat bottom Boats to *Petersburgh*; by the Time these will be on the Road, it will be certainly known whether this Communication can be of any Use to Commerce.

These Observations on the State of *Russia* are all that occur to me as necessary, till
Conclusion. the Influence of this Nation in the present War, and its Share in the general Affairs of *Europe*, make this Country better known to Strangers.

A
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I N T O
E N G L A N D.

B Y
P A U L H E N T Z N E R,

I N T H E Y E A R M . D . X C . V I I I .

First Printed in the Year, 1757.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

H U - G H,

Lord WILLOUGHBY of PARHAM,

PRESIDENT;

TO THE

COUNCIL AND FELLOWS

Of the SOCIETY of

ANTIQUARIES,

This EDITION and TRANSLATION

O F

PART of THE ITINERARY of

HENTZNERUS,

Is offered with great Respect

By the Editor,

HORACE WALPOLE, F.S.A. and F.R.S.

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Advertisment.

DOCTOR *Birch*, in his Summary of *Sir Thomas Edmond's* State-papers, has published a short Extract from the following obsolete Author, which, for the Elegance of the *Latin*, and the remarkable Description of *Queen Elizabeth*, has been deservedly admired: Her best Portraits scarcely exhibit a more lively Image.

The original Work, of which perhaps there are not above four, or five Copies in *England*, is an Itinerary through *Germany, England, France, and Italy*, performed by *Hentzner*, a travelling Tutor to a young *German* Nobleman. That Dr. *Birch* has extracted the most interesting Passage in the whole Book, is certain: Yet it records some Circumstances and Customs, not unworthy the Notice of an *English* Antiquarian, and which are mentioned no where else. For these Reasons I flatter myself, that a Publication of the Part relating to our own Country, might not be an unacceptable Present to Persons of Curiosity. The
Translation

Translation was the Production of the idle Hours of another Gentleman.

The Author seems to have had that laborious, and indiscriminate Passion for SEEING, which is remarked in his Countrymen; and as his Translator observed, enjoyed as much the doubtful Head, of a more doubtful Saint in Pickle, as any upon the Shoulders of the best *Grecian* Statue. Fortunately so memorable a Personage as *Queen Elizabeth*, happened to fall under his Notice. — Ten Years later, he would have been as accurate in painting *Anne of Denmark*!

The Excess of respectful Ceremonial used at decking her Majesty's Table, though not in her Presence, and the kind of Adoration and Genuflection paid to her Person, approach to *Eastern* Homage. When we observe such Worship offered to an old Woman, with bare Neck, black Teeth, and false red Hair, it makes one smile; but makes one reflect what masculine Sense was couched under those Weaknesses, and which could command such Awe from a Nation like *England*!

Not to anticipate the Entertainment of the Reader, I shall make but one more Reflection. We are apt to think that *Sir William Temple*, and *King William*, were in a manner the Introducers of Gardening into *England*: By the Description of *Lord Burleigh's* Gardens at *Theobalds*, and of those

those at *Nonfuch*, we find that the magnificent, though false Taste, was known here as early as the Reigns of *Henry VIII.* and his Daughter. There is scarce an unnatural and sumptuous Impropropriety at *Versailles*, which we do not find in *Hentzner's* Description of the Gardens above mentioned.

With regard to the Orthography of proper Names, though corrected in the Translation, I have left them in the Original as I found them— Accuracy in that particular, was not the Author's Merit: It is a Merit peculiar to *Englishmen*: The *French* are negligent of it to an Affectation; yet the Author of *Les Melanges Historiques* complains that other Nations corrupt *French* Names! He himself gives some *English* ones in p. 247, 248, which it is impossible to decypher. *Bassompierre* calls *York-House*, *Jorchaux*, and *Kensington*, *Inbimthort*. As a Soldier and Embassador, he was not obliged to know the Names of Houses; when he turned Author, there was no Excuse for not being intelligible. Even *Voltaire*, who writes the Language so well, is careless in our Titles. In *England*, it is the Defect of a Servant to blunder in proper Names. It is one of those silly Pretensions to Politeness, which Nations that affect a Superiority, have always cultivated— For in all Affectations, Defects are Merits. The Readers of History love Certainty: It is pity the Writers do not. What Confusion would it have saved, if it had not been the Custom of the *Jews* to call every

every

every *Darius* and *Artaxerxes*, *Abasuerus*! It were to be wished, that all Nations would be content to use the Appellations which People, or respective Countries have chosen for themselves. Proper Names ought never to be tortured to any particular Idiom. What a ridiculous Composition is *Aulugel*! Who can conceive that *Meylandt*, signifies *Milan*; or *Leghorn*, *Livorno*? When one is misled by a proper Name, the only Use of which is to direct, one feels like the Countryman, who complained, *That the Houses hindered him from seeing Paris.*———The Thing becomes an Obstruction to itself.

HENTZNER'S

TRAVELS.

WE arrived at *Rye*, a small *English* Sea-port. Here, as soon as we came on Shore, we gave in our Names to the Notary of the Place, but not till he had demanded our Business; and being answered, that we had none but to see *England*: We were conducted to an Inn, where, we were very well entertained; as one generally is in this Country.

We took post Horses for *London*: It is surprising how swiftly they run, their Bridles are very light, and their Saddles a little more than a Span over.

Flimwell, a Village; here we returned our first Horses, and mounted fresh ones.

We passed through *Tunbridge*, another Village. *Chepsted*, another Village; here for the second Time we changed Horses.

London,

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London, the Head and Metropolis of *England*: Called by *Tacitus*, *Londinum*; by *Ptolemy*, *Longidinium*; by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, *Lundinium*; by Foreigners, *Londra*, and *Londres*; is the Seat of the *British* Empire, and the Chamber of the *English* Kings. This most ancient City, is in the County of *Middlesex*, the fruitfulest and wholesomest Soil in *England*. It is built upon the *River Thames*, 60 Miles from the Sea, and was originally founded, as all Historians agree, by *Brutus*, who coming from *Greece* into *Italy*, thence into *Africa*, next into *France* and last into *Britain*, chose this Situation, for the Convenience of the River, calling it *Troja Nova*, which Name was afterwards corrupted into *Trinovant*. But when *Lud*, the Brother of *Cassibulan*, or *Cassivolan*, who warred against *Julius Cæsar*, as he himself mentions, *lib. v. de Bell. Gall.* came to the Crown, he encompassed it with very strong Walls, and Towers very artfully constructed, and from his own Name called it *Caier Lud*, i. e. *Lud's* City. This Name was corrupted into that of *Cærlunda*, and again in Time by change of Language, into *Londres*. *Lud*, when he died, was buried in this Town, near that Gate which is yet called in *Welch*, *Por Lud*, in *Saxon* *Ludesh-gate*.

The famous *River Thames*, owes Part of its Stream, as well of its Appellation, to the *Issis*; rising a little above *Winchelcomb*, and being encreased with several Rivulets, unites both its Waters, and its Name to the *Thame*, on the other side of *Oxford*, thence after passing by *London*, and being

ing of the utmost Utility, from its Greatness and Navigation, it opens into a vast Arm of the Sea, from whence the Tide, according to *Gemma Frisius*, flows and Ebbs to the Distance of 80 Miles, twice in 25 Hours, and according to *Polydore Virgil*, above 60 Miles, twice in 24 Hours.

This City being very large of itself, has very extensive Suburbs, and a Fort, called the *Tower*, of beautiful Structure. It is magnificently ornamented, with public Buildings and Churches, of which there are above 120 Parochial.

On the South, is a Bridge of Stone, 800 Feet in Length, of wonderful Work; it is supported upon 20 Piers of square Stone, 60 Feet high, and 30 broad, joined by Arches of about 20 Feet diameter. The whole is covered on each side with Houses, so disposed, as to have the Appearance of a continued Street, not at all of a Bridge.

Upon this is built a Tower, on whose Top the Heads of such as have been executed for High Treason, are placed upon Iron Spikes: We counted above 30.

Paulus Iovius, in his Description of the most remarkable Towns in *England*, says, all are obscured by *London*: Which in the Opinion of many, is *Cæsar's City of the Trinobantes*, the Capital of all *Britain*, famous for the Commerce of many Nations; its Houses are elegantly built, its Churches fine, its Towns strong, and its Riches and Abundance surprizing. The Wealth of the World, is wafted to it by the *Thames*, swelled by the Tide, and navigable to Merchants Ships, through

through a safe and deep Channel for 60 Miles, from its Mouth to the City : Its Banks are every where beautified with fine Country Seats, Woods, and Farms ; below, is the Royal Palace of *Greenwich* ; above, that of *Richmond* ; and between both, on the West of *London*, rise the noble Buildings of *Westminster*, most remarkable for the Courts of Justice, the Parliament and *St. Peter's* Church, enriched with the royal Tombs. At the Distance of 20 Miles from *London*, is the Castle of *Windsor*, a most delightful Retreat of the Kings of *England*, as well as famous for several of their Tombs, and for the Ceremonial of the Order of the Garter. This River abounds in Swans, swimming in Flocks ; the Sight of them and their Noise, is vastly agreeable to the Fleets that meet them in their Course. It is joined to the City by a Bridge of Stone, wonderfully built ; is never encreased by any Rains, rising only with the Tide, and is every where spread with Nets for the taking of Salmon and Shad. Thus far Paulus Iovius.

Polydore Virgil affirms, that *London* has continued to be a royal City, and the Capital of the Kingdom, crowded with its own Inhabitants and Foreigners, abounding in Riches, and famous for its great Trade, from the Time of King *Archeninus*, or *Erchenwinus*. Here the Kings are crowned, and solemnly inaugurated, and the Council of the Nation, or Parliament is held. The Government of the City is lodged by ancient Grant of the Kings of *Britain*, in 24 Aldermen,

men, that is Seniors: These annually elect out of their own Body a Mayor, and two Sheriffs, who determine Causes according to the municipal Laws. It has always had, as indeed *Britain* in general, a great Number of Men of Learning, much distinguished for their Writings.

The Walls are pierced with six Gates, which as they were rebuilt, acquired new Names. Two look Eastward:

I. *Ludgate*, the oldest, so called from King *Lud*, whose Name is yet to be seen, cut into the Stone over the Arch on one Side; though others imagine it rather to have been named *Fludgate*, from a Stream over which it stands, like the *Porta Fluentana* at *Rome*. It has been lately repaired by Queen *Elizabeth*, whose Statue is placed on the opposite Side. And

II, *Newgate*, the best Edifice of any: So called from being new built, whereas before it was named *Chamberlain Gate*. It is the public Prison.

On the North are four:

I *Aldersgate*, as some think, from Alder Trees; as others, from *Aldricius*, a *Saxon*.

II. *Criplegate*, from an Hospital for the Lame.

III. *Moorgate*, from a neighbouring Moorass, now converted into a Field, first opened by *Francetius* the Mayor, A. D. 1414.

IV. And *Bishopsgate*, from some Bishop: This the *German Merchants* of the *Hans Society* were obliged by Compact to keep in Repair, and in

* His Name was Sir *Thomas Falconer*.

Times of Danger to defend. They were in Possession of a Key, to open or shut it, so that upon Occasion they could come in, or go out, by Night, or by Day.

There is only one Gate to the East:

Aldgate, that is *Oldgate*, from its Antiquity; though others think it to have been named *Elbe-gate*.

Several People believe, there were formerly two Gates (besides that to the Bridge) towards the *Thames*.

I. *Billingsgate*, now a Cothon, or artificial Port, for the Reception of Ships.

II. *Dourgate*, vulgo *Dowgate*, i. e. *Water-gate*.

The Cathedral of *St. Paul* was founded by *Ethelbert*, King of the *Saxons*, and being from Time to Time re-edified, encreased to Vastness and Magnificence, and in Revenue so much, that it affords a plentiful Support to a Bishop, Dean, Præcentor, Treasurer, four Archdeacons, 29 Prebendaries, and many others. The Roof of this Church, as of most others in *England*, with the adjoining Steeple, is covered with Lead.

On the right Side of the Choir is the Marble Tomb of *Nicholas Bacon*, with his Wife. Not far from this is a magnificent Monument, ornamented with Pyramids of Marble, and Alabaster, with this Inscription:

Sacred to the Memory of
Sir *Christopher Hatton*, Son of *William*, Grandson of *John*, of the most antient Family of the

Hattons; one of the 50 Gentlemen Pensioners to her Majesty Queen *Elizabeth*; Gentleman of the Privy-chamber; Captain of the Guards; one of the privy Council, and High Chancellor of *England*, and of the University of *Oxford*. Who, to the great Grief of his Sovereign, and of all good Men, ended this Life religiously, after having lived unmarried to the Age of 51, at his House in *Holbourn*, on the 20th of *November*, A. D. 1591.

William Hatton, Knight, his Nephew by the Sister's Side, and by Adoption his Son and Heir, most sorrowfully raised this Tomb, a Mark of his Duty.

On the left Hand is the Marble Monument of *William Herbert* Earl of *Pembroke*, and his Lady: And near it, that of *John* Duke of *Lancaster*, with this Inscription:

Here sleeps in the Lord, *John* of *Gant*, so called from the City of the same Name in *Flanders*, where he was born, fourth Son of *Edward* III. King of *England*, and created by his Father, Earl of *Richmond*. He was thrice married, first to *Blanch*, Daughter and Heiress of *Henry* Duke of *Lancaster*; by her he received an immense Inheritance, and became not only Duke of *Lancaster*, but Earl of *Leicester*, *Lincoln*, and *Derby*, of whose Race are descended many Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Nobles. His second Wife was *Constance*, who is here buried, Daughter and Heiress of *Peter*, King of *Castile* and

Leon, in whose Right he most * justly took the Stile of King of *Castile* and *Leon*. She brought him one only Daughter, *Catherine*, of whom, by *Henry*, are descended the Kings of *Spain*. His third Wife was *Catherine*, of a Knight's Family, a Woman of great Beauty, by whom he had a numerous Progeny; from which is descended by the Mother's Side, *Henry VII.* the most prudent King of *England*, by whose most happy Marriage with *Elizabeth*, Daughter of *Edward IV.* of the Line of *York*, the two Royal Lines of *Lancaster* and *York*, are united, to the most desired Tranquillity of *England*.

The most Illustrious Prince, *John*, surnamed *Plantagenet*, King of *Castile* and *Leon*, Duke of *Lancaster*, Earl of *Richmond*, *Leicester*, and *Derby*, Lieutenant of *Aquitain*, High-Steward of *England*, died in the 21st Year of *Richard II.* A. D. 1398.

A little farther, almost at the Entrance of the Choir, in a certain Recess, are two small Stone Chests, one of which is thus inscribed:

Here lies *Seba*, King of the East Saxons, who was converted to the Faith by St. *Erkenwald*, Bishop of *London*, A. D. 677.

On the Other:

Here lies *Ethelred*, King of the *Angles*, Son of King *Edgar*; on whom St. *Dunstan* is said to

* This is not true, for her Legitimacy was with good Reason contested.

have

have denounced Vengeance, on his Coronation-day, in the following Words :

“ In as much, as thou hast aspired to the
 “ Throne by the Death of thy Brother, against
 “ whose Blood the *English*, along with thy infa-
 “ mous Mother, conspired ; the Sword shall not
 “ pass from thy House ! but rage all the Days of
 “ thy Life, afflicting all thy Generation, till thy
 “ Kingdom shall be translated to another, whose
 “ Manner and Language, the People under thee
 “ knoweth not. Nor shall thy Sin be done away
 “ till after long Chastisement, nor the Sin of thy
 “ Mother, nor the Sin of those Men, who as-
 “ sisted in thy wicked Council.”

All which came to pass, as predicted by the Saint ; for after being worsted and put to Flight by *Sueno* King of the *Danes*, and his Son *Canute* ; and at last closely besieged in *London*, he died miserably A. D. 1017, after he had reigned 36 Years in great Difficulties.

There is besides in the Middle of the Church a Tomb made of Brass, of some Bishop of *London*, named *William*, who was in Favour with *Edward* King of *England*, and afterwards was made Counsellor to King *William*. He was Bishop 16 Years, and died A. D. 1077. Near this, is the following Inscription :

Virtue survives the Funeral.

To the Memory of

Thomas Linacre, an eminent Physician, *John Caius* placed this Monument. On the lower Part of it, is this Inscription in Gold Letters :

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Thomas Linacre Physician to King *Henry VIII.* a Man learned in the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages, and particularly skilful in Physick, by which he restored many from a State of Languishment and Despair to Life. He translated with extraordinary Eloquence many of *Galen's* Works into *Latin*; and published, a little before his Death, at the Request of his Friends, a very valuable Book on the correct Structure of the *Latin* Tongue. He founded in Perpetuity in Favour of Students in Physick, two public Lectures at *Oxford*, and one at *Cambridge*. In this City he brought about, by his own Industry, the establishing of a College of Physicians, of which he was elected the first President. He was a Detester of all Fraud and Deceit, and faithful in his Friendships; equally dear to Men of all Ranks: He went into Orders a few Years before his Death, and quitted this Life full of Years, and much lamented, A. D. 1524, on the 20th of *October*.

There are many Tombs in this Church, but without any Inscriptions. It has a very fine Organ, which, at Evening Prayer, accompanied with other Instruments, is delightful.

In the Suburb to the West, joined to the City by a continued Row of Palaces belonging to the chief Nobility, of a Mile in length, and lying on the Side next the *Thames*, is the small Town of *Westminster*; originally called *Thorney* from its Thorn Bushes, but now *Westminster*, from its Aspect and its Monastery. The Church is remarkable for the Coronation, and Burial of the
Kings

Kings of *England*. Upon this Spot is said formerly to have stood a Temple of *Apollo*, which was thrown down by an Earthquake in the Time of *Antoninus Pius*; from the Ruins of which *Sebert* King of the *East-Saxons* erected another to *St. Peter*: This was subverted by the *Danes*, and again renewed by Bishop *Dunstan*, who gave it to a few Monks. Afterwards, King *Edward* the Confessor, built it entirely new, with the Tenth of his whole Revenue, to be the Place of his own Burial, and a Convent of *Benedictine Monks*; and enriched it with Estates dispersed all over *England*.

In this Church the following Things are worthy of Notice:

In the first Choir, the Tomb of *Anne* of *Cleves*, Wife of *Henry VIII.* without any Inscription.

On the opposite Side are two Stone Sepulchres. I. *Edward*, Earl of *Lancaster*, Brother of *Edward I.* II. *Ademar* of *Valence*, Earl of *Pembroke*, Son of *Ademar* of *Valence*. Joining to these is a III. of *Aveline* Countess of *Lancaster*.

In the second Choir is the Chair on which the Kings are seated, when they are crowned; in it is enclosed a stone, said to be that on which the Patriarch *Jacob* slept, when he dreamed he saw a Ladder reaching quite up into Heaven. The following Verses are written upon a Tablet hanging near it; the Sense of Which is:

That if any Faith is to be given to ancient Chronicles, a Stone of great Note is inclosed in

this Chair, being the same on which the Patriarch *Jacob* reposed, when he beheld the miraculous Descent of Angels. *Edward I.* the *Mars* and *Hector* of *England*, having conquered *Scotland*, brought it from thence.

The Tomb of *Richard II.* and his Wife, of Brass Gilt, and these Verses written round it:
Perfect and Prudent, *Richard*, by Right the Second,

Vanquish'd by Fortune, lies here now graven
in Stone,

True of his Word, and thereto well resound;

Seemly in Person, and like to *Homer*, as one
In worldly Prudence, and ever the Church in one
Upheld and favour'd, casting the Proud to
Ground,

And all that would his Royal State confound.

Without the Tomb is this Inscription:

Here lies King *Richard*, who perished by a cruel
Death, in the Year 1369.

To have been happy is additional Misery.

Near him is the Monument of his Queen, Daughter of the Emperor *Wenceslaus*.

On the left Hand is the Tomb of *Edward I.* with this Inscription:

Here lies *Edward I.* who humbled the *Scots*.

A. D. 1308. *Be true to your Engagements.*

He reigned 46 Years.

The Tomb of *Edward III.* of Copper Gilt, with this Epitaph:

Of *Engliſh* Kings here lieth the beauteous
 Flower,
 Of all before paſt, and Myrror to them ſhall ſue:
 A merciful King, of Peace Conſervator,
 The Third *Edward*, &c.

Vid. DART. ii. 44.

Befide the Tomb are theſe Words:

Edward III. whoſe Fame has reach'd to Heaven.

A. D. 1377. *Fight for your Country.*

Here is ſhown his Sword, eight Feet in Length,
 which they ſay he uſed in the Conqueſt of *France*.

His Queen's Epitaph:

Here lies Queen *Philippa*, Wife of *Edward* III.

Learn to Live. A. D. 1369.

At a little Diſtance, the Tomb of *Henry* V.
 with this Legend:

Henry, the Scourge of *France*, lies in this Tomb.

Virtue ſubdues all Things. A. D. 1422.

Near this lies the Coffin of *Catherine*, unburi-
 ed, and to be opened by any one that pleaſes. On
 the Outside is this Inſcription:

Fair *Catherine* is at length united to her Lord.

A. D. 1437. *Shun Idleneſs.*

The Tomb of *Henry* III. of Braſs Gilt, with
 this Epitaph:

Henry III. the Founder of this Cathedral. A. D.

1273. *War is delightful to the Unexperienc'd.*

It was this *Henry*, who 160 Years after *Ed-
 ward* the Confefſor had built this Church, took
 it down, and raiſed an entire new one of beauti-
 ful Architecture, ſupported by Rows of Marble

Columns, and its Roof covered with Sheets of Lead, a Work of 50 Years before its Completion. It has been much enlarged at the West End by the Abbots. After the Expulsion of the Monks, it experienced many Changes; first it had a Dean and Prebendaries; then a Bishop, who having squandered the Revenues, resigned it again to a Dean. In a little Time, the Monks with their Abbot were reinstated by Queen *Mary*; but they being soon ejected again by authority of Parliament, it was converted into a Cathedral Church; nay into a Seminary for the Church, by Queen *Elizabeth*, who instituted there 12 Prebendaries, an equal Number of invalid Soldiers, and 40 Scholars; who at a proper Time are elected into the Universities, and are thence transplanted into the Church and State.

Next to be seen is the Tomb of *Eleanor*, Daughter of *Alphonso* King of *Spain*, and Wife of *Edward I.* with this Inscription:

This *Eleanor* was Consort of *Edward I.*
A. D. 1298. *Learn to die.*

The Tomb of *Elizabeth*, Daughter of *Henry VII.*

In the Middle of this Chapel is the Shrine of *St. Edward*, the last King of the *Saxons*. It is composed of Marbles in *Mosaic*; round it runs this Inscription in Letters of Gold:

The venerable King, *St. Edward* the Confessor,
A Heroe adorned with every Virtue.
He died on the fifth of *January*, 1065,
And mounted into Heaven.

Lift up your Hearts,

The

The third Choir, of surprizing Splendor and Elegance, was added to the east End by *Henry VII.* for a burying Place for himself and his Posterity. Here is to be seen his magnificent Tomb, wrought of Brass and Marble, with this Epitaph:

Here lies *Henry VII.* of that Name, formerly King of *England*, Son of *Edmond* Earl of *Richmond*, who ascending the Throne on the 22d Day of *August*, was crowned on the 30th of *October* following at *Westminster*, in the Year of our Lord 1485. He died on the 21st of *April*, in the 53d Year of his Age, after a Reign of 22 Years, and eight Months, wanting a Day.

This Monument is inclosed with Rails of Brass, with a long Epitaph in *Latin* Verse.

Under the same Tomb lies buried *Edward VI.* King of *England*, Son of *Henry VIII.* by *Jane Seymour*. He succeeded to his Father when he was but nine Years old, and died A. D. 1553, on the 6th of *July*, in the 16th Year of his Age, and of his Reign the 7th, not without Suspicion of Poison.

Mary was proclaimed Queen by the People, on the 19th of *July*, and died in *November*, 1558, and is buried in some Corner of the same Choir, without any Inscription.

Queen *Elizabeth*.

Here lies Queen *Elizabeth*, Daughter of *Edward IV.* Sister of King *Edward V.* Wife of *Henry VII.* and the glorious Mother of *Henry VIII.* She

died in the Tower of *London*, on the 11th of *February*, A. D. 1502, in the 37th Year of her Age.

Between the second and third Choirs, in the side Chapels, are the Tombs of *Sebert* King of the *East-Saxons*, who built this Church with Stone: And

Of *Margaret* of *Richmond*, Mother of *Henry VII.* Grandmother of *Henry VIII.* She gave this Monastery to the Monks of * *Winbourne*, who preached and taught Grammar all *England* over, and appointed Salaries to two Professors of Divinity, one at *Oxford*, another at *Cambridge*, where she founded two Colleges, to *Christ*, and to *John* his Disciple. She died A. D. 1463, on the 3d of the Calends of *July*.

And of *Margaret* Countess of *Lenox*, Grandmother of *James VI.* King of *Scotland*.

William of *Valence*, half Brother of *Henry III.*

The Earl of *Cornwall*, Brother of *Edward III.*

Upon another Tomb is an honorary Inscription for *Frances*, Dutches of *Suffolk*: The Sense of it is;

That Titles, Royal Birth, Riches, or a large Family, are of no Avail:

That all are Transitory; Virtue alone resisting the Funeral Pile.

That this Lady was first married to a Duke, then to *Stoke*, a Gentleman;

And lastly, by the Grave espoused to CHRIST.

* This is a mistake: Her Epitaph says, stipendia constituit tribus hoc cœnobio Monachis & Doctori Grammatices apud *Wynbourne*.

The next is the Tomb of Lord *Ruffel*, Son of the Earl of *Bedford*, whose Lady composed the following *Greek* and *Latin* Verses, and had them engraved on the Marble :

How was I startled at the cruel Feast,
By Death's rude Hands in horrid Manner drest;
Such Grief as sure no hapless Woman knew,
When thy pale Image lay before my View.
Thy Father's Heir in beauteous Form array'd,
Like Flowers in Spring, and fair like them to fade;
Leaving behind unhappy wretched me,
And all thy little Orphan progeny;
Alike the beauteous Face, the comely Air,
The Tongue persuasive, and the Actions fair,
Decay : So Learning too in Time shall waste ;
But Faith, chaste lovely Faith, shall ever last.
The once bright Glory of this House, the Pride
Of all his Country, dusty Ruins hide :
Mourn, hapless Orphans, mourn, once happy Wife,
For when he dy'd, dy'd all the Joys of Life.

Pious and Just, amidst a large Estate,
He got at once the Name of Good and Great,
He made no flatt'ring Parasite his Guest,
But asked the good Companions to the Feast.

Ann Countess of *Oxford*, Daughter of *William Cecil*, Baron *Burleigh*, and Lord Treasurer.

Philippa, Daughter and Coheirefs of *John Lord Mohun* of *Dunstar*, Wife of *Edward Duke* of *York*.

Frances Countess of *Suffex*, of the antient Family of *Sidney*.

Thomas Bromley, Chancellor to Queen *Elizabeth*.
The

† The Earl of *Bridgwater*, Lord *Dawbney*, Lord Chamberlain to *Henry VII.* and his Lady.

And thus much for WESTMINSTER.

There are many other Churches in this City, but none so remarkable for the Tombs of Persons of Distinction.

Near to this Church is WESTMINSTER-HALL, where besides the Sessions of Parliament, which are often held there, are the Courts of Justice; and at stated Times are heard there Trials in Law, or concerning the King's Patrimony; or in Chancery, which moderates the Severity of the Common Law by Equity. Till the Time of *Henry I.* the prime Court of Justice was moveable, and followed the King's Court, but he enacted by the Magna Charta, *That the Common Pleas should no longer attend his Court, but be held at some determined Place.* The present Hall was built by King *Richard II.* in the Place of an ancient one which he caused to be taken down. He made it Part of his Habitation, (for at that Time the Kings of *England* determined Causes in their own proper Person, and from the Days of *Edward the Confessor*, had their Palace adjoining) till about 60 Years since, upon its being burnt, *Henry VIII.* removed the Royal Residence to *Whitehall*, situated in the Neighbourhood, which a little before was the House of Cardinal *Wolfey*: This Palace is truly Royal; inclosed on one Side by the *Thames*, on the other by a Park, which connects it with *St. James's*, another Royal Palace.

† *Sir Giles Dawbney*, he was not Earl of *Bridgwater*, nor a Lord.

In the Chamber where the Parliament is usually held, the Seats and Wainscot are made of Wood *the Growth of Ireland*; said to have had that occult Quality, that all poisonous Animals are driven away by it: And it is affirmed for certain, that in *Ireland* there are neither Serpents, Toads, nor any other venomous Creatures to be found.

Near this Palace are seen an immense Number of Swans, who wander up and down the River for some Miles, in great Security; no body daring to molest, much less kill any of them, under Penalty of a considerable Fine.

In *Whitehall* are the following Things worthy of Observation:

I. The Royal Library, well stored with *Greek, Latin, Italian and French Books*: Amongst the rest, a little one in *French*, upon Parchment, in the hand Writing of the present reigning Queen *Elizabeth*, thus inscribed:

To the most High, Puissant, and redoubted Prince, Henry VIII. of the Name, King of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith:

*Elizabeth, his most humble Daughter,
Health and Obedience.*

All these Books are bound in Velvet of different Colours, though chiefly red, with Clasps of Gold and Silver, some have Pearls, and precious Stones set in their Bindings.

II. Two little Silver Cabinets of exquisite Work, in which the Queen keeps her Paper, and which she uses for writing Boxes.

III. The Queen's Bed, ingeniously composed of Woods of different Colours, with Quilts of Silk, Velvet, Gold, Silver, and Embroidery.

IV. A little Chest ornamented all over with Pearls, in which the Queen keeps her Bracelets, Ear-rings, and other Things of extraordinary Value.

V. Christ's Passion, in painted Glass.

VI. Portraits: Among which are Queen *Elizabeth* at 16 Years old. *Henry, Richard, Edward*, Kings of *England*; *Rosamond*; *Lucrece*, a *Grecian* Bride, in her nuptial Habit; the Genealogy of the Kings of *England*: a Picture of King *Edward VI.* representing at first Sight something quite deformed, till by looking through a small Hole in the Cover, which is put over it, you see it in its true Proportions; *Charles V.* Emperor; *Charles Emanuel* Duke of *Savoy*; and *Catherine* of *Spain*, his Wife; *Ferdinand* Duke of *Florence*, with his Daughters; one of *Philip* King of *Spain*, when he came into *England* and married *Mary*; *Henry VII.* *Henry VIII.* and his mother: Besides many more of illustrious Men and Women; and a Picture of the Siege of *Malta*.

VII. A small Hermitage; half hid in a Rock, finely carved in Wood.

VIII. Variety of Emblems, on Paper, cut in the Shape of Shields, with Mottoes, used by the Nobility at Tilts and Tournaments, hung up here for a Memorial.

IX. Different Instruments of Music, upon one of which two Persons may perform at the same Time.

X. A Piece of Clock-work, an *Æthiop* riding upon a Rhinoceros, with four Attendants, who all make their Obeisance, when it strikes the Hour; these are all put into Motion by winding up the Machine.

At the Entrance into the Park from *Whitehall* is this Inscription:

*The Fisherman who has been wounded, learns,
though late, to beware;
But the unfortunate A&æon always presses on.
The chaste Virgin naturally pitied:
But the powerful Goddess revenged the Wrong.
Let A&æon fall a Prey to his Dogs,
An Example to Youth,
A Disgrace to those that belong to him!
May Diana live the Care of Heaven;
The Delight of Mortals;
The Security of those that belong to her!*

In this Park is great Plenty of Deer.

In a Garden joining to this Palace, there is a *Jet d'eau*, with a Sun-dial, which while Strangers are looking at, a Quantity of Water, forced by a Wheel, which the Gardiner turns at a Distance, through a Number of little Pipes, plentifully sprinkles those that are standing round.

* This romantic Inscription probably alluded to *Philip II.* who wooed the Queen after her Sister's Death; and to the Destruction of his Armada.

Guild-

Guild-Hall, a fine Structure, built by *Thomas Knowles*: Here are to be seen the Statues of two Giants, said to have assisted the *English* when the *Romans* made War upon them; *Corinius* of *Britain*, and *Gogmagog* of *Aibion*. Beneath upon a Table the Titles of *Charles V.* Emperor are written in Letters of Gold.

The Government of *London* is this: The City is divided into 25 Regions, or Wards; the Council is composed of 24 Aldermen, one of which presides over every Ward. And whereas of old, the Chief Magistrate, was a *Portrieve*, *i. e.* Governor of the City: *Richard I.* appointed two Bailiffs; instead of which, King *John* gave a Power by Grant, of chusing annually a Mayor, from any of the twelve principal Companies, and to name two Sheriffs, one of which to be called the King's, the other the City's. It is scarce credible how this City encreased, both in public and private Buildings, upon establishing this Form of Government. Vide *Camden's Britan. Middlesex.*

It is worthy of Observation, that every Year upon *St. Bartholomew's Day*, when the Fair is held, it is usual for the Mayor, attended by the 12 principal Aldermen, to walk in a neighbouring Field, dressed in his scarlet Gown, and about his Neck a golden Chain, to which is hung a * Gol-

* This probably alluded to the Woollen Manufactures; *Stow* mentions his riding through the *Clotb Fair*, on the Eve of *St. Bartholomew* p. 651.

den Fleece, and besides that * particular Ornament, which distinguishes the most noble Order of the Garter. During the Year of his Magistracy, he is obliged to live so magnificently, that Foreigner or native, without any Expence, is free, if he can find a Chair empty, to dine at his Table, where there is always the greatest Plenty. When the Mayor goes out of the Precincts of the City, a Scepter, a Sword, and a Cap, are borne before him, and he is followed by the principal Aldermen in scarlet Gowns, with Gold Chains; himself and they on Horseback: Upon their arrival at a Place appointed for that Purpose, where a Tent is pitched, the Mob begin to wrestle before them, two at a time; the Conquerors receive Rewards from the Magistrates. After this is over, a Parcel of live Rabbits are turned loose among the Crowd which are pursued by a number of Boys, who endeavour to catch them, with all the Noise they can make. While we were at this Show, one of our Company, *Tobias Salander*, Doctor of Physic, had his Pocket picked of his Purse, with nine Crowns *du soleil*, which without doubt was so cleverly taken from him, by an *Englishman* who always kept very close to him, that the Doctor did not in the least perceive it.

The *Castle*, or *Tower of London*, called *Bringwin*, and *Tourgwin*, in *Welch*, from its Whiteness, is encompassed by a very deep and broad Ditch, as well as a double Wall very high. In the Middle

* The Collar of SS.

of the whole is that very antient and very strong Tower, enclosed with four others, which in the Opinion of some, was built by *Julius Cæsar*. Upon entering the Tower, we were obliged to quit our Swords at the Gate, and deliver them to the Guard. When we were introduced, we were shewn above an hundred Pieces of Arras belonging to the Crown, made of Gold, Silver, and Silk; several Saddles covered with Velvet of different Colours; an immense Quantity of Bed-furniture, such as Canopies, and the like, some of them most richly ornamented with Pearl; some Royal Dresses, so extremely magnificent, as to raise any one's Admiration at the Sums they must have cost. We were next led into the Armoury, in which are these Particularities: Spears, out of which you may shoot; Shields, that will give Fire four Times; a great many rich Halberds, commonly called Partisans, with which the Guard defend the Royal Person in Battle; some Lances, covered with red and Green Velvet, and the Body-armour of *Henry VIII.*; many, and very beautiful Arms, as well for Men, as for Horses in Horse-fights; the Lance of *Charles Brandon* Duke of *Suffolk*, three Spans thick; two Pieces of Cannon, the one fires three, the other seven Balls at a Time; two others made of Wood, which the *English* had at the Siege of *Boulogne*, in *France*, and by this Stratagem, without which they could not have succeeded, they struck a Terror into the Inhabitants, as at the Appearance of Artillery, and the Town was
fur-

surrendered upon Articles ; 19 Cannon, of a thicker make than ordinary, and in a Room apart ; 36 of a smaller ; other Cannon for Chain-shot ; and Balls proper to bring down Masts of Ships. Cross-bows, Bows and Arrows, of which to this Day the *English* make great Use in their Exercises : But who can relate all that is to be seen here ? Eight or nine Men, employed by the Year, are scarcely sufficient to keep all the Arms bright.

The Mint for coining Money is in the Tower.

N. B. It is to be noted, that when any of the Nobility are sent hither, on the Charge of high Crimes, punishable with Death, such as Treason, &c. they seldom or never recover their Liberty. Here was beheaded *Anna Bolen*, Wife of King *Henry VIII.* and lies buried in the Chapel, but without any Inscription : And Queen *Elizabeth* was kept Prisoner here by her Sister Queen *Mary*, at whose Death she was enlarged, and by Right called to the Throne.

On coming out of the Tower, we were led to a small House close by, where are kept Variety of Creatures, *viz.* three Lionesses, one Lion of great Size, called *Edward VI.* from his having been born in that Reign ; a Tyger, a Lynx ; a Wolf excessively old ; this is a very scarce Animal in *England*, so that their Sheep and Cattle stray about in great Numbers, free from any Danger, though without any body to keep them ; there is besides, a Porcupine, and an Eagle : All these Creatures are kept in a remote Place, fitted up
for

for the Purpose with wooden Lattices, at the Queen's Expence.

Near to this Tower, is a large open Space: On the highest Part of it is erected a wooden Scaffold, for the Execution of Noble Criminals: upon which they say, three Princes of *England*, the last of their Families, have been beheaded for high Treason: On the Bank of the *Thames* close by, are a great many Cannon, such chiefly as are used at Sea.

The next Thing worthy of Note, is the *Royal Exchange*, so named by Queen *Elizabeth*, built by Sir *Thomas Gresham*, Citizen, for public Ornament, and the Convenience of Merchants. It has a great Effect, whether you consider the Stateliness of the Building, the Assemblage of different Nations, or the Quantities of Merchandise. I shall say nothing of the Hall belonging to the Hans Society; or of the Conveyance of Water to all Parts of the Town by subterraneous Pipes, nor the beautiful Conduits and Cisterns for the Reception of it; nor of the rising of Water out of the *Thames* by a Wheel, invented a few Years since by a *German*.

Bridewell, at present the House of Correction: It was built in six Weeks for the Reception of the Emperor *Charles V.*

A *Hall*, built by a *Cobler*, and bestowed on the City, where are exposed to Sale three Times in a Week, Corn, Wool, Cloth, Fruits, and the like.

Without

Without the City are some *Theatres*, where *English* Actors represent almost every Day Tragedies and Comedies to very numerous Audiences; these are concluded with Music, Variety of Dances, and the excessive Applause of those that are present.

Not far from one of these *Theatres*, which are built of Wood, lies the Royal Barge, close to the River; it has two splendid Cabbins, beautifully ornamented with Glass Windows, Painting and Gilding; it is kept upon dry Ground, and sheltered from the Weather.

There is still another Place, built in the Form of a Theatre, which serves for the baiting of Bulls and Bears, they are fastened behind, and then worried by great *English* Bull Dogs; but not without great Risque to the Dogs, from the Horns of the One, and the Teeth of the other; and it sometimes happens they are killed upon the Spot; fresh ones are immediately supplied in the Place of those that are wounded, or tired. To this Entertainment, there often follows that of whipping a blinded Bear, which is performed by five or six Men, standing circularly with Whips which they exercise upon him without any Mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his Chain; he defends himself with all his Force and Skill, throwing down all who come within his Reach, and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the Whips out of their Hands, and breaking them. At these Spectacles, and every where else, the *English* are constantly smoking Tobacco, and in this Manner; they have
Pipes

Pipes on purpose made of Clay, into the farther End of which they put the Herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into Powder, and putting Fire to it, they draw the Smoak into their Mouths, which they puff out again, through their Nostrils, like Funnels, along with it Plenty of Phlegm and Defluxion from the Head. In these Theatres Fruits, such as Apples, Pears and Nuts, according to the Season, are carried about to be sold, as well as Ale and Wine.

There are fifteen Colleges, within and without the City, nobly built, with beautiful Gardens adjoining. Of these the three principal are :

I. The *Temple*, inhabited formerly by the Knights Templars : It seems to have taken its Name from the old Temple, or Church, which has a round Tower added to it, under which lie buried those Kings of *Denmark*, that reigned in *England*.

II. *Grays-Inn*. And

III. *Lincolns-Inn*.

In these Colleges Numbers of the young Nobility, Gentry, and others, are educated, and chiefly in the Study of Physic, for very few apply themselves to that of the Law : They are allowed a very good Table, and Silver Cups to drink out of. Once a Person of Distinction, who could not help being surprized at the great Numbers of Cups, said, " He should have thought it more suitable
" to the Life of Students, if they had used rather
" Glafs, or Earthen-ware, than Silver." The
" College answered, They were ready to make
" him

“ him a present of all their Plate, provided he
 “ would undertake to supply them with all the
 “ Glafs, and Earthen-ware, they fhould have
 “ a demand for; fince it was very likely he
 “ would find the Expence, from conftant break-
 “ ing, exceed the Value of the Silver.”

The Streets in this City are very handsome and clean; but that which is named from the Goldsmiths who inhabit it, furpaffes all the reft: There is in it a gilt Tower, with a Fountain that plays. Near it on the farther Side is a handsome Houfe, built by a Gold-smith, and prefented by him to the City. There are befides to be feen in this Street, as in all others where there are Goldsmiths Shops, all Sorts of Gold and Silver Veffels expofed to fale; as well as ancient and modern Medals, in fuch Quantities as muft surprize a Man the firft Time he fees and confiders them.

Fitz-Stephens, a Writer of *Engliſh* History reckoned in his Time in *London*, 127 Parifh Churches, and 13 belonging to Convents: He mentions befides, that upon a Review there of Men able to bear Arms, the People brought into the Field under their Colours, 40,000 Foot, and 20,000 Horfe. Vide *Camden's Britan. Middleſex*.

The beſt *Oyſters* are fold here in great Quantities.

Every body knows that *Engliſh* Cloth is much approved of, for the Goodnefs of the Materials,

and imported into all the Kingdom and Provinces in *Europe*.

We were shewn at the House of *Leonard Smith*, a Taylor, a most perfect Looking-glass, ornamented with Gold, Pearl, Silver and Velvet, so richly as to be estimated at five hundred *ecus du soleil*. We saw at the same Place the Hippocamp and Eagle Stone, both very curious and rare.

And thus much of LONDON.

Upon taking the Air down the River, the first Thing that struck us, was the Ship of that noble Pirate, *Sir Francis Drake*, in which he is said to have surrounded this Globe of Earth. On the left Hand lies *Ratcliffe*, a considerable Suburb: On the opposite Shore is fixed a long Pole with Rams horns upon it, the intention of which was vulgarly said to be, a Reflexion upon wilful and contented Cuckolds.

We arrived next at the Royal Palace of *Greenwich*, reported to have been originally build by *Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, and to have received very magnificent Additions from *Henry VII*. It was here *Elizabeth*, the present Queen, was born, and here she generally resides; particularly in Summer, for the Delightfulness of its Situation. We were admitted by an Order Mr. *Rogers* had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the Presence-Chamber, hung with rich Tapestry, and the Floor after the *English* Fashion, strewed with * Hay, through which the Queen com-

* He probably means Rushes.

monly passes in her way to Chapel: At the Door stood a Gentleman dressed in Velvet, with a Gold Chain, whose Office was to introduce to the Queen any Person of Distinction, that came to wait on her: It was *Sunday*, when there is usually the greatest Attendance of Nobility. In the same Hall were the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the Bishop of *London*, a great Number of Counsellors of State, Officers of State, Officers of the Crown, and Gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out; which she did from her own Apartment, when it was Time to go to Prayers, attended in the following manner:

First went Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next came the Chancellor, bearing the Seals in a red Silk Purse, between two: One of which carried the Royal Scepter, the other the Sword of State, in a red Scabbard, studded with golden *Fleurs de Lis*, the Point upwards: Next came the Queen, in the Sixty-fifth Year of her Age, as we were told, very Majestic; her Face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her Eyes small, yet black and pleasant: her Nose a little hooked; her Lips narrow, and her Teeth black; (a Defect the *English* seem subject to, from their too great Use of Sugar) she had in her Ears two Pearls, with very rich Drops; she wore false Hair, and that red; upon her Head she had a small Crown, reported to be made of some of the Gold of the ce-

lebrated *Lunebourg* Table * : Her Bosom was uncovered, as all the *English* Ladies have it, till they marry ; and she had on a Necklace of exceeding fine Jewels ; her Hands were small, her Fingers long and her Stature neither tall nor low ; her Air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That Day she was dressed in white Silk, bordered with Pearls of the Size of Beans, and over it a Mantle of black Silk, shot with Silver Threads ; her Train was very long, the End of it borne by a Marchioness ; instead of a Chain, she had an oblong Collar of Gold and Jewels. As she went along in all this State and Magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign Ministers, or those who attended for different Reasons, in *English*, *French* and *Italian* ; for, besides being well skilled in *Greek*, *Latin*, and the Languages I have mentioned, she is Mistress of *Spanish*, *Scotch*, and *Dutch* : Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling ; now and then she raises some with her Hand. While we were there, *W. Slavata*, a *Bobemian* Baron, had Letters to present to her ; and she, after pulling off her Glove, gave him her right Hand to kiss, sparkling with Rings and Jewels, a Mark of particular Favour : Wherever she turned her Face, as she was going along, every body fell down on † their Knees. The Ladies of the Court

* At this Distance of Time, it is difficult to say what this was.

† Her Father had been treated with the same Deference. It is mentioned by *Fox* in his *Acts and Monuments*, that when the Lord Chancellor went to

Court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most Part dressed in white; she was guarded on each Side by the Gentlemen Pensioners, fifty in Number, with gilt Battle-axes. In the Antechapel next the Hall where we were, Petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the Acclamation of, LONG LIVE QUEEN ELIZABETH! She answered it with, I THANK YOU, MY GOOD PEOPLE. In the Chapel was excellent Music; as soon as it and the Service was over, which scarce exceeded half an Hour, the Queen returned in the same State and Order, and prepared to go to Dinner. But while she was still at Prayers, we saw her Table set out with the following Solemnity.

A Gentleman entered the Room bearing a Rod, and along with him another who had a Table-cloth, which after they had both kneeled three Times, with the utmost Veneration, he spread upon the Table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the Rod again, the other with a Salt-seller, a Plate and Bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the Table, they too retired with the same Ceremonies performed by the first. At last came

to apprehend Queen *Catherine Parr*, he spoke to the King on his Knees.

King *James I.* suffered his Courtiers to omit it.

BACON'S PAPERS, Vol. II. p. 516.

an unmarried Lady, (we were told shew as a Countess) and along with her a married one, bearing a Tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white Silk; who, when she had prostrated herself three Times, in the most graceful Manner, approached the Table, and rubbed the Plates with Bread and Salt, with as much Awe, as if the Queen had been Present: When they had waited there a little while, the Yeomen of the Guard entered, bare-headed, cloathed in Scarlet, with a golden Rose upon their Backs, bringing in at each Turn a Course of twenty-four Dishes, served in Plate most of it Gilt; these Dishes were received by a Gentleman in the same Order they were brought, and placed upon the Table, while the Lady-taster gave to each of the Guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular Dish he had brought, for Fear of any Poison. During the Time that this Guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest Men that can be found in all *England*, being carefully selected for this Service, were bringing Dinner, twelve Trumpets, and two Kettle-drums made the Hal-ling for half an Hour together. At the End of this Ceremonial a Number of unmarried Ladies appeared, who, with particular Solemnity, lifted the Meat off the Table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private Chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the Ladies of the Court.

The Queen dines and sups alone with very few Attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, Foreigner

Foreigner or Native, is admitted at that Time, and then only at the Intercession of somebody in Power.

Near this Palace is the Queen's Park stocked with Deer: Such Parks are common throughout *England*, belonging to those who are distinguished either for their Rank or Riches. In the Middle of this is an old square Tower, called *Mirefleur*, supposed to be that mentioned in the Romance of *Amadis de Gaul*; and joining to it a Plain, where Knights and other Gentlemen use to meet at set Times and Holidays to exercise on Horse-back.

We left *London* in a Coach, in order to see the remarkable Places in its neighbourhood.

The first was *Theobalds*, belonging to Lord *Burleigh* the Treasurer: In the Gallery was painted the Genealogy of the Kings of *England*; from this Place one goes into the Garden, encompassed with a Ditch full of Water, large enough for one to have the Pleasure of going in a Boat, and rowing between the Shrubs; here are great Variety of Trees and Plants; Labyrinths made with a great deal of Labour; a *jet d'eau*, with its Basin of white Marble; and Columns and Pyramids of Wood and other Materials up and down the Garden. After seeing these, we were led by the Gardener into the Summer-house, in the lower Part of which, built semicircularly, are the twelve *Roman* Emperors in white Marble, and a Table of Touchstone; the upper part of it is set round with Cisterns of Lead, into which the Water is conveyed through Pipes, so that Fish may

be kept in them, and in Summer Time they are very convenient for Bathing; in another Room for Entertainment very near this, and joined to it by a little Bridge, was an oval Table of red Marble. We were not admitted to see the Apartments of this Palace, there being nobody to shew it, as the Family was in Town attending the Funeral of their Lord*.

Hodson, a Village.

Ware, a Market Town.

Puckeridge, a Village; this was the first Place where we observed that the Beds at Inns were made by the Waiters.

Camboritum, *Cantabrigium*, and *Cantabrigia*, now called *Cambridge*, a celebrated Town, so named from the River *Cam*, which, after washing the Western-side, playing through Islands, turns to the East, and divides the Town into two Parts, which are joined by a Bridge; whence its modern Name: Formerly it had the *Saxon* one of *Grantbridge*. Beyond this Bridge is an antient and large Castle, said to be built by the *Danes*: On this Side, where far the greater Part of the Town stands, all is splendid; the Streets fine, the Churches numerous, and those Seats of the Muses, the Colleges, most beautiful; in these a great Number of learned Men are supported, and the Studies of all polite Sciences and Languages flourish.

I think proper to mention some few Things about the Foundation of this University, and its Colleges.

* Lord Treasurer *Burleigh* died August 4, 1598.

Colleges. *Cantaber*, a *Spaniard*, is thought to have first instituted this Academy, 375 Years before *Christ*; and *Sebert* King of the *East-Angles*, to have restored it, A. D. 630. It was afterwards subverted in the Confusion under the *Danes*, and lay long neglected; till upon the *Norman Conquest*, every thing began to brighten up again: From that Time, Inns and Halls for the convenient Lodging of Students began to be built, but without any Revenues annexed to them.

The first College, called *Peter-house*, was built and endowed by *Hugh Balsam*, Bishop of *Ely*, A. D. 1280; and in Imitation of him, *Richard Badew*, with the Assistance of *Elizabeth Burk*, Countess of *Clare* and *Ulster*, founded *Clare-Hall*, in 1326; *Mary de St. Paul* Countess of *Pembroke*, *Pembroke-Hall*, in 1343; the Monks of *Corpus Christi*, the College of the same Name, though it has besides that of *Bennet*; *John Craudene*, *Trinity-Hall*, 1354; *Edmond Gonville* in 1348, and *John Caius*, a Physician in our Times, *Gonville and Caius College*; King *Henry VI.* King's College, in 1441; adding to it a Chapel, that may justly claim a Place among the most beautiful Buildings in the World; on its right Side is a fine Library, where we saw the Book of *Psalms* in Manuscript upon Parchment, four Spans in length, and three broad, taken from the *Spaniards* at the Siege of *Cadiz*, and thence brought into *England* with other rich Spoils. *Margaret of Anjou*, his Wife, founded *Queen's College*, 1448, at the same Time that *John Alcock*,

Bishop of *Ely*, built *Jesus College*; *Robert Wood-larke*, *Catherine-Hall*, 1456; *Margaret of Richmond*, Mother of King *Henry VII.* *Christ's* and *St. John's* Colleges about 1506; *Thomas Audley*, Chancellor of *England*, *Magdalen College*, much encreased since both in Buildings and Revenue by *Christopher Wray*, Lord Chief Justice; and the most potent King *Henry VIII.* erected *Trinity College* for Religion and polite Letters; in its Chapel is the Tomb of *Dr. Whitacre*, with an Inscription in Gold Letters upon Marble; *Emanuel College* built in our own Times by the most honourable and prudent Sir *Walter Mildmay*, one of her Majesty's Privy Council: And lastly, *Sidney College*, now first building by the Executors of the Lady * *Frances Sidney*, Countess of *Suffex*.

We must note here, that there is a certain Sect in *England*, called *Puritans*: These, according to the Doctrine of the Church of *Geneva*, reject all Ceremonies antiently held, and admit of neither Organs nor Tombs in their Places of Worship, and entirely abhor all Difference in rank among Churchmen, such as Bishops, Deans, &c. they were first named *Puritans* by the Jesuit *Sandys*. They do not live separate, but mix with those of the Church of *England* in the Colleges.

Potten, a Village.

* She was the Daughter, Sister and Aunt, of those eminent Knights, Sir *William*, Sir *Henry*, and Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Amptbill,

Amptbill, a Town; here we saw immense Numbers of Rabbits, which are reckoned as good as Hares, and are very well tasted.

We passed through the Towns of *Woburn*, *Leighton*, *Ailesbury*, and *Wheatley*.

Oxonium, *Oxford*, the famed *Athens* of *England*; that glorious Seminary of Learning and Wisdom, whence Religion, Politeness, and Letters, are abundantly dispersed into all Parts of the Kingdom: The Town is remarkably fine, whether you consider the Elegance of its private Buildings, the Magnificence of its public ones, or the Beauty and Wholesomeness of its Situation; which is on a Plain, encompassed in such a Manner with Hills shaded with Wood, as to be sheltered on the one hand from the sickly South, and on the other from the blustering West, but open to the East that blows serene Weather, and to the North the Preventer of Corruption; from which, in the Opinion of some, it formerly obtained the Appellation of *Bellofitum*. This Town is watered by two Rivers, the *Cherwell*, and the *Isis*, vulgarly called the *Ouse*; and though these Streams join in the same Channel, yet the *Isis* runs more entire, and with more Rapidity towards the South, retaining its Name, till it meets the *Thames*, which it seems long to have sought, at *Wallingford*, thence called by the compound Name of *Thames*, it flows the Prince of all *British* Rivers; of whom we may justly say, as the Antients did of the *Euphrates*, that it both sows and waters *England*.

The

The Colleges in this famous University are as follows :

In the Reign of *Henry III.* *Waller Merton* Bishop of *Rochester* removed the College he had founded in *Surrey*, 1274, to *Oxford*, enriched it, and named it *Merton College*; and soon after *William* Archdeacon of *Durham* restored with Additions that Building of *Alfred's*, now called *University College*; in the Reign of *Edward I.* *John Baliol* King of *Scotland*, or, as some will have it, his Parents, founded *Baliol College*; in the Reign of *Edward II.* *Walter Stapleton* Bishop of *Exeter* founded *Exeter College*, and *Hartball*; and, in Imitation of him, the King, *King's College*, commonly called *Oriel*, and *St. Mary's Hall*, next *Philippa*, Wife of *Edward III.* built *Queen's College*; and *Simon Islip* Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*, *Canterbury College*; *William of Wickham*, Bishop of *Winchester*, raised that magnificent Structure called *New College*; *Magdalen College* was built by *William Wainfleet* Bishop of *Winchester* a noble Edifice, finely situated, and delightful for its Walks: At the same Time *Humphry Duke of Gloucester*, that great Encourager of Learning, built the *Divinity School* very splendidly, and over it a *Library*, to which he gave an hundred and twenty-nine very choice Books, purchased at a great Price from *Italy*, but the Public has long since been robbed of the Use of them by the Avarice of Particulars: *Lincoln College*; *All-Souls College*; *St. Bernard's College*; *Brazen-Nose College*, founded by *William Smith*, Bp. of *Lincoln*,
in

in the Reign of *Henry VII.* its Revenues were augmented by *Alexander Nowell*, Dean of *St. Paul's, London*; upon the Gate of this College is fixed a Nose of Brass: *Corpus Christi* College built by *Richard Fox*, Bishop of *Winchester*; under his Picture in the College Chapel are Lines importing, that it is the exact Representation of his Person and Dress.

Christ's Church, the largest and most elegant of them all, was begun on the Ground of *St. Frideswide's* Monastery by *Thomas Wolfey* Cardinal of *York*; to which *Henry VIII.* joined *Canterbury* College, settled great Revenues upon it, and named it *Christ's* Church: The same great Prince, out of his own Treasury, to the Dignity of the Town, and Ornament of the University, made the one a Bishoprick, and instituted Professorships in the other.

Jesus College, built by *Hugh Price* Doctor of Laws.

That fine Edifice, the Public Schools, was entirely raised by *Queen Mary*, and adorned with various Inscriptions.

Thus far of the Colleges and Halls, which for the Beauty of their Buildings, their rich Endowments, and copious Libraries, excel all the Academies in the Christian World. We shall add a little of the Academies themselves, and those that inhabit them.

These Students lead a Life almost monastic; for as the Monks had nothing in the world to do, but, when they had said their Prayers at stated
Hours,

Hours, to employ themselves in instructive Studies, no more have these. They are divided into three Tables: The first is called the Fellows Table, to which are admitted Earls, Barons, Gentlemen, Doctors, and Masters of Arts, but very few of the latter; this is more plentifully and expensively served than the others: The second is for Masters of Arts, Bachelors, some Gentlemen, and eminent Citizens; The third for People of low Condition. While the rest are at Dinner or Supper in a great Hall, where they are all assembled, one of the Students reads aloud the Bible, which is placed on a Desk in the Middle of the Hall, and this Office every one of them takes upon himself in his turn; as soon as Grace is said after each Meal, every one is at Liberty either to retire to his own Chambers, or to walk in the College Garden, there being none that has not a delightful one. Their Habit is almost the same as that of the Jesuits, their Gowns reaching down to their Ancles, sometimes lined with Furr; they wear square Caps; the Doctors, Masters of Arts, and Professors, have another kind of Gown that distinguishes them: Every Student of any considerable standing has a Key to the College Library, for no College is without one.

In an out Part of the Town are the Remains of a pretty large Fortification, but quite in Ruins. We were entertained at Supper with an excellent Concert, composed of Variety of Instruments.

The next Day we went as far as the Royal Palace of *Woodstock*, where King *Ethelred* formerly held

held a Parliament, and enacted certain Laws. This Palace abounding in Magnificence was built by *Henry I.* to which he joined a very large Park, enclosed with a Wall, according to *John Rosse* the first Park in *England*. In this very Palace the present reigning Queen *Elizabeth*, before she was confined to the Tower, was kept Prisoner by her Sister *Mary*; while she was detained here in the utmost Peril of her Life, she wrote with a Piece of Charcoal the following Verses, composed by herself, upon a Window-shutter :

O FORTUNE ! *how thy restless wavering State
Hath fraught with Cares my troubled Wit !
Witness this present Prison whither Fate
Hath borne me, and the Joys I quit.
Thou causedest the Guilty to be loosed
From Bands, wherewith are Innocents inclosed ;
Causing the Guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that Death had well deserved ;
But by her Envy can be nothing wrought,
So God sent to my Foes all they have thought.*

ELIZABETH PRISONER

A. D. M.D.LV.

Not far from this Palace are to be seen near a Spring of the brightest Water the Ruins of the Habitation of *Rosamond Clifford*, whose exquisite Beauty so entirely captivated the Heart of King *Henry II.* that he lost the Thought of all other Women ; she is said to have been poisoned at last by the Queen. All that remains of her Tomb of
Stone,

Stone, the Letters of which are almost worn out, is what follows :

* * * * * Adorent,

Utque tibi detur requies, *Rosamunda*, precamur.

This rhiming Epitaph, likewise was probably the Performance of some Monk :

Hic jacet in tumbâ *Rosamundi* non *Rosamunda*,
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

Returning from hence to *Oxford*, after Dinner we proceeded on our Journey, and passed through *Ewelme*, a Royal Palace, in which some Alms-People are supported by an Allowance from the Crown.

Nettlebed, a Village.

We went through the little Town of *Henley*; from hence the *Chiltern* Hills bear North in a continued Ridge, and divide the Counties of *Oxford* and *Buckingham*.

We passed *Maidenhead*.

Windfor, a Royal Castle, supposed to have been begun by King *Arthur*, its Buildings much encreased by *Edward III*. The Situation is entirely worthy of being a Royal Residence, a more beautiful being scarce to be found : For from the Brow of a gentle Rising it enjoys the Prospect of an even and green Country; its Front commands a Valley extending every Way, and chequered with arable Lands and Pasturage, cloathed up and down with Groves, and watered by that gentlest of Rivers the *Thames*; behind the several Hills, but neither steep nor very high, crowned with
Woods,

Woods, and seeming designed by Nature herself for the purpose of Hunting.

The Kings of *England*, invited by the Delicousness of the Place, very often retire hither ; and here was born the Conqueror of *France*, the glorious King *Edward III.* who built the Castle new from the Ground, and thoroughly fortified it with Trenches, and Towers of square Stone, and having soon after subdued in Battle *John King of France*, and *David King of Scotland*, he detained them both Prisoners here at the same Time. This Castle besides being the Royal Palace, and having some magnificent Tombs of the Kings of *England*, is famous for the Ceremonies belonging to the Knights of the Garter, this Order was instituted by *Edward III.* the same who triumphed so illustriously over King *John of France.* The Knights of the Garter are strictly chosen for their military Virtues, and Antiquity of Family : They are bound by solemn Oath and Vow to mutual and perpetual Friendship among themselves, and to the not avoiding any Danger whatever, or even Death itself, to support by their joint Endeavours the Honour of the Society : They are stiled, Companions of the Garter, from their wearing below the left Knee a purple Garter, inscribed in Letters of Gold, with HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE, i.e. *Evil to him that Evil thinks* : This they wear upon the left Leg, in Memory of one which happening to untie, was let fall by a great Lady, passionately beloved by *Edward*, while she was dancing, and was immediately

diately snatched up by the King; who, to do Honour to the Lady, not out of any trifling Gallantry, but with a most serious and honourable Purpose, dedicated it to the Legs of the most distinguished Nobility. The Ceremonies of this Society are celebrated every Year at *Windsor* on *St. George's Day*, the tutelar Saint of the Order, the King presiding; and the Custom is, that the Knights Companions should hang up their Helmet and Shield, with their Arms blazoned on it, in some conspicuous Part of the Church.

There are three principal and very large Courts in *Windsor Castle*, which give great Pleasure to the Beholders: The first is enclosed with most elegant Buildings of white Stone flat roofed, and covered with Lead; here the Knights of the Garter are lodged; in the Middle is a detached House, remarkable for its high Tower, which the Governor inhabits. In this is the public Kitchen, well furnished with proper Utensils, besides a spacious Dining Room, where all the poor Knights eat at the same Table; for into this Society of the Garter the King and Sovereign elects, at his own Choice, certain Persons who must be Gentlemen of three Descents, and such as for their Age and the Straitness of their Fortunes, are fitter for saying their Prayers, than for the Service of War; to each of them is assigned a Pension of eighteen Pounds *per annum* and Cloaths; the chief Institution of so magnificent a Foundation is, that they should say their daily Prayers to God for the King's Safety, and the happy Administration of
the

the Kingdom, to which Purpose they attend the Service, meeting twice every Day at Chapel. The left side of this Court is ornamented by a most magnificent Chapel of one hundred and thirty four Paces in Length, and sixteen in Breadth; in this are eighteen Seats fitted up in the Time of *Edward III.* for an equal Number of Knights: This venerable Building is decorated with the noble Monuments of *Edward IV.* *Henry VI.* and *VIII.* and of his Wife *Queen Jane.* It receives from Royal Liberality the annual Income of two thousand Pounds, and that still much encreased by the Munificence of *Edward III.* and *Henry VII.* The greatest Princes in *Christendom* have taken it for the highest Honour to be admitted into the Order of the Garter; and since its first Institution about twenty Kings, besides those of *England,* who are the Sovereigns of it, not to mention Dukes and Persons of the greatest Figure, have been of it. It consists of twenty six Companions.

In the inward Choir of the Chapel are hung up sixteen Coats of Arms, Swords and Banners, among which are those of *Charles V.* and *Rodolphus II.* Emperors, of *Philip of Spain;* *Henry III.* of *France;* *Frederick II.* of *Denmark,* &c. of *Gosmir* Count Palatine of the *Rhine;* and other Christian Princes, who have been chosen into this Order.

In the back Choir, or additional Chapel, are shewn Preparations made by Cardinal *Wolfey,* who

was afterwards * capitally punished, for his own Tomb; consisting of eight large brazen Columns placed round it, and nearer the Tomb four others in the Shape of Candlesticks, the Tomb itself is of white and black Marble; all which are reserved, according to Report, for the Funeral of *Queen Elizabeth*, the Expences already made for that Purpose are estimated at upwards of 60,000*l.* In the same Chapel is the Surcoat † of *Edward III.* and the Tomb of *Edward Fines* Earl of *Lincoln*, Baron *Clinton* and *Say*, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and formerly Lord High Admiral of *England*.

The second Court of *Windsor* Castle stands upon higher Ground, and is enclosed with Walls of great Strength, and beautified with fine Buildings, and a Tower; it was an antient Castle, of which old Annals speak in this Manner; King *Edward*, A. D. 1359, began a new Building in that Part of the Castle of *Windsor* where he was born, for which Reason he took Care it should be decorated with larger and finer Edifices than the rest; in this Part were kept Prisoners *John* King of *France*, and *David* King of *Scots*, over whom *Edward* triumphed at one and the same Time: It was by their Advice, struck with the Advantage of its Si-

* This was a strange Blunder to be made so near the Time, about so remarkable a Person, unless he concluded that whoever displeased *Henry VIII.* was of course put to Death.

† This is a Mistake, it was the Surcoat of *Edward IV.* enriched with Rubies, and was preserved here till the civil War.

tuation,

tuation, and with the Sums paid for their Ransom, that by Degrees this Castle stretched to such Magnificence, as to appear no longer a Fortrefs, but a Town of proper Extent, and inexpugnable to any human force; this particular Part of the Castle was built at the sole Expence of the King of *Scotland*, except one Tower, which from its having been erected by the Bishop of *Winchester*, Prelate of the Order, is called *Winchester* Tower *, there are a hundred Steps to it, so ingeniously contrived, that Horses can easily ascend them; it is an hundred and fifty Paces in Circuit; within it are preserved all Manner of Arms necessary for the Defence of the Place.

The third Court is much the largest of any, built at the Expence of the captive King of *France*; as it stands higher, so it greatly excels the two former in Splendor and Elegance; it has one hundred and forty-eight Paces in Length, and ninety-seven in Breadth; in the Middle of it is a Fountain of very clear Water, brought under Ground at an excessive Expence from the Distance of four Miles: towards the East are magnificent Apartments destined for the Royal Household; towards the West is a Tennis-court for the Amusement of the Court; on the North Side are the Royal Apartments, consisting of magnificent Chambers, Halls, and † Bathing-rooms, and a private Cha-

* This is confounded with the round Tower.

† It is not clear what the Author means by *hypocaustis*; I have translated it bathing-rooms; it might mean only Chambers with Stoves.

pel, the Roof of which is embellished with golden Roses and *Fleurs de lis*; in this too is that very large Banqueting-room, seventy-eight Paces long, and thirty wide, in which the Knights of the Garter annually celebrate the Memory of their tutelary Saint St. *George*, with a solemn and most pompous Service.

From hence runs a Walk of incredible Beauty, three hundred and eighty Paces in Length, set round on every Side with Supporters of Wood, which sustain a Balcony, from whence the Nobility and Persons of Distinction can take the Pleasure of seeing Hunting and Hawking in a Lawn of sufficient Space; for the Fields and Meadows clad with Variety of Plants and Flowers, swell gradually into Hills of perpetual Verdure quite up to the Castle, and at Bottom stretch out in an extended Plain, that strikes the Beholders with Delight.

Besides what has been already mentioned, there are worthy of Notice here two Bathing-rooms, cieled and wainscoted with Looking-glasses; the Chamber in which *Henry VI.* was born; Queen *Elizabeth's* Bed-chamber, where is a Table of red Marble with white Streaks; a Gallery every where ornamented with Emblems and Figures, a Chamber in which are the royal Beds of *Henry VII.* and his Queen, of *Edward VI.* of *Henry VIII.* and of *Anne Bullen*, all of them eleven Feet square, and covered with Quilts shining with Gold and Silver; Queen *Elizabeth's* Bed, with curious Coverings of Embroidery, but not quite so long or large

large as the others; a Piece of Tapestry, in which is represented *Clovis*, King of *France*, with an Angel presenting to him the *Fleurs de lis*, to be borne in his Arms; for before this Time the Kings of *France* bore three Toads in their Shield, instead of which they afterwards placed three *Fleurs de lis* on a blue Field; this antique Tapestry is said to have been taken from a King of *France*, while the *English* were Masters there. We were shewn here among others the Horn of a Unicorn, of above eight Spans and an Half in Length, valued at above 10,000*l*; the Bird of Paradise, three Spans long, three Fingers broad, having a blue Bill of the length of half an Inch, the upper Part of its Head yellow, the nether Part of a * * * * colour*, a little lower from either side of its Throat stick out some redish Feathers, as well as from its Back and the rest of its Body; its Wings of a yellow Colour are twice as long as the Bird itself; from its Back grow out length ways two Fibres or Nerves, bigger at their Ends, but like a pretty strong Thread, of a leaden Colour, inclining to black, with which, as it has no Feet, it is said to fasten itself to Trees, when it wants to rest: A Cushion most curiously wrought by Queen *Elizabeth's* own Hands.

In the Precincts of *Windsor*, on the other Side the *Thames*, both whose Banks are joined by a Bridge of Wood, is *Eaton*, a well built College, and famous School for polite Letters, founded by

* The Origin is *optici*; it is impossible to guess what Colour he meant.

Henry

Henry VI. where besides a Master, eight Fellows and Chanters, sixty Boys are maintained gratis: They are taught Grammar, and remain in the School, till upon Trial made of their Genius and Progress in Study, they are sent to the University of *Cambridge*.

As we were returning to our Inn, we happened to meet some Country People *celebrating their Harvest-home*; their last Load of Corn they crown with Flowers, having besides an Image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would signify *Ceres*, this they keep moving about, while Men and Women, Men and Maid Servants, riding through the Streets in the Cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the Barn; The Farmers here do not bind up their Corn in Sheaves, as they do with us, but directly as they have reaped or mowed it, put it into Carts, and convey it into their Barns.

We went through the Town of *Staines*.

Hampton-Court, a Royal Palace, magnificently built with Brick by Cardinal *Wolfey* in Ostentation of his Wealth, where he enclosed five very ample Courts, consisting of noble Edifices, in in very beautiful Work: Over the Gate in the second Area is the Queen's Device, a golden Rose, with this Motto, DIEU ET MON DROIT: On the inward Side of this Gate are the Effigies of the twelve *Roman* Emperors in Plaister. The chief Area is paved with square Stone, in its Center is a Fountain that throws up Water, covered with a gilt Crown, on the Top of which is a Statue of
Justice,

Justice, supported by Columns of black and white Marble. The Chapel of this Palace is most splendid, in which the Queen's Closet is quite transparent having its Windows of Chrystal. We were led into two Chambers, called the Presence, or Chambers of Audience, which shewn with Tapestry of Gold and Silver and Silk of different Colours: under the Canopy of State are these Words embroidered in Pearl, *Vivat Henricus Octavus*. Here is besides a small Chapel richly hung with Tapestry, where the Queen performs her devotions. In her Bed-chamber the Bed was covered with very costly Coverlids of Silk: At no great Distance from this Room we were shewn a Bed, the Tester of which was worked by *Ann Bullen*, and presented by her to her Husband *Henry VIII*. All the other Rooms, being very numerous, are adorned with Tapestry of Gold, Silver, and Velvet, in some of which were woven History Pieces; in others, *Turkish* and *American* Dresses, all extremely natural.

In the Hall are these Curiosities:

A very clear Looking-glass, ornamented with Columns and little Images of Alabaster; a Portrait of *Edward VI*. Brother to Queen *Elizabeth*; the true Portrait of *Lucretia*; a Picture of the Battle of *Pavia*; the History of Christ's Passion, carved in Mother of Pearl; the Portraits of *Mary Queen of Scots*, who was beheaded, and her * Daughter; the Picture of *Ferdinand Prince of Spain*, and of

* Here are several Mistakes.

Philip his Son; that of *Henry VIII.* under it was placed the Bible curiously written upon Parchment; an artificial Sphere; several musical Instruments; in the Tapestry are represented Negroes riding upon Elephants. The Bed in which *Edward VI.* is said to have been born, and where his Mother *Jane Seymour* died in Childbed; in one Chamber were several excessively rich Tapestries, which are hung up when the Queen gives Audience to foreign Ambassadors; there were Numbers of Cushions ornamented with Gold and Silver; many Counterpanes and Coverlids of Beds lined with Ermine; in short, all the Walks of the Palace shine with Gold and Silver. Here is besides a certain Cabinet called *Paradise*, where besides that every thing glitters so with Silver, Gold and Jewels, as to dazzle one's Eyes, there is a musical Instrument made all of Glass, except the Strings. Afterwards we were led into the Gardens, which are most pleasant; here we saw Rosemary so planted and nailed to the Walls as to cover them entirely, which is a Method exceeding common in *England*.

Kingston, a market Town.

Nonefuch, a Royal Retreat, in a Place formerly called *Cuddington*, a very healthful Situation, chosen by King *Henry VIII.* for his Pleasure and Retirement, and built by him with an Excess of Magnificence and Elegance, even to Ostentation; one would imagine every thing that Architecture can perform to have been employed in this one Work; there are every where so many Statues
that

that seem to breathe so many Miracles of consummate Art, so many Casts that rival even the Perfection of *Roman* Antiquity, that it may well claim and justify its Name of *Nonesuch*, being without an equal; or as the Poet sung,

*This which no equal has in Art or Fame,
Britains deservedly do Nonesuch name.*

The Palace itself is so encompassed with Parks full of Deer, delicious Gardens, Groves ornamented with trellis Work, Cabinets of Verdure, and Walks so embrowned by Trees, that it seems to be a Place pitched upon by *Pleasure* herself, to dwell in along with *Health*.

In the Pleasure and artificial Gardens, are many Columns and Pyramids of Marble, two Fountains that spout Water one round the other like a Pyramid, upon which are perched small Birds that stream Water out of their Bills: in the Grove of *Diana* is a very agreeable Fountain, with *Aetæon* turned into a Stag, as he was sprinkled by the Goddess and her Nymphs, with Inscriptions.

There is besides another Pyramid of Marble full of concealed Pipes, which spirt upon all who come within their Reach.

Returned from hence to *London*.

A SHORT

DESCRIPTION

OF

ENGLAND.

BRITAIN, consisting of the two Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, is the largest Island in the World, encompassed by the Ocean, the *German* and *French* Seas: The largest and Southern Part of it is *England*, so named from the *Angli*, who quitting the little Territory yet called *Angel* in the Kingdom of *Denmark*, took Possession here. It is governed by its own King, who owns no Superior but God. It is divided into 39 Counties, to which 13 in *Wales* were added by *Henry VIII*, the first who distributed that Principality into Counties; over each of these in Times of Danger a Lord Lieutenant, nominated by the King, presides with an unlimited Power: Every Year some Gentleman, an Inhabitant of the Place, is appointed Sheriff, his Office is to collect the public Monies, to raise Fines, or to make Seizures, and account for it to the Treasury, to attend upon the Judges, and put their Sentence in Execution, to empanel the

the Jury, who sit upon Facts, and return their Verdict to the Judges, (who in *England* are only such of the Law, and not of the Fact) to convey the condemned to Execution, and to determine in lesser Causes; for the greater are tried by the Judges, formerly called travelling Judges, now Judges of Assize; these go their Circuits through the Counties twice every Year to hear Causes, and pronounce Sentence upon Prisoners.

As to Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, after the Popes had assigned a Church and a Parish to every Priest, *Honorius* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, about the Year 636, began to divide *England* in the same Manner into Parishes: As it has two Provinces, so it has two Archbishops, the one of *Canterbury*, Primate and Metropolitan of all *England*, the other of *York*; subject to these are 25 Bishops, viz. 22 to *Canterbury*, the remaining three to *York*.

The Soil is fruitful, and abounds with Cattle, which inclines the Inhabitants rather to feeding than ploughing, so that near a third Part of the Land is left uncultivated for grazing. The Climate is most temperate at all Times, and the Air never heavy, consequently Maladies are scarcer, and less Physic is used there than any where else. There are but few Rivers: Though the Soil is productive it bears no Wine, but that Want is supplied from Abroad by the best Kinds, as of *Orleans*, *Gascon*, *Rhenish* and *Spanish*. The general Drink is Beer, which is prepared from Barley; and is excellently well tasted, but strong, and what soon fuddles. There are many Hills without

294 HENTZNER'S TRAVELS.

one Tree, or any Spring, which produce a very short and tender Grass, and supply plenty of Food to sheep : Upon these wander numerous Flocks, extremely white, and whether from the Temperature of the Air, or Goodness of the Earth, bearing softer and finer Fleeces than those of any other Country : This is the true Golden Fleece, in which consist the chief Riches of the Inhabitants, great Sums of Money being brought into the Island by Merchants, chiefly for that Article of Trade. The Dogs here are particularly good. It has Mines of Gold, Silver, and Tin, (of which all Manner of Table Utensils are made, in Brightness equal to Silver, and used all over *Europe*) of Lead, and of Iron, but not much of the latter : The Horses are small but swift : Glass-houses are in plenty here.

Of the MANNERS of the ENGLISH.

The *English* are serious like the *Germans*, Lovers of Shew ; liking to be followed wherever they go by whole Troops of Servants, who wear their Master's Arms in Silver, fastened to their left Arms, a Ridicule they deservedly lay under : They excel in Dancing and Music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker Make than the *French* ; they cut their Hair close on the Middle of the Head, letting it grow on either Side ; they are good Sailors, and better Pirates, Cunning, Treacherous, and Thievish, above 300 are said to be hanged annually at *London* ; beheading with them is less infamous than hanging ; they give the Wall as the Place of Honour ; hawk-
ing

ing is the general Sport of the Gentry ; they are more polite in Eating than the *French*, devouring less Bread, but more Meat, which they roast in Perfection ; they put a great deal of Sugar in their Drink ; their Beds are covered with Tapestry, even those of Farmers ; they are often molested with the Scurvy, said to have first crept into *England* with the *Norman* Conquest ; their Houses are commonly of two Stories, except in *London*, where they are of three and four, though but seldom of four ; they are built of Wood, those of the richer Sort with Bricks, their Roofs are low, and where the Owner has Money, covered with Lead.

They are powerful in the Field, successful against their enemies, impatient of any thing like Slavery ; vastly fond of great Noises that fill the Ear, such as the firing of Cannon, Drums, and the ringing of Bells, so that it is common for a Number of them, that have got a Glass in their Heads, to go up into some Belfry, and ring the Bells for Hours together, for the Sake of Exercise. If they see a Foreigner, very well made or particularly handsome, they will say, *It is a pity he is not an ENGLISHMAN.*

THE ILLUSTRIOUS
FAMILIES OF ENGLAND.

*† **T**HOMAS HOWARD, Duke of *Norfolk*, hereditary Marshal of *England*; the Dutchy is extinct for Rebellion, the last Duke being beheaded.

† *Grey Duke of Suffolk*, attainted under *Queen Mary*.

† *Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel*, in his Mother's Right, and of *Surry* by his Father, Son of the above-mentioned Duke of *Norfolk*, he himself condemned for High-treason, and his Titles forfeited.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, hereditary Chamberlain of *England*.

Percy Earl of Northumberland, descended from the Dukes of *Brabant*.

† *Charles Nevill Earl of Westmoreland*, banished into *Holland*, and deprived of his Fortunes and Dignities for Rebellion.

Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury.

Grey Earl of Kent, has but a small Estate.

Stanley Earl of Derby, and King of *Man*.

Manners Earl of Rutland.

* Those marked with a † are extinct, or forfeited.

Somerſet

Somerset Earl of *Worcester*, descended from a Bastard of the *Somerset* Family, which itself is of the Royal Family of the *Plantagenets*.

Clifford Earl of *Cumberland*.

Ratcliff Earl of *Suffex*.

Hastings Earl of *Huntington*, of the Line of *York*, by the Mother's Side.

Bourcbier Earl of *Bath*.

† *Ambrose Sutton*, alias *Dudley*, Earl of *Warwick*, died a few Years since Childless.

Wriothesly Earl of *Southampton*.

Russel Earl of *Bedford*.

Herbert Earl of *Pembroke*.

† *Edward Seymour* Earl of *Hertford*, Son of the Duke of *Somerset*, who was beheaded in the Reign of *Edward VI*.

† *Robert Sutton*, or *Dudley*, Earl of *Leicester*, Brother of the Earl of *Warwick*, died a few Years ago.

Robert d'Evereux Earl of *Essex*, and of *Ewe* in *Normandy*, created hereditary Marshal of *England* in 1598.

Charles Howard, of the *Norfolk* Family, created Earl of *Nottingham* 1597, Lord High Admiral of *England*, and Privy Counsellor.

Fiesnes Earl of *Lincoln*.

Brown Viscount *Montacute*.

Howard of the *Norfolk* Family, Viscount *Bindon*.

Nevil Baron *Abergavenny*; this Barony is controverted.

Touchet Baron *Audley*.

Zouch Baron *Zouch*.

Peregrine Bertie Baron *Willoughby* of *Eresby* and *Brooke*, Governor of *Berwick*.

Berkely Baron *Berkley*, of the antient Family of the Kings of *Denmark*.

Parker Baron *Morley*.

† *Dacre* Baron *Dacre* of *Gyllesland* : this Barony is vacant.

† *Dacre* Baron *Dacre* of the *South*, he died four Years since, and the Barony devolved to his Daughter.

Brook Baron *Cobham*, Warden of the *Cinqueports*.

Stafford Baron *Stafford*, reduced to want ; he is Heir to the Family of the Dukes of *Buckingham*, who were hereditary Constables of *England*.

Gray Baron *Gray* of *Wilton*.

Scroop Baron *Scroop* of *Boulton*.

Sutton Baron *Dudley*.

Stourton Baron *Stourton*.

† *Nevill* Baron *Latimer*, died some Years since without Heirs Male, the Title controverted.

Lumley Baron *Lumley*.

Blunt Baron *Montjoy*.

Ogle Baron *Ogle*.

Darcy Baron *Darcy*.

Parker Baron *Montegle*, Son and Heir of Baron *Morley*; he has this Barony in right of his Mother, of the Family of *Stanley*.

Sandys Baron *Sandys*.

Vaux Baron *Vaux*.

Windsor Baron *Windsor*.

Wentworth Baron *Wentworth*.

Borough Baron *Borough*, reduced to *Want*.

Baron *Mordaunt*. Baron *Eure*.

Baron *Ricb*. Baron *Sbeffield*.

Baron *North*, privy Counsellor and Treasurer of the Household.

Baron *Hunfdon*, privy Counsellor and Lord Chamberlain.

Sackville Baron *Buckburst*, privy Counsellor.

Thomas Cecil Baron *Burleigh*, Son of the Treasurer.

Cecil Lord *Roos*, Grandson of the Treasurer, yet a Child; he holds the Barony in right of his Mother, Daughter to the Earl of *Rutland*.

† *Howard* of *Maltravers*, Son of the Earl of *Arundel*, not yet restored in Blood.

† Baron *Gbeny*.

† Baron *Gromwell*. Baron *Wharton*.

Baron *Willoughby* of *Parbam*.

† Baron *Pagett*, in Exile, attainted.

Baron *Chandois*. Baron *St. John*.

Baron *Delaware*; his Ancestors took the King of *France* Prisoner.

Baron *Compton*, has squandered almost all his Substance.

Baron

Baron Norris.

Thomas Howard, second Son of the Duke of Norfolk, Baron Audley of Saffronwalden, in his Mother's Right.

† William, third Son of the Duke of Norfolk is neither a Baron, nor yet restored in Blood.

Thus far of Noble Families.

We set out from London in a Boat, and fell down the River, leaving Greenwich, which we have spoken of before, on the right Hand.

Barking a Town in Sight on the Left.

Gravesend, a small Town, famous for the Convenience of its Port: the largest Dutch ships usually call here. As we were to proceed farther from hence by Water, we took our last Leave here of the noble Bohemian David Strziela, and his Tutor Sobias Salandar, our constant Fellow-Travellers through France and England, they designing to return Home through Holland, we on a second Tour into France; but it pleased Heaven to put a Stop to their Design, for the worthy Strziela was seized with a Diarrhœa a few Days before our Departure, and, as we afterwards learned by Letters from Salander, died in a few Days, of a violent Fever in London.

Queenborough; we left the Castle on our Right; a little farther we saw the fishing of Oysters out of the Sea, which are no where in greater Plenty or Perfection; witness Ortelius in his Epitome, &c.

Whitstable, here we went ashore.

Canter-

Canterbury, we came to it on Foot; this is the Seat of the Archbishop, Primate of all *England*, a very antient Town, and without doubt of Note in the Time of the *Romans*.

Here are two Monasteries almost contiguous, namely of *Christ* and *St. Augustine*, both of them once filled with Benedictine Monks; the former was afterwards dedicated to *St. Thomas Becket*, the Name of *Christ* being obliterated; it stands almost in the Middle of the Town, and with so much Majesty lifts itself, and its two Towers, to a stupendous Height, that, as *Erasmus* says, it strikes even those, who only see it at a Distance, with Awe.

In the Choir, which is shut up with Iron Rails, are the following Monuments:

King *Henry IV.* with his Wife *Joan of Navarre*, of white Marble.

Nicholas Wooton, privy Counsellor to *Henry VIII.* *Edward VI.* *Mary* and *Elizabeth*, Kings and Queens of *England*.

Of Prince *Edward*, Duke of *Aquitain* and *Cornwall*, and Earl of *Chester*.

Reginald Pole, with this Inscription:

The Remains of *Reginald Pole*, Cardinal and Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Cardinal *Chatillon*.

We were then shewn the Chair in which the Bishops are placed, when they are installed. In the Vestibule of the Church, on the South Side, stands the Statues of three Men armed, cut in Stone, who slew *Thomas Becket* Archbishop of *Can-*

Canterbury, made a Saint for this Martyrdom ; their Names are adjoined,

* TUSCI. FUSCI. BERRI.

Being tired with walking, we refreshed our selves here with a Mouthful of Bread, and some Ale, and immediately mounted Post-Horses, and arrived about two or three o'Clock in the Morning at *Dover*. In our way to it, which was rough and dangerous enough, the following Accident happened to us: Our Guide or Postillion, a Youth, was before with two of our Company, about the Distance of a Musket-Shot ; we, by not following quick enough, had lost sight of our Friends ; we came afterwards to where the Road divided ; on the right it was down Hill and Marshy, on the left was a small Hill. Whilst we stopped here in doubt, and consulted which of the Roads we should take, we saw all on a sudden on our right Hand some Horsemen, their Stature, Dress and Horses, exactly resembling those of our Friends : Glad of having found them again, we determined to set on after them ; but it happened through God's Mercy, that though we called to them, they did not answer us, but kept on down the marshy Road, at such a Rate, that their Horses Feet struck Fire at every Stretch ; which made us with Reason begin to suspect they were

* This is another most inaccurate Account : The Murderers of *Becket* were, *Tracy, Morville, Britton,* and *Firzurse*.

Thieves,

Thieves, having had Warning of such ; or rather that they were nocturnal Spectres, who, as we were afterwards told, are frequently seen in those Places. There were likewise a great many *Jack-w'-alantborns*, so that we were quite seized with Horror and Amazement !——But, fortunately for us, our Guide soon after sounded his Horn, and we following the Noise, turned down the Left-hand Road, and arrived safe to our Companions, who, when we had asked them, if they had not seen the Horsemen who had gone by us? answered, not a Soul: Our Opinions according to Custom were various upon this Matter; but whatever the Thing was, we were without doubt in imminent Danger, from which that we escaped, the Glory is to be ascribed to God alone.

Dover, situated among Cliffs, (standing where the Port itself was originally, as may be gathered from Anchors, and Parts of Vessels dug up there) is more famous for the Convenience of its Port, which indeed is now much decayed, and its Passage to *France*, than for either its Elegance or Populoufness. This Passage the most used, and the shortest, is of thirty Miles, which, with a favourable Wind, may be run over in five or six Hours Time, as we ourselves experienced; some reckon it only eighteen to *Calais*, and to *Boulogne* sixteen *English* Miles, which, as *Ortelius* says in his *Theatrum*, are longer than the *Italian*.

Here was a Church dedicated to *St. Martin*, by *Victred* King of *Kent*, and a House belonging to the
the

the Knights Templars; of either there are now no Remains: It is the Seat of a Suffragan to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, who, when the Archbishop is employed upon Business of more Consequence, manages the ordinary Affairs, but does not interfere with the Archiepiscopal Jurisdiction. Upon a Hill, or rather Rock, which on it's right Side, is almost every where a Precipice, a very extensive Castle rises to a surprizing Height, in Size like a little City, extremely well fortified, and thick set with Towers, and seems to threaten the Sea beneath: *Matthew Paris* calls it, the Door and Key of *England*. The ordinary People have taken it into their Heads, that it was built by *Julius Cæsar*; it is likely it might by the *Romans*, from those *British* Bricks in the Chapel, which they made Use of in their Foundations; See *Camden's Britannia*.

After we had dined, we took Leave of *England*.

A
P R O J E C T
FOR RAISING AN
H O S P I T A L
FOR
Decayed A U T H O R S.

By JOHN GILBERT-COOPER, Esq;

S I R,

I Sit down to write to you in Behalf of a Set of Gentlemen in this Town, with whom you are not unacquainted, called *Authors*, whose Appearance in public, for many prudent Reasons, being seldom, and their Habitations far above the common Level with the rest of Mankind, they pass unnoticed by the Generality of the World, and are looked upon by others as a Name without a Being. From whence this want of Respect for so considerable a Body of Men proceeds, I will not take upon me to say; but certain it is, that many worthy Wits by Profession are starving in Garrets; whilst the Gravitation of
of

of Dulness daily brings Hundreds to and from the *Exchange*, and the neighbouring *Allies*, in their Chariots. What a sad Reflexion it is, that the most beautiful Ode in *HORACE* will not raise Six-pence in the City, when an ordinary Knowledge of the Multiplication-Table will accumulate Estates ! This unaccountable Humour in the Nation, of preferring the Writings of the *Bank Directors* to those of the Sons of *Parnassus*, has reduced many a fine Poetical Genius to darn his own Stockings.

A Friend of mine, who accidentally became acquainted with two or three of these great Men, who nobly defy Poverty for the Sake of exhibiting their extraordinary Talents, took me one Day to visit them in their Occupation. We were led by the Master of the House where they lodged, a Bookseller by Trade, up a very handsome Pair of Stairs, where I imagined we should have been introduced to the *Literati* upon the first Floor ; but how great was my Surprize to be conducted up two or three Stories more, and then up a Ladder into a Cock-loft, where eight or nine of these illustrious Spirits were amusing themselves with Compositions of various Sorts, not, as our Guide seemed to insinuate, for the Lucre of Porter and Pudding, but from the nobler Motive of benefiting Mankind by their Lucubrations. I must own their unsuitable Situation made me feel some concern for them, though they seemed to feel very little for themselves. But my Attention to their deplorable Circumstance was interrupted by

Mistake that my Ignorance of their Trade led me into; for after the first introductory Salutations were over, they fell again to their former Employments without taking any farther Notice of us, and as I was very attentive out of Curiosity, I heard one of them call softly across the Table to another who sat opposite to him, *Prithee, MAT. PRIOR, "Lend me thy Simile of the Bird's Nest."* Upon my expressing some Surprize at the Name of *Mat. Prior*, my Friend whispered me, that every one of the Gentlemen personated some Poet of Note, and imitated, as well as he was able, his Stile and Manner; and that such Compositions were published under the Titles of *Remains, Posthumous Works, &c.* I cannot say but my Indignation began to be kindled at a Proceeding so injurious to the deceased, had not an Object of a different Nature excited my Laughter; for whilst these *Deputy Harmonists* were coupling their Rhimes together, an old Woman of a venerable Aspect mounted the Ladder, and informed the Company that the Milk-Porridge was ready. The Pens were instantly stuck behind their Ears, the Ink remained in Peace, and the Sound of *Beams, purling Streams, Loves, Doves, and Groves*, was heard no more. I imagined as soon as the Visit was over, that my Acquaintance with these Sons of the *Muses* would be so too; but I very soon after found my Error; for as I was walking in *St. James's Park* the next *Sunday*, I observed three Gentlemen in rusty philosophical black Coats, Brass-

Brass-hilted Swords, and Tie-Wigs, rising up from one of the Benches to meet me. When they were come a little nearer, I perceived one of them to be my old Friend the Simile Lender, the worthy Representative of *Mat. Prior*, who accosted me with the most obliging Condescension. As our Conversation, during my Stay in the Park, was pretty long, I shan't trouble you with a particular Account of it any farther, than to acquaint you that it began with animadverting on the *damn'd Taste* of the Town, as they called it, and concluded with their borrowing Half a Crown a-piece of me. Such is the Condition of many a great Soul in this Kingdom, who magnanimously scorning to engross, to pound in a Mortar, or live like any other vile Mechanic, has rather chose to confine himself six Days in seven, feeling the inward Call of a poetical Spirit, than breathe the same Air with the illiterate Multitude! As many Hundreds therefore are led into great Inconveniencies, not by their own Faults, but by this Writing Devil that possesses them, I think it would be a Charity altogether worthy of the present public Spirit, to found an Hospital for necessitous Authors; such I mean as are not quite furious, for those of Course will be admitted into that founded by the late Dean of *St. Patrick's* for Lunatics; and as no Scheme of this Sort has hitherto been laid before the Publick, I beg Leave to insert the following in your *Museum*.

The first thing to be considered is a proper Spot to build an Hospital upon: for which I think

Totbill

Totbill Fields would not be amiss, as they lie contiguous to the Banks of the fertile *Thames*, whose Streams have been the Subject of so many fine Compositions, and may serve to recall even in old Age the Ideas of their former Rapture. The Structure should be of the old *Gotbick* Collegiate Architecture, containing about two hundred Apartments, not regular and uniform, but of different Sizes, &c. according to the different Geniuses and Dispositions of those who are to be admitted. In this Point too the Situation of the Chambers ought to be observed; for Instance, the *Compilers of Vade-mecums, Abridgment-makers, &c.* should be stationed in the Cellars under Ground; the *Ode Writers* next to the Sky-light; the *Translators* on the Ground-Floor; and the *Epic and Dramatic Authors* on the first and second Stories. In the Midst of the Whole I would have a large Hall, where the whole Society should meet three Times a Day, to be provided at every Meal with Dishes adapted to their Constitutions; for Care must be had, that the Gentlemen who soar "*above the visible diurnal Sphere,*" do not eat of Beef or any other Meat, that is subject to clog the Intellec^ts, but be fed, as *Pindar* and the Bards of old were, with Food that elates and puts the Fancy on the Wing. This College should be governed by a President and Twelve Directors, all of whom have been Booksellers in *London* for the Space of seven Years before the Time they are elected such, that they may be thereby qualified to judge properly of the
Pre-

Pretensions of the Candidates to this Charity. Every Candidate must have the Recommendation of one or more of the Directors, and a Certificate under the Hands and Seals of four of the Company of *Stationers*, that he has been Muse-rid for ten Years, in such a Manner as to be entirely incapacitated for any other Vocation in Life. If these Things seem clear, the Person shall be admitted without any farther Trouble, except it is proved he is worth Money, for a rich Man must be as incapable to enter this Hospital *as the Kingdom of Heaven*.

We next come to the Choice of proper Servants and Attendants. Now, as there are in the three Kingdoms innumerable Footmen, and Chamber Maids, who spend best part of their Time with *Lee* and *Otway*, and daily condemn Fate for having placed People of their uncommon Talents in such a Situation, as to be subject to be called every Moment from the heroic Company of *Alexander* and *Roxana*, and sent to converse, much against their Inclinations, with the Dregs of the People; I would have all such as are disposed to live retired, and to have frequent Opportunities of conversing not only with dead Poets but living Wits, come and offer their Service to the Hospital; where they shall be furnished with every thing necessary for Life, and be allowed, after the little Labour that shall be required of them is over, stated Hours for their favourite Studies.

When

When these things all are settled, and a handsome Subscription opened, the Legislature, no doubt, will give Encouragement to so noble, useful, and charitable a Foundation, by establishing the Lands and Funds raised for its Support by parliamentary Authority; and if it would not be looked upon as Presumption to give a Hint to so wise and august an Assembly, a Tax might be laid, which would bring in vast Sums annually, and at the same Time be no Burthen to the industrious Subject, but on the contrary tend to promote every Branch of Trade in the Nation. The Tax I mean should be laid upon that unprofitable Commodity, that abounds so much in these Kingdoms, commonly called *Scribbling*. There should be in every Parish an Inspector into this Manufactory, (suppose the Parson) who should take his Rounds once a Week, like the Exciseman, to visit those that are Dealers, and receive the limited Duty; and to obviate any Fraud, very large Penalties should be laid upon all such, as should clandestinely make Verse or Prose, or a Mixture of both, (which I think is most in request at present) without previously acquainting the ecclesiastical Officer, or at least informing him immediately after. This Expence would hinder many an Attorney's Clerk, and Prentice from *Pbillising* away his Time, and keep him from being reduced at last to the Hospital.

Should it be objected by the Proprietors of the Magazines, or other periodical Miscellanies, that such

A Project for raising an HOSPITAL, &c.

such a Tax would deprive them of many an ingenious Performance both in Verse and Prose, the Grievance may be redressed by applying to the Directors, and compounding with them for so much a Year for all their Authors in a Lump, as those People do with Commissioners of Turnpikes, who live near the Gate. Thus, Sir, having thrown together some loose Thoughts of my own, I leave you and the Reader to make what farther Improvements upon the Project you are able.

I am

Your most Humble Servant, &c.

A PARA-

A
P A R A L L E L ;

In the manner of P L U T A R C H :

Between a most celebrated

Man of F L O R E N C E ;

And ONE, scarce ever heard of, in

E N G L A N D .

By the Rev. Mr. S P E N C E .

Parvis componere magna.—VIRGIL.



First Printed in the Year 1757.

VOL. II.

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T H E
L I F E
O F
S I G N^R. M A G L I A B E C H I.

AMONG the Number of eminent Men, which the City of *Florence* has produced since the Revival of Literature, one of the most extraordinary, and of the most celebrated in his Time, was *Antonio Magliabechi*: And indeed there are such uncommon Things asserted of him, and so far exceeding the Bounds of Probability, as may seem to require some Apology even for repeating them; it may therefore not be improper to premise, that the chief Authorities on which the following Account of him is founded, are *Florentines*; that the *Italians* in general, and the *Florentines* in particular, delight in a higher and larger way of Speaking than is usual among us; that they deal much in Superlatives; and that their Superlative, like that in the *Latin Lan-*

guage from whence it is derived, signifies, *very much*; as well as, *the Most*: That whatever I have quoted from Books, is, in general very punctually referred to in the Notes, and often the very Words of the Authors inserted; and that whatever is not so authorized, is what I have learned, in Conversation with Gentlemen of the City of *Florence*, who were personally acquainted with *Magliabechi*, Men of Learning and Reputation, and of very good Credit, both for Knowledge and Veracity. Thus assisted, I have undertaken to give some Account of this extraordinary, and so much admired Man.

Magliabechi was born at *Florence* on the 29th of *October* [a], in the Year 1633. His Parents were of so low and mean a Rank, that they were very well satisfied when they had got him into the Service of a Man who sold Herbs and Fruit. He had never learned to read; and yet he was perpetually poring over the Leaves of old Books, that were used as waste Paper in his Master's Shop. A Bookseller who lived in the Neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the Boy could not read, asked him one Day, "What he meant by staring so much on printed Paper?" He said, "That he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all Things; that he was very uneasy in the Business he was

[a] From his Article in *Moreri's Dictionary*. *Niceron*, in his *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Hommes Illustres*, says, it was on the 28th.

“ in; and should be the happiest Creature in the
 “ World, if he could live with him, who had
 “ always so many Books about him.” The
 Bookfeller was astonished, and yet pleased with
 his Answer; and at last told him, that he should
 not be disinclined to take him into his Shop, if
 his Master would be willing to part with him.
 Young *Magliabecchi* thanked him with Tears of
 Joy in his Eyes; and his Happiness was highly
 encreased, when his Master, on the Bookfeller’s
 Desire, gave him Leave to go where he pleased.
 He went therefore directly to his new and much
 desired Business [b]; and had not been long in it,
 before he could find out any Book that was asked
 for, as ready as the Bookfeller could himself.
 Some time after This he learned to read, and as
 soon as he had, he was always [c] reading when
 he could.

He seems never to have applied himself to any
 particular Study. A Passion for Reading was his

[b] This Account I had from a Gentleman of *Flo-
 rence*, who was very well acquainted with *Magliabe-
 cchi* and his Family: There are other Accounts very
 different from this. *Salvini* says, that he was at first,
 in an honourable, but not literary Employ: And
 Father *Niceron*, that he was Apprentice to a Gold-
 smith. I do not pretend to determine, which of the
 three Accounts is the truest.

[c] “ Ne’ Libri, che esser dovenano di tutto il suo
 “ vivere compagni inseparabili; ne’ Libri, uniche
 “ delizie, unici suoi amori, s’ intrateneva.” *Salvini*,
 “ Orat. Fun. p. 7. And he speaks of his Virtuosa
 “ Bramasia di sempre legere,” just after; and con-
 firms these Passages in several other Places, See Pages
 9, 12, 22, and 27; *ibid*.

ruling Passion; and a prodigious Memory his great Talent. He read every Book almost indifferently, as they happened to come into his Hands. He read them with a surprizing Quickness, and yet retained not only the Sense of what he read, but often all the Words, and the very the Manner spelling them, if there was any thing peculiar of that kind in any Author.

His extraordinary Application, and Talents, soon recommended him to *Ermini* [d], and *Marmi* [e], the Great Duke's Librarian. He was by them introduced into the Conversations of the learned, and made known at Court: And began to be looked upon every where as a Prodigy [f], particularly for his vast and unbounded Memory.

It is said, that there was a Trial made of the Force of his Memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A Gentleman at *Florence*, who had written a Piece which was to be printed, lent the Manuscript to *Magliabecchi*; and some Time after it had been returned with Thanks, came to him again with a melancholy Face, and told him of some invented Accident, by which, he said, he

[d] Librarian to the Cardinal of *Medicis*.

[e] Father *Niceron* names these two as his great Friends; and it may probably be of the latter that *Salvini* says, "Un nobile, letterato, e generoso spirito della citta nostro dal suo impiego il levo; e nelle letterarie conversazioni lo introdusse; e ella Real Corte di Toscana il fe conoscere." *Or. Fun.* p. 8.

[f] "Fuegli amirato fin da principio, come un prodigio, di quella parte principalmente dell' Anima che Memoria s' appella." *Ib.* p. 8.

had lost his Manuscript: The Author seemed almost inconsolable for the Loss of his Work, and intreated *Magliabechi*, whose Character for remembering what he read was already very great, to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down for him, against his next Visit. *Magliabechi* assured him he would, and on setting about it, wrote down the whole Manuscript [g], without missing a Word, or even varying any where from the Spelling.

By treasuring up every thing he read in so strange a Manner, or at least the Subject, and all the principal parts of all the Books he ran over; his Head became at last, as one of his Acquaintance expressed it to me, “ An universal Index “ both of Titles and Matter.”

By this Time *Magliabechi* was grown so famous for the vast Extent of his Reading and his amazing Retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common among the Learned to consult him, when they were writing on any Subject.

[g] There is, I believe, at least as much Difference in the *English* and *Florentine* ways of speaking, when we praise or extol any thing, as there may be between the *Florentine* and the *Oriental*. A *Florentine* will call a good tolerable House, for Instance, a *Palace*; and a little snug Flower Garden a *Paradise*. This, and all the other Anecdotes in this Account are from *Florentines*, as I have said before, and certainly in most of them, some Allowance should be made for the *Florentine* way of speaking; I having generally expressed what I had from them in their Language, literally in our own.

Thus for Instance, if a Priest was going to compose a Panegyric on such a Saint, and came to communicate his Design to *Magliabechi*, he would immediately tell him, who had said any Thing of that Saint, and in what Part of their Works, and that sometimes, to the Number of above a hundred Authors. He would tell them not only who had treated of their Subject designedly, but of such also as had touched upon it only accidentally, in writing on other Subjects; both which he did with the greatest Exactness, naming the Author, the Book, the Words, and often the very Number of the Page [b] in which they were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon almost as an Oracle [i], for the ready and full Answers that he gave to all Questions, that were proposed to him in any Faculty or Science whatever.

It was his great Eminence this way, and his vast, I had almost said, inconceivable Knowledge of Books, that induced the Great Duke, *Cosmo* the Third to do him the Honour of making him

[b] *Salvini* expresses this yet more strongly: "Et non che il libro; ma la pagina, la colonna, il verso, ne additava." *Or. Fun.* p. 15.

[i] "Il *Magliabechi* fu tanto rinomato per la sua Biblioteca, e per il vasto suo sapere, che sembrava quasi un oracolo, per le pronte, e saggie sue risposte, in qualunque facoltà fosse ricercato." *Mancurti*, in his *Life of Crescembeni*. See the *Latter's History of Italian Poetry*, T. vi. p. 233.

his Librarian ; and what a Happiness must it have been to *Magliabechi*, who delighted in nothing so much as in Reading, to have the supreme Command and Use of such a Collection of Books as that in the Great Duke's Palace. He was also very conversant with the Books in the *Lorenzo* Library [k] ; and had the keeping of those of *Leopoldo*, and *Francesco Maria*, the two Cardinals of *Tuscany*.

And yet even all this did not satisfy his extensive Appetite ; for one who knew him well told me, " One may say, that he had read almost all " Books." By which as he explained himself, he meant the greatest Part of those printed before his Time [l] ; and all in it : For it was latterly a general Custom, not only among the Authors, but the Printers too of those Times, to make him a Present of a Copy of whatever they published ; which, by the way, must have been a considerable Help towards the very large Collection of Books, which he himself made.

To read such vast Numbers as he did, he latterly made use of a Method as extraordinary, as any Thing I have hitherto mentioned of him. When a Book first came into his Hands, he would look the Title Page all over, then dip here

[k] *Salvini, Or. Fun. p. 10. and 11.*

[l] *Salvini* goes farther, for he says, " Non vi era " minimo libretto, chi' egli non conoscesse." *Or. Fun. p. 15.* And *Crescembeni*, speaking of a Dispute whether a certain Poem had ever been printed or not, concludes it had not, " Because *Magliabechi* had never seen it." *Istoria della Volg. Poes. T. vi. p. 23.*

and there in the Preface, Dedication, and Advertisements, if there were any; and then cast his Eyes on each of the Divisions, the different Sections, or Chapters, and then he would be able for ever to know what that Book contained: For he remembered as steadily, as he conceived rapidly.

It was after he had taken to this way of shortening his reading, if I may be allowed so odd an Expression; and I think, I rather may, because he conceived the Matter almost as completely in this short way, as if he had read it at full Length; that a Priest who had composed a Panegyric on one of his favorite Saints, brought it to *Magliabechi*, as a Present. He read it over the very way above mentioned; only the Title Page, and the Heads of the Chapters; and then thanked him very kindly, "For his excellent Treatise." The Author, in some Pain, asked him, "whether that was all that he intended to read of his Book?" *Magliabechi* coolly answered, "Yes; for I know very well every thing that is in it." My Author for this Anecdote endeavoured to account for it in the following Manner: *Magliabechi*, says he, knew all that the Writers before had said of this Saint; he knew this particular Father's Turn and Character; and from thence judged, what he would chuse out of them, and what he would omit. If this way of accounting for so extraordinary a thing may not seem satisfactory to some, it must at least be allowed to be ingenious by all.

Magli-

Magliabechi had a local Memory too of the Places where every Book stood; as in his Master's Shop at first, and in the Pitti, and several other Libraries afterwards: And seems to have carried this farther, than only in Relation to the Collections of Books with which he was personally acquainted. One Day the Great Duke sent for him after he was his Librarian, to ask him whether he could get him a Book that was particularly scarce. No, Sir," answered *Magliabechi*, "it is impossible; for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Signior's Library at *Constantinople*, and is the seventh Book on the second Shelf on the right Hand, as you go in."

Though *Magliabechi* must have lived so sedentary a Life, with such an intense and almost perpetual Application to Books, yet he arrived to a good old Age. He died in his eighty-first Year, on July 14, 1714 [m]. By his Will he left a very fine Library of his own Collection, for the use of the Public, with a Fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain over, to the Poor.

He was not an Ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was quite negligent, or rather quite slovenly in his Dress. His Appearance was such, as must have been far from engaging the Affection of a Lady, had he addressed himself to any; and his Face in particular, as appears by the several Representations of him, whether in his Busts,

[m] *Lawocat*; in his *Dictionnaire Historique Portatif*, Art. *Magliabechi*: Probably, from *Salvini's Or-Fun. p. 29*.

Medals, Pictures, or Prints, would rather have prejudiced his Suit, than advanced it: He received His Friends, and those who came to consult him in any Points of Literature, in a civil and obliging Manner; though in general he had almost the Air of a Savage, and even affected it; together with a cynical, or contemptuous Smile [n], which scarce rendered his Look the more agreeable. *Salvini* himself, just after he has been speaking of his Person, cannot help thinking of the [o] Satyrs that *Socrates* was compared to of old.

In his Manner of living, he affected the Character of *Diogenes*; three hard Eggs, and a Draught or two of Water, was his usual Repast. When any went to see him, they most usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden Cradle, in the Middle of his Study, with a Multitude of Books, some [p] thrown in Heaps, and others scattered about the Floor, all round him; and this his Cradle, or Bed, was attached to the nearest Piles of Books by a Number of Cobwebs: At their Entrance, he commonly used to call out to them; "Not to hurt his Spiders!" From this single Anecdote we may conclude, that where a great Friend of his commends him for his "gentil-

[n] Or. Fun. p. 13. [o] Ibid. p. 18.

[p] He used sometimes to loll and sleep upon Piles of them: "Cui litto erano i libri," says *Salvini*, "e sopra essi, (chi 'l crederà?) riposava." Or. Fun. p. 27.

“ leza [q] ;” it must be understood, of his Obligingness in answering any Questions that were put to him in literary Affairs; and not of the Genteelness of his Person or Behaviour in general.

Magliabechi was early made a Member of the ARCADIA; a Society established at *Rome*, toward the End of the last Century for the Rivival of true Taste, in Poetry, Eloquence, and the polite Arts. Most of the eminent People all over *Italy*, and many of other Countries, are enrolled in it; and though of so much later Date than many of the other Academies in *Italy*, there is scarce any one of them, perhaps, that can boast the Names of so many Kings and Princes, or Popes and Cardinals, as appear in their List. Their Assemblies and Games have [r] for many Years been kept in a Theatre built on Purpose for them in the Gardens, now belonging to the King of *Naples*, on the *Palatine-hill* in *Rome*. It is here too that they have used, almost ever since their Institution, to set up memorial Inscriptions to some of the most worthy of their Members. There is one to *Magliabechi*, in the fourth Year of the six hundred and twenty-fifth *Olympiad*, for they have revived that antient way of Reckoning, in which he is stiled; “ Their Counsellor, or Oracle, in all
“ Sorts of Learning [s].”

[q] “ Appresso l’incomparabile, e per sapere e per gentilezza, *Antonio Magliabechi*.” *Crejc.* T. iii. p: 207.

[r] Ever since the Year 1726.

[s] OMNIGENAE ERUDITIONIS CONSULTO.

Crecebmeni, the great Promoter and Soul of this Society for so many Years, and [t] President of it [u] from its first Establishment, to the End of his own Life, has given the World a fuller Account of these Arcadians, than is any where else to be met with, in his History of *Italian Poetry*. He was a particular [x] Friend of *Magliabechi*; with whom he got acquainted, when he was obliged to go into *Tuscany* for his Health. He speaks of him frequently in his History just mentioned and never without some Encomium: It is sufficient, I think, to say, here, that among so many, and so various Commendations, the lowest Title which he ever gives him, is that of “the Eminent *Magliabechi* [y].”

Moreri [z] says, “That he was famous all over *Europe*, for his great Knowledge in Books, and in literary History:” And *Lavocat* [z], “That he was consulted by all the Learned in *Europe*; and highly commended by them all.” And the above cited *Crecebmeni* confirms what is

[t] Custode. [u] From 1690, to 1728.

[x] *Crecebmeni* was at *Florence* in 1699, where he got acquainted with *Buonarroti*, *Salvini*, *Accolti*, and *Averani*; “Uomini tutti,” says my Author, “e per chiara fama, e per eccellenza di dottrina, molto illustri; e sopra ogni altro, da *Antonio Magliabechi*.” *Mancurti*.

[y] “Dall’insigne *Antonio Magliabechi*.” T. iii. p. 44. The other generally runs thus: “Eruditissimo.” T. i. p. 201. Ill dignissimo.” T. iv. 105. — “ill celebratissimo.” T. ii. p. 410. — “l’incomparabile.” T. iv. p. 26.

[z] See his Article in their Dictionaries.

said

said by both of them; and adds [a] “That as he cannot find out any Commendation proportioned to his immense Erudition, after so many that have been bestowed upon him by the most learned Persons of his Times, he should chuse to repeat that of one of the most eminent among them, Cardinal *Norris*, who in one of his Works calls him [b], “The most learned Man, and the most applauded in all Nations of the World, which are not inhabited by Barbarians.”

Salvini made his funeral Oration, in the *Florentine* Academy; by which *Magliabechi* had been chosen for their Secretary annually, for several Years [c] before his Death: And even in the Midst of that Assembly of so many learned and eminent Men, calls him [d], “The principal Ornament of his Country.” The whole Speech consists of Compliments to his Merits, or Excuses for what might seem amiss in him; and in the Course of it, he gives him the Titles of “The great *Magliabechi*! [e]” — — “The universal Library [f];” — — “A prodigy of Learning [g]” — — and some others, which may perhaps sound better in *Italian*, than they would in *English*.

[a] *Istoria della Volgàr Poesia*, T. i. p. 187.

[b] “Eruditissimum, et ubique non barbararum gentium laudatissimum virum.”

[c] *Or. Fun.* p. 26.

[d] *Ibid.* p. 4.

[e] *Ibid.* p. 5.

[f] p. 17.

[g] p. 25.

Thus lived and died *Magliabechi*, in the midst of the public Applause; and with such an Affluence, for all the latter Part of his Life, as very few Persons have ever procured by their Knowledge or learning.

T H E
L I F E
O F
M r . H I L L .

ROBERT HILL, Son of *Robert* and *Phæbe Hill*, was born *January 11, 1699*, at *Miswell*, a little Village of only three or four Houses, near *Tring* in *Hertfortsbire*. His Mother's maiden Name was *Clark*; she lost her Husband within the Year; returned to her own Family at *Miswell*; and, about five Years after, was married to *Thomas Robinson*, a Taylor at *Buckingham*. On her going thither, she left our *Robert*, the only Son of her first Marriage, with his Grand-mother at *Miswell*; who taught him to read, and sent him to School for seven or eight Weeks to learn to write; which was all the Schooling he ever had. In the Year 1710, she removed with her Family from *Miswell* to *Tring-grove*; where little *Robert* was employed in driving the Plough, and other Country Business, for his Uncle. But they finding this rather too much for his Constitution,

tution, which was but weakly, thought an easy Trade would be better for him; and so bound him (1714) Apprentice to his Father-in-law, *Robinson*, the Taylor, at *Buckingham*.

It was about two Years after (1716) he was Prentice, that he first happened to get an imperfect Accidence and Grammar, and about three Quarters of a *Littleton's* Dictionary, into his Possession. From the first Moment of so great an Acquisition, he was reading whenever he could; and as they would scarce allow him any Time from his Work by Day, he used to procure Candles as privately as he could, and indulge himself in the violent Passion he had for reading, for good Part of the Nights. He wanted greatly to learn *Latin*; why, does not appear: For he himself does not remember any other Reason for it at present, than that he might be able to read a few *Latin* Epitaphs in their Church. However that be, this Pursuit of his was soon interrupted (1717), by the Small-pox coming into *Buckingham*, and growing so violent there, that his Friends sent him to *Tring-grove*; and in the Hurry, his Books were left behind him. At the *Grove*, he was employed in keeping his Uncle's Sheep; and speaks of that Occupation in as high a Stile of Happiness, as the Romance-writers talk of their *Arcadian* Swains: But what made it so happy to him was, as he himself expresses it, "that he could lie under a Hedge, and read all Day long." His Study here consisted only of *The Practice of Piety, the Whole Duty of Man,*
and

and *Mauger's French Grammar*. These he read over and over so often, that he had them almost all by Heart; and has a great deal of them still. He stayed there a Year and a Quarter; and on his Return to *Buckingham* (1719), he was highly delighted at seeing his old Friend the *Latin Grammar* again; and immediately renewed his Acquaintance with it. In this second Attempt of his for *Latin*, he was assisted by some of his Play-fellows among the Boys at the Free-school at *Buckingham*. He would do any thing that was in his power to serve them, if they would tell him the *English* of such Words, or such Rules in his *Grammar*, as he found the most difficult to understand: And by such slow and laborious Means, enabled himself to read a good Part of a *Latin Testament* which he had purchased, and a *Cæsar's Commentaries* that had been given him, before he was out of his Apprenticeship.

Soon after he was out of his Time, he married (1721); and had *Horace* and a *Greek Testament* added to his Books, by the Goodness of a Gentleman for whom he was at work. As he could not bear to have a Book in his Hands that he could not read; he no sooner received the Latter, than he resolved to learn *Greek*: And that very Evening, communicated his Design to a young Gentleman, with whom he was acquainted; who gave him a *Greek Grammar*, and promised to assist him as far as he could in his Design. *Hill* used to teach him to fish; and he used to help on *Hill* in his first great Difficulty of acquiring the *Greek*.

Greek Language ; And when he lost that Friend, which he did very soon, for he died very young, he had the good Fortune to be assisted, much more materially, by another.

In the mean Time, as his Wife proved a very good Breeder, he found it necessary to do something to add to his Income ; and therefore set up for a School-master [b] (1724), as well as a Taylor, and had so good Success, that he had generally upwards of fifty Scholars, for the six or seven Years that he practised it. However, there were some Difficulties that he met with, in his new Employ. He had scarce been in it half a Year, when a Lad well advanced in another School, returned home to *Buckingham* to go to his. In the first Conversation, Mr. *Hill* found, that this new Scholar of his was got to Decimal Fractions ; whereas he himself was but lately entered, and that but a little way, into Division. This was a terrible Embarrassment, at first ; but Mr. *Hill* took the following Method of disentangling himself from it ; he set his young Man to copying out the Tables of decimal Fractions, from *Wingate* ; which engaged him for about six Weeks : And in the mean Time, he himself applied so hard to his Arithmetic, that he made himself Master of decimal Fractions, before that Time was expired ; but to do this he was forced to sit up the greatest Part of every Night in the Interval. Another

[b] For Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic.

case, that gave him a good deal of Trouble, was one of his Scholars being attacked by some popish Neighbours, (1726) in order to make a Convert of him. This Mr. *Hill* could not suffer; and was led by it into a Paper War with [i] one of their Priests, which continuing for near two Years, without any other Success than saving his Scholar; for as to the two Combitants, they disputed on, as usual, without any manner of Conviction on either Side.

About two Years after Mr. *Hill* had lost his first Wife (1730) he married his second. She was a Widow, and was looked upon as a Fortune, for she brought him a great many Goods: But not long after they were married, he found his Goods continually decreasing, one thing after another, and himself involved in several Debts, which she had contracted. She was a bad Woman in all Respects; and he suffered so much from her and her Extravagances, that before they had lived two Years together, the Debts she had brought upon him obliged him to resolve to quit *Buckingham*; and to travel and work about the Country, in his Business as a Taylor and Stay-maker. He set out for his Travels on an Easter-day (1732); as indeed there was but one Day in any Week that he could set out on; and stayed at different Towns, in several Counties, according as Business offered, and his own Safety would permit.

[i] A Man of considerable Character among them, and supposed to be a Bishop; who lived, at that Time, with Sir *Thomas Throckmorton*.

Some

Some Time before he set out, he was seized with a violent Passion for learning *Hebrew*; for which he can give no other Reason, than that he had seen several Quotations in that Language, in an *English* Book of Controversy [k], which he had been studying for some Time. How very laborious a Thing must it be, to pursue one's first Studies in any Language or Science, without a single Friend to give one any Advice! And how unavoidable often to lose one's Way, in such unknown Paths, without a Guide? The Grammars he had for the three first Years of this Pursuit, were none of the best; they helped him but poorly: His consulting with some traveling *Jews*, that he happened to meet with in his Wanderings, was to very little Purpose; and there was one Difficulty [l] in particular, a Solution of which he had been hunting after for the greatest Part of that Time, without receiving any Help either from his Books, or other Enquiries. A Pursuit so tedious, and so often baffled, at last quite tired out even his Patience; and one Day, in a Mixture of Passion and Despair, he parted with the Books he had hitherto used to assist him (1735), as weak and insufficient Friends. However, this proved only a sudden Gust of Passion; and his settled Eagerness for conquering the *Hebrew* Language soon returned again, and grew as strong as ever upon him.

[k] The Works of Mr, *Weemsey*, formerly one of the Prebends of *Durham*.

[l] The Differences of pronouncing the two Vowels so alike, *Cametz* and *Cametz-catuph*.

Some Time after therefore he got *Junius's* Grammar, to try whether that could unravel his former Difficulty; but hunted it over and over, in vain. His next Acquisition was a large one; that of thirteen *Hebrew* Books together; which he bought for as many Shillings, at *Reading*. Among these was *Stennit's* Grammar (1737), which immediately cleared up the Difficulty, that had engaged and perplexed him for so many Years. After this he went on quite successfully, and met with nothing but Conquest after Conquest; and consequently, the latter part of his Travels must have gone off much more pleasingly with him, than the former.

All this while, it was necessary that the Places of his Residence should be concealed; which prevented his keeping up any Correspondence with his Friends at *Buckingham*; so that Death had been so good as to ease him of his greatest Embarrassment, his Wife, two or three Years before he heard of it. She had, as he himself allows, one Child, and as she used to affirm, two by him; but the Parentage of the latter was very equivocal. However, I think, they both died soon after their Mother.

On the News of this his Relief from a Consort who did nothing but add to his Unhappiness and Difficulties whilst she lived, he returned *January, 31, 1744, N. S.* to *Buckingham*. In the course of his Travels he had left Parcels of Books in several Places, and considerable ones in some; so that he came home with no more than five or six, the chief

chief of which was a *Hebrew Bible*, and *Mayr's Grammar*. There he settled himself again in his first Occupation of Taylor and Stay-maker; which answered all his Purposes very well for four or five Years, in which Space he procured Books for his Use, in *Latin, Greek, and Hebrew*: But marrying a third Wife (1747), who proved as good a Breeder as his first, he began to be involved again in Difficulties; not by any Fault of hers, for he speaks of her as of the best of Women; but in the former Part of the Time, from the Increase of his Family; and in the latter, from the uncommon Dearness of Things, and Hardness of the Times.

Though Mr. *Hill*, in his whole Course of getting the three learned Languages, had endeavoured to keep his Acquisition of them as much a Secret as he could; it could not be so wholly concealed, but that there was some Talk of it. In particular, at this Period of his Life, it was rumoured about the Country; "That he could read the Bible in the same Books, and the same strange Figures, that the travelling *Jews* did." Upon hearing this, a very worthy Clergyman in the Neighbourhood of *Buckingham*, when Mr. *Hill* happened to be working one Day at his House in the way of his Trade, put a Question to him (1748), relating to a Difficulty in the New Testament [m]; which he answered so readily, and

[m] "Pray, *Robin*," says the Doctor, "can you solve the Difficulty of *St. Peter*, calling the same Person the Son of *Bosor*, whom *Moses* calls the Son of

and so fully, that he took a liking to him, and has been his Friend ever since.

The same Gentleman some Years after sent Mr. *Hill* THE ESSAY ON SPIRIT, said to be written by the late Bishop of *Clogher* in *Ireland*; and desired him to write down his Thoughts on that Piece, as they occurred to him in reading it. He did so; and I am told by those who understand *Hebrew*, for which there was frequent Occasion in those Observations, that our humble Taylor has proved his Lordship to be in the wrong in several of his Quotations and Assertions in that Work. This was the first Piece of Mr. *Hill's*, that was ever printed (1753). The next thing the same Gentleman employed him about, was to write a Paper against the Papists, whose Emisfaries were then very busy in those Parts, in which Mr. *Hill* endeavoured to show, that several of the most important and favourite Doctrines of the Church of *Rome* are novel Inventions; and consequently, that it is they, and not we, that are the Innovators. About the same Time, or rather in the Interval between these two, *Hill* wrote *The Character of a Jew*; when the Bill for naturalizing that People was in Agitation: This he says was the best Thing he ever wrote, and was the least approved of. And laterly, he has written of *Beor*?" *Hill's* Answer was; "That he did not know of any Difficulty in it; that they were both one and the same Name; *Bosor* in the *Chaldaic* pronunciation being exactly the same with *Beor* in the *Hebrew*." 2 *Epist. of St. Peter*, c. ii. ver. 14; and *Numbers*, c. xxii. ver. 5.

Criticisms on JOB, in five Sheets ; which, I think, is the largest of all his Works.

According to his own Account, Mr. *Hill* was taken up seven Years in getting *Latin* ; and twice as long in getting *Greek* : But as to the *Hebrew*, he says, he himself would now engage to teach it to any body of tolerable Parts, and with very moderate [n] Application, in six Weeks.

He says he has read, he believes, twenty *Hebrew* Grammars ; and is now writing one himself : In which sort of Subject he seems likely to succeed better than in any other ; because it has been the most general Study of his Life. *Mayr's* Grammar he thinks much the best of all he has read : He therefore intends to build his chiefly upon *Mayr's* ; as *Mayr* himself did on that of Cardinal *Bellarmino*.

He thinks, he could teach the *Hebrew* Language, even at a Distance, by way of Letters ; that six, or seven, would be sufficient : And that even the Pronunciation of it, as it is a dead Language, might be taught the same way.

It was the worthy Clergyman who first employed and encouraged him (1753), who informed me of him as a great Curiosity : And on my expressing how glad I should be to see and talk with him, was so good as to invite him to his House, when I was to dine there. I found him a modest good sort of Man ; and have had most of the Particulars before-mentioned from his own

[n] At an Hour, each Morning ; another, each Afternoon.

Mouth.

Mouth. When I was saying to him, among other Things; " That I was afraid his Studies
 " must have broke in upon his other Business too
 " much : " He said, " That sometimes they had,
 " a little ; but that his usual way had been to sit
 " up very deep in the Nights, or else to rise by
 " two or three in the Morning, on Purpose to
 " get Time for reading, without prejudicing him-
 " self in his Trade." This shows his Prudence
 and Industry ; and indeed that he is almost indefatigable in any Point that he strongly aims at, appears from his manner of acquiring each of the three learned Languages, as above described. I have heard him say ; " That it is very hard
 " Work sometimes to catch a *Hebrew root*, but
 " that he never yet hunted after one, which he
 " did not catch in the end." I believe he may affirm the same in every Thing which he has attempted ; for his Application and Attention seem to be beyond any thing that one can well conceive of it ; without having observed him in the Process of his Studies, as I have done.

He is a vast Admirer of *St. Jerome* ; thinks him as fine a Writer as *Cicero* ; and that no body ever could excel him in Eloquence. Yet he says
 " That he is not obliged to any one Writer, nor
 " to all others put together, for so many Lights
 " as he has had from Father *Simon*.

As his Studies have lain chiefly in Languages, explaining Texts of Scripture, and controversial Divinity ; he himself is not unfond of disputing. In particular he thinks the Followers of Mr. *Hut-*

Hutchinson wrong in almost every thing they advance; and said, "He would go so far, and almost with as much Pleasure, as he came to see me, to dispute with a *Hutchinsonian*." And his Journey to me was near sixty Miles; and that, poor Man! on Foot.

Though the Relation who first instructed him, and furnished him with the few Books he had at *Tring Grove*, was an Anabaptist; he himself is, and always has been, a most zealous Son of the Church of *England*; and seems to think, that any thing's being inserted in our Liturgy, or any Points being held by our Church, is a sufficient Argument of itself, for its being true.

Poetry has now and then come in for Part of his Diversion in reading; and in particular, he had a *Horace*, and the Epistles of *Ovid*, among his Books very early: but among them all his chief Acquaintance have been *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Ogilby*; and yet as to *Homer*, he had gone no farther than his *Iliad* (1758); which he had read over many Times. The first Day after he came to me, he desired to see the *Odysssey*; which I put into his Hands, both in the Original, and in Mr. *Pope's* Translation. He was charmed with them both; but said, "He did not know how it was, but that it read finer to him in the latter, than in *Homer* himself." On this he was desirous of reading some more of Mr. *Pope*: I pointed him to the *Essay on Criticism*; this charmed him still more; and he called it, "The wisest Poem he had ever read in his whole Life." Before our parting,

ing, I made him a Present of one or two Poems, and above a hundred weight of Fathers and polemic Divinity. I dare say he will go over every Line of them ; and indeed, he declared that I had now furnished him with reading at his leisure Hours from Work, for these seven Years.

It was but last *April* that he was with me ; so having brought down the little Circumstances of his Life almost to the present Time, I have nothing more to add, than the Comparison between him and *Magliabechi*: Which, to say the Truth, was the principal, and almost only Reason, for my writing their Lives.

T H E
C O M P A R I S O N
 O F
 S I G N^R. M A G L I A B E C H I
 A N D
 M r. H I L L.

NOW as to the two Persons whom I have chosen to compare together, in the Manner of that great and good Philosopher *Plutarch*; and who do not yield more in Dignity to the great Lawgivers, and Generals and Heroes, which are usually the Subject of his Enquiries, than I do in Abilities to be celebrated a Writer among the Antients: We may observe however, in the first Place, in Commendation of both of them, that they were of low Birth; and acquired whatever they did acquire, almost without any Assistance from their Parents, and entirely without the common Helps of Education. *Magliabechi* seems to have never been at any School at all; and *Hill* was

was at one only for two Months. They were their own School-Masters ; and almost as untaught and unassisted as the *Saxon* Peasant [o], of whom we have lately had so full an Account in several of our public Papers.

Then again there is something extremely odd in each of them, in the Beginning of their Application to Study. *Hill* has no sooner got a *Latin* Book into his Possession, than he endeavours to learn *Latin* ; the very Day he is Master of a *Greek* Book, he attempts that much more difficult Language ; and the bare seeing a few *Hebrew* Passages quoted, sets him upon a third. But *Magliabechi's* Beginning is yet stranger : For nothing can be more unaccountable than his Fondness of looking so much on printed Paper, before he could tell any one Letter from another ; and, as far as I ever heard, without any Attempt, or Thoughts, at first, of distinguishing them.

They are alike too in the Eagerness of their Pursuit, and the Intenseness of their Application, when once they had begun. *Hill* was happy in lying under his Hedge, and reading all Day : And *Magliabechi* lolled and read, for many Days together, in his Cradle. In the Process of his Studies, *Hill* was forced often to rob himself of a great Part of the Rest, more particularly wanted for one of his weakly Constitution, to carry on his Enquiries ; and I have heard him say, that he came to think three or four Hours Sleep very sufficient for

[o] *John Ludwig*, of *Cossedaude* ; a Village, in the Neighbourhood of *Dresden*.

a Night, after he had used himself to it for some Years. *Magliabechi* was not obliged to follow the same Practice; his Business gave him more Time for it, in the Day; and very little of that did he pass, without his Eyes being fixed on some Book or other.

The Success of Mr. *Hill* in acquiring the three learned Languages, in the Manner he did, is very extraordinary: But the Extent of *Magliabechi's* Acquisitions is absolutely amazing; by the Accounts given of him, he had read almost every thing, remembered all he had read, and had each Part of it at hand to produce whenever he was consulted about it.

I doubt not but that it is the same with the Faculties of the Mind, as it is with the Limbs of the Body, which ever is exercised much more than the rest. It is a common Observation, and generally holds through the whole Sett, that a Chairman's Legs will be more muscular in proportion than his Arms; and a Rower's Arms will be more muscular than his Legs: Just in the same Manner, if one Man was to exercise his Imagination only, [which I fear may have been the Case with some of our Poets] that will grow stronger and stronger, but his Judgment will become feeble; if another was to exercise only his Judgment, as happens too often among the Mathematicians, the Powers of his Imagination will pine and fade away; and if a third was to employ his Memory only which I fear was too far the Case of *Magliabechi*, his Judgment, by being neglected, would grow
weak.

weak and powerless. This, by the way, has made me so often wonder at the Practice that prevails in most of our Schools; in some of which the Masters exercise the Memory of their Boys almost perpetually, and scarce ever find out any Employ for their Judgment: Of which strange Mistake, I have heard that great Genius and Poet frequently complain, who says so happily, as he did every thing in one of his Poems;

*As on the Land, while here the Ocean gains,
In other Parts it leaves wide sandy Plains;
Thus in the Soul while Memory prevails,
The solid Power of Understanding fails;
Where Beams of warm Imagination play,
The Memory's soft Figures melt away [p].*

That it was thus in a great Measure with *Magliabechi*, his own Admirers are not unapt to acknowledge. One of whom gave me his Character in these Words; "That he was a Man of no Genius, and an infinite Memory:" And another asserts, "That he could not talk on any Subject, as other learned Men usually do; so that it was a common Saying of him in his own Time; that he was a learned Man among the Book-sellers, and a Bookseller among the learned." However, this must still be allowed him that he had sorted Things, which is a Part of Judgment, as well as remembered them, from his giv-

[p] Mr. *Pope's* Essay on Criticism, ver. 58.

ing his Answer so readily to all who came to consult him on so many various Subjects. Yet after all, his Knowledge in general was only literary Knowledge; and his mind was only, as it was called, an universal Index of Titles and Matter: And if one could suppose a Mind annexed to the Catalogue of the *Bodleian* Library, for Instance, in the whimsical Manner *Dr. Swift* has done in his *Battle of the Books*, which should have an Idea of all the Words and Subjects in the same Order as they are there arranged; it would, perhaps, be but like to the Mind of Signor *Magliabechi*.

To come to the Points in which they are unlike, as well as those in which they agree, (Which is *Plutarch's* usual way too) the Faculties of *Mr. Hill's* Mind are not so much absorpt in that single one of Memory, as *Magliabechi's* were: Nor was his Mind so undistinguishing in its Pursuits. *Magliabechi* seems to have had no Taste for any one Science more than another [q]; whereas *Mr. Hill's* first Aim was, the getting of Languages; and his most favourite Study since, has been critical Learning, the understanding

[q] This is what is generally said of him; and *Salvini* himself says so; "Non era legato ad alcuna sorte di studi, in particolare." But then he immediately adds, in a parenthesis; "Se non valesimo dire delle cognizione della lingua santo, e delle controverse Ecclesiastiche le quali egli sapeva profondamente." *Or. Fun.* p. 14. If the latter was really the Case, how much would it strengthen the Parallel between him and *Mr. Hill*?

his Bible, and his Religion. In short, I really begin to suspect, that he is fitter to be a Clergyman, than a Taylor.

Hill seems have been the better Citizen, in marrying three times; and *Magliabechi*, perhaps, was the wiser Student, in not marrying at all.

Hill has the greater Merit too, in undergoing so much labour and such Fatigues, with a very weakly Constitution; whereas, *Magliabechi*'s must have been a very strong one [r].

In Reputation, there is no Comparison to be made between them: *Magliabechi*'s was spread all over *Europe* in his life Time; or rather if we may may believe Cardinal *Norris*, all over the World: And *Hill*'s has little to do out of *Buckingham*, and a Circle of scarce ten Miles round it; and even there he is not much known, except perhaps to about half a dozen Clergymen and Gentlemen, who are glad to see him; and give him some Encouragement, now, and then, to go on with his Studies.

When some of the Authors above cited speak of *Magliabechi*'s Civility and Humanity, it must be, as has been observed before, only meant of his Readiness in answering the Questions relating

[r] " Non lasciando passare alcum minuzzole di tempo, che egli no' l'virtuosamente impiegasse: Al che fare molto gli conseri la sua vita sobria, e la compleffione robusta." *Salvini; Or. Fun. p. 17.*
 ——" Robusto, indefesso." *Ib. p. 27.*

to Learning, that were so often put to him. By his being compared sometimes to *Diogenes*, one should be apt to think that he was rather Churlish, than Polite or Humane. In his general Turn, from what his great Encomiast says of him, we may conclude that he was not apt to shew any lively Emotions [s], either of Compassion for the Sufferings, or of Joy on the Happiness of his Fellow-Creatures. *Hill* has very quick Feelings for both: And I observed in particular, that he had that Tendernefs of Heart, which I should imagine to be one of the greatest Pleasures, that People of the most generous Minds are the most capable of; and which, perhaps, is one of the finest Sensations allowed us, on this Side of Heaven. I was telling him one Day of the sudden Happiness of the famous *Monfieur Pascal's* Father, on discovering what a wonderful Progress his Son had made in the Study of Geometry, without the Help either of Books, or any Master: On turning to him, I saw his Eyes were flooded; the Tears, at last, streamed down his Cheeks, and he could not for some Moments recover his Voice enough to express the Joy he felt on so happy a Surprize, to so good a Father.

[s] He says he was, "Sciolto da tutte qualità umane; tutto dato, destinato, dedicato, e per dir così, consacrato alle lettere, a i libri." *Or. Fun. p. 12.*

I am very sorry that there is still one Point remaining, in which *Hill* is as much unlike *Magliabechi* as in any of the preceding. *Magliabechi* lived and died, as has been already said, in very great Affluence; he abounded in Money, and his Expences were very small, except for Books; which he regarded as his truest Treasure: Whereas poor Mr. *Hill* has generally lived in Want, and lately more than ever. The very high Price even of the most necessary Provisions for this and the last Year, have not only made it often difficult for him to provide Bread for himself and his Family; but have in Part stop't up even the Sources for it, in lessening his Business. *Buckingham* is no rich Place at best; and even there his Business lies chiefly among the lower Sort of People; and when these are not able to purchase the Food that is necessary for them, they cannot think of buying new Cloaths. This has reduced him so very low, that I have been informed, that he has past many and many whole Days in this and the former Year, without tasting any thing but Water and Tobacco. He has a Wife and four small Children, the eldest of them not above eight Years old: And what Bread they could get, he often spared from his own Hunger, to help towards satisfying theirs. People that live always at their Ease, do not know, and can scarce conceive the Difficulties our Poor have been forced to undergo in these late hard Times. He himself assured me, upon my mentioning this Particular to him, that it was too true; "But, alas!" added he, "it is not only my Case, but has been

“ that of hundreds in the Town and Neighbour-
 “ hood of *Buckingham*, in the last, and for the
 “ former Part of this Year; and I fear, we must
 “ make many more Experiments of the same
 “ kind, before it is at an End.”

Upon the Whole; I think we may fairly con-
 clude, that they are both equal in Merit, as to
 their Industry and Application to their Studies;
 each seeming to apply to them, as much as he
 could: But of the two *Mr. Hill* is the more sensi-
 ble and better Man; and *Magliabetti*, the more
 extraordinary, the more applauded, and the more
 fortunate.

End of the SECOND VOLUME.

