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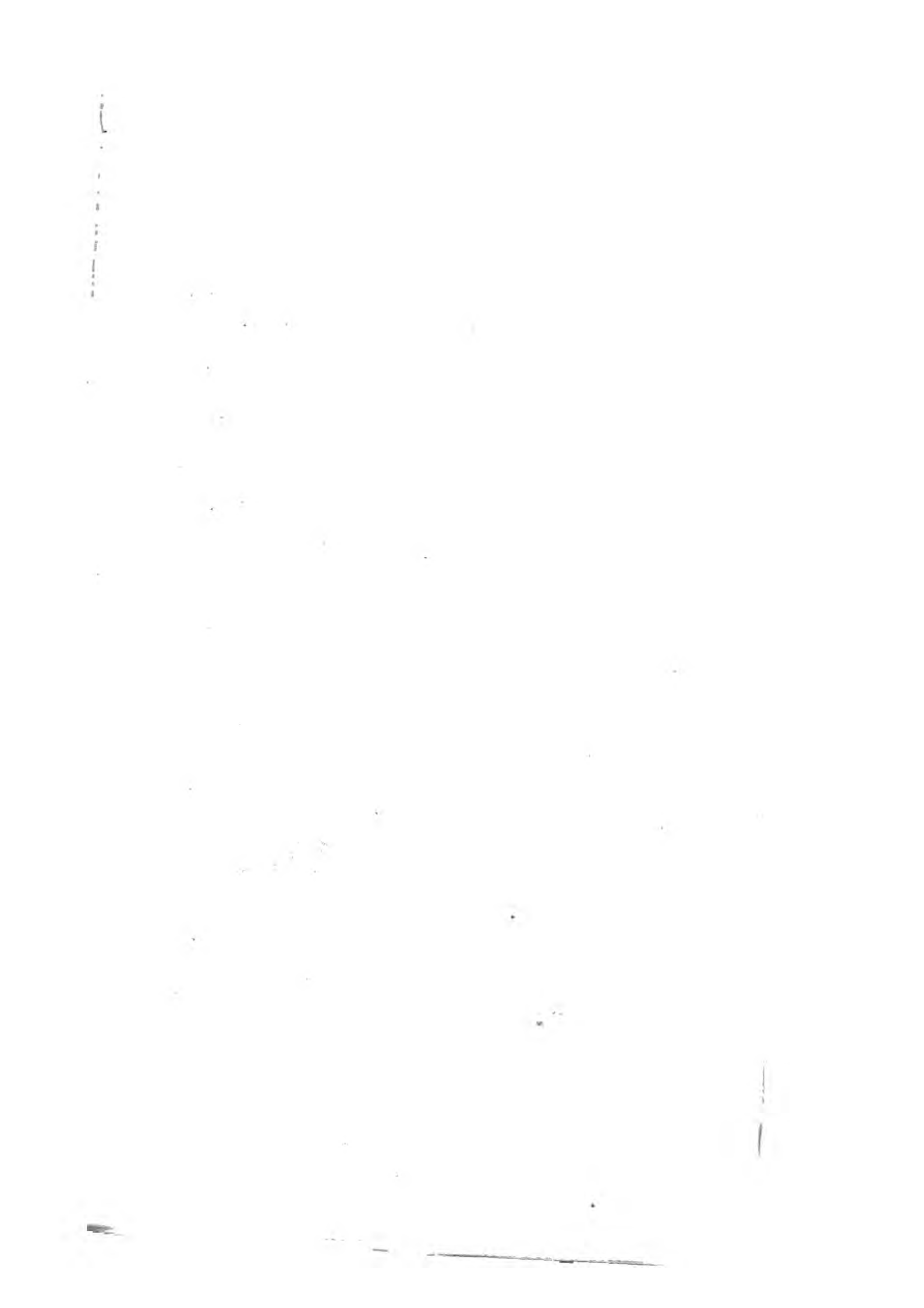
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MRS. PIOZZI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY &c.

VOL. II.

LONDON  
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W. Hogarth pinx

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*Mr. Paddy's Visit.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS  
OF  
MRS. PIOZZI (THRALE)

EDITED WITH NOTES  
AND  
AN INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE AND WRITINGS

BY  
A. HAYWARD, ESQ. Q.C.

---

Welcome, Associate Forms, where'er we turn  
Fill, Streatham's Hebe, the Johnsonian urn—St. Stephen's

---

In Two Volumes

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION

LONDON  
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS  
1861



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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

VOL. II.

B



## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

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“THE circumstances,” says Sir James Fellowes, “under which she was induced to write them, were purely accidental. During the last fifty years of her life, she had made a collection of pocket-books, in which it was her constant practice to write down her conversations and anecdotes, as well as her remarks upon the recent publications. They were tied together and carefully preserved; and on one occasion Mrs. Piozzi, pointing to them, observed to me: ‘These you will one day have to look over with Salusbury (my co-executor), together with the ‘Thraliana;’ I have never had courage to open them, but to your honour and joint care I shall leave them.’ These memoranda would no doubt form a literary curiosity. At the time the conversation took place at Bath on this interesting topic, I urged Mrs. Piozzi to write down some reminiscences of her own times, and some of those amusing anecdotes I had heard her relate, and which had never been published, adding to my request, the value they would be to posterity and the obligation conferred upon myself. It



was her nature to be grateful for any trifling act of kindness, and as I had the good fortune to possess her friendship and favourable opinion, she indulged my curiosity to learn her history by presenting me with this sketch of her life (oh, she wrote expressly for me), as the strongest proof (she observed) of her confidence and esteem. These are the facts connected with the ‘Autobiographical Memoirs.’”

The author of “Piozziana” says: “I called on her one day, and at an early hour by her desire; when she showed me a heap of what are termed pocket-books, and said she was sorely embarrassed upon a point, upon which she condescended to say she would take my advice. ‘You see in that collection,’ she continued, ‘a diary of mine of more than *fifty* years of my life. I have scarcely omitted anything which occurred to me during the time I have mentioned. My books contain the conversation of every person of almost every class with whom I have had intercourse; my remarks on what was said; downright facts and scandalous *on dits*; personal portraits and anecdotes of the characters concerned; criticisms on the publications and authors of the day, &c. Now I am approaching the grave, and am agitated by doubts as to what I should do — whether to burn my manuscripts or leave them to futurity. Thus far my decision is to destroy my papers. Shall I or shall I not?’ I took the freedom of saying, ‘By no means do an act which done cannot be amended; keep your papers safe from prying eyes, and at least trust them to the discretion of survivors.’”

The heap of pocket-books must have been a very large heap, for a diary so kept would require at least one a-week. "Thraliana," now in the possession of the Rev. G. A. Salusbury (the eldest son of Sir John Salusbury), is contained in six books, of about 300 pages each, and extends over thirty-two years and a half. The first entry is in these words: "It is many years since Doctor Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little book and write in it all the little anecdotes which might come to my knowledge, all the observations I might make or hear, all the verses never likely to be published, and, in fine, everything that struck me at the time. Mr. Thrale has now treated me with a repository, and provided it with the pompous title of 'Thraliana.' I must endeavour to fill it with nonsense new and old.—15th September, 1776." The last: "30th March, 1809.—Everything most dreaded has ensued. . . . All is over, and my second husband's death is the last thing recorded in my first husband's present. Cruel Death!"

HER STORY OF HER LIFE.

---

I HEARD it asserted once in a mixt company that few men of ever so good a family could recollect, immediately on being challenged, the maiden names of their four great grandmothers: they were not Welsh men. My father's two grandames were Bridget Percival, daughter to a then Lord Egmont, and Mary Pennant of Downing, great aunt to the great naturalist. My mother claimed Hester Salusbury, heiress of Llewenny Hall, as one of *her* grandmothers by marriage with Sir Robert Cotton; Vere Herbert, only daughter of Lord Torington, was the other.

The Salusbury pedigree is, indeed, perpetually referred to by Pennant in the course of his numerous volumes. It begins, I remember, with Adam de Saltzburg, son to Alexander, Duke and Prince of Bavaria, who came to England with the Conqueror, and in 1070 had obtained for his valour a faire House in Lancashire, still known by the name of Saltsbury Court. I showed an abstract of it to the Heralds in office at Saltzbourg, when there; and they acknowledged me a true descendant of their house, offering me all possible honours, to the triumphant delight of dear Piozzi, for whose amusement alone I pulled out the schedule. You will find a

modest allusion to the circumstance in page 283 of the Travel Book, 2nd vol.\*

Among my immediate ancestors, third, fourth, or fifth, I forget which, from this *Father Adam*, was Henry Salusbury surnamed the Black; who having taken three noble Saracens with his own hand in the first Crusade, Cœur de Lion knighted him on the field, and to the old Bavarian Lion (see "Retrospection," p. 116) which adorned his shield, added three crescents for coat armour. On his return the king permitted him to settle where he married — in Wales. He built Lewenney Hall, naming it Lew,—the Lion, and an ny,—for us; and set a brazen one upon its highest tower.

Among our popular Cambrian ballads, is one to the honour of this hero; still known to the harpers by name of Black Sir Harry. The civil wars of York and Lancaster called into public notice an immediate descendant of this warrior. His name, which also was *Henry*, stood recorded on a little obelisk, or rather cippus, by the road-side at Barnet, where the great battle was fought so long, that I remember my father taking me out of the carriage to read it when I was quite a child.

\* "There is a Benedictine convent seated on the top of a hill above the town (Salzbourg), under which lie its founders and protectors, the old dukes of Bavaria, which they are happy to shew travellers, with the registered account of their young prince Adam, who came over to our island with William, and gained a settlement. They were pleased when I observed to them that his blood was not yet wholly extinct amongst us." — *Observations and Reflections, &c.* This quotation is added by the Editor, and all notes and references, not expressly mentioned as by others, are by him.

He had shewn mercy to an enemy on that occasion, who looking on his device or imprese, flung himself at his feet with these words:—

Sat est prostrasse Leoni.

Our family have used that *Leggenda* as motto to the coat armour ever since.\*

I guess not why this man was a Yorkist. The other party was natural to the inhabitants of North Wales, where the proud Duke of Somerset had married a daughter of his to the son of Owen Tudor by the Princess Katherine of France; another of whose sons, Fychan Tudor de Beraine, married *his* son to Jasper the Earl of Pembroke's daughter.† These were immediate parents to the father of Katherine de Berayne by Constance d'Aubigné, Dame d'Honneur to Anne de Bretagne. She brought him this one only child, an *heiress*, who was ward to Queen Elizabeth, and in her fifteenth year married, with her Majesty's consent, to Sir John Salusbury ‡, of Llewenny Hall, eldest of fourteen children. After his demise fair Katherine gave her hand to Sir Richard Clough, the splendid merchant, mentioned in a note to "Retrospection," †, whose daughter inherited Bachygraig, and married Roger Salusbury, youngest brother of Sir John, first husband to her mother. He quarrelling with the House of Llewenny, tore down the Lion and set it on his wife's seat called

\* See "British Synonymy," vol. ii. p. 218. — *Mrs. P.*

† See "Retrospection," vol. i. p. 446. — *Mrs. P.*

‡ Vol. ii. p. 155.

Bachygraig, where it stood, newly gilt by Mr. Piozzi, two years ago (1813).

My father was lineally descended from this pair, and died possessed of dear old Bachygraig, while Sir John Salusbury's family soon finished in a daughter Hester, who, marrying Sir Robert Cotton of Combermere, gave him, and all her progeny by him, the name of Salusbury Cotton. She was immediate grandame to my dear mother; and thus in your little friend the two families remain united.

Will it amuse you to be told that Katherine de Berayne, after Sir Richard Clough's death, married Maurice Wynne, of Gwydir, whose family and fortune merged in that of the Berties? He was not, however, her last husband. She wedded Thelwall, of Plasyward, after she was quite an old woman. But the Berayne estate she left to my mother's great-grandfather, as heir to her first husband, Sir John Salusbury of Llewenny. My uncle sold it to Lord Kirkwall's father.\*

But it will bring matters nearer home to tell you that my mother, who had 10,000*l.*, an excellent fortune in those days, besides an annuity for her mamma's life of 125*l.* per annum, who was living gaily with her brother, Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, and his wife, Lady Betty Tollemache, refused all suitors attracted by

\* Lord Kirkwall sold the property to the Rev. Edward Hughes, whose son, William Lewis Hughes, the present possessor, was created Baron Dinorben, in 1831, of Kinmel Park, Denbighshire. The house was burnt down in 1840. — *Sir J. F.* Lord Dinorben was succeeded in his estates by his nephew, Hugh Robert Hughes, Esq.

her merits and beauty for love of her rakisk cousin, John Salusbury of Bachygraig. He, unchecked by care of a father who died during the infancy of his sons, ran out the estate completely to nothing. So completely that the 10,000*l.* would scarcely pay debts and furnish them out a cottage in Caernarvonshire, where — after two or three dead things — I was born alive, and where they were forced by circumstances to remain, till my grandmother Lucy Salusbury — an exemplary creature — should die, and leave them free at least to mortgage or to sell, or to do *something* towards reinstating themselves in a less unbecoming situation.

Meanwhile *I* was their joint plaything, and although education was a word then unknown as applied to females, they had taught me to read and speak and think and translate from the French, till I was half a prodigy\*; and my father's brother Thomas, who was bred up for the ecclesiastical courts with poor papa's money, and who lived in London among the gay and great, said how *his* friends the Duke of Leeds, Lord Halifax, &c., would be delighted could they but see little Hester. My mother, however, thought it would be best to conciliate her own relations, and made *me*, I know not at how early an age, write a letter to my uncle Robert who had lately lost Lady Betty. The scheme prospered: grandmamma Salusbury .

\* There is a tradition in the Cotton family that she could repeat the names of most of the rivers in the world, but when asked the name of the river at the bottom of the garden (the Thames) she could not tell it.

of Bachygraig was dead, and Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton said he longed to kiss his sister and the little girl; to whom he was perhaps more willing to attach himself, as he had no progeny, and his only brother had married, not much to please *him*, a portionless cousin of his own; Miss Cotton, of Etwall and Belleport, by whom he had many children, among which two only were favourites at Llewenny. An invitation followed, and we came to the *Old Hall* hung round with armour, which struck my infant eyes with wonder and delight.

My uncle soon began to dote on Fiddle, as he called me in fondness; and I certainly did not obtain his love by flattery, as I remember well this odd *tête-à-tête* conversation:—

“Come now, dear,” said he, “that we are quite alone, tell me what you expected to see here at Llewenny.” “I expected,” replied I, “to see an old baronet.” “Well, in *that* your expectation is not much disappointed; but why did you think of such stuff?” “Why just because papa and mamma was always saying to me and to one another at Bodvel, what the old baronet would think of this and that: they did it to frighten me I see now; but I thought to myself that kings and princes were but men, and God made *them* you know, Sir, and *they* made old baronets.” “Incomparable Fiddle,” exclaimed my uncle—“you will see a Mr. and Mrs. Clough at dinner to-day: do you know how to spell Clough?” “No,” was the reply; “I never heard the name; but if it had been spelt like *buff*, you would



not have asked me the question. They write it perhaps as we write *enough* — c, l, o, u, g, h.”

What baby anecdotes are these, you cry. 'Tis so, but your poor friend certainly ceased being in any wise a wonder after she was five years old, at which period we left Wales and came to my uncle's house in Albemarle Street, where he told my mother he should follow in less than two months; make a new will, and leave poor Fiddle 10,000*l.*, having understood that my parents had by their marriage settlement agreed to entail the old Bachygraig Estate on Thomas Salusbury, brother to papa, and then a doctor in the Commons; and on *his* sons, rather than their own daughter, if they had no male heir. I fancy some rough words passed concerning this. My uncle certainly but ill brooked my father's pride, and he still less willingly endured being informed that, if his quality friends would provide *him* some distant establishment, my mother and myself should share the old baronet's fortune. “No, no, Sir Robert,” was the haughty answer, “if I go for a soldier, *your* sister shall carry the knapsack, and the little wench may have what I can work for.” I have heard that our parting soon followed this conversation, and scarce were my infantine tears dried for leaving dear Llewenny and my half-adored uncle, before the news reached London of his sudden death by an apoplectic fit; in consequence of which, his brother, Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, came into everything by a temporary will kept in case of accidents till one more copious and correct should be formed.

Some traces yet remain upon my mind of poor

mamma's anguish and of my father's violent expressions. She has related to me his desperate engagement with some quacks and projectors who pretended to find lead on his encumbered estate, whilst *we* remained in town, and I became a favourite with the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, where I recollect often meeting the famous actor Mr. Quin, who taught me to speak Satan's speech to the sun in "Paradise Lost." When they took me to see him act Cato, I remember making him a formal courtesy, much to the Duchess's amusement, perhaps to that of the player. I was just six years old, and we sate in the stage-box, where I kept on studying the part with all my little power, not at all distracted by the lights or company, which they fancied would take my attention. The fireworks for the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle were the next sights my fancy was impressed with. We sate on a terrace belonging to the Hills of Tern — now Lord Berwick's family, — and David Garrick was there, and made me sit on his lap, feeding me with cates, &c.; because having asked some one who sate near why they called those things that blew up, *Gerbes* in the bill of fare, I answered, "Because they are like wheat-sheaves, you see, and Gerbe is a wheat-sheaf in French."

When Garrick was intimate at Streatham Park more than twenty years afterwards, he did not like that story: it made him look older, at least *feel* older, than he wished, I suppose.

Lord Halifax was now, or soon after, head of the Board of Trade, and wished to immortalise his name —

he had no sons—by colonising Nova Scotia. Cornwallis and my father, whom he patronised, were sent out, the *first persons* in every sense of the word; and poor dear mamma was left *sine pane* almost, I believe, certainly *sine nummo*, with her odd little charge, a girl without a guinea, whose mind however she ceased not to cultivate in every possible manner. For French, writing, and arithmetic, I had no instructor but herself; and when she went from home where I could not be taken, my temporary abode was the great school in Queen Square, where Mrs. Dennis and her brother, the Admiral Sir Peter Dennis, said I was qualified, at eight years old, for teacher rather than learner; and he actually did instruct me in the rudiments of navigation, as the globes were already familiar to me. The small-pox, however, and measles, interrupted my studies for awhile, when my Grandmother Cotton invited my mother and myself to spend a summer in Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, where she had a fine country-seat called East Hyde, not far from Luton, to which I made reference in “Retrospection” (vol. ii. p. 434). This lady, daughter to Sir Thomas Lynch, after whom I was named, had possessed an immense fortune in Jamaica; but being left an orphan at five years old, was, as she always said and I believe, purchased of Lord Torrington her mother’s brother, by Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton for his son Thomas, the child he educated himself in the Tower of London, when confined there on account of his correspondence with the Electress Sophia.\*

\* Sir William Wraxall, in his Historical Memoirs (vol. i. p. 304),

Certain it is that Lady Cotton was scarce fifteen years older than her own eldest son, my dear Uncle Robert, husband of Lady Betty Tollemache; which she considered as little to the honour of her father-in-law who, she believed, obtained her fortune to his family by any means he could.

She had made a second choice when left a widow at thirty-seven years old, with many children, all mortally offended at her marrying again; but Captain King was dead, and they were reconciled at the time I am speaking of. At East Hyde I learned to love horses; and when my mother hoped I was gaining health by the fresh air, I was kicking my heels on a corn binn, and

in reference to the adventures of the Stuart family, relates an extraordinary anecdote about the destroying of the correspondence of the Electress Sophia with the Court of St. Germain. "It ought not to surprise us (he says) on full consideration that *Sophia* should feel the warmest attachment to James the Second." On this Mrs. Piozzi remarks in the margin:—"It surprises *me*, because my own great-grandfather was put into the Tower, for corresponding with the Electress, by James the Second; and, being permitted to have any *one* of his family with him, chose a little boy, whom he taught to read and write there. My great-grandmother used to walk on Tower Hill till she saw her husband's signal poked out of some grated window. She was, by birth, Hester Salusbury, of Llewenny, and married to Sir Robert Cotton, of Combermere. I have seen, when a child, some of the Electress's letters signed *Sophia*. I remember nothing of them, but my uncle said they were full of Latin quotations: his son, father to Lord Combermere, burned them. I have looked in Lord Orford's miscellaneous works, and perceive that he and my friend Wraxall are of a mind about *Sophia*, of whose letters I can recollect only the odd signature, writing her name with a long *f*; but my cousin was a strange fellow to throw them into the fire."

learning to drive of the old coachman ; who, like every body else, small and great, delighted in taking me for a pupil. Grandmamma kept four great ramping war-horses, *chevaux entiers*, for her carriage, with immense long manes and tails, which we buckled and combed ; and when, after long practice, I showed her and my mother how two of them (poor Colonel and Peacock) would lick my hand for a lump of sugar or fine white bread, much were they amazed ; much more when my skill in guiding them round the court-yard on the break could no longer be doubted or denied, though strictly prohibited for the future.

Among our Hertfordshire neighbours was Sir Henry Penrice, Judge of the Admiralty, who by the heiress of that branch of the Spencer family had only one daughter, the all-accomplished Anna Maria, who sought my mother's friendship the more eagerly, as she felt her heart daily more and more attached to my father's brother, Doctor Thomas Salusbury, of the commons. My resemblance to my papa's whole family fixed me a favourite. My mother thought herself ill-used by them, and so in fact she was ; her husband having left his brother a power of attorney to do everything for him, and he neglecting all mamma's entreaties, having forbore to change the hands of a mortgage upon that portion of the Welsh estate appointed for her jointure. Worse than *that* : my mother had scraped up, by dint of miserable privations, money for the purpose ; but Uncle Thomas neglected his absent brother's interest, and the estate was lost. Love was, however, *his* apology ; and

a faint hope, perhaps, that so immense a fortune as that of Miss Penrice might in some wise and on some future day benefit her child, hushed all mamma's complaints. The lovers married. Sir Henry died, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, both in his place, his title, and his estate.

My father had meanwhile, I fear, behaved perversely, quarrelling and fighting duels, and fretting his friends at home. My mother and my uncle, taking advantage of his last gloomy letter, begged him to return and share the gaieties of Offley Place, mentioned in "Retrospection," vol. i. p. 213: likewise, if I remember rightly, in the Travel Book (vol. ii.), where I recollect the plains of Kalin reminding me of our dear airings upon Lily Hoo,—the common near our house, joining to that of Offley,—scenes I shall see no more!

Here I reigned long, a fondled favourite. Kind Lady Salusbury felt her health decline, but told her husband she should die more happily, persuaded that he would not marry, as he was so attached to the good girl she now considered as her own, having nearly lost her precious life by a severe miscarriage. She, however, lived with him nine years, and said it were pity I should not learn Latin, Italian, and even Spanish, in all which she was conversant. Study was my delight, and such a patroness would have made stony students.

The Lisbon earthquake had impressed her strongly; and my mother, who was particularly fond of Spanish literature, made me translate a sermon in that language, written and preached in the Jewish synagogue at Lon-

don by Isaac Netto, — whose name is all I can bring back to mind, — and dedicate it to my dear aunt, Anna Maria Salusbury. A set of pearl and garnet ornaments, which I gave afterwards to Lady Keith, was my shining recompense; but such was my father's conduct, she never did love *him*. My mother she respected, and dear Doctor Collier, a constant guest, did all he could to keep us all happy in one another. Felicity, in this world, however, lasts not long. Poor Lady Salusbury died, at forty-one years old, of dropsy in the breast, and uncle *said* he had no kindness but for me. I think *I* did share his fondness with his stud; our stable was the first for hunters of enormous value, — for racers, too; and our house, after my aunt's death, was even *haunted* by young men who made court to the niece, and expressed admiration of the horses. Every suitor was made to understand my extraordinary value. Those who could read, were shown my verses; those who could not, were judges of my prowess in the field. It was my sport to mimic some, and drive others back, in order to make Dr. Collier laugh, who did not perhaps *wish* to see me give a heart away which he held completely in his hands, since he kindly became my preceptor in Latin, logic, rhetoric, &c.

We began, I think, before I was thirteen years old. On the day I was sixteen he confessed sixty-four, I remember, and said he was just four times my age, so I suppose he was. The difference or agreement never crossed my mind, nor seemed to have crossed his. A friendship more tender, or more unpolluted by interest

or by vanity, never existed; love had no place at all in the connection, nor had he any rival but my *mother*. *Their* influence was of the same kind, and hers the strongest; but it was not till after poor papa's death that I observed she looked on Collier with a jealous eye. We were scarce *all* of us enough to manage with my father's red-hot temper. It was daily endangering our alienation of Sir Thomas Salusbury's fondness, which the arrival of a new neighbour put still more to hazard. We should have made home more agreeable.

My uncle would not then have run to the smiling widow of Wellbury — just at our Park gate — the Honourable Mrs. King, whose blandishments drew him from dear Offley, and made our removal to our London House less painful. The summer before this removal had produced to *me* a new vexation. Lord Halifax was become lieutenant of Ireland, and my father made one of his numerous escort, delighting to attend his patron through his own country, and show him the wonders of Wales. Mamma and I remained at Offley doing the honours. Doctor Collier was in London upon business. My uncle had been to town for a night or two, and returned to tell us what an excellent, what an incomparable young man he had seen, who was, in short, a model of perfection, ending his panegyric by saying that he was a *real sportsman*. Seeing me disposed to laugh, he looked very grave; said he expected us to like him, and that seriously. The next day Mr. Thrale followed his eulogist, and applied himself so diligently to gain my mother's attention — aye, and her heart, too,—



that there was little doubt of her approving the pretensions of so very showy a suitor — if suitor he was to *me*, who certainly had not a common share in the compliments he paid to my mother's wit, beauty, and elegance.

His father, he said, was born in our village at Offley, of mean parents, but had made a prodigious fortune, by his merits: and the people all looked with admiration at his giving 5*s.* to a poor boy who lay on the bank, because he was sure his father had been such a boy. In a week's time the country caught the notion up that Miss Salusbury's husband had been suddenly found by meeting Sir Thomas at the house of Mr. Levinz, a well-known *bon vivant* of those days,—they were not then called amphitryons,—who kept a gay house and a gay lady at Brompton, where he entertained the gay fashionists of 1760. The chaplain of Offley Place, a distant relation of ours,—uncle I think to this Sir Robert Salusbury whom you met once in Park Street (Bath),—having undisclosed hopes of his own to get the heiress, not only took alarm, but cunningly conveyed that alarm to my father, who, when he came home, said he saw his girl already half disposed of without his own consent, and swore I should not be exchanged for a barrel of porter, &c.

Vain were all my assurances that nothing resembled love *less* than Mr. Thrale's behaviour: vain my promises that no step on my part should be taken without his concurrence; although I clearly understood, and wrote Dr. Collier word so, that my uncle made

this marriage the condition of his favour quite apparently, and that certain ruin would follow my rejection. The letter, perhaps, still exists in which I declared my resolution to adhere to the maxims of filial duty *he* had taught me, and refuse (when I should be asked) any offer, however tempting, that should seek to seduce me from *his* authority under which both myself and my mother were placed. By this time the brothers quarrelled and met no more. My father took us to London. My uncle solaced himself with visiting the widow ; and after a miserable winter, which visits from Mr. Thrale—to my mother—rendered terrifying to *me* every day from papa's violence of temper, a note came, sent in a sly manner, from Dr. Collier, to tell me (it was written in Latin) that Sir Thomas would certainly marry Mrs. King the Sunday following, and begged I would not say a syllable till the next day, when *he* would come and break the dreadful tidings to my father.

My countenance, however, showed, or his acuteness discovered, something he did not like ; an accusation followed, that I received clandestine letters from Mr. Thrale, a circumstance I had certainly every just reason to deny, and felt extremely hurt, of course, at seeing myself disbelieved. After a fruitless and painful contest for many hours of this cruel evening, my spirits sunk, I fainted, and my father, gaining possession of the fatal billet, had to ask *my* pardon — poor unhappy soul ! and in this fond misery spent we the hours till four o'clock in the morning. At nine we rose ; he to go across the park in search of my maternal uncle, Sir

Lynch Salusbury Cotton, from whom, and from Dr. Crane, Prebendary of Westminster, he meant to seek counsel and comfort. Me, to the employment of calling our medical friend, Herbert Lawrence, to dinner by a billet of earnest request. *All of us were ill*, but by the time he came, my father died, and was brought us home a corpse, before the dining hour. This was December 1762, fifty-three years ago exactly. Yet are not my feelings blunted!

The Will gave to my mother his Bachygraig House, and estate for life, charged with 5000*l.* for me; to which my uncle, in consideration perhaps of my poor father's having paid every expense of his education at Cambridge, perhaps in recollection of having lost him a farm of 100*l.* a year, added 5000*l.* more; with which (and expectations of course) Mr. Thrale deigned to accept my undesired hand, and in ten months from my poor father's death, were *both* the marriages he feared accomplished.

My uncle went himself with me to church, gave me away, dined with us at Streatham Park, returned to Hertfordshire, wedded the widow, and then scarce ever saw or wrote to either of us; leaving me to conciliate as I could, a husband who was indeed much kinder than I counted on, to a *plain girl*, who had not one attraction in his eyes, and on whom he never had thrown five minutes of his time away, in any interview unwitnessed by company, even till after our wedding-day was done!

My mother staid with us, however, so did her niece,

Miss Hester Salusbury Cotton, now Lady Corbet. Mr. Murphy was introduced, and the facetious Georgey Bodens, as the men called him. Lord Carhampton's father, Simon Luttrell, afterwards known to all the town by the emphatic title "King of Hell,"\* besides a very sickly old physician, who seemed as if living with us, Dr. Fitzpatrick, a Roman Catholic; the rest were professed Infidels.

When winter came, however, I was carried to my town residence, Deadman's Place, Southwark; which house, no more than that in Surrey, had been seen by me till called upon to inhabit it. Here, too, my mother quitted us, and lived at our old mansion in Dean Street, Soho, then no unfashionable part of the world, and thither I went—oh how willingly! to visit her every day. My husband's sisters † (who, like himself, were eminent for personal beauty) now called upon me, looked at me, and in modern phrase, seemed to *quiz* me, asking how I liked Dr. Fitzpatrick, their brother's Jesuit friend? I answered drily, that the Doctor was well-read and well-bred, apparently in extreme ill health (he was a physician), and that Mr. Thrale's friends must necessarily be mine. The ladies withdrew, disappointed, and I tried with all diligence to canvass the man whom *they* thought, and of course *I* thought, had

\* It was told of him that he challenged his son, the Colonel Luttrell (afterwards Earl of Carhampton) of Middlesex election celebrity, who refused to fight him, "not because he was his father, but because he was not a gentleman."

† Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Nesbitt (afterwards Mrs. Scott), and Lady Lade.

so much influence; where if I gained none I must become a nuisance. The doctor had no more influence than myself; but being so much *about* them all, could at least tell me *les tracasseries de famille* of which I was wholly ignorant. From him in due time I learned what had determined my husband's choice to *me*, till then a standing wonder. He had, the doctor said, asked several women, naming them, but all except *me* refused to live in the Borough, to which, and to his business, he observed, that Mr. Thrale was as unaccountably attached *now* as he had been in his father's time averse from both. And oh! cried the old man, how would my deceased friend have delighted in this happy sight! alluding to my state of pregnancy.

So summer came again, and Streatham Park was improving, and autumn came, and Lady Keith came, and I became of a *little* more importance. Confidence was no word in our vocabulary, and I tormented myself to guess who possessed that of Mr. Thrale; not his clerks certainly, who scarce dared approach *him*—much less come near *me*; whose place he said was either in the drawing-room or the bed-chamber. We kept, meantime, a famous pack of fox-hounds, at a hunting box near Croydon; but it was masculine for ladies to ride, &c. We kept the finest table possible at Streatham Park, but *his* wife was not to *think of the kitchen*. So I never knew what was for dinner till I saw it.

Driven thus on literature as my sole resource, no wonder if I loved my books and children. From a *gay* life my mother held me fast. Those pleasures Mr.

Thrale enjoyed alone; with *me* indeed they never would have suited; I was too often and too long confined. Although Doctor Johnson (now introduced among us) told me once, before *her* face, who deeply did resent it, that I lived like my husband's kept mistress, — shut from the world, its pleasures, or its cares.

The scene was soon to change. Fox-hounds were sold, and a seat in Parliament was suggested by our new inmate as more suitable to his dignity, more desirable in every respect. I grew useful now, *almost* necessary; wrote the advertisements, looked to the treats, and people to whom I was till then unknown, admired how happy Mr. Thrale must be in such a *wonder* of a wife.

I wondered all the while where his heart lay; but it was found at last, too soon for joy, too late almost for sorrow. A vulgar fellow, by name Humphrey Jackson, had, as the clerks informed me, all in a breath, complete possession of it. He had long practised on poor Thrale's credulity, till, by mixing two cold liquors which produced heat perhaps, or two colourless liquors which produced brilliancy, he had at length prevailed on him to think he could produce beer too, without the *beggarly elements* of malt and hops. He had persuaded him to build a copper somewhere in East Smithfield, the very metal of which cost 2000*l.*, wherein this Jackson was to make experiments and conjure some curious stuff, which should preserve ships' bottoms from the worm; gaining from Government money to defray these mad expenses. Twenty enormous vats, holding

1000 hogsheads each — costly contents! — Ten more holding 1000 barrels each, were constructed to stew in this pernicious mess; and afterwards erected, on I forget how much ground bought for the ruinous purpose.

That *all* were spoiled, was but a secondary sorrow. We had in the commercial phrase, no beer to start for customers. We had no money to purchase with. Our clerks, insulted long, rebelled and *ratted*, but I held them in. A sudden run menaced the house, and death hovered over the head of the principal. I think some faint image of the distress appears in Doctor Johnson's forty-eighth letter, 1st vol. But God tempers every evil with some good. Such was my charming mother's firmness and such her fond attachment to us both, that our philosophical friend, embracing her, exclaimed, that he was equally charmed by her conduct, and edified by her piety. "Fear not the menaces of suicide," said he; "the man who has two such females to console him, never yet killed himself, and will not *now*. Of all the bankrupts made this dreadful year," continued he, "none have destroyed themselves but married men; who would have risen from the weeds undrowned, had not the women clung about and sunk them, stifling the voice of reason with their cries." Ah, Sir James Fellowes, and have not I too been in a ship on fire\*, not for two hours, but for two full weeks,

\* Alluding to the fire on board an East Indiaman, in which Sir James Fellowes was passenger.

between the knowledge of my danger and the end on't?

Well! first we made free with our mother's money, her little savings! about 3000*l.*—'twas all she had; and, big as I was with child, I drove down to Brighthelmstone, to beg of Mr. Scrase 6000*l.* more—he gave it us—and Perkins, the head clerk, had never done repeating my short letter to our master, which only said, “I have done my errand, and you soon shall see returned, *whole*, as I hope—your heavy and faithful messenger, H. L. T.”

Perkins' sons are now in possession of the place, their father but lately dead. Dear Mr. Scrase was an old gouty solicitor, retired from business, friend and contemporary of my husband's father. Mr. Rush lent us 6000*l.*, Lady Lade 5000.—our debts, including those of Humphrey Jackson, were 130,000*l.*, besides borrowed money. Yet in *nine years* was every shilling paid; *one*, if not *two* elections well contested; and we *might*, at Mr. Thrale's death, have had money, had he been willing to listen to advice, as you will see by our correspondence, which it is now time for you to begin, and be released from these scenes of calamity. The baby that I carried lived an *hour*—my mother a year; but she left our minds more easy. I lay awake twelve nights and days, I remember, 'spite of all art could do; but here I am, vexing your tired ear with past afflictions.

You will see that many letters were suppressed. But as you have probably thought more of my literary, than



of my moral or social existence, *though I hope not*, it will be right at least to say that it was during *the winters* of those happy years when I reigned Queen at Offley Place all summer, that Hogarth made me sit for his fine picture of the Lady's Last Stake, now in possession of Lord Charlemont.

It was then, too, when I was about thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, that I took a fancy to write in the "St. James's Chronicle," unknown to my parents and my tutor too: it was my sport to see them reading, studying, blaming or praising their own little whimsical girl's performances; but such was their admiration of one *little verse thing*, that I could not forbear owning it, and am sorry that no copy has, I believe, been kept.

The little poetical trash I *did* write in *earnest*, is preserved somewhere, perhaps in "Thraliana," which I promised to Mrs. Mostyn: perhaps in a small repository I prepared for dear Salusbury, before our final parting: such I meant it to be; but have no guess how you will find the stuff, or whether he ever thought it worth his while to keep old aunt's school exercises — such he would probably and naturally consider them. There is a little poem called "Offley Park" I know; another "On my poor Aunt Anna Maria's favourite Ash Tree;" and one styled "The Old Hunter's Petition for Life," written to save dear Forester from being shot because grown superannuated. There is a little odd metaphysical toy beside, written to divert Doctor Collier after the death of his dog Pompey, for whom James Harris made a Greek epitaph, of which

this is the English meaning, as I remember; but no doubt *all is lost*, and these verses are *not* mine. I forget whose though: —

“Here what remains of Pompey lies,  
 Handsome, generous, faithful, wise.  
 Then shouldst thou, friend, possess a bitch  
 In nature’s noble gifts as rich;  
 When Death shall take her, let her have  
 With Pompey here one common grave;  
 So from their mingled dust shall rise  
 A race of dogs as good and wise:  
 Dogs who disease shall never know,  
 Rheumatic ache or gouty toe;  
 Nor feel the dire effects of tea,  
 Nor show decay by cachexy.  
 For if aright the future Fates I read,  
 Immortal are the dogs their pregnant dust shall breed.”

The great James Harris was no disdainer of trifles. He wrote the two comical dialogues at the end of “David Simple,” an old novel composed by Dr. Collier’s sister, who was dead before I knew him, in conjunction with Sally Fielding, whose brother was author of “Tom Jones,” not yet obsolete. James Harris gave me his “Hermes” interleaved, that I might write my remarks on it, proving my attention to philosophical grammar, for which study I had shown him signs of capacity, I trust; but Collier would not suffer him to talk metaphysics in my hearing, unless he himself was the respondent. Oh, what conversations! What correspondences were these! never renewed after my wedding day, October 11th, 1763. Dr. Johnson was perhaps justly offended if I even appeared to recollect them, and

in my mother's presence. There was no danger. They had never fallen in Mr. Thrale's way — of course.

But you make me an egotist, and force me to remember scenes and ideas I never dreamed of communicating. The less so, because finding my fortune of late circumscribed in a manner wholly new to me, no doubt remained of all celebrity following my lost power of entertaining company, giving parties, &c.; and my heart prepared to shut itself quite up, convinced there existed not a human creature who cared one atom for poor H. L. P. now she had no longer money to be robbed of. That disinterested kindness does exist, however, my treatment here at Bath evinces daily, and in six months will come — if things do but continue in their natural course — my restoration day. Meanwhile this odd prefatory collection of Biographical Anecdotes are at your service.

It may be not unamusing to compare the foregoing account of her early life with some passages in the Conway MS.

“A lady once — ’t was many years ago — asked me to lend her a book out of my library at Streatham Park. ‘A book of entertainment,’ said I, ‘of course.’ ‘That I don’t know or rightly comprehend,’ was her odd answer; ‘I wish for an *Abridgment*.’ ‘An *Abridgment* of what?’ ‘*That*,’ she replied, ‘you must tell *me*, my Dear; for I am no reader like you and Dr. Johnson; I only remember that the last book I read was very pretty, and my husband called it an *Abridg-*

ment.' . . . . And if I give some account of myself here in these few little sheets prefixed to my 'Journey thro' Italy,' you must kindly accept

'The Abridgment.'"

(The first pages of the manuscript are occupied by an account of her family and early life, substantially the same as that in the "Autobiographical Memoirs.")

"My heart was free, my head full of Authors, Actors, Literature in every shape; and I had a dear, dear friend, an old Dr. Collier, who said he was sixty-six years old, I remember, the day I was sixteen, and whose instructions I prized beyond all the gayeties of early life: nor have I ever passed a day since we parted in which I have not recollected with gratitude the boundless obligations that I owe him. He was intimate with the famous James Harris of Salisbury, Lord Malmesbury's father, of whom you have heard how Charles Townshend said, when he took his seat in the House of Commons, — 'Who is this man?' — to his next neighbour; 'I never saw him before.' 'Who? Why, Harris the author, that wrote one book about Grammar [so he did] and one about Virtue.' 'What does he come here for?' replies Spanish Charles; 'he will find neither Grammar nor Virtue *here*.' Well, my dear old Dr. Collier had much of both, and delighted to shake the superflux of his full mind over mine, ready to receive instruction conveyed with so much tender assiduity."

"In a few years (our Letters tell the date) Johnson

was introduced; and now I must laugh at a ridiculous *Retrospection*. When I was a very young wench, scarce twelve years old I trust, my notice was strongly attracted by a Mountebank in some town we were passing through. ‘What a fine fellow!’ said I; ‘dear Papa, do ask him to dinner with us at our inn! — or at least, Merry Andrew, because he could tell us such *clever stories of his master*.’ My Father laughed sans intermission an hour by the dial, as Jacques once at Motley. — Yet did dear Mr. Conway’s fancy for H. L. P.’s conversation grow up, at first, out of something not unlike this, when, his high-polished mind and fervid imagination taking fire from the tall Beacon bearing Dr. Johnson’s fame above the clouds, he thought some information might perhaps be gained by talk with the old female who so long *carried coals to it*.\* She has told all, or nearly all, she knew, —

‘ And like poor Andrew must advance,  
Mean mimic of her master’s dance,  
But similes, like songs in love,  
Describing much, too little prove.’

So now, leaving Prior’s pretty verses, and leaving Dr. Johnson too, who was himself severely censured for his rough criticism on a writer who had pleased all in our Augustan age of Literature, poor H. L. P. turns egotist at eighty, and tells her own adventures.”

But the octogenarian egotist (adds the editor of the “Atlantic Monthly”) has something to tell about be-

\* “The fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars.” — *Mr. Justice Story on Milton*.

side herself. Here is a passage of interest to the student of Shakspearian localities, and bearing on a matter in dispute from the days of Malone and Chalmers :

“For a long time, then, — or I thought it such, — my fate was bound up with the old Globe Theatre, upon the Bankside, Southwark; the alley it had occupied having been purchased and thrown down by Mr. Thrale to make an opening before the windows of our dwelling-house. When it lay desolate in a black heap of rubbish, my Mother, one day, in a joke, called it the Ruins of Palmyra; and after they had laid it down in a grass-plot, Palmyra was the name it went by, I suppose, among the clerks and servants of the brewhouse; for when the Quaker Barclay bought the whole, I read that name with wonder in the Writings.” . . . “But there were really curious remains of the old Globe Playhouse, which, though hexagonal in form without, was round within, as circles contain more space than other shapes, and Bees make their cells in hexagons only because that figure best admits of junction. Before I quitted the premises, however, I learned that Tarleton, the actor of those times, was not buried at St. Saviour’s, Southwark, as he wished, near Massinger and Gower, but at Shoreditch Church. He was the first of the profession whose fame was high enough to have his portrait solicited for to be set up as a sign; and none but he and Garrick, I believe, ever obtained that honour. Mr. Dance’s picture of our friend David lives in a copy now in Oxford St., — the character King Richard.”

## FRAGMENTS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[THE following fragments of autobiography, with one exception, are in the shape of notes on the printed volumes of correspondence between Dr. Johnson and herself. They contain little that has not been already told in the Introduction ; but they have each an individual interest independently of the facts.]

## THE CHARMING S. S.

“So you may set the Streatfield at defiance.” —  
*Johnson*, Oct. 15, 1778 ; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 20.

My dear and ever honoured Doctor Collier was the cause of my making this Miss Streatfield's acquaintance. I had learned from others that he dropped into her hands soon as dismissed from mine ; and that he gained rather than lost by the exchange, had long been my secret consolation. She was but fourteen or fifteen when they first met, and he was growing sickly. She did her own way, and her way was to wait on *him*, who instructed her in Greek, and who obtained from her excess of tenderness for him, what I could not have bestowed. I have heard her say she grudged his old valet the happiness of reaching him a glass of wine,

and out of her house did he never more make his residence, but died in her arms, and was buried at her expense, the moment she came of age.\* All these accounts did I never cease listening to, till I observed my beautiful friend, not contented with her legitimate succession to the heart of Doctor Collier, was endeavouring to supplant me in the esteem of Mr. Thrale, whose good opinion, assailed vainly by Baretti, it was my business and my bounden duty to retain. Miss Thrale, now Lady Keith, was in *this* case my coadjutor; though she had acted in concert with Baretti, she abhorred this attack of Miss Streatfield, who was very dangerous indeed, both from her beauty and learning. Wit she possessed none of, and was as ignorant as an infant of

“That which before us lies in daily life.”

No wonder Mr. Thrale, whose *mind* wanted some new object, since he had lost his son, and lost beside the

\* The attachment inspired by Dr. Collier in both his pupils resembles that of Stella and Vanessa to Swift, the growth of which is described in the Dean's best poem, “Cadenus and Vanessa”:—

“I knew by what you said and writ  
How dang'rous things were men of wit:  
You caution'd me against their charms,  
But never gave me equal arms.  
Your lessons found the weakest part,  
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.”

The Edinburgh Review imagines him to have been Arthur Collier, L.L.D., described by the author of “Lives of the Civilians” as an ingenious but unsteady and eccentric man, the confidential law-adviser of the notorious Duchess of Kingston.



pleasure he had taken in his business, before all knowledge of it was shared with *myself*,—no wonder that he encouraged a sentimental attachment to Sophia Streatfield, who became daily more and more dear to him, and almost necessary. No one who visited us missed seeing his preference of her to me; but she was so amiable and so sweet natured, no one appeared to blame him for the unusual and unrepressed delight he took in her agreeable society. I was exceedingly oppressed by pregnancy, and saw clearly my successor in the fair S. S. as we familiarly called her in the family, of which she now made constantly a part, and stood godmother to my new-born baby, by bringing which I only helped to destroy my own health, and disappoint my husband, who wanted a son. “Why Mr. Thrale is Peregrinus Domi,” said Dr. Johnson; “he lives in Clifford Street, I hear, all winter;” and so he did, leaving his carriage at his sister’s door in Hanover Square, that no inquirer might hurt his favourite’s reputation; which my behaviour likewise tended to preserve from injury, and we lived on together as well as we could. Miss Browne, who sung enchantingly, and had been much abroad; Miss Burney, whose powers of amusement were many and various, were *my* companions then at Streat-ham Park, with Doctor Johnson, who wanted me to be living at the Borough, because less inconvenient to *him*, so he said I passed my winter in Surrey, “feeding my chickens and starving my understanding:” but 1779, and the summer of it was coming, to bring on us a much more serious calamity.

## THRALE'S ILLNESS.

“YOUR account of Mr. Thrale's illness is very terrible.”  
— *Johnson*, June 14, 1779; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 47.

My account of Mr. Thrale's illness had every reason to be terrible. He had slept at Streatham Park, and left it after breakfast, looking as usual.

His sister's husband, Mr. Nesbitt, often mentioned in these Letters and Memoirs, had been dead perhaps a fortnight. *He* was commercially connected, I knew, with Sir George Colebrook and Sir Something Turner; but that was all I knew — and that was nothing. I knew of nothing between Thrale and them, till *after my return from Italy*, and was the more perhaps shocked and amazed when, sitting after dinner with Lady Keith and Doctor Burney and his daughter, I believe, my servant Sam opened the drawing-room door with *un air effaré*, saying: “My master is come home, but there is something amiss.” I started up, and saw a tall black female figure, who cried, “Don't go into the library, don't go in I say.” My rushing by her somewhat rudely was all her prohibition gained: but there sat Mrs. Nesbitt holding her brother's hand, who I perceived knew not a syllable of what was passing. So I called Dr. Burney, begged him to fly in the post-chaise, which was then waiting

for him, and send me some physician, Sir R. Jebb or Pepys, or if none else could be found, my old accoucheur, Doctor Bromfield of Gerard Street. 'Twas *he* that came; and, convincing me it was an apoplectic seizure, acted accordingly, while the silly ladies went home quite contented I believe: only Mrs. Nesbitt said she thought he was *delirious*; and from her companion I learned that he had dined at their house, had seen the will opened, and had dropped as if lifeless from the dinner-table; when, instead of calling help, they called their carriage, and brought him five or six miles out of town in that condition. Would it not much enrage one? From this dreadful situation medical art relieved Mr. Thrale, but the natural disposition to conviviality degenerated into a preternatural desire for food, like Erisichon of old

"Cibus omnis in illo  
Causa cibi est; semperque locus inanis edendo."

It was a distressing moment, and the distress increasing perpetually, nor could any one persuade our patient to believe, or at least to acknowledge, he ever had been ill. With a *person*, the very wretched wreck of what it had been, no one could keep him at home. Dinners and company engrossed all his thoughts, and dear Dr. Johnson encouraged him in them, that *he* might not appear *wise*, or predicting his friend's certainly accelerated dissolution.

Death of the baby *boy* I carried in my bosom, was the natural consequence of the scene described here;

but I continued to carry him till a quarrel among the clerks, which I was called to pacify, made a complete finish of the *child*, and nearly of me. The men were reconciled though, and my danger accelerated their reconciliation.

## DEATH OF THRALE.

“IT was by bleeding till he fainted that his life was saved.”—*Johnson*, Aug. 24, 1780; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 185.

Here is another allusion to that famous bleeding which certainly in Southwark did save the life of Mr. Thrale, and by its *immediate effects* ruined my nerves for ever.

Sir Richard however said: “We have paid his heavy debt this time, but he must eat prudently in future.” No one however could control his appetite, which Sir Lucas Pepys, who was at Brighthelmstone, observing, commanded us to town, and took a house not 100 yards from his own for us, in Grosvenor Square, and I went every day to the Borough, whence Lancaster, a favourite clerk third in command, was run away with 1850*l.* Thither poor Dr. Delap followed me, begging a prologue to his new play, and I remember composing it in the coach, as I was driving up and down after Lancaster: but my business in Southwark was of far severer import.

Some fellow had incited our master to begin a new and expensive building to the amount of 20,000*l.*, after the progress of which he was ever inquisitive, and kept

the plan of it in his bedchamber. So little did Dr. Johnson even *then* comprehend the strict awe I stood in of my first husband, that I well recollect his saying to me, "Madam! You should tear that foolish paper down: why 'tis like leaving a wench's loveletter in the apartments of a man whom you would wish to cure of his amorous passion." God knows I durst as well encounter death as disturb Mr. Thrale's loveletters or his building plans. The next grand agony was seeing him send out cards of invitation to a concert and supper on the 5th of April. He had himself charged Piozzi, who was the first to tell me, with care of the musical part of our entertainment, and had himself engaged the Parsees, a set of Orientals, who were shown at all the gay houses, —the lions of the day. I could but call my coadjutors, Jebb and Pepys; who tried to counteract this frolic, but in vain. They were obliged to compromise the matter by making him promise to leave town for Streatham immediately after the 5th. "Leave London! lose my Ranelagh season!" exclaimed their patient. "Why Sir, we wished you to be here, that our attendance might be more regular, and less expensive: but since we find you thus unmanageable, you are safest at a distance." *Now*, Johnson first began to see, or *say* he saw the danger, but *now* his lectures upon temperance came all too late. Poor Mr. Thrale answered him only by inquiring when lamprey season would come in? requesting Sir Philip, who was dining with us, to write his brother, the Prebendary of Worcester, a letter, begging from *him* the first fish of that kind the Severn should produce. I

winked at Sir Philip, but he, following us women half up stairs, said: "I understand you, Madam, but *must* disobey. A friend I have known thirty-six years shall not ask a favour of me in his last stage of life and be refused. What difference can it make?" Tears stood in *his* eyes, and my own prevented all answer. In effect, that day was Mr. Thrale's last! I saw him in Sir Richard's arms at midnight. Pepys came at ten, and never left the house till early light showed me the way to Streatham: and from thence, hoping still less disturbance, to Brighthelmstone: where we had a dwelling house of our own, and whither you will see the letters all addressed.

This was thirty-four or thirty-five years ago, yet did I never completely recover my strength of body or of mind again. I am sure I never did! The shocks of 1780 and 1781 are not *yet* either recovered or forgotten by poor H. L. P.

## DR. COLLIER.

“ POOR dear Dr. Collier.” — *Mrs. Thrale to Johnson*, Aug. 10, 1780; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 183.

Perhaps this is no improper place to observe that La Bruyère tells his readers with confidence how the firmest friendships will be always dissolved by the intervention of love seizing the heart of either party.\* It may be so: but certainly the sentiment with which dear Dr. Collier inspired me in 1757 remains unaltered now in the year 1815. After my father's death my kind and prudent mother, resolving I should marry Mr. Thrale, and fearing possibly lest my Preceptor should foment any disinclination which she well knew would melt in her influence, or die in her displeasure, resolved to part us, and we met no more: but never have I failed remembering *him* with a preference as completely distinct from the venerating solicitude which hung heavily over my whole soul whilst connected with Doctor Johnson, as it was from the strong connubial duty that tied my every thought to Mr. Thrale's interest, or from the fervid and attractive passion which made twenty years passed in Piozzi's enchanting society seem like a happy

\* “No friend like to a woman man discovers,  
So that they have not been, nor may be, lovers.”

BYRON.



dream of twenty hours. My first friend formed my mind to resemble *his*. It never *did* resemble that of either of my husbands, and in that of Doctor Johnson's mine was swallowed up and lost. Oh true were these words, put together so long ago:—

“The sentiment I feel for you  
No pow'r on earth shall e'er subdue;  
No pow'r on earth shall e'er remove,  
Nor pungent grief nor ardent love.”

Sophia Streatfield too, if yet living, will bear testimony to the strange power of Doctor Arthur Collier over the minds of his youthful pupils when past seventy years old, and to the day of his *death*, which when I knew her, she lamented annually, by wearing a black dress, &c. If he did not burn my letters, Latin exercises, &c., she possesses them.

Mr. Thrale's passion for *her* she played with; a little perhaps diverting herself by mortifying *me*, but there was no harm done, I am confident. He thought her a thing at least semi-celestial; had he once found her out a mere mortal woman, his flame would have blazed out no more. And it *did* blaze frightfully indeed during one dreadful attack of the apoplexy at our Borough house, alluded to in these letters, page 178, when by Sir Richard Jebb's conditional permission, Shaw the apothecary bled Mr. Thrale *usque ad deliquium*, and I thought all over. When, however, temporary and apparent recovery followed the horrid process of stimulating cataplasms which awakened him from coma to delirium, that delirium only appeased by

bleeding quite to faintness; when he had remained mute five long days; not speaking a consolatory word to one of us; friends, sisters, daughters, clerks, physicians, — no sooner was Sophy Streatfield's voice heard in Southwark, than our patient sate up in bed, conversed with *her* without hesitation, and even said, with a complimentary smile, kissing her hand, that the visit she had made that day, had repaid all his sufferings. It was from this attack, when he recovered, that Lawrence, Jebb, &c. sent us to Bath, whence rioters dislodged and drove us to Brighthelmstone. From thence we returned to London: a ready-furnished house in Grosvenor Square being thought the best place by medical advisers, while Perkins assured Doctor Johnson that his master would be *safest*, in every respect, at a *distance* from his *business*.

## THRALE'S WILL.—SALE OF THE BREWERY.

“WE read the will to-day.” — *Johnson*, April 5, 1781 ;  
*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 192.

It was neither kind or civil, you will say, to open the will in my absence, but Mr. Thrale had been both civil and kind in labouring to restore to me the Welsh estate, which I had meant to give him in our moments of uneasiness when I became possessed of it by Sir Thomas Salusbury's death, from whom we had once expected Offley Place in Hertfordshire, and all its wide domain. Notwithstanding that disappointment, my husband left me the interest of 50,000*l.* for my life, doubtless in return for my diligence during our distresses in 1772, because it is specified to be given over and above what was provided in our marriage settlement. He left me also the plate, pictures, and linen of both houses, forgetting even to name Brighthelmstone, so all I had bought for *that* place fell to the ladies (who said loudly what a wretched match their *poor* papa had made). It was not so, however. Mr. Thrale had received the rents and profits from Wales, 9000*l.*, and had cut timber for 4000*l.* more. My mother and my aunts, and an old Doctor Bernard Wilson, had left me 5000*l.* among them, more or less, and I carried 10,000*l.* in my

hand, so that the family was benefited by me 28,000*l.* at the lowest, besides having been, as King Richard expresses it,

“A jack-horse in their great affairs.”

On Mr. Thrale's death I kept the counting-house from nine o'clock every morning till five o'clock every evening till June, when God Almighty sent us a knot of rich Quakers who bought the whole, and saved me and my coadjutors from brewing ourselves into another bankruptcy, which hardly could, I think, have been avoided being, as we were five in number, Cator, Crutchley, Johnson, myself, and Mr. Smith, all with equal power, yet all incapable of using it without help from Mr. Perkins, who wished to force himself into partnership, though hating the whole lot of us, save only *me*. Upon my promise, however, that if he would find us a purchaser, I would present his wife with my dwelling-house at the Borough, and all its furniture, he soon brought forward these Quaker Barclays, from Pennsylvania I believe they came,—her own relations I have heard—and they obtained the brewhouse a prodigious bargain, but Miss Thrale was of my mind to part with it for 150,000*l.*; and I am sure I never did repent it, as certainly it was best for us five females at the time, although the place has now doubled its value, and although men have almost always spirit to spend, while women show greater resolution to spare.

Will it surprise you now to hear that, among all my fellow executors, none but Johnson opposed selling the

concern? Cator, a rich timber merchant, was afraid of implicating his own credit as a commercial man. Crutchley hated Perkins, and lived upon the verge of a quarrel with him every day while they acted together. Smith cursed the whole business, and wondered what his relation, Mr. Thrale, could mean by leaving him 200*l.* he said, and such a burden on his back to bear for it. All were well pleased to find themselves secured, and the brewhouse *decently*, though not *very* advantageously disposed of, except dear Doctor Johnson, who found some odd delight in signing drafts for hundreds and for thousands, to him a new, and as it appeared delightful, occupation. When all was nearly over, however, I cured his honest heart of its incipient passion for trade, by letting him into *some*, and *only* some, of its mysteries. The plant, as it is called, was sold, and I gave God thanks upon Whit Sunday, 1781, for sparing me farther perplexity, though at the cost of a good house, &c.

## FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH PIOZZI.

“You have got Piozzi again.” — *Johnson to Mrs. Thrale*, Dec. 3, 1781.

Dr. Johnson, mentioning dear Piozzi, has encouraged me to tell how and where our acquaintance began. I was at Brighthelmstone in August 1780, or thereabout, when the rioters at Bath had driven my sick husband and myself and Miss Thrale (Fanny Burney went home to her father) into Sussex for change of place. I had been in the sea early one morning, and was walking with my eldest daughter on the cliff, when, seeing Mr. Piozzi stand at the library door, I accosted him in Italian, and asked him if he would like to give that lady a lesson or two whilst at Brighton, that she might not be losing her time. He replied, coldly, that he was come thither himself merely to recover his voice, which he feared was wholly lost; that he was composing some music, and lived in great retirement; so I took my leave, and we continued our walk, Miss Thrale regretting she had lost such an opportunity; but on our returning home the same day, Mr. Piozzi started out of the shop, begged my pardon for not knowing me before, protested his readiness to do anything to oblige *me*, and his concern for not being able to contribute to our amusement, but

that I should command everything in his now limited power.

We parted, and at breakfast the post brought me a letter from the present Madame D'Arblay, saying that her father's friend, Mr. Piozzi, was gone to Brighthelmstone, where she hoped we should meet, for though he had lost his voice, his musical powers were enchanting, and that I should find him a companion likely to lighten the burden of life to *me*, as he was *just a man to my natural taste*. This letter is existing now, and that was her expression. Mr. Thrale found his performance on the forte-piano so superior to everything then heard in England, and in short took such a fancy to his society, that we were seldom apart, except while Mr. Piozzi was studying to compose the six fine sonatas, that he dedicated to his favourite pupil, Miss Child, afterwards Lady Westmoreland. His voice strengthened by sea-bathing, but never recovered the astonishing powers he brought with him first from Italy. I fancied they would have returned when we went abroad together four years after, but they never did; and he was contented in future to delight, without surprising, his hearers, unless they had indeed taste enough to understand that unrivalled *manner* of singing, which he as tenor, and Pacchierotti as soprano, had completely to themselves.

Mr. Piozzi was the son of a gentleman of Brescia in Lombardy, who meant him for the Church and educated him accordingly; but he resisted the celibat, escaped from those who would have made him take the vows,

and as his uncle said, "Ah, Gabrieli, thou wilt never get nearer the altar than the organ-loft," so it proved. He ran from the Venetian state to Milan, where Marchese D'Araciel proved his constant friend and protector, and encouraged him in his fancy for trying Paris and London, instead of being a burden to his parents, who had fourteen children, a limited income, and many pecuniary uneasinesses. Whilst *here*, his fame reached the Queen of France, who sent for him and Sacchini, the great opera composer, and it was when they came back loaded with presents, and honours, and emoluments, that Dr. Johnson congratulated me on having got Piozzi again. Sacchini returned and died at Paris, but Piozzi staid (till I drove him from me), notwithstanding all the offers of the Court of France, when I was living at Bath, "deserted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen."



## DOMESTIC TRIALS.

“You can hardly think how bad I have been whilst you were in all your altitudes at the opera, and all the fine places, and thinking little of me.” (*Johnson*, Dec. 20, 1783; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 52.) She replies: “My health, my children, and my fortune, dear Sir, are fast coming to an end, I think—not so my sorrows. Harriet is dead, and Cicely is dying.” Her manuscript commentary on these passages is :

“Dear Harriet died of measles, whooping-cough, and strumous swellings in the neck and throat, 1783. Lucy had fallen a sacrifice to the same train of evils; and Cecilia, now Mrs. Mostyn, had her health so shaken after the date of this letter, that it was with the utmost difficulty she recovered. Mr. Piozzi and I had made what we considered as our final parting in London about a month before, when I requested him to tame the newspapers by quitting England, and leave me to endure my debts, my distractions, and the bitter reproaches of my family *as I could*. He had given up all my letters, promises, &c., into Miss Thrale’s hands (now Lady Keith). You laughed when I told you that his expression was: ‘Take it to you your mamma, and make it of *her* a countess; it shall kill me, I know, but it shall kill her too.’ Miss Thrale took the papers, and

turned her back on him, I remember. Well! Sir Lucas Pepys alone knew the true state of my heart. He pitied me, kept my secret inviolable, behaved like a brother to me, and told all the inquirers that I was very ill indeed, and that *he had advised Bath*.

“To Bath I went, and Piozzi prepared for his melancholy journey, having first lent me a thousand pounds, for which I remitted the interest to Italy, and our ladies said I had bought him off *with their money*: so the calumny outlived even our separation. He had not left London when I was summoned to attend the two little girls at Mrs. Ray’s school, Russel House, Streatham; but I refused another painful interview, however earnestly my lover begged it. I breakfasted with Sir Lucas Pepys: told him my heroism, and never knew till Piozzi told me after he returned to England, that he had been sitting at a front window of some public-house on the road all that dreadful Saturday, to see my carriage pass backwards and forwards to where the children resided. Oh what moments! oh what moments! but I went back to Bath. We lived in Russel Street, where I found my three eldest daughters at their work and their drawings. I *think* they scarcely said ‘How d’ye do? or how does Cecilia do?’ and we went on together without either rough words or smooth ones. Dr. Staker, to whom Pepys had recommended the care of my health, cut his own throat, and Doctors Woodward (of the pretty house in Gay Street) and Dobson, from Liverpool, were our medical advisers.

“Doctor Johnson never came to look for me at

Streatham, where I lodged during Cecy's danger\*; and I would not go into London for fear of encountering Piozzi's eyes somewhere. So I only stopped at Pepys' house for an hour, close to Hyde Park, and away to Bath again, where one curious thing befell me, and but one. You have heard of many severities shown me, now hear of one man like yourself. My maid came to me half-alarmed, half-pleasant somehow, and said: 'I have had a king's messenger sent to me, Madam; but here's the letter, and the man is gone again. I offered him money, but he had orders to take none.'

"The letter said:—

" 'MADAM,— Let nothing add to your present pain, as no one surely deserves so much happiness. Your letter is gone safe; I transmitted the *amiable contents* to Mr. Piozzi, who will receive it in due time; but you should be careful not to send another packet unpaid for, unless you would direct it to me. Your signing no name, and dating, forced me to peruse every word of a letter in three languages which no one could so have written but Mrs. Thrale, to whom I wish all that such merit and virtue, &c. &c. &c.

" 'JACKSON,

" 'Comptroller of the Foreign Post Office.'

"He had directed the letter to my maid!

"We left our cards with this gentleman as soon as

\* Yet he wrote to commend her going there.—*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 255.

we were married, of course, and he made us a fine dinner and a grand entertainment, and I saw for the first time my kind friend and admirer, Mr. Jackson. Poor fellow! he soon died, but not till Mr. Piozzi had sung with his daughter, and given him all the pleasure he was capable of receiving in the last stage of life, and a miserable state of health."

## FOREIGN TOUR.

“PREVAIL on Mr. Piozzi to settle in England.”—*Johnson*, July 8, 1784; *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 376.

Dr. Johnson's advice corresponded exactly with Mr. Piozzi's intentions. He was impatient to show Italy to me and *me* to the Italians, but never meant to forbear bringing his wife home again, and showing he had brought her. Well aware of the bustle his marriage made, it was his most earnest wish that every doubt of his honour and of my happiness should be dispelled; so that whilst our ladies and Madame D'Arblay, that was Miss Burney, and Baretti, and all the low Italians of the Haymarket who hated my husband, were hatching stories how he had sold my jointure, had shut me up in a convent, &c., we made our journey to our residence in Italy as showy as we possibly could. All the English at every town partook of our hospitality; the inhabitants came flocking, nothing loth, and we sent presents to our beautiful daughters by every hand that would carry them. Miss Thrale was of age by now, and I left Miss Nicholson, the bishop's grand-daughter, whom they appeared to like exceedingly, *with them*, but she soon quitted her post on observing that they gave people to understand she was a cast mistress of dear Piozzi, who

never saw her face out of their company, except once at a dinner visit.

But I have not told you our parting. That I resided at Bath, these letters are a proof; that my residence was a wretched one, needs no asserting. Insults at home, and spiteful expressions in every letter from the guardians, broke my spirits quite down; and letters from my grieving lover, when they *did* come, helped to render my life miserable. I meant not to call him home till all my debts were paid; and my uncle's widow, Lady Salusbury, had threatened to seize upon my Welsh estate if I did not repay *her* money, lent by Sir Thomas Salusbury to my father; money in effect which poor papa had borrowed to give *him* when he was a student at Cambridge, and your little friend just born. This debt, however, not having been cancelled, stood against me as heiress. I had been forced to borrow from the ladies; and Mr. Crutchley, when I signed my mortgage to them for 7000*l.*, said: "Now, Madam, call your daughters in and thank them; make them your best *curtsey*," (with a sneer) "for keeping you out of a gaol." He added 500*l.* or 800*l.* more, and I paid that off as alluded to\*; but Doctor Johnson knew how I was distressed, and you see how even he had been writing!!

Will you wonder to hear how ill I was? After much silent suffering, Doctor Dobson, who felt for me even to

\* Dr. Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale, London, April 19th, 1784:—"I am sensible of the ease that your repayment of Mr. Crutchley has given: you felt yourself *genée* by that debt: is there an English word for it?"

tears, left me one evening in the slipper bath, and I suppose ran to Lady Keith, and spoke with some severity; for she came into the room with him, and said, "The doctor tells me, Madam, he must write to Mr. Piozzi about your health; will you be pleased to tell us where to find him?" "At Milan, my dear," was the faint reply, "with his friend, the Marquis d'Araciel (a Spanish grandee); *his* palace, Milan, is sufficient direction." "Milan!" exclaimed they all at once, for not one word had ever passed among us concerning him or his destination. "Milan!" So Doctor Dobson, I trust, took pen and ink, and the next day I was better. Miss Thrale declared her resolution to go to their own house at Brixthelmstone, and I entreated permission to attend them. Short journeys, change of air, &c., helped to revive me, and Miss Nicholson went with us to Stonehenge, Wilton, &c. in our way to Sussex, whence I returned to Bath to wait for Piozzi. He was here the eleventh day after he got Dobson's letter. In twenty-six more we were married in London by the Spanish ambassador's chaplain, and returned hither to be married by Mr. Morgan, of Bath, at St. James's Church, July 25, 1784.\*

\* A copy of the certificate was found among her papers:

"Anno Domini 1784, die vero 23 Julij, nullo impedimento detecto, rite in matrimonio conjuncti fuere Gabriel Piozzi, et Hester Lynch Thrale, præsentibus notis testibus Aloisio Borghi, Francisco Mecci, et Angelica Borghi.

"Pr. me RICHARDUM SMITH.

"Nous Jean Balthazar d'Adhemar de mont Falcon des premiers Comtes souverains d'Orange; Monteliman, Grignan, &c., gouverneur des villes et Châteaux de Dieppe, grand Bailly d'épée

Greenland, the solicitor my husband now employed, discovered 1600*l.* still due to me, which was paid on demand; and for the rest of the debt, Piozzi, laughing, said it would be discharged in three years at farthest. So it was; and I felt as much, I think, of astonishment as pleasure. From London we went immediately to Paris, Lyons, Turin, Genoa, and Milan; where, as the Travel Book tells you, we spent the winter, and where the Marquis of Araciel and his family paid me most distinguished attention. There Mr. Parsons dined with us, I remember, and left me a copy of complimentary verses too long to insert here; but we met again the following summer at Florence, where we were living in a sort of literary coterie with Mr. and Mrs. Greathead, Mr. Merry, whom his friends called Della Crusca, and a most agreeable *et cetera* of English and Italians. We had designed giving a splendid dinner on our wedding-day to Lord Pembroke and the whole party, and Mr. Parsons presented me verses which will not be understood except I

de Mantes et de Meulan, Chevalier de l'ordre Royal et Militaire de St. Louis, premier ecuyer de Madame Elizabeth de France, Marechal des Camps et armées du Roy et Son Ambassadeur extraordinaire et plenipotentiaire aupres de sa majesté britannique, &c.

“Certifions que la Signature apposée a l'acte cy de pied est véritablement celle de M. Richard Smith que pleine et entiere confiance doit y estre ajoutée tant en jugement que de hors, en foi de quoi nous avons Signé le present, fait contresigner par l'un de nos Secretaires, et apposé le sceau de nos armes. Donné a notre hotel le Vingt-sept Juillet mil Sept cent quatre vingt quatre.

(Signed) “Le C<sup>te</sup> D'ADHEMAR.

“ Par son excellence

“ HERVIEN.”



write out my own, that provoked them. He had written a hymn to Venus, so I said :—

While Venus inspires, and such verses you sing  
 As Prior might envy and praise ;  
 While Merry can mount on the eagle's wide wing,  
 Or melt in the nightingale's lays :  
 On the beautiful banks of this classical stream  
 While Bertie can carelessly rove,  
 Dividing his hours, and varying his theme  
 With philosophy, friendship, and love ;  
 In vain all the beauties of nature or art  
 To rouse my tranquillity tried ;  
 Too often, said I, has this languishing heart  
 For the joys of celebrity sigh'd.  
 Now sooth'd by soft music's seducing delights,  
 With reciprocal tenderness blest ;  
 No more will I pant for poetical flights,  
 Or let vanity rob me of rest.

The Slave and the Wrestlers, what are they to me?  
 From plots and contentions removed ;  
 And Job with still less satisfaction I see,  
 When I think of the pains I have prov'd.  
 It was thus that I sought in oblivion to drown  
 Each thought from remembrance that flows :  
 Thus fancy was stagnant I honestly own,  
 But I called the stagnation repose.

Now, wak'd by my countrymen's voice once again  
 To enjoyment of pleasures long past ;

Her powers elastic the soul shall regain,  
 And recall her original taste.  
 Like the loadstone that long lay conceal'd in the earth,  
 Among metals which glitter'd around ;  
 Inactive her talents, and only call'd forth,  
 When the ore correspondent was found.

To these lines Mr. Parsons brought the following very  
 flattering answer, which he repeated after dinner :—

“ *To Mrs. Piozzi.*

“ Tho' sooth'd by soft music's sedueing delights,  
 And blest with reciprocal love ;  
 These cannot impede your poetical flights,  
 For still friends to the Muses they prove.  
 Then sitting so gaily your table around,  
 Let us all with glad sympathy view  
 What joys in this fortunate union abound,  
 This union of wit and virtù.

“ May the day that now sees you so mutually blest  
 In full confidence, love, and esteem,  
 Still return with increasing delight to your breast,  
 And be Hymen your favourite theme !  
 Nor fear that your fertile strong genius should fail,  
 Each thought of stagnation dispel ;  
 The fame which so long has attended a *Thrale*,  
 A *Piozzi* alone shall excel.

“ As the ore must for ever obedient be found  
 By the loadstone attracted along :

So in England you drew all the poets around,  
By the magical force of your song:  
The same power on Arno's fair side you retain;  
Your talents with wonder we see:  
And we hope from your converse those talents to  
gain,  
Tho' like magnets — in smaller degree."

Now if I should live to add any more anecdotes of my life, or any more verses to amuse you, they would come best at the end of my Journey-Book; and if you will send it, perhaps I may add a leaf or two. — 18th December, 1815.

## RESIDENCE IN ITALY.

(A separate and detached manuscript.)

BEFORE we began our journey, my good husband bespoke a magnificent carriage capable of containing every possible accommodation, and begged me to take tea enough and books enough ; but when looking over the last article he saw “Diodati’s Italian Bible, with Notes” (this was in 1784, I remember), “Ah ciel!” he exclaimed, “this will bring us into trouble. Be content, my dear creature, with an English Bible, and reflect that you are not travelling as you ought to be, like a Protestant lady of quality, but as the wife of a native, an acknowledged Papist, and one determined to remain so.” I replied, from my heart, that I desired to appear in his country in no other character than that of his wife ; that I would preserve my religious opinions inviolate at Milan, as he did his at London ; and that all would go on, to use his own phrase, *all’ ottima perfezzione*. Observing an undertoned expression, however, saying, “They shall tease *quest’ anima bella* as little as I can help,” my heart *felt* (though I changed the conversation) that my mind must prepare itself for controversy. The account of temptations he told me I should undergo of *another* kind I drove from me with unaffected laughter, but

perceived that *he* was best pleased when I replied to them with equally unaffected but more *serious* protestations of exclusive and unalterable love.

. . . . .  
He was right all the while. When we arrived at Milan, our abiding place, I perceived the men of quality and *bon ton* considered me as fair game to shoot their senseless attentions at; and my sometimes cold, sometimes indignant, reception of their odd complimentary addresses, was received at first with most unmerited displeasure, and in a short time with admiration no less undeserved. Conjugal fidelity being a thing they had no conception of, and each concluding I kept my favours for some one else, nothing undeceived them but my strictly adhered-to resolution of never suffering a *tête-à-tête* with any man whatever except my husband, and laughing with them in company, saying we inhabited a Casa Fidele, and should do honour to the residence.

The truth is, old Comte Fidele, a widower of seventy years old, said his house was too big for him (an invalid), and gave us up the winter side of his palace for a year, paying only 80*l.* My bed-chamber, twenty-seven feet long and eighteen feet high, was lighted by one immense window at the end, and looked over the naviglio to the beautiful mountains of Brianza. Out of *this* went a handsome square room where I received my company in common. Out of that we walked into a large dinner apartment, next to which was the servants' hall (as we should call it, but known in Italy by name of *anti-camera*), where and from whence the servants answered

the bell. Through this opened the best drawing-room, with two fire-places, two large glass lustres, four enormous windows with yellow damask curtains I am ashamed to say how long, but my maid always said they were eight yards from top to bottom. Her apartment opened through *this*; for all were passage rooms, and a small pair of stairs led to a lovely cold bath. I have not done yet. Behind my magnificent bed of white-watered tabby, and very clean, a door opened into a large light closet where I kept my books; and through that a commodious staircase led to Mr. Piozzi's bed-chamber, and a beautiful dressing-room or study, where he was supposed to receive company, people on business, &c. All this very well furnished indeed for four-score pounds a year!! A. D. 1784.

The showy valet was a Frenchman hired at Paris, the gaudy butler out of livery resembling nothing but a gold fish, had eighteen pence a day, and the man cook no less. One woman, besides my own English Abigail, formed our household; a word I should not have used, for they all walked home in the evening, after the wives and children &c. had been brought into the kitchen almost *literally* to lick the plates. It seemed very odd, but I believe Mr. Piozzi paid everybody every night of his life. I remember his asking me one day what I thought our dinner came to; we were eight at table, the dishes seven and nine. When I had made some ridiculous conjectures, he showed me that the whole expense, wine included, was thirteen shillings of our money, no more, and I expected to hear him say how happy he was. Not a bit; he was happy

only in my attachment and society; his countrymen were his scourge. They told him, as I was a Protestant I was of course an infidel, and should be a favourite at the German court which the Emperor kept at Milan. So I was; but one day when some of our Italian ecclesiastics dined with us and met the Austrian Count Kinigh, the Viennese librarian, &c., who endeavoured to play upon the natives, ridiculing their superstitions, &c., I could bear no more of what they called philosophy, the less perhaps because they hoped I should be pleased with such discourse, and much amazed our Milanese friends by saying, when applied to, that I really thought the thorns of ancient philosophy were now only fit to burn in the fire, unless we could make a hedge of them to fence in the possession of Christian truth.

This speech won all the old abates' hearts at once, and was echoed about with ten times the praise it deserved. I was now assailed on every side to become a Romanist, for *Catholics* I never would submit to call *them* who excluded from salvation every sect of our religion but their own. Dear Piozzi grew more and more weary of this controversial chat; but it was comical to see with how much pleasure he witnessed my gaining even a momentary triumph over these men, skilled in disputation, and masters of their own language. "Are you a Calvinist, Madam?" said one of the Monsignori. "Certainly *not*," was the reply. "Do you kneel to receive the Sacrament?" "*I do*." "And are not those fellows damned who do receive it standing or sitting?"

“I believe *not*,” said I. “Our blessed Lord did not himself eat the passover according to the strict rules of the Mosaical law, which insists on its being eaten *standing*; whereas we know that Jesus Christ reclined on a triclinium, as was the usage of Rome and of *the times*. Nay, perhaps he was pleased to do so that such disputes should not arise; or, if arising, that his example might be appealed to.” “What proof have you of our Saviour’s reclining on a triclinium?” “St. John’s leaning on his breast at supper,” said I. “Oh, that was at common meals, not at the passover.” “Excuse me, my lord, it was at the *last* solemn supper, which we all commemorate with our best intentions, some one way, some another. *Their* method is not yours, neither is it *mine*; let us beware of judging lest we ourselves be judged.” “Fetch me a Bible, Sir,” said Monsignore. “I will bring mine,” said I. “Excuse *me* now, Madam,” replied my antagonist; “we cannot abide but by the Vulgate.” Canonico Palazzi offered to go; I begged of him to buy me one at the next bookseller’s three doors off. My victory was complete, and I have the *Bible still* which won it for me.

All this, however delightful, grew *very* wearisome and a *little* dangerous; and we were glad when spring time came that we might set out upon our travels.

. . . . .

Every new comer from that country (England) told us how all ill-reports had subsided, how the Cardinal Prince d’Orini’s civilities had been related up and down, and in short that we had but to return, secure of every



comfort Great Britain could afford. Mr. Piozzi said, the moment every debt should be discharged, that he would turn his horses' heads towards the island he had always preferred to every other place; and, so saying, we travelled on, as happy in leaving Milan as in arriving there. *Au reste*, as the French say, few things befell us worth recording, except Count Manucci's visit. He had been intimate with Mr. Thrale in England, as Johnson's letters abundantly testify, and had taken a fancy to Mr. Piozzi at Paris, when he was there with Sacchini. Hearing, therefore, of his marriage, he came one morning, but never had a notion that it was with *me* he had connected himself. 'Ah, Madame!' exclaimed the Count, 'quel coup de Théâtre!' when the door opened, and showed him an old acquaintance with a new name. This was the nobleman who, I told you, lamented so tenderly that his sister's children were *counterfeited*.

We return to the Biographical Anecdotes:

The letters from our daughters had been cold and unfrequent during the whole absence; a little more so as we approached nearer home. The newspapers had told of our exploits at Brussels, and public good-humour seemed disposed to wait and even to meet our return. Fector, the government officer at Dover, would not even *look* into our portmanteaus, trunks, &c.; and I saw instantly that the tide was turned. Numberless cards were left at the Royal Hotel, where we remained till a house in Hanover Square was fitted up to receive us, and on the 22nd of May, we opened with a concert

and supper, the more willingly as Mr. Cator, in whose hands we placed our pecuniary affairs at starting, pronounced the mortgage paid off, and 1500*l.* in the bank to begin with. This Mr. Cator *had* been one of our insulting enemies; was acting executor to Mr. Thrale, and guardian to his daughters; *had* said that I should be soon deceased, but my death would be concealed by Mr. Piozzi, while he enjoyed my jointure, &c.; *this* man's approbation was indeed a triumph, and we now intended to be happy.

Cecilia had been left at Ray and Frey's school at Streatham, with friends I could depend on; but Lady Keith removed her thence, and placed her at Stevenson's, Queen Square, without my knowledge or consent. We kept our distance then, and so did they; meeting only in public. I took my little mad-headed Cecilia home, and we had masters to her, &c. Nor do I know when the sisters and I should have met again, had not *she* grown so fast that at fourteen years old or six months more, Mr. Piozzi felt himself alarmed, and was advised by our friends, Lord Huntingdon, Sir Charles Hotham, and the Greatheads, with whom we lived familiarly, to put the young lady into Chancery, a measure he was most earnest to adopt. We were at Streatham Park, but I observed my husband unusually anxious, when an old Mr. Jones who had married Sir William Fowler's daughter, my mother's first cousin, told me that the Miss Thrales had made overtures of reconciliation through *him* (who lived much with us), and that he should make a breakfast party for

us all at his house in Cavendish Square, with my permission. It was the middle of the French Revolution, so there was talk enough, and the day went on very well, with an invitation to the ladies for Easter Tuesday, I remember; and Pisani, the Venetian ambassador, Lord and Lady Coventry, and 130 people, in short, witnessed our gaiety and mutual good humour. Three weeks more, however, had scarce elapsed before Miss Thrale, now Viscountess Keith, came down on horseback, and said she must speak to us on *business*. It was to beg Mr. Piozzi would *not* put Cecilia into Chancery. Their fortunes, they alleged, would be examined by lawyers, and *dear* Mr. Cator's accounts too would be hauled over, with which *they* were well contented; alluding, besides this, to some undisclosed dealings and connexions of their father's, wholly *new* and very surprising to *me*, who had no notion of his affairs beyond the counting-house and brewhouse yard. In short, they frightened us into every compliance they could wish, then kept their distance as before, sending perpetually for Cecy.

Libels and odd ill-natured speeches appeared sometimes in the public prints, and one day of the ensuing winter, when I was airing my lap-dogs in a retired part of Hyde Park, Lord Fife came up to me, and after a moment's chat, said, "Would you like to know your friends from your enemies?" in a Scotch accent. "Yes, very much, my lord," was the reply. "Ay, but have you strength of mind enough to bear my intelligence?" "Make haste and tell me, dear my lord," said I. "Why

then the Burneys are your enemies, that so fostered and fondled ; more than that, Baretto has been making up a libel . . . . and every magazine has refused it entrance except a new work carried on by the female Burney." "Never mind," replied I, "nobody will read their work ; I feel as I ought towards your lordship's friendship, which you cannot prove better than by not naming the subject ; it will die away, so will the authors ; good morrow, and a thousand thanks." . . . My own books came out one by one : *they* pleased, and I suffered not these tormentors much to vex me. We went on spending our money at and *upon* Streatham Park, till old Mr. Jones and the wise Marquis Trotti advised Piozzi to make the tour of North Wales, and see *my* country, *my* estate, &c. We had been all over Scotland, except the Highlands, where we were afraid of carrying Cecy because of her unsteady health. I staid with dear Mrs. Siddons, at Rose Hill, while our friends made their ramble, and came back as much delighted with Denbighshire and Flintshire as Mr. Thrale had been disgusted with them. This was charming. Piozzi had fixed upon a spot, and resolved to build an Italian villa on the banks of the Clwydd. Even Mr. Murphy applauded the project, and we drew in our expenses, preparing to engage in brick and mortar.

. . . . .

Gout now fastened on Mr. Piozzi, who built his pretty villa in North Wales, and conforming to our religious opinions, kindly set our little church at Dymerchion in a state it never before enjoyed, spending sums of

money on its decoration, and making a vault for my ancestors and for ourselves to repose in. I wrote verses for the opening of our tiny temple, and dear Piozzi set them most enchantingly to music; our clerk, he said, was a very good genius; and I trust a more virtuous or pious pleasure could not be felt than ours when teaching those poor people to sing the lines you will read over leaf.

With homely verse and artless lays,  
 Full oft these humble roofs shall ring;  
 Whilst to our dear Redeemer's praise  
 Rough youths and village maidens sing.

Incarnate God! when He appear'd,  
 And blessings all around Him spread,  
 Though still by radiant myriads fear'd,  
 He chose the poor, the lowly shed.

And sure before He comes again  
 In awful state to judge the world;  
 Resounding choirs though He disdain,  
 Temples and tow'ers in ruin hurl'd;

To unambitious efforts kind,  
 Pleas'd He permits our rustic lays;  
 Our simple voices, unrefin'd,  
 Have leave to sing their Saviour's praise.

The house, our dwelling-house I mean, was built from a design of its elegant master's own hand, and he set poor old Bachygraig up too; repaired and beautified

it, and to please his silly wife, gilt the Llewenny lion on its top. The scroll once held in his paw was broke and gone. Lombardy, where his (Mr. Piozzi's) relations lived, was torn by faction, and his father, a feeble old man of eighty-one years old, equal to one hundred in our island, was actually terrified into apoplexy, lethargy, and death. His son, who half entertained a tender thought that they might meet once more, grieved for his loss severely, the more so, as he himself said, because "Sarà quel che sarà, ma alla fin, il sangue non e acqua." His brother, I am afraid, joined the Republicans, leaving a very deserving lady, born at Venice, whose friends were wholly ruined, though her uncle, the Abbate Zandrini, was afterwards in high favour, and even appointed confessor to Buonaparte. They had baptized one of their babies by name of John Salusbury in compliment to me, and Mr. Piozzi sent to bring him out of the confusion. He came an infant between three and four years old. We educated him first at Mr. Davis's school at Streatham, where my own son had been placed so many years before, and then with Mr. Shephard, of Enborne, Berkshire, whence he commonly came to us at Streatham Park, or Bath, or Brynbella.

You know the rest. You know that dear Mr. Piozzi died of the gout at his pretty villa in North Wales. You know that he left me *that*, and everything else, never naming his nephew in the will, only leaving among his father's children 6000*l.* in the three per cents., being the whole of his savings during the twenty-five years he had shared and enjoyed my fortune. Unexampled gene-

rosity indeed! And true love! Could I do less than repay it to the child whose situation in life I now felt responsible for! I bred him with his friends at Oxford, yet he stood alone, *insulated* in a nation where he had no natural friend. Incapacitated to return where his religion would have rendered him miserable, and petted, and spoiled, till any profession would have been painful. What could I do? The boy had besides all this formed an attachment to his friend's sister. What could I do? You know what I *did* do. I gave them my estate; and resolving that Mr. Thrale's daughters should suffer as little as possible by this arrangement, I repaired and new fronted their house at Streatham Park, and by the enormous expense incurred *there*, and the loss of my rents from Denbighshire and Flintshire, reduced myself to the very wretched state *you found* me in, and lavished upon me a friendship, which, at the sauciest hour of my life, would by *my* mind have been esteemed an honour, but in this sad deserted stage of it the *truest*, very near *the only cordial*. Thus then, as Adam says to Raphael in Milton's "Paradise Lost": —

" Thus have I told thee all my state ; and brought  
*My* story to that sum of earthly bliss  
 Which *I* enjoy : and since at length to *part*,  
*Go* ; sent of heaven, angelic messenger,  
 Gentle to *me*, and affable hath been  
 Thy conversation, to be honour'd ever  
 With grateful memory,"

by H. L. Prozzi.

MINOR MARGINAL NOTES ON THE TWO VOLUMES  
OF PRINTED LETTERS.\*

*Mr. Seward.*—Mr. Seward, who wrote the “Anecdotes”: he was only son to a rich brewer, whom he disappointed and grieved by his preference of literature to riches. His head, however, was not quite right. I believe his principles were vitiated by his studies among the Swiss infidels: Helvetius, D’Alembert, and the rest of them. He kept his morality pure for the sake of his health perhaps, for he was a professed valetudinarian.

*Mr. Keep.*—Mr. Keep, when he heard I was a native of North Wales, told me that *his* wife was a Welsh woman, and desired to be buried at Ruthyn. “So,” says the man, “I went with the corpse myself, because I thought it would be a *pleasant journey*, and indeed I found Ruthyn a very beautiful place.”

*Sir Robert Chambers.*—The box goes to Calcutta to Sir Robert Chambers, a favourite with them all. (I never could see why.) He was judge in India, married Fanny Wilton the statuary’s daughter, who stood for Hebe at the Royal Academy. She was very beautiful indeed, and but fifteen years old when Sir Robert mar-

\* The name, or passage, suggesting the note is given when required for its elucidation.



ried her. His portrait is in the library at Streatham Park. 1815.

Bath is often mentioned in these letters, but I forgot among the baby anecdotes which precede them, to say how I remembered being carried about the rooms by Beau Nash, and taken notice of by Lady Caroline, mother to the famous Charles James Fox.

On Johnson's writing to congratulate her on making the conquest of the Prince of Castiglione, she writes: "The man who drank his health by name of Mr. Vagabond."

"Why should you suspect me of forgetting lilly lolly?"—*Johnson*.

Ask me about this stuff, and I'll try to tell you: come, here it is. One of our Welsh squires had a half-witted son,—his sole heir, poor fellow! and the parents fondled it accordingly. When Christmas came, and all the country was invited at Llewenny Hall, the seat of my mother's *eldest* brother, who married Lady Elizabeth Tollemache, came these dear Wynnes and their booby boy about eleven years old. "What does the child say?" cries my aunt, "it sounds like lilly lolly." "Indeed, my Lady Betty," replies the mother, in a sharp Welsh accent, "Dick does *say* lilly lolly, sure enough: but he *mains*: How do you do, Sir Robert Cotton?" I had probably in some unprinted letter said: "Here's a deal of lilly lolly, which I suppose you forget, but *it means* How do you do, Dr. Johnson?"

*Foote.*—“Did you see Foote at Brighthelmstone?—Did you think he would so soon be gone?—Life, says Falstaff, is a shuttle. He was a fine fellow in his way; and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. Murphy ought to write his life, at least to give the world a Footeana. Now, will any of his contemporaries bewail him? Will Genius change *his sex* to weep? I would really have his life written with diligence.”\*—*Johnson.*

Doctor Johnson was not aware that Foote broke his heart because of a hideous detection; he was trying to run away from England, and from infamy, but death stopped him. Doctor Johnson never could persuade himself that things were as bad as the sufferer or his friends represented them; he thought it *wrong* to believe so, and steadily made the best *on't*.

*Richardson.*—“Doctor Johnson said, that if Mr. Richardson had lived till *I* came out, my praises would have added two or three years to his life: ‘For,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘that fellow died merely for want of change among his flatterers: he perished for want of *more*, like a man obliged to breathe the same air till it is exhausted.’”

*The Burneys.*—Doctor Burney and his family are often spoken of in these Memoirs. He was a man of very uncommon attainments: wit born with him, I suppose;

\* A very able essay on the “Life and Character of Foote” has been written by Mr. Forster, who clears his memory of the calumny which shortened his life.

learning, he had helped himself to, and was proud of the possession; elegance of manners he had so cultivated, that those who knew but little of the *man*, fancied he had great flexibility of mind. It was mere pliancy of body, however, and a perpetual show of obsequiousness by bowing incessantly as if *acknowledging* an inferiority, which nothing would have forced him to *confess*. I never in my life heard Johnson pronounce the words, "I beg your pardon, Sir," to any human creature but the apparently soft and gentle Dr. Burney. Perhaps the story may be related in the "Anecdotes": but as I *now* recollect it, thus it is. "Did you, Madam, subscribe 100*l.* to build our new bridge at Shrewsbury?" said Burney to me. "No, surely, Sir," was my reply. "What connexion have I with Shropshire? and where should I have money so to fling away?" "It is very *comical*, is it not, Sir?" said I, turning to Dr. Johnson, "that people should tell such unfounded stories?" "It is," answered he, "neither *comical* nor serious, my dear; it is only a wandering lie." This was spoken in his natural voice, without a thought of offence, I am confident; but up bounced Burney in a towering passion, and to my much amaze, put on the hero, surprising Doctor Johnson into a sudden request for pardon, and protestation of not having ever intended to accuse his friend of a falsehood. The following lines written, *sur le champ*, with a gold pen I gave him, prove he could make more agreeable *impromptus* than this I have related:—

“Such implements, tho’ fine and splendid,  
They say can ne’er *write well* :  
With common fame that truth is blended,  
Let this example tell.

If bounteous Thrale could thus confer  
Her learning, sense, and wit ;  
Who would not wish a gift from her,  
Who — not to beg — submit ?

“Paupers from Grub Street at her gate  
Would crowd both young and old,  
In humble guise to supplicate  
For thoughts — not pens of gold.

“For not alone the gift of tongues,  
The Muses’ grace and favour :  
Adorn her prose, and on her songs  
Bestow the Attic flavour.

“The Virtues all around her wait  
T’ infuse their influence mild ;  
And every duty regulate  
Of parent, wife, and child.

“Such judgment to direct each storm,  
Each hurricane to weather ;  
A mind so pure, a heart so warm,  
How seldom found together !”

There was a merry tale told about the town of  
some musical nobleman having been refused tickets for

his private concert about this time by blind Stanley, who he had always patronised: and of his going to a grave friend's, I forget who, where, foaming with anger, he at length exclaimed: "But I will go to Burney's house to-night (where there was music), and that will *do* for him." "Are you mad, my dear Lord?" says the grave man amazed: "to talk of setting a blind man's house on fire, because he has refused your favourite girl a ticket? Fie! fie! I am ashamed of listening to such strange things." The *équivoque* was now well understood, but having no acquaintance with the doctor, the gentleman thought he had menaced going to *burn his* house.

We had been talking of the French rondeaux one day, and *both* doctors said they were impracticable in English, so I made *this*—Musa loquitur:

To *burn ye* with rapture, or melt you with pity,  
 A rondeau was never intended:  
 Yet the lines should be light, and the turn should  
 be witty,  
 And the jest is to see how 'tis ended.  
 To finish it neat in an elegant style  
 Though Phœbus himself should discern ye;  
 And though to throw light on the troublesome toil,  
 Should he shine hot enough for to burn ye,  
 You still would be vex'd,  
 Incumbered, perplex'd,

So teizing the rhymes would return ye :  
    In a fit of despair  
    Then this moment forbear,  
And let me some humility learn ye :  
    Leave writing with ease,  
    And each talent to please,  
And making of rondeax to—*Burney*.

“ I shall be in danger of crying out, with Mr. Head, *catamaran*, whatever that may mean.”—*Johnson*.

A comical hack joke. Ask me, and I will tell you one or *two* more tales about *catamaran*. Come; here it is: You do not hate nonsense with affected fastidiousness, or fastidious affectation, like those who have little sense. Turn the page then, over.

This Mr. *Head*, whose real name was *Plunkett*, a low Irish parasite, dependant on Mr. *Thrale* primarily; and I suppose, secondarily on Mr. *Murphy*, was employed by them in various schemes of pleasure, as you men call profligacy: and on this occasion was deputed to amuse them by personating some *lord*, whom his patrons had promised to introduce to the beautiful Miss *Gunnings* when they first came over with intent to make their fortunes. He was received accordingly, and the girls played off their best airs, and cast kind looks on his introducers from time to time: till the fellow wearied, as *Johnson* says, and disgusted with his ill-acted character, burst out on a sudden as they sate at tea, and cried, “ *Catamaran!* young gentlemen with two shoes and never a heel; when will you have done with

silly jokes now? Leddies;" turning to the future peeresses, "never mind these merry boys; but if you really can afford to pay for some incomparable silk stockings, or true India handkerchiefs, *here they are now:*" rummaging his smuggler's pocket; but the girls jumped up and turned them all three into the street, where Thrale and Murphy cursed their senseless assistant, and called him *Head*, like *lucus a non lucendo*, because they swore he had none. The duchess (of Hamilton), however, never did forgive this impudent frolic; Lady Coventry, more prudently, pretended to forget it.

Catamaran! was probably a mere Irish exclamation which burst from the fellow when impatient to be selling his smuggled goods. There is exactly such a character in Richardson's "Clarissa:" Captain Tomlinson, employed by Lovelace.

"But — and you have had, with all your adulations, nothing finer said of you than was said last Saturday night of Burke and me. We were at the Bishop of —'s, a bishop little better than *your* bishop; and towards twelve we fell into talk, to which the ladies listened, just as they do to you; and said, as I heard, *there is no rising unless somebody will cry fire.*"—*Johnson*, May 23, 1780.

The lady was Mrs. Montagu; Johnson's bishop was the Bishop of St. Asaph (Shipley); Mrs. P.'s the Bishop of Peterborough (Hinchliffe).

Mrs. Piozzi replies: "I have no care about enjoying undivided empire, nor any thoughts of disputing it with

Mrs. Montagu. She considers her title as indisputable most probably, though I am sure I never heard her urge it. Queen Elizabeth, you remember, would not suffer hers to be inquired into, and I have read somewhere that the Great Mogul is never crowned."

In a postscript she says: "Apropos to gallantry, here is a gentleman hooted out of Bath for showing a lady's loveletters to him; and such is the resentment of all the females, that even the house-maid refused to make his bed. I think them perfectly right, as he has broken all the common ties of society; and if he were to sleep on straw for half a year instead of our old favourites the Capucin friars, it would do him no harm, and set the men a good example."

In the margin is written "Mr. Wade."

"Gluttony is, I think, less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation.

"Of men, the examples are sufficiently common. I had a friend, of great eminence in the learned and the witty world, who had hung up some pots on his wall to furnish nests for sparrows. The poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience, and I never heard any man speak of any future enjoyment with such contortions of delight as he



exhibited, when he talked of eating the young ones.”—*Johnson*.

The name of Isaac Hawkins Browne is written in the margin, and it is added that the young sparrows were eaten in a pie.

“DEAR SIR, — Communicate your letters regularly. Your father’s inexorability not only grieves but amazes me. He is your father. He was always accounted a wise man ; nor do I remember any thing to the disadvantage of his good nature ; but in his refusal to assist you, there is neither good nature, fatherhood, nor wisdom.”—*Johnson*.

I think you will be surprised to hear that this so serious letter should have been written to the crazy fellow, of whom a ludicrous story is told in the “Anecdotes”: Joe Simson, as Dr. Johnson called him, when he related the ridiculous incidents of his marriage, his kept mistress, his footman, and himself; all getting so drunk with the nuptial bowl of punch, purchased with borrowed money, that the hero of the tale tumbled down stairs and broke his leg or arm, I forget which, and sent for Dr. Johnson to assist him.

He had another friend of much the same description, though this gentleman was a lawyer : the other a poet. . . . Boyce was the author of some pretty things in the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” and Johnson showed me the following verses in manuscript, which I translated : but which are not half so pleasant as was his account of Mr. Boyce lying a-bed : not for lack of a shirt, because he seldom wore one, supplying the want with white

paper wristbands: but for want of his scarlet cloak, laced with gold, his usual covering, which lay unredeemed at the pawnbroker's. The verses were addressed to Cave, of St. John's Gate, who saved him from prison *that* time at least:—

“Hodie, teste Cœlo summo,  
Sine pane, sine nummo ;  
Sorte positus infeste  
Scribo tibi dolens mæste :  
Fame, bile, tamet jecur,  
Urbane! mitte opem precor :  
Tibi enim cor humanum  
Non à malis alienum ;  
Mihi mens nec male grato,  
Pro a te favore dato.  
Ex gehennâ debitoria,  
Vulgò, domo spongiatoria.”

Oh witness Heaven for me this day  
That I've no pelf my debts to pay :  
No bread, nor halfpenny to buy it,  
No peace of mind or household quiet.  
My liver swell'd with bile and hunger  
Will burst me if I wait much longer.  
Thou hast a heart humane they say,  
Oh then a little money — pray.  
Nor further press me on my fate  
And fix me at the begging gate :  
Sufficient in this hell to souse  
Vulgarly called a sponging house.

Of this curious creature I have heard Johnson tell how he remained fasting three whole days : and at the end when his consoling friend brought him a nice beef-steak, how he refused to touch it till the dish (he had no plate) had been properly rubbed over with *shalot*. “What inhabitants this world has in it!”

“You were kind in paying my forfeits at the club ; it cannot be expected that many should meet in the summer, however they that continue in town should keep up appearances as well as they can. I hope to be again among you.”—*Johnson*.

There is a story of poor dear Garrick, whose attention to his money-stuff never forsook him — relating that when *his* last day was drawing to an end, *he* begged a gentleman present to pay his club forfeits, “and don’t let them cheat you,” added he, “for there cannot be above nine, and they will make out ten.”

At the end of the second volume of “Letters” are printed several translations from Boëthius, the joint performances of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Piozzi. She has written on the last leaf:—

*Book 3rd, Metre 7, being completely my own, I would not print, though Dr. Johnson commended my doing it so well, and said he could not make it either more close or more correct :*

That pleasure leaves a parting pain  
Her veriest votaries maintain ;

Soon she deposits all her sweets,  
 Soon like the roving bee retreats,  
 Hasty, like her, she mounts on wing,  
 And, like her, leaves th' envenomed sting.

In reference to the second line in this couplet:—

Fondly view'd his following bride,  
 Viewing lost, and losing died,—

she remarks:—

And this beautiful line, which I *saw him* compose, “you will find,” said I, “in Fletcher’s *Bonduca*.” “Impossible,” replies Dr. Johnson, “I never read a play of Beaumont and Fletcher’s in my life.” This passed in Southwark: when we went to Streatham Park, I took down the volume and showed him the line.

There is an allusion to this incident in the “*Thraliana*,” and the entry is an additional illustration of the variety of her knowledge and the tenacity of her memory. It refers to Dr. Parker’s complimentary verses describing an imaginary request of Apollo to the Graces and Muses to admit her of their number, and concluding with these lines:—

“Henceforth acknowledge every pen  
 The Graces *four*, the Muses *ten*.”

For a long time (she writes) I thought this conceit original, but it is not. There is an old Greek epigram only of two lines which the doctor has here spun into

length ( *vide* "Anthol." lib. 7), and there is some account of it too in Bonhours.

What, however, is much more extraordinary, is that the famous Tristram Shandy itself is not absolutely original; for when I was at Derby in the summer of 1744, I strolled by mere chance into a bookseller's shop, where however I could find nothing to tempt curiosity but a strange book about Corporal Bates, which I bought and read for want of better sport, and found it to be the very novel from which Sterne took his first idea. The character of Uncle Toby, the behaviour of Corporal Trim, even the name of Tristram itself, seems to be borrowed from this stupid history of Corporal Bates, forsooth. I now wish I had pursued Mr. Murphy's advice of marking down all passages from different books which strike, by their resemblance to each other, as fast as they fell in my way; for one forgets again in the hurry and tumult of life's cares and pleasures, almost everything that one does not commit to paper.

The verses written by Bentley upon Learning, and published in Dodsley's Miscellanies, how like they are to Evelyn's verses on Virtue, published in Dryden's Miscellanies! yet I do not suppose them a plagiarism. Old Bentley would have scorned such tricks; besides, what passed once between myself and Mr. Johnson should cure me of suspicion in these cases.

MARGINAL NOTES ON WRAXALL'S "HISTORICAL  
MEMOIRS OF MY OWN TIME."

I SEND Wraxall with the quartos, that you may read something written *of* your poor friend as well as something written *by* her. His book will be a relief when you get into the dark ages of "Retrospection." — *Mrs. Piozzi to Sir James Fellowes.*

Her note on Wraxall's statement relating to Marie Antoinette's first confinement is :

You see how cautious Sir N. Wraxall is — but you may likewise see through his caution. *He* knew no doubt better than myself, that about this time a swathed baby made of white marble was laid at the bed chamber door with this inscription :

"Je ne suis point de Cire — subintelligitur Sire —  
Je suis de pierre — subintelligitur Pierre."

A Life-Guard Man as I was informed.\*

\* Recent and impartial history favours the belief in Marie Antoinette's personal purity; but her indiscretion was of a nature to give rise to the coarsest scandal amongst a people whose loyalty was rapidly declining into a diametrically opposite train of feelings. In the following epigram the speakers are the Queen and Mlle. d'Oliva, the courtesan who personated her Majesty in the affair of the Diamond Necklace :

"Vile espèce, ose tu bien  
Jouer le rôle d'une reine ?  
Pourquoi non, ma Souveraine,  
Vous jouez souvent le mien."

The Dauphin, who died very young, and the other, who lived to suffer still more — whom every one pities, are mentioned in the 2nd vol., but I can't find the place now. Ils étoient *vrais Descendants* de Louis XIV., mais comment? Juste Ciel!

In reference to Wraxall's description of the celebrated women of the day, she has pasted in copies of the following verses:

#### THE PLANETS.

(Said to be written by Charles Fox.)\*

With Devon's girl so blythe and gay,  
I well could like to sport and play;  
With Jersey would the time beguile,  
With Melbourne titter, sneer and smile,  
With Bouverie one would wish to sin,  
With Damer I could only grin:  
But to them all I'd bid adieu,  
To pass my life and think with Crewe.

#### THE PLEIADES.

(Said to be written by Mr. Chamberlayne, who threw himself out of the window.)

With charming Cholmondeley well one might  
Pass half the day, and all the night;  
From Montague's more fertile mind  
Perpetual source of pleasures find:

\* In the Album at Crewe Hall.

Of Tully's Latin, Homer's Greek,  
 With learned Carter one could speak ;  
 With Thrale converse in purest ease,  
 Of letters, life, and languages.  
 But if I dare to talk with Crewe,  
 My ease, my peace, my heart adieu !

Sweet Greville ! \* whose too feeling heart  
 By love was once betrayed,  
 With Sappho's ardour, Sappho's art,  
 For cool indifference prayed :  
 Who can endure a prayer from you  
 So selfish and confined ?  
 You should — when you produced a Crewe,  
 Have prayed for all mankind.

The verses on Henrietta de Coligny, Comtesse de la Suze, are quoted by Wraxall :—

Quæ Dea sublimi vehitur per inania curru ?  
 An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit ?  
 Si genus inspicias, Juno : si scripta, Minerva :  
 Si spectes oculos, Mater Amoris erit.

They are thus paraphrased in a marginal note by Mrs. Piozzi :

Her birth examined, Juno we discern,  
 Her learning, not Minerva's self denies :  
 From such perfections dazzled should I turn,  
 But that Love's mother laughs in both her eyes.

\* Mrs. Greville, author of the "Ode to Indifference," mother of Mrs. Crewe.



*Note.* — When the King of Sweden was murdered in a ballroom, by Ankerstroom, about the year 1792, there was a comically impudent caricature published representing George the Third, with a letter in his hand and a label out of his mouth, saying, *What, what, what! Shot, shot, shot!*

“ The last Princess of the Stuart line who reigned in this country, has been accused of a similar passion (for drink), if we may believe the secret history of that time, or trust to the couplet which was affixed to the pedestal of her statue in front of St. Paul’s, by the satirical wits of 1714.”—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*—Brandy-faced Nan has left us in the lurch,  
Her face to the brandy shop, and her —— to the church.

VERSES ON CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.

Elle fit oublier par un esprit sublime  
D’un pouvoir odieux les énormes abus ;  
Et sur un trône acquis par le crime  
Elle se maintint par les vertus.

Her dazzling reign so brightly shone  
Few sought to mark the crimes they courted ;  
Whilst on her ill acquired throne,  
She sate by virtue’s self supported.

“ The Countess Cowper was at this time distinguished by his (the Grand Duke Leopold’s) attachment ; and the exertion of his interest with Joseph the Second his brother, procured her husband, Lord Cowper, to be

created soon afterwards a Prince of the German Empire.”—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*—She was beautiful when no longer a court favourite, in 1786. Her attachment was then to Mr. Merry, the highly accomplished poet, known afterwards by name of Della Crusca.

“In 1779, Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle.”—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*—Still more so at Florence, in 1786. Count Alfieri had taken away his consort, and he was under the dominion and care of a natural daughter, who wore the Garter, and was called Duchess of Albany. She checked him when he drank too much, or when he talked too much. Poor soul! Though one evening, he called Mr. Greatheed up to him, and said in good English, and a loud though cracked voice: “I will speak to my own subjects my own way, *sare*. Ay, and I will soon speak to you, Sir, in Westminster Hall.” The Duchess shrugged her shoulders.

“It was universally believed that he (Rodney) had been distinguished in his youth, by the personal attachment of the Princess Amelia, daughter of George the Second, who displayed the same partiality for Rodney, which her cousin, the Princess Amelia of Prussia, manifested for Trenck. A living evidence of the former connexion existed, unless fame had recourse to fiction for support. But, detraction, in every age, from Elizabeth down to the present times, has not spared the most illustrious females.”—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*— Meaning, I suppose, the famous Miss Ashe, who, after many adventures, married Captain Falkner of the Royal Navy. She was a pretty creature, but particularly small in her person. *Little Miss Ashe* was the name she went by, yet I should think Rodney scarce old enough to have been her father. Her *mother*, people spoke of, as with certainty.

#### THE LYTTTELTON GHOST STORY.

“Lyttelton, when scarcely thirty-six, breathed his last at a country house near Epsom, called Pitt Place, from its situation in a chalk pit; where he witnessed, as he conceived, a supernatural appearance.”—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*— He *did* so: but here the author must pardon me, and so must you, dear Sir, if I presume to say I can tell this tale *better*; meaning with more exactness, for truth constitutes the whole of its value.

Lord Westcote and Lord Sandys both told it *thus*, and they were familiar intimates at Streatham Park—where now their portraits hang in my library.

Lord Lyttelton was in London, and was gone to bed I *think* upon a Thursday night. He rang his bell suddenly and with great violence, and his valet on entering found him much disordered, protesting he had been, or had fancied himself, plagued with a white bird fluttering within his curtains. “When, however, (continued he) I seemed to have driven her away, a female figure stood at my feet in long drapery, and said ‘Prepare to die, my Lord, you’ll soon be called.’ ‘How soon? how soon?’ said I, ‘in three years?’ ‘Three years,’ re-

plied she, tauntingly, 'three days,' and vanished." Williams the man-servant related this to his friends of course; and the town talk was all about Lord Lyttelton's dream; he himself ran to his uncle with it, to Lord Westcote; who confessed having reproved him pretty sharply for losing time in the invention of empty stories (such he accounted it), instead of thinking about the speech he was to make a few days after.

Lord Sandys was milder; saying, "My dear fellow, if you believe this strange occurrence, and would have us believe it; be persuaded to change your conduct, and give up that silly frolic which you told us of. I mean going next Sunday — was it not? to Woodcote; but I suppose 'tis only one of your wondrous fine devices to make us plain folks stare: so drink a dish of chocolate and talk of something else."

On Saturday, after we had talked this over at Streatham Park, a lady late from Wales dropt in, and told us she had been at Drury Lane last night. "How were you entertained?" said I; "Very strangely *indeed*," was the reply; "not with the play though, for I scarce knew what they acted — but with the discourse of Captain Ascough or Askew — so his companions called him — who averred that a friend of his, the profligate Lord Lyttelton, as I understood by them, had certainly seen a spirit, who has warned him that he is to die within the next three days, and I have thought of nothing else ever since."

No further accounts reached Streatham Park till Monday morning, when every tongue was telling how a

Mrs. Flood and two Miss Amphlets, demirep beauties, had passed over Westminster Bridge by the earliest hour, looking like corpses from illness occasioned by terror, and escorted by this Captain Ascough to town. The man Williams' constant and unvarying tale tallied with *his*, who said, they had been passing the time appointed in great gayety; some other girls and gentlemen of the country having in some measure joined the party for dinner only, but leaving these before midnight. That on Sunday Lord Lyttelton drew out his watch at eleven o'clock, and said, "Well, now I *must* leave you, agreeable as all of you are; because I mean to meditate on the next Wednesday's speech, and have actually brought some books with me." "Oh, but the ghost! the ghost!" exclaimed one of Miss Amphlets laughing. "Oh, don't you see that we have *bilked the bitch*," says Lord Lyttelton, showing his watch, and running from them up stairs, where Williams had set out the reading table, &c., and put his master on the yellow night gown, which he always used. Lord Lyttelton then said, "Make up my five grains of rhubarb and peppermint water and leave me; but, did you remember to bring rolls enough from London?" "I brought none, my Lord; I have found a baker here at Epsom that makes them just as your Lordship likes"—describing how—and stirring the mixture as he spoke. "What are you using?" cries my Lord—"a toothpick!" "A clean one, *indeed*, my Lord." "You lazy devil—go fetch a spoon directly;" he did so; but heard a noise in the room and hastened back, to find his master

fallen over the table, books and all. He raised him; "Speak to me, my Lord — speak for God's sake, dear my Lord." "Ah, Williams!" was his last and only word. Williams ran down to the dissolute company below, his watch in his hand. "Not twelve o'clock *yet*," he exclaimed, "and dead — dead."

They all bore witness that no violence came near the man, and I do *think* that some judicial process then proclaimed him — "Dead by the visitation of God." This, however, might be my hearing those words from friends and acquaintances relating the incident; but when it was reported twenty years after, that Lord Lyttelton committed suicide, I knew *that* was an error, or a falsity.

Of this event, however, few people spoke after the first bustle; and I had changed my situation and associates so completely, that it lay loose in my mind — never forgotten, though in a manner unremembered.

Chance, however, threw me into company of the gay and facetious Miles Peter Andrews, with whom and Mr. Greatheed's family, and Mrs. Siddons, and Sir Charles Hotham, and a long et cetera, an entertaining day had been passed sometime in the year 1795, if I remember rightly; and Mrs. Merrick Hoare, assuming intimacy, said, "Now, dear Mr. Andrews, that the Pigous are gone, and everybody is gone but ourselves, *do* tell my mother your *own* story of Lord Lyttelton." He hesitated, and I pressed him, urging my long past acquaintance with his Lordship's uncles — the bishop and Lord Westcote. He looked uneasily at me, but I soothed,

and Sophia gave him no quarter ; so with something of an appeal to her that the tale would be as she had learned it from her friends the Pigous, and from himself, he began by saying : “ Lord Lyttelton and I had lived long in great familiarity, and had agreed that whichever quitted this world first should visit the other. Neither of us being sick, however, such thoughts were at the time of his death, poor fellow ! furthest from my mind.

“ Lord Lyttelton had asked me to make one of his mad party to Woodcote or Pitt Place, in Surrey, on such a day, but I was engaged to the Pigous you saw this evening, and could not go. They then lived in Hertfordshire ; I went down thither on the Sunday, and dined with them and their very few, and very sober friends, who went away in the evening. At eleven o'clock I retired to my apartment : it was broad moonlight and I put out my candle : when just as I seemed dropping asleep, Lord Lyttelton thrust himself between the curtains, dressed in his own yellow night-gown that he used to read in, and said in a mournful tone, ‘ *Ah, Andrews, it's all over.*’ ‘ Oh,’ replied I quickly, ‘ are you there, you dog ?’ and recollecting there was but one door to the room, rushed out at it — locked it, and held the key in my hand, calling to the housekeeper and butler, whose voices I heard putting the things away, to ask when Lord Lyttelton arrived, and what trick he was meditating. The servants made answer with much amazement, that no such arrival had taken place ; but I assured them I had seen, and spoken to him, and could

produce him, 'for here,' said I, '*he is*; under fast lock and key.' We opened the door, and found no one, but in two or three days heard that he died at that very moment, near Epsom in Surrey."

After a pause, I said very seriously to Mr. Andrews, "Were you quite sober, Sir?" "As you are now," replied he; "and I did think I saw Lord Lyttelton as I now think that I see you." "*Did* think, Sir? do you *now* think it?" "I should most undoubtedly think it, but that so many people for so many years have told me I did not see him," said he. We made a few serious reflections and parted.

In reference to Wraxall's appeal to the confirmatory testimony of the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, she adds: "Lady Lyttelton's imagination was supposed stronger than her veracity. She was *scouted* (as the coarse phrase is) by the family, and with good talents was, I fear, little esteemed by any one, though daughter to Sir Robert Rich, and had been pretty."

" 'A day or two before the 7th of June, said he, 'Count Maltzan, then the Prussian Minister at our Court, called on me, and informed me that the mob had determined to attack the Bank.' "—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*—The foreigners always obtain the first intelligence of everything. It was the Marquis del Campo who himself informed the Queen of Peg Nicholson's attempt to assassinate George the Third. And one of



the Ministers of a foreign Court was first to learn the meditated escape of Buonaparte from Elba.\*

“Suspensions were thrown on the Earl of Shelburne, probably with great injustice. The natural expectation of producing a change in Ministry, was imagined to suspend or supersede in certain minds, every other consideration; and it was even pretended, though on very insufficient grounds, that Peers did not scruple to take an active part in the worst excesses of the night of the 7th of June.” †—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*—A man remarkable for duplicity will be always suspected whether deserving suspicion or no. Gainsborough drew Lord Shelburne’s portrait: my Lord complained it was not like. The painter said “*he did not approve it, and begged to try again.*” Failing *this* time, however, he flung away his pencil saying, “D—— it, I never could see through varnish, and there’s an end.”

“Sir Fletcher Norton, though perhaps justly accused, as a professional man, of preferring profit to conscientious delicacy of principle; and though denominated in

\* This is far from clear. The Duke of Wellington told Rogers that *he* got the first intelligence from the English minister at Florence, the late Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Burghersh. It is one of the most curious cases of conflicting evidence that can be named. See the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 227. (July 1860), pp. 235, 236.

† It was a current story, which I have heard Lord Macaulay relate, that the late Right Honourable T. Grenville was with a party that broke into the Admiralty, and that the *second* time he entered it was as First Lord.

the coarse satires or caricatures of that day, by the epithet of ‘Sir Bullface Doublefee;’ yet possessed eminent parliamentary, as well as legal talents.”—*Wraxall*.

*Note.*—One of which I remember, except the second line, which is not exact :

“ Careless of censure, and no fool to fame,  
 Firm in his double post and double fees;  
 Sir Fletcher standing without fear or shame,  
 Pockets the cash, and let’s them laugh that please.

“ So on a market day, stands Whatley’s bear,  
 In spite of all their noise and hurly burley;  
 Fixed on his double post, secure in air,  
 Munching his bunch of grapes, and looking surly.”

The Bear at Devizes was then kept by one Whatley, and stood upon a monstrous double signpost high up in the air, when some wag wrote these verses with a diamond on the window of an eating-room belonging to the inn. They were taken of course into everybody’s scrap book, or everybody’s memory.

*Note on George the Third.* — When the present King was quite a lad, there was a young fellow about the Prince’s Court, who being thought natural son to my uncle Robert, was petted and provided for in some manner by the family, and used to visit familiarly at my mother’s; who said that he told her how one day the two eldest boys were playing in the Princess’s apartment, when the second said suddenly, “Brother,

when you and I are *men grown*, you shall marry a wife and I'll keep a mistress." "What you say there? you naughty boy," exclaimed the mother; "you better to learn your pronouns as preceptor bid you; I believe you not know what it is — a pronoun."

"Be quiet, Eddy," says the King; "we shall have anger presently for your nonsense. Fletcher! (to my courtier cousin) give us the books." "Let them alone," cries Prince Edward; "I know what it is without a book: a pronoun is to a noun what a mistress is to a wife — a substitute and a representative." The Princess burst out o' laughing and turned them all out of the room.

Prince Edward was the Duke of York, who died at Monaco in Italy.

*Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie.* — The two fashionable belles about the Court and town had been painted by Reynolds in a character of two shepherdesses, with a pensive air as if appealing to each other, about the year 1770, or perhaps earlier; and there was written under the picture: "Et in Arcadia ego." When the Exhibition was arranging, the members and their friends went and looked the works over; "What can this mean?" said Dr. Johnson; "it seems very nonsensical — *I am in Arcadia.*" "Well! what of that! The King could have told you," replied the painter. "He saw it yesterday, and said at once, 'Oh, there is a tombstone in the back-grouud. Ay, ay, death is even in Arcadia.'"

The thought is borrowed from Poussin ; where the gay frolickers stumble over a death's head, with a scroll proceeding from his mouth, saying, " Et in Arcadia *ego*."

'Tis said that those who seek *one* thing, often find a better which was not the primary object of their search. Queen Caroline looked for popular applause, and gained private esteem. In pursuit of her original desire to please every one who was presented, however, she made herself acquainted with the well-known events in English History ; and having been told that a Derbyshire baronet, Sir Woolston Dixie, lived near the spot where Richard the Third lost his life and crown, readily adverted to that occurrence, and when *his* name was mentioned, said " Oh, Sir ! it has been related to me your connexion with Bosworth Field and the *memorable battle* fought there." The gentleman's face, even redder than before, swelled with indignation, till at last he broke out with no very decorous vehemence of protestation, that all her Majesty had heard concerning it was false and groundless ; and that he would find a way to make those repent who had filled the ears of his Sovereign with such gross untruths. " God forgive my great sin !" cried the astonished Princess ; and Sir Woolston Dixie left the drawing-room in an agony scarce to be described.

The misintelligence, as the French call it, was occasioned by the baronet's utter ignorance of historic literature. He was a brutal fellow, and having assaulted a tinker some day crossing Bosworth Field, the tinker laid down his tools and beat him severely ; which

his merry neighbours heard with pleasure, and called this luckless encounter, naturally enough, *The Battle of Bosworth*: while poor Sir Woolston, having never heard of any other contest in the place, except his own, made no doubt but that the Queen had heard of his disgrace, and took that opportunity to ridicule him for it.

I must add, that such instances of gross ignorance in country gentlemen were not—as now—incompatible with birth, rank, or fortune; I mean in the days when Caroline of Anspach canvassed her drawing-room at St. James's.\*

Lady Archibald Hamilton formed during many years, the object of Frederick's avowed and particular attachment.

She was mother to Archdeacon Hamilton, who lived his last years and died in the Circus here at Bath. He was very unhappy in his family; and when *one* observed accidentally on *another* friend's ill-fortune — “has he three children?” says poor Hamilton; “and are they like mine?” † His mother was the Delamira of the “Tatler.” His daughter is the Countess of Aldborough.

“The inglorious naval engagement in the Mediterranean, between Byng and La Galissoniere, for his con-

\* Miss Berry relates that Sir John Germaine left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, under the impression that he was the author of the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

† “What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?”

*Lear.*

duct in which the former of those admirals suffered.” — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — See “Retrospection,” 2nd vol., page 423, near the bottom. I had more grace than to name my own father and uncle in a quarto volume meant for public view; but I may tell *you* thus privately, and after more than half a century has past, how my uncle (who was then judge of the Admiralty) felt affected, when the old Duke of Newcastle wrung him by the hand and said, “My dear Sir Thomas, England has seen her best days. We are all undone. This d— fellow has done for us, and all is over.”

“The Treasury, the Admiralty, the War Office, all obeyed his (the first Pitt’s) orders with prompt and implicit submission. Lord Anson and the Duke of Newcastle, sometimes, it is true, remonstrated, and often complained; but always finished by compliance.” — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — Their compliance was submission of the most unqualified kind, and the patience with which they waited in the anti-room, while Mr. Pitt was examining some machinery brought for his inspection by Nuttal the engine maker in Long Acre, was truly laughable.

“All circumstances fully weighed, my own conviction is, that the Letters of ‘Junius’ were written by the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton commonly designated by the nickname of ‘Single Speech Hamilton.’” — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — So it is *mine*. I well remember when they were most talked of — and N. Seward said, “How the arrows of Junius were sure to wound, and likely to stick.” “Yes, Sir,” replied Dr. Johnson; “yet let us distinguish between the venom of the shaft, and the vigour of the bow.” At which expression Mr. Hamilton’s countenance fell in a manner that to *me* betrayed the author. Johnson repeated the expression in his next pamphlet — and Junius *wrote no more*.

*Note.* — Lord Thurlow was storming one day at his old valet, who thought little of a violence with which he had been long familiar, and “Go to the devil, *do*,” cries the enraged master; “Go, I say, to the devil.” “Give me a character, my Lord,” replied the fellow, drily; “people like, you know, to have characters from their acquaintance.”

“The expression of his (the first Lord Liverpool’s) countenance, I find it difficult to describe.” — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — It *was* very peculiar, but he was a delightful companion in social life. I know few people whose conversation was more pleasingly diversified with fact and sentiment, narration and reflection, than that of the first Lord Liverpool.

“‘Charles Fox,’ observed he (Mr. Bootby) ‘is unquestionably a man of first-rate talents, but so deficient in judgment, as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life. He loved only three things; women, play, and politics. Yet, at no period, did he

ever form a creditable connexion with a woman. He lost his whole fortune at the gaming-table; and with the exception of about eleven months, he has remained always in Opposition.' It is difficult to dispute the justice of this portrait." — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — He preferred Mrs. (now Lady) Crewe, to all women living, but Lady Crewe never lost an atom of character — I mean female honour. She loved high play and dissipation, but was no sensualist.\*

\* Mrs. Piozzi was not personally acquainted with Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Crewe, who had no taste for blue-stocking parties. Her social celebrity was won in a different circle, and belongs to a later period. Far from being addicted to play, she hated the very sight of a card, and her mind was of too refined and active a kind to be wasted in dissipation. Towards the end of 1787 she paid a visit of some duration to Paris, and wrote a series of letters describing what she saw, heard, and felt with the freedom and minuteness of a private diary. A copious selection from these is now in the possession of her grand-daughter, the Honourable Mrs. Monckton Milnes, who has kindly permitted me to read them; and they contain ample evidence of the many estimable qualities of head and heart with which the writer is traditionally reported to have been endowed. The society in which she moved comprised all the leading personages of the French court and capital, and her remarks on people and things possess an historic value, as confirming, modifying, or amplifying the popular notions of the epoch. Few books have been received with greater interest, or read with greater pleasure, than the *Journal of Mrs. St. George*, recently printed for private circulation by her distinguished son, the Dean of Westminster; and an equally flattering reception might safely be guaranteed to the letters of Lady Crewe. I am tempted to give a single specimen: "Mons. Necker's daughter, married to the Swedish ambassador, was at this ball too, and Madlle. Bertin (the Victorine of the day) it seems had told her that she had prepared a dress which would at once express, by its ornaments, her father's genius and her mother's virtues. This



*Note.* — Lord Sandwich came very early into a very small paternal estate ; and his first entrance into life was marked by an apparently warm disposition towards

curious speech of the famous milliner is repeated everywhere. She may have verified her assertion ; but, if so, genius and virtue are expressed in a language I do not understand."

For the following verses, which have never been printed before, I am also indebted to Mrs. Monckton Milnes :

*To Mrs. Crewe, by C. J. Fox.*

“ Where the loveliest expression to features is joined,  
 By Nature’s most delicate pencil designed ;  
 Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,  
 Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart ;  
 Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,  
 But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face ;  
 Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove  
 Defences unequal to shield us from love.  
 Then tell me, mysterious enchantress, oh tell,  
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,  
 My heart is so fenced, that for once I am wise,  
 And gaze without rapture on Amoret’s eyes :  
 That my wishes, which never were bounded before,  
 Are here bounded by friendship and ask for no more ?  
 Is’t Reason ? No, that my whole life will belie,  
 For who so at variance as Reason and I ?  
 Is’t Ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,  
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?  
 Oh no ! for in this all the world must agree  
 One folly was never sufficient for me.  
 Is my mind by distress too intensely employed,  
 By pleasure relaxed, or by vanity cloyed ?  
 For alike in this only enjoyment and pain,  
 Both slacken the springs of those nerves which they strain.  
 That I’ve felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,  
 That I’ve tasted each bliss that the happiest know,  
 Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,  
 Where Anguish and Joy have been ever at strife.

virtue. He was, however, avowedly poor and proud ; said that Sir Robert Walpole possessed no powers of gaining him over from the opposition party, whilst he was contented to live with the woman of his heart in a small house somewhere about Westminster, and *walk* to the House arm-in-arm with one friend, for whose opinions he had the highest deference. Sir Robert laughed, and only said, "We shall see how all this ends."

The Countess, though forty-four years old when Lord Sandwich came of age and could not be persuaded to forbear pursuing her, brought him a son, which cost her future health, and with her health that flexibility of temper, which before marriage he deemed her possessed of. But,

"To win a man when all our pains succeed,  
The way to keep him is a task indeed."

Virtue and sense were soon found insufficient, joined to a faded form and fretted mind, wherein resided sullen disapprobation of all that frolic playfulness to which her lord was naturally prone, and which his

---

But tho' versed in th' extremes both of pleasure and pain,  
I am still but too ready to feel them again.  
If then, for this once in my life I am free,  
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me,  
'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,  
For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms :  
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,  
But feel not their warmth tho' their splendour we praise :  
So beauty our just admiration may claim,  
But Love, and Love only, the heart can inflame.

interested friend taught him to consider as innocent, even when combined with late hours, loose company, and sometimes higher play than he could afford; although Lord Sandwich never was a *rated* gamester like Fox, or Fitzpatrick, &c. Ill received at home, however, his pleasures drew him thence, and *they* growing hourly more and more expensive, as his friend's amusements were all placed to his account.

The Minister felt happy to provide for both, and this young nobleman owed to his wife's stern virtue, and his companion's insidious indulgences, a character no man but Churchill could pourtray — no man, I hope besides himself, deserve :

“ Is God's most holy name to be profan'd ?  
 His Word rejected, and His laws arraign'd :  
 His servants scorn'd as men who idly dream'd,  
 His service laugh'd at ; His dread Son blasphem'd ?  
 Is science by a scoundrel to be led ?  
 Are States to totter on a drunkard's head ?  
 Search earth, search hell, the Devil cannot find  
 An agent like Lothario to his mind.”

The end of such men (with regard to this life) is safer to imagine than describe. When talents, though they can't protect, reproach their mad possessors, and conscience, which congratulates the good man's exit, lighting his last steps with her hallowed taper :

“ Turns to a fury with a flaming torch,  
 Quickly extinguished in mephitic gloom !”

Oh ! let us, to use a phrase of Shakespear, *sweeten our imaginations* : and forgetting such characters,

rather recollect Doddridge's Epigram upon his own motto :

“ Dum vivimus, vivamus.”

“ Live while you live, the epicure will say,  
And give to pleasure ev'ry passing day ;  
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,  
And give to God each moment as it flies :  
Lord ! in *my* views, let both united be !  
I live to pleasure whilst I live to Thee.”

Now, as a note to the third or fourth line of Churchill's verses, accept the following *true* anecdote : —

Lord Sandwich had trained up a huge baboon that he was fond of, to play the part of a clergyman dressed in canonicals, and make some buffoon imitation of saying grace. Among many merry friends round the table, sat a Mr. Scott, afterwards well known by name of Antisejanus ; but then a mere dependent servitor at college, and humble play-fellow of young Hinchinbroke. The ape had no sooner finished his grimaces, and taken leave of the company, than Scott unexpectedly, but unabashed, stood up and said :

“ I protest, my lord, I intended doing this duty myself, not knowing till now, that your lordship had so near a relation *in orders*.” \*

I must add that Lord Sandwich praised his wit and courage without ever resenting the liberty.

\* At a supper of the Hell-fire Club, a chair was left vacant at the head of the table for the Devil. In the height of the revelry, the ape unexpectedly took his seat upon it, and the company, conceiving the Spirit of Evil to be among them, broke up in most admired confusion.

He had founded a society, denominated from his own name, "The Franciscans," who, to the number of twelve, met at Medmenham Abbey, near Marlow, in Bucks, on the banks of the Thames.

The best account of these horrors, and the least offensive, is in "Chrysal; or, the Adventures of a Guinea," written by Smollet.\*

"Beauclerc discovered him (Fox) intently engaged in reading a Greek Herodotus. 'What would you have me do,' said he, 'I have lost my last shilling!' Such was the elasticity, suavity, and equality of disposition that characterised him; and with so little effort did he pass from profligate dissipation to researches of taste or literature." — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — I have heard this story before, and believe it is true. Topham Beauclerc (wicked and profligate as he wished to be accounted) was yet a man of very strict veracity. Oh Lord! how I did hate that horrid Beauclerc!

"If Burke really believed the facts that he laid down (regarding the American war), what are we to think of his judgment!" — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — Burke troubled himself but little to think on what he had said; he spoke for present and immediate effect, rarely if ever missing his aim; because, like Doctor Johnson, he always *spoke his best*, whether on great or

\* There is also a good account of them in "The Foundling Hospital for Wit," vol. iii.

small occasions. One evening at Sir Joshua Reynolds' it was his humour to harangue in praise of the then ceded islands, and in their praise he said so much, that Mrs. Horneck, a widow with two beautiful daughters, resolved to lose no time in purchasing where such advantages would infallibly arise. She did so, and lost a large portion of her slender income. "Dear Sir," said I, when we met next, "how fatal has your eloquence proved to poor Mrs. Horneck!" "How fatal her own folly!" replied he; "Ods my life, must one swear to the truth of a song."

To Wraxall's remark that Burke's Irish accent was as strong as if he had never quitted the banks of the Shannon, she adds, "very true." The description of him as "gentle, mild, and amenable to argument in private society," is qualified by, "not very;" and in the sentence, "infinitely more respectable than Fox, he was nevertheless far less amiable," she proposes to replace "amiable" by "respected."

"It is difficult to do justice to the peculiar species of ugliness which characterised his (Dunning) person and figure, although he did not labour under any absolute deformity of shape or limb." — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — Sir Joshua alone could give a good portrait of Dunning. His picture of Lord Shelburne, Lord Ashburton, and Colonel Barré, has surely no superior. The characters so admirable, the likenesses so strong.

Of the first Lord Loughborough she writes :

Wedderburn was particularly happy when speak-

ing of Franklyn, who (he said) the Ministers had wantonly and foolishly made their enemy. An enemy so inveterate, said he, so merciless, and so implacable, that he resembles Zanga the Moor, in Young's tragedy of the "Revenge," who at length ends his hellish plot by saying:—

"I forg'd the letter, and dispos'd the picture,  
I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy."

The quotation struck everyone.\*

Benjamin Franklyn, who, by bringing a spark from Heaven, fulfilled the prophecies he pretended to disbelieve; Franklyn, who wrote a profane addition to the Book of Genesis, who hissed on the colonies against their parent country, who taught men to despise their Sovereign and insult their Redeemer, who did all the mischief in his power while living, and at last died, I think, in America; was beside all the rest, a plagiarist, as it appears; and the curious epitaph made *on* himself, and as we long believed, *by* himself, was, I am informed, borrowed without acknowledgment, from one upon Jacob Tonson, to whom it was more appropriate, comparing himself to an old book eaten by worms; which on some future day, however, should be new *edited*, after undergoing *revisal* and *correction* by the *Author*.

There are some exquisitely pretty stanzas, very little known, written by one Mr. Dale, upon Franklyn's

\* Franklin never forgave this speech, and by making it Wedderburne aggravated the very mischief he was deprecating.

invention of a lamp, in which the flame was forced downward, burning in a new discovered method, contrary to nature. I had a rough copy of the verses, and they lay loose in the second volume of "Retrospection," but I suppose they dropped out, and I lost them, or they should have been written down here. I cannot trust my memory to do them justice. The first stanzas praise his philosophical powers :

"But to covet political fame,  
Was in him a degrading ambition ;  
'Twas a *spark*, that from Lucifer came,  
And first kindled the blaze of sedition.

"May not Candour then write on his urn,  
Here alas ! lies a noted inventor ;  
Whose flame up to Heav'n ought to burn,  
But *inverted*, descends *to the centre*." \*

"Like his nephew, Mr. Fox, the Duke (of Richmond) did not spare the King, when addressing the House of Lords ; and he was considered as peculiarly obnoxious at St. James's." — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — He never forgave the preference given by the King's *immediate advisers*, when there was question of

\* It is strange that she forgot to mention Turgot's famous motto for the bust of Franklin by Houdon : —

"Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis."

Franklin's own criticism on it was that the thunder remained where he found it, and that more than a million of men co-operated with him in shaking off the monarchical rule of Great Britain.



a Consort to the English Throne, where he hoped to see his beautiful sister (Lady Sarah) seated — in vain! Lord Bute was too quick in providing a much safer partner.

“Burke exclaimed, that ‘he (Pitt) was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.’” — *Wraxall*.

*Note.* — Not quite. The *old* block’s *head* was beautiful, and the eyes in it brilliant with intelligence.

*Note.* — I have seen Sheridan (the father of R. B.) on the stage in former days, acting Horatio in Rowe’s “Fair Penitent,” to Garrick’s Lothario; but of his powers as a lecturer, Mr. Murphy gave the most ludicrous account, taking him off with incomparable powers of mimicry — quite unequalled.

*Note.* — He (Lord Mulgrave) was a haughty spirited man, whom I should not suspect of any possible meanness, for any possible advantage. Rough as a boatswain, proud as a strong feeling of aristocracy could make him, and fond of coarse merriment, approaching to ill-manners, he was in society a dangerous converser: one never knew what he would say next. “Why Holla, Burke! (I heard him crying out on one occasion) What, you are rioting in puns, now Johnson is away.” Burke was indignant, and ready with a reply. But Lord Mulgrave drowned all in storms of laughter.

In reference to the “Optat Ehippia Bos piger” story

of Lord Falmouth and Pitt, told by Wraxall, she writes:—

I have heard my father relate the story somewhat differently, but in substance the same. *He* said some wag chalked the words on his (Lord Falmouth's) door, and that, seeing them, he exclaimed, "he would give 100*l.* to know who wrote them." The first friend he met said, "Give *me* the money, Horace wrote them." Then comes the next mistake, "Horace! a dog, after all his obligations to me," &c.\*

A similar story to this was related to me in Italy. Cardinal Zanelli was pasquinaded at Rome for his ingratitude to the Dauphin of France, whose influence, exerted in his favour, had procured him the dignity of Eminenza. Zanelli's coat armour was a *vine*; the statue exhibited these words:—

"Plantavi *Vineam*, et fecit labruscas."

The enraged Cardinal, little skilled in Scripture learning, actually promised a reward to whoever would tell who wrote it. Next day Pasquin claimed the reward for himself, having marked under the words, *40th chapter of Isaiah*.

*Note.*—In this memorable year, 1782, the "Atlas" man-of-war was launched, a three-decker of eminent beauty. We all know that the figure at the ship's head corresponds with the name, and I was informed that

\* *i. e.* Horace Walpole. Lord Falmouth's family name was Boscawen, and he had just been soliciting the Garter.

Hercules's substitute was a most magnificent fellow, fit to support the globe. When, however, they came to ship her bowsprit, he stood so high, that something was found necessary to be done; and the rough carpenter, waiting no orders, cut part of the globe away which stood upon the hero's shoulders. When it was examined afterwards, the part lost to our possession was observed to be *America*. Sailors remarked the accident as ominous, and the event has not tended to lessen their credulity.

When Montcalm was dying of his wounds in the great battle which deprived us of General Wolfe, "Well, well!" said he, "England has torn North America from *us*, but she will one day tear herself from the mother country. Once free from the *French yoke*, she will endure *no other*."

My father said those were his very words: my father died in the year 1762, but he always predicted American Independence.

"During his elder brother's life, when only Lord Harry Powlett, he (the Duke of Bolton) had served in the royal navy, where, however, he acquired no laurels, and he was commonly supposed to be the 'Captain Whiffle' portrayed by Smollet, in his 'Roderick Random.'"—*Wraxall*.

*Note.* — I don't know whether this Lord Harry Powlett, or an uncle of his wearing the same name, was the person of whom my mother used to relate a ludicrous anecdote. Some lady with whom *she* had been well acquainted, and to whom his lordship was observed to

pay uncommon attentions, requested him to procure for her a pair of small monkies from East India — I forget the kind. Lord Harry, happy to oblige her, wrote immediately, depending on the best services of a distant friend, whom he had essentially served. Writing a bad hand, however, and spelling what he wrote for with more haste than correctness, he charged the gentleman to send him over *two* monkies, but the word being written *too*, and all the characters of one height, *100*,— what was poor Lord Harry Powlett's dismay, when a letter came to hand, with the news that he would receive fifty monkies by such a ship, and fifty more by the next conveyance, making up the *hundred* according to his lordship's commands!

*Note.*— They said Pitt and Legge went together like Cæsar and Bibulus,— and so they did; all the attention paid the *first*, and none to the *last*-named consul.

*Note.*— The following epigram was handed about to ridicule Sir Thomas Rumbold:—

“ When Mackreith liv'd 'mong Arthur's crew,  
 He cried, Here, Rumbold, black my shoe;  
 And Rumbold answered, Yea, Bob.  
 But when return'd from Asia's land,  
 He proudly scorn'd that mean command,  
 And boldly answered, Nay, Bob (*Nabob*).” \*

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\* Another version runs thus :

“ When Bob Mackreith, with upper servant's pride,  
 ‘ Here, sirrah, clean my shoes,’ to Rumbold cried,  
 He humbly answered ‘ Yea, Bob.’  
 But, when returned from India's plundered land,  
 The purse-proud Rumbold would, at such command,  
 Indignant answer, ‘ Nay-Bob.’ ”

*Note.*— On this occasion (his victory over De Grasse in 1782) Rodney is said to have taught them the method of breaking the line, by which I have heard it asserted that Lord Nelson won all his victories by sea, and Buonaparte by land; but which is still a stranger thing, Lord Glenbervie told me (and I believe him) that Epaminondas won the battles of Leuctra and Mantinea by the same manœuvre 2178 years ago.

“ The Princess of Franca Villa was commonly supposed to have bestowed on him (Lord Rockingham) the same fatal present, which the ‘ Belle Ferroniere ’ conferred on Francis the First, King of France; and which, as we learn from Burnet\*, the Countess of Southesk was said to have entailed on James, Duke of York, afterwards James the Second.”— *Wraxall*.

In Italy it was supposed to have been the succession powder mingled with chocolate whilst in the cake, not in the liquid we drink. Acqua Toffana, and succession powder (polvere per successione) were administered, as I have heard, with certain although ill-understood effects. Lord Rockingham desired to be opened after his death, and was so.

On the application of the term “ disinterested ” to Archbishop’s Moore’s conduct, in communicating to his

\* The story is also told in Grammont’s Memoirs. Burnet adds that Lord Southesk denied the share in the transaction attributed to his lordship. The story of La Belle Ferroniere is declared apocryphal by the author of “ L’Esprit dans l’Histoire.”

pupil the Duke of Marlborough, the advances of the Duchess Dowager, her note is:—

*Disinterested* is not quite the word to use. He served his interest in preferring the *Duke's* power to a connection with the *Duchess*, who had only her life income to bestow, and a faded person possessing no attractions.

“There was a number of Members who regularly received from him (Pelham's Secretary of the Treasury) their payment or stipend at the end of every session in bank notes.”—*Wraxall*.

*Note*.—I am sorry to read these things of Mr. Pelham, whom everybody loved, and Garrick praised so sweetly, saying:

“Let others hail the rising sun,  
I bow to that whose course is run,  
Which sets in endless night;  
Whose rays benignant bless'd our Isle,  
Made peaceful nature round us smile,  
With calm but cheerful light.

“See as you pass the crowded street,  
Despondence clouds each face you meet,  
All their lost friend deplore.  
You read in every pensive eye,  
You hear in every broken sigh,  
That Pelham is no more.”

This ode\*, from whence I have selected two stanzas, not the best, and a comical thing called “The News

\* It was on the coincidence of his death occurring on the day when Bolingbroke's works were published.

Writers' Petition," that came out a very little while before, give one the impression of his having been a very honest man. I am quite sorry Wraxall's book tends so much to destroy that impression.

Pelham's death was curious, and he thought so; for it was his favourite maxim in politics, never to stir an evil which lies quiet. "And now," said he, upon his death-bed to his doctor, "I die for having acted in contradiction to my own good rule—taking unnecessary medicines for a stone which lay still enough in my bladder, and might perhaps have never given me serious injury." But so it is, that though death certainly does *strike* the dart, it is often vice or folly poisons it — with regard to this world or the world to come.

MARGINAL NOTES ON BOSWELL'S LIFE OF  
JOHNSON.\*

ON the friendship between Warburton and Richardson : Very curious, and an odd friendship somehow between men so completely dissimilar. The elephant and zebra drawing together.

On a story of a clergyman preaching to convicts about to be hanged and promising them a continuation of his discourse: Like the hangman, who when some generous fellow gave him a guinea, cried out, "Long life to your honour," whilst he was tying the knot.

In reference to a parody of Johnson's style under the title of "Lexiphanes" (1767): It vexed him however, I well remember.

On the reported remark that no child has affection for a parent whom it has not seen: No — nor whom it *has* seen, I believe, except by chance.

Johnson to Boswell, 1772. "Mrs. Thrale loves you." Not I. I never loved him.

As to Lady Emily Harvey having been mad: She was never mad as I know of. Seven years after this date, or more, we met in a library at Brighthelmstone. "Don't

\* Most of her marginal notes on Boswell have been used for the Introduction.



you remember your old acquaintance Dr. Johnson?" said she. "Ah, Lady Emily! have you left off your old tricks?" was the reply. "All the bad ones, I hope," answered Lady Emily, coldly, and turned away.

On Goldsmith: Who would believe Goldy when he told of a ghost? A man whom one could not believe when he told of a brother. It is questionable now whether he had a brother or not.

*Boswell.* — "Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason (to make him forget what is disagreeable)?" *Johnson.* — "Yes, Sir, if he sate next you." Dr. Johnson said: "The man compels me to treat him so."

"You continue to stand high with Mrs. Thrale," (*Johnson to Boswell*, February 22nd, 1773.) Poor Mrs. Thrale was obliged to say so in order to keep well with Johnson.

On the story of the tallow-chandler and melting day: It was Murphy's story originally, who always told it of *dripping night*, instead of *melting day*.

On a passage in Johnson's letter, August 27th, 1775, to Boswell: "She has a great regard for you." Not I — never had: I thought him a clever and a comical fellow.

*Johnson to Boswell.* — "Have you no better manners? That is your want" (1770). *So it was.* Curiosity carried Boswell farther than it ever carried any mortal breathing. He cared not what he provoked so as he saw what *such a one* would say or do.

On the remark that Lord Lyttelton employed an-

other man to point (stop) his history: Yes, a cork-cutter.

As to Dr. Dodd: If the King could have saved any man it would have been Ryland, whom he personally loved; but having tried his interest for that man, "Now," said he, "if I am ever solicited to pardon for forgery, you shall be made to remember these arguments."

On it being said that Pope's sorrowful reflection, that all things would be as gay as ever on the day of his death, is natural and common: I don't know how common, but not natural in the least to me. I am glad other people go on if *I* am forced to stop.

On Johnson's declaration of readiness to sit up all night being called an animated speech from a man of sixty-eight: Not from Johnson, who delighted to sit up all night and lie in bed all day.

"I have been put so to the question by Bozzy, this morning," said Dr. Johnson, one day, "that I am now panting for breath." "What sort of questions did he ask, I wonder?" "Why, one question was:—'Pray, Sir, can you tell why an apple is round and a pear pointed?' Would not such talk make a man hang himself?"

"Pennant has the true spirit of a gentleman." (Johnson, as reported by Boswell): So he has. I wish he had the style of a gentleman; but his perverse imitation of countinghouse brevity, leaving the personal pronoun out so perpetually, teazes a reader more than one could imagine. His style resembles a letter

in the "Spectator" recommending Whittington to the Temple of Fame.

Bozzy was like a man in Mrs. Inchbald's comedies, I forget his name, who brings people together for his own sport, and they sometimes quarrel, but make it up so often that he is at length happily persuaded of his own benevolence.

On Boswell's saying that she had mistaken *sutile* for *futile*. It was no mistake. As pictures they are futile; so are Miss Linwood's. The moth, the sunshine, every thing may destroy the beautiful work. Alas! \*

On Boswell's fearing to go into a world where Shakspeare is unknown. "And Virgil's sacred work shall die," says Cowley. *Note*: I am not so sure, however, that we may not repeat Virgil, as I am that we shall not see the pictures of Raphael and Correggio. They *must* be taken from us I fear. The verses may be remembered.

As to wine unlocking the heart. "Wine," says the

\* Dr. Lort, writing to Bishop Percy, says: "I take for granted that you have read Dr. Johnson's Correspondence, published by Mrs. Piozzi: and though you might not have been sorry to have read the whole, yet I wish, for the Doctor's sake, that only half of it had been printed. In one letter it is said, 'I have seen Mrs. Knowles, the quaker, and her *futile* pictures;' it should be *sutile*, a word, though not to be found in his Dictionary, yet very aptly made to express the mode of painting, viz. in needlework, of which sort there are two portraits of the king and queen made by Mrs. Knowles at Buckingham House. I desired a sight of the original letter in order to determine a wager. There it plainly appeared that a dash had been put across the long s, Johnson's usual mode of writing that letter, perhaps by the printer or corrector of the press."

orator in Esdras, "enables a man to speak with his talent."

"And a new thought is a very uncommon thing in conversation, even of witty men." (*Johnson.*) A new thought is like a new coin, and has more glitter but not more weight than the expression we have long been used to.

"Querulousness of old age." (Malone, as quoted by Boswell.) Was not Johnson querulous? In whom else would such querulousness have been endured?

On Johnson's saying of Beauclerc, "No man was ever so free, when he was going to say a good thing, from a look that expressed that it was coming; or, when he had said it, from a look that expressed that it had come." *Note:* Yes, Beauclerc was first upon the languid list of *Ton* people. Dr. Johnson, who was all emphasis himself, felt *épris* of such a character: a man of quality who disdained effect in conversation, to which *he* never came unprepared.

Otway's hag is a very fine one; completely what you see every day. Yet he makes it impress you at the fiftieth reading:

"Oh, seen for ever, yet for ever new"

can be applied only to Otway's hag.

"The truth is, it is impossible perfectly to translate poetry. In a different language it may be the same tune, but it has not the same tone. Homer plays it on a bassoon: Pope on a flageolet." — *Boswell.* Homer played on the organ: Pope on the Cremona fiddle.

“You must not expect I should tell you anything, if I had anything to tell.” (Johnson to Boswell, July 13th, 1779.) Very true; he never did tell him anything for fear of misrepresentation.

On Windham’s remark (May 16th, 1778) that we were more uneasy from thinking of our wants, than happy in thinking of our acquisitions: No need of Mr. Windham to tell us *that*.

“‘What need of books those truths to tell  
Which folks perceive who cannot spell;  
And must we spectacles apply  
To see what hurts our naked eye?’”

“Thrale cared not about it.” (Johnson’s letter to Boswell, March 13th, 1779.) To be sure he did not. “Mrs. Thrale was in the coach.” (*Id.*) Which he cared no more for than her husband cared about Boswell’s anxiety.

On Johnson’s remark that a father had no right to control the inclinations of his daughter in marriage: Some of his auditors were, however, of opinion that children might control their parents in marriage.

On Johnson’s reference to a man with an inverted understanding: I have a notion it was the Rev. Mr. Mence, of whom I once heard Dr. Johnson say to old Burney: “Sir, Mence is a man who should be stuck upon a pole, and a large writing under him to say, ‘Do nothing as Mence does it.’”

Parents expecting a return: They must be silly parents sure, of no experience at all — Scotch parents,

attentive to interest even whilst fondling their babies. What nonsense!

On the anecdote of Richardson mentioning that a gentleman had seen "Clarissa" lying on the king's brother's table: The present king of France, Louis Dixhuit, who likewise delighted in reading Fielding's "Tom Jones:" he asked Dr. B—— as they walked on the Crescent at Bath, if Prior Park had belonged to the man who was believed the Allworthy of "Tom Jones;" but Louis Dixhuit is a universal reader.

As to beggars asking more readily from men than from women: The man has more money in his pocket, and his money is his own. The woman is commonly responsible for *her* expenses to a father, a brother, or a husband. She must give in her account on Monday evening, and mention the shilling given to the beggar, for doing which she will receive a cheque and be told it was ill bestowed.

"Mrs. Thrale and I," says Boswell, "had a dispute whether Shakespeare or Milton had drawn the most admirable picture of a man." (Adam *versus* Hamlet's father.) *Note:* Milton kept closer to the *man*. Shakespeare was more excursive: he lacked in ornament after all; his is a more dramatic, Milton's a more epic description. Both were best, as the children say.

On Johnson's dining with bishops: Well! I do think it was out of rule for a bishop to make a dinner on Holy Thursday. It would shock a foreign Romanist to hear of it. Who was the bishop I wonder? But there were two it seems.

On Mrs. Garrick calling Hannah More her chaplain: Odd enough if she did so, because their religious opinions were so widely different.

The author of "Night Thoughts" and his son: A parent that he, the young man, hated. Addison and Young knew too much of life to be favourites with their families.

On Palmer's return from transportation: When Margaret came home safe, and his old cat which he took out to exile with him, I know not who told me the cat recognised her original habitation.

To Chinese vaunting, a common sailor retorted: "And yet, though you have been pouring out tea ever since the Flood, you never had skill to make a spout to your teapot till we taught you how."

"He (Johnson) had projected a work to show how small a quantity of real fiction there is in the world." (*Boswell.*) That would have been pretty. Johnson used to say that he believed no combination could be found, and few sentiments, that might not be traced to Homer, Shakespeare, and Richardson.

Youth's Divine Pastime (one of "Burton's Books") was the legitimate parent of Ferdinand, Count Fathom.

"In the meantime let us be kind to one another." (*Johnson to Dr. Taylor.*) To whom he perpetually turned — not to his flatterers and admirers. Ever sighing for the toast, bread and butter of life, when satiated with the turtle and Burgundy of it.

Johnson's letter to Miss Jane Langton, May 10, 1784: Like his letters to Mr. Thrale's daughters, exactly.

On his fear of death: St. Paul himself was (in this sense) afraid, and Paschal died *in* terror if not *of* terror.

As to giving cup to laity: Oh certainly, besides when our Saviour said, “drink ye *all* of this,” He might mean merely the twelve apostles, who were all the people present.

Whiteford’s suggestion of cross readings, “*singularly* happy.” (*Boswell.*)

Not singularly happy, because the same trick was played in Queen Anne’s time. I have it in an old edition of the “Tatler.” The signature however (Papyrius Cursor) is new, and pretty, and original.

On Johnson’s doing penance at Worcester, 1784: Very like a Romanist, but we must all go to the old shop for something.

He, Johnson, was one of the first conversers, and dazzled his hearers till they believed whatever he wished them to do.



MARGINAL NOTES ON JOHNSON'S "LIVES OF  
THE POETS."\*

"IN 1636 he (Cowley) was removed to Cambridge." (Vol. ix. p. 4.)—Nothing does so reconcile one to the laxity of all college discipline in *our* day, as the reflexion how sincerely it disgusted both Milton and Cowley in past times. Schools and colleges *now* neither instruct the young folk, nor offend them; but as Sir Joshua Reynolds said of his pupils, "They may learn if they like; I throw every advantage in their way, and no hindrance." So said *he*, and so may say the Dean of Christchurch.—1812.

• "Of the verses on Oliver's death, of which Wood's narrative seems to imply something encomiastic, there has been no appearance. There is a discourse concerning his government, indeed, with verse intermixed." (Vol. ix. p. 42.)—It is a discourse of energetic satire, and Burke was busy with this performance when he racked his own invention *raw* to find abuse enough for Warren Hastings.

"He (Cowley) composed in Latin several books on

\* The references are to Murphy's edition of Johnson's Works, in 12 volumes octavo, 1821. The Lives of the Poets fill the 9th, 10th, and 11th volumes.

plants." (Vol. ix. p. 13.)—And this was the *Parent* of Darwin's late Loves of the Plants.

On Cowley's letter to Sprat, from Chertsey (vol. ix. p. 17): Johnson has a "Rambler," imitated from this. He loved to make retirement ridiculous.

"Their conceits were sentiments slight and trifling." (Vol. ix. p. 30.)—Perhaps the Academy being lodged in every man's mind, is the oddest of all those conceits: Wisdom standing for Master of the College, the Virtues for Fellows, and Reason and Holy Fears for the *Proctors*.

"In his (Cowley's) poem on the death of Hervey, there is much praise, but little passion." (Vol. ix. p. 39.)—He does divert his sorrow by chusing incongruous images, but in this poem one may discern some truth of real concern. I think it is the parent of Lord Lyttelton's monody to his wife.

"Real mirth must always be natural, and nature is uniform. Men have been wise in very different modes, but they have always laughed the same way." (Vol. ix. p. 42.)—I think *not*; I think national mirth a great discrimination of national character. Wisdom is dressed up alike by almost all . . . One way of being wise, I think, and a thousand of being merry . . . I felt *naturalized* in Italy many years after this note was written, when I could understand *their* jokes, and make them understand *mine*.

On verses quoted vol. ix. p. 48: Cowley *had* a right no other man has, of making Nature the postillion to Art. He always *did* place Art in the seat of honour,

and made poor Nature a *helper* merely. Scarce a postillion.

On the difficulties presented by subjects for poems taken from sacred history, vol. ix. p. 53: Yet Milton got through them, and with amazing success. These difficulties were no difficulties to him.

(Vol. ix. p. 55.)—I think that's as well; Virgil (full of his own Georgics) describes the agricultural use of the stone: Cowley feeling it would produce *death*, thinks of the *monument*.

“Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,  
And reach to worlds that cannot yet be found.”

(Vol. ix. p. 60.)

*O'er* the whole earth would be better; *round* and *sound*, and *found*, come too quick upon the ear to be sweet, and put one in mind of a man crying cherries.

“I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotchmen that carried their wares to Poland.” (Vol. ix. p. 79.)—I can remember when every pedlar was called a *Scotchman* by servants &c., probably by those of higher rank . . . We children used to jump for joy, and cry, There's a *Scotchman* a coming, a *Scotchman* indeed, mamma.

“Though with these streams he no resemblance hold,  
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,  
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,  
Search not his bottom but survey his shore.”

*On the Thames*, vol. ix. p. 79.

Not less guilty, I think . . . For Pactolus, &c., were *innocent* of all the frauds which commerce carries

on upon the Thames, and their wealth was *genuine* too, his *accidental*.

“He (Milton) left the University alienated either by the injudicious severity of his governors, or his own captious perverseness.” (Vol. ix. p. 87.) — The *first* of these I fear it was . . . They have never whipt a lad since, for fear of driving away a second Milton . . . There was no danger.

“He (Milton) has sense enough to judge there was no danger.” (Vol. ix. p. 96.) — Of that I am not so confident: dear Dr. Johnson had never been at Rome, which was certainly no safe place for Puritanical opinions, even in 1740; what danger there was in 1640, Milton was right enough to shun. Handel, who was a Lutheran, not a Calvinist, found Italy a very troublesome residence on account of religion, tho’ the Italians quite adored his talents, and loved his person. With how much more difficulty Milton got thro’, H. L. P. can readily imagine.—1802.

Voltaire tells a wild and unauthorised story of a farce seen by Milton in Italy, which opened thus: “Let the rainbow be the fiddle-stick of Heaven.” (Vol. ix. p. 127.) — A true one, I have no doubt. A *bow* puts an Italian in mind of a fiddle, directly. *That* is exceeding comical indeed! and shews off *national character* to perfection. A ship in full sail puts an Englishman, Dryden, in mind that she may be fraught with all the *riches* of the rising sun, in one place; in another, it brings to his fancy a weaver and his loom . . . When an Italian sees the *rainbow*, his imagination delights

to have discovered a nice fiddle-stick for the fiddle of Heaven.

As to Milton being in the vein (vol. ix. p. 124): Violin players feel it above all other men.

“To prove the paucity of readers, it may be sufficient to remark that the nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is, forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakespeare, which probably did not together make one thousand copies.” (Vol. ix. p. 137.) — It *is* a proof, because if we read anything, we read *Shakspeare*.\*

“She, Milton’s grand-daughter, knew little of her grandfather, and that little was not good.” (Vol. ix. p. 150.) — Those who wait on others, always, I believe, invariably complain of the people on whom they are dependant. This girl had heard Milton find fault with his dinner some day when she wanted to be eating her own, I suppose, and told of it. We learn from her report, that John Milton was delicate in his diet.

“With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths.” (Vol. ix. p. 153.) — Milton had lived too much in Italy, and we must own Italian piety, tho’ often fervent, is seldom delicate; nor do they consider as profane, what justly shocks a native of Great Britain.

(Vol. ix. p. 154, paragraph beginning line ten from the bottom.) But that remark most probably in-

\* There is now a Shakespeare, whether read or not, in almost every house where there is a collection of books; but the case was different from 1623 to 1664.

spired Joanna Baillie with her admirable ideas of the guilty and the innocent mind contemplating the same objects in a manner strikingly different . . . See De Montfort.

“Both his characters delight in music.” (Vol. ix. p. 156.)—He loved Italian music, but Johnson had no notion of any music at all, unless perhaps a catch or hunting song; he would not else have called those *cheerful* notes, which Milton describes thus :

“With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice in mazy running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony.”

“But there is something wanting to detain attention.” (Vol. ix. p. 158.)—It wants nothing to detain a *reader*; on the stage it is cold and declamatory. In *reading*, every line, every word tells, and I have heard Mr. Conway *speak* the verses so as to enchain attention, and delight both eye and ear.

(Vol. ix. p. 162.) Satan’s is not the most dangerous impiety. Satan is a fiend, and we expect no better from him; but I have lived to see, in the year 1818, an impious novel called “Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus,” who takes for his motto, Adam’s mode of arraigning God Almighty in verse 743 of the 10th Book of “Paradise Lost.”

He is wicked, too, with great *dignity* . . . Not the Devil trodden down by Guido’s Michael, but the Demon of Lanfranc, at Capo di Monte.

“But with guilt, enter distrust and discord, &c.”

(Vol. ix. p. 163.)— and a spirit of fatalism. They turn metaphysicians direct, and Adam throws the blame of all upon his Maker. “The woman that *Thou* gavest me,” &c.

(Vol. ix. p. 173.) Stock of Killala believed that angels were not wholly immaterial; *he* held that God alone could act without organs. “The Almighty (said he) keeps that privilege to Himself.” . . . It may be so; but bishops should not learn their divinity from Milton.

“The variety of pauses &c.” (vol. ix. p. 181.)— This I had the honour to tell Doctor Johnson; and I said: “Quin the actor taught it *me*; and called it The Pause of Suspension.”

“Of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted.” (Vol. ix. p. 182.)—And somewhere (but I cannot find the passage), Johnson says in a sneering way: “You find no shield of Achilles, &c. in Milton.” True; but future life on earth, divided into compartments by the angel Michael, for Adam’s information, in the 11th Book of Paradise Lost, would not have been so elegantly divided, I believe, had Milton never read Homer.

(Story of Butler and the Duke of Buckingham. Vol. ix. p. 187.)—Johnson makes use of this story in his “Rambler,” of the man perpetually disappointed in his patrons.

“The commonplace book of Butler.” (Vol. ix. p. 196.)—And such the commonplace book of Leonardo da Vinci.

(Vol. ix. p. 197.) How dreadful 'tis to think that I, who saw dear Dr. Johnson write *this* passage . . . lived long enough to witness the *truth* of this *passage* likewise . . . and how strange, that after such a storm, the present *temporary calm* should give me comfortable leisure to write this note.—2 Sept., 1802.

“One of the Puritanical tenets was the illegality of all games of chance.” (Vol. ix. p. 198.)—Playing at cards is deemed no very small wickedness *now*, in the year 1815, by many grave people who call themselves Methodists, or whom we call so: I trust it is because they do not reflect on the emptiness of other amusements. Hot Cockles, or Hide and Seek, is, *per se*, no more innocent than a game at shilling whist. But they are all Democrates, and like to thwart the upper ranks of society, and leave the gin-drinkers and tobacco-smokers full liberty of gross enjoyment.

(Vol. ix. p. 211, from the top to the bottom of the page.)—The only tale I ever could give credit to, of the odd kind of second sight, was a story related by a young woman, her name, Mann, who was Miss Hamilton's maid. “I was when a girl,” said she, “playing on the green with my companions one summer evening, when Sally Macdonald suddenly cry'd out, ‘Look, look! there's my father ahanging across the door.’ “What *door?*” replied I. There was no door in sight. ‘*His own,*’ answered the girl, and left off her diversion. We all continued ours, and thought no more about her, till in a week we heard the man had hanged himself on that very day. He lived seven-



teen miles off." To this story I know not how either to grant assent, it is so strange, or to refuse belief, it is so artless.

(Vol. ix. p. 225.)—Richardson quotes as Otway's lines, verses now well known to be Shakespear's; but to Garrick, that mine of mercury striated with gold, we owe the revivification of Shakespear: tho' none of us had influence enough with Dr. Johnson to make him confess it, in his preface or his notes. . . . Mr. Thrale would not try; Garrick had refused him a favour. . . He would not patronize Poll Hart, who afterwards married Reddish.

"She (Lady Dorothea Sidney) rejected his (Waller's) addresses with disdain." (Vol. ix. p. 232.)—Ladies are much humbler in *these days*. A famous poet *now* with ten thousand o' year\* might choose among the lady Sophias and lady Dorotheas, I believe. . . 1802 . . . but poets have no longer Dr. Johnson's aristocratic ideas about birth or rank, which he rates rather too high for any times; especially *rank*, which is a mere king's gift, and is often bestowed on very low mortals indeed.

(Waller's conduct on the discovery of his plot, vol. ix. p. 244.)—What a mean fellow with his 10,000*l.* a year . . . had he never read "Tacitus" and his account of a woman's firmness in concealing the plot she was intrusted with, which no tortures could force her to discover, for fear of bringing the tyrant's not unjust wrath on her companions? a woman too of no

\* Waller was a man of old family as well as large fortune.

good character for any virtue except fortitude! Oh, wretched Mr. Waller!!!

(On Waller's famous reply to Charles the Second, vol. ix. p. 252.)—A reply borrowed from "Luigi Allemanni." See "Les Pensées Ingénieuses de Bonhours:" see also "Retrospection."

"For who forbears to flatter an author or a lady?" (Vol. ix. p. 263.)—Not Doctor Johnson certainly . . . When he flattered Mrs. Montagu, who showed him some old china plates that had once belonged to Queen Elizabeth, and he told her they had suffered little diminution of dignity in falling to *her*.

(Waller's fortune, vol. ix. p. 269.)—Very true, indeed, but Johnson always did say that swelling assertions shrunk to a small size, when in the hard gripe of a computist.

(Verses, vol. ix. p. 266.)—It is a false sentiment: we never heard of Venus's snowy coldness before—as I remember.

"They round about her into arbours crowd." (Vol. ix. p. 267.)—"Trees when you sit shall crowd into a shade," says Pope, in imitation.

"A tendency to belief that the mind goes with the body." (Vol. ix. p. 273.)—Johnson was very jealous of such sentiments towards himself: he used to quote Swift perpetually and say,

"Some dire misfortune to portend,  
No enemy can match a friend."

I have seen friends who were *hoping* each other's decay—but they were *wits*, living in professed rivalry.

(Vol. ix. p. 332.) — Mrs. Sullen gives much such an account of her lover's courtship in comic prose, as Dr. Johnson here gives of Almanzor in serious sadness. See the *Beaux Stratagem*, where Archer binds the housebreaker.

(Vol. ix. p. 344.) — His (Dryden's) description of Cleopatra in her galley is the finest in the world — keeping clear of Shakespear all the time. Shakespear's description is put into the mouth of an indifferent spectator, Enobarbus : Dryden makes Antony himself the narrator, and dwells judiciously on the beauties of the lady, rather than the beauties of the show.

As he (Dryden) came out from the representation, he was accosted thus by some airy stripling : “Had I been left alone with a young beauty, I would not have spent my time like your Spartan.” “That, sir,” said Dryden, “perhaps is true ; but then let me tell you you are no Spartan.” (Vol. i. p. 346.) — The story is ill told . . . instead of Spartan read *hero* ; and then italic the word *no* at last, and you preserve the point, which Johnson loses.

(Vol. ix. p. 348.) — Impossible!!! The man, veins and bowels, must have been left wholly *empty*, writing as he did six plays in one year, — what nonsense! \*

Though he (Dryden) was perhaps injuriously censured, he would, by denying part of the charge, have confessed the rest. (Vol. ix. p. 351.) — Like Foote's

\* She was right, and Johnson was misinformed by Langborne. Dryden never wrote more than three plays in one year.

cuckold in a storm, who begs his wife in that solemn moment to confess if she had ever been false to him. "Sink or swim," she replies, "Mr. Paragraph, that secret shall perish with me."

Dryden's marriage (vol. ix. p. 371.) — I know not the story, but 'tis plain that Lady Eliz., tho' a person of *high birth*, is never charged with giving herself airs, like those of the Countess to Addison — tho' Addison was rich, Dryden poor, and the one ever dependent, the other Secretary of State.

"Of the person of Dryden I know not any account." (Vol. ix. p. 371.) — I read in a "Gentleman's Magazine" an account of Mr. Dryden dressed in a sword and a Chadreux wig, taking his favourite actress Nancy Reeve to the Mulberry Garden and treating her with tarts. Query, what was a Chadreux wig?

"He called the two places (at Wills') his winter and his summer seat." (Vol. ix. p. 385.) — Like old Goosey Evanson, who shewed me two seats in his little garden, and said with much serious pomp: "This I call my Allegro, and *this* my Penseroso," a great thing indeed; but he was imitating Dryden.

In Warton's notes to "Pope's Eloisa," there is a little tale not new to me, told of a trick put upon Dryden by some wag, who translated *his* famous lines beginning, "To die is landing on some silent shore," &c. into Latin verses; old Leonine ones — as I remember; and pasting them at bottom of a hat box sent to his house, alarmed the old poet, who feared being in future considered as a Plagiarist; and was very angry . . .

1815; and now, 1817, Mr. Mangin says the lines were not written by Dryden but by Garth. Warton quotes Walter Harte as author of the story. We are tempted to say with Pontius Pilate, *Quid est veritas?* and to reply anagrammatically. . . . *Est vir qui adest!!* I think truth is nowhere else.

(Vol. ix. p. 388.)—Dr. Johnson was very angry that he was not called upon by Garrick to write the (Shakespeare) ode, which for that reason *he* always ridiculed.

When Garrick's ode was published, he printed all the testimonies to Shakespear's merits along with the ode, I possessed, loved, yet lost it: like hearing different harpsichord players perform a favourite concerto, one was delighted with their different manners of doing the same thing. I used to think Dryden's praise grandest, Addison's neatest, and Dr. Johnson's gravest, and thought myself very clever to find a new allusion by virtue of which to extol such admired excellence. It may be found in the second volume of "Retrospection," p. 171.

(Vol. ix. p. 391, from last two lines to foot of the page.)—Like Mrs. Pritchard, who, till late in life, never read more of Macbeth than *her own part*. She had not *time*, she told Dr. Johnson.

(Vol. ix. p. 392.)—This is a portrait of Doctor Johnson's *own* mind and manners; I told him so, and he was not ill pleased.

"His style could not be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminate character." (Vol. ix.

p. 394.) — And it was Johnson's conversation opinion too. He liked Mr. Thrale, he said, because he had no *trick* about his manners, no emphasis in his talk; he could no more be *taken off* (as the phrase is) than Beauclerc; "and what, Sir," said I, "do you think then of your favourite Burney?" "Oh," said he, "Burney could not be taken off certainly, because *he is all trick.*"

(Vol. ii. p. 138, from line 9 to line 12.) — There *is* too little description, I fancy Dryden lived always in London.

(Vol. ix. p. 408.) — This is a good *London* night . . . his night in the tragedy so often and so justly admired, is a good *country* night, but Young's description suits every place and every season. It is the night of poetry and plainness, of ignorance and of philosophy . . . all are equally interested when they hear that

" 'Twas as the general pulse  
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;  
An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

A strange idea sure.

(Vol. ii. p. 146, from line 6 to line 10.) — And yet it is *he* who attributes to him verses not his own.

"Pope represents him (Parnell) as falling from that time into intemperance of wine." (Vol. ix. p. 151.) — I have heard Dr. Johnson say — what 'tis plain he would not *write*,—how Parnell could not get thro' a sermon without turning his head (even in the pulpit) to drink a dram.

The Hermit (Parnell's) is a favourite with all readers. The first on't is in old Mahomet's Alcoran, it is in Howel's "Letters" too; . . . and one may trace the *old tale* in the "Spectator."

(Plot of the Fair Penitent, vol. x. p. 62.) — It should not have been seated in Genoa tho' — where such an outrage on a maiden lady scarce *could* have been committed, nor would ever have been thought on. Suicide likewise, and the odd composure with which Sciolto resolves to kill his daughter, are such *non-Italian* notions. The scene should in no wise have been placed in Genoa, where no young lady of fashion *can be got at*. They are all safe in nunneries till married, and *then* their husbands are most *willing* Altamonts. Jane Shore is the true Fair Penitent, not Calista.

"Arbiter Elegantiarum." (Vol. x. p. 81.) — This phrase has been admired, adopted and quoted ever since these Lives came out; nor did I ever, till the 26th of April, 1816, see that it existed, twenty years *before* these Lives came out, in Doctor Harrington's epitaph upon the celebrated Beau Nash in the Abbey Church here. H. L. P. Bath, 26th April, 1816.

"The 'Spectator,' whom he (Swift) ridicules for his endless mention of the *fair sex*." (Vol. x. p. 90.) — Well! there *is* too much about the *fair sex*. I am as tir'd on't as Swift reading the papers over *now*. — 1802.

(Addison's "Drummer.") — It is a dull comedy, tho' every character is in itself a good one. It wants incident, and interest, and power to set 500 people o'

laughing when together. They would each of them be amused perhaps enough, reading it at home. A country gentleman, his lady and servants, are all the people engaged, except, indeed, my lady's two silly lovers, Fantom and Tinsel.

(The Countess of Warwick, Addison's wife.) — This lady was a Cambro Briton, and I suppose absurdly proud of her family, tho' it was not a high one. As to being Countess of Warwick, her maid might have been Countess had an Earl married her. So I see little sense in her being proud of *that*. . . . Addison, among his females, who he compares to instruments of music, in *some* paper, is particularly severe, I well remember, upon the *Welsh harp*.

(Vol. ii. p. 389, from line 15 to line 21.) — Charming Steel! how excellent was that man's heart! and how perfect was his friendship!

(As to relations being offended by biography. Vol. x. p. 90.) — If no relation loved Addison, this is not applicable to *him* at least. I think Lyttelton's kinsfolk were offended by these Lives; but the other poets had none to care how ill *they* were used. The public, however, battled it awhile for Gray, I think, and for Prior, and foolishly enough for Milton; who is *so* praised that his best lovers could not wish him more eloquent or lasting applause. Longinus could scarce have done it as well.

“Addison died, leaving no child but a daughter.” (Vol. x. p. 93.) — Who I have always heard hated her



father's works, and despised his name, which, however, she did not change.

I have heard a story, true or false, concerning some member of Parliament, who having been galled by Addison's wit, revenged himself upon this sensibility of feeling, by crying out that a man who pretended to be *Guardian* of his country, must long be a *Spectator*, before he was qualified to be a *Tatler* in that House. I think a lover was brought in too, but I forget how. 1801.

Bayle's Dictionary lay always open in his (Addison's) study.

(Addison's popularity. Vol. x. p. 107.)—By what strange contradiction, then, could such a man be *despised by his wife*? Mr. Addison gives the palm of conjugal merit, I remember, to ladies who resemble the Bee. I know not whether he was naturalist enough to know that amongst *insects*, the *Hymenoptera* include all little creature that have *stings*.

(On Addison's "Cato.")—But did neither friend nor enemy, neither Dennis, nor Pope, nor Dr. Johnson find that the temptation of Juba to forsake Cato by Syphax, in the early part of the play, is borrowed from 'Alcibiades,' an exploded tragedy of Otway? where Tisaphernes says, almost in old Syphax's words,

“‘Curse on the boy, how steadily he hears me!’

It is indeed greatly improved by Addison.

Cato. — He *does* hesitate, and I think equivocate, as it is now acted. Betty, the young Roscius, and

I, talked it over when he played Phocyas here at Bath, in the year 1814, and we agreed that the chief character deserved all he suffered.

(Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire. Vol. x. p. 149.)—He educated *himself*, so he had, in earnest, no education. His passions were never broken down by authority, nor his reason cultivated so as to receive mysterious truths. . . . A man who, like Sheffield, educates himself, will often possess powers of wit, and treasures of general knowledge; but he scarcely can be a scholar, or a Christian, he has never *learned* to be such; never gone thro' the necessary discipline.

(Translation of Prior's extemporised French verses to a young lady. Vol. x. p. 175.)

From your charming voice and eyes  
Cupid's darts new mischief borrow;  
And my bosom heaves with sighs  
Whilst I sing, let's banish sorrow.

Prior's "Solomon." (Vol. x. p. 181.)—The variety with which Solomon courts his favourite Abra—the various devices I mean, were all literally and positively used by Louis Quatorze to seduce La Valiere, who, altho' enamour'd of her Sovereign, as Abra is represented to be, required all his skill and power before he could prevail.

"He (Congreve) treated the Muses with ingratitude." (Vol. x. p. 197.)—It was not affectation, tho' he did treat the Muses with ingratitude; he lived with duchesses more willingly than with wits; he was, I

believe, a truly *proud Salopian*, thinking much more of birth than of talents.

(Congreve's relations.) — I believe some of them are yet living in and about Shrewsbury.

(Vol. x. p. 199.) — Garrick was always angry when Doctor Johnson said these lines were better than any twelve descriptive lines in Shakespear. . . . Yet he never mentioned the plagiarism, and I never knew till reading Malone's Shakespear, that there ever were such lines written as the original of these: —

“ Softlee, softlee :

The vaults e'en chide our steps with murmuring sounds.  
 All thy strength, thou grey-eyed monument,  
 Shall not avail: strike villians, pierce the jaws  
 Of this cold, ponderous creature. The moon rises;  
 See, masters, what a white and cold reflection  
 Is throwne around this sanctified buildinge!  
 E'en in a twinkling how the dull tombs glitter,  
 As if Death's palace here were massive sylver  
 And scorn'd the name of marble.”

(Vol. x. p. 205.) — And this joke, silly as it was, seems to me not original. I have read it as recommended in the same scornful manner by some statesman. Oh, it was Lord Oxford, who being applied to, very seriously as it appeared, advised the youth who was his dependent (Mr. Rowe \*, if I remember rightly) quickly to learn Spanish. And *this* accomplishment being attained, the unfeeling Premier, instead of em-

\* The story is told in Johnson's "Life of Rowe."

ploying him, as was not unreasonably expected, only said, "Then, Sir, you will have the pleasure of reading 'Don Quixote' in the original."

"He that believes his powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself." (Vol. x. p. 242.)—As Doctor Johnson said *he* did, till he was starved into civility; "and now," added he, "I am eminently and attentively polite."

("The Beggars' Opera.")—The modes of the Court was given him (Gay) by Lord Chesterfield; and the song of "Gamesters and Lawyers" was the composition of Fortescue.

(Vol. x. p. 247.)—I remember liking to read it (*Polly*, the second part of "The Beggars' Opera") when I was a girl; but I thought no one else had ever read it till I had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Mangin. The copy which lay about my father's house was a *quarto*.

"As a poet he (Gay) cannot be rated high. He was, as I once heard a female critic remark, of a lower order." (Vol. x. p. 148.)—His wife, Mrs. Johnson.

(Vol. x. p. 350.)—It (Gay's "Trivia") was written, I dare say, to amuse Pope and Swift; he knew their taste.

(Vol. x. p. 250.)—It ("Dione") is all borrowed from Don Quixote's story of "Marvella." Some beautiful lines do, however, adorn "Dione," particularly those ending with

"Fair Parthenia like the rose appears."

(Vol. x. p. 251.)—All the poets of those days did,

inasmuch as their abilities permitted, certainly endeavour to copy *Dryden*. Of these imitators Pope was confessedly highest on the scale, and Gay lowest, but the style and manner was alike in all.

Next to this school succeeded that of Mason, Gray, and Whitehead; of these poor Cumberland was last and lowest. Then came the Ossianists, and now Lord Byron, Scott, and Southey seek a new way to fame, in which all who put pen to paper follow implicitly with more or less good fortune. Meanwhile Doctor Goldsmith, and, I will add, Rogers in his "Pleasures of Memory," took *their own way*, and few can follow them. Cowper did not try; he will be always an original thinker in these days, as Young was during Pope's reign.

(Vol. x. p. 253.)—She (Mary of Modena) was very pretty, tho', and very elegant, and liked to exert her power over men, fancying, perhaps, she might make coquetry useful to political if not to pious purposes.

(Granville's "Mythology," vol. x. p. 260.)—When the *Luctus et Gaudia* of the two Universities was printed in 1760, one man had clothed in the *Phœnician* language *his* poetical hopes and predictions of felicity. When forced by his brother wits and scholars to translate his ode, thus it was:—

"George the Second is dead; Jupiter and Juno mourn:  
George the Third reigns; Jupiter and Juno rejoice."

(Savage's reputed mother, the Countess of Maccles-

field, vol. x. p. 300.) — How came this lady to be received in society so as to be able to injure him? We are less scrupulous *now* in the nineteenth century, yet I think such a character would boast few acquaintances, especially among the people in upper life.

(Vol. x. p. 325.) — An anonymous friend bade me, in a letter, remember these lines (Savage's Epigram on Dennis), and despise Baretti's lampoon. *I did more*: I forgave it, and sent him money when he really wanted. Our friend Colonel Barry one day, when Mr. Mangin lived on the Queen's Parade, Bath, alluded to my character of Baretti, given in the newspaper then called "The World."

(Swift never seeing Stella or Mrs. Dingley without a witness, vol. xi. p. 7.) — Then he must have opened his bosom to *three* persons; or more still, if the witness was not always the same person, oddly contented with the character of a *sunk fence* between Swift and his ladies.

(Vol. xi. p. 10.) — I always thought the Prophecy (the *Ancient Prophecy*) a joke, — an invention, at least, — made by Swift in order to divert himself and others, by explaining it, and I am inclined to think so *still*. — 1803.

(Vol. x. p. 11.) — Harley deluded all and trusted none.

"Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance." (Vol. xi. p. 60.) — I knew a gentleman (little resembling Pope indeed), who used to delight himself in the close of life by celebrating his

mother's virtues; but the panegyric commonly began, and always ended, in his repetition of her favourite maxim: "Get," said she, "my boy, get *great acquaintances!*" *His* mother, like Pope's\*, was a poor feeble-minded thing, unworthy anyone's care or esteem. Perhaps they are the mothers most regarded.

"Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have heard nothing particular but that he used to ride a-hunting in a tye-wig." (Vol. xi. p. 61.) — Wigs were at first tyed, on purpose that men should ride in them either o' hunting or in battle. The Duke of Marlbro' is represented by painters as winning all his battles in a tye-wig, . . . and it was, I think, called a campaign wig. "Honest, hat-less Cromwell in red briches," Gay says.

(Vol. xi. p. 93.) — The French *Recueils* tell a similar tale of some sculptor and some cardinal, I forget who, that play'd the silly part of Halifax. The artist took home his work, having never touched it after the great man had shown his taste by his objections . . . "And *now*, my lord" (says he), "how do you find the statue?" "Trovo!" replied the gull'd ecclesiastic, "che veramente gli avete data la vita."

"Being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden, he (Pope) adorned it with fossil bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto." (Vol. xi. p. 100.) — And he added the famous quibble of "What we cannot *overcome* we must *undergo*."

(Vol. xi. p. 101). — I went many years ago with friends

\* The very highest tribute is paid to her virtues by Pope himself.

to see *le chien sçavant*, who, when he play'd his trick prettily, his master encouraged by giving him bits of something out of his pocket. "Qu'est ce donc, Monsieur?" (says one of the company.) "Du Paté, Mademoiselle," replies the fellow. "*Il mange pourtant comme un autre chien*," exclaims another of our party. The people do just so by a great author, Pope or Johnson.

(Vol. xi. p. 103.)— When Johnson had finished his preface to Shakespear, Mr. Thracle said, "Oh, Sir, you have driven Pope quite into shade." "I fear *not*, Sir," was our Doctor's reply; "the little fellow has done wonders!"

"At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented Pope with a bible." (Vol. xi. p. 105.)— And there is a black story told of and thro' Lord Chesterfield concerning that present; but I think it loses ground *now*, 1817. It was once in every mouth and every publication.

(Vol. xi. p. 108.)— Ralph (one of the heroes of the *Dunciad*) outlived all, and was lodging near Garrick's house at Hampton, where he visited familiarly, but perhaps in somewhat of the style of a dependant; till one day Mr. Garrick was engaged in shewing his pleasure-grounds to a friend or two that he had detained to dine with him; and being perhaps thoughtless, or possibly unwilling to quit his company, he contented himself with calling the head-gardener, — "And, d'ye hear," said he, "take a card, and go yourself directly and beg Mr. Ralph's company to dinner. Take a card, I say, and make haste." The man left us, and I suppose



we all forgot what had passed till somebody inquired at dinner where Mr. Ralph was. "Lord, Sir! Mr. Ralph is very ill, very ill indeed." The gardener took a *cart* to fetch him, and he flung himself in such a passion, Dick thought he would have died. . . . How Garrick smoothed him up again I know not, but he came to Hampton as usual after *that*.

(James Horsdale, vol. xi. p. 118.)—He was a sad fellow, but very comical as a buffoon. He was the original Lady Pentweazle, and was employed as pimp and parasite, and everything, by Thrale and Murphy in their merry hours. His taking off the old Duchess of Marlborough, Sarah Jennings, was particularly humorous.

(Vol. xi. p. 119.)—Mr. Rowe's [Letters] are read by women very much.

(Vol. xi. p. 122.)—As my brother-in-law, Alderman Plumbe, who married Mr. Thrale's sister, read Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" on a Sunday, "it is" (says he) "all about virtue so, — all *uncommanded* virtue . . ." and the librarian of Brera placed Tillotson and Shaftesbury together, I remember; for, tho' he was himself an infidel, he had the bitterness and bigotry of the religion he *profess'd*.

(Vol. xi. p. 127.)—*This* Johnson learn'd of Abbé Hook when we were in France together; yet I have my doubts. The Papists are all eager to save *their poet* from imputation of infidelity, and Johnson was very willing to see so great a poet saved.

(Vol. xi. p. 127.)—The estate (devised to Warburton

by Allen) is all gone now, I believe. Warburton left no children, and his widow married Mr. Stafford Smyth, who since her death married some mean woman and sold Prior Park. 1802.

(Mr. Southcot, vol. xi. p. 128.)— From whom descends either lineally, as a natural child, or collaterally, the now famous prophetess, Johanna Southcote. 1808.

The taste of a *Ferme ornée* descends likewise from Mr. Southcote. *He* was the first to enclose a field with a twisted walk and shrubbery ornamented with beautiful flowers. Mr. Southcote was Lady Vane's favourite S., mentioned in "Peregrine Pickle."

(Vol. xi. p. 132.)— And I recollect but very little *vice* in it (the "Characters of Women") though much caprice. But perhaps I still retain my old and odd curiosity; for when I saw Quin act Sir John Brute, and heard him call for a song that should be full (said he) of sin and impiety, I felt disappointed when the player sung a "Bumper, Squire Jones," in which I could discover no sin or impiety at all.

(Vol. xi. p. 145.)— Malherbe was, like him, (Pope) unwilling to call the priest; he was contented to receive him when he came . . . "for," said he, "other people do send for a confessor; and I suppose God Almighty won't make a Paradise on purpose for poor Malherbe; so you may shew Monsieur L'Abbé in, if you please."

(Vol. xi. p. 153.)— Costar, the French wit, says of such a character, that the pleasantest moments he ever

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passed were not with men of the most fertile minds ; and that the pleasantest walks he ever took were not in those countries which most excel in fruitfulness.

“Pope’s revenue amounted only to about 800*l.* a year.” (Vol. xi. p. 154.)—A very good income in the year 1730, quite equal to 1500*l.* o’ year now, in 1802, and less than *that* would enable a man to give his friends more than a pint of wine, surely, altho’ it is not to be had this day for less than four shillings and sixpence the bottle.

“It would be hard to find a man so well entitled (as Pope) to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money.” (Vol. xi. p. 155.)—A man, never ; a woman, yes,—it was Mrs. Montagu.

(Vol. xi. p. 161.)—An odd contempt for every study but that of poetry and metaphysics does certainly seem to run through all their (Swift’s and Pope’s) notions. Natural history is their perpetual scorn. . . . I guess not why. *To wander thro’ a wilderness of moss* has at least this claim to preference, that something *certain* may be learned, however trifling. . . . Those who confound their readers with talking about time, and space, and matter, and motion, identity and infinity, spend time, and breath, and paper all in vain. They neither teach nor learn.—1802.

(Vol. xi. p. 169.)—This parallel (the famous one between Pope and Dryden) is imitated from the famous French one between Corneille and Racine ; and that from an old classical comparison between the merits of

Thucydides and Herodotus . . . *Oh imitatores! Servum pecus.*

“I cannot forbear to observe that the comparison of a student’s progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can shew.” (Vol. xi. p. 177.) — *Perhaps* so it is. But they say *now* that the original thought came from Silius Italicus, book 3rd, and Drummond certainly recollected *that* when he wrote these lines :

“And as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,  
Or Atlas’ temple crown’d with Winter’s glass,  
When he some heapes of hills hath overwent  
Beginnes to think on rest, his journey spent,  
Now mounting some tall mountain, he dothe find  
More heights before him than he left behind.”

“The meanest passage is the satire upon Sporus.” (Vol. xi. p. 193).— Certainly not ; but Dr. Johnson loved a Hervey.

“Godsaid let Newton be! and all was light!” (Vol. xi. p. 217.)— There is something like this said of Aristotle, but I forget by whom : “Now Nature lay in obscurity till *he* appeared, &c. ;” but it was really little less than profane in Mr. Pope to put his imitation, thus heightened by words so awful, on a Christian’s sepulchre, and in a Christian church.

(Vol. xi. p. 237.) — The lady was no good judge, I suppose. A Capt<sup>n</sup>. Ker told me a strange thing of him once, and I feel since that it was true somehow. At a friend’s house in Scotland where Thompson was visiting, came on a visit likewise a young lady with whom

the poet fancied himself much in love; and having an idea (says Capt. Ker) that it would be a heavenly sight to see her strip for bed, he bor'd a hole thro' his own floor who lay over her chamber, and meant to peep successfully in at the crevice; but having drank hard and the girl not going to rest as soon as he expected, he dropt asleep and snor'd so loud she heard him; and climbing on the chairs, set her candle to the place, and burn'd his nose and cur'd him of his passion.

“The thought of the Last Day makes every man more poetical.” (Vol. xi. p. 342.) — It makes some people less than poetical. I went once with a lady to see some fireworks, when an animated harlequin ran up a pole, lighting a ring of lamps at top. “This,” says my companion, “is truly *awful*, and puts me in mind of the *Last Day!*”

(Vol. xi. p. 345.) — The parallel (Young's) of Quicksilver and Pleasure is most undoubtedly original: so far superior to Pope's passage of the Alps in his “Essay on Criticism.”

(Vol. xi. p. 350.) — I remember seeing Mrs. Cibber once play Eurydice for her benefit; or was it Elvira? but my father said Mallet wrote the play. He visited Mallet, and told us once how Mrs. Mallet kiss'd her husband's hand, and said, “I kiss the dear hand that confers immortality.” My mother thought it very ridiculous, I remember.

(Vol. xi. p. 353.) — I recollect my family joining in Mallet's opinion, that Byng was a sad fellow; and they called an old Mrs. Osborne, who put her house in

mourning for the Admiral, Mother Damnable: she hung her rooms with black.

(Gray's verses on Walpole's Cat, vol. xi. p. 373.)—She is also called a Tabby Cat in one line, a Tortoise-Shell Cat in another; perhaps he knew no more of *his* nymph than Cowley of his fictitious mistresses. A poet makes his puss to his own mind, and then writes verses to her.\*

(Life of Lyttleton, vol. xi. p. 380.)—Doctor Johnson requested Lord Westcote, in my hearing, to write this life for him (tho' I am sure he neither loved nor esteemed the man). Lord Westcote declined the work with many complimentary expressions; said his dear brother was in the best possible hands, &c.; and after it was written, flew in a rage and ran to Mrs. Montagu, complaining of Doctor Johnson, who sate still and laugh'd at my Lord Parenthesis, as he called Billy Lyttelton.

(Vol. xi. p. 382.)—Very modestly said. Johnson would not suffer his personal dislike to operate upon character in a work he meant to be lasting. Lady Lyttelton lived to a very great age.

“Doctor, you shall be my confessor.” (Vol. xi. p. 387.)—So ended a man (Lord Lyttelton) who had always fulminated against auricular confession, tho' it is surely

\* The china bowl in which the identical cat was drowned was amongst the curiosities of Strawberry Hill before the dispersion of its treasures. These are irrecoverable, but the present owner, Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, is doing all that can be done by taste and munificence to revive the genius of the place.

better confessing our sins to a priest than a physician. What signifies blaming each other so? Confession to a priest has nothing in it *necessarily* evil; Romanists may have abused the practice, but blaming our brother Christians is no better in us Protestants: 'twere wiser to let *that* alone.

# MISCELLANIES

OR

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE





## MISCELLANIES

OR

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### THE THREE WARNINGS.

A TALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years.  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess but few perceive,  
If old affections can't prevail,  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.  
When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,

\* Under this head I have printed only those which were found detached. The majority of her fugitive pieces and occasional verses are contained in the Letters.

Death call'd aside the jocund groom,  
With him into another room :  
And looking grave, You must, says he,  
Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.  
With you, and quit my Susan's side ?  
With you ! the hapless husband cried :  
Young as I am ; 'tis monstrous hard ;  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :  
My thoughts on other matters go,  
This is my wedding night, you know.  
What more he urg'd, I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger,  
So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.  
Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour glass tumbled while he spoke,  
Neighbour, he said, farewell. No more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour,  
And further to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have  
Before you're summon'd to the grave :  
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve ;  
In hopes you'll have no more to say  
But when I call again this way,  
Well pleas'd the world will leave.  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,  
The willing muse shall tell:  
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,  
Nor thought of Death as near;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He pass'd his hours in peace ;  
But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
While thus along life's dusty road,  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time whose haste no mortal spares  
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
Brought him on his eightieth year.  
And now one night in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,  
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate  
Once more before him stood.  
Half stilled with anger and surprise,  
So soon returned ! old Dobson cries.  
So soon, d' ye call it ! Death replies :  
Surely, my friend, you 're but in jest ;  
Since I was here before  
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore.  
So much the worse, the clown rejoin'd,  
To spare the aged would be kind ;

However, see your search be legal,  
And your authority—Is 't regal?  
Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
With but a secretary's warrant.  
Besides, you promised me three warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings ;  
But for that loss of time and ease  
I can recover damages.  
I know, cries Death, that at the best,  
I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
But don't be captious, friend, at least ;  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable ;  
Your years have run to a great length,  
I wish you joy tho' of your strength.  
Hold, says the farmer, not so fast,  
I have been lame these four years past.  
And no great wonder, Death replies ;  
However, you still keep your eyes,  
And sure to see one's loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends.  
Perhaps, says Dobson, so it might,  
But, latterly, I've lost my sight.  
This is a shocking story, faith,  
Yet there's some comfort still, says Death ;  
Each strives your sadness to amuse,  
I warrant you have all the news.  
There's none, cries he, and if there were,  
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.

Nay then, the spectre stern rejoin'd,  
These are unjustifiable yearnings ;  
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
You 've had your three sufficient warnings.  
So come along, no more we 'll part :  
He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;  
And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
Yields to his fate — so ends my tale.

## THE STREATHAM PORTRAITS.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S description of the Streatham Portraits will be the best preface to the following verses on them: "Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter were in one piece, over the fire-place (of the library), at full length. The rest of the pictures were all three-quarters. Mr. Thrale was over the door leading to his study. The general collection then began by Lord Sandys and Lord Westcote (Lyttelton), two early noble friends of Mr. Thrale. Then followed Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Baretti, Sir Robert Chambers, and Sir Joshua Reynolds himself — all painted in the highest style of this great master, who much delighted in this his Streatham gallery. There was place left but for one more frame when the acquaintance with Dr. Burney began at Streatham."

The whole of them were sold by auction in the spring of 1816. According to Mrs. Piozzi's marked catalogue, they fetched respectively the following prices, which appear to vary according to the celebrity of the subjects, and to make small account of the pictures considered as works of art: — "Lord Sandys, 36*l.* 15*s.* (Lady Downshire); Lord Lyttelton, 43*l.* 1*s.* (Mr. Lyttelton, his son); Mrs. Piozzi and her daughter, 81*l.* 18*s.* (S. Boddington, Esq., a rich merchant); Gold-

smith (duplicate of the original), 133*l.* 7*s.* (Duke of Bedford); Sir J. Reynolds, 128*l.* 2*s.* (R. Sharp, Esq., M.P.); Sir R. Chambers, 84*l.* (Lady Chambers, his widow); David Garrick, 183*l.* 15*s.* (Dr. Charles Burney); Baretti, 31*l.* 10*s.* (Stewart, Esq., I know not who); Dr. Burney, 84*l.* (Dr. C. Burney, his son); Edmund Burke, 252*l.* (R. Sharp, Esq., M.P.); Dr. Johnson, 378*l.* (Watson Taylor, Esq.), by whom for Mr. Murphy was offered 102*l.* 18*s.*, but I bought it in." In 1780 Reynolds raised the price of his portraits (three-quarter size) from thirty-five to fifty guineas, which, Mrs. Piozzi complains, made the Streatham portraits in many instances cost more than they fetched, as she had to pay for them after Mr. Thrale's death at the increased price. Her own prefatory remarks are :

“ With the dismal years 1772 and 1773 ended much of my misery, no doubt. The recollection of the sweet and saint-like manner in which my incomparable mother meekly laid down her temporal existence, sweetened the loss of her who I shall see no more in this world, and whose situation in the next will probably be too high for my most fervent aspirations. The loss of our dear boy fell so heavy on my husband, that it became my duty to endure it courageously, and shake away as much of the weight as it was possible. Among other efforts to amuse myself and my eldest daughter, — now my daily companion, and a *charming* one, but never partial to a mother who sought in vain to obtain her friendship, — was a fancy I took of writing little paltry verse characters of the gentlemen who sate for their portraits in



the library, and of whose sittings I was cruelly impatient. No wonder! when such calamity was hanging over our heads as is mentioned in the last volume. Let that reflection make you hesitate in censuring the satirical vein which perhaps does run through them all:

## I.

LORD SANDYS appears first, at the head of the tribe,  
 But flat insipidity who can describe?  
 When such parents and wife as might check even  
     Pindar,  
 Form family compacts his progress to hinder:  
 Their oppression for forty long years he endur'd,  
 The nobleman sunk, and the scholar obscur'd;  
 Till rank, reason, virtue, endeav'ring in vain  
 To fling off their burden, and break off their chain,  
 Can at last but regret, not resist, his hard fate,  
 Like Enceladus, crush'd by the mountainous weight.

## II.

Next him on the right hand, see Lyttelton hang;  
 Polite in behaviour, prolix in harangue.  
 With power well matur'd, with science well bred,  
 He had studied, had travell'd, had reason'd, had read.  
 Yet the mind, as the body, was wanting in strength,  
 For in Lyttelton everything ran into length;  
 Of his long wheaten straw *that* the farmer complains,  
 Where the chaff is still found to outnumber the  
     grains.

## III.

In these features \* so placid, so cool, so serene,  
What trace of the wit or the Welshwoman's seen?  
What trace of the tender, the rough, the refin'd,  
The soul in which such contrarities join'd!  
Where, tho' merriment loves over method to rule,  
Religion resides, and the virtues keep school:  
Till when tir'd we condemn her dogmatical air,  
Like a rocket she rises, and leaves us to stare.  
To such contradictions d'ye wish for a clue?  
Keep vanity still, that vile passion, in view,  
For' tis thus the slow miner his fortune to make,  
Of arsenic thin scatter'd pursues the pale track,  
Secure where that poison pollutes the rich ground,  
That it points to the place where some silver is found.

\* She complained in prose as well as in verse of the want of likeness in her own portrait. Northcote, in his *Life of Reynolds*, observed of Sir Joshua's pictures in general that "they possess a degree of merit superior to mere portraits; they assume the rank of history. His portraits of men are distinguished by a certain air of dignity, and those of women and children by a grace, a beauty, and simplicity which have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. In his attempts to give character where it did not exist, he has sometimes lost likeness, but the deficiencies of the portrait were often compensated by the beauty of the picture." Mrs. Piozzi remarks on this passage: "True, in *my* portrait above all, there is really no resemblance, and the *character* is less like *my* father's daughter than Pharaoh's." Speaking of Sir Joshua's picture of Lady Sarah Bunbury "sacrificing to the Graces," Mrs. Piozzi says: "Lady Sarah never did sacrifice to the Graces. Her beauty was in her face, which had few equals; but she was a cricket-player, and ate beefsteaks upon the Steyne at Brighthelmstone."

## IV.

Of a virgin so tender \*, the face or the fame  
 Alike would be injur'd by praise or by blame ;  
 To the world's fiery trial too early consign'd,  
 She soon shall experience it, cruel or kind.  
 His concern thus the artful enameller hides,  
 And his well-finish'd work to the furnace confides ;  
 But jocund resumes it secure from decay,  
 If the colours stand firm on the dangerous day.

## V.

A manner so studied, so vacant a face,  
 These features the mind of our Murphy disgrace,  
 A mind unaffected, soft, artless, and true,  
 A mind which, though ductile, has dignity too.  
 Where virtues ill-sorted are huddled in heaps,  
 Humanity triumphs, and piety sleeps ;  
 A mind in which mirth may with merit reside,  
 And Learning turns Frolic, with Humour, his guide.  
 Whilst wit, follies, faults, its fertility prove,  
 Till the faults you grow fond of, the follies you love,  
 And corrupted at length by the sweet conversation,  
 You swear there 's no honesty left in the nation.  
 An African landscape thus breaks on the sight,  
 Where confusion and wildness increase the delight ;  
 Till in wanton luxuriance indulging our eye,  
 We faint in the forcible fragrance, and die.

\* Her eldest daughter, then a child.

## VI.

From our Goldsmith's anomalous character, who  
Can withhold his contempt, and his reverence too?  
From a poet so polished, so paltry a fellow!  
From critic, historian, or vile Punchinello!  
From a heart in which meanness had made her abode,  
From a foot that each path of vulgarity trod;  
From a head to invent, and a hand to adorn,  
Unskilled in the schools, a philosopher born.  
By disguise undefended, by jealousy smit,  
This *lusus naturæ*, this nondescript wit,  
May best be compared to those Anamorphòses,  
Which for lectures to ladies th' optician proposes;  
All deformity seeming, in some points of view,  
In others quite accurate, regular, true:  
Till the student no more sees the figure that shock'd  
her,  
But all in his likeness — our odd little doctor.

## VII.

Of Reynolds all good should be said, and no harm;  
Tho' the heart is too frigid, the pencil too warm;  
Yet each fault from his converse we still must dis-  
claim,  
As his temper 'tis peaceful, and pure as his fame.  
Nothing in it o'erflows, nothing ever is wanting,  
It nor chills like his kindness, nor glows like his  
painting.  
When Johnson by strength overpowers our mind,  
When Montagu dazzles, and Burke strikes us blind;

To Reynolds well pleas'd for relief we must run,  
Rejoice in his shadow, and shrink from the sun.

## VIII.

In this luminous portrait requiring no shade,  
See Chambers' soft character sweetly display'd:  
Oh! quickly return with that genuine smile,  
Nor longer let India's temptations beguile,  
But fly from a climate where moist relaxation  
Invades with her torpor th' effeminate nation,  
Where metals and marbles will melt and decay,  
Fear, man, for thy virtue, — and hasten away.

## IX.

Here Garrick's lov'd features our mem'ry may trace,  
Here praise is exhausted, and blame has no place.  
Many portraits like this would defeat my whole  
    scheme,  
For what new can be said on so hackney'd a theme?  
'Tis thus on old Ocean whole days one may look,  
Every change well recorded in some well-known  
    book;  
Till with vain expectation fatiguing our eyes,  
Nor the storm nor the calm one new image supplies.

## X.

See Thrale from intruders defending his door,  
While he wishes his house would with people run o'er;  
Unlike his companions, the make of his mind,  
In great things expanded, in small things confin'd.

Yet his purse at their call and his meat to their taste,  
 The wits he delighted in lov'd him at last;  
 And finding no prominent follies to flee at,  
 Respected his wealth and applauded his merit: \*  
 Much like that empirical chemist was he  
 Who thought Anima Mundi the grand panacea.  
 Yet when every kind element help'd his collection,  
 Fell sick while the med'cine was yet in projection.

## XI.

Baretti hangs next, by his frowns you may know him,  
 He has lately been reading some new published poem;  
 He finds the poor author a blockhead, a beast,  
 A fool without sentiment, judgment, or taste.  
 Ever thus let our critic his insolence fling,  
 Like the hornet in Homer, impatient to sting.  
 Let him rally his friends for their frailties before 'em,  
 And scorn the dull praise of that dull thing, decorum:  
 While tenderness, temper, and truth he despises,  
 And only the triumph of victory prizes.  
 Yet let us be candid, and where shall we find  
 So active, so able, so ardent a mind?  
 To your children more soft, more polite with your  
 servant,  
 More firm in distress, or in friendship more fervent.

\* "I am at present in a *tourbillon* of conversations; but how came you to throw in the Thrales among the Reynoldses and the Beauclerks? Mr. Thrale is a worthy sensible man, and has the wits much about his house, but he is not one himself. Perhaps you mean Mrs. Thrale."—*Boswell to Temple*, May 10th, 1775. This is not exactly the tone in which he distinguishes the couple in his book.

Thus Ætna enraged her artillery pours,  
 And tumbles down palaces, princes, and towers ;  
 While the fortunate peasantry fix'd at its foot,  
 Can make it a hot-house to ripen their fruit.

## XII.

See next, happy contrast ! in Burney combine  
 Every power to please, every talent to shine.  
 In professional science a second to none,  
 In social if second, thro' shyness alone.  
 So sits the sweet violet close to the ground,  
 Whilst holy-oaks and sunflow'rs flant it around.  
 His character form'd free, confiding, and kind,  
 Grown cautious by habit, by station confin'd :  
 Tho' born to improve and enlighten our days,  
 In a supple facility fixes his praise :  
 And contented to sooth, unambitious to strike,  
 Has a faint praise from all men, from all men alike.  
 While thus the rich wines of Frontinac impart  
 Their sweets to our palate, their warmth to our heart,  
 All in praise of a liquor so luscious agree,  
 From the monarch of France to the wild Cherokee.

## XIII.

See Burke's bright intelligence beams from his face,  
 To his language gives splendour, his action gives grace ;  
 Let us list to the learning that tongue can display,  
 Let it steal all reflection, all reason away ;  
 Lest home to his house we the patriot pursue,  
 Where scenes of another sort rise to our view ;

Where Av'rice usurps sage Economy's look,\*  
 And Humour cracks jokes out of Ribaldry's book :  
 Till no longer in silence confession can lurk,  
 That from chaos and cobwebs could spring even Burke.  
 Thus, 'mong dirty companions conceal'd in the ground,  
 And unnotic'd by all, the proud metal was found,  
 Which, exalted by place, and by polish refined,  
 Could comfort, corrupt, and confound all mankind.

## XIV.

Gigantic in knowledge, in virtue, in strength,  
 With Johnson our company closes at length :  
 So the Greeks from the cavern of Polypheme past,  
 When, wisest and greatest, Ulysses came last,  
 To his comrades contemptuous, we see him look down  
 On their wit and their worth with a general frown :  
 While from Science' proud tree the rich fruit *he*  
     receives,  
 Who could shake the whole trunk while they turn'd  
     a few leaves.  
 Th' inflammable temper, the positive tongue,  
 Too conscious of right for endurance of wrong,  
 We suffer from Johnson, contented to find  
 That some notice we gain from so noble a mind ;  
 And pardon our hurts, since so many have found  
 The balm of instruction pour'd into the wound.

\* Till he got his pension, Burke was always poor; and the wonder is how he managed to make both ends meet at all.



'Tis thus for its virtues the chymists extol  
Pure rectified spirit, sublime alcohol.  
From noxious putrescence preservative pure,  
A cordial in health, and in sickness a cure ;  
But oppos'd to the sun, taking fire at his rays,  
Burns bright to the bottom, and ends in a blaze.

## ASHERI.

## אֲשֶׁרִי.

ARABIAN tales, all Oriental tales indeed, are full of imagination, void of common sense. The lady who recounts can scarcely fail to amuse. She is herself so handsome and so charming, the story must please, be it what it will; but they must be listeners like Sir James Fellowes who can feel interest in an old man's narration, and hear attentively the Rabbinical story concerning *A search after Asheri*.

Four young men, then, stood round their father's death-bed. "I cannot speak what I wish you to hear," whispered the dying parent; "but there is a Genius residing in the neighbouring wood, who pretends to direct mortals to *Asheri*. Meanwhile, accept my house and lands; they are not large, but will afford an elegant sufficiency. — Farewell."

Three of the brothers set out instantly for the wood. The fourth staid at home; and, having performed the last filial duties to a father he revered, began to cultivate his farm, and court his neighbour's daughter to share it with him. She was virtuous, kind, and amiable. We will leave them, and follow the adventurers, who soon arrived at the obscure habitation of the reputed sage, bosomed in trees, and his hut darkened with ivy. Scarce

could the ambiguous mandates be heard; still less could the speaker (Imagination) be discerned through the gloom. "What is this *Asheri* we are to look out for?" said one brother. "Oh! when once seen, no eye can be mistaken," replied a voice from within the grot. "Three beautiful forms uniting under one radiant head, compose the sighed-for object." "*I* am a passionate admirer of *beauty*," interrupted the youth. "Shall I not find the lovely creature at Grand Cairo?" "Seek your desire there," was the reply; "the soil will be congenial to your nature." He set off without studying for an answer.

When the next brother made application: "I wonder," said he, "how this renowned *Asheri* should ever be found without obtaining court-favour, and permission to proceed in the search." "At Ispahan, Sir, you may procure both. Here are letters for the young Sophy of Persia, scarce thirteen years old, and her mother the Sultana Valadi." A respectful bow constituted this youth's adieu, and he put himself immediately on progress.

The third, who till now had been employed in laughing at and mimicking his companions, remained a moment with the Genius of the wood; and "Well, Sir," said he, "which way shall *I* take towards finding this fabulous being, this faultless wonder, this non-existent chimera, *Asheri*?" "Oh, you are a wit: make your *début* at Delhi; 'tis the only mart for talents." Aboul, willing to try his fortune, soon set out: and after fifteen years—for so long my tale lasts—he was

observed by two mendicants of ragged and wretched appearance; who, fainting with hunger and exhausted by disease, addressed him as he sate upon a stone by the wayside leading to Kouristan, 400 miles from Delhi. "I have no money, my honest friends," said he; "but you shall share my dinner of brown bread and goat's milk. You have scarcely strength, I see, to reach the cottage: I will run home and fetch two wooden bowls full." He did so, and they were refreshed, and recognised each other. It was now who should tell his hapless history; but Aboul was ablest and gave the following account:—

"You left me," said he, "with that rascally conjuror, Imagination by name, whose delight it is to dress up a phantom for poor afflicted mortals to follow, and he calls it *Asheri*. My destiny led me to seek in Delhi the bright reward of superior talents; but it was never my intention to claim applause till I had deserved it; so my lamp went not out at night till I had composed a book of tales for publication,—short ones, but well-varied,—for novels were the mode at Delhi. In a week's time the book was in every hand that could hold one. The reviews criticised, but the ladies bought it, and the criticisms did me more good than harm. An ill-spent note called me to the toilette of a great lady; invitations then crowded round me, suppers without end, and dinners undesired. At first this was not unpleasant, and I began to think *Asheri* not far distant. I wrote elaborate poems in praise of my protectress, entered into none of her intrigues; but against all the

people she hated there were store of lampoons and choice of epigrams ready, composed by the fashionable author, your hapless brother Aboul. Favoured by one society, therefore, persecuted by another; adored by one set of ignorant females, tormented by another set; stared at by a neutral class as if I had been a monster; everything I said repeated, and *wrong* repeated; everything I did related, and *wrong* related; I gained information that my patroness was on the eve of losing her friend the vizier's confidence, which a younger beauty (a woman she despised) was stealing away. My business was to satirize the vizier, who could not read; but soon understanding from others that it was done with acrimony of which Aboul only was capable, my Fatima was threatened; and to save *herself*, promised to give me up; but, in the clothes I exchanged instantly for those of a grateful slave, my escape was perfected, and you will not suspect me of seeking this invisible *Asheri* in the mean character of a village pedagogue,—for such you find me, after fifteen years' separation,—though, really, explaining to babies the rudiments of literature is at least a far less offensive employment than that of trying to instruct self-sufficient fools who take up their teachers out of vanity and discard them out of pride. I have been long enough a wit and an author. Now tell me *your* adventures."

"*Mine*," said the passionate admirer of beauty, "are soon told. I dashed at Cairo into the full tide of what the world calls *pleasure*, till dissipation was no more a name. Five of the fifteen years were spent in ruining my-

self and others. The ten remaining proved too few for my repentance, too many for my endurance. My frame exhausted, my very mind enfeebled, life is to me only a lengthening calamity. What was *your* course, Mesrou?"

"My *course* was wretched," replied Mesrou; "but my aim was well taken, and the goal I aimed at *grand*. Resolving to subdue all meaner passions, and dedicate myself to ambitious pursuits, I entered Ispahan with hope swelling in my heart, and presented my credentials to Sultana Valadi. She was old and ugly, amorous and vindictive. No matter; she guided the helm of State for her young son, whose honour she conceived would still be best secured by keeping his subjects continually at war. I was a coadjutor completely to her taste in public and private, having small care for the nation, and few scruples of delicacy. We spared no expenses for the support of the army, but our generals were sometimes beaten and disgraced us; sometimes victorious, and then they came home to insult us. My sultana's temper, crooked as her person, grew wholly insupportable; every misfortune was set down to my account as minister, and money became hard to find. Taxes offended the people, and the soldiers refused to enforce them. The lady was affrighted at the spirit she had raised; and, when I observed her one evening as if mixing some powders in the Cherbette we were to drink after supper, I was affrighted too; and, grasping her so roughly that resistance was vain, I held the prepared potion to her own lips. Fortunately for my innocence, the Valadi, in her ungovernable fury at such treatment, broke a blood-

vessel, and I left her to expire unpitied on the sofa, while the bustle gave me time to drop my turban ; and snatching the lay frock from off a dervise in the crowd, covered myself up, and escaped from being the prime minister at Ispahan. Let us now try to find our fourth brother, Ittai, and return, though ragged, to our father's house."

The first man they met showed the leading path, and pointed out the way. Arrived, they saw the fields so much improved, it was scarce possible to recognise the place. The man of talents, however, climbing a ladder which was reared against the wall for some reason, looked in, and perceived Ittai dancing at the celebration of his son's birthday. "Oh, brother!" he exclaimed, "here we are ; we have never found *Asheri*." "That is a truth, indeed," replied a little figure from behind the screen, "for I have never moved for fifteen years from this very spot." "Is that the *beautiful* creature we were taught to expect?" cried out the man of pleasure. Ittai set wide his door, and a burst of brilliancy illuminated the dwelling. Virtue, Love, and Friendship — three forms under one radiant head — dazzled their sight ; and, "Keep your distance," said the well-tuned voice : "*Asheri* abhors men who deny the existence of what all must wish, but none will ever find in pleasure, fame, or power. *Asheri* dwells in heaven, visiting in *disguise* even the favoured mortals who, like Ittai, send up their pious aspirations *there*, and live contented with their lot below." The brothers waked as from a dream, resolving to forget all their projects of felicity in *this* life ; which they closed in company with Ittai : and each half hoped he saw a

*gleam* of *Asheri*, as this world gradually receded from their view, and soft futurity advanced to meet them.

*Streatham Park, April 3, 1816.*—“Mrs. Piozzi gave me this (the foregoing) paper in the Library. After telling several amusing anecdotes, she mentioned one of Sir R. Jebb. One day somebody had given him a bottle of *castor* oil, very pure; it had but lately been brought into use. Before he left his home, he gave it in charge to his man, telling him to be careful of it. After the lapse of a considerable time, Sir Richard asked his servant for the oil. ‘Oh, it’s all used!’ replied he. ‘Used!’ said Sir Richard; ‘how and when, Sir?’ ‘I put it in the *castor* when wanted, and gave it to the company.’ The way of telling this story by Mrs. Piozzi added to the humour, and renders all description useless.”—*Sir James Fellowes.*



## HER CHARACTER OF THRALE.

As this is *Thraliana*, I will now write Mr. *Thrale's* character in it. It is not because I am in good or ill-humour with him or he with me, for we are not capricious people, but have, I believe, the same opinion of each other at all places and times.

Mr. *Thrale's* person is manly, his countenance agreeable, his eyes steady and of the deepest blue; his look neither soft nor severe, neither sprightly nor gloomy, but thoughtful and intelligent; his address is neither caressive nor repulsive, but unaffectedly civil and decorous; and his manner more completely free from every kind of trick or particularity than I ever saw any person's. He is a man wholly, as I think, out of the power of mimicry. He loves money, and is diligent to obtain it; but he loves liberality too, and is willing enough both to give generously and to spend fashionably. His passions either are not strong, or else he keeps them under such command that they seldom disturb his tranquillity or his friends; and it must, I think, be something more than common which can affect him strongly, either with hope, fear, anger, love, or joy. His regard for his father's memory is remarkably great, and he has been a most exemplary brother; though, when the house of his favourite sister was on fire, and we were all alarmed with the account of it in the night,

I well remember that he never rose, but bidding the servant who called us to go to her assistance, quietly turned about and slept to his usual hour. I must give another trait of his tranquillity on a different occasion. He had built great casks holding 1000 hogsheads each, and was much pleased with their profit and appearance. One day, however, he came down to Streatham as usual to dinner, and after hearing and talking of a hundred trifles, "but I forgot," says he, "to tell you how one of my great casks is burst, and all the beer run out."

Mr. Thrale's sobriety, and the decency of his conversation, being wholly free from all oaths, ribaldry and profaneness, make him a man exceedingly comfortable to live with; while the easiness of his temper and slowness to take offence add greatly to his value as a domestic man. Yet I think his servants do not much love him, and I am not sure that his children have much affection for him; low people almost all indeed agree to abhor him, as he has none of that officious and cordial manner which is universally required by them, nor any skill to dissemble his dislike of their coarseness. With regard to his wife, though little tender of her person, he is very partial to her understanding; but he is obliging to nobody, and confers a favour less pleasing than many a man refuses to confer one. This appears to me to be as just a character as can be given of the man with whom I have now lived thirteen years; and though he is extremely reserved and uncommunicative, yet one must know something of him after so long acquaintance. Johnson has a very great degree of kindness and esteem

for him, and says if he would talk more, his manner would be very completely that of a perfect gentleman.

(Here follow Master Pepys' verses addressed to Thrale on his wedding-day, October, 1776.)

People have a strange propensity to making vows on trifling occasions, a trick one would not think of, but I once caught my husband at it, and have since then been suspicious that 'tis oftener done than believed. For example: Mr. Thrale and I were driving through E. Grinsted, and found the inn we used to put up at destroyed by fire. He expressed great uneasiness, and I still kept crying, "Why can we not go to the other inn? 'tis a very good house; here is no difficulty in the case." All this while Mr. Thrale grew violently impatient, endeavoured to bribe the post-boy to go on to the next post-town, &c., but in vain; till, pressed by inquiries and solicitations he could no longer elude, he confessed to me that he had sworn an oath or made a vow, I forget which, seventeen years before, never to set his foot within those doors again, having had some fraud practised on him by a landlord who then kept the house, but had been dead long enough ago. When I heard this all was well; I desired him to sit in the chaise while the horses were changed, and walked into the house myself to get some refreshment the while.

In 1779, June, after his recovery from the first fit of paralysis, she writes:

His head is as clear as ever; his spirits indeed are low, but they will mend; few people live in such a state of preparation for eternity, I think, as my dear master

has done since I have been connected with him; regular in his public and private devotions, constant at the Sacrament, temperate in his appetites, moderate in his passions,—he has less to apprehend from a sudden summons than any man I have known who was young and gay, and high in health and fortune like him.

## TRANSLATION OF LAURA BASSI'S VERSES.

MESSER CHRISTOFORO, who shewed us the Specola at Bologna, and made his short but pathetic eulogium on the lamented Dottoressa, pointed with his finger (I believe he could not speak) to her much admired and well-known verses on the gate:—

“ Si tibi pulchra domus, si splendida mensa,—quid inde?  
 Si species auri, argenti quoque massa,—quid inde?  
 Si tibi sponsa decens, si sit generosa,—quid inde?  
 Si tibi sunt nati; si prædia magna,—quid inde?  
 Si fueris pulcher, fortis, divesve,—quid inde?  
 Si doceas alios in qualibet arte;—quid inde?  
 Si longus servorum inserviat ordo:—quid inde?  
 Si faveat mundus, si prospera cuncta,—quid inde?  
 Si prior, aut abbas, si dux, si papa,—quid inde?  
 Si felix annos regnes per mille,—quid inde?  
 Si rota Fortunæ se tollit ad astra,—quid inde?  
 Tam cito, tamque cito fugiunt hæc ut nihil,—inde.  
 Sola manet Virtus; nos glorificabimur,—inde.  
 Ergo Deo pare, bene nam tibi provenit—inde.”

I brought them home of course, and tried to translate them; but ventured not the translation out of my sight till now.

26th October, 1815.

Thy mansion splendid, and thy service plate,  
Thy coffers fill'd with gold ;— well ! what of that ?  
Thy spouse the envy of all other men,  
Thy children beautiful and rich, — what then ?  
Vig'rous thy youth, unmortgag'd thy estate,  
Of arts the applauded teacher ; what of that ?  
Troops of acquaintance, and of slaves a train,  
This world's prosperity complete, — what then ?  
Prince, pope, or emperor's thy smiling fate,  
With a long life's enjoyment, — what of that ?  
By Fortune's wheel tost high beyond our ken,  
Too soon shall following Time cry — Well ! what then ?  
Virtue alone remains ; on Virtue wait,  
All else *I* sweep away ;— but what of that ?  
Trust God, and Time defy : eternal is your date.

## A FRIGHTFUL STORY.

HERE (at Florence) our little English coterie printed a book, and called it the "Florence Miscellany,"—you have seen it at my lodgings,—and here, one day, for frolic, we betted a wager who could invent the most frightful story, and produce by dinner time.\* The clock struck three, and by five we were to meet again.

Merry brought a very fine one, but Mr. Greatheed burned his, and the following

## "FRAGMENT OF A SCENE NEAR NAPLES"

carried off the palm of victory.

He tore her from the bleeding body of her husband, and throwing her across his horse, spurred him forward, till even the imaginary noises, which for a while pursued his flight, began to fade away and leave him leisure to reanimate his brutal passion. He alighted in a distant and deserted place, and by the faint light which the new moon afforded some moments ere she sunk below the horizon, examined his companion, and found her—dead. A crowd of horrid images possessed his mind, but that which prevailed was the fear of discovery. He regained his seat, intent upon escape,

\* A somewhat similar competition produced "Frankenstein" and "The Vampire."

but the horse trembled, and refused to stir. Ruggiero resolved to lose no time in fruitless contentions with his steed, but fly away as fast as it was possible. He ran for a full hour, then found himself entangled by some unseen substance that hindered him from proceeding.

The mountain, which had for thirty years been silent, then gave a hollow groan. Ruggiero knew not that it was the mountain: but a column of blue flame shot up from the crater convinced him, while gathering clouds and solemn stillness of the air announced an approaching earthquake. Ruggiero's joints began to loosen with the united sensations of guilt and fear; surrounded on all sides by torrents of indurated lava,—which he recollected to have heard flowed from Vesuvius the year that he was born, when both his parents perished in the flames, and he himself was saved as if by miracle,—his feet stood fixed by difficulty, whilst his mind ran rapidly over past events. The mountain now swelled with a second sigh, more solemn than before. The hollow ground heaved under him, and by the light of an electric cloud which caught the blaze as it blew over the hill, he happily discovered a distant crucifix, and seeking with steps become somewhat more steady to gain it. Tears for the first time eased his heart, and gave hope of returning humanity. Ruggiero now prayed for life only that he might gain time to request forgiveness; and after a variety of penances courageously endured, he lives at this day, a hermit on Vesuvius,—religion making that residence



delightful, the sight of which, when guilty, chilled him with horror,—and he scruples not to relate the story of his conversion to those who, passing that way, are sure to partake his hospitality.

This story was never seen since that day by any one.

## DELLA CRUSCA VERSES.

AMONG many other undeserved praises I received at generous Florence, I select these from Mr. Merry, whom we called Della Crusca, because he was a member of their academy :

“ Oh you! whose piercing azure eye  
 Reads in each heart the feelings there;  
 You! that with purest sympathy  
 Our transports and our woes can share;  
 You! that by fond experience prove,  
 The virtuous bliss of Piozzi's love;  
 Who while his breast affection warms,  
 With merit heightens music's charms;

“ Oh deign to accept the verse sincere  
 Nor yet deride my rustic reed;  
 But pitying wait my woes to hear,  
 For pity sure is folly's meed;  
 The good, the liberal, and the kind,  
 Possess a tolerating mind:  
 Nor view the madman with a frown  
 Because of straw he weaves a crown.”

These were sincere verses indeed; for he wanted me not to join the Greatheeds and Parsons and Piozzi, who

were all persuading him to go home, and not fling any more time away in prosecuting his dangerous passion for Lady Cowper; while the Grand Duke himself was his rival. I answered his application, poor fellow! in the concluding verses of our "Florence Miscellany." They wanted it larger; so I said:—

The book's imperfect you declare,  
 And Piozzi has not given her share;  
 What's to be done? some wits in vogue  
 Would quickly find an epilogue;  
 Composed of whim, and mirth, and satire,  
 Without one drop of true good nature;  
 But trust me; 'tis corrupted taste  
 To make so merry with the last:  
 When in that fatal word we find  
 Each foe to gayety combined.  
 Since parting then — on Arno's shore  
 We part — perhaps to meet no more;  
 Let these last lines some truth contain,  
 More clear than bright, less sweet than plain.

Thou first; to sooth whose feeling heart  
 The Muse bestowed her lenient art;  
 Accept her counsel, quit this coast  
 With only one short lustrum lost:  
 Nor longer let the tuneful strain  
 On foreign ears be poured in vain;  
 The wreath which on thy brow should live,  
 Britannia's hand alone can give.

Meanwhile for Bertie Fate prepares\*  
 A mingled wreath of joys and cares;  
 When politics and party-rage  
 Shall strive such talents to engage,  
 And call him to controul the great,  
 And fix the nicely balanced state:  
 Till charming Anna's gentler mind,  
 For storms of faction ne'er designed,  
 Shall think with pleasure on the times  
 When Arno listened to his rhymes;  
 And reckon among Heav'n's best mercies,  
 Our Piozzi's voice, and Parsons' verses.

Thou too †; who oft has strung the lyre  
 To liveliest notes of gay desire;  
 No longer seek these scorching flames,  
 And trifle with Italian dames;  
 But haste to Britain's chaster isle,  
 Receive some fair one's virgin smile,  
 Accept her vows, regard her truth,  
 And guard from ills her artless youth.  
 Keep her from knowledge of the crimes  
 That taint the sweets of warmer climes;  
 But let her weaker bloom disclose  
 The beauties of a hot-house rose:

\* Mr. Greatheed. She describes him as completely under the influence of his wife, the charming Anna. In the "Baviad and Mœviad" he is called the Rubens of the Della Cruscan school. His tragedy, "The Regent," was acted in 1788.

† Parsons.

Whose leaves no insects ever haunted,  
Whose perfume but to one is granted;  
Pleased with her partner to retire  
And cheer the safe domestic fire.

While I — who, half-amphibious grown,  
Now scarce call any place my own —  
Will learn to view with eye serene  
Life's empty plot, and shifting scene :  
And trusting still to Heav'n's high care,  
Fix my firm habitation there :  
'Twas thus the Grecian sage of old,  
As by Herodotus we 're told\*,  
Accused by them who sate above,  
As wanting in his country's love :  
“ 'Tis that,” cried he, “ which most I prize,”  
And pointing upwards, shewed the skies.

\* An obvious anachronism. There is something like the thought towards the conclusion of the Ninth Book of Plato's Republic.

## ODE TO SOCIETY.\*

## I.

SOCIETY! gregarious dame!  
Who knows thy favour'd haunts to name?  
Whether at Paris you prepare  
The supper and the chat to share,  
While fix'd in artificial row,  
Laughter displays its teeth of snow:  
Grimace with raillery rejoices,  
And song of many mingled voices,  
Till young coquetry's artful wile  
Some foreign novice shall beguile,  
Who home return'd, still prates of thee,  
Light, flippant, French Society.

## II.

Or whether, with your zone unbound,  
You ramble gaudy Venice round,  
Resolv'd the inviting sweets to prove,  
Of friendship warm, and willing love;  
Where softly roll th' obedient seas,  
Sacred to luxury and ease,

\* This ode was probably suggested by Grainger's "Ode to Solitude." The copy in "Thraliana" is not quite the same, and she adds: "These verses were written in a state of complete solitude, for I never saw a place so secluded from the busy hum of men as our little habitation at the Bagni di Pisa."

In coffee-house or casino gay  
 Till the too quick return of day,  
 Th' enchanted votary who sighs  
 For sentiments without disguise,  
 Clear, unaffected, fond, and free,  
 In Venice finds Society.

## III.

Or if to wiser Britain led,  
 Your vagrant feet desire to tread,  
 With measur'd step and anxious care,  
 The precincts pure of Portman-square ; \*  
 While wit with elegance combin'd, }  
 And polish'd manners there you'll find ; }  
 The taste correct — and fertile mind : }  
 Remember vigilance lurks near,  
 And silence with unnotic'd sneer,  
 Who watches but to tell again  
 Your foibles with to-morrow's pen ;  
 Till titt'ring malice smiles to see  
 Your wonder — grave Society.

## IV.

Far from your busy crowded court,  
 Tranquillity makes her resort ;  
 Where 'mid cold Staffa's columns rude,  
 Resides majestic Solitude ;  
 Or where in some sad Brachman's cell,  
 Meek Innocence delights to dwell,  
 Weeping with unexperienc'd eye,  
 The death of a departed fly :

\* The residence of her old rival, Mrs. Montagu.

Or in Hetruria's heights sublime,  
Where Science self might fear to climb,  
But that she seeks a smile from thee,  
And woos thy praise, Society.

## V.

Thence let me view the plains below,  
From rough St. Julian's rugged brow ;  
Hear the loud torrents swift descending,  
Or mark the beauteous rainbow bending,  
Till Heaven regains its favourite hue,  
Æther divine ! celestial blue !  
Then bosom'd high in myrtle bower,  
View letter'd Pisa's pendent tower ;  
The sea's wide scene, the port's loud throng,  
Of rude and gentle, right and wrong  
A motley group which yet agree  
To call themselves Society.

## VI.

Oh ! thou still sought by wealth and fame,  
Dispenser of applause and blame :  
With flatt'ry ever at thy side,  
With slander can thy smiles divide ;  
Far from thy haunts, oh ! let me stray,  
But grant one friend to cheer my way,  
Whose converse bland, whose music's art,  
May cheer my soul, and heal my heart ;  
Let soft content our steps pursue,  
And bliss eternal bound our view :



Pow'r I'll resign, and pomp, and glee,  
Thy best-lov'd sweets—Society.

## DIDO EPIGRAMS.

We were speaking the other day of the famous epigram in Ausonius:—

“ Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,  
Hoc moriente fugis, hoc fugiente peris.”

Two lords, in vain, unlucky Dido tries,  
One dead, she flies the land; one fled, she dies.\*

“ Pauvre Didon ! ou t'a réduite  
De tes maris la triste sort ;  
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite,  
L'autre en fuyant cause ta mort.”

is reckoned a beautiful version of this epigram.

There is, however, a very old passage in Davison, alluding to the same story:—

“ Oh, most unhappy Dido !  
Unlucky wife, and eke unhappy widow :

\* To the same class of *jeux d'esprit* as this epitaph on Dido, belongs one made on Thynne, “Tom of Ten Thousand,” after his assassination by Konigsmark, who wished to marry the widow, the heiress of the Percys. Thynne's marriage had not been consummated, and he was said to have promised marriage to a maid of honour whom he had seduced.

“ Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,  
Who never would so have miscarried,  
Had he married the woman he lay withal,  
Or lay with the woman he married.”

Unhappy in thy honest mate,  
And in thy love unfortunate.”

When Lady Bolingbroke led off the Crim. Con. Dance, about thirty-five years ago, the town made a famous bustle concerning her ladyship's name — Diana. She married Topham Beauclerc, and when her first husband died, some wag made these verses :

“ Ah ! lovely, luckless Lady Di,  
So oddly link'd to either spouse :  
Who can your Gordian knot untie ?  
Or who dissolve your double vows ?  
“ And where will our amazement lead to,  
When we survey your various life ?  
Whose living lord made you a widow,  
Whose dead one leaves you still a wife.”

Will it amuse you to read some of the unmerited praises I picked up in this charming society ? When we all stood round the pianoeforte, and I felt encouraged to reply to Bertola's complimentary verses, which were certainly improvised : when he sung :

“ Esser mi saran fatali  
Cento rivali e cento ;  
Ma più che i miei rivali  
La tua virtù pavento.  
“ Non in sen d'angliche mura  
I tuoi be' lumi al dì si schiuse ;  
Tu nascesti, da un dio me lo giura,  
Ove nacquero le Muse.”

To which I replied :—

Delicati al par di forti  
 Son li versi di Bertola ;  
 Dolce suon che mi consola  
 Mentre lui cantando v`a ;  
 Ma tentando d'imitarli  
 S' io m' ingegno,— oh, Dio ! invano ;  
 Dall' inusitata mano,  
 Il plettrino cascherà.

We were in a large company last night, where a beautiful woman of quality came in dressed according to the present taste, with a gauze head-dress, adjusted turban-wise, and a heron's feather ; the neck wholly bare. Abate Bertola bade me look at her, and, recollecting himself a moment, made this epigram improvise :

“ Volto e crin hai di Sultana,  
 Perchè mai mi vien disdetto,  
 Sodducente Mussulmana,  
 Di gittarti il *fazzoletto* ? ”

of which I can give no better imitation than the following :—

While turban'd head and plumage high  
 A Sultanness proclaims my Cloe ;  
 Thus tempted, tho' no Turk, I'll try  
 The handkerchief you scorn — to throw ye.

## VERSES ON BUFFON.

WHILE we were daily receiving some tender adieux from our Milanese friends, the famous Buffon died, and changed the conversation. He was blind a few days before his death, and occasioned this epigram :

“ Ah ! s’il est vrai que Buffon perd les yeux,  
 Que le jour se refuse au foyer des lumières :  
 La nature à la fin punit les curieux,  
 Qui pénétroient tous ses mystères.”

The Abate Bossi translated it thus : —

“ Ah ! s’è ver che Buffon cieco diventa,  
 Se alle pupille sue il di s’asconde ;  
 Natura alla fin gelosa confonde  
 Chi entro gl’ arcani suoi penetrar tenta.”

Buffon’s bright eyes at length grow dim,  
 Dame Nature now no more will yield ;  
 Or longer lend her light to him  
 Who all her mysteries reveal’d.

This last of course was done by your own little friend ; who was careful to preserve a power over her own language, although beginning almost to *think* in Italian by such constant use.

## FLORENCE MISCELLANY.

*Dedication (writer not specified).*

WHAT a whimsical task, my dear friends, you impose  
 To contribute a fine Dedication in prose!  
 Our Piozzi, methinks, is much fitter for this,  
 For *she* writes the Preface, and can't write amiss.  
 But my thoughts neither beautiful are nor sublime,  
 So I wrap them in metre, and tag them with rhyme,  
 Like theatrical dresses, if tinsel'd enough,  
 The tinsel one stares at, nor thinks of the stuff.  
 We mean not our book for the public inspection,  
 Then why should we court e'en a Monarch's protection?  
 For too oft the good Prince such a critic of lays is,  
 He scarcely knows how to peruse his own praises.  
 Ourselves and our friends we for Patrons will chuse,  
 No others will read us, and these will excuse.

*Preface, by Mrs. Piozzi.\**

PREFACES to Books, like Prologues to Plays, will seldom be found to invite Readers, and still less often to convey importance. Excuses for mean Performances add only the baseness of submission to poverty of sentiment, and take from insipidity the praise of being inoffensive. We do not however by this little address mean to deprecate

\* The Preface praised by Walpole. See Vol. I. p. 271.

public Criticism, or solicit Regard; why we wrote the verses may be easily explain'd, we wrote them to divert ourselves, and to say kind things of each other; we collected them that our reciprocal expressions of kindness might not be lost, and we printed them because we had no reason to be ashamed of our mutual partiality.

Portrait Painting, though unadorn'd by allegorical allusions and unsupported by recollection of events or places, will be esteem'd for ever as one of the most durable methods to keep Tenderness alive and preserve Friendship from decay: nor do I observe that the room here where Artists of many Ages have contributed their own likenesses to the Royal Gallery is less frequented than that which contains the statue of a slave and the picture of a Sibyl. Our little Book can scarcely be less important to Readers of a distant Age or Nation than we ourselves are ready to acknowledge it: the waters of a mineral spring which sparkle in the glass, and exhilarate the spirits of those who drink them on the spot, grow vapid and tasteless by carriage and keeping; and though we have perhaps transgress'd the Persian Rule of sitting silent till we could find something important or instructive to say, we shall at least be allow'd to have glisten'd innocently in Italian Sunshine, and to have imbibed from it's rays the warmth of mutual Benevolence, though we may have miss'd the hardness and polish that some coarser Metal might have obtain'd by heat of equal force. I will not however lengthen out my Preface; if the Book is but a feather, tying a stone to it can be no good policy, though it were a precious

one; the lighter body would not make the heavy one swim, but the heavy body would inevitably make the light one sink.

During her stay in Italy (writes Sir J. Fellowes) in this delightful society, upon the banks of the Arno, which was duly enlivened by brilliant wit and classic taste, the conversation often turned upon more serious subjects, and one day it was proposed to write an impromptu upon the fatal monosyllable *now*, the present moment passing away even before the word is written that explains it. This pretty quatrain was produced by Della Crusca Merry, who had been asserting that all past actions are nihilitic, and that the immediate moment was the whole of human existence :

“ One endless Now stands o’er th’ eventful stream  
Of all that may be with colossal stride ;  
And sees beneath life’s proudest pageants gleam,  
And sees beneath the wrecks of empire glide.”

To this H. L. P. replied : —

’Tis yours the present moment to redeem,  
And powerful snatch from Time’s too rapid stream ;  
While self-impell’d, the rest redundant roll,  
Slumb’ring to stagnate in oblivion’s pool.

ON A WEEPING WILLOW PLACED AGAINST THE SUNDIAL  
AT BRYNBELLA, NOV. 28TH, 1802.

Mark how the weeping willow stands,  
Near the recording stone ;  
It seems to blame our idle hands,  
And mourn the moments flown.

Thus conscience holds our fancy fast,  
 With care too oft' affected;  
 Pretending to lament the past,  
 The present still neglected.

Yet shall the swift improving plant  
 With spring her leaves resume;  
 Nor let the example *she* can grant,  
 Descend on winter's gloom.

Loiter no more then near the tree,  
 Nor on the dial gaze;  
 If but an hour be giv'n to thee,  
 Act right while yet it stays.

LINES WRITTEN JULY 28TH, 1815.

Is it of intellectual powers,  
 Which time developes, time devours,  
 Which twenty years perhaps are ours,  
 That man is vain?

Of such the infant shows no sign,  
 And childhood shuns the dazzling shine,  
 Of knowledge bright with rays divine,  
 As mental pain.

Still less when passion bears the sway,  
 Unbridled youth brooks no delay,  
 He drives dull reason far away,  
 With scorn avow'd.





## ON A WATCH.

When Pleasure marks each hour that flies,  
And Youth rejoyces in his prime,  
It may be good, it may be wise,  
To watch with care the flight of time.

But now ; — when friends and hours are seen  
To part, and ne'er return again ;  
Who would admit of a machine  
To mark how few there yet remain ?

I am asked to produce some *étrennes* for dear Mrs. Lutwyche. Will these verses do, accompanied by a bouquet ? —

The charms we find Maria still possess,  
Deciduous plants like these but ill express :  
*Your* emblem in a brighter clime we see,  
*No* season robs of flow'rs — the Orange Tree.\*

\* It was the fashion of her day to play at emblems. C. J. Fox presented a bunch of grapes to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, for her emblem, with the motto *Je plais jusqu'à l'ivresse*.

## HER LAST VERSES.

TIME, DEATH, AND H. L. P.

DEATH (*loquitur*).

Tell her, old Time of foot so fleet,  
Once caught, she can't our strokes avoid :

H. L. P.

I know it ; but when next we meet,  
'Twill be to see you both destroyed.

# LETTERS



## LETTERS.

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THE two brothers to whom the first batch of the following letters are addressed, were members of a county family settled for more than two centuries at Hempsted in Gloucestershire. Both were eminently distinguished by the extent and variety of their antiquarian and literary acquirements, as well as highly esteemed for their social qualities. It is sufficient to mention their principal work, the "Magna Britannia," which they undertook in copartnership. The younger, Samuel, afterwards Keeper of the Records in the Tower and a V.P.R.S., was presented to Johnson and favourably received by him; but the acquaintance commenced only a few months before Johnson's death.

The present proprietor of Hempsted Court and rector of Rodmarton (the family living) amply sustains the hereditary reputation of his family, being the author of several works of learning, ingenuity and research.

A selection of letters from Mrs. Piozzi to the same gentlemen, of an earlier date, appeared in "Bentley's

Miscellany," in 1849, and I have made a few extracts from these.

"Milan, 26th Feb. 1785.

"Tell me something of home, *do*: how the people tear Mrs. Siddons in pieces, and why they tear her. How the executors and Mr. Boswell quarrel over the remains of poor Dr. Johnson! I saw something of it in an English newspaper one day; but it only served to whet, not gratify, curiosity; the particulars must come from you. The booksellers have written to me for materials or letters, but I told them truly enough that I had left most of my papers in England, and could do nothing till my return."

"Milan, 22nd March, 1785.

"My book is getting forward, and will run well enough among the rest; the letters I have of Dr. Johnson's are two hundred at least, I dare say, and some of those from Skie are delightful—they will carry my little volume upon their back quite easily.

"Do you know who Dr. Taylor gives his anecdotes to? Dr. Johnson bid me once ask *him* for memoirs, if I was the survivor, and so I would, but I am afraid of a refusal, as I guess Sir John Hawkins is already in possession of all that Dr. Taylor has to bestow. There lives, however, at Birmingham a surgeon, Mr. Edward Hector, whom, likewise, Mr. Johnson referred me to: he once saw Mr. Thrale and me, and, perhaps, would be more kind, and more likely to relate such things as I wish to hear,—could you go between us and coax him

out of some intelligence?—the story of the duck is incomparable.\* Sir Lucas Pepys advised me not to declare to private friends alone, but to publicly advertise my intentions of writing anecdotes concerning Dr. Johnson: you will, therefore, see it proclaimed in all the papers, I hope.

“ Venice, 30th April, 1785.

“ My book is in very pretty forwardness, but the letters I have in England are my best possessions. *A propos*, the papers said that Sir John Hawkins has had his house burnt down, is it true? Pray inquire for a letter which I *know* Dr. Johnson wrote to Mr. Barnard, the King’s librarian, when he was in Italy looking for curious books; the subject was wholly literary and controversial, and would be most interesting to the public; I would give anything almost to obtain a copy *now*, and there was a time when I might have taken twenty copies. Do not you be as negligent of *your* opportunities of improvement; one always repents such negligence in the end. No end to my preachments, you’ll say, but you always gave me permission to preach to you, so I am at least a *licenziata*.” . . .

\* The story that Johnson, when only three years old, having trodden on a duckling, the eleventh of a brood, and killed it, dictated the following epitaph to his mother:—

“ Here lies good master Duck,  
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on,  
If it had lived, it had been good luck,  
For then we’d had an odd one.”

Miss Seward discovered the seeds of his future character in these lines, which were really written by his father.



“Miss Thrale has written to me from Brighthelmstone, and Susan and Sophy have thanked me for a little box I sent at the same time as yours, with female trifles in it. Mr. Piozzi is so good as to send them some token of our existence and regard by every opportunity, and the Venetian resident will be good-natured and carry something, I am sure; but then he will not get to London these ten months. I hope you will all like him when he comes among you, and I rather think it, he is a man of an active mind and soft manners. What is there in this world, I wonder, unattainable by the old maxim well persisted in—of *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re?* Very few things I do think.”

“Florence, 14th June, 1785.

“It was exceedingly friendly in you to tell me about the spitfire wits, and nothing can prove the regard I pay to your good counsel so completely, as the method I immediately took by writing to Mr. Cadell, and offering him the ‘Anecdotes.’ He will probably show you my letter, perhaps publish it, in order to convince the world that ’tis no joke at all, and that they must wait till they have read, before they begin to ridicule it. Meantime, I have sent Sir Lucas Pepys an ode, written by the Chevalier Pindemonte, a noble Venetian, in praise of England, with my translation over against it; so people may see I am at liberty to write something, and may undertake the Memoirs of Dr. Johnson as well as anything else. Mr. Colman is right enough in his conjectures, I dare say; but those who had a true

knowledge of our great man's mind will remember that he preferred veracity to interest, affection or resentment; nor suffered partiality or prejudice to warp him from the truth. Let Mr. Boswell be sure to keep that example in view; his old friend often recommended it to him." . . .

"I knew the friendship of the two brothers Pepys would be exceedingly delightful to you; Lady Rothes is one of the best, as well as one of the most agreeable women I know. The world was against her once, on account of her second marriage, without knowing why; but she has had the good fortune to see her choice approved at last by family friends and acquaintance, and I have no doubt but I shall enjoy the same consolation, for the same reason, because my husband deserves every day more than I could ever have done for him, had I, as *Portia* says, been 'Trebled twenty times myself.' Poor soul! he has got the gout now, and I am writing by his bedside."

"Firenze, 27th July, 1785.

"DEAR MR. LYSONS.—You deserve long letters, indeed, you are so good-natured, in writing so often and kindly. Miss Thrale does just the reverse; but I will not let anything vex me, when I have so much with which I ought to be pleased. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Greatheed (whose family you cannot but know) are our constant and partial friends; they have never been three days apart since their acquaintance began, and they love one another at five years end—just as we do now, I think,

who hope to follow their example for half a century at least, and then we shall be a show, like the learned pig." . . .

"I have been playing the baby, and writing nonsense to divert our English friends here, who do the same thing themselves, and swear they will print the collection, and call it an Arno Miscellany. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Merry are exceedingly clever, so is Mr. Greatheed, and we have no critics to maul us, so we laugh in peace."

. . . . .

"It is difficult to express the esteem and fondness shown by the Florentines of both sexes to Mrs. Greatheed and myself, for the sincere love we bear to our amiable husbands—*che bel esempio! che care Inglesine! che copie felice!* resounds from every mouth. Oh! for candour and liberality of sentiment, for honest praise and kind construction of words and actions, Italy is the place, nor have they an idea of pretending to approve what they really do not like."

"Rome, 4th Nov. 1715.

"You do well to examine our land of mediocrities before you come hither, whence Mr. Piozzi says he shall be glad to return to clean rooms, neat workmanship, and good common sense.

"This last article reminds me of dear Dr. Johnson. I was very sorry, indeed, to hear of his useless prayers for the dead: for, as the Prophet David says, it cost more to redeem their souls, so that we must let that alone for ever. Meantime I wish my 'Anecdotes'

may be found less trivial than Boswell's: I always hoped that even trifles belonging to Johnson would be welcome to the public, or what would become of my book? Did the executors publish those 'Prayers and Meditations?' or, how came they printed? Do tell, for I am earnest to hear." . . .

"Will you have a pretty book as a present? Mr. Parsons, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry and myself (who had the least share), diverted ourselves with writing verses, while we lived together at Florence, and got them printed — but very imperfectly, as you may suppose; and I have sent a few copies to England, of which I beg you to accept one. You must call on Mr. Cator for it: he lives in the Adelphi, you know. They made me write the preface and find the motto; but some of the verses are very good indeed, and I hope you will say so, as I think exceeding highly of Merry's poetical powers."

Alluding to Cornelia Knight, she writes March 1, 1796.

"I regret exceedingly that we made acquaintance only at Naples, for many reasons: we had great talk about Dr. Johnson, who was her mother's friend; her father was Captain Knight, made Sir Joseph when the King went aboard his ship at Portsmouth. Oh! you have got our little book of verses written in Tuscany safe by now; for Miss Thrale has thanked me for hers, and says she likes the preface. Write to me soon, do, and tell me all the news. Miss Brunton is set up as a rival

to Siddons, I hear, but sure that won't do. How droll it must be to see Mrs. Abingdon act *Scrub!*”

“Rome, 25th March, 1786.

“Nothing was ever more pretty, comical, and sparkling than the verses about Mr. Boswell, which you tell me are Dr. Walcot's; but, upon my honour, the world is very rigorous; for, if Boswell was Plutarch, nothing but the sayings of Johnson could he record — like *Arabella's* maid in the ‘Female Quixote’ we should all be at a loss to keep a register of his actions, for even her ladyship's smiles might be mentioned, as she suggests; but dear Dr. Johnson did not afford us many of them. Is Mrs. Montagu convinced of my respect, and of Mr. Boswell's flippancy? I hope so.”

“Milan, 6th July, 1786.

“Miss Nicholson's never having had my letters, nor I hers, is amazing: we thought she was gone to France, and she, it seems, imagined us still at Milan.”

“Holy Thursday (1787), Hanover Square.

“DEAR MR. LYSONS.—I have found about forty letters of Johnson's in the old trunk, which may very well be printed; some of them exceedingly long ones, and of the best sort. I read two or three to Mr. Cadell, and he liked them vastly, but will not abate of mine; and for the sake of his partiality I am now resolved to be patiently tied to the stake, and if we can find six or seven tolerable ones for each volume, he shall have them, but let me look them over once again. No need

to expunge with salt and lemons all the names I have crossed — let the initials stand; it is enough that I do not name them out; civility is all I owe them, and my attention not to offend is shown by the dash. The preface is written, and when I get the verses from Dr. Lort I will not be dilatory, for I have a nice little writing room, and a very gentleman-like man to deal with in Mr. Cadell.”

“ Alfred Street, Bath, 17th Nov. 1787.

“ The authors of ‘ The World ’ are vastly civil, but I have not yet been able to get a sight of the paragraph. Miss Lees are charming women, and appear to deserve their very uncommon success.

“ With regard to my own book, if no one thinks more about it than I have done since I saw you, woe betide Cadell! If anybody has stolen a letter of mine, they will add little to their guilt, though much to their shame by publishing it.” \*

“ Exmouth, 23rd August, 1788.

“ It was the heat of the summer exalted Baretti’s venom so, — I am told all the vipers sting terribly this year. He’ll cool with the weather, you’ll see.” . . .

“ I wish Seward and Miss Streatfield would make a match of it at last; there would then be a collar of SSS.”

\* This alludes to a letter of hers to Johnson, dated Bath, April 28, 1780; afterwards published by Boswell. On the margin she has written: “ This is the famous letter with which Mr. Boswell threatened us all. He bought it of Frank the Black for half a crown, to have a little teising in his power.”

“Edinburgh, 8th July, 1789.

“I am glad the book swims, poor thing! — what does Dr. Lort say of it? Yet he would have written himself, I fear, had it much pleased him.”

“Edinburgh, 21st July (1789), Tuesday.

“DEAR MR. LYSONS,—I wish Cadell had sent my money to Drummond’s before he left London; but I warrant he forbore only before he left that it was too little for such a book; so means to do something handsome just at harvest season;—‘and the genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time,’ as Goldsmith’s Bear-leader says in the play.”

“Keswick, 21st July, 1789.

“Pray who is my enemy that writes in the ‘British Review?’ You told me one enemy’s name, and I forgot it again; which Review does he write for? or are they both the same man?”

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

4 o’clock in the morning of  
Saturday 16, 1794.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,—Here are we returned home from a concert at one house, a card assembly at a second, a ball and supper at a third. The pain in my side, which has tormented me all evening, should not however have prevented my giving the girls their frolic, and enjoying your company myself; but servants and horses can’t stand it *if I can*, and even Cecilia consents not to be

waked in four hours after she lies down. Excuse us all, therefore, and believe me ever truly yours,

H. L. PIOZZI.

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

Denbigh, Sunday night, 15th February, 1795.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,—A thousand thanks for your letter, and literary intelligence. I suspect the tragedy &c.\* will prove a second Chattertonism; this is an age of imposture. What became of the philosopher in St. Martin's Lane, who advertised a while ago that he gave life and motion to stone figures, that moved and turned in every direction at the word of command? I never saw it in the paper but once; 'twas a curious advertisement. So is Mr. Kemble's *in another way*; he has proved himself no conjuror, sure, to get into such a scrape, but Alexander and Statira will pull him out, I suppose.† Poor dear Mrs. Siddons is never well long together, always *some* torment, body or mind, or both. Are people only *sick* in London (by the way), or do they *die*? not of any one contagious disorder, but of various maladies. I suspect there is disposition to mortality in the town, sure enough, for never did I read of so many deaths together; these violent changes from cold to heat, and from heat to cold, occasion a great deal of it.

For the Princess of Wales, I think little about her

\* The celebrated Ireland forgeries.

† He was obliged to make a public apology for indecorous behaviour to a lady, who afterwards became his sister-in-law.



just now, and still less about that horrid Mr. Brothers, but it will be a dreadful thing to see the King and Queen of Spain setting out upon *their* travels, as appears by no means improbable, if the French are in possession of Pampeluna. The Spaniards can fight nothing but *bulls*; we shall have that royal family unroosted, I verily believe, and in a few months too. The capture of Holland will seem a light thing in comparison of so heavy a calamity when it comes to pass, for all the riches of Mexico will then drop into the wrong scale.

“ But we will not be over-exquisite  
To scan the fashion of uncertain evils,”

as Milton says; but keep out famine by liberality, and contagion by cleanliness, as long as ever we can; loving our gallant seamen meantime, and rewarding them with all the honours and profits old England has to bestow.

I should like to read your Fast sermon; we shall have a very good one *here*, for among other comforts Denbigh possesses that of an excellent preacher and reader. Pray tell how the day is observed in London and its environs: I shall be curious to hear; and do assure you with the greatest sincerity that letters from you and your brother are most desirable treats. He is cruel, though, and keeps close *Mum*. Pray are the Greatheeds in town? what do they say of Mr. Kemble's conduct? and what of their countryman Shakespeare's extraordinary resuscitation? It seems to me a sort of tub to the whale, a thing to catch attention, and detain it from other matters. When we

see Mr. Lloyd of Wickwor, whom we here justly call the philosopher, I shall find what *he* thinks of the discovery. Give my kindest regards to your very amiable neighbours, Miss Pettiwards; they must take *double* care of their mother now, if possible, for all the people past a certain age seem to be dropping off.

'Tis very wicked in me to send you these sixpenny-worths of interrogations every time I feel my ignorance of what passes in the world painful to myself, or disgraceful among those whom I wish to entertain; but whoever is rich will be borrowed from: so Adieu! and write soon, and accept my master's and Cecilia's best compliments from, dear Sir, yours most faithfully,

H. L. PROZZI.

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

Brynbella, 9th February, 1796.

You really can scarcely believe, dear Mr. Lysons, how much entertainment and pleasure was given us by your agreeable and friendly letter, in which however you do not mention your brother, but I doubt not he is well and happy. You do not mention the high price of provisions neither, though sufficient to make everybody *unhappy*; but this mild season, and good plenty of coals, I trust, contribute to keep people quiet, assisted by our new laws against sedition. I have found a wise book at last — Miss Thrale sent it me — on Monopoly and Reform of Manners; printed for Faulder. It should be given about, I think, like Hannah More's penny

books, and got by heart for a task by servants, apprentices, &c., and much finer people, though *they* are too fine by half.

The Chinese embassy\* will not tempt three guineas out of my pocket, say *what* they will, and say it *how* they will. Æneas Anderson has convinced me that it was an empty business at best.

Your account of Shakespear's being forged and fooled after so many years' peace and quietness, most exactly tallies with what my heart told me upon reading the queen's supposed letter to him in our newspaper. I have seen no other, but was struck with the word *amuse*. She would have said *pastyme*. The other phrase was hardly received in France (whence we got it) so early as the days of Elizabeth. The dates, however, are decisive, when you tell me she is made to promote the *amusement* of a man then known to be dead. The Earl of Leicester was ranger here of Denbigh Green, you know; and my ancestor, Salusbury of Bachygraig, opposed his innovation when he sought to enclose the common for his use. The tyrant followed him up, though, till he got his life; and not contented with that, brought his first cousin, Salusbury of Llewenny, — my *mother's* ancestor, — to death likewise, by way of revenge; all which shall serve as my pretext for a good piece of the Green whenever it is ordered for cultivation. Meantime, let me request an early narrative of

\* The work on Lord Macartney's Embassy to China, price three guineas.

Vortigern's success. I think they will pluck his painted vest from him \*, but we shall see.

It has been long matter of surprise to me that the less-instructed part of our common audiences in London never miss being right in their judgment of a play, or even of the language; for as to incidents, those are as obvious to one set of men as to another, if probable or not. But what I mean is this: when Lady Macbeth tells them that the grooms of Duncan's chamber she will with wine and wassel so *convince*, &c., they think it (as it certainly is) perfectly right, and in character with the times; but let Cumberland or Jephson use the same phrase, and say they will *convince* a knot of friends with *drink*, a loud shout of laughter would, without any instigation, burst from the upper gallery; every single member of which, talked to apart, would appear to know very little, if anything, concerning the history of their native tongue. For these reasons it is scarce a fair wager how this new tragedy is received, without they bring it out in Shakspear's name, which I do think would save it harmless, so long as they believed the imposition.

Meantime, I see by the newspapers people continue to insult the king, throwing stones at him as he passes. Methinks the very word *stone* should be offensive to all his family: one mad fool of the name persecuted Princess Sophia, as I remember, with offers of marriage; and this coachmaker or coal-merchant, or what was the anagram-

\* "A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,  
Which from a naked Pict his grandson won."

matical gentleman who signed *Enots*, *he* seems to have escaped by testimonials to his character from the rich Democrats. I think they are all Gall *Stones*, and I heartily wish we were rid of them.

What becomes of the Beavor family? I never write to Mrs. Gillies, because I know she hates letters; but my true esteem of her brave brothers does not lessen by absence. Mrs. D'Arblaye's new novel is not advertised yet. Somebody told me Lady Elginton is turned writer now she has married the son of Doctor More; but perhaps it was a joke. Will Miss Farren's\* coronet *never* be put on? I thought the paralytic countess would have made way for her long ago.

Dear, charming Siddons keeps her empire over all hearts still, I hope; if an Irish plan takes place in her arrangements this spring, we shall not despair to see her at Brynbella. Tell her so with my true love.

There is a new pamphlet supposed by Jones, the Hutchinsonian, to say that our Saviour's Coming (but not the end of the world) is at hand. I cannot recollect the title of it, but do buy and send it to Streatham Park with any other *little* thing worth notice, but no three-guinea books. I wonder who wrote the small tract about Monopoly; 'tis monstrously clever, and clever *only* because *it's true*. So is my conclusion of this letter, saying that I am most sincerely, dear Sir, yours,

H. L. Piozzi.

My master † unites in compliments.

\* Afterwards Countess of Derby.

† It is curious that she could call her second husband by this name, so well calculated to revive the memory of her first.

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

Brynbella, 9th July, 1796.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,—This is a letter of mere request, to beg remembrances from old and distant friends. Do pray write now and then, and make me up a good long letter of *small London chat*: you can scarcely think how welcome *living* intelligence is to those who have chiefly the *dead* to converse with, and I work hard at *old* stuff all morning, and sigh for some *evening* conversation about literature and politics, and the common occurrences of the day.

*Esher* or *Asher*, in Surrey, is a place I cannot find in your Environs. It was my grandmother's property, and she sold it to the Pelhams; *her* mother lies buried there with a painted or coloured monument if I recollect rightly, though 'tis many years since I saw it. Mr. Piozzi used to promise me a drive thither, but we never went.

Hume says that Cardinal Wolsey retired to that seat when the king withdrew his favour from him; and Mr. Fitzmaurice, from whose library I borrowed the book, queries the place, and doubts whether he ever was there; although Stowe tells—for I remember it—how Wolsey alighted from his horse in the road between Asher and Richmond to receive the ring which Henry sent him, and threw himself on his knees in the dirt from thankfulness that he was not *wholly* out of favour. I wish you would set me right. Likewise I want to know where the spot once called Castle-risings now stands.

Edward II.'s queen Isabella was confined there to her death, but lived very grand, I trust, for she had 3000*l.* a year, a sum equal to a royal jointure *now*, I suppose. Hume says it *was* ten miles from London, and it must be nearer *now*.

Do Mr. Walpole's works sell, and is his *Love Story* that you once read to me in them? I liked the letters to Hannah More mightily.

If Mr. Bunbury's *Little Gray Man* is printed, do send it hither; the ladies at Llangollen are dying for it: They like those old Scandinavian tales and the imitations of them exceedingly; and tell me about the prince and princess of *this* loyal country, one province of which alone had disgraced itself; and now no Anglesey militiaman is spoken to by the *Cymrodorion*, but all completely sent to *Coventry*, for nobody wants them in Ireland.

The mysterious expedition of Buonaparte will I hope end at worst in revolutionising the Greek Islands, and restoring the old names to Peloponnæsus, Eubœa, &c. I should be sorry he ever got to India, but waking the Turks from their long sleep will not grieve me. The Knights of Malta make a *triste figure* at last; I suppose Mr. Weishaupt's emissaries were beforehand with the *hero of Italy*, as they call him.

My husband is particularly disgusted with the people that exalt Buonaparte's personal courage and valorous deeds. "He goes nowhere unless he is called," says Mr. Piozzi; if he wanted to show his *prowess*, why did not he *come here*, or to Ireland? we would have

shown him sport; but like Caliban, those fellows *will be wise henceforward and sue for grace*, and worship the French no more, unless they are still greater blunderers than even *I* take them for.

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

Brynbella, 5th Jan. 1796.

DEAR MR. LYSONS, — After making repeated inquiries for you of all our common friends, I begin to find out that the best way is to ask yourself. Dear Siddons was always a slow correspondent, though a kind wellwisher; and she has so much to do in good earnest, that we must forgive her not sitting down to write letters either of fact or sentiment; for a little of both these I apply to *you*, and beg a little chat for information of what is going forward. Tell me, in the first place, concerning your own health and your *wicked* brother's, who forgets his old correspondent very shamefully; after that, let the sedition bills or the Shakespear manuscripts take post according to the bustle made about them in London. Make me understand why Mr. Hayley writes Milton's life, and why Doctor Anderson publishes Johnson's. Those roads are so beaten they will get dust in their own eyes sure, instead of throwing any into the eyes of their readers; at this distance from the scene of action I cannot guess their intents. Tell what other new books attract notice, and what becomes of the Whig Club now 'tis divided like Paris into *sections*. I fancy France will be divided



into sections at last,—a bit to Royalists, another bit to Republicans; and perhaps the very name of a nation so disgraced by crimes and follies will be lost for ever. No matter! I long to see Burke's letter to Arthur Young: *his* predictions have the best claim to attention of any living wight.

Oh pray what becomes of the man who set mankind a staring this time last year? he is in a madhouse, is not he? We had a slight earthquake about eight or ten weeks ago, and such extraordinary weather as never did I witness; very providential sure that it should continue so warm and mild and open while bread remains at such an advanced price. Yesterday the prospect was clear and bright as spring; nor have we seen ice hitherto; but storms enough to blow the very house down, and I fear prevent our West India fleet from ever arriving at its place of destination. A beautiful prismatic halo round the moon in an elliptic form very elegant on Christmas Day, was said by our rural philosophers to be a rare but certain præcursor of tempest, and so it proved: I was, however, glad to have seen a meteor so uncommon.

Has your brother examined any of the gold from our new mine in Ireland? The bishop showed us some, and Mr. Lloyd, I think, sent specimens to Sir Joseph Banks—it is supposed purer, and less drugged with alloy than what comes immediately from Peru—could we but get enough of it.

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

Brynbella, Sunday,  
(post-mark, 1796.)

DEAR MR. LYSONS,—You have at last written me so kind and so entertaining a letter, that no paper on my part shall be wasted in reproaches; I thank you very kindly, but you should never suppose me informed of things which *you* cannot help hearing; but they escape *me* easily enough. I *do* hear of the Arch Duke's successes however, and of poor Italy's disgrace; I *hear* of peace too—when shall we *see* it? Mr. Ireland is a pleasant gentleman indeed, and his last act his *best* act in my mind; absolution follows confession; I have done being angry with him now. There is a note in Mr. Malone's pamphlet\* for which I would give half a dozen publications of fifty pages each *concerning the times*; it contains my sentiments so exactly that I may easily commend the writer's good sense and sound judgment. The mysteries of Carlton House surpass those of Udolpho: may they end as those do, in mere nihility. I will not quarrel with you for making no reply to my questions about "Camilla,"† because I have read it myself, and because these are really no times for any man of the living world to waste his moments in weighing of feathers; he, however, who neglects to read Burke's last pamphlet, loses much of a very rational pleasure.

\* Against the Ireland forgeries.

† Madame D'Arblay's novel.

I turn the page to talk of yours and your brother's discoveries\*, of which I honestly wish you much joy.

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

Brynbella, Thursday.

(No other date, and no post-mark.)

DEAR MR. LYSONS,— Accept a renewal of inquiries, literary and domestic; but 'tis for yourself I inquire; your brother, we know, is well and busy with his subterranean discoveries. What statues has he found? they will be very valuable; and tell me for mercy's sake what this *Apology for the Bible* † means: we live in fine times sure when the Bible wants an apology from the bishops. How is Mr. Burke's book received? and what will his regicide peace be? I see no signs of peace except in the books: for they make them ready to battle in all parts of the world, and we shall have the Turks upon us directly if we chase French ships into their very harbours so. No matter! my half-crown for Flo shall be willingly contributed, though I do think *seriously* that the Dog Tax and Repeal of Game Laws will have an exceeding bad effect on the country, where gentlemen will want inducements to remain when hunting and coursing and shooting are at an end. Horses will lower in price, however, and little oats will be sown at all. I think democracy in all her insidious-

\* Of Roman antiquities at Woodchester, on which Mr. Samuel Lysons based two valuable publications.

† Bishop Watson's celebrated answer to Paine and Gibbon.

ness could not have contrived a more certain principle of levelling, and republicanism in all her pride could not plan more perfect gratification than that of seeing the young farmers' sons cocking their guns in face of a landlord upon whom no man feeling any dependence, he will shelter himself among the crowds of London, and prefer being jostled at Vauxhall by his taylor, to the being robbed of innocent amusements by those who were bred on his land, and fed on his bounty.\*

Our Chester paper even now reproaches the rich with their donations of bread and meat, which are already styled *insults* on the *poor's independence*; and Mr. Chappelow, who has been here on a visit, protested he was glad to get *alive* out of Norfolk, because he had presumed to *give* his parishioners barley and potatoe bread baked in his own oven. I wish you would write me a long letter, and tell me a great deal about the living world; and something of the *dead* too, for I see Mr. Howard's epitaph, but cannot guess who wrote it.

Vortigern will, I trust, be condemned almost without a hearing, so completely does the laugh go against it. This is the age of forgeries. I never read of so many *causes célèbres* in that way as of late; but poor dear Mrs. Siddons saves Ireland awhile, I suppose, by her ill health, and keeps Miss Lee from fame and for-

\* If indignation makes verses, it does not supply syntax; and this sentence, which I have not attempted to correct, bears a strong resemblance to that of the county member who described Sir Robert Peel as "not the sort of man that you could put salt upon his tail."

tune which she expects to acquire by "Almeyda." Does Madame D'Arblay's novel promise well? Fanny wrote better before she was married than since, however that came about. I understand nothing concerning the young baronet that lost so much at backgammon. Those tales are seldom true to the extent they are related: much like the stories of mad dogs, which chiefly exist in newspapers; but I fear Lady Westmeath's Divorce Bill, like Mrs. Mullins, will carry conviction of *her* infidelity all over the world. We knew her and her lord at Bath very well. I try every time I write to get some intelligence of the Beavor family, but without effect.

Selden says marriage is the act of a man's life which least concerns his acquaintance, yet, adds he, 'tis the very act of his life which they most busy themselves about. Now Heaven knows, I never did disturb myself or him by Dr. Gillies's marriage, though it affected me exceedingly; his amiable lady and her family being of my most favourite acquaintance, and they are all lost to me somehow. Mr. Rogers' name has crost me but once since we left London either: it was when he gave evidence in favour of that *anagrammatic* Mr. Stone\*, who wrote his name backwards, as witches are said to do; who deal in deeds of darkness, and sing

"When good kings bleed we rejoice," &c.

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\* On Stone's trial, the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" proved a conversation with him in the streets, tending to show that he made no mystery of that which was charged as treasonable.

How does your book of fashionable *dresses* go on? it must, I think, receive some curious additions by what one hears and *sees*; for a caricature print of a famous fine lady who leads the Mode has already reached poor little Denbigh.

*To the Rev. Daniel Lysons.*

Brynbella, Tuesday Evening, 1797.

COULD you, as you walk about and examine books upon stalls, find me a second or third, or *thirteenth*-hand History of Poetry, by Warton, or of Music, by Hawkins; I should be much obliged to you; but it must be under a guinea price. I have the good editions myself at Streatham Park. Your book of "Ladies' Dresses" must have received curious addition, by what I see and hear of the present fashions; but cutting off hair is the foolishest among the foolish. When they are tired of going without clothes, 'tis easy putting them on again; but what they will do for the poor cropt and shorn heads, now there are no convents, I cannot guess.

Do people rejoice now wheat falls in price? they made heavy lament when it was high,—or do we only sigh for peace that we may be at leisure to meditate mischief?

And so I see that both Ministry and Opposition have at last *agreed* in *one* point; they join against the *Lapdogs*:

"So when two *dogs* are fighting in the streets,  
With a third *dog* one of these two *dogs* meets;  
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,  
And this *dog* smarts for what that *dog* had done."

These verses are somewhat too *soft* and *mellifluous* for the occasion, being Fielding's, but I half long to address a doggrell epistle to Mr. Dent\* ; he would be as angry as Mr. Parsons, no doubt, and I understand *his* wrath is very great. What becomes of Ireland, I wonder, now *his solemn mockery is ended*. It was a forged bill, you see, and the public did well to protest it.†

If Mrs. Siddons was to work at Drury Lane all winter and run about all summer, she would have had no enjoyment of Putney ; and the young ones, for whose sake she is to work and run, would never have delighted in an *out of town* residence. Cecilia is coming to the scene of action, London, where *I* think there were enough just such half-hatched chickens without her and Mr. Mostyn adding to the number ; but then they do not care what *I* think, so 'tis all one. The Bishop of Bangor likes Wales no better than she does, I suppose, but he ought not to have said so ; because an old bishop should be wiser than a pretty wench, and much will be endured from *her*, very little from *him*, especially in these days ; he is got into a cruel embarrassment.

\* Who gained the nickname of Dog Dent by the piece of legislation in question.

† "Vortigern" was acted and damned on April 2, 1796. The last audible line was

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which Kemble was accused of uttering in a manner to precipitate the catastrophe.

Tell something about our Princess of Wales and her domestiques, and of our infant queen-expectant, pretty creature! I should somehow like to see that baby excessively. My hope is that every English heart will devote itself to the service of so much innocence and sweetness.

I depend upon an excellent account of "Almeyda;"\* the epilogue is charming. Only one fault; 'tis an epilogue would do for any play. I call such things verses *to be let*. Prologues and epilogues should, to be perfect, be appropriate, referring to what has been presented, or is to present itself before the audience. This, however, is playful and pretty, and so far as I know or can remember, quite original.

Adieu, dear Sir, and bid your brother not quite forget me. The arm of an old vestal virgin kept under ground since Agricola's time, is cold compared with the hand of his and your faithful servant,

H. L. PROZZI.

*To Samuel Lysons, Esq.*

Wednesday, 10th Feb. 1808.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,—I have not written to you a long time, and now I cannot *help* writing. I loved your brother so much, and wished him happy so sincerely, his change of life affects me, and my feelings will not permit me to tell *him* so. Tell him yourself, my good friend, and assure yourself that the account of his wife's

\* Miss Lee's play.



death in the papers gave me a sensation beyond what my acquaintance with her called for. But she was pretty when we last met, and she was young, and it seems so odd and melancholy to look in the grave for those one used to see at the tea-table! Well! you who live among the records of past life will bear these things better; my spirits are much depressed by Mr. Piozzi's miserable state of health, nor can the gaieties I hear of draw my attention from the sorrows that I see. Mrs. Mostyn has politely taken a week's share of them just now while her sons are absent, and the London winter not begun. *Our* winter commenced in November, and when it will end I know not. The mountains are still covered with snow, and such tempestuous weather did I never witness.

The political wonders have increased since the suspension of our correspondence so much, that we are all tired of wondering at them; but this new discovery of a nest of Christians in Travancore must be considered as curious by everybody who reads of it. Tell me the price of Buchanan's book and its character; I see nothing but extracts, and those imperfect ones; and tell me some literary chat, remembering our distance from all possibility of adding a new idea to our stock, except by the voluntary subscriptions and contributions (to use an hospital phrase) of the nobility, gentry, and others. Hospital phrases, indeed, best suit the dwellers at Bryn-bella: but Doctor Johnson — never wrong — was right, *pre-eminently* right in this: That chronic diseases are never cured: and acute ones, if recovered from, cure

themselves. The maxim has been confirmed by my experience every day since to me first pronounced, and I dare say the late unfortunate event in your own family affords it no contradiction.

Has your brother many children left him by his lady, and is he living at Hempstead Court? He had better get to London, and lose his cares in the crowd.

Dear Mr. Lysons, do write to me, and in the meantime pity me and my poor husband, whose sufferings one should believe, on a cursory view of them, wholly insupportable; but God gives the courage, with the necessity of exerting it.

I hear all good of Mrs. Siddons.

*To Samuel Lysons, Esq.*

Brynbella, 22nd Aug. 1813.

Mrs. PIOZZI presents her most respectful compliments to her old friend Mr. Lysons, as Governor of the British Institution, with an earnest request that he will protect her portraits from being copied, as she was strictly promised before she could consent to lend them. It would break *her* heart, and ruin the value of the pictures to posterity, and now some artist living at No. 50, Rathbone Place, who spells his name so that she cannot read it, unless 'tis Joseph, writes to her, begging he may copy the portrait of Dr. Johnson, when she was hoping all the four were by this time restored to their places at old Streatham Park. Mrs. Piozzi wishes Mr. Lysons joy of his brother's marriage, but hopes he

himself is not now at Hempstead Hall, as she knows not where to apply.

*To Samuel Lysons, Esq.*

Brynbella, 17th Feb. 1814.

DEAR MR. LYSONS,—I was desired by some disputants to obtain correct information, and felt immediately that I could be sure of it from none but yourself. The question is, What authority can be produced, for an account given in some public print, of a frost on the River Thames, equal or nearly equal to this last, in the second or third centuries? Do me the very great kindness to let me know; and *where* you read the fact, whether in Holinshed, Stowe, Speed, or Strype's Annals, and from what record the incident is taken, it having been averred that no records could then have been kept. I mean in 260 or 270 A.D. . . .

My correspondents always begin their letters with, You have *heard so much* of, &c., &c., that I am precluded hearing *at all*. Come now, do send me a kind letter, and tell me if Madame D'Arblaye gets 3000*l.* for her book or no \*, and if Lord Byron is to be called over about some verses † he has written, as the papers hint. And tell me how the peacemakers will accommodate the Pope, and the little King of Rome too; and the Emperor of Germany beside, whose second title was

\* "The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties," published in 1814.

† The verses beginning:

"Weep, daughter of a royal line."

King of the Romans, and how all this and ten times more is to be settled, before St. David's Day. Wonders! wonders! wonders! Why Katterfelto and his cat never pretended to *such* impossibilities. What says your brother to *these* days? He used to feel amazed at the occurrences of twenty-one years ago; but if everything we saw so tumbled about *then*, can be so easily and swiftly arranged *now*, much of our horror and surprise might have been saved.

The fire at the Custom House must have been very dreadful; I hope you suffered nothing but sorrow for the general loss. Devonshire Square is a place, the situation of which is unknown to me, but I have friends there, who I should grieve for, if they came to any harm.

Adieu, dear Mr. Lysons: if I *live*, which no other old goose does I think through this winter, we shall meet at old Streatham Park, and I shall once more tell you truly, and tell you *personally*, how faithfully I am yours.

## LETTERS TO DR. GRAY.

DR. ROBERT GRAY, who was made Bishop of Bristol in 1827, and died in 1834, was distinguished by piety, learning, and varied acquirements in general literature. He was the author of (amongst others) two works which attained both immediate popularity and permanent reputation — “The Key to the Old Testament and the Apocrypha,” published in 1790; and “Connexion between the Sacred Writings, and the Literature of the Jewish and Heathen Authors,” published in 1816. Mrs. Piozzi frequently refers to them, and took just pride in being his friend and correspondent. My extracts are mostly chosen for the sake of the light they throw on her character or that of her contemporaries, and their value for this purpose may not depend on the importance of the topic or the soundness of the remark. Her manner of referring to Piozzi in these letters completely disproves the notion that she thought meanly of his understanding or neglected him.

“Brynbella, 14th Oct. 1798.

“There is no chance of our seeing London this next spring; so if we take the whole French navy, and if in consequence they beg for peace,—or if, enraged with their worthless Directory, all the 700,000 men in arms

come home under command of some Oliver Cromwell or some General Monk, and make a new revolution at Paris, — the taxes may some of them be taken off, and we may all meet merrily, at least cheerfully, at Bath *this year* . . . without fear of fresh assessments. Meanwhile, tho' all this is far more feasible and far more probable than many a strange event we have witnessed, I must apprehend it is no better than a *bounce*.

“The odious Egyptians, after worshipping *crocodiles* so long, will perhaps worship Buonaparte, whose manifesto seems to have come out of one of their mouths; nor does your kind consolation, though I rely with firmness on its truth, take the desired effect.

“Surely those *are* the basest of nations who accept the yoke of French democracy. Surely so trodden down as *that*, they never will hope to raise their hopes again. How the wild scheme will end, how much the slavish French will bear from their five tyrants, who came completely from *nothing* and must return to *nothing* back again, I guess not, but am charmed with the strong contrast between Nelson's pious letter and their vile agent's blasphemous proclamation. I hear our warrior's father is a clergyman . . . how must his and Lady Nelson's hearts leap for joy!

“Have you seen the death of a charming girl in the papers, whose long and severe sufferings interest all her friends, and have half broken her sweet mother's heart! Maria Siddons! more lamented, I do think, than virtue, value, and science all combined would be.

But she had youthful beauty; and to that quality our fond imaginations never fail to affix softness of temper and a gentle spirit, every charm resident in female minds. You are very happy, however, my dear Sir, as fine things as we ladies are, to have *two* boys for purpose of protecting your *one* girl. Brothers are a vast advantage to young women, and save them from a thousand embarrassments when they would not permit (in these illuminated days) a parent's hand to be of any use to them.

"I am ashamed. 'Tis this moment struck into my head that by dear Nelson's pious ancestor you mean the admirable writer of the Feasts and Fasts. I had no notion they were any way related, but reading over your kind letter again 'tis plain it *must* be so.

"You will think me as stupid as Lord Carlisle's cook, who begged permission to examine the library one day, because, says he, I have been told when a child about Nelson's feasts and fasts . . . and 'tis time to read it in earnest, and fix upon some *good receipts*. This is a fact."

"No. 43, Great Pultney Street, Bath,

"Fryday, 11th Jan. 1799.

"Home is the place for *happiness*, though leaving it a moment produces *pleasure*; and dear Mr. Gray will not be found deserting his post, or slumbering on his stand, should the call of enquiry sound forth. It grieves me not a little to hear the Dissenters cry out, and see the Socinians sneer at the supineness of our orthodox clergy. My health has permitted me to go

but twice to church in this town yet, and never did I listen to more eloquent discourses than were pronounced those two times ; but every book one borrows breathes democracy ; every mouth opens against Church establishments ; every play, every novel discourages subordination, and militates against conjugal fidelity and filial reverence. The batteries against religion are scarcely masked ones ; her outworks give way, and good people cluster close into the citadel. I feel amazed and shocked at the strange process made since I was here before,—not made by *vice* ; *that* has perhaps been nearly the same for ever,—but by shameless avowal of all which was once concealed, and desire of justifying what till now was always condemned.”

“Brynbella, Oct. 1799.

“Mr. Piozzi is at his best now, and has little to torment him except foxhunters who break his fences, and perpetual showers that hinder his fields from drying so as to admit the wheat which must be sown, or else no bread for next year. . . . Yet tho’ he walks out at present and enjoys a gleam of sunshine when it comes, his health is itself a mere gleam of sunshine, and gives him but little power of promising a visit to Berkshire. You must come to us at Bath,—*that* will be best ; and we shall have Mr. Chappelow and Mrs. Pennington, and contrive to conclude the old year with tolerable chearfulness. . . . Yet how awful a thought is it that with this next December concludes that date of 17— to which we were all born, and with which our



fingers have been so long acquainted. Some more extraordinary events will perhaps fill up the twelve or thirteen weeks that remain of the time, and mark the moment with a strong impression. The Italians seem to apprehend their sufferings are scarce over. ‘Roma quondam orbis caput, postea Populi Romani Sepulchrum,’ has still a load of insects within her, preying on her putrid and neglected carcass. Will they set up a new Pope? If they do, Abbé Maury has *my* vote, and he is *Pierre* Maury; and that will tally neatly enough with my remark how all power ends with the same *name* it began. France has done so exactly. Clovis is Louis, you know, as our Vale of Clwydd is Llwydd and Lloyd . . . and the first Stadtholder of Holland was William. The last wretched creature that made believe *Emperor* of Rome possess’d both the names of Romulus and Augustus; but if the last Pope be *Peter*, it will do for *me*.

“To be serious, these are terrifying times,—they are indeed. Our little Bishop of St. Asaph thinks the French will set up an *Adept*, an *Illuminè* man, to profane the papal chair for ever. Perhaps they will. The poor bishop did look very dismal for awhile, and the first Sunday I went to the Cathedral after Mrs. Bagot’s death affected my spirits so, that I came home seriously and unfeignedly sick. I have, as you well know, no *Ton* insensibility about me, but I really find those lucky that *have*; because everything shows that reason and religion, good sense in this world and firm trust in a better, have not *half* as much power to calm

and smooth appearances as *Ton* has; when sorrow and joy and love and hate are all covered with a coat of fashionable varnish, they cannot struggle as they used to do. So they all lye still and go to sleep.

“Speaking ill of our Universities begins to be the mode, I think; and *female* parents, in particular, seem as if one should fancy it pretty in *them* to dislike a place where so much vice is going forward, they say. When one asks them, however, where *less* vice is to be found, or where any virtue is more encouraged, no answer has been prepar’d. There is at least more learning and more virtue at Oxford than anywhere I suppose; and to say one wishes there were *more*, is what may be urged of every other place with equal propriety. I am still for Eton and Christ Church. The high road is dusty and carriages do run against you, but byways are always worse; and those who suffer by taking indirect paths are apt to regret, and to consider their original destination or choice as cause of their ill-fortune. . . . He who is overturned in the *Grand Chemin* must confess it to be his own fault.”

“Brynbella, 13th May, 1801.

“I have been *canvassing* Miss Thrales these years, and their votes have a *Q* before them yet. People skilled in electioneering know *that* letter stands for *Query* . . . . the steady suffrages have a *P* for *Promise*. I used to tell the borough folks who kept our books, they must *mind their p’s and q’s*. So must Buona-parté, if he comes hither on call of our home Ja-

cobins. The wisest people I converse with say he *must* come, or expose himself to danger from vindictive Frenchmen. Things are supposed ripening for revolt in that distracted nation, whence religion and morals are more completely banish'd — as foreigners have told me — than any living creature in our comparatively quiet land can have a notion.

“The Bishop is just now wholly inaccessible to me indeed, though I did squeeze this frank out of him; because Mr. Chester, one of his nephews, is killed in Egypt, and Mr. Piozzi is in bed with the gout, so that I cannot go and condole . . . but no opportunity shall be lost.

“I printed Hannah More's ‘Village Politics’ here, and paid near twelve guineas out of my own pocket-money for its translation and dispersion; but when the good news came and welcomed in this lovely month, the master of our house prevented my wishes, and, forbearing silly expence as to candles, gave all his labourers and cottagers a good mess of soup,—a bit of beef in it, and a dumpling,—exactly on your principle of affording them reason to rejoyce, and a pretext for roaring out ‘God save the King!’”

“Streatham Park, Wednesday, 1800.

“Did you drink one good-humour'd glass extraordinary to the health of ‘Retrospection,’ which will come to light in about a month after your *own* child, and claim some of your superfluous kindness? I hope you did. If it ever should be in the path of those amiable friends you introduced me to at Oxford, they

will give it a kick *forward* and drive it along for *your* sake. Stockdale is a good *hoper*, and seems to think well of it upon the *launch*. He is a good aristocrat, too; I am pleas'd that it comes out from his loyal shop. We are living here among the wealthy traders, — *merchants like princes* in the strictest sense,— of liberality as of revenue. *One* says how his neighbour such a one has 30,000*l.*, the other 60,000*l.* a year, and I accordingly do see improvements taking place all about London, which entered not into my thoughts a dozen years ago.

The library *here*, for example, at old Streatham Park has been enriched with new and expensive publications till it looks like Edwards's showy shop in Pall Mall. Our tenant asked leave to purchase some *modern* books as he called them, with permission to displace the old *divines* which you remember standing at the bottom of the room; and so he has indeed! nor has that generous creature spent less than a thousand guineas in literary amusement since he lived here. Meanwhile some frightful hand-bills are in circulation, expressing a dependence upon Parliament for that relief which I doubt they have no power to bestow.

“As far as my short sight extends, however, insurrection is completely left without excuse, while such enormous alms are given round this parish as would amaze a native of any kingdom but ours. Whilst they dispense charity with one hand besides, I find them active to defend their property on the other: and if they persist in their present resolution of not being plun-

der'd, I do think the agitators of evil will see some difficulty in persuading a mob to injure houses whence the poor are so fed, so clothed, so comforted . . . . and in each of which arms are kept to protect those possessions which every man seems trying to deserve.

“We were calculating three nights ago that less than one million of pounds sterling was not given away last year in private bounties, besides Poor's Revenues amounting to five times that sum. I question if Sardinia's king ever could boast such a treasure in his coffers. Bread is at eighteen pence the quartern loaf this day, however, and the new Lord Mayor will have a troublesome time of it.”

“Wednesday, 7th Jan. 1801.

“For my own part the world has used me to indulgence, so that I feel quite astonished when I meet a little severity.\*

“There has been *very* little yet. One gentleman, in his care for my reputation as to scholarship, sent a friend across the town yesterday to tell me that the quotation in vol. 1st. p. 381 was *quite wrong*, because *Anna*, not *Acca*, was the woman's name there called upon. It was almost painful to me to tell *him* that, tho' Dido's sister (like the lady's sister in Bluebeard) was *Anna*, Camilla's companion in fight was *Acca*, and called sister only from tenderness. Almost *every* Latin quotation and many French ones are wrong printed. . . . . Mr. Gillet's rebellion among his compositors was a

\* She had just published “Retrospection.”

terrible stroke on poor Stockdale and myself, and I was forced to rout out my dirty manuscript an hour ago to convince a Roman Catholic critick that it was not *my* fault but the *devil's*, that their hymn to St. John was so mangled, 1st vol. p. 251. He made no complaint of any *mistake* in page 304, the same volume.

“Dear Mr. Gray, say a good word of the book in general, and let us get out of print, and set forth a more correct edition; and let us never flatter ourselves hereafter that a clean handwriting is any security against typographical errors.”

“Brynbella, 2nd August, 1801.

“Lord bless me! what an expence they do put us to with their frivolous and vexatious menaces! Those vile agents who buy up even the standing corn to make artificial scarcity, and irritate our lower ranks to rebellion, are more hateful pests than even the French themselves. 'Tis confidently asserted here that men live in the great towns of London and Liverpool by throwing corn into the sea by night, or into the river, and that their pay is a guinea for every six hours' work. How dreadful!

“Brynbella, 2nd Dec. 1801.

“*My* learning, that the people laugh at so much more justly than they *think* they do, comes chiefly from the Spectators and Tattlers, but is not sufficient to inform me what was meant a hundred years ago in common col-

loquial chat by *vowelling* a man. Some of those charming papers has this phrase: 'Such a one, says he, has been *vowell'd* by the Count, and resolves to demand satisfaction.'

"I should like to know what it means. Was there a *quibble* intended? Had some fine fellow lost money at play to some other fine fellow, and was he forced to say I O U? When we were at Vienna our cicerone showed us these letters over the Arsenal, and asked all the gentlemen in our party if we could explain them: A. E. I. O. U. After everybody had confessed ignorance, he said 'Austriacorum Est Imperare Orbi Universo' was the device intended, and I remember some of the company,— a Frenchman, I think,— objected. Buonaparte has vowelled them pretty well since then.

"If this phrase means picking one's name to pieces, how terribly has poor H-nn-h M-r- been treated during this Bristol controversy! Her health, always feeble, has given way to their ill-usage, and those who are near intimates tremble for the consequence. We shall go to Bath next month, and then I will try to comfort her. A sister in affliction may have peculiar chance for success; but, I don't know how it is, I never was in affliction. *My* countenance, unlike that of old Hamlet's ghost, was more, much more in anger than in sorrow, and so grew less like a ghost, I do believe in proportion as my critics charged me with loss of youth and beauty. They had need be very young and handsome themselves to make such nonsense tolerated."

“ Bath, Wednesday, 3rd Feb. 1802.

“ One always hopes that true friends are happy,—one always believes them happier than they are. You have been thinking that I was speculating on character while I was fretting over Mr. Piozzi’s health, till at last I have half frightened him about my own. All will, however, be well *by and by* . . . and our plagues have been small compared with those of our next door neighbour, Hannah More, who has been hunted to a sick bed with strange success indeed. I flattered myself she would better have withstood the torrent of scurrility which ceases not to drive her down, as poor Hawkesworth was driven long ago. Whether our friend Randolph mixed in the controversy I know not, certain it is included in the abuse; but these distresses of sentiment are after all like *stage sorrow* compared to what your brother-in-law is suffering; and ’tis a serious mercy that Mrs. Gray has borne with such resignation the loss of such a daughter.

“ When the Negroes have learned to be scholars, as they have already learned to be soldiers, a history of St. Domingo Republic will be published in *black letter*, I suppose. Oh dear! what a strange thing that is, and how observable that the very island where slavery first was instituted among Christians, should be the very first where African freedom hoists her horrible standard, a white infant on the point of pikes brandished by men of colour.

“ Can the French subjugate this rebellious island?



The West Indians with whom I have conversed say it is impossible. Meanwhile here at Bath it certainly does appear that Buonaparte is the idol of an English populace, which I consider as another novelty, but cannot possibly deny the fact, because every puppet-show exhibits the hero of Marengo on his horse, every print-shop calls in customers by an exact likeness of the great First Consul, and every linendraper tempts passengers by a bust of Buonaparte in their pocket handkerchiefs . . . sure that is equally new and strange, when so many of their warrior countrymen rest unadmired, while Moreau is prefer'd to General Moore, and Berthier set out at the windows before Abercrombie. Surely whatever *else* we can wish, novelty is no longer a thing to be cry'd for."

"No. 77, Pultney Street,  
"Tuesday, 17th March, 1802.

"Has it been in your way to look at a Miss Baillie's Dramas written, not for the stage, but for purpose of tracing the progress of the passions? Her *Tragedy* on *Hatred* was deservedly admired three years ago . . . . and called De Montfort. She has now published a *Comedy* on *Hatred* very striking indeed, and possessing, in my mind, wonderful merit. Miss Hamilton wins all hearts in this town, which is full of showy talkers. . . . I get more conversation here than in London. Our modern Plurality of Worlds is much admired, and justly . . . my worst fear is lest, in these daring days of bold and unauthorized conjecture, some one should start out, and go as far *below*, as Mr. Nares has gone *above*,

the old standard. We might then see printed George Psalmanazar's speculative ideas concerning the souls of brutes, and have old Cicero rummaged for quotations. Mr. Piozzi's notion of modern music helps me to illustrate my own meaning. 'Variations are very entertaining,' says he, 'but I like a quick return to the *subject*, which never should be too far forsaken.'

"Monday, 16th Aug. 1802.

"I fancy Bagot died poor, as Buonaparte will die poor . . . his nephews eat him up. Family fondness is the common ground on which wise and foolish, brave and meek, all meet at last; and of three hundred Roman sovereigns since celibacy was required, only *three* I think escaped censure of *nepotism*, and one of them was a foundling.

"Buonaparte's rapid advancement of a family which can have no claims upon the country he governs, will at last undo him: he would be a happier man, and so would his uncle, the Archbishop of Lyons, if they were looking over their farms at Craicke and at Brynbella, like you and Mr. Piozzi."

"Brynbella, July, 1803.

"I am happy to see dear Doctor Gray's handwriting once again, and pleased to think he is settled at last in some place where one may write to him . . . though Craicke should present better *prospect* than *possession* if I were to have matters quite to my own mind about it. In the meanwhile the parish and parish clerk will find you employment, which may in some measure

supply the void after travelling, a sensation even the fullest minds must feel; and Doctor Johnson said it was lucky that ladies were commonly indisposed after long journeys, for, if they were quite well, they would hang themselves for want of customary amusement."

"Brynbella, 9th Jan. 1804.

"I am of your opinion that Bristol and its opulent environs are not as safe as the metropolis, though I hope dear Hannah More is premature with her packages. When the lists are drawn, however, and preparations for this grand tournament are made in the face of all Europe so, *something* must in honour be done by the challenger, who, if he does *anything*, must do some *great* thing, or endure that disgrace which it seems his sole endeavour to shun. *The stage waits*, as they say to Mrs. Siddons when she is slow in changing her dress where characters require more toilettes than one. Well, if they come now, we shall be invaded by men with snow upon their helmets, as Nixon the Cheshire ideot predicted long ago.

"Brynbella, Saturday, 13th Oct. 1804.

"When will the French be weary of their dangerous playthings, and call home their old Bourbon House? Perhaps this last attempt at burning the flotilla may have *some* good effect; it may sicken Buonaparte of his project, or fright his sailors from following him; or it may provoke him to put his threats into execution

and bring on a crisis *some way*: *anything* better than this vile suspense. Mr. Piozzi says peace must be made if contagion spreads upon the Continent, and *that* for love of general safety. Gustavus seems a true descendant of Frotho the Fierce, and Harold the Hardy . . . but the *poor* traveller always sung safely even in company of thieves \*; and he knows Monsieur Napoleon, as he calls himself, can get nothing but snow-balls at Stockholm, where winter barricades the realms of frost.†

“Abbé Maury’s mean acknowledgment of a usurper over the kingdom *his* courage adorned a dozen years ago, grieves me more by half than Braschi’s forced submissions to a man who placed him there only to submit; and the poor Stadtholder cringing to him for an annuity is a wretched sight too.”

“Bath, Thursday, 21st Feb. 1805.

“Young Roscius’s premature powers attract universal attention, and I suppose that if less than an angel had told *his* parents that a bulletin of that child’s health should be necessary to quiet the anxiety of a metropolis for his safety, they would not have believed the prediction.

“Of Buonaparte’s exaltation, still less appearance, still fewer traces could have been visible a dozen years ago; and how his family will support their new dignities remains yet to be seen.

\* Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

† “Stern Nature guards the solitary coast,  
And winter barricades the realms of frost.”

“The Pope seems no more talked of. Is he gone home, or going? or will they set him down at Avignon, and secularize old Rome at once? *That* scheme is among the many one hears talked of.

“Mr. Piozzi’s state of health is all this while nearer my heart than any of these things; it is not a good state of health, certainly, where frequent agony and continual lameness both of hands and feet preclude all possibility of enjoyment, and render even consolation difficult. Yet has Mr. Piozzi tolerable appetite, and no worse spirits than such a state of life and limbs must necessarily produce . . . so we must be contented I think, and pity those who are worse off than ourselves.”

“Brynbella, 1st August, 1805.

“A reading lady at Bath, not a writing lady, told me that she open’d an old book one day at an old friend’s house, and found in it by mere accident whole pages of your predecessor Paley’s *Theology*, particularly the passage about *finding a watch*. She could not tell me the title of the book, but thought it was a *gentleman’s religion* she said, or the religion of a *gentleman*, or some such title, but people, coming in, she was shy of further examination. Can you guess what she *did* mean? I will answer for her veracity, *that* I would; and read nothing else but my Bible for as long as I have to live, unless it was your *Key*, which first put such a thought into my head. My comfort is that *you* are young enough to be useful; and that every day sets you in some place whence you may more easily and

with more power, as more dignity, dispense knowledge and practise virtue.

“ Hannah More’s hints for the education of a young princess is I fear but little read and tasted, though a beautiful book ; and attracts me oftener to open it (at least seldomer to shut it) than Mr. Roscoe’s *Leo X.* If I were but one dozen years younger than I am, I would learn Hebrew.”

“ No. 71, Pultney Street, Bath,  
“ Fryday, 12th Dec. 1806.

“ I have *not* read Mr. Faber’s last publication : it is a prodigious favourite with the public, and the booksellers write up in their windows, ‘ Here you may have *Faber’s Supplement;*’ but if I do not find time to study *his* opinions, I do find time to read the Bible (with Gray’s *Key*) and form *my own*. It seems to me *just now particularly* observable with what peculiar tenderness Joseph treats his brother Benjamin *at* and after the grand reconciliation. Has that behaviour any mystical reference, I wonder, to the modern Jews ? born as Benjamin was, just on *borders* of Canaan ? for the others were all produced whilst old Israel was in a wandering state ; and nineteen years did he wander. Now as ‘ *Annus pro die imputabitur,*’ forty days searching the land, and forty years spent in punishing their conduct who refused to enter it, &c., may not nineteen centuries be implied in Jacob’s having liv’d a foreigner and servant before he reach’d *home*, the place of his inheritance ? If so, the destin’d hour is not far off when

his children will indeed return, and every day gives me fresh hope for them."

" 31st Jan. 1807.

"That quack lady who magnetises the people in London is accused of her (a patient's) death I observe, and many patients *do* come here quite oppress'd by the half-broiled beef and hot butter'd ale with which physicians say that Miss Prescott loads those who place themselves under her care. But poor Mr. Piozzi is as ill as *they* can be, though he prefers boil'd mutton and macaroni to all that a table can offer him; and he is in bed now with gout on his breast, hands, arms, &c., a cough beside shaking his harrass'd frame to pieces. You may be sure I never quit him except for an hour's walk o' mornings, when I go out to hear what passes, and bring him accounts how Buonaparte was first to turn about, and *Le Troisième des Fuyards* that got safe into Warsaw. *That* expression was spoken of as used from a conspicuous character in the metropolis to Mrs. Fitzherbert who was here a week ago attending her dying mother; and yet the news rather loses than gains credit, notwithstanding *that letter* on which people naturally thought they might rely; but an impenetrable mist seems to surround public affairs, and what is discerned by glimpses thro' the fog is sure to be magnified.

" ' When will time the veil remove?  
 When will light the scene improve?  
 When will truth our doubts dispel?  
 Awful period! Who can tell? ' "

“Brynbella, Wednesday, 14th Sept. 1808.

“Sir Richard Hoare is an antiquarian you know, and was looking out for curiosities, but found nothing much worth his notice. Indeed the superficies of our earth exhibits at present matters more important than one could hope to find in its bosom; and Mr. Piozzi, troubled as he is with spasms on his stomach and cretaceous abscesses almost on every joynt, still feels a patriotic fervour at his heart, desiring life chiefly for the comfort of hearing that his lovely country has shaken off the yoke of Buonaparte. He sees bright visions likewise, *ægri somnia*, of Austria and Russia joining to assist; but I remind him of an old book we saw in the library at Vienna, entitled ‘Ung Livre des Oysivetez des Empereurs, souuerainement escrit en Phroge.’”

“Brynbella, Wednesday, 10th Aug. 1808.

“Everything changes round us, to say true; and my daughters, who spent two or three days here a week ago, took from me all power of sleeping in the night by the strange tales they told of *London manners*, though I was beginning to quiet my nerves about poor dear Mr. Piozzi. Perhaps the town ladies have kindly resolved on compensating the civilians of Doctors Commons for their loss in no longer condemning Spanish prizes. The unexampled crowd of divorce causes will perhaps make them rich amends. Our three times o-week paper gives us so many sudden deaths, so many accidents, so many thunder storms, it's like reading the casualties at the end of the old kings' reigns in a folio history.”



“ Brynbella, 13th Nov. 1811.

“ Of Fray Gerundio I never heard except from Baretti, who was always talking about him; and as veracity was never among Baretti's merits, it may very possibly be more nearly connected with the translator than I was aware of. Preaching is however a favourite topic of ridicule among Spanish wits. There is a comedy, exceedingly laughable, by Calderon della Barca, called the ‘ Devil turned Preacher,’ which I used to read thirty years ago; but I have no books in that language here, so it fades away too fast from my mind. Old Macklin used to say, there was a geography in humour: I am convinced there is one in oratory. That preaching which would impress a London congregation, would roll over our folks here and leave no trace: as the tail of the serpent comes nearer the mouth meanwhile, extremes meet in *everything*; and there is a rage for pulpit instruction that I did never observe in my younger days, but which marked the early periods of church history, and marks these late ones. There is likewise a visible disposition to inordinate vices not dreamed of forty years ago, but bearing strong resemblance to what one reads of in the first and second centuries. Knowledge increases too in a wonderful manner, but the science ends in a wonder after all. Witness the aeronauts, the galvanists, the vaccinators, and a long etcetera of philosophers who turn the flame downwards, and burning our diamonds to death, find them to be *charcoal*. Never was poor Nature so put to the

*rack*, and never of course was she made to tell so many *lies*. The thing Fourcroy says which best pleases *me* is, that of all our human anatomy, the brain holds out longest from decay. *Ainsi soit-il.*"

"Bath, 27th Nov. 1814.

"Streatham Park was worth anyone's seeing six months ago. Upon some threats concerning dilapidation, I set heartily to work, new fronted the house, new fenced the whole of the 100 acres completely round; repaired stables, out-buildings, barns which I had no use for; and hothouses which are a scourge to my purse, a millstone round my neck. 6500*l.* sterling just covers my expenses, of which 4000*l.* are paid; but poor old dowager as I am, the remainder kept me marvellous low in pocket, and drives me into a nutshell here at Bath, where I used to live gay and grand in Pultney Street. Direct, however, Post Office, when you are kind enough to write, and I shall get your letter. Count Lieven is my tenant, and pays me liberally, but so he should; for his dependants smoke their tobacco in my nice new beds, and play a thousand tricks that keep my steward, who I have left there, in perpetual agony. I am famous for *tenants* you know. So much for self.

"Lord Byron was such a favourite with the women. We all agreed that he might throw his handkerchief; and I rejoyce so pretty and pleasing a lady picks it up. I knew his grandmother most intimately, Sophia Trevanion, Admiral Byron's lady; and

she was a favourite with Doctor Johnson. He would have been glad that her grandson was a poet, and a poet he is, in every sense of the word: ‘Au moins il ne manque que *la pauvreté* pour l’être,’ as some one said of a gentleman painter in France many years ago.”

“Brynbella, 19th Aug. 1816.

“An intelligent gentleman in the neighbourhood has set my mind easy concerning the abolition of tithes notwithstanding. He says the lay impropriations will save the church, just as the rotten boroughs so complained of in the years 93 and 94, when we were trying to imitate the French Revolution. I showed him the ivy twisting among the stones of his old summer house in the park; and asked if he did not remember the people teizing him (and wisely enough *then*) to cut it away. He neglected it, however, and *now* it holds the little building together; if he cut it out, the whole would fall.”

“No. 8. Gay Street, Bath,  
“Fryday, 27th Sept. 1816.

“Well! now am I returned to the living world again. What do I hear? and what do I see? I hear of dear Doctor Gray’s new book \* from every creature that can hold one; and I see Buonaparte’s fine carriage driven up my street by a surly-looking coachman preceded by a showy cuirrassier, in the armour he wore at Waterloo. First of the book however, because *that*

\* His “Connexion, &c.”

captivates all hearts: the other appanage is itself a captive. The chapter treating of Josephus is the general favourite; how much more must it be mine, who have been myself upon the ground trodden by St. Paul and him. Will you laugh at me for fretting that the Old Prediction of Ocyrrhoe the Centauress is omitted? The expressions are so strong.

“‘Aspicit infantem, totique salutifer orbi  
Cresce puer, dixit; tibi si mortalia sæpe  
Corpora debebunt animas, tibi reddere ademptas  
Fas erit.’

“ And again,

“‘Eque Deo Corpus fiet exanguè Deusque,  
Qui modo corpus eras; et *bis* tua fata novabis.’

“ Poets do oft prove prophets, as Shakespeare says of jesters. I have, however, passed my last quarter in a region where neither poesy nor prophecy were thought on, except Nixon the Chesshire fool’s prediction that

‘When kings are dismay’d and princes betray’d,  
Our landlords shall stand with their hats in their hand  
And beg of the tenants to take their land.’

“ My affairs here being all settled, Streatham Park disposed of, and my poor steward, Leak, being dead, I have got a pretty neat house and decent establishment for a widowed lady, and shall exist a true Bath Cat for the short remainder of my life, hearing from Salusbury of his increasing family, and learning from the libraries in this town all the popular topics — Turks, Jews, and Ex-Emperor Buonaparte, remembering still that now

my debts are all paid, and my income set free, which was so long sequestered to pay repairs of a house I was not rich enough to inhabit, and could not persuade my daughters to take from me —

“ ‘Malice domestic, foreign levy, — nothing  
Can touch me further;’

as Macbeth says of Duncan when he is dead. Things will at worst last *my* time I suppose.”

“Bath, 11th Nov. 1817.

“My dear Doctor Gray’s kind letter arrived the same day as the Queen\*; and such a day of gayety and triumph Bath certainly never did witness. Now, Lord be praised, and let us keep our wits! was *my* exclamation; the delight of the people was boundless. Everybody was on the *alerte*; numbers of women (who had been presented) left their names, and some had a notion she would send for others who did *not*. Madame D’Arblaye, ci-devant Miss Burney, was believed by many to have a claim on her remembrance; and some prepared to sing, and some to read, and some to talk. The illumination was more gaudy than I ever saw London exhibit; and a prodigious expense was incurred by subscription to pillars, arches, and I know not what beside. The mayor and corporation put on new dresses, the cooks prepared a magnificent repast, and Death † uninvited came to the dinner. The Duke of

\* Queen Charlotte.

† The death of the Princess Charlotte.

Clarence really could not articulate the fatal words that extinguished hope and merriment; he threw the paper to Lord Camden and left the room, — it was empty in five minutes. All this in one short week!

“ This is Monday; and no news comes to Bath, so we invent ad libitum. The favourite fable of the day is that Prince Leopold has shot himself; and truly if any man is to be driven distracted by the occurrences of this life, forgetting for a moment that it is merely a passage to the other, his wits *may* unsettle surrounded by such irritating circumstances.”

“ Bath, 29th Dec. 1817.

“ My dear Doctor Gray speaks so kindly of my youthful energies, I must really take out a new pen to tell him — what alone we all tell to each other — that the Queen is gone. I took some little pains to find out who she spoke freely with and in private; and have reason to think it was Madame D’Arblaye, daughter to old Dr. Burney, and wife of the Republican general, who ran hither, sdeigning submission\*, as Satan says in the Paradise Lost, either to Louis dixhuit, or to Buonaparte. That lady, although we are on visiting terms, was not likely, you know, to forward the reception of H. L. P., against whom she raised the grand cry for marrying a foreigner; and delicacy would not permit me to squeeze among the crowds—I must not call them rabble—who molested Her Majesty in the Pump Room. The pressure there was, I am told, very offensive indeed;

\* “ Lifted up so high  
I sdeign’d subjection.”—*Milton*.

but she behaved sweetly to them all, and seems to have succeeded in pleasing every creature."

"Penzance, 1st Sept. 1820.

"'Tis long indeed since female profligacy was appointed the scourge of Britain; and that it should be applauded by the multitude, fills *me* with serious apprehensions. When and where will the painful discussion end!

" 'Italian ladies will for no man  
Forbear defending of a woman:  
But let the cause be bad or good,  
Fight tooth and nail for sisterhood.'

say some of the wits *du tems passé*; but *English* dames are accustomed to treat a frail sister as does in a park do the one singled out by the keeper. If she tries to lose herself in the herd, they fly her as if infected.\* Of what people think, however, or of what they say, I guess not here at Penzance, where I mingle very little indeed with the very little society that there *is*.

"Oh dear! here comes more of this odious Tryal.† Well! I *am* pleased to see that the Italian *men* are more delicate than the German *women*. This Barbara will be torn in pieces by the mob sure, and the gentlemen will fight duels, and how will it all end? and

\* "These lovely things have mercy shown  
For every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim  
Except an erring sister's shame."—*Byron*.

† The Queen's trial.

*when?* The eclipse next week too, 'tegunt nigræ latitantia sidera nubes.' Indeed I have never seen a starry night since we came, fine as the weather is; and somehow one does feel horror-stricken. An impressive preacher called the World's End before our eyes last Sunday; and though nobody will own it, my heart feels sure that many went home under an alarm somewhat unusual.

"Dear Doctor Gray, *do* write again to me, and keep my spirits up by your kindness. That all will last *my* time, and yours too, I doubt not; but the great fellow with the scythe seems to tread *hard*, and tread *heavy*; and the footsteps he leaves behind him are *so* large of late! Lord Byron is said to be bringing out a tragedy: unlucky, if Mr. Kean is leaving England for America. They seem to be kindred souls, delighting in distortion, and mistaking it for pathos. Did a strange work (a little thing) ever cross your path called the Modern Prometheus? It is a proof how present taste runs in a current totally different from that which marked the beginning of last century. I wonder what the wits of 1921 will say to both!

"And so all the witnesses, I find, are shut in my great-grandfather's garden!—*Cotton* Garden, belonging, in James II.'s reign, to Sir Robert Cotton of Combermere."



## MISS WYNN'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

THE following extracts from Mrs. Piozzi's letters to a Welsh neighbour, are copied from Miss Williams Wynn's commonplace book :—

1797.—'Tis really not unworthy observation, how the vital part of every country has been struck at during the last ten years. Loyalty and love of their *Grand Monarque* was a characteristic of Parisian manners. *Their Sovereign has been executed.* Religion and the fine arts comforted the Italians for loss of liberty and of conquests. Their ceremonies are now insulted, their models of excellence taken forcibly away. Our English John, safe in his wooden walls, counted the treasures of the Bank and feared no ill while ships and money lasted. Our guineas are turned to paper, our fleets mutiny, and our boobies here in London run to crown the dead delegates with flowers, forgetting how we were all terrified when the Thames was blocked up, the trade stopt, and an actual civil war at Sheerness, not twenty miles from the capital.

1799.—Your heart would melt to hear the horrid tales from Italy! Poor Conte di Fron, late Turinese Ambassador, comes now and then to disburthen his heart and vent his sorrows on us, and, lamenting more his King's misfortunes than his own, tells how that

hapless Prince knelt on the ground in vain before the unfeeling general of the French forces begging a brother's life, while that commander, lately a low attorney of some country town, showed him humbled to his brother officers, and made the scene a matter of encouragement to France to persist in her resolves against crowned heads. *This was Sardinia's King.* The royal family of Naples suffered little less, &c. &c. Dear Mr. Piozzi's countrymen tell him that the oxen, &c. in the North of Italy have been so put in requisition, that large tracts of land lie waste for want of cultivation, whilst civil war of opinions among the inhabitants, some holding fast by the old way, and some embracing the new notions brought among them by the French, make that once lovely country a theatre of agony, and produce such dearness of provisions, that at Genoa a dog's head was sold for five shillings during the siege, and friends, enemies, soldiers, traders, alike perished more by hunger than by the sword.

1813.—Compliments of the season. It is a very old fashion. Our ancestors used to send mistletoe to each other. The Romans presented dates and dried figs to their friends, and the modern Italians make up elegant boxes of sweetmeats for the same purpose. We keep our oaks as clean as we can from all parasitical plants. We have the sugar plums for children, and send empty wishes of a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,—even that good custom is going out apace. Well, Ovid's line to Germanicus was the prettiest:—

“Dii tibi dent annos, à te nam cætera sumes.”

Buonaparte doubtless thought such a speech would suit him some months ago, but he must renounce all hope of being *Germanicus*.

1814.—Your partiality will encourage me to a long chat with you concerning the atmospheric stones which have attracted much of my attention. I do believe that Diana of the Ephesians was no other than one of these, and it was thought, you know, that she fell down from Jupiter, but I have heard a Camb-man maintain that it was possible that the *moon* might produce them—an idea best befitting to a *lunatic*. Dr. Milner's joke on such immechanical notions is the very best I know—the ready-furnished house. They must, I think, go *up* before they fall down, and certainly there are more volcanoes at work than we are watching, which fill the air with substances of an attractive kind, which, for the most part assume conical shapes, as Nature when alone appears particularly to delight in. The Dea Pessinuntia, or Cybele of classic mythology, was, I fancy, a mere meteoric composition. They washed her with much silly reverence, you remember, and Heliogabalus's black stone, which he drove into Rome with four white horses, was nothing better, only the form happened to be perhaps a more regular and perfect cone. He was a Syrian, you know, and this, dropping from heaven as they believed, served excellently to represent their Bel, or Baal, or lost Thammuz, the *Sun*, in short, of which divinity he was *priest*, as a pyræum of aspiring flame. . . .

Let me hope that you will not pursue geology till it leads you into doubts destructive of all comfort in this world, and all happiness in the next. I am not afraid of *Gibbon*. Whoever has a true taste of Cicero's sweetness and Virgil's majesty, will not take *his* modern terseness of expression or neatness of finish, so completely French, for perfection. . . . With regard to our own nobility and people of fashion getting into these horrid scrapes of swindling and stock-jobbing\*, and the Lord knows what — they fright *me* to read of them. We need no longer say with Capt. Macheath,

“I wonder we han't better company  
Upon Tyburn tree.”

The executive Power should really address them now in the official phrase of My lords and gentlemen!

Meanwhile Alexander deserved much of the bustle we made about him. When a child, it seems, his grandmother, the great autocratix Catherine, took an English boy out of a merchant's counting-house at Petersburg and put him about the young Czar as a playfellow and to teach him our language. When she had done with him he was sent off of course, and Alexander confessed that his companion was forgotten. One day, however, in the crowds of London, the Emperor recognised a face that he knew, and made the man come up and say in what way he was *now*, and how he could be served; after which interview no time was lost, till the Prince

\* Alluding to the fraud for which Lord Dundonald was prosecuted.

Regent had not promised only, but actually provided, this old companion of his new friend with a place in the Treasury of 500*l.* a-year. Such actions are like those related in novels, and acted on the stage. . . .

I refused every invitation for the shows in the Park, and saw the red glare over London so plainly from my own gate, that every moment added to my rejoicing that I was no nearer the crush and the crowd when so many *unnamed* human creatures perished. Miles Peter Andrews, the rich and gay, sent out two hundred cards of invitation to see the festivities from his windows, verandah, &c., but Miles Peter Andrews (his friends say) *went off* before the fireworks; so his heir removed the body and received company *himself*.\* You and I have read of a golden age, a silver, and an iron age: is not *that* we live in, the marble age? so smooth, so old, so polished. . . .

Meantime 'tis really curious to hear the different opinions of those who live at the Fountain Head of information. London at this moment exhibits bills stuck up on every post, with Murder in large letters on it, soliciting the apprehension of a felon who has killed his sweetheart, and the lawyers all declare that the annals of Newgate are *disgraced* (comical enough) by the proceedings of the common people these last three years. . . . Per contra, as shop-

\* The funeral took place on the very day of the illuminations, and the collation ordered by the deceased served first for the mourners, and then for a select party collected to see the fireworks.

keepers would express it, you may see the *good* people (I visit many of those who style themselves the *Evangelicals*) congratulating me and each other on the diffusion of religious knowledge and consequent virtuous behaviour. Jews, say they, are converting, slaves releasing, and heathen nations obtaining instruction by means of missionaries warm in the cause of piety, and useful in researches for bettering the general condition of mankind. Preachers, no longer supine, *vie* with each other in eloquent persuasion of their hearers. Who, twenty or thirty years ago, would have run after any one of those who now adorn our pulpits? and are, as far as I can observe, very coolly listened to. Such is my survey of London in 1814.

1817. — The improvements in London amused me very much, and such a glare is cast by the gas lights, I knew not where I was after sunset. Old Father Thames, adorned by four beautiful bridges, will hardly remember what a poor figure he made eighty years ago, I suppose, when gay folks went to Vauxhall in barges\*, an attendant barge carrying a capital band of music playing Handel's water music — as it has never been played since.

I saw Mr. Wanzey yesterday evening. His account of the procession at Rome, consisting of Christian slaves liberated by Lord Exmouth, was very interesting.† They

\* "One evening, at Mrs. Doyley's, when the party had been talking of the glories of Waterloo bridge, then just opened, a gentleman turned to the lady of the house and said, 'You and I, Mrs. Doyley, remember the time when London had but one bridge.' Miss Grimston was present." — *Note by Miss Wynn.*

† It is very strange that the vulgar mistake of writing ad-

walked up the long street, Strada del Popolo, in uniform, and up to St. Peter's Church, attended by all the priesthood singing Litanies, Thanksgivings, &c.; then depositing their standards at the foot of the altar, prostrated themselves before the cross, and returned blessing the English, and crying, as soon as they had passed the church doors, "Vivan i bravi Inglesi! Viva la santa religione, &c."

We are *party*-mad here. I do not mean politically so, but the people run to numberless *parties* of a night. No illness or affliction keeps them out of a crowd. A lady at my next door almost had her party on Sunday night, and her husband invited a large company to dinner on the Tuesday following. "Nay," said Dr. Gibbs, "I doubt whether Mrs. — will *live* beyond Tuesday. She is very ill indeed." At three o'clock the husband sent to put off his company, and at eight o'clock she died. He sent his cards out that day fortnight, and had his party again. So runs our world away. The men play at macko and lose their thousands all morning; one gentlemen was seen to pay seven guineas for the cards he had used in four hours only.

1818. — Mrs. Lutwych will have the loss not only of a good husband and certain friend, but she will lose her greatest admirer too, which few people could boast of in conjugal life, besides herself and me. Alas! alas! but

jectives with capital letters occurs frequently in these letters. I have copied some of her oddly affected orthography. She is always *set o'laughing*. Through a long negociation she speaks always of the Piano *e forte* which they are buying for Boddylwyddan." — *Note by Miss W. Wynn.* Was it a vulgar mistake at the time?

we must lose or be lost. Her death would have broken his heart. The most painful sight of all is a sick baby, for there is such a vegetating power, such a disposition in the habit to drive that death away which grown people often seem half to invite, that it shocks one; and I hoped poor Angelo would have been the staff of my age. You can scarce think how low-spirited all these things make me. I am glad the sea is at hand to wash care away.

1819.—Llewenney Hall pulled down too! and its forests: *Alta cadit quercus*; but schools are made of the bricks, and *Teachery*, as I call it in a word of my own inventing, goes on at a famous rate; yet one does not remember it is ever said in the Old or New Testament, “If you *study* My ways, and *learn* My commandment;” but “if you *walk* in My ways, and *observe* My commandments *to do them*,” which was surely never so little practised as now. Well, the work of reformation runs forward apace. Female associations are forming every day and everywhere. They come into your kitchens, instruct your servants, tell them how their masters and ladies run to perdition, give them books against tyranny, and tell them they are all slaves.

Your vraie amie octogenaire,

H. L. P.

1820.—I certainly feel sorry for his death; and if I do *not* feel *alarmed*, who am three or four years older, it is because even the grim Lion Death may be rendered familiar by stroking, and never suffering him long out of



sight. . . . . Will you hear the story of my *present* neighbour? Zenobia Stevens, of a good family not far off, had a lease of ninety-nine years under the Duke of Bolton, and *lived it out*. When she went herself and gave it up, her kind landlord begged her to keep the house during her life, and offering her a glass of wine, "*One* if your Grace pleases," was her prudent reply, "but as I am to ride twelve miles on a young colt these short evenings, I am afraid of being giddy-headed."



The sense is kept, and the point blunted in the translation, but so it is in all translations.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 10th April, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,—This is a copy of the memorandum I took when the Bishop of Killala (Stock) showed me the fact in Mezeray's History of France.

“When Hugh Capet was first set in the seat of power, he consulted an astrologer, who told him his descendants would *scarcely* wear the crown above 800 years. ‘Will it’ (says the King), ‘make any difference to the dynasty, if I consent, not to be crown’d at all?’ ‘Oh yes!’ was the reply. ‘They will then sit at least 806 years.’” . . . . and so they *did*: for if you add 806 to the year 987 when Hugh Capet was inaugurated, it gives you the year 1793 when his descendant Louis XVII. was murdered in prison. Les Horoscopes étoient fort à la mode en ces Tems là. The bishop said it was 816, I remember, and I took the memorandum in haste: if *it was really so*, their time was not expired till two years ago. ’Tis an odd circumstance at any rate: *an odder still*, that you should prefer my version of Hadrian’s lines to those of better poets.

Gentle soul! a moment stay,  
Whither wouldst thou wing thy way?  
Cheer once more thy house of clay,  
Once more prattle and be gay:

See, thy fluttering pinions play ;  
Gentle soul ! a moment stay.\*

The conversation we had that *serious* evening last week on the most serious of all subjects, put the verses in my head which you will read over leaf, with your accustomed partiality.

I had some of the lines lying unremembered in my mind ever since the year 1809, but I believe never written out.

Heart ! where heav'd my earliest sigh,  
First to live, and last to die ;  
Fortress of receding life,  
Why maintain this useless strife ?  
Weary of their long delay  
Time and Death demand their prey :  
Worn with cares, and wearied, thou ;  
Willingly their claim allow :  
Soon shall Time and Death destroy'd  
Drop in th' illimitable void,

\* Thus translated by Pope, whose "Dying Christian to His Soul" was confessedly suggested by it:—

"Oh, fleeting spirit, wandering fire,  
That long has warm'd my tender breast,  
Wilt thou no more my frame inspire ?  
No more a pleasing cheerful guest ?

"Whither, ah ! whither art thou flying,  
To what dark, undiscover'd shore ?  
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,  
And wit and humour are no more."

Whilst thou thy petty powers shalt ply,  
 An atom of eternity.  
 For when the trumpet's lofty sound  
 Shall echo thro' the vast profound :  
 When with revivifying heat  
 All nature's numerous pulses beat,  
 Touched by the Master's hand : shall come  
 Thy unforgotten pendulum ;  
 No longer feeble, cold, and slow  
 Retarded still by grief or woe ;  
 But firm to mark th' unfinished hour,  
 That shall all grief and woe devour.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Blake's Hotel, Monday, July 31st, 1815.

My dear Sir James Fellowes's friendly heart will feel pleased that the spasms he drove away, returned no more : altho' you were really scarce out of the street before I received a cold short note from Mr. Merrik Hoare, who married one of the sisters, to say that Lord Keith, who married the other, wished to decline purchasing : so here I am no whit nearer disposing of Streatham Park than when I sate still in Bath. Money spent and nothing done : but bills thronging in every hour. Mr. Ward, the solicitor, has sent his demand of 116*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* I think, for expences concerning Salusbury's marriage. I call that the *felicity* bill : those which produce nothing but infelicity, all refer to Streatham, of course. But you ran away without your epigram translated so much apropos :

“ Créanciers ! maudite canaille,  
 Commissaire, huissiers et recors ;  
 Vous aurez bien le diable au corps  
 Si vous emportez la muraille.”

Creditors ! ye cursed crew,  
 Bailiffs, blackguards, not a few :  
 Look well around, for here's my all :  
 You've left me nothing but this wall,  
 And sure to give each dev'l his due,  
 This wall's too strong for them or you.

I must make the most of my house now they have left it on my hands, must I not ! *may* I not ? and, like my countrymen at Waterloo, sell my *life* as dear as I can. Oh terque quaterque beati ! those who fell at the battle of St. Jean, when compared to the miseries of Cadiz and Xeres ; and oh, happy Sir James Fellowes ! whose book\*, well disseminated, will save us from these horrors, or from an accumulation of them ; when the Cambridge fever shall break out again among the Lincolnshire fens, if we have unfavourable seasons. The best years of *my* temporal existence — I don't mean the happiest ; but the best for powers of improvement, observation, &c.—were past in what is now Park Street, Southwark, but then Deadman's Place ; so called because of the pest houses which were established there in the Great Plague of London. From clerks, and *black-*

\* “ Reports of the Pestilential Disorder of Andalusia, &c. &c. ; with a Detailed Account of the Epidemic in Gibraltar, in 1804. &c. &c.” London : 1815.

*guards not a few*, I learn'd there that Long Lane, Kent Street, and one other place of which the name has slipt my memory, were exempt from infection during the whole time of general sickness, and that their safety was imputed to its being the residence of tanners. I am, however, now convinced from your book, that it was seclusion, not *tan*, that preserved them. And do not, dear Sir, despise your sibyl's prediction: for that God's judgments are abroad, it is in vain to deny; and though France will support the heaviest weight of them till her phial is run out; our proximity, and fond inclination to connect with her, may, and naturally *will* produce direful effects in many ways upon the morals, the purses, and the health of Great Britain.

Do you observe that there is already a pretender started to the Bourbon throne? You cannot (as I can) recollect in the very early days of the Revolution, that Abbé Sieyes declared he had saved the *real Dauphin* from Robertspierre, and substituted another baby of equal age to endure the fury of the homicides. Some of us believed the tale, and some, the greater number, laughed at those who *did* believe it. But an intelligent Italian, since dead, assured me that the last Pope, Braschi, believed it; and marked the youth in consequence of that belief, with a Fleur-de-Lys upon his leg. Whether the young man described in the newspaper as seizing the Duchess d'Angoulesme, is that person or another: or whether some fellow under the influence of national insanity, imagines himself the Dauphin; he is likely enough to disturb them and

divide their friends. Such times by the violence of fermentation produce extraordinary virtues; but your incomparable Don Diego Alvarez de la Fuente would never have had his excellence of character properly appreciated, had you not been the man to hand his fame down to posterity. Æneas would have been forgotten but for Virgil.

I am not yet aware that any suspicion of promoting contagion during the fearful moments you describe, lighted on the Jews: the propensity they show to deal in old clothes makes it very likely that they should now and then propagate infectious diseases among their Christian persecutors, but I hope those days are coming fast to an end; when France has been disposed of, *their turn will come*. You will find a kind word or two for them in the first chapter of my second volume (of "Retrospection") but the last chapter in the first volume is my favourite, and should be read before the short dissertation on the Hebrews for twenty reasons. I hope you like my preface, and find it *modest enough*, tho' the critics had no mercy on my *sauciness*.

Well! now the rest of this letter shall be like other people's letters, and say how hot the streets are, and how disagreeable London is in the summer months; and how sincerely happy I should have been to pass the next six or seven weeks at Sidmouth, but that,— Oh, such speeches are *not* like other people's letters at all: but that,— I have not (with an income of 2000*l.* a year) 5*l.* to spend on myself, so encumber'd am I with debts and taxes. Leak says he must pay 40*l.*



Property Tax, now, this minute. He is a good creature, and will be a bitter loss to his poor mistress, whenever we part; although the keeping him, and his wife, and his child, is dreadful, is it not? Since, however, in mental as in bodily plagues, despondency brings on ruin faster than it would come of itself:

“What yet remains? but well what’s left to use,  
And keep good humour still, whate’er we lose.”

The battle with Anderdon will be fought to-morrow. I make sure of losing the *field*; my generals are unskilful. Direct Mrs. Piozzi, Bath.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Monday Morning, Blake’s Hotel,  
7th August, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES FELLOWES,—When in the library at Streatham Park yesterday, I just looked into an old book of my writing, now completely out of print, and found these long-forgotten lines. The date 1792.

Shall impious France, though frantic grown,  
Drag her pale victims from the throne.

Shall royal blood be spilt:  
Yet think neglectful Heav’n will spare,  
And by conniving seem to share  
In such gigantic guilt?

No, tardy-footed vengeance stalks  
Round her depopulated walks,

Waiting the fateful hour ;  
 When human skill no more can save,  
 But hot contagion fills the grave,  
 And famine bids devour.

Rise, warriors, rise ! with hostile sway  
 Accelerate that dreadful day,  
 Revenge the royal cause :  
 Exerting *well-united* force,  
 Tear all decrees that would divorce  
 True liberty from laws.

Is it not very odd I should so predict what is sure enough likely now to befall *them*, and yet never predict what has befallen myself ? But I do not even now repent my journey. The offer to my daughters was not only made, but in person *repeated* ; so my conscience is clear of blame if we sell, — there are, however, those who think nothing but an acre of land will in two or three years be worth a guinea.

The funds do fall so strangely, and so fast. Should these explainers of the prophecies prove the wise men we take them for, and should the call of the Jews be at hand — *their* taking out such monstrous sums would break us down at once ; but the Turkish empire must give way before that hour approaches ; and rapidly as the wheel does run down the hill, increasing in velocity every circle it makes, I can't believe that things are coming so very forward, but that poor H. L. P. may, by the mercy of God, escape those scenes of turbulence and confusion.

Your book, however, helps to alarm me. I had no notion that such pestilence had been so near, and you can have but little notion how little we were impressed by newspaper accounts of what you yourself not only witnessed but endured.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, August 24th, 1815.

I COULD not recollect poor dear Garrick's verses yesterday, when we were talking on the subject: although *they* were made in the library at Streatham Park and, by Johnson's approbation and consent, substituted instead of Murphy's, which he thought pedantic.

“Ye fair married dames who so often deplore  
That a lover once blessed, is a lover no more;  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

“Use the man whom you wed like your fav'rite guitar.  
Though there's music in both, they are both apt to jar;  
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch;  
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much.\*

\* “The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;  
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before.” — ROGERS.

“The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,  
Grow tame by caressing, and come at command ;  
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed to your will.

“Be gay and good-humoured, complying, and kind,  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind,  
Attractions so pleasing, resistless will prove,  
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.”

Murphy's Song :

“Attend all ye fair, and I'll tell ye the art,  
To bind every fancy with ease in your chains ;  
To hold in soft fetters the conjugal heart,  
And banish from Hymen his doubts and his pains.

“When Juno accepted the cestus of Love,  
At first she was handsome, she charming became ;  
It taught her with skill the soft passions to move,  
To kindle at once, and to keep up the flame.

“Thence flows the gay chat more than reason that  
charms,  
The eloquent blush that can beauty improve ;  
The fond sigh, the sweet look, the soft touch that  
alarms ;  
With the tender disdain — that renewal of love.

“Ye fair ! take the cestus, and trust to its power,  
The mind unaccomplished, mere features are vain ;  
When wit and good humour enliven each hour,  
The Loves, Joys, and Graces will walk in your train.”

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Monday, 28th August, 1815.

RETROSPECTION, too much crowded with figures; anticipation, in every sense, a blank! and thus it is, Dear Sir, that the world runs away. Messrs. *Flint* and *Dun* (where you bought the bitter horehound,) *hard* as one of their names, and dreadful as the other, told me our lost fortune on Saturday night; I send it you, enclosed to Miss Fellowes, who will accompany it with pleasanter tydings I hope. Do the friends, for whom you are sacrificing health, make you large compensation by trying to be happy themselves? I hope they do. If more inducements are wanting, they will surely think on *that*.

I have been plagued with a gumboil, a mouth abscess. Punishment upon the peccant part for all that rattling nonsense it poured out on Fryday morning, when you met Miss Williams here; but we had been talking gravely before, and my mother used to repeat a Spanish refrain, which *you* know, I dare say, but I do not, expressing: from a companion that knows but one book, and can relate but one story, Good Lord deliver me; and sure enough monotony will always tire, whether the talk be of mutton or of metaphysics.

“One charm display’d, another strike our view,  
In quick variety for ever new,”

as some among our Streatham wits used to say, was *her* forte.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Wednesday, 27th September, 1815.

I HAVE lived to witness very great wonders, and am told that Bramah the great mechanic is in expectation of perfecting the guidance of an air balloon, so as to exhibit in an almost miraculous manner upon Westminster Bridge next Spring. I saw one of the first—the *very* first, Mongolfier, I believe,—go up from the Luxembourg Gardens at Paris; and in about an hour after, expressing my anxiety whither Pilâtre de Rosier and his friend Charles were gone, meaning of course to what part of France they would be carried, a grave man made reply: “Je crois, Madame, qu’ils sont allés, ces Messieurs-là, pour voir le lieu où les vents se forment.”

What fellows Frenchmen are! and always have been. I long for your brother’s new account of them, and if I could turn the figures from seventy-four to forty-seven, I would certainly go and see them myself: in a less hazardous vehicle than an air balloon.

Abate Parini made a pretty impromptu on that we saw go up at Paris, and I translated it: here it is

“E LA MACCHINA CHE PARLA.

“Eccomi dal Mondo e Meraviglia e Gioco,  
Farmi grande in un punto e lieve io sento,  
E col fumo nel grembo ed a piedi il fuoco,  
Salgo per aria e mi confido al vento.

“ E mentre aprir nuovo cammino io tento,  
 A l'uom, cui l'onda, e cui la terra è poco,  
 Fra incerti moti e l'anco dubbio evento,  
 Alto gridando la natura invoco.

“ Oh Madre delle cose ! arbitrio prenda  
 L'uomo per me de questo aereo regno,  
 Se cio fia mai che più beato il renda :  
 Ma se nuocer poi dee, l'audace ingegno  
 Perda l'opra, e'l consiglio ; e fa ch'io splenda  
 D' una stolta impotenza eterno segno.”

THE MACHINE SPEAKS.

In empty space behold me hurl'd,  
 The sport and wonder of the world :  
 Who eager gaze, whilst I aspire  
 Expanded with aerial fire.

And since man's selfish race demands  
 More empire than the seas and lands ;  
 For him my courage mounts the skies,  
 Invoking nature as I rise.

Mother of all ! if thus refin'd  
 My flights can benefit mankind,  
 Let them by me new realms prepare,  
 And take possession of the air.

But if to ill alone I lead,  
 Quickly, oh quick let me recede ;  
 Or blaze a splendid exhibition,  
 A beacon for their mad ambition.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Tuesday night, 3rd Oct. 1815.

WITH regard to public matters, I think Maximilian, the witty Emperor of Germany, was not far from right when he said that *he*, like Agamemnon of old, was Rex Regum (King of Kings); the King of France, Rex Asinorum (King of Asses); the King of England, Rex Diabolorum (King of Devils) — though he had not heard of the Irish mutineers of *our day*: the King of Spain, Rex Hominum (King of Men). I hope they will verify the appellation and behave like men and gentlemen. Of dear Cervantes' merit, you must know most, and those who do so, must most value him. I believe there is no writer in Europe as popular, no not Shakespear himself, who is justly the idol of his own country: while the Spanish hero is hero of *every* country: no nation that does not swarm with prints, and resound with stories of Don Quixote; and 'tis very likely I am quoting my own book when I say so, but there is no remembering the crowded figures clustered together in "Retrospection." We will talk of the name-book when I am grown rich; it will do nothing for me till I don't want it, and *that* day I purpose to see on the 25th of next July, if not hindered by Los Hatos, and cramped in my noble exertions. Nine months, is it not, to July? Well! I have carried many a heavy burden for nine months, and why not a load of debt? 'tis a new sort of burthen,



but Leak writes me word that Gillow's bill has many charges in it that cannot be supported, so if he can heave off a *hundred* weight, things will run better, and 'tis only following your example about the vexatious tooth — bearing, and forbearing, and wearing the misery out.

Our theatre is open, and I saw the new opera dancers from Mrs. Dimond's box. La Prima Donna is the smallest creature I ever saw, that was not a dwarf; her husband a Colossus of a fellow, and the waltz they dance together, just the very oddest thing I ever saw in my life. We were talking here one morning, if you recollect, with Miss Williams, of these Ballerinas, and the ideas they intended to excite. The present set excite *no* ideas except of dry admiration for the astonishing difficulties they perform, and some serious fears lest they should break their slender limbs in the performance. Holding out one leg and one arm in a parallel line, is destructive of all grace; and when, after springing up to a prodigious height, they come down on the point of one toe — nothing can exceed our wonder at its possibility, except one's joy that they escape in safety. Music and dancing are no longer what they were, and I grow less pleased with both every hour —

“ Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away.”

But do not let us teize dear Miss Fellowes to write; it only worries *her*, and, whilst I am conscious of it, cannot delight *me*. While secure of a friend's affec-

tionate regard, I abhor dunning them for letters; when my heart tells me that their kindness is growing cold, and feels weary of keeping up an uninteresting correspondence, 'tis then that silence is a mute that strangles.

We have an old beauty come here to Bath—you scarce can remember her—one of the very *very* much admired women, Lady Stanley. Poor thing! she went to France and Italy early in life, learned *les manières* and *les tournures*, and how gay a thing it was to despise her husband, who was completely even with her —

“In youth she conquer'd with so wild a rage,  
As left her scarce a subject in her age:  
For foreign glories, foreign joys, to roam,  
No thought of peace, or happiness at home.”

Her fortune, however, as an independent heiress, she held fast; and her wit and pleasantry seem but little impaired; but the loss of health sent her here, and she wonders to see mine so good, so indeed do I; but we were no puling family; my father, both my grandfathers, and three uncles, all died suddenly, which renders me more watchful of course. Never mind; Pope says,

“Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”

“Nos sumus in scenâ quin et mendante magistro  
Quisque datas agimus partes; sit longa brevisve  
Fabula, nil refert.”

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 10th Oct. 1815.

SUCH letters would make *anybody* well. I will implicitly follow the advice of my incomparable friend, and I will not advertise Streatham Park till you approve the measure. Alas, dear Sir, my wish is to conciliate, not provoke them. Lord North's maxim, "Amicitiae sempiternæ, inimicitiae placabiles,"\* is the best in the world; and they will perhaps one day tell you that I have always followed it. Meanwhile, I will not swear that the cross winds of domestic life have forborne to injure my tackling, and if I can now get home under jury masts, how thankful ought I to be! Apropos to *jury* masts, what can be the meaning of such an awkward word? I have not a dictionary in the room, but I dare say they mean mâts de *durer*. Masts that will just serve and *last* but for a short time. Now if I am the worse for the musket shot of this warring world, how reasonable is it to expect that *you* should have suffered, who have been so exposed to its heaviest artillery! Let us never have done rejoicing that you are returned to the bosom of your family, and permitted to enjoy *their* happiness which you have unremittingly preferred to your own.

*I* was selfish, *once*, and *but* once in my life; and though they lost nothing by my second marriage, my

\* Popularly rendered: "Enmities in dust; friendships in marble."

friends (as one's relations are popularly called) never could be persuaded to forgive it; was not it always so? Your Spanish Bible, in the eighteenth chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel, shows us how to obtain pardon by applying to the *right place and person*, not to our *cruel* fellow servants. . . . .

So here is reciprocation of confidence, and a confession no one but your kind self could deserve — or indeed comprehend . . . . .

Where the mad warrior fights for fame,  
 And life beneath him lies;  
 'Tis love of praise that bears the blame,  
 And those that blame are wise.

When female levity and youth  
 Run wild a thousand ways;  
 Each stander by, with equal truth,  
 Arraigns the love of praise.

But praises when by virtue given,  
 To virtue are assign'd;  
 They light like harbingers from Heav'n,  
 And cheer the trembling mind.

'Tis then with pride resembling shame,  
 We bask beneath their rays;  
 And virtue with an humbler name,  
 Becomes the love of praise.

I remember an awkward Irish Miss once, when it was the fashion to give sentimental toasts, making us

all look silly, because the men laughed so, who loved rough merriment, when in reply to their request of a sentiment, she made answer, "What we think on most, Sir, and talk on least." Mrs. Hoare and I both would *feel* that to be Streatham Park.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Tuesday Night, 24th Oct. 1815.

DOCTOR FELLOWES is certainly right; I took my account of Katherine's cruelty, from Gorani's, whose "Mémoires des Cours d'Italie" I left in Wales. Are these verses in your margin? they should be there.

" Elle fit oublier, par un esprit sublime,  
D'un pouvoir odieux les enormes abus ;  
Et sur un trône acquis par le crime,  
Elle se maintint par ses vertus."

Her dazzling reign so brightly shone,  
Few sought to mark the crimes they courted ;  
Whilst on her ill-acquired throne  
She sate ; by virtue's self-supported.

The Anecdotes of Doctor Johnson were begun at Milan, where we first heard of his death, and so written on, from milestone to milestone, till, arriving at Leghorn, we shipped them off to England. Mr. Thrale had always advised me to treasure up some of the valuable pearls that fell from his (Johnson's) lips, in conversation; and Mr. Piozzi was so indignant at the

treatment I met with from his executors, that he spirited me up to give my own account of Doctor Johnson, in my own way; and not send to them the detached bits which they required with such assumed superiority and distance of manner, although most of them were intimates of the house till they thought it deserted for ever. I think we must not tell your dear father that his friend Bennet Langton was one of them. If we do, he will not say as Dr. Johnson did,

“Sit anima mea cum Langtono.”

But my marriage had offended them all, beyond hope of pardon.

Now judge my transport, and my husband's when at Rome we received letters saying the book was bought with such avidity, that Cadell had not one copy left, when the King sent for it at ten o'clock at night, and he was forced to beg one from a friend, to supply his Majesty's impatience, who sate up all night reading it. Samuel Lysons, Esq., Keeper of the Records in the Tower, then a law student in the Temple, made my bargain with the bookseller, from whom, on my return, I received 300*l.*, a sum unexampled in those days for so small a volume.

And here, my dear Sir, is a truly-told anecdote of yours and your charming family's gratefully attached,

H. L. P.

Pray present them my verses.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Sunday, 15th October, 1815.

No, no; it was Jael that killed Sisera, who was a warrior, not a woman. The termination in *a* does not in Hebrew feminize a name, any more than the termination in *o* renders a name masculine in the Greek. סִיסְרָא, Sisera, was the proper name of the general of a hostile army sent to subdue Israel, and reduce them forcibly to acknowledge as *Deity* the very same abominations they are adoring even now, as our friend the general knows, further to the eastward. Tabor is still an insulated mount; it was called Itabyrius by the profane writers; but *indeed* to be a good bible scholar is better far, and *will carry further*, than being the best Greek one; and if the Spanish version does justice to that magnificent piece of lyric poetry — for such it is — which you read in the fifth chapter of Judges, called the Song of Deborah and Barak, you will be enchanted with it. Lowth's praise of it is sublime indeed; and Kurstness, or Pelicanus as they call him, says boldly: "Now let your Homer or Virgil find a passage equal in eloquence and beauty to the last eight verses of that incomparable ode."

I believe the challenge cannot be answered; but if you really *do* value my taste in literature and my opinion in the choice of books, assure yourself I would give all Lord Spencer's library for his best bible; reflecting, with Locke and Paley, that of *that work* God is the author, Truth is the subject, and its tendency Eternal Life.

Should such at length become *your* preference, too; it *might* not, possibly, but it is too presumptuous to say so; yet it perhaps *might* not be in *this world only*, so soon to be hid from our eyes — that dear Sir James Fellowes should have cause to recollect with complacency his partial friendship for poor

H. L. PIOZZI.

The vulgar menace of I'll be after you with a *su-surraré* means, as far as it means anything, I'll follow you up with a writ of *certiorari* \*, to call up the *records*, that justice may be done *impartially*.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 30th Oct. 1815.

THE next best thing to shaking a friend by the *hand* is seeing his *handwriting*. I am happy to read yours, and most earnestly hope you will keep close to the house till better days. The ladies will have sad weather to travel in. General Garslin did me a great deal of honour, and deserved some amusement in payment for his trouble in finding the house.

But I have had a nice dish of flattery dressed to my taste this morning. That grave Mr. Lucas brought his son here, that he might see the *first woman in England* — forsooth. So I am now grown one of the curiosities of Bath, it seems, and *one of the Antiquities*.

\* It is a writ for the removal of the proceedings, civil or criminal, from an inferior to a superior jurisdiction.



This evening a chair will carry me to Mrs. Holroyd's, to meet two other females, whom Richardson taught the town to call old tabbies, attended, says he, by young *grimalkins*. Now that's wrong; because they are young tabbies, and when grown grey are *gris malkins*, I suppose. Is not this fine nonsense for the first woman? Prima Donna! in good time!

27th October, 1815.

"Mrs. Piozzi," remarks Sir J. Fellowes in a memorandum on this letter, "dined with our family party to-day. Speaking of Hogarth, she mentioned a clever impromptu, addressed to Mr. Tighe, who was intent upon some Greek book when dinner was ready:—

" 'Then come to dinner, do, my honest Tighe,  
And leave thy Greek and  $\eta$   $\beta$   $\pi$ .  
eat a bit o' pie.'"

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

30th October, 1815.

IF dear Sir James Fellowes still continues under discipline, this anecdote of Hogarth and of his little friend may amuse him. My father and he were very intimate, and he often dined with us. One day when he had done so, my aunt and a groupe of young cousins came in the afternoon,—evenings were earlier things than they are now, and 3 o'clock the common dinner-hour. I had got a then new thing I suppose, which was called Game of the Goose, and felt earnest that we children

might be allowed a round table to play at it, but was half afraid of my uncle's and my father's grave looks. Hogarth said, good-humouredly, "*I will come, my dears, and play at it with you.*" Our joy was great, and the sport began under my management and direction. The pool rose to five shillings, a fortune to us monkeys, and when I won it, I capered for delight.

But the next time we went to Leicester Fields, Mr. Hogarth was painting, and bid me sit to him; "And now look here," said he, "I am doing this for you. You are not fourteen years old yet, I think, but you will be twenty-four, and this portrait will then be like you. 'Tis the lady's last stake; see how she hesitates between her money and her honour. Take you care; I see an ardour for play in your eyes and in your heart; don't indulge it. I shall give you this picture as a warning, because I love you now, you are so good a girl." In a fortnight's time after that visit we went out of town. He died somewhat suddenly, I believe, and I never saw my poor portrait again; till, going to Fonthill many, many years afterward, I met it there, and Mr. Piozzi observed the likeness when I was showing him the fine house, then deserted by Mr. Beckford. The summer before last it was exhibited in Pall Mall as the property of Lord Charlemont. I asked Mrs. Hoare, who was admiring it, if she ever saw any person it resembled. She said no, unless it might once have been like me, and we turned away to look at something else.

With regard to play, I have been always particular

in avoiding it, so that I scarce know whether the inclination ever subsisted or not. The scene he drew will certainly remind any one of poor H. L. P., and no one but yourself knows the story.

But I must tell you how well your dear father is, and how heartily I made him laugh this morning at one of my comical stories, true as the day, which I heard a silly lady in my own country two or three years ago ask me quite suddenly before a room full of company, to tell her; "for," says she, "you know Mrs. Piozzi does understand everything; what bone her son broke at the battle of Talavera." This was *too* hard a question; but the lady went on: "No, no," continued she, "not hard to Mrs. Piozzi. Louisa, you lost the letter very provokingly which had the fine word in it; and now you laugh, you ill-natured thing, because I can't recollect it, but Mrs. Piozzi will know in a minute." Turning to me: "It was one of your fine words, I say, and very like fable-book." "I have," said I, "heard that Mr. Morgan's horse fell upon him, and perhaps broke the fibula, or small bone of his master's leg." "There, there!" cries out the lady; "I told you Mrs. Piozzi would know it at once."

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Sunday, 26th November, 1815.

WE all remembered you at the Lutwyches last Thursday, where the galanterie of the master of the

house was quite the prettiest thing presented on the occasion.\* With one dying marigold, these lines :

“The gift of him whose heart can't vary,  
How paradoxical! Behold!  
Having no gold to give my Mary,  
I here present *this marygold*.”

They received my fleurs and fleurettes very obligingly, and shewed my worked fly, finely mounted as a fire-screen. Well! all that is politeness, is it not? a strong polish, over which everything glides and rolls and appears to make no impression, but if you look closely you will discern afterwards a lasting stain. Time's daughters (the days of the year) like the daughters of man, are deceitful; while young and in their papa's house, they flatter and promise the pleasures of next July to one confiding lover, a prize in the lottery to another: but see them come out, wrinkled and roughened with what each of them calls unforeseen vexations; their votaries turn away, not as they should do, to mansions beyond their control; but looking back, make love to a younger sister, and trust another day.

Yesterday did better; Mrs. Holroyd's party: we were

\* He was not always equally happy. “Lutwyche,” writes an accomplished friend, “was a bore; and had always in his budget a *jeu d'esprit* he had just composed, and which was deplorably bad. I remember one in ridicule of Napoleon desiring the crown. L. undertook to prove that he already had two crowns, which ought to satisfy any man, and the two lines in which this proof was jammed were the following:

‘A crown to your hat and a crown to your head,—  
Why you would not have three, like the Pope, man?’”

a choice set indeed. But she had unluckily asked talkers to play the part of hearers, while Mrs. Lysons sung, and Mrs. Twiss\* read. So one said the selection of songs was a dull one; another thought it was foolish to be listening to "Macbeth" in a room, when we had so lately seen it represented with every additional assistance on a stage. I persuaded her to take up Milton, and try what could be done with the second book; her sister read the fourth book, I remember, at Doctor Whalley's about five or six years ago, and Sir William Weller Pepys made this impromptu while she was speaking, repeating it the moment she had done:

"When Siddons reads from Milton's page,  
Then sound and sense unite;  
Her varying tones our hearts engage  
With exquisite delight:  
So well those varying tones accord  
With his seraphic strain;  
We hear, we feel, in every word,  
His angels speak again."

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

1st December, 1815.

THE customary season of good wishes; which, like your Spanish oranges, are in warm hearts a fruit of every season, dear Sir James Fellowes has anticipated,

\* The wife of Francis Twiss (author of the "Complete Verbal Index to Shakspeare"), and mother of the late Horace Twiss. She was the sister of Mrs. Siddons, and very like her. She read beautifully, as I well remember, having been domesticated with the family as a private pupil of Mr. Twiss for two years.

in expressing a kind hope that my next year may prove more happy than the last. Recollect meanwhile that my last year began with making your acquaintance, and I hope ends with having gained your friendship. Will a good house in Gay Street (should I ever live to enjoy it) mark 1816 as agreeably? I say not. Accounts from Streatham Park, however, are neither good nor bad. The place is a mere drag upon my mind, a drain upon my purse; and no Marquis of Stafford yet appears, nor do I feel as if anything were likely to be done there, good or bad.

The best joke going here, and most like your *hors de combat*\*, was made on the bustle with which Mr. Parish presented Princess Talleyrand to a large company at his house; where some wag observed that the lady had gone through many adventures, and now was come to the *parish*.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Now eighteen hundred and fifteen  
Will quickly write herself—has been.  
For tho' success was never seen  
Brilliant as ours in bright fifteen;  
Old Time will rear his lofty skreen,  
To part us from the year fifteen.  
If, then, this frail though nice machine  
Can last till death of dear fifteen,

\* This joke was revived in honour of the lady who came to be a spectator of the battle of the Alma in Prince Menzichoff's carriage.

Let those few hours that lie between  
 Throw no disgrace on past fifteen !  
 Free from reproaches, coarse or keen,  
 Be sung the dirge of dead fifteen !  
 While peace extends her olive green  
 O'er the pale wounds of poor fifteen.  
 Nor let th' enticing air and mien,  
 The promis'd freshness of sixteen,  
 Lead us to tempt, howe'er serene,  
 Eternity ! Offended queen.

Vineyards, Wednesday Night,  
 6th December, 1815.

I HAVE been dining with your dear family, as happily as we *could* dine without our kind absentee. I think you will find the effects of your father's fine Malaga in the above impromptu from

H. L. P.

For mercy's sake burn this stuff; it seems strange even to myself, after tea.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday Evening,  
 11th December, 1815.

VERY ill pleased with myself for sending such an empty scrap when my heart was full, but it was because your servant waited at the door for it; and very ill-disposed to delight in your determination upon the choice of life, as Doctor Johnson calls it in his " Ras-

selas." I sit down now to write you as long a letter as I like, and fairly send it to the post. My dear Sir James Fellowes confesses that I have spoiled him for the frivolous conversation of beaux and belles; if I say all I think, I shall disgust you from the project of practising medicine in a thronged metropolis; where those that employ a physician pretend not to know how far his skill is worthy of confidence, and those that reject him, have no means of guessing wherein lies his deficiency; who choose a doctor, as girls choose a husband, because some other head, as empty as their own, was casually filled with a fancy,—that of his being fashionable. Is there any other rudder used in present life but the mode? Is there any other book read but "Rhoda?" And is not that admired because it shows every body what they like best?—their own faces in the glass.\* I beg pardon, your brother's little work is well spoken of by every body; but Walter Scott has certainly fallen in the plains of Waterloo: I was always half afraid that Arctic Phœbus would set in a fog.

I met your mamma in the street, and said, "Well! Ma'am! Sir James Fellowes has not forgot me, though among so many charmers." "Forgot *you*!!"—replied

\* "Rhoda," a novel, in four volumes, published by Colburn. Her remark on it resembles one made by Madame de Sévigné on the play of *Les Visionnaires*: "La Comédie des Visionnaires nous rejouit beaucoup: nous trouvâmes que c'est la représentation de tout le monde: chacun a ses visions plus ou moins marquées." "You can only subdue the mass by mass. Each eventually picks out something for himself." — *Goethe's Faust*.



Mrs. Fellowes, "I would not give a pin for him if he forgot *you*." So you see I have a friend at court.

Poor old Dr. Harrington is going, and I now wish him gone. When the bright visions painted by the pencil of youth, or those no less dear to us formed by the firmer hand of maturity, on the canvass of human understanding, grow dull, and dirty, and dingey, like those landscapes of Titian done when he was ninety years old, 'tis more kind to let them drop quietly in pieces, than sew them coarsely together, and bid for them as a rarity. I wish he would pack up and be gone.

Dr. Holland helped to lower my spirits too: all my Venetian friends killed or beggared by this vile revolution. How melancholy!

So Farewell! and for a short time, dear Sir: come soon and chase the gathering clouds away.

"Mon premier est le premier de son espèce,  
Mon second n'eut un premier jamais:  
Mon tout, je n'aime guère le vous dire."

H. L. P.

But adieu!

Dr. Myddelton had been troubled with cramps and spasms, but shook them off, and used the slipper bath. When in it one evening he cried, "Oh, my head," and died without another word or groan.

"Nil mihi rescribas, attamen ipse veni."

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

5th November, 1815.

I SEND my dear Sir James Fellowes the "Synonymes" that he may finish with the best thing I ever wrote; I send likewise my defence of *his* favourite "Retrospection:" they were very civil to the Synonymy, and there was a fine eulogium on the string of words, calling over the meaning of crush, overwhelm, ruin, in the first volume. I have marked very few passages, but hope you will like many.

*To Dr. Thackeray.*

Bath, Wednesday, 13th Dec. 1815.

MY dear Doctor Thackeray's kind partiality followed me so long and so far upon my journey through life, I think he has enough left even now not to be wearying of hearing how I do, and what I do in a situation very new to me indeed, but rendered supportable by the countenance and conversation of pleasant friends and agreeable acquaintance. The accounts I hear from Wales, too, make me very happy and thankful, and convince me that my tenderness was bestowed on worthy creatures who seem to make themselves much beloved in their neighbourhood. Oh how that neighbourhood is changed! Oh how many sighs shall I have to leave on every house as I pass it, if it should please God that I can come down next July, unencumbered by debts and no longer haunted by vexations

which have tormented me for two long years! But you are country gentleman enough to know that a high paling round a park of two miles extent, besides fronting a large house made by my exertions as if wholly new\*, and then furnishing it in modern style supremely elegant, though I thought not costly, cannot be done but by enormous expense, and, in fact, surveyors, carpenters, and cabinet makers, have driven poor Hester Lynch Piozzi into a little Bath lodging, where Miss Letitia Barnston found her, two rooms and two maids her whole establishment; a drawing of Brynbella, and by the fair hand of Mrs. Salusbury, her greatest ornament.

Meanwhile our town, like yours, takes turn for the fine dancers or fine actors when they have a week to spare; and as for private talent, there never were so many young people so skilled in music as now. I heard a child of ten years old, perform on the forte piano last week like a professor. The winter seems as if it would be a long one, it began early, and many old people sink under the rapid changes. Doctor Harrington, however, kept his eighty-ninth birthday a while ago, and listened with delight to his charming compositions. The last catch and glee are said to be the best he ever produced, and sure he lives a proof that air and exercise are not the preservatives of life which we account them, as he always visited his patients in a chair half a century ago, as he now visits his acquaintance, and always with his mouchoir at his

\* She is speaking of Streatham.

face to keep away every breath of wind ; when walking in the abbey with his son-in-law last summer, "Come," said he, "let us choose a spot for my old bones," and recollecting himself suddenly —

"These ancient walls, with many a mouldering bust,  
But show how well Bath waters lay the dust."

If you have not heard that impromptu before, you will like it. Adieu, dear Sir ! and make my best regards to Mrs. Thackeray, with love to the lasses who were nice babies. Do you remember Selina, she would be Mrs. Piozzi herself ? Now write me a kind word, do, and say you will be glad to see me next July, but how unlikely it is there should then be anything left of your poor

HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

6th January, 1816.

GOOSEY LINTON is a good goosey, and deserves apple sauce when apples are dearest. I see no mistakes at all, and if you find any, I will rectify them.

The Travel Book and the anecdotes there will show you perplexities of a new and untoward nature ; for though I had witnessed much theological talk, controversy was wholly strange to me ; and now dear Sir James Fellowes will see, as he has often *felt*, what a wretched thing the happiest human life would be, were this all : but who, without pain's advice would e'er be good ; and who, without death, but would be good in

vain? The old undertaker's motto, "Mors janua vitæ," is after all our best consolation.

My *jour de naissance* is coming round in a few days, now; and as Pope says,

"With added years of life brings nothing new,  
But like a sieve lets every blessing through:  
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er;  
And all we gain, some sad reflection more.  
Is this a birthday! 'tis, alas, too clear,  
'Tis but the funeral of the former year."

Yet will I not (like Dr. Johnson) quarrel with my birthday. To have been born into this world is our only claim for some sort of place in a better; and surely to have gained attention and friendship from Doctor Collier in my early days — the hour of female attention being scarce arrived — and from Sir James Fellowes in my latter scenes, when that bright hour was over, might well compensate for those long, busy, intermediate acts, even of a more tragic drama than I was engaged in, through a fatiguing past indeed; sometimes very sweetly supported, many times very cruelly thwarted, by my companions on the same stage; and now, if all is to be soon over, *Valete et plaudite*.

H. L. PROZZI.

Here is a dreadful storm; the sea runs very high, no doubt. I could not get out to-day.

Ask the young ladies if they can describe to you the colour of the wind; if they can tell you the tint of the storm! 'Tis an enigma. Adieu.

(Jour de Naissance, 27th January.)  
 Tuesday night, 16th January, 1816.

My dear Sir James Fellowes will like a long independent letter about a thousand other people and things. When I am one of the family cluster we can think only of you. Yet poor old Dr. Harrington must be thought of; he will be seen no more. Was it not pretty and affecting that they played his fine sacred music so lately, and by dint of loud and reiterated applause called him forward as he was retiring, to thank him for their entertainment? He returned, bowed; went home, sickened, and —! This was a classical conclusion of his life indeed; like the characters at the end of Terence's plays, who cry *Valete omnes et plaudite!* But I would wish a less public exit, and say *Vale!* to my nearest friend, *Voi altri applaudite!* to the rest.

Apropos, did you ever read Spencer's long string of verses, every stanza ending with Wife, Children, and Friends? I can neither find nor recollect them rightly; but too well does my then hurt mind retain my answer to a lady (one of the Burneys) who quoted a line expressive of contempt for general admiration, going on to this passage, which I *do* remember:

“Away with the laurel, o'er *me* wave the willow,  
 Set up by the hand of wife, children, and friends.”\*

My reply was “No; for,” said I,

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\* “Then, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
 Or weave it of the cypress tree.”—BYRON.

“ Should love domestic plant the tree,  
    Hope still would be defeated ;  
Children and friends would crowd to see  
    The neighbouring cattle eat it.

“ Deciduous plants will lose their leaves  
    With winter's provocation ;  
And ev'ry sigh that sorrow heaves  
    Will sap the slight foundation.

“ Till in a sea of follies tost,  
    Foes to each fine emotion ;  
Our drooping willow's driven and lost  
    On Life's tempestuous ocean.

“ While true to time-worn worth, we view  
    The verdant laurel rising ;  
Firm-fixed, and of unchangeful hue,  
    Each wintry blush despising.

“ Around the late-reposing head  
    This faithful foliage hovers ;  
Points out the merits of the dead,  
    And many a failing covers.

“ And should the berries e'er invite  
    Some envious nibbling neighbour,  
A blister'd tongue succeeds the bite,  
    And best repays their labour.”

Did you believe I could ever have expressed myself with so much bitterness? but if people will break the

heart even of an apricot, sweetest and most insipid of all fruits, the kernel will yield a harsh flavour.

Poor Doctor Harrington, like myself, has found the kindness that sweetened his existence always from without doors, never from within.

My cough is no longer a bad one, but the hoarseness does not go off; and when I tried to tell old stories last night to amuse, I found the voice very odious; so Sir James Fellowes is best off now, that has me for a correspondent. Don't you remember, in some of my stuff, how Johnson sayd, if he was married to Lady Cotton, he would live a hundred miles away from her, and make her write to him. "Once a week," added he, "I could bear a letter from the creature, but it is the poorest talker, sure, that ever opened lips."

Well, if you asked the pretty girls to tell you the colour of the wind, and explain to you the tint of the storm, they would say the storm rose, I imagine, and the wind blew. We used to spell the colour so in very old days.

Meanwhile, the geological maps of what is to be discerned under ground, are fine things certainly; but I feel so completely expectant of going to make strata myself, that the science does not much allure me, although I am *deeply* concerned in it at seventy-five years old. Dear me! 'tis a silly thing to try to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, like Swift's projector in "Gulliver's Travels."

Princess Charlotte has at length made her choice, it seems, of Le Prince de Saxe-Cobourg, a handsome man,



and she thinks so. Without that power of making impression, beauty in either sex is a complete nihility \*; find me a better word, and that shall be turned out by her who wishes to keep the best in every sense for you.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 17th January, 1816.

I TOLD dear Sir James that his next letter should cost him nothing, and sure nothing can equal the event it tells. But Sévigné's pen alone could describe it; could excite your wonder so, and produce no disappointment.

A lady, then, well-born, well-looking too, my near neighbour, marries a gentleman, an officer, a general officer. Where, say you, is the wonder? She is thirty-six years old. She marries General Donkin, senior; his military cloak and old cocked hat have won her. Needs any man despair? He called her in to dinner the very day his wife, thirty years younger than he, was carried out a corpse. She told her son and daughters that it would be so, and so it will be. The bridegroom in his ninety-first year.

Miss Wroughton is arrived. She says her mother is ninety-seven years old. I bid her be careful of *les espouseurs*, and told her of General Donkin. She says her mother has the full use of her understanding, and is of course out of any such danger.

\* Beauty is the lover's gift: 'tis he bestows your charms: your a cheat."—CONGREVE.

Amongst all the afflictions which vex our human frame, the most dreadful (says Dr. Johnson) is the uncertain continuance of reason. God preserve yours unclouded and serene for at least half a century more. As no man ever employed it to more benignant purposes, so no man ever merited longer possession of felicity.

Doctor Harrington kept his wits to the last minute, and laughed when they told him the story I have told you.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Sunday, 21st Jan. 1816.

MR. GREENFIELD preached a very fine *Oraison funèbre* upon poor old Harrington to-day, and used my very expression; was not it odd enough! Not odd at all, say you, that Mrs. Piozzi should like his compositions, if that is the case.

But I have something less pleasant — bills following me from —. Small shot, indeed, but mortifying in the extreme. I told your . . . I was like some famous boxer that was knocked down by a farthing candle artfully slung at his head, while yet bleeding and bruised to death almost, from a victory newly won. Dr. Goldsmith, whose feet “every path of vulgarity trod,” told us once of an ale-house wager. A man betted that he would produce a person who should perform this operation on some well-known hero of the fist; who, not being apprised of the frolic, and panting for breath and refreshment, felt this sudden hit upon his temporal

artery, and dropped down, demolished by a farthing candle.\*

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 25th Jannary, 1816.

I HAVE suffered much from nervous irritation, but your kind father is so good to me. The lady who was afraid of her own hearth-rug could not be more fanciful than I have been.

“Strong and more strong her terrors rose,  
Her shadow did the nymph appal;  
She trembled at her own long nose,  
It looked so long against the wall.”

Now for what the newspaper calls miscellaneous articles. Your father bids me drink the Bath water, and I did do so yesterday, and was more alive than . . . and I tried the Bishop of Salisbury's party last night, but made a poor figure,—so hoarse. A mute Piozzi is a miserable thing indeed, but health will mend.

The bishop is very agreeable; and though he is a nobleman now and a courtier, remembers old times and old jokes, and how he and I sat down together on a dirty bench in St. Mark's Place, Venice, to hear a Dominican friar, while Harlequin jumped about unheeded on the other side of the square.

Your . . . must see the new book, though the best thing in it is telling how the foreigner comes to an inn at Dover, and finding a member of the Bang-up Club

\* This story of Goldsmith's is mentioned by Boswell.

loitering about the yard, cries, "Here, Ostler, hold my horse." "Know your road work better, you . . . ." replies the other, and challenges him. Escaped from this misery, he meets a lady going to a party, her head heaped in the fashionable way with flowers. "Sell me some roses, pretty dear!" cries the new-arrived foreigner, laying hold of them. "Insulting fellow!" cries the girl; "I'll have you punished for an assault." A passer-by relieves him from this difficulty, and they strike up a friendship and go together to the inn. "Pray, Sir, who have I the honour to be so much obliged to?" says the stranger. "I, Sir, am captain of the band of pensioners." The Spaniard looks in his English dictionary (Johnson's) for so hard a word; and finds Pensioner, a man hired for the destruction of his country.\* "Oh! for pity leave me directly," cries he; "I am in company with a chief of banditti. What will become of me? Get out of my apartments."

Well! now I will have done with all this buffooning nonsense, and am, with the truest regard,

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Saturday, 3rd February, 1816.

I HAVE some very curious things at Streatham, more curious than you think for; one pair of frightful old

\* *Pensioner* is defined: "a slave of the state, hired by a stipend to obey his master." She was thinking of Johnson's definition of *Pension*, of which he says: "In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

Etruscan jars, for example, given me by a monsignore, Ennio Visconte, a Milanese nobleman then resident at Rome, and a first-rate connoisseur.

“These,” said I, “are indeed antiques.” “Antiques!” replies the man; “why they were antiques when in Cicero’s cabinet. Antiques! why they were antiques in Romulus’s time; they are coeval with the Babylonish captivity.” With proper blushes I accepted them, and there they are.

I have a pair of old blue and white porcelain bottles too, which were brought into my family by an old Salisbury in the year 1400; and my grandmother used to frighten my father from improper matches, by holding them in her hand and protesting she would break them; “for,” said she, “they came by the Red Sea before the passage round the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, and do you think they shall ever be possessed by Miss Such-a-one?” When, however, she learned that he had united himself with his cousin Cotton of Combermere’s daughter, she said: “Well, then, now I will kiss my old bottles, and keep them for John’s eldest child.” They are yet in her possession, 1816.

To-morrow I shall break quarantine, go to church (in a chair), and give God thanks for all his mercies.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 29th February, 1816.

SUCH a kind letter as your dear father put in my hand this day, and I, bankrupt even in acknowledgment, can only curtsy and say, Thank you, Sir. In return for your confidence, however, I shall tell you a secret; and that is, that I am engaged to dine at No. 13 on Tuesday next, 5th March, and your mamma says we are to drink sweet wine, I suppose till we see double.

My heart has been so bruised of late; it did promise me to think all of the next world and no more of this; but Doctor Halley said, you know, that in the centre of this globe there was a great spherical magnet pulling and attracting us down to earth; from which pieces, which he calls *Terrellæ*, broken off from the grand loadstone but partaking its powers, are scattered up and down in order to hold us fast. Your happiness is one of these *Terrellæ* to me, and I wish to remain here till I see it completed, for which reason not a word will I utter about provocations, only to say they had nothing to do with the small shot.

My next letter from dear Sir James will be dated Streatham Park. Thus will he

“ Ope the hospitable gate,  
Ope for friendship not for state.  
Friends well chosen enter there,  
Confidence and truth sincere;

Love, in mutual faith secure,  
 Transport generous and pure ;  
 Sparkling from the soul within,  
 Never boasted, always seen."

Is it not a shame to fancy you have time to read a letter? yet vanity, that vile passion, says you will read it.

And now let me finish with the most serious and solemn wishes for every possible happiness to you and yourself, and yourself's half. I like the expression, 'tis sincere and new; new I suppose because it is sincere. So God bless you, my dear and highly-valued friend.

Yours, &c.

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 1st March, 1816.

ON St. Taffy's day does ——'s little Welsh friend renew her wishes of happiness. The thought of its being so near, and the delightful certainty of your going to my house at Streatham Park to be happy, puts me in the best good-humour possible. And since —— has written again without insolence or peevishness, I have contented myself, in reply to his inquiries after my health, with saying that my cough is gone, and that I hope he is recovered from his nettle-spring rash, which seems to burst out annually, as I had an odd letter from him in the same style ten or twelve months ago.

We are raving mad here about the property tax. Will it be abolished or no?

General Donkin is married and Mrs. Wroughton dead, characters well known in Bath. They are nearly of an age, but the lady's is the more prudent step, sure, after ninety.

Did Leak show you the bason I was baptised in so many years ago? it is in the china closet next the drawing-room door, with a bit of dirty paper in it which Mr. Piozzi made me write, I think but am not sure, lest it should be confounded with the other things.

Did you never go to Hampton Palace, Hampton Court I mean, and see a poor, half-starved, snuffy-nosed old woman showing the now nearly empty rooms, and saying in a shrill though sleepy tone: "And here's Prince George of Denmark over the chimney." Then, with a sigh: "Over the Chimney, Prince George of Denmark," hoping her task near over. Now don't you be thinking of her when I show my little show, as Mrs. Siddons was caught recollecting some of my silly jokes, and burst out o' laughing in the most mournful part of Aspasia's character, to the amusement of Kemble and annoyance of all the actors at rehearsal.

Adieu, dear Sir, and burn this nonsense, for the sake of your faithful, obliged,

H. L. P.



*To Sir James Fellowes.*

18th April, 1816.

MY home for fifty years will I hope procure me, by disposing of it, a temporary residence for the remainder of my short term ; and what more ought to be wished by one who will soon take up a narrower space? I am glad Squib \* is so sanguine. Did you see real Squib, the father? he is a very good-looking man.

There is an old story of Balbus, when Quæstor at Seville, throwing an auctioneer to the Lyons in his menagerie, because a female friend who was selling up her possessions complained to him, that the auctioneer was so ugly and deformed, he frightened all buyers away. Our people will lose no bidders by that fault ; but is it not odd that the world, with all its fluctuations, should have undergone so little change? Always vexations, disappointments, and inadequate anger for what can hardly be helped, though the mode of expressing that anger is altered by the different situations of society. Always a friend or two perhaps in the world like Sir James Fellowes : always luckless ladies enough, like your faithful, obliged,

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

HERE is the 9th of May ; and now if Sir James Fellowes renews his kind invitation very pressingly, I will

\* The well known auctioneer of Saville Row.

have the honour to wait on him and his lady in the Whitsun Week, having a mind to break up, as children say, for the holy days, and run to see the Waterloo Bridge, the Western Exchange, and other London wonders; then return, shut my front windows, and protest myself (with the strictest truth) in the country.

Hope, says Lord Bacon, is a good breakfast, but a bad supper; and with regard to this life, he is right; no other supper would sit easy, however, during the long night of the grave.

Do you feel interested in Southey's or Canning's Attack and Defence? I am pleased to see them turn with so much vigour on their enemies.

The prettiest new book, however, is "Chalmers on Modern Astronomy," which he reconciles to Scripture in a manner he seems to fancy unexampled, but it is not so. The work is worth reading, nevertheless, and I have a notion you would like it.

Let me hear that you are very busy. Business for men of leisure, and leisure for men of business, in due proportions I mean, would really add to mortals' happiness here below more than mortal man can imagine.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Wednesday, 22nd May, 1816.

My dear Sir James has broken the Mum at last; and I will now tell him how we are hesitating between a convenient house on the Queen's Parade, or pretty No. 8, Gay Street, which is particularly inconvenient for the

servants below stairs. Either of them ought to content me well enough after how I have been living — a common expression, but infamous bad English.

Apropos, Charles Kemble has been here acting; and in some part of a comedy written by Murphy, said, “We are like Cymon and Iphigēnia in Dryden’s Fables.” The ladies stared, but the scholars said he was right; and I said it were better be wrong than so pedantic, for ’tis always called Iphigēnia in common use. Mr. Lutwyche held with the wise men, and he, you know, is a good prosodist. I quoted Pope’s “Homer,” 9th book,

“Laodice, and Iphigēnia fair,  
And bright Crysothemis with golden hair.”

“Oh!” said Mr. Mangin, “Pope is no firm authority; he calls the wife of Pluto Prōserpine, as in colloquial chat, when writing his fine ode on St. Cecilia’s Day. But old Milton disclaimed such barbarism; he calls her Prōsērpina, as in the Greek.”\* We all appealed to Falconer; dear Sir James was too far away. I know not the success of our appeal yet.

Well! here are fine apple blossoms, pink and white, as any lady can make herself, and here is peace too, and I think plenty. When we were all looking at the fireworks in 1748 from temporary buildings, fragile enough I suppose, Dr. Barton merrily exclaimed, “Do

\* In the Latin :

“Nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem.”

She is Persephone in the Greek.

you call this a good peace, which brings so many heads to the scaffold?"

In reference to the intended sale of Streatham, my health will be better when the whole business is decided. At present I have neither taste nor smell; and as Prior says,

"No man would ask for my opinion  
Between an oyster and an onion" (pronounce inion).

• *To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Saturday Night, 3rd August, 1816.

I AM so glad to leave this town, with the agreeable taste of what was most agreeable to me in it, that I shall never have done thanking you, dear Sir, for your very kind letter, and shall direct this straight forward to Adbury House. After church to-morrow the chaise runs us to Rodborough, another two days more will finish the journey, and I shall see Salusbury's babies.

The lady in the straw. Query, why do we say lying-in-women are in the straw? I think it was originally an allusion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, who had no other accommodation.

Lady F—— is very obliging, she will like Grimsthorpe so much; I am glad you are going, and shall be most glad when you return. I pass some happy days together in Gay Street: the plate is already on the door with my name, and you will say, "I see she has

brasoned it." \* The old ebony chairs from Streatham Park will meet you in the entry, and it will make the house look like home, and if you advise me to, so I will make it my home, buying the lease and furniture. If I really should return from Wales, bright and brisk, and if (to speak in earnest) it should please God that I should — Oh how many shoulds! — live this longest of all long years through, and like to begin another in the same place, why then I will purchase the whole concern. Nor will Salusbury have reason to regret, as 1000*l.* may be better by that time in stone than in stock, &c.

S — is the wise man I always thought him, and forbearing to make one among the shoal of self-impelled fish, that rush to the opposite shore, they know not why, is a new proof of it. Madame D'Arblaye, cydevant my dear friend Miss Burney, says there are 50,000 English at Paris now. Suppose on an average each spent only a guinea a-week, what a sum is quitting the country for a year? and they will not stay a shorter time if economy is their point — 2,600,000*l.* 50,000 millions (an't it) and 600,000*l.* Should not some stop be put to the folly? And we the while

\* "Until to some conspicuous square they pass,  
And blazon on the door their names in brass." — *Don Juan.*

When Lord Stowell married and set up house with the Marchioness of Sligo, the brass plate with his name was placed under the brass plate with hers. "So," said Jekyll, "I find you are already obliged to knock under." Lord Stowell reversed the position of the plates. "Now," said Jekyll, "you are knocked up."

making subscriptions which they avoid, and you feeding the poor whom they neglect!

How I shall delight in seeing Adbury House and environs! and hearing the cottagers blessing my worthy friends. Assure yourself, dear Sir, such blessings are your best purchases. Meanwhile, the workmen must have their share, and what is very odd, one hates them at first, and for a long time indeed; but I remember Piozzi and I felt a strange vacancy in our minds, when they were all gone. 'Tis so in everything. We had an oak tree in a little island no bigger than itself, and surrounded with water, which an oak tree abhors. We dried the pond up, and the tree pined away.

But here comes Miss Williams, loaded with presents for me to carry to her family; and not another word can I say, and not another moment have I to say it in.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Wednesday, 10th April, 1816.

MY dear S—— and Lady —— will like to hear that I got safe through the thunder and lightning on Sunday evening by taking shelter at Salt Hill, from whence I ran hither, over a road watered as if by a water-cart, the next day, and arrived at my smoky hut on Monday night, eighty-eight miles in twelve hours.

I found Lady Keith's card on my table at Blake's Hotel on Saturday night, and returned the visit on Sunday, leaving the kindest letter I knew how to write. I did more, I left orders with Leak and Squibb, to take

their money if they offered, but if they did not offer, to hurry on the sale of the pictures at Streatham, and put me out of pain as soon as possible.

This morning I went into a public auction here in Milsom Street, and saw sold a varnished-up performance of Peter Neef, for thirty-four guineas: this gave me spirits, so did the story of these Bank restrictions, which they say will operate immediately in making money plenty.

I am a miserable financier, but you will understand me, as Miss Streatfield's maid said I should, when she asked me to lend her lady *Milk and Asparagus Lost*. I did immediately comprehend her meaning, and sent her the "Milton's Paradise Lost" you saw in Streatham Park Library. Perhaps my Bank restrictions may be as awkwardly worded.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 30th May, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,— . . . . I will be careful about sea bathing. Dr. Gibbes bid me beware of the reaction, but what can one do towards keeping such thing at a distance? Cowper says, you know, and truly and sweetly :

"Fate steals along with silent tread,  
Most dangerous when least we dread;  
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,  
But in the sunshine strikes the blow."

Now, don't you believe me low spirited ; few people ever

had such uniformly good spirits. Did I tell you I had saved Murphy \* from the general wreck? and that Mr. Watson Taylor wrote after me to beg him for 157*l.* 10*s.*; but I am no longer poor, and when I was, there ought surely to be some difference made between fidelity and unkindness. When B——s (Burneys) were treacherous, and Baretti boisterous, against poor unoffending H. L. P., dear Murphy was faithful found, among the faithless faithful only he :

“ He, like his muse, no mean retreating made,  
But follow'd faithful to the silent shade.”

Equally attached to both my husbands, he lived with us till he could in a manner live no longer; and his portrait is now on the easel, with that of Mr. Thrale, coming to Bath; my mother, whom both of them adored, keeping them company.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Tuesday, 9th July, 1816.

NOT yet forgotten by dear Sir James Fellowes, his old friend hastens to inform him that she *does* mend, slowly, and heavily; but yet she feels climbing up, rather than sliding down, the hill.

So Sheridan is going, and Mrs. Jordan gone: in want both of them, though perhaps not actually *of* want

\* Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted for the library at Streatham.



either of them : shocking enough ! and Mary Mayhew dying, and Miss Katherine Griffith dead. *Equo pede pulsat* the old enemy Death :

Le Pauvre en sa cabane où le chaume le couvre  
Est sujet à ses Loix :  
Et la garde qui veille à la porte du Louvre,  
N'en défend pas nos Rois.

The Misses here are all reading "Glenarvon,"\* "a monstrous tale of things impossible," at least one hopes so. I have finished it at last though not comprehended it : and can only say with King Lear :

" An ounce of civet, good Apothecary,  
To sweeten my imagination."

I feel sorry the Parliament is broken up ; for, laugh as one may, in that House does reside the united wisdom of the nation. "Wisdom," says Solomon, "crieth in the streets, but no man heareth." I think in London streets the horn blowers and the flowers in blow contrive to drown his voice.

*To Miss Fellowes.*

Bath, 18th July, 1816.

YOUR letter, dear Miss Fellowes, came to my hand late last night. I do not, this morning, believe this the *last* day of our foolish and wicked world, but I think it the *worst* day I ever saw at this season of the year.

\* A novel by Lady Caroline Lamb; the two principal characters were supposed to be intended for Lord Byron and herself.

All are uneasy about the ruin it is causing, and though nothing impels English people into church but a famous preacher, many feel alarm at the effect this extraordinary weather will have on the hay and corn.\* Meanwhile our friends here at pretty T——i would be happy but for the necessity of fires in July, and the oddity of living enveloped with cold mist, unable to enjoy their beautiful spot, or see fifty yards from it.

Death still holds a court for himself here in New King Street; whence poor old Colonel Erving will be carried to Walcot in a day or two: I shook hands with him on Monday morning, and passed him in a chair, going out. On Wednesday morning, much earlier than that hour, he was a corpse; without any previous illness, except mere old age. Dr. Fellowes remembers him in America.

Have you read "Glenarvon," and its key? I hope some newer fooling has taken up the Londoners' attention by now. We Bath folks are content to admire Lady Loudon and Moira's beautiful Asiatic, not having Lady H——'s atheist to stare at †; but any thing will do. But I am detaining you with questions concerning people and things, by this time wholly forgotten among your folks.

Distance between friends produces that certain vexation: one talks to them on worn-out subjects always,

\* On the 18th July, 1860, the weather and its apprehended consequences were the same.

† The late Mr. Allen, who lived with Lord and Lady Holland as a member of the family, was called Lady Holland's pet atheist.

and that is the grand cause of letters being generally insipid, unless they tell of one's health: and I think yours and mine have been long absent from their owners; yours only mislaid I hope; but lost, and of no value to those who find it, is the once very strong and active constitution of your truly faithful and obliged friend,

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, 22nd July, 1816.

HERE's terrifying weather indeed. Such a thunder-storm on the 18th as I have seldom seen in England. B. J——'s observed the fire ball in the street, and report soon told us the frightful effects left behind it at poor Windsor's here in James Street. You must remember to have copper, not iron, bell wires; nothing else saved the lives of those pretty children: I live to the fields you know, and escaped all the wonders, nor could quite believe till Mrs. Windsor shewed me her floor, burned in places, her wall pushed in, and her plate-warmer in the kitchen perforated very curiously indeed; and all this on a cold rainy day.

Worse storms tear the atmosphere to pieces in Italy every summer evening, yet I never but once heard of any life lost or endangered: but then they have no newspapers, so much may happen without one's hearing of it.

Miss W——s showed me a letter from Lady ——e

that says, Montagu Mathew is getting quite well, by taking the juice of red nettles!! I never heard of red nettles before; and make no doubt but a few pebble-stones boyled in milk, would be just as efficacious. But Hope is drawn with an anchor always, and common sense is never strong enough to weigh it up.

The mischief is, we seldom drop or cast it in the proper harbour; it would then keep steady, and deserve the name the Romans gave it, *anchora sacra* . . . . I shall probably not live to see you in the happy character of father; but remember my words, or rather those of old Archbishop Leighton; when speaking of education, he said, "Fill you the bushel with good wheat yourself; because then fools and foes will have less room to cram in chaff." Nothing better has ever been said upon the subject. Adieu! you well know how to get more such stuff when you wish it, from dear Sir, your old and faithful friend,

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Wednesday, 18th September, 1816.

. . . . The best scraps I could pick up, you will read over leaf. They were written in imitation of the Greek verses by Metrodorus or Posidippus (which was it?) for "Life against Life." I read them long ago, translated in the "Adventurer;" but cannot recollect what number they are in, besides that I possess not the book.

## FOR LONDON.

Can we through London streets be led  
Without rejoycing as we tread ?  
The city's wealth our eye surveys,  
The court attracts our lighter gaze ;  
Whilst charity her arm extends,  
And sick and poor find host of friends.  
Wit sparkles round our rosy wine,  
And beauty boasts her charms divine :  
Musick prolongs our festive nights,  
And morning calls to fresh delights ;  
A London residence then give,  
For here alone I seem to live.

## AGAINST LONDON.

Can London streets by man be trod  
Without repenting on the road ?  
Where nobles, whelmed in shame or debt,  
And bankrupts swell each sad gazette ;  
All licensed death our frame attacks,  
And to his aid calls hosts of quacks ;  
False smiles on beauty's face appear,  
And wit evaporates in a sneer.  
Dangers impede our days' delights,  
And vermin vex our sleepless nights ;  
From London, then, let's quickly fly.  
In rural shades to live or die.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

30th September, 1816.

. . . IN January 1817 such will be my fortune; and who in their wits, circumstanced as I am, can wish for more? Your dear mother laughed when I told her I was buying plate, linen, &c. to begin the world with, like a boy just come of age.

But life is a strange thing, and has been often compared to a river. "Labitur et labetur," &c.

Leave the lofty glacier's side,  
 Leave the mountain's solemn pride:  
 Down some gently sloping hill  
 Let's pursue this silent rill,  
 Noiseless as it seems to flow,  
 Wrapt in some poetic dream:  
 Watch the windings of the stream.  
 In such varied currents twisting,  
 Still escaping, still existing:  
 Let us find life's emblem here:  
 Haste away! The lake is near.

Wales inspired these verses, which, of course, Sir James Fellowes never saw: but he can make life valuable as delightful. God keep the lake far distant from *him* for a thousand sakes. . . .

Dr. Robert Gray, who wrote the new book that every one is reading, wrote the lines under our sun-dial at Brynbella:

“ Umbra tegit lapsas, præsentique imminet horæ :  
Dum lux, dum lucis semita, virtus agat.”

“ Ere yet the threat’ning shade o’erspread the hour,  
Hasten, bright Virtue, and assert thy power.”

The well known George Henry Glasse \* said there was

\* The Rev. George Henry Glasse, author of several volumes of sermons and translations from the learned languages. Amongst Mrs. Piozzi’s papers, were found notes of the following anecdotes concerning him. On Miss Blaquiere’s bidding him write some verses for her, he said, “ he had nothing to write upon.” “ Then,” replied the lady, “ write upon nothing ;” he immediately obeyed :

“ And wilt thou, Nymph, compel my lays,  
And force me sing thy rival’s praise ?  
Why, then, in *this* thing let’s agree,  
That I love *no* thing more than thee.”

On passing through a turnpike gate to officiate at a neighbouring parish, he claimed exemption from paying the toll ; the turnpike-man, who was intoxicated, insisted upon payment, making use of abusive language and swearing many oaths ; upon which Mr. Glasse paid the toll demanded, saying at the same time that he should have it returned or the man should be fined for every oath he had sworn ; this Glasse carried into effect. Shortly afterwards on the prosecution of the turnpike-man, he was fined for not having read the Swearing Act once a quarter in his Church, agreeably to the Act of Parliament then in force.

His life terminated strangely and lamentably. He had been to the city to raise a sum of money to pay his debts, or (some say) to enable him to escape from his creditors to the Continent. On his return in a hackney-coach, he left his pocket-book containing the money in banknotes on the seat, and on discovering his loss, committed suicide. The day following, the pocket-book with its contents was brought by the driver to the hotel at which he had stopped. Neptune Smith was more fortunate. He flung himself into the sea after casting up his betting-book, from a conviction

a fault in the prosody\*, and wished to correct it, as thus :

“ Umbra tegit lapsam, præsentique imminet horæ :  
Hospes, disce ex me vivere, disce mori.”

“ Ere yet the unreturning shadows fly,  
Go mortals, learn to live, and learn to die.”

Tell me which you prefer ; I like the English of the last best, myself ; but the first, of course, remains round the little marble pillar set up by Mr. Piozzi, and very much admired for its elegance. Oh ! what a beautiful house and place it is ! Salusbury did make me the compliment of not cutting down a weeping willow we planted, because I had made verses on it.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, 7th October, 1816.

I HAVE got no new books to read ; Mr. Whalley recommended me some verses, a long poem indeed, but to me very unintelligible. Modern writers resemble the cuttle-fish that hides himself from all pursuers in his own ink. That is not Doctor Gray's case, however : I think you will like his performance exceedingly. The weather is as gloomy as November, and the poor gleaners can get no corn out of the stubble ; it rots and grows, and threatens ruin both to small and great.

that the balance was against him ; was fished out, found that he had cast up his book wrong, and lived many years to exult in his nickname.

\* The second syllable in virtus is long.



Miss Hudson says a famine will bring us to our senses: I say it will deprive us of the little wits we have left. The delirium proceeding from hunger will have fatal consequences, because vulgar minds will feel sure that 'tis somebody's fault, and woe to the mortal they pitch upon. Send a consoling word, dear Sir, for my fancy sees very bad visions. The world always does see most to endure, when most blind, says old Fuller: perhaps that is now the case with yours faithfully and gratefully,

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 11th October, 1816.

IN adversity, in prosperity, ever dear and kind friend, my Wraxall opens well. What signifies knowledge locked up, either in man or book? I think if Lady Keith has a fault besides her disregard of poor H. L. P., that is hers.

Oh! here is a new book come out, that I know not how she will like, or how the public will like. Do you remember my telling you, that in the year 1813, when I was in London upon Salusbury's business, before his marriage some months, a Mr. White sent to tell me, through Doctor Myddleton, that he possessed a manuscript of Johnson's, and wished me to ascertain that the handwriting was his. I invited both gentlemen to dinner,—we were at Blake's Hotel,—and Dr. Gray, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, met them, and I saw that the MSS. was genuine. It was a diary of the

little journey that Mr. Thrale, and Mr. Johnson (such he was then), and Miss Thrale and myself made into North Wales, in the year 1774. There was nothing in it of consequence, that I saw, except a pretty parallel\* between Hawkestone, the country seat of Sir Richard Hill, and Ilam, the country seat of Mr. Port, in Derbyshire. But the gentleman who possessed it, seemed shy of letting me read the whole, and did not, as it appeared, like being asked how it came into his hands, but repeatedly observed he would print it only it was not sufficiently bulky for publication. He said he could swell it out, &c.

We parted, however, and met no more; but when I came first into New King Street, here, Nov. 1814, a poor widow woman, a Mrs. Parker, offering me seventeen genuine letters of Doctor Johnson, which I could by no means think of purchasing for myself, in my then present circumstances, I recommended her to apply to Mr. White, and she came again in three weeks time, better dressed, and thanked me for the twenty-five guineas he had given her; from which hour I saw her no more, nor ever heard of or from Mr. White again.

Since you and I parted at Streatham Park, however, a Mr. Duppa has written me many letters, chiefly inquiring after my family; what relationship I have to Lord Combermere, to Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, &c., and comically enough asking who my aunt was, and if

\* This pretty parallel is in his most pompous and inflated style.

she was such a fool as Doctor Johnson described her. I replied she was my aunt only by marriage, though related to my mother's brother, who she did marry: that she was a Miss Cotton, heiress of Etwall and Belleport, in Derbyshire. Her youngest sister was Countess of Ferrers, and none of them particularly bright, I believe, but as I expressed it, Johnson was a good despiser.

So now here is Johnson's Diary, printed and published with a facsimile of his handwriting. If Mr. Duppa does not send me one, he is as shabby as it seems our Doctor thought me, when I gave but a crown to the old clerk. The poor clerk had probably never seen a crown in his possession before. Things were very distant A.D. 1774, from what they are 1816.

I am sadly afraid of Lady K.'s being displeased, and fancying I promoted this publication. Could I have caught her for a quarter-of-an-hour, I should have proved my innocence, and might have shown her Duppa's letter; but she left neither note, card, nor message, and when my servant ran to all the inns in chase of her, he learned that she had left the White Hart at twelve o'clock. Vexatious! but it can't be helped.

I hope the pretty little girl my people saw with her, will pay her more tender attention.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

October 14th, 1816.

YOUR brother Dorset has lent me Bubb Dodington's Diary, and I have done nothing but read it ever since.

'Tis a retrospection of my young days, very amusing certainly, but anecdote is all the rage, and Johnson's Diary is selling rapidly, though the contents are *bien maigre*, I must confess. Apropos, Mr. Duppa has sent me the book, and I perceive has politely suppressed some sarcastic expressions about my family, the Cottons, whom we visited at Combermere, and at Llewenny. I was the last of the Salusburys, so they escaped. But I remember his saying once, "It would be no loss if all your relations were spitted like larks, and roasted for the lap-dog's supper." It would certainly have been no loss to me, as they have behaved themselves; but one hates to see them insulted.

This letter is written in the dark, you will hardly be able to read it, but if words are wanting, supply the chasm with the kindest. They will have best chance to express the unalterable sentiments of

H. L. P.

Your brother Dorset and I disagree only in our opinions concerning Buonaparte, of whom he thinks much higher than I do; although as Balzac says of the Romans :

"Le ciel benissoit toutes leurs fautes,  
Le ciel couronnoit toutes leurs folies."

We must, however, watch the end; for, till a man dies, we can neither pronounce him very great or very happy; so said at least one of the sages of antiquity.

Adieu.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Fryday, 1st Nov. 1816.

WHEN my heart first made election of Sir J. Fellowes, not only as a present but as a future friend, I felt rather than knew, that he would never forget or forsake me. Everything I see and hear confirms my saucy prejudice.

Such a Sunday evening I passed in Marlborough Buildings \*, where I used to meet friends, so beloved, companions so cheerful, sent me home to Bessy Jones † with a half-breaking heart; and in every vein Johnson's well-founded horror of the last. The family left Bath next day, for Paris, where they have taken a house for a year! Poor Boisgeler is dead, you know. One could not care in earnest for Boisgeler, but at my age, 'tis like losing the milestones in the last stage of a long journey. We shall, however, both of us, have a cruel loss in the Lutwyches. How happy, how elegant is the epitaph on poor Mary. Beautiful, though not too shewy: just as it should be. I am afraid to trust myself with translating or even praising it.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 29th Nov. 1816.

Cobbett has been galvanizing the multitude finely, I am told, in his last paper. "Be scum no longer," says he, "be no longer called scum, I say." Did I ever tell

\* At the house of the Lutwyches.

† Her maid.

you a story of which this reminds me, concerning the blind Lord North's father, old Guildford; who delighted in affecting coarse expressions, and used to say to his friends when he met them, "Oh, such a one, how does the pot boil?" Some democrat, who probably disliked the rough address, when Wilkes and liberty set London maddening, called to Lord Guilford across a circle of ladies round the tea-table, and cried exultingly, "Well my good lord, how does the pot boil now?" — "Troth, Sir," replied the peer, without hesitation, "just as you gentlemen would wish it to do,—scum uppermost."

I am so afraid this tale is not new to you, any more than baptizing the bells. We have two in England, you know, that were christened Thomas. The Oxford one I forget all account of; but when the devil was set up to look over Lincoln Cathedral, the wise folk found baptizing the bell was an efficacious method of sending him off. Some of their conclave, however, being incredulous, "Let us," said they, "baptize the bell by name of the doubting apostle, and that will do," so he is Tom o'Lincoln.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 27th Dec. 1816.

THANK you, my dear Sir, for the kind wishes that I restore you from my heart a hundred fold. It was odd enough, and pretty enough, that the happiest day of the year should have been the finest; but indeed

I never saw such a 25th of December, and what blowing weather followed! But we must expect it now to be slippy, drippy, nippy; after which, showery, bowery, flowery; then hoppy, croppy, poppy; oh! and autumn wheezy, sneezy, freezy; as good, sure, as Fabre d'Eglantine's Nivose, Pluviose, Ventose, &c. I wonder if any of that nonsense will be remembered!

There is a good French joke now at Paris, concerning the King's illness; for say the Jacobins,

“ Si Louis s'en allait,  
Charles dix paraitrait.”

Meaning that

“ Charles *dis*-paraitrait.”

'Tis well they are so merrily disposed.

Mrs. Lutwyche writes in capital spirits, but your own dear father's heart is as light as a Frenchman's, though solid like John Bull. We had a world of chat to-day when he brought me your letter about Lord and Lady Mount Edgecombe, being parted like Mr. Sullen and his wife in the comedy\*; east, west, north, south; far as the Poles asunder. They have been married just nine months. She wedded twice before, and now they cry, “ O terque quaterque beati!” I suppose.

Mrs. Dimond offers me a place in her box to-night, whence will be seen Massinger's horrible “ Sir Giles Overreach,” played by Mr. Kean. If he can stretch that hideous character as he does others, quite beyond all the authors meant or wished, it will shock us too

\* The “ Beaux' Stratagem.”

much for endurance, though in these days people do require mustard to everything. Actors, preachers, whoever keeps within the bounds of decency,— may not we add patriots? are all censured for tameness, and considered as cold-hearted animals, scarce worthy to crawl on the earth.

Meanwhile, the thoughts of your Adbury establishment charm me, and I feel sure that my dear friend will never fall into this new and fatal whimsey, of fattening beasts, while men are wanting food. It is a senseless thing to see calves, and sheep, crammed till they cannot walk, but are driven into the town for show, in their carriage, like Daniel Lambert in his easy chair, when the mutton and veal so managed is not eatable, and the very fat useless to tallow-chandlers for want of solidity. I really wonder nobody takes the matter up as seriously censurable.\*

We are subscribing here at a great rate, to imitate the Londoners. I told Hammersley, that the donation of 50,000*l.* to 50,000 poor, put me in mind of Merlin, the German mechanick, who, when people were terrifying each other about the invasion, some five and thirty years ago, proposed to let them come, and then meet them with a guinea each, and beg of them to go home— never reflecting, till heartily laughed at, that they would come again next week for another guinea a-piece. Surely these are senseless methods of preserving

\* It was remarked by Lord Macaulay that prize oxen were only fit to make candles, and prize poems to light them.



tranquillity.\* The people want nothing but employment and pay, and then they will love the hand that helps them, while feeding them by subscription leaves them not a whit obliged, but in some sort, and scarce unjustly, offended; while the donors are impoverishing themselves.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 4th January, 1817.

'Tis well for me, dear Sir, that my letters meet so kindly partial a reader; for I have a notion they often repeat themselves. Doctor Johnson, and men less wise than he, say we forget everything but what passes in our own minds. Those ideas are among the most fleeting of mine. That I had not seen the great actor (Kean) in *Sir Giles Overreach* when last writing to Adbury is however perfect in my remembrance; he did it very finely indeed. A clear voice and dignified manner are not necessary to the character, and personal beauty would take off too much from one's aversion. I was well entertained, and caught no cold at all.

My New Year's Day party went off to everybody's satisfaction. Next morning brought verses with "Attic

\* They are not much unlike what were proposed by sundry opponents of the Volunteer Movement at its commencement. Some years ago, during a popular rising in Yorkshire, a well-known banker wrote to the Home Office, that if the malcontents did not receive a cheque (meaning check) he would not answer for the consequences. The obvious answer was, that he was the best man to apply the proposed remedy.

wit" and "graceful Piozzi" in them, and praises of the music, which I praised myself for enduring. With good manœuvring, however, I kept them from singing Italian, and everybody was the better pleased; but I had rather talk of your trees. . . .

So here's a wise letter, and that always resembles a dull one; but let dullness have its due: and remember that if life and conversation are happily compared to a bowl of punch, there must be more water in it than spirit, acid, or sugar. Besides that, I am convinced 'tis variety alone can delight us either in a book or a companion.\* "Rather than always wit, let none be there," says Cowley, who had himself enough for two people, and I know not why, but my heart feels heavy somehow.

Dear! dear! what a fragile thing life is! A young man was riding full gallop down this street † yesterday; and fell down dash at the very spot where Miss Shuttleworth was killed. He is not dead this morning, poor fellow! but in a sad way, I fear. This street always was like Virgil's Tartarus, and now 'tis like the high road to it. Coal carts scrattling up the hill often used to make me think —

"Hinc exaudiri gemitus, et sæva sonare  
Verbera: tum stridor ferri, tractæque catenæ."

I asked my servant how your letter was brought me, for it came in the midst of my little bustle on the 1st of

\* "On ne plait pas longtemps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit."  
—*Rochefoucauld*.

† Gay Street, Bath.

January. "Indeed, Ma'am," replied the man, "I can't tell, but it seemed to arrive promiscuously."

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Sunday, 4th January, 1817.

AH! he was a wise man who said Hope is a good breakfast but a bad dinner. It shall be my supper, however, when all's said and done, and the epilogue spoken upon poor H. L. P.

This snow will do infinite service, but I want something to string my spirits up to concert pitch. The parties are going forward through frost and snow, but I come home from them, when I *do* go, a little duller than at setting out. One reason is they will sing to me, the men will; and oh! how much rather would I hear a dog howl! Your friend — was very kind, sate and chatted with me very good-naturedly, and did not sing.

Mrs. Lutwyche has written from Rome; says her husband can walk now seven miles o' day. They spend their time in seeing sights under the direction of far-famed Cornelia Knight\*, and rejoicing in the society of the first city in Europe—never mentioning the famine and distressful state of the inhabitants, which Sir Thomas and Lady Liddel protest is beyond endurance, Capua alone having lost 12,000 human creatures from hunger and consequent disease within

\* The editor of this lady's "Autobiography" states that it was not in 1817.

the last two years, and this corresponds with Dr. Whalley's account of Northern Italy.

What is one to believe? Now dispose of my compliments, loves, and respects, and *Addio!*

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 16th January, 1817.

ON the seventy-sixth anniversary of my life, according to your good father's reckoning, the first thing I do after returning God thanks, is to write to dear Sir James.

Kemble is here, and has called on me; I was shocked at the alteration in his face and person. Poor fellow! But the public were, or rather *was*, very contented, and huzzaed his Coriolanus gallantly. I was glad for twenty reasons; Brutus and Sicinius being precisely the Hunt and Cobbett of 2000 years ago, it was delightful to hear how they were hissed.

These are days when nothing can be deemed impossible. I think the people in Thibet are right for my part, who kneel down when a female baby is born, and pray that she may have a physician for her husband. He would at least keep her from such exploits, as Mrs. M——, who frightened me so by going out to dinner into the country the 11th day after delivery; the very hearing of it half killed me, who was then in Wales. Miss W—— walks about this horrid weather with a weight of clothes which would kill any one whose ancestors had not worn armour, and then strips for the evening party, covered (if covered) only by trinkets just

fit for the eldest Miss ——. Such is the world, and such are its inhabitants. Do not suffer yourself to be too sorry that I am so near out of it. If my setting sun leaves one long red streak behind, to lengthen the twilight and keep back dark oblivion, shall I not be happy and thankful? whilst I am recollected as your true and trusty old friend,

H. L. P.

Verses on the 16th of January, 1817 \*, the seventy-sixth anniversary of her life.

Whilst all on Piozzi's natal day  
 Their tributary offerings pay,  
     Of due congratulation ;  
 Let not my faithful muse forget  
 To pay her just, her willing debt,  
     Upon the glad occasion.

Nor, lady! deem she here presents  
 Those cold unmeaning compliments  
     Made only for the ear ;  
 Hers is true tribute of the heart,  
 Expressed, indeed, with little art,  
     But honest and sincere.

\* By Captain M. Montagu, R.N. "On that day," he writes, "I had the pleasure of dining with her. I remember she told me at dessert that Baretti, occupying the same position, and in the act of peeling a peach with a pocket knife, pointed her attention to it and said, 'This is the knife with which I killed that fellow.'" (See Vol. I. p. 95.)

Then deign t' accept the votive lay,  
Incited by this festal day  
    We hail with such delight.  
To friendship sacred, and to song,  
Let joy the happy hours prolong,  
    And stay their rapid flight.

Nor shall my interested prayer  
Invoke for you one added year  
    Than every way may please ;  
I wish their number limited  
To those which come accompanied  
    With happiness and ease.

Yet frequent may the Day return,  
And distant that which we shall mourn  
    Returns no more for you ;  
With silent pain the mental eye  
Pierces thro' deep futurity,  
    And turns her from the view.

At length, by years alone opprest,  
When summon'd hence to join the blest  
    In their celestial sphere ;  
Resign'd you'll quit us at the last,  
Viewing without regret the past,  
    The future without fear.

But friendship whispers to the heart,  
That tho' condemn'd on earth to part  
    From those it lov'd before :

Its ties unbroken still remain,  
 And former friends shall meet again,  
 To separate no more.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 23rd January, 1817.

DOES — ever read novels? The second and third volumes of a strange book, entitled “Tales of my Landlord” are very fine in their way. People say ’tis like reading Shakespear! I say ’tis as like Shakespear as a glass of peppermint water is to a bottle of the finest French brandy; but the third—I think it is the third—volume is very impressive for the moment, without spectres or any trick played, except the sensations of Morton when going to be executed, and the gay conversation of Claverhouse immediately following, which is a happy contrast indeed.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Saturday night, 8th February, 1817.

I HAVE disengaged myself from the party this evening was to have been lost in, for the pleasure of thanking dear Sir James for the very friendly letter brought me to-day by his happy father, who was going down the town to sign his name among the honest men who promise to rally round our excellent Constitution. All this looks well, as you say; but I so hate to recollect the times \*

\* 1680. See Macaulay’s History, vol. i. p. 256.

when England was divided between factions much resembling ours, and calling one set petitioners, and the other set *abhorrrers* — of the petitions, I suppose.

France is no happier, no richer than Great Britain ; all Europe is enveloped in these frightful fogs.

Your friend and I had a very nice conversation about political economy. The people certainly feel offended at seeing one man receive 12,000*l.*, another 20,000*l.* o' year in return for no apparent service done ; but I am not sure they are injured at all, unless the possessor carries his wealth and spends it in a foreign country. Were we to roast all the race-horses, and give the corn which feeds them to the poor, making "Hambletonian" into soup, &c., what would become of the grooms and the jockies and their helpers and hangers-on ? They would know how to till the ground no better than their masters ; and we should have so many more thieves, professed, that are now merely amateurs and dillettanti. Servants out of place are among the worst members of society ; and a gentleman once told me that none of the wretches sent to Botany Bay were so truly untractable as that class. "They can do nothing," said he, "but wait at table where there is no one to sit down at it, or stand behind a carriage and cry *Go on* with an air, when no lady listens and no carriage can be found,—

" "Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,  
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea.' "

Mr. Robertson has received his money by now. If everybody was really and bonâ fide to use their fortunes



with economy, what would become of his 120 pipes of wine and of his correspondence abroad? But he hopes to sell some to the sinecurists, I doubt not, while their valets and livery servants drink an inferior sort. Ah me! Government is a long and sometimes a tangled chain, but tearing but one rusty link will rather weaken than brighten it.

*Veniamo ad altro*, as Baretto used to say. Boswell and he were both of them treacherous inmates, but their books are very pretty, very interesting, and very well written.

The best writers are not the best friends, and the last character is more to be valued than the first by contemporaries; after fifty years, indeed, the others carry away all the applause.

Apropos, Madame D'Arblay is said to be writing a new work; and the "Pastor's Fireside," by Miss Porter, comes in for a large share of praise, after the "Tales of my Landlord." But my paper comes to an end, my candles burn down to the socket, my fire is gone almost out, and I have not yet said, though I hope you have felt, that everything will diminish before either absence or silence can lessen the regard of your obliged and sincere

H. L. PROZZI.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 5th March, 1817.

WELL, my dear Sir, Salusbury came to his time, but is obliged to run away so, we have hardly had a moment

for necessary chat. I rely on you to tell him what clothes he must wear, what fees he must pay, and to whom. As a prudent mortal, he would willingly have escaped such costly titles: but I really do not think it *right* to refuse honours from a sovereign when offered them; I am not yet so much a modern democrat. "Stick to the crown, though it hang upon a thornbush," was old Sir William Wyndham's precept, and we have heard none better.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Sunday, March 9th, 1817.

YOUR melancholy letter, my dear Sir, reminded me of an autograph I once saw of Alexander Pope, saying to Martha Blount: "My poor father died in my arms this morning. If at such a moment I did not forget you; assure yourself I never can.—A. P." I felt something like the same consolation as she must have done.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Sunday, 20th March, 1817.

AT present we are close on Passion Week, a period forgotten in town, I believe, where a gay man once asked me whether Christmas Day was always on a Fryday? "because," said he, "they call it Good Friday, don't they? and they neither dance nor play at cards." Such a question could not be asked in Spain or Italy. This moment Miss — calls for my letter and expresses

uneasiness about the dear D——r. I hope her affection magnifies the distress ; but at our age we must break : and if the last tickets *do* linger in the wheel, why people will give more than their value for them, though often blanks at last.

These reflections are forced on me by a visit from poor dear Mr. Chappelow, a friend of thirty years' standing, who comes here to take a last leave of poor

H. L. P.!

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Begun Sunday, March 29th, 1817.

I WAS going to write you a letter this morning, but Miss —— called, and I sent it away half written. My spirits have been much lowered by poor Mr. Chappelow's visit, but this is a season for mortification, and a stronger *memento mori*, saw I never.

Pretty little Mrs. G., the doctor's wife, must go abroad, or die at home of weakness and atrophy. Parry's colossal form (tenacious of life) permits not his departure, but detains him here, helpless, hopeless, senseless, except to agonising pain ; gout, stone, and palsey, upon one man. Dreadful ! and suspended so (like Mahomet's tomb) between life and death.

No matter, those whose lives are longest forget what past in their maturer years, remembering best the early days of youth. Mr. Chappelow, my superannuated visitant, recollects marrying Doctor Parry when he first took orders. Those whose date is shorter, laugh at the

parts that are past. The boy despises the baby; the man contemns the boy; a philosopher scorns the man, and a Christian pities them all. When we approach the confines of immortality, however, the best is to look forward; for retrospection is but a blotted page to wiser and better folks than dear Sir James Fellowes's ever obliged and faithful

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, 14th April, 1817.

THAT we must either outlive those who are most valued by us, or go ourselves, and quit the stage to them, seems hard to remember, though the first lesson that we learn: what we fear to lose rises in value. Distance has such an effect, that even the apprehension produces consequences. "When you were near me," says Pope, "I only thought of you as a good neighbour; at a hundred miles from me, my fancy formed you beautiful; and now! (they had crossed the seas remember) you are a goddess, and your little sister approaching to divinity." \*

This was said in sport, but there is truth in most jests. We look on those approaching the banks of a river all must cross, with ten times the interest they excited when dancing in the meadow. Yet let them cross it once, and get fairly out of sight, how soon are they out of mind!

\* "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

. My proximity to the river's brink, all overcast with fog, and now and then disturbed by fume and vapour, shews me very imperfectly the schemes and monstrous projects of our time, and shews me them in disproportions too. They are not regularly formed gyants, like Polypheme, but one-eyed as he was ; and weak, although gigantick, from being so badly put together.

A gentleman far from here, who has large concern in the iron-works of a neighbouring county, called fifteen of his principal people together the other day, and told them he was no longer able to give them piece-work—such is the phrase—because his rents were so ill-paid ; but he would present them with a pound note each every Monday morning, till they were to resume their old employment, as he wished might soon be the case for all their sakes. God bless your honour, was the immediate reply : with thanks and expressions of (as he believes) sincere attachment. They said, however, that the bargain could not be formally acceded to, till letters arrived from Manchester, but that they would wait on his honour the following Wednesday, and settle matters. Wednesday came, and so did the fifteen workmen, but with altered countenances. Friends had taught them not to be bamboozled, was their word ; so their employer might keep his money, and they would throw themselves upon the parish. A measure instantly adopted, to the distress of the parish, and triumph of their Manchester acquaintance !

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Fryday night, 16th May, 1817.

WELL, well! 'tis fine saying We will do this and we will do that when death is so near, saying, "No, you shall not," to us all. Poor Callan the upholsterer, my landlady in Westgate Street, went perfectly well to bed, called up her daughter at 4 o'clock, Mrs. Booth, told her she should die in half an hour, and kept her word to a second.

The corporation yesterday, all well and merry, marched down the South Parade in some silly procession, I know not what, endeavoured to cross the river in the ferry-boat, upset the machine, and sixteen of them were drowned, at noonday, in sight of the walkers up and down. Mr. Marshall, curate of the abbey, 'scaped by miracle, resolving to walk round and meet them, in spite of their entreaties to make one of the frolickers.

A stranger thing never befell, because the river is so shrunk by our long series of dry weather, I am sure your brother Thomas could cross it on foot; and you know there is a rope, too, which by some marvellous fatality none of them clung to.

So there is no need of ice-islands to drown, or of dreadful diseases to kill us, when it pleases God to call either the great Alexander, or your little friend,

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Wednesday, 28th May, 1817.

MISS — tells me, dear Sir, that she has room in her letter to squeeze in a note from me ; but what is to be said in the note, who can tell ? We talk here of the insurrection at Brazil, or of the girl that drowned herself yesterday morning, or the ten times more wonderful tale of the Welsh girl, who returned by her own good will to the house of a man who was proved seven years before to have beaten and starved her almost to death. Oh ! that beats all the stories that I ever heard or told.

H. L. PIOZZI.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

31st May, 1817.

WE have been all engaged in care for a girl who drowned herself in our canal here, but whose only cause of concern was her inability to squeeze some rich friend out of 500*l.* ; he sent her 50*l.*, but that she scorned. What is come to the people ? Lunacy ? One would think so, to hear these wonders.

The Dean of Winchester's account of Bennet Langton coming to town some few years after the death of Dr. Johnson, and finding no house where he was even asked to dinner, was exceedingly comical. Mr. Wilberforce dismissed him with a cold " Adieu, dear Sir, I hope we shall meet in heaven ! " How capricious is

the public taste! I remember when to have Langton at a man's house stamped him at once a literary character.\*

Johnson's fame, meanwhile, lives even in the lightest and slightest shreds of his wit and learning. We have a caricature print here now of Sir John Lade going through all the stages of profligate folly, and drowning himself at last, with Dr. Johnson's verses beginning

“Long expected one-and-twenty,  
Lingering year, at length is flown,”

written under, exactly as I printed them; only I omitted the name, as a civility to the family which showed me nothing but spite after Mr. Thrale's death.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Thursday, 26th June, 1817.

I HAVE the headache myself, caught perhaps by reading Mrs. Carter's letters, which tell of nothing else, and yet all our pale blue ladies here, are saying how fine they are. Come, there is one good thing in them: she says to Mrs. Montague:

“Your scheme of omitting the house, and improving the plantations, is founded on a motive equally good and wise. Time would sink the proudest palace you could raise, into ruins; but eternity will secure to you

\* The Earl of Norwich, who ranked as the wit of Charles the First's court, was voted a bore at the court of Charles the Second.



the wealth which is applied in the encouragement of honest industry and relief of distress."

I like the intention of the sentence here quoted, excessively; but 'tis awkwardly expressed, because masons and bricklayers want money and encouragement as much as gardeners and planters, no doubt; yet am I all of her mind, to prefer improvements on land, rather than sink sums which may be wanted, in building houses and stables, which never repay the owner and too often remain for ages —

"Remnants of things that have passed away,  
Fragments of stone — rear'd by creatures of clay."

Poor old Llewenny Hall! pulled down after standing 1000 years in possession of the Salusburys, made over to Lord Kirkwall's father in the last century, and now demolished by fine Mr. Hughes, of the Parys Mountain, would cure any one of pride in houses, or in ancestry.

Land is the only thing which can pretend to duration, though you see our funds keep up very finely, 'spite of ill-willers; and what a piece of work has been made with these housebreakers, and street ruffians, to convert them into gentlemen, and try them for high treason! \* The Dean of Winchester says, one of the jury was penny collector to Lord C.

You will see my fair daughters at the Drawing Room, of course. They hurried home for it I fancy, for S. has written to me, expressing her regrets at leaving

\* The trial of Watson and others.

Paris, "where ladies have nothing to do with *ménage de famille*, and can entertain themselves their own way." Yet I believe she has, of all women, least to regret on that side her head.

"Like a City wife or a beauty,  
She has flutter'd life away ;  
She has known no other duty,  
But to dress, eat, drink, and play."

This for your privacy — as Gloster says.

Ah dear Sir! what a loss I should have had by your journey to the Continent. I shall now not care a straw about missing Adbury this year, for there Adbury stands, and there resides its master; and like the Irish lover, who says, "Arrah my dear Sheelah (or Shalah)! If I was once within forty miles of you, I would never desire to be nearer you in all my life, and still in the same little island," when he was transported to Botany Bay.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 1 July, 1817.

THE bustle we made about Caraboo\* was very comical indeed. Those who thought her an impostor dared not say so. Such was the persuasion of the people to believe her a decided Oriental, though she never had the skill to write her odd characters in the Eastern manner, but beginning from the left hand clearly proved herself a novice, though she had made up a good alphabet

\* A woman of bad character, who passed herself off at Bath and Bristol as Caraboo, Princess of Jarasu.

enough, composed of Persic, Arabic, and Hebrew letters. I put my opinion of her into bad verses, as you shall see, more spiteful to Murray, who refused my book than worth your reading for any other merit; but if you have not seen the new poem, you will not laugh as I wish you to do :

Our bright maid of Bristol by all men admired,  
 Till ev'n admiration itself grows half tired;  
 While praying, or swearing, or swimming, or fencing,  
 All merits in one happy female condensing;  
 The more I examine his wonderful book,  
 The more I'm persuaded she's Moore's Lallah Rookh.  
 In her black cotton shawl which no heart can resist,  
 While the morn, like her character, melts into mist,  
 Addressing old Titan with tender devotion,\*  
 Or shrinking averse from the treacherous ocean;  
 The ship which produced her, the swain who forsook,  
 All bring to my memory Moore's Lallah Rookh.  
 Should Murray once wind her, no pelf would he spare,  
 Indulging her taste in each Turkish bazaar;  
 The Mukratoo rabble † oh how he would scare 'em!  
 And long live the lady, the light of his haram!  
 The rich feast of roses he knows how to cook,  
 Who gave three thousand pounds for Moore's fam'd  
 "Lallah Rookh."

\* Caraboo pretended to worship the sun.

† If a man offered to touch her she cried out, Muckratoo.

My dear Sir James will perceive that his old friend has not forgotten her old follies,

“Ev’n in our ashes live their wonted fires,”

as Gray says, and we go on to the last, jogging in the same dusty road.

Apropos, I don’t believe London will be empty enough for me till September. I will not go to encounter invitations and parties on the one hand, slights and cold looks on the other. Everybody shall be away when I present myself at Blake’s Hotel, unless, perhaps, poor Lady Kirkwall; and if she can get her annuity paid, she will put herself in some cool place, I hope, after such heating work of both body and mind.

After all, you and your family are safe in Hampshire, and summer is before us. This hay weather is bad indeed; and I did think we waited too long for the rain; we shall now have more than we want. *S’intende acqua*, says the Italian gardener, who had been praying for rain, *ma non tempesta*.

We hear that the lady, whose good-nature the little gipsey imposed upon, is so struck with her ingenuity, that she protests they shall never part again. By the same rule, Rundell and Bridge ought to make the swindler, who cheated them of 24,000*l.* the other day, head clerk of their house, if they can catch him.

Would you laugh to see me in a white hat and ribbands! The black \* was wholly insupportable during

\* She never left off her black silk dress after the death of Piozzi.

the violent heats, and thunder always gives me a sullen headache.

Con mille rispetti. Addio.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Blake's Hotel, 23rd Aug. 1817.

LONDON is most embellished since I saw it last, but the Regent's Park disappoints me: had it been as I fancied, a place appropriated to the Regent, with rangers, &c., the boundaries of London northward would have been ascertained, and a beautiful spot, like Hyde Park, have contributed to the health and ornament of the metropolis; but buildings there are, it seems, hourly increasing, and it will end in an irregular square at last, of which there are enough already. The bridges are very fine, and will make my old habitation, Southwark, a gay place in due time, I dare say.

Can you tell what's good for the bite of a dead viper's tooth.\* Oyl, I trust, and emollients; yet 'tis a slow remedy. I feel ashamed to think how much the posthumous poyson has disturbed me. Write a word of consolation, and Adieu.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Blake's Hotel, 29th August, 1817.

I HAVE been living with poor dear Lady K—— and her mother; up to their very eyes in love and law,

\* Alluding to Beloe.

distressed as nothing human ever was distressed, and will I suppose (in Dr. Johnson's phrase) be at last delivered as nothing human ever was delivered. Siddons and they are the only people I have seen, but the things are charming, and the places so improved that, without hyperbole, I actually passed through Southwark — the borough I canvassed three times, and inhabited thirteen years — without knowing where they had carried me any more than if I had been found in Ispahan.

The gas-lights, and steam-boats, and new bridges are all incomparable, and will serve us for chat at the castle, when your Honour has counted your money, the grand pacifier of all quarrels, although the fountain whence spring so many disputes. But adieu! I must dress to dine what I call out of town, the top-house in Baker Street.\*

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 3rd September, 1817.

As sublime effusions are the fashion, what think you of my verses lamenting the fate of my own sisterhood? when Bagshot, Howslow, &c., were first taken into cultivation, and beginning:

Goosey! goosey! gander!  
Whither will you wander  
When your commons all are gone,  
That you plum'd yourselves upon?

\* At Mrs. Siddons'.

Sure I think they'll leave no places  
 Where to wash our feathery faces,  
 All the world's become our foes  
 From this hurry to enclose.  
 Could a ray of hope spring from ones  
 Interest in the House of Commons,  
 I'd exhaust my last poor quill  
 To avert th' impending ill.  
 But the troop of Foxites there  
 Make the mournful goose despair :  
 And for t' others there's no chance,  
 While they rate their geese as swans.

The Mount at Marlborough was too dewy in the morning, and it was quite dark when I got in over night, we had chatted so long, and so comfortably: it would have been a famous thing to have run up a hill which I ran up in the year 1750, the maid calling after me, "Miss! don't you jump over the hedges." Cardinal du Perron, you know, did purchase an estate for double the money another man would have given, because he leaped a famous leap on those grounds seventy years before: I did not, however, understand that he could have leaped it again.\*

Miss Williams is in trouble; her beau very ill indeed, and keeps bed; Mr. Cam attending him; by her odd account it seems Hæmorrhoids, Hæmorrhage, or some

\* The Archbishop of Armagh, meeting the Earl of Carhampton, boasted that his legs carried him as well as ever, "Ay, my Lord, but not to the same places."

undescribable mischief. She is zealous, however, about your dairy, &c. My description of it set all her head to work. I have friends here going to Ireland: it would make your very ducks and drakes laugh to see her diligence (ill-employed) in persuading me to instruct them which way they should go; for cheapest, best, &c. How can she multiply her cares so!! But she would think us no less absurd, for making enquiries now, A. D. 1817, concerning the Ægyptian Mary, who died in the desart beyond Jordan in the year 430: having never seen a human face for forty-seven years, living on raw roots and herbage, with no change of clothing from the dress she wore at the moment her conversion took place. She was then a notorious profligate, yet wished to attend the festival of Fête Dieu, but felt herself supernaturally repelled by the pressure of an unseen hand, and a voice crying Unworthy Mary. She retired, so warned, from the cathedral, resolved to break off all connection with a world she had behaved so ill in, and after making solemn vows of penitence, tried the church door again, which opened to her of its own accord. This apparent approval of Heaven sent Mary to perpetual solitude and sorrow: to alleviate which in her last moments, Zosimus the hermit was sent to administer the last consolation a Christian can receive. She took the eucharist though speechless from exhaustion, and when the hermit came next day, he found only a lifeless corpse, with the pathetic words "Poor Mary" traced in the burning sand. Has not Murillo done the story justice? Better, oh, better



far, than the poor quill of yours and Lady Fellowes's ever,

H. L. P.\*

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, September 8th, 1817.

WHAT an unreasonable friend is dear Sir James Fellowes! as unreasonable as partial, I think; and that is enough. On the same day that we obtain attestations of all the Tales told in the "Golden Legend," and that will not be soon, he may expect another strange letter, just like the last, from his much obliged H. L. P. My story is abridged from a French abridgment of the old book. Authority enough, as it is not only to be found in "L'Advocat's Biography," but in Danet's "Account of Christian Antiquities." I would, not, however, swear to the truth of any tale told in the dark ages. The world sees most visions (says Fuller) when she is most blind, and the ophthalmia of those days, inflamed by persecution on the one hand, and hope of immediate beatitude on the other, presented objects of strange distortion doubtless; while the difficulty of committing anything to paper, multiplied and magnified every deviation into a miracle. Such are the accounts religiously believed by Romanists of St. Francis retiring to the desert, making himself a wife of snow, &c. and while under these dreadful mortifications, receiving in

\* Mrs. Piozzi, on her return to Bath from Adbury, where she had paid us a visit, having admired my fine picture by Murillo, sent me the above account, taken from the Popish legend.—*J. F.*

vision from our crucified Saviour's own immediate touch — a separate mark or stigma, is it not? upon each hand and foot. Your picture seems as if stretching round to touch the side of the saint as I remember, and 'tis related how his wounds dropt blood, though later than Ægyptian Mary's legend by nearly seven centuries.

Alas! the while: that such delusions were thought necessary to prop our faith, or propagate Christianity brought down from heaven by the God of Truth himself. Romanism, however, cannot, even now, divest itself of love for pious frauds, and hatred to all sects except their own. See how they are working themselves into power! reminding one of the old fable in our babies' books: where the poor axe lies helpless in the wood, lamenting his incapacity to serve his friends or get his own living, for want of a handle, and you (says he) cruel creatures! won't give me even a twig. After a long time spent in such intreaties, one of the young ash, a sapling, takes compassion, "and here, my lad," he cries, "thou shalt have this branch of mine, make thee a handle;" he does so, says the fable, and cuts down the whole grove. What else did he want it for?

Ah! old Sir Fletcher Norton, that I wrote the epigram upon, was no sapling; no truly, he was made of sterner stuff. But the present state of things has spoiled my epigram, like that which was drowned (as Boswell said) when the grand piece of water was made at Blenheim, and

“The arch, the height of his ambition shows,  
The stream, an emblem of his bounty flows,”

was no longer a joke.\*

And now here is just such a letter as the last; and in yours a confirmation of my own just surprize at your talk of partridge shooting, when such loads of corn were yet unhoused. Soon, however,

“Shall the staunch pointer brave the sultry heat,  
And tread the stubble with unfeeling feet.”

And till then you must carefully preserve your album of fowls immaculate. The ginger wing will not I hope be hereditary: if it is, I shall get somebody to thrust Mr. Kenrick down the throat of his own alligator, as they do infants in China.

Do you recollect the little Simon Paap, a dwarf whom you and I went to see, and he said he would have the honour to drink a bottle with Sir James Fellowes, comically enough? and produced a tiny vial out of his pocket that he called his pocket pistol? He is here now, and the people go to see him. Bessy Bell was glad to shake hands with her handsome husband, I doubt not: but as I flatter myself she has still some regard for her poor mistress, I shall beg you will not withdraw yours from her.

\* The epigram was aimed at the great Duke of Marlborough.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, September 25th, 1817.

How kind the — have been ! never forgetting their little friend at No. 8, but sending me crouted cream, &c. They thought a little soothing would do me good, I suppose, after Mr. Beloe's venomous attack.

No matter ; here is a copious and beautiful harvest, and many happy hearts in consequence, Salusbury's beyond all. I don't know when I can recollect the barley in Wales housed by the last week in September, and we are painting, and repairing, and emulating London, all we can, nothing doubtful but that the second and third cities of England will soon follow the first, being paved with iron and lighted with air.

Mrs. Mostyn, for whom I was, as you know, anxious, is said to be well, and disposed for a journey to Italy. Those who return from thence say the English are in high favour, owing chiefly to Lord Exmouth, whose liberation of Catholic slaves at Algiers struck the Roman people as an act worthy Christians, and scarce to be credited of British heretics.

Mr. Wanzey tells me a thing scarcely to be credited of Romish bigots ; no less than that the Protestants have hired an apartment near the Colonna Trajana ; where our English liturgy is read every Sunday by some of the numerous clergymen belonging to our Church, who are loitering about that city unprohibited,

unnoticed, unoffended.\* Such connivance who would have hoped for in 1785? Mr. W — says that our countrymen spend 1000*l.* per diem in Italy; in Rome only, if I am not mistaken.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 8th October, 1817.

Don't buy the book, dear Sir.† That method only propagates the mischief. You know me too well not to believe me completely callous to literary abuse. But this man (who I never saw but once in my life, eighteen years ago) tells the public that Mr. Piozzi pulled down my old family seat at Bachygraig, and that when he was dead I searched the Alps for a young mountaineer to inherit my estate of 4000*l.* per annum. Now, in the first place, Mr. Piozzi paid off a mortgage that was on the Welsh estate with 7000*l.* of his own money, not mine. He then repaired and beautified old Bachygraig at a great expense, rebuilt and pewed the church, made a fine vault for my ancestors, and built Brynbella to live in, because the family mansion lay down low by the river side.

\* James Smith used to tell a story, on the authority of Sir George Beaumont, that the English applied to the Pope to bless a cemetery so that they might lie in *consecrated* ground, and that his Holiness replied, all he could do for them was to *curse* any spot they might select for the purpose, so that they might lie in *desecrated* ground.

† "The Sexagenarian," by Beloe. His statement, false in every particular, more than quadruples her Welsh rent-roll.

He begged my name for his brother's son, and when the French invaded Italy, sent for him hither, an infant unable to walk or talk ; lived till the lad was fourteen years old, and died, never naming him in his will, but leaving all to me. Why, I must have been worse than Mr. Beloe himself, to do any otherwise than I have done. Yes, yes, when people will talk of what they know nothing about, see what nonsense follows.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Wednesday, 6th November, 1817.

THE Queen has driven us all completely distracted ; such a bustle Bath never witnessed before. She drinks at the pump-room, purposes going to say her prayers at the Abbey Church, and a box is making up for her at the theatre.

Your S——l W——'s life appears to affect the D——r more than I hoped it would. Women bear crosses better than men do, but they bear surprises worse. Give me time, and I'll go gravely up to the guillotine ; but set me down suddenly within view of a battle, I shall be a corpse before the first fire is over through fear, whilst my footman shall feel animation from the scene, and long to make one in the sport.

“Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora mensem ;  
Rides cum non sit forsitan una dies,” \*

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\* My friend Mr. Botfield, M. P. for Ludlow, read this couplet on a beam, dated 1626, of an old timbered post-house between Sheffield and Lichfield.

was said to men who always count upon an escape ; women provide for certainties as well as they know how.

But here's my translation, which probably I have shewn you long ago, yet I somehow think not either :

If you thought you should live but a month, how you'd cry,  
Yet you laugh though you know you to-morrow may die.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Fryday, 28th November, 1817.

MR. ——— brought me so kind a message begging a letter, that I can't help complying.

Everybody's spirits are mending on our Queen's return. The people are running up and down again, and those who have any names — many, too, of those who have none—leave them at her Majesty's door. To a mere spectator the appearance of things is dismal. The burst of grief\* is, however, pretty well gone by ; but if it was a proof of our virtue, as Mr. Grinfield said it was, why so let it be accounted.

His assertion, indeed, that no profligate country ever regrets a prince or princess for their moral qualities, is more pleasing than strictly true. When was ancient Rome more sunk in vice than when all its inhabitants poured forth to meet and lament over the ashes of Britannicus ! Their theatres about that time, too, did certainly exhibit *ballets d'action* equal to our own ; and by the accounts I hear of Covent Garden and its

\* Occasioned by the death of the Princess Charlotte.

gay *salon*, we are even trying to go beyond them if possible.

The description brought me by a friend was so eloquent it reminded me of Milton's devils building and lighting up with gas their pandemonium:—

“ Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluic'd from the lake; mechanic multitudes  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.  
 Others as soon had formed within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook.  
 Till sudden from the soil a fabric huge  
 Rose like an exhalation. . . . .  
 From the arched roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky.” \*

When I repeated the lines, he swore that Milton had invented the gas-lights, and given the first draught of our grand theatres in London.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, 15th December, 1817

DR. GRAY, whose name and character you know, laments the loss of his mother, because, says he, she died so unexpectedly,— at ninety-one years old! He had left her in high health and spirits but three weeks

\* *Paradise Lost*, book i. The quotation is singularly happy, and is one among many instances of her knowledge and readiness.



before. Such is the world, its inhabitants, and their ideas. He has sent me his *Connexion*, and two sermons on the princess's death, protesting that he will or will not publish them as I approve or condemn. The subject is not treated in a commonplace manner, you may be sure, when touched by his hand. Poor princess! she has really stood like an Academy figure to be viewed in various lights. The shadows in his sketch are eminently deep and broad, an impressive Rembrandt.

*Veniamo ad altro.* That one friend should send me sermons to criticise, while the theatrical folks try to court me out of an epilogue, does look as if they thought I was not quite superannuated.

Of the clusters in the Pump-Room, who swarm round our Queen as if she were actually the queen bee, courtiers must give you an account: of the ecclesiastical history you will soon hear a great deal, but I'm not sure whether it will interest you. Everybody writing at the same time on the same subject does no harm. The same ideas may be delivered out with attractions that may lure minds of a different make; and you will kindly rejoice that I came out alive from the Octagon Chapel, where Ryder, Bishop of Glo'ster, preached in behalf of the missionaries to a crowd such as my long life never witnessed; we were packed like seeds in a sun-flower.

At the Guildhall two days after, when pious contributors were expected to come and applaud, Archdeacon Thomas suddenly appeared, and protested against the

meeting as schismatical. So he was hissed home by the serious Christians, Evangelicals as they sometimes call themselves,— half the population of Bath at any rate,— and his friends felt uneasy; till yesterday the Duke of Clarence, some say the Queen, some say both, consoled him by their particular notice. All which you will learn better from Colonel C —, who, for ought I know, presides at the presentations.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 23rd January, 1818.

WHEN and in what year will the women find out that company makes one gay only as it brings out that gayety which was in the heart before? A great coat makes a man warm, I suppose, not by virtue of any warmth in the coat, but as it keeps the natural heat of the body from flying away. Yet parties are all the rage, and I shall have one next week, and put my wisdom to sleep the while.

Doctor Gibbes has been very good to me, very kind and attentive. Illness commonly catches me by the throat, you know, and makes a mute of me for a while, punishing the peccant part. In a few years those things will be made easy: Miss McEvoy sees with her finger tips\*, and Miss Somebody † embroiders with her

\* She pretended to see with her eyes shut or blindfolded, but managed to catch occasional glimpses of things sufficient to carry on the imposition for a period. She and her mother, after two or three exposures, confessed the trickery.

† Miss Biffin.

shoulder and elbow; no need of hands and arms for the old purposes, says the improvers of the world. Have you read "Frankenstein or the Modern Prometheus?" I have never seen such an audacious, and I might add, such an ingenious, piece of impiety. But Faber says, you know, that the world is to end in 1866; so the old gentleman below stairs must work double tides for these next fifty years, and he has a good assistant in Mr. Hone, who is surely well paid for his work.

Meanwhile the virtuous few, as it is the fashion to call them, are instructing the poor, and keeping schools for young people in the country. Lady Williams writes me word that one of her sisters, a managing woman, who is in the habit of looking into her own affairs, took one of these instructed maidens for her cook three weeks ago. The dinners did well enough, and she went into her kitchen to say so one morning; when the whole family seemed collected round and expressing such attention in their gaping countenances, the door opened unawares to them all; and "enter the King and Laertes," cried the cook, in an attitude of recitation, her back towards the lady, whose only difficulty was to say, who was most astonished.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, 2nd March, 1818.

THE best joke going here is about the man who killed his wife the other day: they printed his name Haitch,

if you remember, but after he had cut his own throat, they wrote him down Mr. Aitch: no wonder, for when the windpipe was divided, you know, how could he retain his Asperate?

St. David's Day has been a rough one, and your brother Dorset forces me on the reflection that it was a Saturday's moon. But what reflections or what conjectures can they form who shall lose time and space — at least the old-fashioned methods of reckoning them — by being under the pole, seeing the sun always at the same altitude, finding neither east nor west, neither latitude nor longitude, contemplating their own figures represented as in a mirror on the opposing cloud, and viewing their old acquaintance the rainbow no longer an arch but a circle?

Will they come home pretending not to have shuddered at such appearances? and will they feel more terror of being titter'd at for speaking of such things as extraordinary? — Oh yes, I dare say they will,— than wonder at the strange phenomena! There was a time in my life when I would have been happy to have gone and come back safe as a cabin-boy rather than not make one in such an expedition; and am now actually eager to hear of their setting out, that I may have some chance of hailing their happy return. Meanwhile my health is not to be complained of; but whenever I catch cold, my eyes suffer somewhat unusually.

This stuff is written with one candle and a green shade over it, which makes me incline to be sullen, and say what vile pens these are, when, perhaps, 'tis one of

the well deserved warnings knocking at the door of dear Sir J. F.'s faithful and grateful servant,

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 17th March, 1818.

OUR Regent having sent for specimens of curious marbles to the north coast of Africa, Mr. Smith has discovered — not the marbles (one never finds what one is looking for), but a better thing, — the possibility of getting at the long sought for city, on the Zaire or Congo River, which they have tried so vainly to bring to light. I who heard of this discovery in the morning, said hastily to Captain Digby, who sate next me, “So Tombuctoo is found at last!” “Ah, ah!” says a man on the other side me, — “what was that fellow hiding for? Forgery, I suppose; and what names those scoundrels give one another with their slang — Tom Buckle to!”

Well! and there is a ship disinterred (to use a fashionable phrase and not a bad one); for the ship has been buried in the earth many centuries no doubt, forty miles from the nearest sea, somewhere in Caffraria. *Toujours l'Afrique* (say Frenchmen), *nous aurons donc de la fricassée (l'Afrique assez)*; but those who are not in jest are of opinion that the Cape of Good Hope was once detached from the continent, an island like Terra del Fuego at Cape Horn.

“Thus do men run to and fro, and knowledge is

much increased," as, says the Prophet Daniel, it will be, when this world is near its conclusion. I know not how far distant that event may be, but every thing is doing, and everything is happening, that we are told will happen, and that we are sure will be done, in the concluding centuries of terrestrial existence. Yet people are in such haste to accelerate their own perdition, that a clergyman has hanged himself at the Castle and Ball this morning,—I don't know his name; and if I did, your brother D. knows that "The Wonder, or A Woman keeps a Secret," has been performed with success at No. 8, Gay Street, within this last fortnight. So adieu, dear Sir, and write oftener, if the letter only contains the words — Steady and all well.

The foreigners say we English ruin the uniformity of our handwriting by taking a new pen every tenth line. I say, the not doing it every time you turn the paper, makes one's letter look like a masqued figure of day and night. This is written in the dark.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 21st March, 1818.

Tho' my muse is grown old,  
 And her life blood all cold,  
 Still trembling from any surprise a ;  
 Warm congratulation,  
 With true admiration,  
 Must welcome our pretty Eliza.

Excuse this nonsense : my head is full of the lauda-

num I took last night, more perhaps from fear than from feel of the same nephritic affection that made me miserable this time last year. The poppy, however, which nature sows amongst the corn to show us that sleep is as necessary as bread, did its duty, and here am I, better than when R—— saw me lying on the couch yesterday evening pretty late, when he brought me the happy news.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, April, 1818.

WHILST I was trying to reconcile myself to the uneasy state of being wholly forgotten by dear Sir J. F., I met his excellent father in Collins's Library, looking wonderfully well; but saying you had toothache and faceache, and I don't know what beside. So I resolved to write you a long letter as the only opiate which cannot injure the nerves.

And now shall it be books or people that we talk about? Of books, let us both begin and end with Gisborne's new publication upon Natural Theology, a tiny work, but replete with good sense, sound learning, and pious reflections. I shall buy and perhaps interleave it, apropos to poor me and my quondam possessions. You see Doctor Burney, who purchased his father's portrait and dear Garrick's at my sale, now drops down dead, and the library, pictures, &c. are purchased (if my information is correct) by the British Museum!

I am very sorry to see the death of Sir Richard Musgrave in the papers. He was much my admirer forty years ago, and what was more to his credit by half, he wrote the history of the Irish Rebellion and all its horrors, a work one word of which has never yet been contradicted.\* It will now obtain its due celebrity I hope, and, indeed, it ought to grace the library of your lovely country seat. Shall you go thither soon? The swallows and cuckoos will meet you in May, and I really expect a hot baking summer after all this soaking rain. Warm weather would give us a famous harvest, and your children will be delighted with the butterflies before they leave our land.

Salisbury says I must come to Brynbella and see his young plantations — animal and vegetable — next July; and if health goes no worse than it has been, I shall just hope to be no nuisance, — a difficult matter, the difference in his lady's age from mine considered. The babies will be interesting at any rate. We have a nest of babies here, — females all, I think, — to whom our old friend Matilda Hook was a complete nothing: the eldest, a small creature, taking off Mr. Kean in Shylock and King Richard, convulses every audience with delight. I am going this evening, Saturday, 25th, and shall give you an account when I come home, and then you will have a long letter instead of a good one.

Well, dear Sir! here am I come home, after being more astonished than delighted. Clara (Fisher), who

\* It would be difficult to name a work the statements of which have been more frequently impugned.



played Richard III., did it extremely well. She is just such a little thing as Simon Paap, the dwarf, that you and I went to see, and I daresay is a dwarf; but 'tis an amusing exhibition upon the whole. If you have seen the children in London, however, where the size of the house and the actors are so contrasted, the effect must be twice as powerful, and nothing remains to be said on the subject by your tedious correspondent and affectionate, &c.

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

6th May, 1818.

I SHALL be glad when the modish world permits you to exchange the sight of emerald trinkets for that of green fields, and lapis lazuli tables for a clear blue sky.

I grieve for Bullock, however, who first found out the quarry of Verd antique marble in our county of Anglesea. Apropos, that little island has no little to boast: three times has she ruled over the three kingdoms of nature. Once when Druidic superstition swelled every sea breeze with her howlings, and Mona's thickly-planted woods covered her cromlechs from the sight of Agricola. Once again, when destruction had laid her plains bare of timber; herds of black cattle feeding on the mountains, supplied the London markets for more than five centuries; and are mentioned in some of the coronation feasts. The present day, by this dear Bul-

lock's ingenuity, discovered treasures of marble in her rocky bosom, and exhibits specimens of Ægyptian green not to be surpassed by anything which antiquity has bequeathed us.\*

I was ranting on in the same strain before Miss Williams, when she exclaimed: "Ah! roast him; is that odious Bullock dead at last, that cheated my brother, Sir John, giving him 500*l.* for a bit of land, that to be sure *we* thought not worth 50*l.* but which that fellow knew contained these blocks of green stone, dyed by the copper,—nothing else in the world." Well! if it was so, Anglesea is still the queen of mineral nature, in right of her mines. Venus, too, is she not? Sprung from the sea, and showing her brazen face in every part of the world.

Sir Joseph Banks will consider Bullock as a loss to all students in natural history. I am glad you attend his Sunday nights; they used to be delightful; and I hope he does not grow too much enfeebled by age, but makes them still worth your care.

You used to say how I preached the end of the world, but here was a learned Dr. Hales stood up in our pulpit at Lama, last Sunday, and said sixty-two years more would complete its duration. This was, in the modern phrase, committing himself, and the laughers all stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and the man went on explaining his calculation and minding them ne'er a whit.

\* It has been suggested that the Romans got some of their marble from this country.

The actors are more easily abashed; Mr. Young looked full of distress when he saw Lady Strahan tittering in the stage box at his well played Zanga, and the beautiful girls, her daughters, counterfeiting sleep. But derision is a thing no powers, except those of piety, can endure. At her approach, wit darkens, and, as Milton says of Eve, in her presence, Wisdom's self loses discountenanced, and like Folly shews.\*

Those large fields of ice starve the people's hearts, and they think insensibility a merit, I suppose. Distinction it is not, for they all do it.

I did not English, or rather Anglicise, any of the mottoes, but have been long of your mind, that G. H. Glasse's is the best. He was an extraordinary man, "le galant le plus pedant, et le pedant le plus galant, qu'on puisse voir." Science, which acted as a sceptre in the hand of Johnson, and was used as a club by Dr. Parr, became a lady's fan when played with by George Henry Glasse. I wish you had known them all three that you might applaud the fancy. You often do approve the odd fancies of your truly attached

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 20th May, 1818.

WE were making impromptu charades and nonsensical trifles the other day, when one of the company said suddenly:

\* "Wisdom, in discourse with her,  
Loses discountenanc'd and like folly shews."

“Why is Mrs. Piozzi like a kaleidoscope?”

## REPLY.

The brilliant colours that appear  
 Shine, like her wit, distinct and clear ;  
 While Fancy's fleeting magic power  
 Combines to charm each varying hour :  
 Giving to trifles light as wind  
 The lustre of her fertile mind,  
 Imparting pleasure and surprise,  
 Delighting still our hearts and eyes.

Good-natured at least, was not it? But we have not the fine thing here, constructed by Brewster\*, uniting camera obscura with the other catoptric devices. Oh! how I should like to see that, and the exhibition, in your company.

The Queen's approaching death gives no concern but to the tradesmen, who want to sell their pinks and yellows I suppose; though something should be settled concerning the guardianship of her poor old husband's person. Our Demagogues are to make a grand push for triennial parliaments, they say. People are in such haste to be happy; they play *short* whist, *short* commerce, &c. but after all these complaints of bad harvests, I did not expect them to cry for *short commons*; so that's one of my silly jokes. Is it a joke that Buonaparte is dying dropsical? Ay, ay: sweetly sung the old French poet who said of such folks:

\* Sir David Brewster, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, &c.

“ Tant que la Fortune vous seconde,  
 Vous êtes les maîtres du monde,  
     Votre gloire nous éblouit :  
 Mais au grand revers funeste  
 Le masque tombe, l’homme reste,  
     Et le héros s’évanouit.”

Bright with fortune’s dazzling favours  
 Seconding each bold endeavour,  
     Warriors tame our souls to fears ;  
 But reverses spoil their feigning,  
 Down drops mask ; the man remaining,  
     While the hero disappears.

Well! ’tis no great matter whether they are turned off the kaleidoscope or no, if we listen to Dr. Hales, the great theologian, under whose quarto volumes on Chronology poor Upham’s shelves are bending. He stood up in Mr. Grinfield’s pulpit last Sunday fortnight (as, perhaps, I told you), and said confidently that the world would end that day sixty-two years. It was the anniversary of our Lord’s Ascension ; and perhaps it may be so. You will find innumerable reflections on that event, in King’s “ Morsels of Criticism,” which I have loaded, if not deformed, by numberless notes — manuscript, but legible enough, for I looked them over since Hales’s sermon, as I thought they would amuse you. ’Tis almost a pity you should suffer them to be sold after my death.

Sir Joseph Banks’s evenings must this year be more interesting than ever, though I *do* fear the North Pole

expedition will be a long time in finishing, and the people here are so desirous always to put extinguishers on their own entertainment. The ice field attached to our Ultima Thule, Fulda or Fulah, is now said to be a mere newspaper story.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, June 1st, 1818.

My shamefacedness, and my desire of talking about twenty other things, kept me from showing you the verses I sent — in answer to her exaggerated compliments, and kept me too from reading you some which she made impromptu on my complaining of the loss of youth and its accompaniments, beauty, admiration, &c.

“ Oh talk not to me of the days that are flown ;  
 Tho' Youth's cheerful blossoms decline,  
 Even Autumn and Winter their treasures can boast,  
 While Virtue's pure sunshine is thine.

“ In each season of life there are blessings in store ;  
 Then still, my dear friend, be it ours,  
 To rejoice in the fruit our life's harvest may give,  
 Nor repine at the loss of its flowers.”

To this I replied:—

Where Winter chills the leafless grove,  
 Silent to mirth and dead to love,  
 Should robin from some slippery spray  
 Tune up his long-remembered lay,

Each passenger would cheer the bird,  
In Summer's concert scarcely heard.

When Jura's icy mountains rise,  
Let one green spot salute our eyes,  
Amid the lofty glaciers lost  
As if forgotten by the frost ;  
Each Briton smiles, extends the hand,  
And cries, Oh charming Switzerland !

My talents thus your eyes allure,  
And please, reduced to miniature ;  
'Tis thus you sooth my fond regret,  
For times I never can forget ;  
And thus your praises, partial friend,  
Excite the spirits they commend.

Miss O'Neill will be visible here with the naked eye, as men say of a new star or comet, on the 13th June next, Saturday se'nnight. I shall make her panegyric an excuse for another letter. The first *début* on these boards is Belvidera, which I have seen Siddons play to Dimond's, Brereton's, and to Kemble's Jaffier, well recollecting how she spake and acted every passage, particularly her soft but striking "Farewell! remember Twelve!" which was sure to electrify the house; but I must say "Farewell! remember five!" which when the clock has struck, the postman will wait for no more from yours ever faithfully,

H. L. P.

*To Miss Willoughby.*

Monday, 15th June, 1818.

MY dear Miss Willoughby was very kind in writing so soon, but do not call me unkind in writing so late; I waited to see Miss O'Neill. She is a charming creature without doubt, and charms, as it should seem without intending it, calling in no aid from dress, or air, or studied elegance, such as in old days one expected to find in a public professor or dramatic recitation; but like Dryden's Cleopatra,

"She casts a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,  
Neglecting, she can take them."

Comparing such an actress with Mrs. Siddons, is like holding up a pearl of nice purity, and asking you if it is not superior to a brilliant of the first weight and water. You are fortunate in finding a cool place during these unlooked-for heats of a summer season long forgotten in our country. My house is, as you know, on the hill's side; but down in Green Park Buildings, one can't help thinking how a fairy would feel if held down at the bottom of a bowl, from which the hot punch had just been poured away.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Thursday, June 18th, 1818.

IT was sweetly done of you, indeed, dear Sir, to put the little warm bottle, and the warm kind invitation



into your brother's pocket so. God forbid that I should outlive that quantity of Cayenne pepper, and want more!! An old Welsh squire did certainly keep on breathing till brandy was not sufficiently exciting for him without Cayenne pepper, but I think he was turned of ninety.

Well! Miss O'Neill might have moved him even then. Our ladies are all in hysterics, our gentlemen's hands quite blistered with clapping, and her stage companions worn to a thread with standing up like chairs in a children's country dance, while she alone commands the attention of such audiences, as Bath never witnessed till now. The box-keepers said last night that the numbers Kean drew after him were nothing to it. She performs every evening for seven days together: but Clifton is near, if she does break a blood-vessel or two.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 1st July, 1818.

THE heat has certainly exhaled my faculties, and I have but just life enough left to laugh at the fourteen taylors who, united under a flag with Liberty and Independence on it, went to vote for some of these gay fellows, I forget which; "but the motto is ill chosen," said I; "they should have written up *Measures not Men!*"

Sir Thomas Lethbridge, however, gave in last night; oh how unlikely, how impossible, was it for him to hope

for a seat, who had sent the popular favourite Sir Francis Burdett, to the Tower \*,—I wonder he would try!

Doctor Gray says in his last kind letter, that we quarrel with no time but the present. Hope still anticipates pleasure for a future day; and those that are past, delight us by recollection. He longs to see me and Mrs. Mostyn, he says, to talk about old Streatham Park. His sisters and nieces, two old ladies and two youngish ones, are come to settle here at Bath, and he begs me to introduce them into society; but 'tis the wrong time of year: I tried to make them a party for to-morrow, but cannot muster twenty faces, everybody has left town; in a week more, I shall leave it too. Wales will be quiet at least, and people expect health and pleasure from change of air, which having once delighted us, we talk of its enjoyments when no longer capable of enjoying them.

No matter! the farce must go on till the curtain drops, and if everybody left off their disguisings as they grew old, why age would appear with still more deformity than at present. Have you interested yourself concerning the discovery of Ossian's originality, so long doubted, so strenuously denied? The concatenation arose in my mind from his expressive words:—"Age is dark and unlovely, it is like the glimmering light of

\* He moved the committal of Sir Francis, whose language, he said, "made his hair stand on end." Excited by an ironical cheer, he added, "it really had that effect." In allusion to this unlucky declaration, he was saluted with cries of *porcupine* and encountered by pictures of that animal wherever he went during the election.

the moon when it shines through the broken clouds; the blast of the north is on the desolate plain, and the traveller shrinks on his journey."

Meanwhile you will have a stormy Session of Parliament, made still more so by the Catholic Question being brought forward. Forcing religion into the dispute, will set all in a state of effervescence; for although, poor thing, she is disregarded in common moments, and left like a football covered with mould and dust, give that football but a kick, and set the sport going, all the youth of the village will mix in the game, and some eyes will be beat out and some blows exchanged, before they lay the poor football to sleep under the old wall again, little as they really care for it.

Well! but you must not pay ninepence for this letter without my insertion of a joke you will like, perhaps, because it is mine; of the man who comes into a coffeehouse at Ilchester during the heat of our election contest, and asks for the news. "Ah, Lord, Sir!" replies the waiter, "we are badly off for papers. The popular candidate has got the day; the poor old 'Times' has been torn to pieces in the scuffle: a sea-captain has caught up our only 'Pilot,' because he could see neither 'Sun' nor 'Star': and no 'Courier' can be got for love or money. They are all on the road to Bath."

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

No. 8, Gay Street, Tuesday Night,  
15th September, 1818.

WHEN I was about seven years older than your Tommy, we had a permitted holyday: and two of my uncle, Sir L. S. Cotton's, children, with poor Miss Owen and her brother, came, and one of our gambols was to dance round him or her who sat in the middle, and teize them till they quitted their post, when another took it, and underwent the same worry.

When George Cotton however (afterwards Dean of Chester) was seated, no arts, no tricks, no force could make him move; so that Jack Owen came and whispered me: "If you'll help, we will make him jump up, stout as he is. Let you and I set fire to Mrs. Salusbury's papers here in the closet, and make a noise. George will run away I warrant you, and look foolish enough." I took the hint, and cried fire at the very top of my voice. Out ran my mother and her company from their tea or cards, in the next room, frightened beyond all telling, . . . "and Dear Mama, don't be angry," cried I, "it was only to get George out of his place." Query, is Cobbet any wiser? You have finished his nonsense by now.

I have got a sort of French Thraliana: fragments of letters written by Madame ——, Louis XIV.'s brother's wife, to our Queen Caroline, grandmother to George III. of England. I can hardly unpack my

trunks for the avidity I feel to read this (to many) uninteresting stuff: to me more than delightful.

Madame's account of her visit to a Female Benedictine Convent, where she saw a nun of the royal family amuse herself by shooting at a target and firing pistols at a mark, is very curious; and shows one how difficult it is to dispose of leisure hours; for this lady had very few hours indeed that by the rules of the convent she could call her own; and this was her way of getting rid of them: the most extraordinary method that ever met my eye in reading through seventy years, Time's short preface to the "Volume of Eternity."

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Michaelmas Day, 1818,  
like the 1st of May.

NOTHING kills the Queen, however. It is really a great misfortune to be kept panting for breath so, and screaming with pain by medical skill: were she a subject, I suppose, they would have released her long ago; but diseases and distresses of the human frame must lead to death at length, as the smallest brooks of the most inland country will sink in the sea at last. Sleep gave me up to his brother, says some old writer, and then

"Soles occidere et redire possunt;  
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda."—*Catullus.*

Pretty lines certainly for a heathen poet. Will these do in imitation?

The sun that sets, with light refin'd  
 Returns to gild the plains;  
 When man's short day has once declin'd,  
 Perpetual night remains.

And recollecting that some old bishop who cured himself of the dropsy by reading "Quintus Curtius," pointed out a pleasant remedy, I sent to Upham for Coxe's newly-written "Life of John Duke of Marlborough," in hopes Blenheim would do as well as the Battle of Arbela, and so it did; I am very well again, now.\*

The glance I gave into "Thraliana" showed me these verses, better adapted to my present age than to that in which they were written. In hope of amusing you I write them out, and pray read them to pretty Lady Fellowes —

"J'aurai bientôt quatre-vingt ans;  
 Je crois qu'à cette heure il est temps  
 De dédaigner la vie;  
 Aussi je la perds sans regret,  
 Et je fais gaiement mon paquet,  
 Bon soir, la compagnie.

\* A Scotch nobleman, whose father was sinking fast for want of sleep, suddenly bethought him that sleep had never failed his respected parent at kirk. He sent for the minister and requested him to begin an exhortation, which almost immediately produced the desired effect. The story is related by Dean Ramsay of the Duke of Lauderdale and his son.

“ Lorsque d'icy je partirai,  
 Je ne sçais pas trop où j'irai,  
 Mais en Dieu je me fie :  
 Il ne me peut mener que bien,  
 Aussi je n'apprehends rien :  
 Bon soir, la compagnie.

“ J'ai goûté de tous les plaisirs,  
 J'ai perdu jusqu'aux désirs,  
 A present je m'ennuye : \*  
 Lorsqu'on n'est plus bon à rien  
 On se retire, et on fait bien,  
 Bon soir, la compagnie.”

And now, after a thousand repetitions of a thousand kind compliments to Lady F., and kisses to her darling babies, I shall take a thin pen, and write out my version of President Lamoignon's lines not much amplified —

Arriv'd at grave and grey fourscore,  
 'Tis time to think on life no more ;  
 Time to be gone ; and therefore I  
 Can quit this world without a sigh :  
 Without or sorrow, care, or fright  
 Can bid the company good night.

When hence we part, 'tis hard to say  
 Whither we rove, or which the way ;  
 But He who sent me here can show  
 My doubtful footsteps where to go ;

\* “ J'ai trop vu, trop senti, trop aimé de ma vie.”—LAMARTINE.

So trusting to His truth and might,  
I'll bid the company good night.

I've tasted here of every joy,  
But time can taste itself destroy ;  
It teizes me to see how soon  
Quite good for nothing I am grown ;  
When such the case, 'tis surely right  
To bid the company good night.

Adieu! and accept this Michaelmas goosery with  
your accustomed kindness for

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Thursday, 15th October, 1818.

THE horrid story of Mr. Bowles shooting his own favourite nephew, heir to his estate, I believe, will make me shudder at a partridge all this autumn. 'Tis a sad thing one cannot buy these birds like ducks and geese. But the thoughts of meeting at Mr. and Mrs. Greatheed's again, and meeting at Adbury! Oh I must not indulge such extravagant fancies, and Lady Fellowes must not encourage them. She is too good to us all. Was the young Lady of Grey's Cliffe with the Greatheeds? No girl that ever I saw could compare with your brother's daughter for beauty and apparent intelligence at her age, but I suppose she will not maintain her superiority for twenty years; if she does, the poets will weary all readers with verses written in her praise. Apropos to



poets, I think Lord Byron's "Pegasus" is moulting his wings; one hears nothing of him or his muse. Madame D'Arblay writes and comes, and cries and goes to live at London with her son. She is very charming: she always was; but I will never trust her more. The first time one is betrayed by semblance of friendship, may be the fault of another; the second time, 'tis one's own fault; and to be twice made April fool by the same trick after ten years old, is too late.

Did you like the last volume of the "Tales of my Landlord"? I prefer a pretty novel little spoken of, called "Civilisation." If I did not recommend it to Lady Fellowes, I ought to have recommended it. Dr. Whalley says 'tis written by Hannah More, and the girls call it a preaching novel, and resolve not to look at a page of it. The British Museum is the thing worth seeing in London, and I missed it. English people make every curiosity so difficult of access, that you may live among us half a century, and see nothing. Foreigners throw the doors open, and take no present going in or out. Our fees at palaces, and our card money under the candlesticks, are certainly a remainder of old ill manners; nor can I reconcile to myself, or to my notions about good breeding, the trick of prescribing to our visitants the stake they shall play for in our house. I feel as well disposed to say what cap they should wear, or what ribbands they should buy. Let them buy and wear what they will.\*

\* A young man lost 6000*l.* at the house of a friend in a single evening. He played again the next day and won most of it

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Did I tell you of the conquest I made in Wales of the Bishop of St. Asaph, Luxmore? He says now: "What is become of that little Mrs. Piozzi? who shone here among us like a meteor for a month or two, and then away; when will she return, do you know? we are very dull without her." And so they are sure enough; no music, no cards, nor no conversation, except the petty quarrels which infest all counties distant from the metropolis, round whose central globe we roll at different distances, and Denbighshire is Saturnian in every sense of the word: their sorrows, as well as their joys, are so stupid. One would think Doctor Young had passed his life among them, when he says:—

"Without misfortunes, what calamity!  
And what hostility, without a foe!"

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, October 29th and 30th, 1818.

My mind has yet some youth in it, as you say, who know it best. The battered case, however, has had some blows lately. I am perpetually stopped in these last stages of my long journey for want of horses, and shall be late home of course; so like all travellers, I read the tombstones in the next churchyard, and without further allegory, how the deaths do increase round one!

back, having (as he afterwards avowed) made up his mind to shoot himself if the luck went against him a second time. Surely his host was justified in limiting the stakes in future.

Miss Fellowes called on me this morning. She is in high looks, and does not perhaps entertain those apprehensions about poor dear Mamma, which *you* cannot avoid being sensible of: but do not be too selfish. People of her age cannot long be detained here: no, nor of mine either. Cowley says: —

“ It grieves me when I see what fate  
Does on the best of mortals wait,  
Poets or lovers let them be,  
'Tis neither love nor poesy  
Can arm against Death's weakest dart  
The fertile head, or honest heart.  
For when our life in the decline  
Touches th' inevitable line,  
In Death's strong hand a grape-stone proves  
Fatal as thunder is in Jove's.”

Meanwhile let us die but once, and not double the pang by cowardice, or poyson the dart by wilful sin, but meet the hour with at least as much deference to God's will, as every Turk shows to that of the Gran Signor. “ It is the Sultan's pleasure,” says he, “ and so ends the matter, — here's my head.”

I have set my acorns. 'Tis the oddest thing in the world that the wind blew me an ash and a sycamore key into this little garden a year ago, and George put them in the ground, and they prospered. So you will have a Piozzi forest some day, but take care and claim them, and let nobody but yourself get a twig; and if I live till they are old enough, they shall be marked and ticketted.

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 1st December, 1818.

WELL! now I will not wait for a letter from Adbury, though I do desire it above all things in the world; for you will like to hear how the Persians\* behaved at an English family dinner, and I am dying to tell dear Sir James Fellowes how much I was entertained.

It is truly astonishing to see how they have mastered our language and caught up our European manners. Men who have sate on carpets for thirty years, and eat with chopsticks, are really a little better bred than the rest of the company, manage knives, forks and chairs, with grace and propriety, and what they ought not to do (for they are Mussulmen) take their glass like an English country squire, and flirt with the girls famously. I told them, however, that —

“The glowing dames of Persia’s royal court  
Have faces flush’d with more exalted charms;  
The Sun that rolls his chariot o’er their heads,  
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:  
Arriv’d ’mong these, the prince will soon forget  
Our pale unripen’d beauties of the North.”

Meanwhile ladies leave cards, and starving females

\* Meerza Saefer and Meerza Saulih (the two Persians mentioned in these letters), two of the most distinguished personages sent into this country three years ago by Abbas Meerza, the reigning Prince of Persia. They speak English fluently, and are quite familiar with our manners and customs, and are at no loss to defend ably their opinions. They are dressed in the costume of their country. I saw them at Bath, Nov. 29, one in a scarlet and gold pelisse, the other blue.—*J. F.*, 1818.

write romances. The novel called "Marriage" \* is the newest and merriest. How marriage should be a new thing, that is at least as old as Adam, the author may tell: but 'tis a very comical thing, and would make Lady Fellowes laugh on a long evening.

Here is the first frost on the first day of winter: quite right. The next three months, of which this is one, ought to be drippy, slippy, nippy. Pluiose, Nivose, Ventose: all that stuff is very prettily put together in the "Clavis Calendariæ." I wonder you never looked at mine, crowded with notes — I would say deformed: but you would only answer Pish! The author, an Irishman, has borrowed most liberally from "Retrospection," and never said thank you, Mrs. Piozzi: but no matter, 'tis a very useful book, and not unentertaining. But I must write to Doctor Gray, and thank him for his very, very kind letter. One would think I was like Sir Epicure Mammon in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," who fancying he had found the philosopher's stone, was enumerating the felicities it would purchase, and cried out in a rapture: —

"I will have grave divines to flatter *me*,  
Poets I will not heed."

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\* By Miss Ferrier. It received a high compliment from Sir Walter Scott in the preface to one of his novels. It was followed by "Inheritance" by the same writer.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Jan. 6, 1819.

MR. MANGIN is come from Paris, and says my "Synonymes" are all the rage there; and they have got a print of me, and asked him if it was like *cette dame célèbre*.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 12th Jan. 1819.

So although dear Sir James Fellowes is screwed up, as in a vice, by bad verse and worse prosing, poor H. L. P. cannot squeeze a letter out of him! Well! so it is with Salusbury—not a word from him either. The ladies are better correspondents by half; they will at least tell one, poor souls, how sick they are. Meanwhile, here is my annual foolery at hand almost; it really seems but the other day since our last celebration. But

"Thus perish years, as moments from our view.

Some mourned, some loved, all lost; too many, yet too few."

I have, however, added to my stock of ideas, since 1819 came in, the sight of a man flying on the slack rope, and of another man professedly fire proof. I have likewise seen red snow brought from within the Polar circle, and have seen the man who witnessed a phenomenon often read of with wonder, a circular rainbow. Curiosity is supposed exclusively to belong to youth; but 'tis foolish to leave this world without know-

ing what's done in it, especially as eternity will be past in that which is to come.

Doctor Charles Parry, who shewed me the Arctic rareties, and traced his brother's track for me on the enormous map we looked over, is very indignant at their needless haste to return home without doing their errand in any wise; though these two or three occurrences render their voyage interesting. They will certainly go again next summer, and make another visit to the new nation, who never saw ship, or even canoe, like the people predicted to Ulysses in Homer. They indeed called an oar when they saw one, a corn-van; but these poor creatures never saw corn, or encountered an enemy.

They contemplated the "Alexander" and "Isabella" long before they could believe them inanimate and worked to motion by mortals like themselves; and when, embracing the masts, they found them dead wood, they burst into a horse laugh and continued holding their sides — our people guessed not why, but I think it was at the mistake of their reporters, who had miscalled them male and female gyants — and probably added some false wonders of their own; for truth is native of no clime hitherto discovered — but by Gulliver.

And now do, dear Sir James Fellowes, come home to us — and see good mamma — who pined after you last time, sadly. You said you had two old women at Adbury — weeder women I believe, who wanted you there. I am sure you have two old women here who want you

as much, or more. The weeds of conversation weary me to death with "Dear Ma'am, — I hope you caught no cold at the last party; Lord bless me! how hot the rooms were! Well! I do hate hot rooms above all living things, &c., &c."

Oh come back for very pity — *reddes dulce loqui* — and do not make me force my partner's hand incessantly thus, for a fragment of comfortable chat. The Bishop of Meath is your best substitute: he is very good-humoured, and writes verses, and shews me what he has written. Apropos, poor Lady Crewe is dead — an object of deformity! \* The greatest beauty of her time: at least, the most admired woman; "Whose mind kept the promise was made by her face;" as Charles Fox said and sung. But palsy shook her frame, and cancer gnawed it. Oh may such a death never reach yours and your dear family's ever,

H. L. PIOZZI.

Farewell! remember, not 12, but 26.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Jan. 17th, 1819.

INDEED, my dear Sir, it is very comical in you to fancy my letters so superior; but as a mountebank said, who I heard haranguing the crowd upon Berwick-upon-Tweed: "People of a good taste likes my decep-

\* A mistake. One of her friends assures me that "for a few brief hours she looked beautiful in her coffin." — See *antè*, p. 107, note.



tions, and so says I, *despitur* ;” meaning *decipiatur* of course, wherever he had gained his classic knowledge.

Our fire-eaters \* continue their tricks, and are said to get a great deal of money. That they do really and *bonâ fide* swallow boiling oyl into their stomachs and arsenic, eating a good supper and sleeping sound afterwards — who can believe? There must be a quick substitution, effected by legerdemain, of a glass *without* poyson for the glass we see *with* poyson, just at the moment *Ma'amselle* prepares in appearance to receive its contents down her throat.

What Doctor Charles Parry showed me was preserved

\* Chabert and his sister, a pretty girl, afterwards burnt to death : Mrs. Piozzi wrote these lines on her : —

I beg your pardon, dear Sir James,  
 For leaving you amidst the flames,  
 But I was promised to a Room  
 Where half the town was called to come ;  
 Where beaux were crowding round a belle  
 Not half so handsome as Ma'amselle ;  
 Who, if her sweethearts *do* admire,  
 We see can safely play with fire.  
 But sure I hope you'll 'scape the snare  
 Of this invulnerable fair ;  
 Who, to perform such wondrous tricks,  
 Must have been dipt all o'er in Styx.  
 Achilles' self had been confounded  
 To see her *heel* remain unwounded ;  
 And Circe, had she seen her sup  
 The potion from that poyson'd cup,  
 Would have renounc'd her powerful charms,  
 And crown'd Ma'amselle the *Queen of Harms*.\*

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\* See *Macbeth*.

in very large transparent phials, hermetically sealed. It was blood red, and I saw a little sediment. Did it? Oh, no! did it fall red from the clouds? said I. "We cannot tell," was the reply. "My brother saw no snow fall while he was in that district, but he gathered what he gave me—not from the surface but at two feet deep in the drifts. It lay at least four or five feet on the earth, and was of the same colour down at the very bottom." They saw white snow in plenty upon the distant glaciers. The wise men in the ships attributed the sanguinary hue to aerolite stones which fall in large quantities; and the new discovered Esquimaux (for Esquimaux they are) make knives and saws such as they *do* make, poor creatures, of this sky-dropt iron, having no other metal of any sort or kind. I was talking to your brother Dorset concerning the astonishment of our late-found northern friends, at seeing the "Isabella" and "Alexander" with their attendant boats; and observed how well Dryden must have studied human nature, when he gave his beautiful description of Cortez's first arrival in Mexico. "Oh," said he, "write to James and remind him of the excellent adaptation you have made; the lines are little known." Here 'tis then:—

“ We went obedient, Sir, to your command,  
 To view the utmost limits of the land;  
 To that sea-shore, where no more world is found,  
 But foaming billows breaking on the ground;  
 There for a while my eyes no objects met  
 But distant skies that in the ocean set,  
 Or low-hung clouds that dipt themselves in rain  
 To shake their fleeces on the earth again.

At last, as far as I could cast my eyes  
 Upon the sea, somewhat me thought did rise,  
 Like bluish mists, which still appearing more,  
 Took dreadful shapes, and mov'd towards the shore.'

'What shapes did these new wonders represent?'

'More strange than all your wonder can invent:  
 The objects I could first distinctly view,  
 Were tall straight trees that o'er the waters flew:  
 Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,  
 Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow:  
 And while their bodies cut the yielding seas,  
 Low at their feet lay floating palaces.'

'Came they alive, or dead upon our shore?'

'Alas! they liv'd too sure; I heard them roar.  
 They turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke;  
 I saw their words break forth in fire and smoke,  
 Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,  
 Or these the younger brothers of the sky.  
 Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight,  
 No mortal courage could endure the sight.'"

It is, as your brother observed, very remarkable, that the idea of a savage should thus have possessed a court poet; but besides the exquisite beauty of Dryden's Virgilian diction, there is a truth as to the sentiment, that fills one's soul with wonder at the comprehensiveness of such a mind. Ay, ay, when pyramids crumble to dust like the bodies of kings they were meant to cover—good poetry and power of language will remain: till well written inscriptions shall outlast their monuments. But I am growing enthusiastic, and feel glad the paper is so near full, that I may be forced to leave off. Whenever dear Piozzi caught me ranting in

this manner, he used to say — “*Ah, ha, vien l'estro adesso.*” So adieu!

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 9th Feb. 1819.

WHAT a universal styptic is gold, if a bold hæmorrhage of truth does chance to burst out! Oh, well and wisely said Sir Robert Walpole, that everything had its price.\* Why this colonel is like Sir Edward Mortimer in the “Iron Chest.” . . .

But here is a pamphlet come out, I guess not by whom written †, called “Historic Doubts concerning Buonaparte:” you must give it a reading. It has at least the grace of novelty to recommend it, and will, I dare say, run rapidly through many editions — ’tis so cheap. . . .

So here is a real commonplace letter like everybody’s letter, written among perpetual knocks at the door by people who know not how to dispose of the hours between breakfast and the moments when they may without self-condemnation pretend impatience for dinner, better than by throwing a few of them away upon dear Sir James Fellowes’s ever obliged and faithful

H. L. P.

In the midst of all this I find my paper full, and

\* What Sir Robert Walpole is commonly reported to have said was, “All men have their price.” What he really said was, “All *these* men have their price;” alluding to the so-called patriots of the Opposition.

† By Dr. Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin.

wonder when I found time to fill it ; but my pen, like a horse at Newmarket, moves most swiftly when it carries least weight — 'tis plain. Adieu then, and remember me to kind Lady Fellowes and lovely Mariuccia, for so we should call her in Italy.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 25th Feb. 1819.

THE languor you describe as possessing your mind, my dear Sir, while it urges you to restless activity of body, no one can better understand than myself, who used to walk incessantly, squeezing the flag-stones of our South Parade here, with my *feet*, in order to obtain relief for my *head* when struggling against “Thick coming fancies that robbed me of my rest.” Well ! 'tis a foolish thing ever to be uneasy at all. Our longest life is but a little short parenthesis in the broad page of time, which is itself a mere preface or prologue to eternity. Let us, however, write the brief period neatly, and leave our visiting ticket to the world, such as may not disgrace us.

I have asked for St. David's Day, and we will have a good dinner and a Welch harp. Mrs. Stratton says she would give us authors, actors, &c., — a merry day at her house, but that if she did, it must be “une table fort libre mais peu de couverts,” as she keeps no professed cook. Never mind, replied H. L. P., we care only for the salt.

When all is over, I will tell you how it ended : mean-

while, the best Bath news is that good old General Leighton\* is now become Sir Baldwin, with three or four additional thousands a year. You remember old General Leighton: he stooped excessively from a cold caught bivouacking somewhere in our service. He is a true Salopian, who, though well acquainted with both hemispheres, delights in talking only of Shrewsbury. He will now end his life where it began, nine miles from his favourite spot — a pretty spot enough, but its power over a soldier of fortune like General Leighton, or a full minded man like my friend the first Dr. Burney, is really to its credit. When the last-named friend had occasion to kiss his Majesty's hand two or three times within two or three years, I remember the wags saying, "Why Burney takes the King's hand, sure, for Shrewsbury brawn; he puts it so often to his lips."

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, March 13th, 1819.

THE salt you get, dear Sir, must be all out of the old salt cellar, with the cypher of H. L. P. upon it. Our gay dinner is not to be held till the 19th of this month, next Fryday, at Mrs. Stratton's. I shall then invite the company to my own house on some day, when Warde and Conway are disengaged.

Your dinner shall be a good one; for you remember Boileau's epigram on just such a feast: —

\* The father of the present baronet, Sir Baldwin Leighton, of Wattlesborough, Salop.

“Damis! vous donnez la famine,  
 Votre table a trop peu de plats;  
 Peu content de votre repas,  
 Enseignez moi donc où l’on dine.”

Too few good dishes is a fault,  
 Bad too many without salt;  
 Among your other *bons mots*, pray  
 Tell me where we dine to-day.

But here we are chatting and laughing, and in comes your brother Dorset to tell me . . . and he wished me to take charge of his Ariadne, but my room will not hold her. It came into my head as he was talking, that the deserted ladies, who cannot get their lovers to marry them after promises &c., all follow her classical example, and make alliance with Bacchus as soon as their Theseus is gone: at least, I see some who are doing so here at Bath, and I suppose Divie Robertson, the wine-merchant, would be glad they were still more in number.

Dear me! how sick, how thrice sick, am I of these parties! so falsely called society: for one idea in common with them I possess not. Yet one must live among people one cannot care about, in order to serve those who really amuse and delight one.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Day of the Vernal Equinox, 1819.

I CAN now tell you that Mrs. Stratton's dinner went off delightfully; the salt shining and spar-like, un-

bruised, unbasketed, very good indeed. I wish mine may be as good and brilliant next Fryday, the 26th, when my very best dependence will be on you, my ever best friend. We must sit down, though, as near to five o'clock as possible, because of Sir Walter James, who hates to dine later, and who has begged himself in with a condescendance I little expected.

You and he will find Warde most of a scholar, Conway the man of high polish, general knowledge, and best natural abilities. If you don't like them, it will vex me.

Apropos to authors, actors, &c., I have had an offer since I wrote last, not of marriage—as Ninon de l'Enclos boasted when touching her eightieth year, — but of a better thing, money for Murphy's portrait. The rich Mr. Taylor, George Watson Taylor, who bought Johnson's picture and Baretti's at the sale, solicits it with beg and pray. He once offered me, if you remember, 157*l.* for it, so I can't, in honour or conscience, ask him more; but if he would take my Cypriani Magdalen, who is eating her head off at old Wilson's European Museum, along with Mr. Murphy's head by Reynolds, and give me 200*l.* for both together, the bargain would be very good for both of us, and I would take a good wide step towards buying the 6000*l.* which dear Piozzi left to his relations in Italy, and which I always have promised Salusbury to make up for him in the Consols three per cent., after which transaction my money is my own; and whatever I may feel disposed to give or



spend, it shall be without self-reproach. There are 5000*l.* in now, you know.

Your friends, the Greatheeds, have had a famous acquisition made to their fortune by death of this Mr. Collyear. I wish it might drive them to Bath; for if I recollect rightly, you said they were once more restored to chearful endurance of that life their son's death made a scourge to them.

My friends the Mangins, who were kind to me when you were, and in whose welfare I take the tenderest concern,—have suffered from the danger of their little boy as much almost as could be inflicted; and though my life has been so drawn into length, and so many scenes of sorrow have crossed my path, I am yet to learn whether the death of a young man like Bertie Greatheed, or that of a promising baby, strikes deepest; bursting a bubble with all its colours varying each to a tint more lovely than the last, does certainly require religious fortitude to support. Yet what is infant life *but* a bubble?\*

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, March 28th, 1819.

My dear Sir J. F. sometimes says, when he has a mind to make me very happy, Your last letter was the best I ever received from you, Mrs. Piozzi. 'Tis my turn

\* “Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with timely care,  
The op'ning bud to heaven convey'd,  
And bade it blossom there.”—LOWTH.

now. Your last letter is the very best I ever read from the hand I have long looked to for substantial friendship. It assures me of your remaining at hand, not, as many would say, to save my worn out frame from death, but to protect my remains—the poor remains of the Piozzi; her never forfeited honour, and secondly, at unmeasurable distance, her literary fame: to ascertain the possibility likewise of passionate love, subsisting with uncontaminated conduct, and enthusiastic friendship without prospect of interested gratification. *Veniamo ad altro.*

The last series of those half novels, half romance things, called “Tales of My Landlord,” are dying off a pace; but if their author gets money, he will not care about the rest\*; having never owned his work, no celebrity can be lost, nor no venture can injure him. 'Tis thus Joanna Baillie might have done. I well remember when her plays upon the “Passions” first came out, with a metaphysical preface. All the world wondered and stared at me, who pronounced them the work of a woman, although the remark was made every day and everywhere that it was a masculine performance. No sooner, however, did an unknown girl own the work, than the value so fell, her booksellers complained they could not get themselves paid for what they did, nor did their merits ever again swell the throat of public

\* This was not the first time the same reproach was gratuitously levelled at the author —

“Let others rack their meagre brains for hire,  
Enough for genius if itself inspire.”

applause. So fares it with *nous autres*, who expose ourselves to the shifts of malice or the breath of caprice.

My justly admired Conway meanwhile drives all before him at Birmingham, after ill usage enough here at Bath; and now I tell him, he must beware the tryals of prosperity. May no others ever assail you, dear Sir!

Doctor Gibbes was here five minutes ago, laughing at these liver cases\*,—so everything is called now:

“ Whence this distress of head?  
Whence comes my nose so red?  
Our doctors all have said,

From liver.

“ Why all this heat of skin?  
Why so much pain within?  
What makes me get so thin?

My liver.

“ Why gout in feet and toes?  
Carbuncles on my nose,  
When all this only shows

’Tis liver.

“ Miss Rosa has a pimple  
Where once she had a dimple,  
And she believes, Oh, simple!

’Tis liver.

\* It was the fashion to call all doubtful or undefinable complaints *liver*, as it is now the fashion to attribute them to suppressed gout.

“ Why my torn frame to tease,  
 Bites of bugs, gnats, and fleas ?  
 All these excrescences  
 Come from my liver.”

These are not my verses — Dieu m'en garde; but they are very comical, and would, as Mr. Piozzi used to say, make the very chickens laugh. If they amuse Lady F. in her present state for five minutes, they are five good stanzas. So adieu! and believe me ever her's and your's, while

H. L. PIOZZI.

Doctor Gibbes's mother, seven years younger than me, is struck with palsy, which has taken away much of her articulation. Friends, companions, contemporaries. Ah poor Floretta!

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, 30th March, 1819.

MY dear Sir James Fellowes will kindly rejoyce to hear that Mr. Watson Taylor has already paid in the 200*l.* to Hammersley's: a letter from Pall Mall informs me so this moment. I must pack Murphy's portrait up very nicely to send off. . . .

How you did laugh at my funny story of original painting! \* But the conversation between you and Mr.

\* Sir James Fellowes' note on this letter is: — “I had met Mr. Wickens a few days before at Mrs. Piozzi's. As we were brother Rugbeens, the conversation took place about the mode of punish-

Wickens concerning your school days, led me to it ; and my bag of tales, alias bagatelles, never seems exhausted when in pleasant company. The string ties tight round the neck of the sack, if I don't like my companions, and that of its own accord, and the people are left wondering why any one should fancy that Mrs. Piozzi is agreeable.

It is astonishing how soon irony or allegory may be mistaken for truth ; I mean in how few years. Epsom Wells were fashionable early in the last century ; but some people there disobligeing Doctor Radcliffe, " Oh ! " said he, " I will put a toad in their well presently," meaning he would bring the water into *disrepute*, I trust ; but going to Epsom a few summers ago, a lady told me very seriously, that Doctor Radcliffe had ruined that fine well by putting a *toad in it*.

Did I ever tell you that Sir Walter James was the person who first suggested to me the idea of making a Lyford Redivivus, and teaching all the people what their Christian names meant ? It certainly was so, and he recollected our conversation on the subject, when reminded of it the other day at No. 8. I shall show him the manuscript some morning.

ing the boys in Dr. James's time, when Mrs. P. related the story of Vandyke, who, when a boy, first evinced his genius in a remarkable manner by painting the exact likeness of the master upon the person of a schoolfellow about to be flogged, which so astonished and amused the pedagogue, that he burst out a laughing, and excused the boy the punishment that awaited him. Mrs. Piozzi's manner and humour in relating this anecdote of Vandyke was remarkably comical."

The celebrated Dr. Farmer, as a man particularly well informed on the subject of old English literature and as a man of learning, was master of Emanuel College at Cambridge when I became acquainted with him as an undergraduate of Peter House; at a dinner party toasts were called for, and most of the men present gave the names of ladies whose names chanced to begin with the letter B. Dr. Farmer made the following impromptu:—

“ Is it not strange that Cupid should decree  
That all our favourites should begin with B?  
How shall we solve this paradox of ours?  
The bee flies always to the sweetest flowers.”

Once more adieu, and twenty times more adieu!

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, 5th April, 1819.

. . . . Mr. Taylor wrote me a fine coaxing letter, sent by a man who came to pack and carry, and to bring me a request that I would authorise Wilson to give him up my beautiful Magdalene. I sent him the annexed, unsealed, and enclosed it in this billet to Taylor:

“ Mrs. Piozzi despatches her writ of authority to the European Museum, with many compliments to Mr. Taylor, and wishes him joy of his pictures. A sort of low-spirited feel hinders her saying any more now, but

she really means on some future day to pay her personal respects in Harley Street.

“ Mrs. Piozzi sends compliments to her old friend, Mr. Wilson, begs he will put her fine portrait of Mrs. Rainsford in the character of a Magdalen safely into the hands of George Watson Taylor, Esq., who has at length courted her out of it, and of what she parts from with more reluctance, her famous portrait of Arthur Murphy by Sir Joshua. They will, however, be where they ought to be. Mrs. Piozzi thought Mr. Taylor would have left Murphy till *she* too was where she ought to be, but he was not willing to wait till the last of the old coterie dropt into the grave which has devoured so many of them. Mr. Wilson is to consider this note as authority to deliver the Cipriani Magdalen into his hands, from his faithful servant, &c.,

“ H. L. PIOZZI.”

Now do not you, my dear Sir James Fellowes, fancy me superannuated, because I do not write neatly as usual. The paper is, I think, ~~actual~~ blotting-paper, such as “ Retrospection ” is printed on exactly, and so thin. Your idea of Pan among the bacchanals (Devil among a bag of nails) is incomparable. 'Tis the only solution of so strange a sign ; and Scaliger says that his Satanic Majesty, when visible to his adorers, commonly does assume the port and person of Azazel, Hebrew for the goat.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, April 10th, 1819.

BUT a strange thing, and not much less comical, is the solicitude Lady Burdett and her family have evinced, of making acquaintance with me. I guess not where the inducement can lie, for of me they know nothing but my avowed aversion to their principles. It would, however, be ridiculous to refuse, so I shall dine with them on Thursday next. The rest of the week will be past at the theatre, where Shakespeare's most agreeable characters are exhibited; Fauconbridge and Marc Antony, for which my favourite Conway seems to have been born.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Sunday Night, 18th April, 1819.

WHAT a world! or rather what inhabitants of a beautiful place in which our study is to make deep ruts for each other to stumble in. And you not enraged at these sedition-mongers that we read of? What would the foolish creatures have? Let government be constructed how it will — we must be governed; or the strong will press down the weak. Make up your mess like Venice treacle, a dram of this, a scruple of that — but government must govern when it *is* made up; for after all you only take from one department, — kings, lords, commons, and the mob, to give a little more, or a little less, to the others. Limited monarchy, limited



aristocracy, we understand, but limited government is a contradiction in terms.

Ah me! we shall have a grand inundation of worse than nonsense, I see plainly. After the Nile's overflow, you remember, the old Ægyptians turned in droves of swine, to root, and trample, and wallow in the mud; nor till the ensuing year was it observed, that their endeavours had fertilized the soil they sought to ruin.

I shall not live to see the end of all; and if after a powerful fermentation, some pure spirit does at length come over the helm, it will be for you, not me, to praise its purity. Meanwhile, I do not in any wise resemble the old Cavalier, who predicted return of royalty, when Cromwell had just destroyed it; and a republican friend reproached him with, "Ah, Sir! you Tories are always building castles in the air." "Why where the plague should we build them?" said the other, "when you Whigs have got all our *land* from us."

But here's enough for to-night: my spirits were running over with joy about my picture, or I could not have gone so far. I waked very early, far from well this morning, and forbore to go to church; but as all my droppers in agreed that I looked beautifully well, 't were pity to contradict them; and since the stocks are falling, for me to complete my purchase, when Newton and when Elliott pay their money, I will make matters up with myself, though your friend Bertie Greatheed used to say, when we lived in habits of intimacy, "Dear Mrs. Piozzi's never so agreeable as when

she is heartily vexed." And I trust you found it so too, since the fancy that you took for my conversation on the first day of the year 1815, was certainly kindled in a most ragged and tindery state of my poor worn-out soul. Well! all's over, and if I wait longer than to-morrow morning before I claim my prize, let me lose it!

Adieu, and keep sweetest Maria from wit and learning, as long as ever you can; for though Floretta did resolve to hold fast both to the end, you may recollect that one had been a burden, the other a plague, to her through long protracted life.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Tuesday, April 27th, 1819.

DR. GIBBES says he is hurried to death, the people are so ill; he saw me half in hysterics at Young's King Lear, and he came the next morning to feel my pulse, kind creature! "But you profess to like my chat," said I, "and never come to make me a nice long visit." "Just for the same reason," replied he, "that I never drink claret,—I have not time to sit down to it." Did I tell you what a flattering letter I received the other day from Mr. Comber, who wrote the pretty verses Miss Williams did so rave about?

"Tell me no more of Ninon's wondrous charms,  
Which on life's verge, set kings and courts in arms;  
Piozzi's sparkling wit and brilliant fire  
All hearts can charm, and dulness self inspire:

Long may the spirit animate the clay !  
When sever'd from it, rise to endless day."

I do not, however, mean to tell only what verses I receive, here are some, no better than these, which I have written : expressive of the indignation I feel to see our theatrical managers here, sacrificing my favourite actor to Mr. Warde's ill-humour. You remember Martial's epigram :

" Rumpitur invidiâ quidam, carissime Juli,  
Quod me Roma legit, rumpitur invidiâ.  
Rumpitur invidiâ quod turba semper in omni  
Monstramur digito, rumpitur invidiâ.  
Rumpitur invidiâ quod sum jucundus amicis,  
Quod conviva frequens, rumpitur invidiâ.  
Rumpitur invidiâ quod amamur, quodque probamur,  
Rumpatur quisquis — rumpitur invidiâ."

The word swelling is more elegant in English, however, than bursting, ain't it ? so I turned the whole, as follows, alluding to their orations ; for both of which, see Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, which they plaid (*sic*) so admirably :

Swelling with envy, Brutus now appears,  
Because the town lends Anthony their ears.  
Swelling with envy views his pers'nal graces  
When girls point handsome Conway as he passes.  
Swelling with envy, sees him in retreat  
At gay thirteen perhaps ;— or number eight.  
Such as so swell, would sting too, if they durst,  
But since they swell with envy — let them burst.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Tuesday, May 4th, 1819.

CONGRATULATE me, dear Sir; I have got my picture, and every visitant that has dropt in to-day has seen me jumping round it for joy; Miss Williams most delighted among them. The likeness strikes every one. Oh! I stewed the Shropshire leeks down to nice Welsh pottage at last, and they were wondrous kind. The master of the house, poor fellow! screaming with gout. Tell the young ladies they must find out this French enigma:—

Enfant de l'art, enfant de la nature,  
 Sans prolonger la vie j'empêche de mourir;  
 Plus je suis vrai, plus je suis imposteur,  
 Et je deviens plus jeune à force de vieillir.

Art's offspring, whom nature delights here to foster,  
 Can death's dart defy, tho' not lengthen life's stage;  
 Most correct at the moment when most an impostor,  
 Still fresh'ning in youth, as advancing in age.

I have got a new book lent me, not new either, but very interesting. The "Letters of Lady Hartford and Lady Pomfret," written at the beginning of last century. They are very pretty, so pretty that I think I must burn them, lest you should prefer them to mine, as Cleopatra drowned Mariamna's picture, lest Mark Anthony should think it handsomer than her. The best of the collection are signed H. L. P. however, Henrietta Louisa Pomfret, so that must be my consolation.

My fête for the end of January, 1820, will be splendid indeed : I have asked people from all parts of the world, and some have promised from the farthest Thule.

I daresay Parry's Arctic Expedition will be more entertaining than that of Captain Ross ; but my heart bleeds for the loss of Jack Sacheuse the Eskimaux. It was so foolish to let the poor creature burn up his inside with spirits, and that was all that destroyed him. Adieu. . . .

H. L. P.

*To Miss Fellowes.*

13th June, 1819.

CONWAY asks me if we are all here seized with the O'Neill fever? My reply was that he need not fear what a sprig of jessamine could do towards turning out brains, while under the dominion of himself, the towering tulip : this, in allusion to a sale of those flowers in the beginning of last century, when the root of one, called *Semper Augustus* (his own name) sold for 700*l*.\*

Meanwhile Siddons must stand for the Moss Provence rose ; which when her colours are confessedly faded,

\* See a note to "Retrospection," 2nd vol., 8th chapter. In this note she states that the collection sold for 9000*l*. ; and in the margin she has written : "When the folly revived again, it was cured by a painter's daughter producing her tulip at the Florists' Feast, with the long-desired vainly (till that day) hoped-for streak. She won the prize and told the secret : she had painted it. The flowers were exhibited under glasses."

and her bloom gone by, still yields a sweet perfume, and her dried leaves are sought for to give scent to royal cabinets.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Fryday, 18th June, 1819.

DEAR Mr. Mangin said to me last week, that his mother saw me once at the theatre sparkling in diamonds, the winter of 1764. "She wrote it down," said he, "when she came home, observing how beautiful you were." "I never possessed a diamond in my life," was my reply, "never was in a theatre from my first wedding day, till my daughter born in 1764 went with me; and never was considered through the early periods of my life as even tolerably pretty." The person Mrs. Mangin saw was Polly Hart, Mr. Thrale's mistress, whose picture he wore on his box.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Tuesday, 6th July, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Doctor and Miss Fellowes, who I met yesterday dining at the Lutwyches, told me I might send a letter to you by him, and my heart feels glad of the opportunity. Samuel Lysons' death—a famous antiquarian, and keeper of the records in the Tower—lowers my spirits a little; not from tenderness, though 'tis shocking to me that a young man should die so suddenly, but because he had an odd

humour of collecting things other people would wish annihilated; and I remember his making a breakfast for the Greatheeds, Kembles, and Mr. Piozzi and me once, many years ago, when he oddly pointed to some shelf in his chambers, crying, "There, there they are; I gathered up every paper, every nonsense that was written against you at the time of your marriage; every thing to ridicule either of you that could be found, and there they are." "Thank you," said I, and the conversation changed.

As we went home, I recollect John Kemble saying, "Lysons made it his business to come and tell him every disagreeable thing he could think on concerning himself; every ballad, every satirical criticism he could hear of." What a taste! and now he is dead, one cannot help feeling *feels* about it. But his brother Daniel is a cool-headed man and has children, and will not like making enemies—will he?\*

I am half and but half uneasy — pacify my nerves, dear Sir, with assurances of your care, that no harm shall come to your ever obliged and faithful

H. L. PIOZZI.

\* I have examined the collections in question, and am convinced that Mrs. Piozzi was mistaken when she wrote this letter, which is quite irreconcilable with her frequently expressed esteem for both the brothers.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Weston-super-Mare, 27th August, 1819.

I FEEL delighted, dear Sir, that you have not forgotten me. Some ladies that I met upon the sands last night said Sir James Fellowes had mentioned my name at gay and fashionable Bognor. This little place is neither gay nor fashionable, yet full as an egg, insipid as the white on't, and dear as an egg o' penny. I inquired for books; there were but two in the town was the reply, a Bible and a Paradise Lost. They were the best, however. No market; but I don't care about that. When Miss Burney asked Omiah, the savage, if he should like to go back to Otaheite, "Yes, Miss," said he; "no mutton there, no coach, no dish of tea, no pretty Miss Horneck; good air, good sea, and *very good dog*. I happy at Otaheite." My taste and his are similar.

The breezes here are most salubrious; no land nearer than North America, when we look down the channel; and 'tis said that Sebastian Cabot used to stand where I sit now, and meditate his future discoveries of Newfoundland. Who would be living at Bath now? the bottom of the town a stew-pot, the top a gridiron, and London in a state of defence or preparation for attack, or some strange situation, while poor little Weston is free from alarms, on Juvenal's principle, *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*. I offered a cheque on Hammersley at the hotel here. "Yes, Madam, by all means," says the landlady; "but pray who is the gentle-



man? does he reside in Bath? or is he a Bristol merchant?" Our banker little dream'd that such questions could be asked concerning him; and indeed it reminded me of the character in Congreve, who when spoken to of Epictetus, inquired whether he was really a French cook, or only one who wrote out particular receipts.

We have swarms of babies here, and some bathe good-humouredly enough, while others scream and shriek as if they were going to execution. Bessy's boy is among them, completely hydrophobous.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Weston-super-Mare,  
Tuesday, 21st September, 1819.

My fearlessness in the water attracts the women to the rocks, where it seems such fine sport to see Mrs. Piozzi swim. Poor H. L. P. ! she will certainly end in a fish, an odd fish; but 'tis long since any could have said of her, *Mulier formosa supernè*. Mr. Thrale used to teach Lady Keith with a frog in a large bason, and be so rough with her if she alleged terror, that we swam in our own defence, for he swore he would follow with a horsewhip if we dug a hole in the water, as he justly called it. Dear — will follow us without any threatenings. She can scarcely fail of being a beautiful woman. Shall we wish her to be a wit, after reading the story of Floretta and the epitaph on my mother? When I said, "Why did you name her person before

her mind, Doctor Johnson?" "Just because everybody can judge of the one, and hardly anybody can judge of the other," was the truly wise reply.

Hayley and I were never friends, you know; Lady Sophronia's character and that of Dr. Rumble in some of his never-read writings, only lost our good will, and got no admiration from any one. The epigram on him and Miss Seward were among the things Sammy Lysons used to read with a world of humour.\* I much wonder what became of that man's literary gleanings. Dear Conway's kind offer of buying them instantly for me, should they be set for sale, would have won my heart if he had not gained it before; but I hope the danger is over now.

Meanwhile I was right in saying that such small knaveries or follies will merge in the grand knavery of these Russells † and Burdetts, who really should be more careful than they are of their own interest; and when they are galvanising the otherwise inert populace, should mind and not exert too strong a power, as the modern phraseology terms it. The monstrous engine they are by steam and vapour raising against Government will fall upon and crush us all under its weight. Sin in Milton acted as they do precisely, for —

“ . . . . She opened; but to shut  
 Excell'd her power: the gates wide open stood,  
 That with expanded wings a banner'd host  
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass thro'

---

\* She said of his laugh, "Sam does not laugh but crow."

† Alluding to Lord John (now Earl) Russell's and Sir Francis Burdett's advocacy of Reform in Parliament.

With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array :  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoary deep — a dark  
Illimitable ocean — without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,  
And time, and place are lost."

We had a gentleman here yesterday who attracted much notice. He was young and handsome, had ten lovely children, most of them females, by a beautiful lady, who, being of this new persuasion, seduced her husband to own her opinions, and half break the heart of his good father, the learned and pious Sir Abraham Elton, eighty-six years old. Well, a Mr. Rogers was telling me all this yester-morning, and added that young Elton was a fine actor once in private theatricals, but that he was a serious man now, forbore to play at cards, or dance, or see a play; and was supposed to write Hunt's speeches for him, and send essays to the office in London where Deism and French philosophy are taught, under direction of Mr. Carlisle: but oh! what was my sense of horror at 5 o'clock the same dreadful yesterday, to hear that this man was raving round the town in fruitless pursuit of his two sons—one fourteen, the other sixteen years of age, both good swimmers — both certainly and irrecoverably drowned.\*

H. L. P.

\* This paragraph would have been suppressed in my first edition had I been aware that it was a mere piece of watering-place gossip, or remembered that Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Elton was the father of Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, the present

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

No. 8, Gay St., Bath,  
Sunday, 24 Oct. 1819.

CONGRATULATE me, dear Sir James Fellowes, on my return from a place where, as I told you, the name of Hammersley was unknown. They said if he was a Bath shopkeeper or Bristol merchant, they would take his drafts, not else: so far behind Denbigh or St. Asaph. They had, however, heard of Mr. Carlisle\*, and were not sure but he was right, for there were many opinions. Mine is, that Lord Byron's book (Cain) will do more mischief than his; and you see there is a cheap edition advertised, in order to disseminate the poyson. Why, the yellow fever is not half as mischievous. You are sadly wanted in Spain just now. A lady told me since I came home, that the plague was wanted here to thin our numbers and correct our vices. Were ever such opinions broached before? were ever such ideas of right and wrong entertained in this country till now? I certainly have lived long and

Baronet. It is reprinted solely to give me an opportunity of correcting the false impression conveyed by it. Mr. Elton was not seduced by his wife to adopt her creed, and his Unitarian opinions had no tinge of scepticism. He subsequently returned to the Church of England for reasons stated in his "Second Thoughts on the Person of Christ." In a poem entitled "The Brothers," he describes the circumstances of his bereavement, which occurred when Sir Abraham Elton was sixty-nine not eighty-one.

\* The publisher of Paine's "Age of Reason" and other infidel works.

never heard them. Lord Fitzwilliam's dismissal \* fills every mouth.

Why, we shall be divided soon, like the Hebrew alphabet, into radicals and serviles. But here come Sir Henry and Lady Baynton, and a boy that was just born when I saw him last, now an elegant lad—*bien manière*—and so like his pretty mamma, I quite admired him. Mercy on me! how the generations of mortal man do spring up! to dance the dance of life from top to bottom of the long room.

“The three black Graces, Law, Physick, and Divinity,  
Walk hand in hand along the Strand and dance *La Poule* ;  
Trade leaves her counter, Alma her latinity,  
Proud and vain with Mr. Paine to go to school.  
Should you want advice at law, you'll little gain by asking it :  
Your lawyer's not at Westminster, he is busy *Pas de Basquing* it.  
Should you wish a tooth to lose and run to Wayte for drawing it,  
He can't possibly attend — he's *demi Queue de Chat'ing* it :  
Run neighbour, run ; all London is quadrilling it,  
While order and sobriety dance *Dos-à-dos*.”

These are clever Mr. Smith's clever verses, the man who wrote the Rejected Addresses, and were sent me by one of the fashionables.

. . . . .  
*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Bath, Monday, 17th Jan. 1820.

YOUR wonderful friend, my dear Sir James Fellowes, will be most wonderfully disappointed if she cannot boast your appearance at her last concert, &c.; her last

\* From the Lord-Lieutenancy of Yorkshire.

foolery ! such a foolery ! but you will come, and so will Lady Fellowes, and your sister is sure of it, and so is your H. L. P. The frost breaks gently, and I hope when spring returns we shall have compensation for this cruel Siberian winter. It has killed the poor half crazy lady that our friend Miss Williams lived with ; she died last night suddenly of the cramp in her stomach, and I know not how the brother and Miss Williams will manage, either to part or live together : because the sister was a sunk fence you know, and if they do not marry or separate, why the people will cry ha ! ha ! Well, 'tis a blest thing to be fourscore, and I would not be younger for the world I am going to quit. My health and spirits are good, and my friends are very good to me, and I can be as kind to them as I please, — defying scandal and the “Morning Post.”

These verses were brought me to-day. Mr. Mant, who wrote them, heard some uninvited lady exclaim, “Lord ! will this Mrs. Piozzi never have done singing and dancing !” he instantly replied : —

“ Sweet Puritans ! don't frown severe  
 On dear Piozzi's dance and cheer ;  
 Groaning beneath your loads of sin,  
 She does not bid *you* enter in ;  
 But mindful of youth's happy day,  
 When innocence was glad and gay  
 (Now well assur'd that joy alone  
 Can to the pure of heart be known)  
 She bids the ignorant of wrong  
 Her dance attend — a jovial throng

And friends long-lov'd she calls to see  
 The scenes of liveliness and glee.  
 Nor least will they that gladness prize  
 Who only come to sympathise :  
 Induced by arguments so weighty,  
 She dares to give a ball at eighty."

Well, verses are fine things, and

Praises are pretty things, tis true :  
 Yet, to a well turned mind, the pain  
 Of making them, indeed, our due,  
 Is the best pleasure we can gain.

And I would rather see how my book stands at Hammersley's than any poetry of my own or my neighbours. People of letters are never people of figures, it is said ; yet I have always been taught that two and two make four ; and when it appears that they make only *three*, I feel very nervous and very cross. We have got a new actress to supply the loss of Miss O'Neill—I like her best in a room though. Adieu ! and hasten to Bath as Mr. Piozzi used to say — *non c'e tempo da perdere* — if you would wish to see untorn to pieces for cards of admission, yours and your dear family's ever grateful and faithful

H. L. P.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Tuesday Evening, April 4th, 1820.

. . . The fête was a long promised foolery, and can never happen again, and did do exactly what I meant it should; it procured me the power of making Conway's benefit equal to Warde's, notwithstanding Miss Wroughton's party, &c. He has left our town and our stage now, and I shall trouble my head no more with theatrical affairs, except to remunerate charming Mr. Loder's loyalty, who would not be seduced from my orchestra to that of Mr. Ashe: let ladies, and beauties, and pecuniary inducements go which way they would. *Au reste*, your sister says she is bilious, and must go to Cheltenham. I feel very sorry, but the dear doctor's constitution seconds him through all acts of heroism. He was screaming with gout to-day: gout in his foot, the roughest and most regular fit he has experienced these seven years. The torture of all those horrid operations, he swears, was nothing of pain to what he now suffers: so true is it that God Almighty does not trust the rod of reproof out of his own hand, nor suffer mortals to inflict upon each other, what natural illnesses, gout, stone, and the pangs of parturition impose on us all every day in the course of nature. I am glad it is so; for our new masters, *le peuple souverain*, would, I fear, prove rough dispensers of punishment, and kind behaviour does not seem to excite the courtesy, expected by those who so willingly make that Kow-Tow to Messrs.



Hunt, Cobbet and Co., which they scorned to bestow on the Emperor of China.

You have heard how the Duke of Marlborough was received here with hoots and hisses, and the arrest of his carriage and horses. Lord Charles Churchill, who attended, scarcely could protect him, and he ran for refuge to a rich half-crazy lady in the Crescent, from whence he came to a poor half-superannuated lady, No. 8, Gay Street, who he called his earliest friend, said how kind I had been to him when a sick little boy at Streatham, fifty years ago: how I had given him a little Shetland pony to ride, and so I did sure enough, but had forgotten it. Poor wretched man! We dine together to-day.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

13th April, 1820.

ARE not the Radicals in Scotland gay fellows to attack the military *sabre à la main*? Dear me! when a rebellion not better organised, or very, very little better, made head against the reigning family in the year 1745, people laid down knife and fork, and began to pray, or to run, or to fight on one side or other. We are now so improved in philosophy that we do not even lay down our cards, or make the hanging up nineteen prisoners of war—within 300 miles of the Capital—any part of our conversation.

I am glad meanwhile that you intend to act as magistrate in these strange times. It were to be wished

that the clergy might be exempted from that duty. They are enough hated as it is, and some one told me that the bishops were hooted and hissed going to a fine London dinner, I forget at whose house.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

No. 36, Royal Crescent, Clifton, near Bristol,  
Tuesday, 27th June, 1820.

LORD, Sir! what heats are these? natural, civil, political: a conflagration of men's minds will make them tindery as your ship two hours before it took fire, and make all ready for a general burning. This place and weather are really very like Naples, and my face now is tanned like one of their biscuits. I recollect no such season since I spent mine at Exmouth. Dear Piozzi left me there a fortnight, while he went to London, and lived with Archdeacon Hamilton. My employment was to make up my "Journey Book" for the press; my amusements, to send him love-letters and verses, among which these come most readily to my mind (printed in Vol. I. p. 321).

The plural number was used because Mrs. Mostyn, then a child, was with me.

The heat was intense, I remember, and when he returned, we ran to see the Lyons of the neighbourhood, Plymouth, Powderham Castle, and Mount Edgecumbe. I think 'tis exactly thirty years ago, when I was amused by the ill-timed eulogium pronounced by a vulgar fellow on Shenstone's Leasowes. We were going over the

Terrace with a heap of wonder-see'ers, just such a hot day as this is at Lord Edgumbe's : a man showing off the prospect, &c. "Ay, Sir," says a rich-looking inhabitant of Highgate or Hampstead ; "it is very fine, sure, considering how far we are from London, but my wife likes a tower, and we always does go somewhere, seeing our pockets is pretty warm, ha, ha, ha ! and so last year we goes to her relations at Hales Owen, and there I saw a sweet place — did not us, lovey ? with an inland prospect, such as I can see with my eyes, not a good sight either — and river fish."

"Why," says dear Sir James Fellowes, "you are just like the man you laugh at, Mrs. Piozzi. To be telling old stories now, when every body is thinking, at least talking, of the Queen." Perhaps so, but I am ill-provided with argument *pour ou contre*, and feel towards a general topic, as a pretty woman feels towards a general mourning if black does not become her complexion. So here I sit crying —

"All conquering heat, oh, intermit thy wrath,  
And on my throbbing temples, potent thus,  
Beam not so fierce."

But, at eighty-one years old, pride should be burned out, and shall be. I will set in the West, and find some sea-beaten shore to forget the fallacious world in. Three weeks more in this lovely spot will, I trust, suffice ; and then, as the Irish lady said, I may take lave of the company without an apology.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

No. 36, Royal Crescent, Clifton,  
Sunday, 16th July, 1820.

“NOTHING so dull as a consolatory letter,” says some pert wit of the last age. True; but this need not be dull for that reason, as it will not try to obtrude insipid consolation. Lord Gwydir is dead, and I am very sorry; happiest that we were no better acquainted, for then I should have been more sorry at his loss.

I saw ——— expected the stroke, though shrinking from it: and yet, without death, toils, virtues, hopes would make but one chimera. I will go wait for mine at the Land’s End, a proper place enough, if bordering on the ocean of eternity. This place adds to the small but strong threads that fasten one to life; . . . it is so beautiful: the situation so like Naples; the view so like that from Brynbella, but too expensive.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Penzance, 12th August, 1820.

“How happy is the blameless vestal’s lot,  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!”

says old H. L. Piozzi at eighty-one, and dear Sir James Fellowes, as he well may, laughing at her; but any antiquated joke is better than too long and too seriously to lament, as I fear our dear-loved Doctor does, the common fate of humanity in poor Lord Gwydir. Whatever we lose in this world we cannot very long be

sorrowing for. My life, and that of your excellent father, though drawn out to such uncommon length, are but as points imperceptible as this, in the folio-page of eternity, to which we are approaching like the second-hand upon a stop-watch, that moves round while we look off and on again. "Yea, but all this did I know before," say you; "it would be better tell about Penzance."

*To Miss Willoughby.*

Penzance, Fryday, 25th August, 1820.

DOCTOR JOHNSON said that after the full flow of London conversation, every place was a blank; I wonder what he would have thought of dull Penzance? We had a Spenceiana in our hands at Streatham Park while he was writing the Poets' Lives; and when I borrowed the Anecdotes at Bath, there was little quite new, but it seemed to me that Spence was partial.

My paper, the "Morning Post," about three days back mentions a case in point to the present upon tryal.\* What can he mean? I have cudgelled my brains, and turned over Wraxall's "Memoirs" in vain, though the event was in 1780, the editor says, a year I remember but too well. Ask Mrs. Fox if she can guess what story he alludes to, and tell me what wonders Lord Byron is come home to do, for I see his arrival in the paper. His grandmother was my intimate friend, a Cornish lady, Sophia Trevanion, wife to the Admiral,

\* The Queen's Trial.

*pour ses péchés*, and we called her Mrs. Biron always, after the French manner. The friends you live among are more likely to know facts concerning Atterbury's tryal than I am, and where to find the letter, for such a letter there is, sure enough. Pope's letter to the Bishop at parting is pretty, and tender, and *touchant*; but I have not a good edition of Swift here, and the reading people of this town study only what is underground, neglectful of the superficies. We have a geological school here, and professors; better than Weston-super-Mare, you'll say, where two books only were to be found in the place, a Bible and a Paradise Lost. I bought them both.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Penzance, 23rd Sept. 1820.

! MEANWHILE, here am I at Penzance. "Ay," says the fool, in Shakespear's "As You Like It," "here am I in the Forest of Ardennes, thou fool I." But 'tis plain my fancy was not guided by his, who admonishes mortal man not to dwell either in a ditch, or on a terrace; you have always found me either in the one or on the other. . . .

Prosperity does make, or keep people good-humoured, and if I can live to the 10th of July, 1821, I will be good-humoured too; unless the radicals break up our funds entirely. For love of the Queen and the country, Cobbet did say in some of his papers three years ago, what a pleasure it would be to see 300,000 people starv-

ing; for then we should get rid of six individuals to him very obnoxious. A cheerful calculation! For my own part, however, I hope to come out next year with the swallows, if possible: they, and the sun, and your most humble servant, are all half torpid, or retired at least during winter; and they tell me there is no winter at Penzance. A lady said here the other day, that she went to Taunton last year, to see skating—a diversion she had often heard of, and that she was gratified during her absence from home with a heavy fall of snow. I rather fancy there is some truth in all this, because of the shrubs in every little garden plot: rhododendron now in beauty; myrtles covered with bloom, like Italy; and the arbutus high as an apple-tree, very handsome indeed, *non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ*; and if I am doomed to six months' exile, the finding myself in Botany Bay will afford small consolation. Old friends in leather jackets, the books, do not desert me, and new friends are civil, send me figs and peaches, and invite me to their little parties, where we play sixpenny whist comfortably enough. Apropos to whist, you see the Duke of Grafton's papers explained nothing concerning who wrote Junius.

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

Penzance, Wednesday, 4th Jan. 1821.

THE Bath newspaper tells of a clergyman at Newbury, who has prayed for the Queen ever since George 4th's accession, but who is now forbidden to do so by

his Bishop. Old Beadon, Bishop of Bath and Wells, is in *articulo mortis*, I understand, and probably Dr. Hall, if he is the bold man who stepped forward with the prohibition, will succeed him. Llandaff was treated very roughly on less provocation by half. Fine times! are they not. The retrospect may be entertaining to the century; but this, young as it is, will smart, I think, before the year 1850.

*Pourriture avant maturité*, as the great Frederick of Prussia used to deprecate for his own government. I have never had courage to look in "Thraliana" since my arrival; so little does looking backward delight me. At eighty-one years old 'tis time to begin reconnoitring, when we know that retreat is impossible. Twenty years, *y mas*, have elapsed, since my two quartos were sent out, like Hamlet's father, with all their imperfections on their head. Well! no matter.

—'s pretty wife is screaming, I believe: she has outlived two accoucheurs. No wonder: I do think a country practitioner (meaning a medical man of all work) should have an iron constitution.\* Those who said no snow was ever seen at Penzance, dealt in fiction and fable; here is a heavy snow this moment, and but that the sea is open enough, God knows, I should call it a polar winter. Dr. Parry's son will go again, it seems, for another 5000*l.*; other inducement there can be none, and the most curious cir-

\* In one of her marginal notes she quotes the saying of a distinguished lawyer (Popham) that a judge should have a face of brass, a constitution of iron, and a bottom of lead.



cumstance of the voyage is an account given by one of the officers, how his Irish setter, a tall smooth spaniel, attracted the attentions of a she-wolf on Melville Island, who made love to the handsome dandy, and seduced him at length to end his days with her and her rough-haired family, refusing every invitation of return to the ship; a certain proof that dog, fox, jackall, &c. are only accidental varieties; while lupo is head of the house, penkennedil, as Welsh and Cornish people call it.

*To William Dorset Fellowes, Esq.*

Penzance, 14th February, 1821.

CONWAY is in high favour at Bath, the papers say; so indeed do private letters. That young man's value will be one day properly appreciated; and then you and I will be found to have been quite right all along.

Tell me about Miss Wilson meanwhile, and whether 'tis somewhat in the Billington style, that she is excelling all the world so. My heart tells me 'tis a long continued warble like hers which ever fascinates both skilful and unskilful critics; and which is more the gift of nature than of art.

But I hate reasoning down our own enjoyments; 'tis like burning down rubies in a concave glass: the French never do it, and you will soon visit *them*, I dare say. *En attendant je vous souhaite, Monsieur* — it was a bishop's wish, you know—*Paris en ce monde, Paradis en l'autre.*

*To Miss Willoughby.*

No. 10, Sion Row, Clifton,  
16th March, 1821.

It is almost time to tell you what a providence watched over your old friend at Exeter, after my letter was written, at three o'clock, Sunday morning. The bed was very high, and getting into it, I set my foot on a light chair, which flew from the pressure, and revenged it on my leg in a terrible manner.

The wonder is, no bones were broken; only a cruel bruise and slight tear, and we trotted on hither, after cathedral service, at which I hardly could kneel to thank God for my escape.

"Not a mouse stirring," the French translators of Hamlet rendered, "Je n'ai pas entendu un souris trotter." Our mouse could not trot without your assistance; with it, he performed his journey beautifully; though I did feel a horrid pang about my own imprudence, running into a dirty cottage on the road, full of the small-pox. Long live vaccination, however, and Dr. Jenner who first devised it.

Sunday, 18th.

Here is a storm worthy of Mount's Bay; your billows must roar finely this morning. Bessy would not trust me to church, I should have been blown down the hill, she says. So since Mr. Le Gris's blessing has helped bring me safe hither, I must not press it further, but sit pretty and put my leg upon a chair, instead of my foot. Was

not it a horrible accident? and in the dead of the night so! Dr. Forbes will be very sorry, for poor H. L. P., always a blue, now a black and blue, lady, bruised, say you, from top to toe?—“My Lord, from head to foot.”

*To Sir James Fellowes.*

24th March, 1821, Sunday Morning,

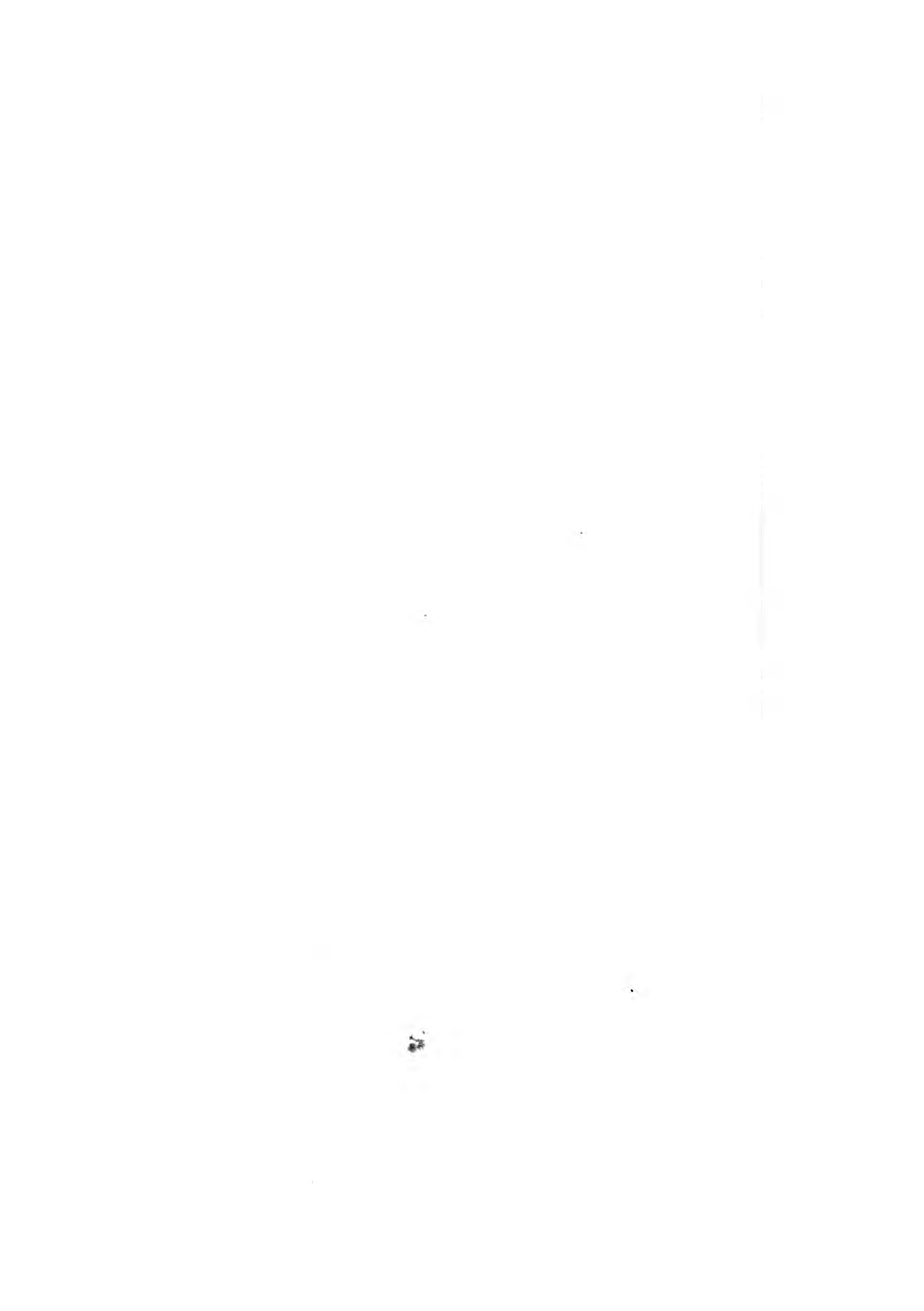
YOUR letter only came last night.

My dear Sir James Fellowes, though a tardy correspondent is always a kind one. True it is, that your sister has seduced me to dine with her on Tuesday next; and rejoyce in our friend Conway's success, which I hope to witness on Monday evening.

True it is, that I arrived at Clifton on the 12th March, escaping the stormy equinox, which must have shaken poor Penzance to the foundation. It is built upon the sand, so no wonder. True it is, that I hope to shew myself to you unimpaired, as to appearance; but my value will be lessened because I have broken my shin. Is not that the case now and then with a quick goer? Sleeping in Russel Street, however, would not do. I have asked Miss Williams to dine with Mrs. Pennington and me at the Elephant and Castle, where I will set up my repose, and keep my l. e. g.—my elegy—in good repair. Mrs. Pennington is quite poetical, always eloquent on that, and every subject. Since my arrival at Sion Hill,—for there I occupy a lodging till my house in the Crescent is ready,—two parcels directed by dying friends, have given me a mournful

sensation: they are letters written by me to them in distant days, I know not how happy. You will have to look them over after my death, and I dare say they are better than those I write now. My intention, however, is not to be in haste: though Salusbury seemed to apprehend his journey would be long and expensive if I died at Penzance. So here is poor aunt at the embouchure of his favourite River Severn, and here he may come after the 10th of July to look after the demise and the legacy [leg I see]; but he must stay away till I have put my house in order.\*

\* "On the day following the date of this letter, which was the last I received from Mrs. Piozzi, I called at the Castle and Elephant at Bath, and found her and Mrs. Pennington. She was in high spirits, joking about the *l. e. g.* She dined with my father and sister, at No. 7, Russell Street, and was throughout the evening the admiration of the company, amongst whom were Mrs. Pennington, the lady so often mentioned in Anna Seward's correspondence as the beautiful and agreeable Sophia Weston; Admiral Sir Henry Bayntum, G.C.B., a distinguished naval officer at the battle of Trafalgar; Mr. Lutwyche (Mr. Lutwyche's house in Marlborough-buildings was celebrated for its hospitality, and as the resort of all the most agreeable society at Bath. Mrs. L. was the daughter of Sir Noah Thomas, a baronet and distinguished physician); and Mr. Conway, the actor, who was held in high estimation for his excellent private character. He fell overboard and was drowned on his passage from New York."—*Sir J. Fellowes.*



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