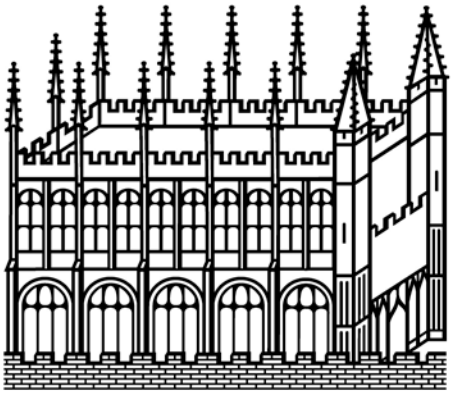

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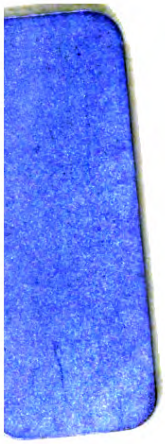

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TOBIAS SMOLLETT M.D.

Copied from an original Oil Painting in the
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Favourite Authors.

SMOLLETT:

HIS LIFE

AND A

SELECTION FROM HIS WRITINGS.

BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

Author of 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' etc.

W. & R. CHAMBERS

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PREFACE.

THE life of the great comic novelist of the eighteenth century was written first by Dr John Moore, and afterwards by Dr Robert Anderson, but with a meagreness of detail ill calculated to satisfy the curiosity of the readers of our generation. Entertaining, on my own part, a high admiration of the genius, and to a large extent a sympathy with the character of Smollett, I have devoted some time and pains to the composition of an ampler narrative, which I would hope may place this eminent Scotsman in a better light before the world. To help the picture, I have included passages of Smollett's writings, either characteristic of his style or wholly or partially descriptive of events of his own life; a proceeding the more justifiable, as, from change of taste and other causes, his entire works are little in the hands of living men. Indeed, the volume may be described as intended to restore this great Master of Humour to a place in the world's eye, of which, unjustly to him and disadvantageously to the public, he has been for many years deprived.

I have to acknowledge obligations to Alexander Smollett of Bonhill, Esq. for access to family papers; to Mr Joseph Irvine of Dumbarton, for important assistance; and to the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. for a valuable letter of Mrs Tobias Smollett, and several interesting anecdotes.

R. C.

Jan. 1867.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I. Page

Parentage—Youth in the Valley of Leven..... 1

CHAPTER II.

University of Glasgow—Professional Education..... 11

CHAPTER III.

Journey to London, and Struggles there—Engaged in the Expedition to Carthagena..... 15

CHAPTER IV.

Residence in the West Indies—Medical Practice in London —Marriage—*Roderick Random*..... 42

CHAPTER V.

Peregrine Pickle..... 55

CHAPTER VI.

Professional Hopes abandoned—Settles as a Literary Worker at Chelsea—*Count Fathom*—Action against Smollett for Assault—Monetary Difficulties—Translation of *Don Quixote*..... 83

CHAPTER VII. Page

Visit to Scotland (1755)—Edits the *Critical Review*—*History of England*—*The Reprisal*..... 91

CHAPTER VIII.

Universal History—Smollett prosecuted by Admiral Knowles, and imprisoned in the King's Bench—*The British Magazine*—*Sir Launcelot Greaves*.....109

CHAPTER IX.

Political Partisanship—*The Briton*—Death of Smollett's Daughter—Broken Health—Continental Travels and Residence—Returns to England (1765) in improved Health.....118

CHAPTER X.

Second Visit to Scotland—Bad Health—Bath—*Adventures of an Atom*..... 126

CHAPTER XI.

Melancholy Departure from England—Residence in Northern Italy—*Adventures of Humphry Clinker*—Death of Smollett.....173

APPENDIX.

A MEMOIR BY SIR JAMES SMOLLETT.....207

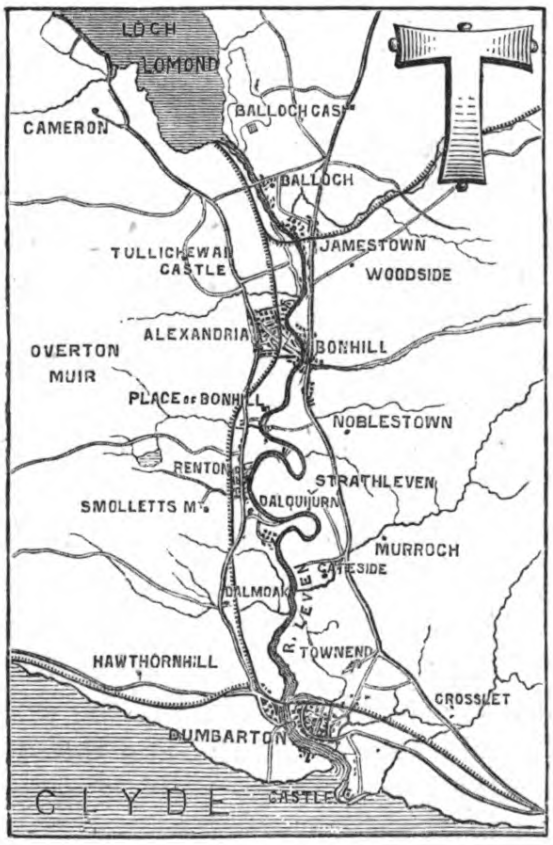
Memoranda from Papers in Cameron House.....217

PROPHETIC VIEWS ATTRIBUTED TO SMOLLETT.....218

SMOLLETT.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE—YOUTH IN THE VALLEY OF LEVEN.



THE summer tourist visiting the West Highlands, rarely fails to sail up or down Loch Lomond, admiring its alpine environings and its many picturesque islands; after which he usually goes along the short and comparatively Lowland, but admirably beautiful valley of the river Leven—the river of six miles, which conducts the collected waters of the lake into the Firth of Clyde. Issuing from so romantic a scene as that formed by and surrounding Loch Lomond, it is with something of a check to his feelings, if not his enjoyments, that the tourist has

scarcely passed from it into the open Leven Valley, before he finds himself saluted with the smoke of prosaic though doubtless laudable industry, encounters long tasteless manufacturing villages, and discovers that the waters just drawn from the lone haunts of the deer and moorfowl, in Glenfalloch and Glenfruin, are relentlessly yoked into mills, and poisoned with the scourings of dye-works. Nor is the shock softened, when he is reminded that this—this—is the very Leven water which Smollett celebrated as his native stream—the

> 'Pure stream in whose transparent wave
> My youthful limbs I wont to lave,'

as his beautiful ode informs us. So it is, however, and so it must be, I suppose, with many other scenes once known only for their loveliness and pastoral simplicity, if the industrial system of our country is to go on with ever-increasing and all-absorbing energy, as for many years it has been doing.

The Lennox—for so the district is called—was in a very different state in the reign of King George I. It would have required a traveller of a different temper from the typical tourist to have then made his way from the Firth of Clyde into the region of Loch Lomond, to have sailed along its twenty-four miles of length, and to have explored its solitary recesses. If any man had then chosen to intrude so far as Inversnaid—and it would have been barely possible to do so—he would have found the country thereabouts disputed between the forfeited and outlawed rebel, Rob Roy Macgregor, and a company of regular troops who, in being posted there for the assertion of the law, felt themselves as much beyond the acknowledged bounds of civilisation as if they had been planted in the wilds of Georgia or Canada. He would have found the fine slopes and meadows of the Leven Valley possessed by cattle and sheep alone, and his road would have been

> 'By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
> And hedges flowered with eglantine,'

instead of through the untidy villages of a manufacturing popu-

lation. No railway then to whisk you from Glasgow to the foot of Loch Lomond in forty-five minutes. No smoke-pennoned steamers * bustling continually up and down the Clyde. The only feature of the district the same then as now was the *Arx Inexpugnabilis* of Dumbarton, sentinelling on its peaky rock the junction of the Leven with the Clyde, and with the little old-fashioned burgh of the same name nestling at its foot for a protection no longer necessary.

Midway along the brief length of the Leven, on a gravelly terrace forming its western bank, a plain country mansion, composed of two detached crow-step-gabelled houses, and a group of offices, attracted attention. It was the house of Bonhill, the residence of a gentleman well advanced in years, and of (for his time) tolerable fortune. Sir James Smollett was he hight—a minor historical notable of the indigent, struggling Scotland of that day. In the little seaport burgh of Dumbarton, there had been merchants of this name from the latter part of the fifteenth century—a race found intermarrying with the landed gentlefolk of the district, heard of as undertaking such considerable ventures as the victualling of the king's ships for expeditions to the Isles, found also to have been every now and then acquiring a fresh parcel of lands somewhere in Dumbartonshire or the neighbouring province of Cowal. All had centered at last in this James Smollett, originally a legal practitioner in the burgh, and a leader or rather dictator in its magistracy—a hard-headed specimen of our prudential nation, Presbyterian in his leanings, and therefore not without his troubles from the cavalier government of the last Stuarts, but nevertheless one who had contrived all his life to be continually advancing in honour and importance, and adding field to field and house to house. So prominent was he among those who promoted the Revolution, that the restored Earl of Argyle made him a deputy-lieutenant of his county, and King William knighted him †—although we learn from his own statement that he had,

* I borrow this expression from Scott: *Rob Roy.* † In the year 1698.

after all, some scruples about the New Settlement, because, while King James had certainly done illegal things, 'the puir chylde, his son, was innocent:' rather an unexpected trait of softness in the old Whig, though probably of little practical result.* The burghers of Dumbarton sent Smollett as their representative to a number of parliaments, extending from 1685 onwards, till at last he acted as one of the Scottish commissioners for carrying through that act of Union by which Scottish parliaments were to cease for ever. In the latter portion of his life, he resided chiefly in Edinburgh, acting as a judge in its commissary court—a tribunal which had the duty in Scotland of adjudicating in all sorts of matrimonial difficulties and disputes; but doubtless, after the fashion of other gentlemen in like situations, he would spend the long vacations on his acres in the vale of the Leven. Careful of everything, himself included, Sir James Smollett drew on the thread of life long past the appointed term, being, at his death in 1731, about eighty-three years of age.

In his early manhood James Smollett had wedded a daughter of M'Aulay of Ardencaple,† 'heritable bailie of the Lennox,' by whom he became the father of four sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Tobias, was a captain in Lord Strathmore's regiment, served from 1696 to 1704 as provost of Dumbarton, and in 1699 received from the Duke of Richmond and Lennox the appointment of Sheriff of Dumbartonshire. He goes early off the field, leaving only a daughter, the wife of 'Maclauchlan

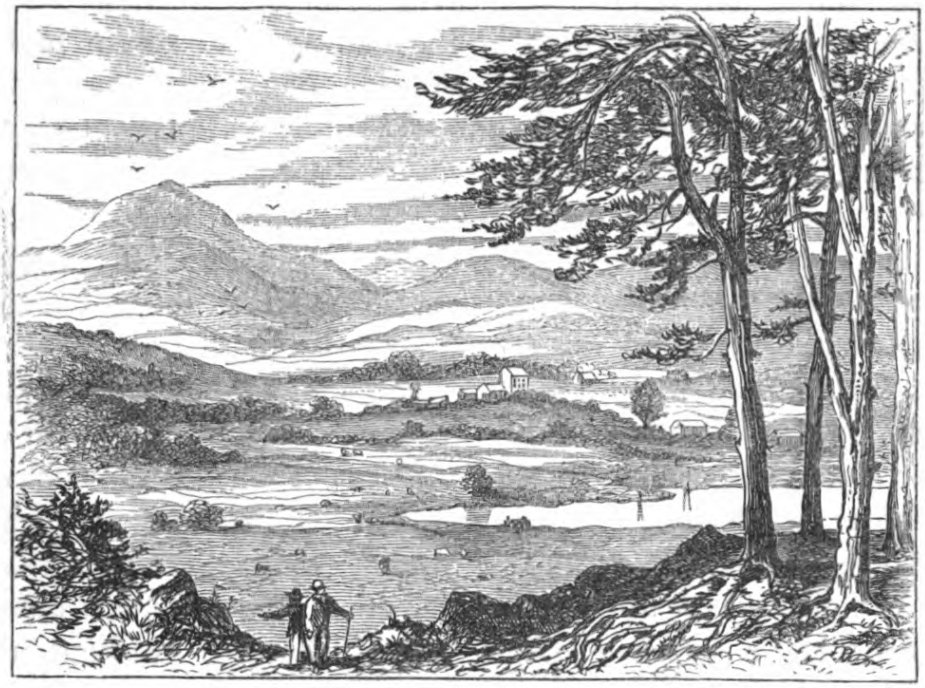
* It appears from a passage in Smollett's *History of England*, that the author was nearly of the same opinion with his grandfather regarding the Revolution. Viewing the factious troubles which had followed the change of the succession, he thought it would have been best if King James had been kept on the throne under restrictions. He elsewhere speaks of King William having sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum in deposing his own uncle and father-in-law.

† Usually styled by the biographers of Tobias Smollett, *Sir* Aulay M'Aulay. The knighthood was imaginary; but the family was one of respectable antiquity, having their old castle perched on the north shore of the Firth of Clyde, opposite Greenock.

of Inchconnal.' Sir James's next two sons, James and George, were educated at Leyden, and became advocates at the Scottish bar. The fourth son, Archibald, was sent to Leyden to receive a mercantile education; but his health did not agree with Holland, and he was compelled by an ague to return to his native air. We must regard the worldly old commissary judge as about 1720 somewhat in trouble regarding his family. George, who had been associated with him in the commissaryship, and who at one time possessed the estate of Ingliston in Mid-Lothian, was fallen into hopeless embarrassments. Archibald, whom weak health had forbidden to enter on any active self-supporting career, had not been prevented by that or anything else from falling in love with a penniless, though worthy girl, whom he made his wife, without previous consultation with his father. This young lady is described as 'Barbara daughter of Robert Cunningham of Gilbertfield,' implying that she came of a family of minor gentry, and one which we know to have been connected with the Smollett family more than a century before. But she was without the portion which a laird and judge like Sir James in those days expected almost as a matter of right for one of his sons, especially where, as in this case, there was any dependence on himself for a share of needful provision. The step, too, had been taken without his knowledge and authority—a sort of acknowledgment that it was a wrong one. In short, this fourth son Archibald was doomed his father's soul to cross by these unauthorised nuptials; and it became a serious question for all concerned, how the young man and his bride were to live.

There might be—probably were—scenes of stern reproach on the one hand, and indignant submissiveness on the other: we cannot tell exactly what passed, though a questionable report has reached us, to the effect that the old gentleman was by no means clement or liberal. However it might be at first, it would appear that, after a time, the judge acted with a reasonable degree of humanity, for he allowed Mr Archibald

and his young spouse to plant themselves in the second house upon the estate—that of Dalquhurn—to make the best they could of the few fields surrounding it. Nor can we doubt that



View of Leven Valley, with the House of Dalquhurn in the middle ground.

the young husband cherished the desire of conciliating his father, since we find that, following the example of his two elder brothers, he called his first child James after the old judge, and the next Jane after the judge's long-deceased first wife. A third child, born about March 1721,* received the name Tobias George—the first being an old name in the family, and the second that of Archibald's sole surviving brother. The ill-omened union was not to last long. Whether as a direct consequence of the original blight to his health at Leyden, or of the troubles of mind which had come upon him through his

* The birthday of the future novelist is not recorded. His baptism is thus entered in the parish register of Cardross. 'March 19, 1721, Tobias George, son to Mr Ard. Smollet, and Barbra Cunningham, Dalquhurn, was baptised.' The 19th March 1721 being a Sunday, it may be inferred that the baptism took place in the old Scottish fashion in the parish-church.

marriage, the *Goodman of Dalquhurn*, as a Scotch pamphleteer calls him, died in early life, leaving his three little ones totally unprovided for.

We get a good notion of the feelings of the grandfather about this period of his life, from both what he did and what he failed to do. In 1721, having occasion to arrange his family affairs, he settled his estate in entail on James Smollett, the son of his now deceased second son James; failing this young person and his direct heirs, it was destined to go, not to Sir James's third son George, who survived under pecuniary difficulties, but to George's son, another James; and these two Jameses, cousins-german, actually inherited the estate in succession, the second succeeding to the first in 1738, and enjoying it till his death in 1775. Of the unfortunate Archibald and his progeny, Sir James took no notice in this deed; neither did he ever make any formal arrangement in their behalf. The three orphans remained in dependency, first upon his own bounty, and afterwards upon that of his heirs. We find, in a scheme of the income and expenditure of 'Captain James Smollett' of Bonhill in 1735, that a regular sum was set aside for the support of Archibald Smollett's two younger children 'until they are twelve years old,' namely, 400 merks, which assumes in English sterling money the form of £22, 4*s.* 5*d.** A small matter it will be thought—and truly so—and yet perhaps not quite contemptible relatively to the means and needs of that poor and frugal time. The provision for Sir James's dowager—step-grandmother of the novelist—was but twice the sum, £44, 8*s.* 10*d.*

During the last few years of the Dictator of Dumbarton—while George I. was going out and George II. was coming in, and Scotland was just beginning to raise its head out of the miserable inaction and poverty in which it had long lain prostrate—we must conceive the old gentleman as spending most of his time in a retired way in his crow-stepped

* Family Papers in Cameron House.

mansion of Bonhill on the Leven Water, despotic with tenantry and subject burgesses and bailies, gripingly anxious about all worldly things, bible-reading and kirk-attending, as became a Revolution Whig and old member of the General Assembly, and an object of awe to not only his grandchildren, but even to the (second) wife of his bosom, Elizabeth Hamilton of Orbieston. Little more than a mile down the valley, in the plain little mansion of Dalquhurn, resided his daughter-in-law 'Babie,' with her brood of three, just able to live decently as a set of poor relations of the Dictator—she very clever and managing, very sensible that she had no proper title to exist—she or her little ones either —but all the more grateful and obedient for what the Dictator was pleased to give, as well as for all he chose to order regarding her and hers. We must conceive the parlour at Bonhill a constant haunt of the two senior grandchildren—the Jameses —who had come into the world in an authorised manner, and were recognised as heirs of entail, and as only occasionally invaded by the Dalquhurn boys and their little sister, whose natural quota of mischief would, of course, wear quite a different aspect from that of their cousins. This Dalquhurn brood was a fine brood nevertheless; all very handsome, full of spirit and cleverness, overflowing with merriment and glee. There was James, whose heart from the first glowed with eagerness for the life of a soldier, and who became a good one, though early cut off by an accidental death.* There was Tobias, the trickiest, the most troublesome, yet the most genial of youngsters, destined for a far more distinguished fate. Happy little fellows they must have been with all their poor relationism, having that limpid Leven

* 'The eldest of the sons, whose name was James, went at an early period of his life into the army. After he had attained the rank of captain, the regiment to which he belonged was ordered abroad; the transport in which he was with part of the troops was lost off the coast of America. I have often heard him spoken of as a young man of distinguished spirit, and of an excellent character; the Doctor never mentioned him but in the most affectionate terms.'—Moore's *Life of Smollett.*

to 'paidle' in in summer and to slide over in winter, those hedges redolent of sweet-briar to search for the sheelfa and lintie, gean-trees to climb for their luscious fruit,* probably a couple of farm-aivers† to lead to water, and a pony to harass out of its existence—old servants, too, to sit by the winter fire and tell long stories about witches and bogles, and raids of the lawless Macgregors, which were but matters of yesterday. Very likely the two youths knew little food better than oatmeal, and, like Burns, went about the Leven's banks, in summer at least, bare at both extremities. But no such fate was then thought harsh in Scotland; neither was it incompatible either with health or the sense of enjoyment.

The clever mother was herself able to initiate her children in the elements of useful learning, giving them at the same time many good lessons as to their conduct in life. The time came, however, when paidlings and fishings in the Leven, and helter-skelterings on the pony, and ornithological researches in the bowers of eglantine, must be exchanged for an advanced order of intellectual exercises. In the town of Dumbarton, little over two miles distant, there was a good grammar-school. It now had for its master John Love, noted for his knowledge of Latinity, and afterwards of some fame in controversial literature. Young Tobias, upon whom we must now concentrate attention, was transferred, as there is reason to believe, to a lodging in the burgh, to attend Love's school. Only on Saturday afternoons could he then be gratified with freedom to rove through the groves of Dalquhurn and Bonhill. His parts were quick, and his capacity for learning good; he made rapid progress in the study of Latin, partly through the medium of the *History of Scotland*, by George Buchanan, a writer likely to be the more interesting to a Dumbarton scholar, since, being a native of the same district of the Lennox, he was believed to have been

* The wild cherry so called in Scotland. A friend of the author states that, among his recollections of youthful escapades, none are more vivid than those connected with gean-trees.

† Work-horses.

reared in the very school now taught by Mr Love. In general, the pupils of a Scotch grammar-school acquire nothing like a profound knowledge of the language of ancient Rome; but Smollett was in this an exception, for he is found in his mature age able to write in Latin as fluently as in English. A restless love of fun and frolic, and a great propensity to satire, were the characteristics of Toby Smollett in his school-boy days, and he became of course a subject of jealousy and terror among quiet people; yet it was always seen that he had no true wickedness in his disposition; that he was, on the contrary, a warm-hearted and generous boy, and never used satire but against what had appeared to him—however mistakingly—as contemptible character and unworthy conduct. Even in this morn and liquid dew of youth, he tuned the rural pipe—not to love, that came a little later—but to the celebration of the patriotic deeds of Sir William Wallace. Nor is it difficult to understand how such a theme should press itself on the boy's notice, while there stood every day before his eyes that *Arx Inexpugnabilis* in which was kept the hero's supposed sword, a sacred relic, and to which the ill-requited chief had been consigned when he fell into the hands of the base Monteith.

CHAPTER II.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW—PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION.

As to a course in life, the first impulse of Toby Smollett was to the military career which his elder brother had already chosen; but his patron relatives wisely thought it best that he should select a separate path, as then they might have the better chance of promoting his advancement. His cousin James, who succeeded the judge as laird while Toby was only ten years old, had occasional transactions with a Mr John Gordon, a medical practitioner in Glasgow—according to all accounts a man of great merit. At the time now under our attention, he was in the lower grade of the profession, having a shop for the sale of drugs in connection with his practice. Thirty years later, he had ascended through the grade of the 'general practitioner' to that of a consulting physician, with the undiminished approbation of his fellow-citizens. The destiny of young Smollett was, by his cousin's intervention, to become an apprentice in Mr Gordon's drug-shop, at the same time attending the classes in the university, first those for Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and afterwards those for anatomy and medicine.

There must have been some expenditure incurred in the boy's behalf before he could thus be put in the way of accomplishing himself for a learned profession; and we know of no source from which it could be derived but the favour of his relations. Nevertheless—perhaps from something wounding in the manner of this patronage—the young wit could not restrain himself from venting satiric effusions in which his cousins were ridiculed. Satire was indeed both the *forte* and the *foible* of young Smollett. Any affected person who passed before him was sure to become the subject of a sportive diatribe. Decent people who cultivated

worldly arts, and perhaps serious vices, under countenance of the religious observances required by public opinion, met in him with as unsparing an exposure as they afterwards experienced at the hands of Burns.

Glasgow, at this time a town of fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants, beginning to shew those mercantile energies which have since made it the Second City of the Empire, was still marked by that puritanic frame of manners and ideas which was universal in the preceding age. Somehow the worship of God and the worship of Mammon have always gone on very harmoniously under the auspices of Calvinism; and that they did so in a peculiar degree in Glasgow in those days, is the testimony of Moore, Pennant, and other writers.* The association, however defensible, is apt at first sight to look a little awkward; so the satirist has always considered it, and so it appears to have been considered by young Smollett. It is not to be denied that, in the sweeping condemnations for which satire takes licence, the young surgeon committed the usual amount of injustice. He afterwards, indeed, acknowledged as much himself, by making amends in many instances for former severities. His was entirely that fabric of character in which the feelings are constantly outrunning the judgment; where, consequently, there is frequent occasion for regret and reparation. It is understood that among the victims of his satire was his master Gordon, who has at the same time given us the best evidence of how much he was undeserving of it by the generous view he himself used to take of his pupil's character. Some

* John Gibson, in his *History of Glasgow* (1777), referring to this time, says: 'An attentive industry and a frugality bordering upon parsimony [were] the general characteristics of the inhabitants of Glasgow. The severity of the ancient manners prevailed in full vigour; people were prevented by authority from walking on the Lord's Day; no lamps were lighted on that evening, because it was presumed that no man would be out of his house after sunset; the indulgences and innocent amusements of life were either unknown or were little practised.' With increased wealth came moral changes which are faintly indicated by Jerry Melford in *Humphry Clinker*.

friends, it is understood, were one day placing the unlucky misdoings of young Smollett in unfavourable contrast with the quiet decorum of *their* pupils, when Gordon told them: 'It may be very true; but give me, before them all, *my ain bubbly-nosed callant, with the stane in his pouch.*' Mr Gordon saw the petty mischief of the boy and his personal negligence, but yet believed there was that in him which would in time be heard of for good.

As to this stone in the pouch, we are reminded by it of an anecdote which Smollett's friend, Dr John Moore, has preserved regarding him in these college-days. 'On a winter evening,' says he, 'when the streets were covered with snow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a snow-ball fight with a few boys of his own age. Among his associates was the apprentice of that surgeon who is supposed to have been delineated under the name of Crab in *Roderick Random*. He entered his shop while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the master remonstrated severely with him for his negligence in quitting the shop. The youth excused himself by saying that, while he was employed in making up a prescription, a fellow hit him with a snow-ball, and that he had been in pursuit of the delinquent.

'"A mighty probable story, truly," said the master, in an ironical tone; "I wonder how long *I* should stand here, before it would enter into any mortal's head to throw a snow-ball at me." While he was holding his head erect, with a most scornful air, he received a very severe blow in the face by a snow-ball.

'Smollett, who stood concealed behind the pillar at the shop door, had heard the dialogue, and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an answer, he extricated him by a repartee equally smart and *apropos*.'

In *Roderick Random*, Smollett makes the narrator confess to being an excellent marksman with a stone, and relates how in this way he revenged himself on his elder cousin's preceptor for various persecutions, by flinging at him a large pebble and striking out as many of his fore-teeth as incapacitated him for

his office of parish clerk. Reprehensible as such conduct was, the circumstance is but too likely to have been a real one.

With regard to the *ill-deediness* (as Scotch people would call it) of his youth, it is, I fear, not to be denied. Thomas Campbell reports the tradition which remained in his time at Glasgow, 'that Smollett was a restive apprentice and a mischievous stripling.'* Of the disposition to satire, which is but a variety of this spirit, Mr Colquhoun of Camstraddan, a companion of Smollett, reported in strong terms to Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre. 'His conversation,' said this gentleman, 'was one continued string of epigrammatic sarcasms against one or other of the company, for which no talents could compensate.'†

It may here, however, be proper to remark that there is no ground for the statement which has appeared in several of Smollett's biographies, that he held up his master's character to condemnation in *Roderick Random*, under the name of Potion. If the novel itself had been attentively read, it would have been found that he does not even represent Potion as his master, but only as an apothecary with whom he was boarded while at college, and who turned him away on finding that the payment of his board was not likely to be forthcoming. The only medical practitioner whom the novelist represents himself as serving at Glasgow is Lancelot Crab, whose character assuredly does not in any respect answer to that of John Gordon, and regarding whom it has never been alleged that Smollett meant, under his name, to satirise his master.‡ When Smollett revisited Scotland in 1766, he found Mr Gordon in high practice at Glasgow, and he takes occasion in *Humphry Clinker* to speak of him with due respect.

* *Specimens of the British Poets*, art. 'Smollett.'

† Anderson's *Life of Smollett.*

‡ That Crab was not Smollett's master is evident from an allusion to him in the story of the snow-ball related by Dr Moore, who must have been fully conversant with all the particulars of the Glasgow chapter of his friend's life.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO LONDON, AND STRUGGLES THERE—ENGAGED IN THE EXPEDITION TO CARTHAGENA.

As Smollett advanced towards manhood, he became distinguished among his companions at college by his gift of poetical composition, which, before he was full eighteen, he had exercised in framing a tragedy founded on the history of King James I. of Scotland. This so-called tragedy is a mere piece of school-boy verse—to us of the nineteenth century totally unreadable—devoid of poetry, of character, and of interesting action. It appeared otherwise to the beardless author, and to many of his friendly compeers of the college-yards, to whom he read it in snatches. And so, as usual, it helped to derange the young man in his ideas of the position he held in life and the duties incumbent on him, without doing or being capable of doing him any substantial good. He was induced to form the full and unfaltering conviction that this piece of brain-work ought of itself to open for him an easy path to fortune. His apprenticeship was now completed—he was near the close of his *teens*—he had an engaging person and address, and some tolerable skill in his profession: it seemed to him that the metropolis was the proper field for a youth of his pretensions, instead of any longer compounding draughts and agitating the pestle and mortar in the shop of a Glasgow apothecary. His relations were willing to assist him in this project, and did so with a little money and a great quantity of letters of introduction. 'Whether they designed,' says Moore, 'to make up for the scantiness of the one by their profusion in the other, is uncertain; but he has often been heard to declare that their liberality in the last article was prodigious.' Most probably, the

idea of his getting an opening in the sea-service through the expected war with Spain was what made the scheme of his going to London appear plausible to those sober western folk, who are believed to have had no such love for their young relative as to desire to see him remain idle or in expectancy of fortune at home. Quite as probably, the hope of making something brilliant by the tragedy was the most pressing and immediate motive with the young surgeon himself. There was also the less occasion for his remaining longer in Scotland, that his mother's household was now broken up, for the senior brother had gone into the army, the sister had married Mr Alexander Telfer, 'lessee of the lead-mines at Wanlockhead,' and Mrs Smollett herself had gone to live with her daughter in a remote part of the country.*

Some time in 1739, the young surgeon set out for London. It was a serious journey in those days, while as yet there were neither stage-coaches nor railway-trains—not even canal or coasting barges—to help the frugal traveller. In his novel of *Roderick Random*, which is undoubtedly to a great extent an autobiography, he tells us how he commenced the excursion with a fraternity of carriers who transported goods on pack-horses. Seated on one of the animals between two panniers, one of which contained his worldly goods in a knapsack, he made his way to Newcastle, which is the first town or place he

* Mr James Smollett of Bonhill, who had succeeded his cousin the elder James in 1737, and who, like his father and uncle, was a member of the Scottish bar, appears through life as a prosperous man. In January 1740, while the young novelist was struggling for patronage in London, James married Miss Jean Clerk, daughter of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, one of the most eminent and enlightened men of that age in Scotland. In April 1744, on the resignation of the place by his father George (who died soon after), James Smollett was appointed one of the commissaries of Edinburgh; and in July 1749 to this place was added that of sheriff-depute of Dumbartonshire. This gentleman is introduced in *Humphry Clinker* as entertaining the Bramble party, and it was he who raised the monument to his distinguished cousin on the banks of the Leven. He died without issue in 1775. See *postea*.

mentions by name in his narration: a curious, hitherto unobserved fact, marking part of the feelings of that age. In the early half of the eighteenth century, and more particularly when *Roderick Random* was published, Scotland was sadly out of love and respect in the southern kingdom, and it was little recommendation to be a Scotsman. Mr Random therefore only intimates that he was born in 'the northern part of the United Kingdom,' indicates Glasgow as 'a town not many miles distant, famous for its colleges,' and passes through seven Scottish chapters without ever specifying a Scottish locality. At Newcastle, our adventurer encounters an old school-friend, Hugh Strap, in the humble position of a barber's journeyman, who agrees to accompany him to the metropolis, making common purse, but yet acting as his servant: another remarkable trait of the general habits of feeling pertaining to the age, as I shall afterwards have to demonstrate more particularly. The two friends—the young gentleman-surgeon, and the humble barber lad—are described as proceeding from Newcastle towards London on foot, Strap carrying the baggage of both on his single back, out of deference to the gentle birth of his companion. And then occurred a series of adventures, which there is good reason to believe are described with but a novelist's exaggeration of the minuter features; amongst the rest, an encounter with a highwayman, and a meeting with a card-sharper in the form of a young clergyman. 'I did not,' says the author, 'at all wonder to find a cheat in canonicals, *this being a character frequent in my own country;* but I was scandalised at the oaths he swore and the indecent songs which he sang.' After a few days of tiresome journeying on foot, the two young men overtook a stage wagon, which conveyed them to London, but not without bringing them in contact with a miserable scarecrow of an army ensign, and some other characters who in our days would be felt as impossible.

JOURNEY OF A POOR YOUNG SCOTCH GENTLEMAN TO LONDON IN 1739.

From *Roderick Random.*

We travelled all day at a round pace; but, being ignorant of the proper stages, were benighted at a good distance from any inn, so that we were compelled to take up our lodging at a small hedge ale-house that stood on a by-road, about half a mile from the highway; there we found a pedler of our own country, in whose company we regaled ourselves with bacon and eggs, and a glass of good ale, before a comfortable fire, conversing all the while very sociably with the landlord and his daughter, a hale buxom lass, who entertained us with great good-humour, and in whose affection I was vain enough to believe I had made some progress. About eight o'clock we were all three, at our own desire, shewn into an apartment furnished with two beds, in one of which Strap and I betook ourselves to rest, and the pedler occupied the other, though not before he had prayed a considerable time extempore, searched into every corner of the room, and fastened the door on the inside with a strong iron screw, which he carried about with him for that use.

I slept very sound till midnight, when I was disturbed by a violent motion of the bed, which shook under me with a continual tremor. Alarmed at this phenomenon, I jogged my companion, whom, to my no small amazement, I found drenched in sweat, and quaking through every limb: he told me, with a low faltering voice, that we were undone, for there was a bloody highwayman with loaded pistols in the next room; then, bidding me make as little noise as possible, he directed me to a small chink in the board partition, through which I could see a thickset, brawny fellow, with a fierce countenance, sitting at a table with our young landlady, having a bottle of ale and a brace of pistols before him.

I listened with great attention, and heard him say, in a terrible tone: 'D..... Smack, the coachman, has served me a fine trick, indeed! But d..... seize me, if I don't make him repent it! I'll teach the scoundrel to give intelligence to others while he is under articles with me.'

Our landlady endeavoured to appease this exasperated robber, by saying he might be mistaken in Smack, who perhaps kept no correspondence with the other gentleman that robbed his coach; and that if an accident had disappointed him to-day, he might soon find opportunities enough to atone for his lost trouble. 'I 'll tell thee what, my dear Bet,' replied he, 'I never had, nor ever shall, while my name is Rifle, have such a glorious booty as I missed to-day. Zounds! there was £400 in cash to recruit men for the king's service, besides the jewels, watches, swords, and money belonging to the passengers. Had it been my fortune to have got clear off with so much treasure, I would have purchased a commission in the army, and made you an officer's lady, you jade, I would.'—'Well, well,' cries Betty, 'we must trust to providence for that. But did you find nothing worth taking which escaped the other gentleman of the road?'—'Not much, faith,' said the lover: 'I gleaned a few things, such as a pair of pops, silver-mounted (here they are); I took them loaded from the captain who had the charge of the money, together with a gold watch which he had concealed in his breeches. I likewise found ten Portugal pieces in the shoes of a Quaker, whom the spirit moved to revile me with great bitterness and devotion; but what I value myself mostly for is this here purchase, a gold snuff-box, my girl, with a picture on the inside of the lid, which I untied out of the tail of a pretty lady's smock.'

Here the pedler snored so loud that the highwayman, snatching his pistols, started up, crying: 'Who's that in the next room?' Mrs Betty told him he need not be uneasy; there were only three poor wearied travellers who, missing the road, had taken up their lodging in the house, and were asleep long ago. 'Travellers!' says he; 'spies, you jade! But no matter, I'll send them all to hell in an instant.' He accordingly ran towards our door, when his sweetheart interposing, assured him there was only a couple of poor young Scotchmen, who were too raw and ignorant to give him the least cause of suspicion; and the third was a Presbyterian pedler of the same nation, who had often lodged in the house before.

This declaration satisfied the thief, who swore he was glad there was a pedler, for he wanted some linen. During that part of the conversation which regarded us, Strap had crept under the bed, where he lay in the agonies of fear; so that it was with great difficulty I persuaded him our danger was over, and prevailed on him to awake the pedler, and inform him of what he had seen and heard.

This itinerant merchant no sooner felt somebody shaking him by the shoulder, than he started up, and called as loud as he could: 'Thieves, thieves!—Lord have mercy on us!' and Rifle, alarmed at this exclamation, jumped up, cocked one of his pistols, and turned towards the door to kill the first man that should enter; for he verily believed himself beset; when his dulcinea, after an immoderate fit of laughter, persuaded him that the poor pedler, dreaming of thieves, had only cried out in his sleep.

Meanwhile, my comrade had undeceived our fellow-lodger, and informed him of his reason for disturbing him; on which, getting up softly, he peeped through the hole, and was so terrified with what he saw, that, falling down on his bare knees, he put up a long petition to Heaven to deliver him from the hands of that ruffian, and promised never to defraud a customer for the future of the value of a pin's point, provided he might be rescued from the present danger. Whether or not his disburdening his conscience afforded him any ease I know not, but he slipped into bed again, and lay very quiet until the robber was asleep; then rising softly, he untied a rope that was round his pack, which, making fast to one end of it, he opened the window with as little noise as possible, and lowered his goods into the yard with great dexterity: then he moved gently to our bedside and bade us farewell, telling us that, as we ran no risk, we might take our rest with great confidence, and in the morning assure the landlord that we knew nothing of his escape; and lastly, shaking us by the hands, and wishing us all manner of success, he let himself drop from the window without any danger, for the ground was not above a yard from his feet as he hung on the outside.

Although I did not think proper to accompany him in his flight, I was not at all free from apprehension when I reflected on what might be the effect of the highwayman's disappointment, as he certainly intended to make free with the pedler's ware. Neither was my companion at more ease in his mind; but, on the contrary, so possessed with the dreadful idea of Rifle, that he solicited me strongly to follow our countryman's example, and so elude the fatal resentment of that terrible adventurer, who would certainly wreak his vengeance on us as accomplices of the pedler's elopement. But I represented to him the danger of giving Rifle cause to think we knew his profession, and suggested that if ever he should meet us again on the road, he would look on us as dangerous acquaintance, and find it his interest to put us out of the way. I told him withal my

confidence in Betty's good-nature, in which he acquiesced; and during the remaining part of the night we concerted a proper method of behaviour, to render us unsuspected in the morning.

It was no sooner day, than Betty, entering our chamber, and perceiving our window open, cried out: 'Odds-bobs! sure you Scotchmen must have hot constitutions to lie all night with the window open in such cold weather.' I feigned to start out of sleep, and, withdrawing the curtain, called: 'What's the matter?' When she shewed me, I affected surprise, and said: 'Bless me! the window was shut when we went to bed.'—'I'll be hanged,' said she, 'if Sawney Waddle, the pedler, has not got up in a dream and done it, for I heard him very obstropulous in his sleep.'

With these words, she advanced to the bed in which he lay, and finding the sheets cold, exclaimed: 'Good lackadaisy! the rogue is fled.'—'Fled?' cried I with feigned amazement. 'God forbid!—Sure he has not robbed us!' Then springing up, I laid hold of my breeches, and emptied all my loose money into my hand, which having reckoned, I said: 'Heaven be praised, our money is all safe!—Strap, look to the knapsack.' He did so, and found all was right. On which we asked, with seeming concern, if he had stolen nothing belonging to the house. 'No, no,' replied she, 'he has stole nothing but his reckoning;' which, it seems, this pious pedler, had forgot to discharge in the midst of his devotion.

Betty, after a moment's pause, withdrew, and immediately we could hear her waken Rifle, who no sooner heard of Waddle's flight, than he jumped out of bed and dressed, venting a thousand execrations, and vowing to murder the pedler if ever he should set eyes on him again: 'for,' said he, 'the scoundrel has by this time raised the hue-and-cry against me.'

Having dressed himself in a hurry, he mounted his horse, and for that time rid us of his company, and a thousand fears that were the consequence of it.

While we were at breakfast, Betty endeavoured, by all the cunning she was mistress of, to learn whether or no we suspected our fellow-lodger, whom we saw take horse; but, as we were on our guard, we answered her sly questions with a simplicity she could not distrust; when, all of a sudden, we heard the trampling of a horse's feet at the door. This noise alarmed Strap so much, whose imagination was wholly engrossed by the image of Rifle, that, with a countenance as pale as milk, he cried: 'O Lord! there is the highwayman returned!'

Our landlady, staring at these words, said: 'What highwayman, young man? Do you think any highwaymen harbour here?'

Though I was very much disconcerted at this piece of indiscretion in Strap, I had presence of mind enough to tell her we had met a horseman the day before, whom Strap had foolishly supposed to be a highwayman, because he rode with pistols, and that he had been terrified at the sound of a horse's feet ever since.

She forced a smile at the ignorance and timidity of my comrade; but I could perceive, not without great concern, that this account was not at all satisfactory to her.

After having paid our score and taken leave of our hostess, who embraced me tenderly at parting, we proceeded on our journey, blessing ourselves that we had come off so well. We had not walked above five miles, when we observed a man on horseback galloping after us, whom we in a short time recognised to be no other than this formidable hero who had already given us so much vexation. He stopped hard by me, and asked if I knew who he was? My astonishment had disconcerted me so much that I did not hear his question, which he repeated with a volley of oaths and threats; but I remained as mute as before.

Strap, seeing my discomposure, fell on his knees in the mud, uttering with a lamentable voice these words: 'For heaven's sake, have mercy on us, Mr Rifle! we know you very well.'—'O ho!' cried the thief, 'you do! But you never shall be evidence against me in this world, you dog!' So saying, he drew a pistol, and fired it at the unfortunate shaver, who fell flat on the ground without speaking one word.

My comrade's fate and my own situation riveted me to the place where I stood, deprived of all sense and reflection; so that I did not make the least attempt either to run away or deprecate the wrath of this barbarian, who snapped a second pistol at me; but, before he had time to prime again, perceiving a company of horsemen coming up, he rode off, and left me standing motionless as a statue, in which posture I was found by those whose appearance had saved my life. This company consisted of three men in livery, well armed, with an officer, who, as I afterwards learned, was the person from whom Rifle had taken the pocket-pistols the day before; and who, making known his misfortune to a nobleman he met on the road, and assuring him his non-resistance was altogether

owing to his consideration for the ladies in the coach, procured the assistance of his lordship's servants to go in quest of the plunderer. This holiday captain scampered up to me with great address, and asked who fired the pistol which he had heard.

As I had not yet recovered my reason, he, before I could answer, observed a body lying on the ground, at which sight his colour changed, and he pronounced, with a faltering tongue: 'Gentlemen, here's murder committed! Let us alight.'—'No, no,' said one of his followers; 'let us rather pursue the murderer. Which way went he, young man?'

By this time I had recollected myself so far as to tell them that he could not be a quarter of a mile before; and to beg one of them to assist me in conveying the corpse of my friend to the next house, in order to its being interred. The captain, foreseeing that, in case he should pursue, he must soon come to action, began to curb his horse, and gave him the spur at the same time, which treatment making the creature rear up and snort, he called out his horse was frightened, and would not proceed; at the same time wheeling him round and round, stroking his neck, whistling and wheedling him with 'Sirrah, sirrah—gently, gently,' &c.—'Zounds!' cried one of the servants, 'sure my lord's Sorrel is not resty!'

With these words he bestowed a lash on his buttocks, and Sorrel, disdaining the rein, sprang forward with the captain at a pace that would have soon brought him up with the robber, had not the girth, happily for him, given way, by which means he landed in the dirt; and two of his attendants continued their pursuit, without minding his situation. Meanwhile one of the three men who remained at my desire, turning the body of Strap, in order to see the wound which had killed him, found him still warm and breathing: on which I immediately let him blood, and saw him, with inexpressible joy, recover; he having received no other wound than what his fear had inflicted. Having raised him on his legs, we walked together to an inn, about half a mile from the place, where Strap, who was not quite recovered, went to bed; and in a little time the third servant returned with the captain's horse and furniture, leaving him to crawl after as well as he could.

This gentleman of the sword, on his arrival, complained grievously of the bruise occasioned by his fall; and, on the recommendation of the servant, who warranted my ability, I was employed to bleed him, for which service he rewarded me with half-a-crown. . . . .

Strap and I were about to depart on our journey, when we perceived a crowd on the road coming towards us, shouting and hallooing all the way. As it approached, we could discern a man on horseback in the middle, with his hands tied behind him, whom we soon knew to be Rifle. This highwayman, not being so well mounted as the two servants who went in pursuit of him, was soon overtaken, and after having discharged his pistols, made prisoner without any further opposition. They were carrying him in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the country people, to a justice of peace in a neighbouring village, but stopped at our inn to join their companion and take refreshment.

When Rifle was dismounted and placed in the yard, within a circle of peasants, armed with pitchforks, I was amazed to see what a pitiful dejected fellow he now appeared, who had but a few hours before filled me with such terror and confusion. My companion was so much encouraged by this alteration in his appearance, that, going up to the thief, he presented his clenched fists to his nose, and declared he would either cudgel or box with the prisoner for a guinea, which he immediately produced, and began to strip, but was dissuaded from this adventure by me, who represented to him the folly of the undertaking, as Rifle was now in the hands of justice, which would, no doubt, give us all satisfaction enough.

But what made me repent of our impertinent curiosity was our being detained by the captors, as evidence against him, when we were just going to set forward. However, there was no remedy; we were obliged to comply, and accordingly joined in the cavalcade, which luckily took the same road that we had proposed to follow. About the twilight, we arrived at the place of our destination; but as the justice was gone to visit a gentleman in the country, with whom we understood he would probably stay all night, the robber was confined in an empty garret three stories high, from which it seemed impossible for him to escape: this, nevertheless, was the case; for next morning, when they went up stairs to bring him before the justice, the bird was flown, having got out at the window on the roof, from whence he continued his route along the tops of the adjoining houses, and entered another garret window, where he skulked until the family were asleep, at which time he ventured down stairs, and let himself out by the street-door, which was found open.

This event was a great disappointment to those that apprehended him, who were flushed with hopes of the reward; but gave me great

joy, as I was permitted now to continue my journey without any further molestation. Resolving to make up for the small progress we had hitherto made, we this day travelled with great vigour, and before night reached a market-town, twenty miles from the place from whence we set out in the morning, without meeting any adventure worth notice. Here, having taken up our lodging at an inn, I found myself so fatigued that I began to despair of performing our journey on foot, and desired Strap to inquire if there were any wagon, return-horses, or any cheap carriage in this place, to depart for London next day. He was informed that the wagon from Newcastle to London had halted here two nights ago, and that it would be an easy matter to overtake it, if not the next day, at furthest the day after the next.

This piece of news gave us some satisfaction; and after having made a hearty supper on hashed mutton, we were shewn to our room. . . . . [Next morning, we] set forward in expectation of overtaking the wagon; in which hope, however, we were disappointed for that day. As we exerted ourselves more than usual, I found myself quite spent with fatigue, when we entered a small village in the twilight. We inquired for a public-house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance, the landlord, who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long gray hair, rose from a table placed by a large fire in a very neat paved kitchen, and with a cheerful countenance accosted us in these words: 'Salvete, pueri: ingredimini.' I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hope of recommending myself to him by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered, without hesitation, 'Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco large reponens.' I had no sooner pronounced these words than the old gentleman, running towards me, shook me by the hand, crying: 'Fili mi dilectissime! unde venis?—a superis, ni fallor.' In short, finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough; but ordered his daughter, a jolly rosy-cheeked damsel, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his *quadrimum;* repeating from *Horace* at the same time: 'Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ, O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.' This quadrimum was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an *amphora* four years old, for the use of himself and friends.

In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a

schoolmaster, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made shift to make the two ends of the year meet. 'I am this day,' said he, 'the happiest old fellow in his majesty's dominions. My wife, rest her soul, is in Heaven: my daughter is to be married next week; but the two chief pleasures of my life are these (pointing to the bottle and a large edition of *Horace* that lay on the table). I am old, 'tis true—what then? the more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises: "Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi, finem dî dederint. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero."'

As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation, which when he had learned, he enriched us with advices how to behave in the world, telling us that he was no stranger to the deceits of mankind. In the meantime, he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends—*permittens divis cætera.* While our entertainment was preparing, our host recounted the adventures of his own life, which, as they contained nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously, and drunk several bottles of his quadrimum, I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, after he had informed us that we should overtake the wagon by noon next day; and that there was room enough in it for half-a-dozen, for there were only four passengers as yet in that convenience.

Before my comrade and I fell asleep, we had some conversation about the good-humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence, that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our lodging and entertainment. 'Don't you observe,' said he, 'that he has conceived a particular affection for us—nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?'

I was partly of Strap's opinion; but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning, when, getting up betimes, we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty-pudding and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay. 'Biddy will let you know, gentlemen,' said he, 'for I never mind these matters. Money-matters are beneath the concern of one who lives on the Horatian plan: *Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam.*' Mean-

while, Biddy, having consulted a slate that hung in the corner, told us our reckoning came to 8*s.* 7*d.* 'Eight shillings and sevenpence!' cried Strap; ''tis impossible! You must be mistaken, young woman.' —'Reckon again, child,' says her father, very deliberately; 'perhaps you have miscounted.'—'No, indeed, father,' replied she, 'I know my business better.' I could contain my indignation no longer, but said it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; on which the old man got up, muttering: 'Ay, ay, let us see the particulars: that's but reasonable;' and taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following items:

	s.	d.
To bread and beer	0	6
To a fowl and sausages	2	6
To four bottles of quadrim	2	0
To fire and tobacco	0	7
To lodging	2	0
To breakfast	1	0
	8	7

As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore I contented myself with saying I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered, I was but a young man and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion whose only aim was to live *contentus parvo*, and keep off *importuna pauperies*. My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition; but swore he should either take one-third of the money or go without.

While we were engaged in this dispute, I perceived the daughter go out, and conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no sooner done than Biddy returned with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning-draught; but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Just as we departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this piece of expense, went up to the schoolmaster, and grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis: 'Semper avarus eget.' To which the pedant replied, with a malicious smile: 'Animum rege, qui, nisi paret, imperat.'

We travelled half a mile without exchanging one word; my thoughts being engrossed by the knavery of the world, to which I must be daily exposed, and the contemplation of my finances, which began sensibly to diminish. At length, Strap, who could hold no longer, addressed me thus: 'Well, fools and their money are soon parted. If my advice had been taken, that old skinflint should have been d..... before he had got more than the third of his demand. 'Tis a sure sign you came easily by your money when you squander it away in this manner. Ah! God help you, how many bristly beards must I have mowed before I earned four shillings and threepence halfpenny, which is all thrown to the dogs! How many days have I sat weaving hair till my toes were numbed by the cold, my fingers cramped, and my nose as blue as the sign of the periwig that hung over the door! What was you afraid of? I would have engaged to box with any one of those fellows who came in for a guinea—I 'm sure I have beat stouter men than either of them.' And, indeed, my companion would have fought anybody when his life was in no danger; but he had a mortal aversion to firearms and all instruments of death. In order to appease him, I assured him no part of this extraordinary expense should fall on his shoulders: at which declaration he was affronted, and told me he would have me to know, that, although he was a poor barber's boy, yet he had a soul to spend his money with the best squire of the land.

Having walked all day at a great pace, without halting for a refreshment, we descried, towards the evening, to our inexpressible joy, the wagon about a quarter of a mile before us; and by the time we reached it, were both of us so weary that I verily believe it would have been impracticable for us to have walked one mile further. We therefore bargained with the driver, whose name was Joey, to give us a cast to the next stage for a shilling; at which place we should meet the master of the wagon, with whom we might agree for the rest of the journey.

Accordingly the convenience stopped, and Joey having placed the ladder, Strap, being loaded with our baggage, mounted first; but, just as he was getting in, a tremendous voice assailed his ears in these words: 'Fire and fury! there shall no passengers come here.' The poor shaver was so disconcerted at this exclamation, which both he and I imagined proceeded from the mouth of a giant, that he descended with great velocity and a countenance as white as paper. Joey, perceiving our astonishment, called, with an arch sneer: 'Waunds, coptain, whay woan't you soofer the poor wagoneer

to meake a penny? Coom, coom, young man, get oop, get oop; never moind the coptain; I 'se not afeard of the coptain.'

This was not encouragement sufficient to Strap, who could not be prevailed on to venture up again; on which I attempted, though not without a quaking heart, when I heard the same voice muttering, like distant thunder—'Confound me, if I don't make you smart for this!' However I crept in, and by accident got an empty place in the straw, which I immediately took possession of, without being able to discern the faces of my fellow-travellers in the dark. Strap following, with the knapsack on his back, chanced to take the other side, and, by a jolt of the carriage, pitched directly on the stomach of the captain, who bellowed out, in a most dreadful manner, 'Blood and thunder! where's my sword?' At these words my frighted comrade started up, and, at one spring, bounced against me with such force that I thought he was the supposed son of Anak, who intended to press me to death. In the meantime a female voice cried: 'Bless me! what is the matter, my dear?'—'The matter?' replied the captain; 'my guts are squeezed into a pancake by that Scotchman's hump.' Strap, trembling all the while at my back, asked him pardon, and laid the blame of what had happened on the jolting of the wagon; and the woman who spoke before went on: 'Ay, ay, my dear, it is our own fault; we may thank ourselves for all the inconveniences we meet with. I thank God, I never travelled so before. I am sure if my Lady or Sir John were to know where we are, they would not sleep this night for vexation. I wish to God we had written for the chariot: I know we shall never be forgiven.' 'Come, come, my dear,' replied the captain, 'it don't signify fretting now; we shall laugh it over as a frolic: I hope you will not suffer in your health. I shall make my lord very merry with our adventures in the diligence.'

This discourse gave me such a high notion of the captain and his lady that I durst not venture to join in the conversation; but immediately after another female voice began: 'Some people give themselves a great many needless airs; better folks than any here have travelled in wagons before now. Some of us have rode in coaches and chariots, with three footmen behind them, without making so much fuss about it. What then! We are now all on a footing: therefore let us be sociable and merry. What do you say, Isaac? Is not this a good motion, you doting rogue? Speak, old Cent. per cent. What desperate debt are you thinking of? What mortgage are you planning? Well, Isaac, positively you shall never

gain my favour till you turn over a new leaf, grow honest, and live like a gentleman. In the meantime give me a kiss, you old fool.' These words, accompanied with a hearty smack, enlivened the person to whom they were addressed to such a degree, that he cried, in transport, though with a faltering voice: 'Ah! you baggage! on my credit, you are a waggish girl—he, he, he.' This laugh introduced a fit of coughing, which almost suffocated the poor usurer, such we afterwards found was the profession of this our fellow-traveller.

About this time I fell asleep, and enjoyed a comfortable nap till such time as we arrived at the inn where we put up. Here, having alighted from the wagon, I had an opportunity of viewing the passengers in order as they entered. The first who appeared was a brisk airy girl, about twenty years old, with a silver-laced hat on her head instead of a cap, a blue stuff riding-suit, trimmed with silver very much tarnished, and a whip in her hand. After her came, limping, an old man, with a worsted night-cap buttoned under his chin, and a broad-brimmed hat slouched over it, an old rusty blue cloak tied about his neck, under which appeared a brown surtout, that covered a threadbare coat and waistcoat, and, as we afterwards discerned, a dirty flannel jacket. His eyes were hollow, bleared, and gummy; his face was shrivelled into a thousand wrinkles, his gums were destitute of teeth, his nose sharp and drooping, his chin peaked and prominent, so that, when he mumped or spoke, they approached one another like a pair of nut-crackers: he supported himself on an ivory-headed cane, and his whole figure was a just emblem of winter, famine, and avarice. But how was I surprised, when I beheld the formidable captain in the shape of a little thin creature, about the age of forty, with a long withered visage, very much resembling that of a baboon, through the upper part of which two little gray eyes peeped! He wore his own hair in a queue that reached to his rump, which immoderate length, I suppose, was the occasion of a baldness that appeared on the crown of his head when he deigned to take off his hat, which was very much of the size and cock of Pistol's.

Having laid aside his greatcoat, I could not help admiring the extraordinary make of this man of war: he was about five feet and three inches high, sixteen inches of which went to his face and long scraggy neck; his thighs were about six inches in length, his legs resembling spindles or drumsticks, two feet and a half, and his body, which put me in mind of extension without substance, engrossed

the remainder: so that, on the whole, he appeared like a spider or grasshopper erect, and was almost a *vox et præterea nihil.* His dress consisted of a frock of what is called bear-skin, the skirts of which were about half a foot long, a hussar waistcoat, scarlet breeches reaching half-way down his thighs, worsted stockings rolled up almost to his groin, and shoes with wooden heels at least two inches high: he carried a sword very near as long as himself in one hand, and with the other conducted his lady, who seemed to be a woman of his own age, and still retained some remains of an agreeable person, but so ridiculously affected, that, had I not been a novice in the world, I might have easily perceived in her the deplorable vanity and second-hand airs of a lady's-woman.

We were all assembled in the kitchen, when Captain Weazel (for that was his name) desired a room with a fire for himself and spouse, and told the landlord they would sup by themselves; the innkeeper replied that he could not afford them a room by themselves; and as for supping, he had prepared victuals for the passengers in the wagon, without respect of persons; but, if he could prevail on the rest to let him have his choice in a separate manner, he should be very well pleased. This was no sooner said than all of us declared against the proposal, and Miss Jenny, our other female passenger, observed, that if Captain Weazel and his lady had a mind to sup by themselves, they might wait until we should have done. At this hint the captain put on a martial frown and looked very big, without speaking; while his yoke-fellow, with a disdainful toss of her nose, muttered something about 'creature!' which Miss Jenny overhearing, stepped up to her, saying: 'None of your names, good Mrs Abigail. Creature! quotha—I'll assure you—no such creature as you neither—no quality-coupler.' Here the captain interposed, with a 'D..... me, madam, what do you mean by that?'—'Sir, who are you?' replied Miss Jenny: 'who made you a captain, you pitiful, trencher-scraping, pimping curler? The army is come to a fine pass, when such fellows as you get commissions—What, I suppose you think I don't know you? You and your helpmate are well met: a cast-off mistress and a bald valet-de-chambre are well yoked together.'—'Blood and wounds!' cried Weazel, 'd'ye question the honour of my wife, madam? No man in England durst say so much—I would flay him, carbonado him! Fury and destruction! I would have his liver for my supper.' So saying, he drew his sword and flourished with it, to the great terror of Strap; while Miss Jenny,

snapping her fingers, told him she did not value his resentment, that! . . . .

[During the night, there was a series of ludicrous mistakes amongst the wagon passengers in their bed-rooms; in consequence of which Captain Weazel was inspired with fury against Strap.]

Next morning, I agreed to give the master of the wagon ten shillings for my passage to London, provided Strap should be allowed to take my place when I should be disposed to walk. At the same time I desired him to appease the incensed captain, who had entered the kitchen with a drawn sword in his hand, and threatened with many oaths to sacrifice the villain who attempted to violate his bed; but it was to no purpose for the master to explain the mistake, and assure him of the poor lad's innocence, who stood trembling behind me all the while; the more submission that appeared in Strap, the more implacable seemed the resentment of Weazel, who swore he must either fight him or he would instantly put him to death. I was extremely provoked at this insolence, and told him it could not be supposed that a poor barber lad would engage a man of the sword at his own weapon; but I was persuaded he would wrestle or box with him; to which proposal Strap immediately gave assent, by saying 'he would box with him for a guinea.' Weazel replied, with a look of disdain, that it was beneath any gentleman of his character to fight like a porter, or even to put himself on a footing, in any respect, with such a fellow as Strap. 'Odds bodikins!' cries Joey, 'sure, coptain, yaw would not coommit moorder! Here's a poor lad that is willing to make atoonement for his offence; and, an that woan't satisfie yaw, offers to fight yaw fairly. An yaw woan't box, I daresay he will coodgel with yaw: woan't yaw, my lad?' Strap, after some hesitation, answered: 'Yes, yes, I'll cudgel with him.' But, this expedient being also rejected by the captain, I began to smell his character; and, tipping Strap the wink, told the company that I had always heard it said, the person who receives a challenge should have the choice of the weapons; this therefore being the rule in point of honour, I would venture to promise on the head of my companion, that he would even fight Captain Weazel at sharps; but it should be with such sharps as Strap was best acquainted with, namely, razors. At my mentioning razors, I could perceive the captain's colour change, while Strap, pulling me by the sleeve,

whispered with great eagerness: 'No, no, no: for the love of God, don't make any such bargain.' At length Weazel, recovering himself, turned towards me, and with a ferocious countenance asked: 'Who the devil are you? Will you fight me?' With these words, putting himself in a posture, I was grievously alarmed at seeing the point of a sword within half a foot of my breast; and, springing to one side, snatched up a spit that stood in the chimney-corner, with which I kept my formidable adversary at bay, who made a great many half-lounges, skipping backward at every push, till at last I pinned him up in a corner, to the no small diversion of the company. While he was in this situation, his wife entered, and, seeing her husband in these dangerous circumstances, uttered a dreadful scream: in this emergency, Weazel demanded a cessation, which was immediately granted; and at last was contented with the submission of Strap, who, falling on his knees before him, protested the innocence of his intention, and asked pardon for the mistake he had committed.

This morning and forenoon we were entertained with an account of the valour of Captain Weazel, who told us he had once knocked down a soldier that made game of him; tweaked a drawer by the nose, who found fault with his picking his teeth with a fork, at another time; and that he had moreover challenged a cheese-monger who had the presumption to be his rival; for the truth of which exploits he appealed to his wife. She confirmed whatever he said, and observed, 'the last affair happened that very day on which I received a love-letter from Squire Gobble; and don't you remember, my dear, I was prodigiously sick that very night with eating ortolans, when my Lord Diddle took notice of my complexion's being altered, and my lady was so alarmed that she had well-nigh fainted?' . . . . We travelled in this manner five days without interruption or meeting anything worth notice; Miss Jenny, who soon recovered her spirits, entertaining us every day with diverting songs, of which she could sing a great number. . . . . On the sixth day, while we were about to sit down to dinner, the innkeeper came and told us that three gentlemen, just arrived, had ordered the victuals to be carried to their apartment, although he had informed them that they were bespoke by the passengers in the wagon. To which information they had replied: 'The passengers in the wagon might be d.....; their betters must be served before them; they supposed it would be no hardship on such travellers to dine on bread and cheese for one day.' This was a terrible disappointment to us all, and we laid our

heads together how to remedy it; when Miss Jenny observed that Captain Weazel, being by profession a soldier, ought in this case to protect and prevent us from being insulted; but the captain excused himself, saying, he would not for all the world be known to have travelled in a wagon; swearing, at the same time, that, could he appear with honour, they should eat his sword sooner than his provision. On this declaration, Miss Jenny, snatching his weapon, drew it, and ran immediately into the kitchen, where she threatened to put the cook to death if he did not send the victuals into our chamber immediately. The noise she made brought the three strangers down, one of whom no sooner perceived her than he cried: 'Ha! Jenny Ramper! what brought thee hither?'—'My dear Jack Rattle!' replied she, running into his arms, 'is it you? Then Weazel may go whistle for a dinner—I shall dine with you.'

They consented to this proposal with a great deal of joy; and we were on the point of being reduced to a very uncomfortable meal, when Joey, understanding the whole affair, entered the kitchen with a pitchfork in his hand, and swore he would be the death of any man who should pretend to seize the victuals prepared for the wagon. This menace had like to have produced fatal consequences; the three strangers drawing their swords, and being joined by their servants, and we ranging ourselves on the side of Joey; when the landlord, interposing, offered to part with his own dinner to keep the peace, which was accepted by the strangers; and we sat down at table without any further molestation. In the afternoon, I chose to walk along with Joey, and Strap took my place. Having entered into a conversation with this driver, I soon found him to be a merry, facetious, good-natured fellow, and withal very arch: he informed me, that Miss Jenny was a common girl, who falling into company with a recruiting officer, he carried her down in the stage-coach from London to Newcastle, where he had been arrested for debt, and was now in prison; on which she was fain to return to her former way of life, by this conveyance. He told me likewise, that one of the gentleman's servants, who were left at the inn, having accidentally seen Weazel, immediately knew him, and acquainted Joey with some particulars of his character: that he had served my Lord Frizzle in quality of valet-de-chambre many years, while he lived separate from his lady; but, on their reconciliation, she expressly insisted on Weazel's being turned off, as well as the woman who lived with him: when his lordship, to get rid of them both with a good grace, proposed that he should marry his mistress, and he

would procure a commission for him in the army: this expedient was agreed to, and Weazel is now, by his lordship's interest, ensign in ———'s regiment. I found he and I had the same sentiments with regard to Weazel's courage, which we resolved to put to the trial, by alarming the passengers with the cry of a highwayman, as soon as a horseman should appear.

This scheme we put in practice towards the dusk, when we descried a man on horseback approaching us. Joey had no sooner intimated to the people in the wagon that he was afraid we should be all robbed, than a general consternation arose: Strap jumped out of the wagon, and hid himself behind a hedge: the usurer put forth ejaculations, and made a rustling among the straw, which made us conjecture he had hid something under it: Mrs Weazel, wringing her hands, uttered lamentable cries: and the captain, to our great amazement, began to snore; but this artifice did not succeed; for Miss Jenny, shaking him by the shoulder, bawled out: 'Sdeath! captain, is this a time to snore, when we are going to be robbed? Get up, for shame, and behave like a soldier and a man of honour!' Weazel pretended to be in a great passion for being disturbed, and swore he would have his nap out if all the highwaymen in England surrounded him. 'What are you afraid of?' continued he; at the same time trembling with such agitation that the whole carriage shook. This singular piece of behaviour incensed Miss Ramper so much, that she cried: 'Plague on your pitiful soul, you are as arrant a poltroon as ever was drummed out of a regiment. Stop the wagon, Joey—let me get out, and if I have rhetoric enough, the thief shall not only take your purse, but your skin also.' So saying, she leaped out with great agility. By this time the horseman came up with us, and happened to be a gentlemen's servant well known to Joey, who communicated the scheme, and desired him to carry it on a little further, by going up to the wagon, and questioning those within. The stranger, consenting for the sake of diversion, approached it, and in a terrible tone demanded: 'Who have we got here?' Isaac replied, with a lamentable voice: 'Here's a poor miserable sinner, who has got a small family to maintain, and nothing in the world wherewithal, but these fifteen shillings, which, if you rob me of, we must all starve together.' —'Who's that sobbing in the other corner?' said the supposed highwayman. 'A poor unfortunate woman,' answered Mrs Weazel, 'on whom I beg you, for Christ's sake, to have compassion.'— 'Are you maid or wife?' said he.—'Wife, to my sorrow,' said

she.—'Who, or where is your husband?' continued he.—'My husband,' replied Mrs Weazel, 'is an officer in the army, and was left sick at the last inn where we dined.'—'You must be mistaken, madam,' said he, 'for I myself saw him get into the wagon this afternoon.' Here he laid hold of one of Weazel's legs, and pulled him out from under his wife's petticoats, where he had concealed himself. The poor trembling captain, being detected in his inglorious situation, rubbed his eyes, and affecting to wake out of sleep, cried: 'What's the matter? What's the matter?'—'The matter is not much,' answered the horseman; 'I only called in to inquire after your health, and so adieu, most noble captain.' So saying, he clapped spurs to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was some time before Weazel could recollect himself; but, at length reassuming the big look, he said: ''Sdeath! why did he ride away before I had time to ask him how his lord and lady do? Don't you remember Tom, my dear?' addressing himself to his wife.—'Yes,' replied she, 'I think I do remember something of the fellow; but you know I seldom converse with people of his station.'—'Hey day!' cried Joey, 'do yaw knaw the young mon, coptain?'—'Know him?' said Weazel, 'many a time has he filled a glass of Burgundy for me at my Lord Trippett's table.'—'And what may his neame be, coptain?' said Joey. 'His name!—his name,' replied Weazel, 'is Tom Rinser.'—'Waunds,' cried Joey, 'a has changed his own neame then! for I'se lay any wager he was christened John Trotter.' This observation raised a laugh against the captain, who seemed very much disconcerted; when Isaac broke silence, and said: 'It is no matter who or what he was, since he has not proved the robber we suspected, and we ought to bless God for our narrow escape.'—'Bless God!' said Weazel, 'for what? Had he been a highwayman, I should have eaten his blood and body, before he had robbed me or any one in this diligence.'—'Ha, ha, ha!' cried Miss Jenny, 'I believe you will eat all you kill indeed, captain.' The usurer was so well pleased at the event of this adventure, that he could not refrain from being severe, and took notice that Captain Weazel seemed to be a good Christian, for he had armed himself with patience and resignation, instead of carnal weapons; and worked out his salvation with fear and trembling. This piece of satire occasioned a great deal of mirth at Weazel's expense, who muttered a great many oaths, and threatened to cut Isaac's throat. The usurer, taking hold of this menace, said: 'Gentlemen and ladies, I take you all to witness, that my life is in

danger from this bloody-minded officer; I 'll have him bound over to the peace.' This second sneer procured another laugh against him, and he remained crestfallen during the remaining part of our journey.

Launched into London at little over eighteen years of age, with no knowledge of such a world, and only the qualifications which might be expected from one who had been an apothecary's apprentice in Glasgow, yet with some prideful sense of good birth and connection, and the stirrings of literary ambition within his bosom, behold the future comic novelist of England! The tragedy which he had recently brought, as he thought, to perfection, was foremost in his thoughts. To get it introduced to the stage, the recommendation of a patron was in those days indispensable. Mr George Lyttelton was at this time a prominent public man, opposing Walpole with great vigour in the House of Commons, acting as secretary to the anti-ministerial Frederick Prince of Wales, and exhibiting both taste for literature and a kindly interest in its cultivators. He had got a pension for Thomson, and taken Mallet into his own service as secretary. To have a Scotchman in such a confidential situation was pretty sure, in that age, to bring other Scotchmen under his attention; probably through Mallet, Smollett was enabled to approach Mr Lyttelton with his boyish tragedy of the *Regicide*. Unfortunately, the power of attending to manuscript tragedies by youths of eighteen—more particularly the power of doing this amidst the duties and recreations of a busy official life—is limited. The *Regicide* lay unjudged for a time, which proved inconvenient and exasperating to the young poet. His recital of the affair is characteristic of the *irritabile genus*. The piece, he tells us, was 'taken under the protection of one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men,' but, 'like other orphans, was neglected.' 'Stung with resentment,' he adds, 'which I mistook for contempt, I resolved to punish this barbarous indifference, and actually discarded my patron; consoling myself with the barren praise of a few associates, who, in the most indefatigable

manner, employed their time and influence in collecting from all quarters observations on my piece, which, in consequence of these suggestions, put on a new appearance almost every day.'

Smollett continued to cherish his resentment against Lyttelton for several years, for when the early death of Mrs Lyttelton in 1747 drew from her afflicted husband his well-known *Monody*—namby-pamby, it is true, but still the expression of a sacred grief—the author of the neglected *Regicide* could not resist the temptation to compose a *Burlesque Ode*, in which he affected to bewail in Lytteltonian terms the loss of his grandmother:

* * * *

'When Death in mortal armour came,
And struck with ruthless dart the gentle dame,
Her liberal hand and sympathising breast
The brute creation kindly blessed:
Where'er she trod Grimalkin purred around,
The squeaking pigs her bounty owned, &c.

Oh best of grannams, thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To sing thy dirge in sad funereal lay,
Ah, woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!' *

His judgment and his generosity afterwards combined to bring him to juster views on this subject; and in his *History of England*, amongst other glories of the reign of the second George, he pointed to 'the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttelton.'

The failure of the tragedy forced Smollett to try his other and more legitimate, as well as manly resource—his professional attainments. The strange irregular manner in which Roderick Random gets into the navy, as well as the most of his adven-

* In Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, under 1776, Arthur Murphy is reported as saying that he understood that Lord Lyttelton's *History of the Reign of Henry III.* had been 'kept back for several years for fear of Smollett.' But certainly the extreme fastidiousness of the noble author, which caused him to print his work twice over before it was published, is sufficient to account for the delay.

tures in London, is probably pure fiction. The actual Random was not without friends both able and willing to help him on in this branch of the public service. There was a certain Andrew Mitchell, who forms one of the subordinate political figures of the middle of the eighteenth century: as Sir Andrew Mitchell, he ultimately played the part of British Ambassador Plenipotentiary at the court of Frederick the Great. This gentleman's mother and the mother of James Smollett of Bonhill were sisters, both being the daughters of Sir Hugh Cunningham of Bonnington, a gentleman of good descent, who, like many such persons in that age, had entered into trade, attained a fair fortune, and become lord provost of Edinburgh.* Mitchell † had attached himself to the service of the Marquis of Tweeddale, who acted as Secretary of State for Scotland from 1742 till 1745. James Smollett of Bonhill kept up a correspondence with Mitchell, addressing him as 'Dear Cousin,' and not allowing him to forget the great duty of a Scotsman of influence in that epoch, that he ought to remember the wants of his countrymen, and still more particularly those of his relations. Mr James Hannay states in an article on Smollett (*Quarterly Review*, ciii. 74), that he has seen numerous letters addressed by James Smollett to Andrew Mitchell at the Marquis of Tweeddale's office in Whitehall, 'containing requests for favours, mixed with family and political gossip.' It was most probably through some such channel, opened to him by the influence of his kinsman, that Smollett obtained an

* Sir Hugh was the lineal descendant and representative of William Cunningham of Craigends, the second son of Alexander first Earl of Glencairn.

† Andrew Mitchell was the son of an Edinburgh minister, who subsequently married a lady having a daughter by a former marriage. If a memoir in the *European Magazine* (May 1799) is to be trusted, this stepdaughter being entitled to a fortune of a thousand a year, the wise clergyman thought her a good match for his son Andrew, and the young people were accordingly married, the youth being at the time eleven years of age, and the young lady ten! She died in childbed at fourteen, and Andrew was never again married.

appointment as surgeon's mate—surgeon's *third mate* it has been called, but by an enemy*—on board the *Cumberland*, one of the largest of the vessels which sailed in October 1740,† under Sir Chaloner Ogle, to reinforce Admiral Vernon's fleet in the West Indies, with a view to some great and crushing attempt upon the American colonies of Spain. Vernon had just been brilliantly successful at Portobello; it was now expected that, with additional vessels, making a hundred and twenty-four in all, and with twelve thousand land-forces on board, besides fifteen thousand sailors, he ought to strike some effective blow. It was, as our national history duly tells us, ruled otherwise. The gallant admiral made his assault on Carthagena in March 1741, and after some partial successes, falling into one or two blunders, found his men become so fatally reduced by disease, that he was obliged to withdraw to the West Indies.

Smollett has given in *Roderick Random* an ample account of what he saw, suffered, and did in the Carthagena expedition; and though it is a startling and painful picture, there is no reason to believe that it is an exaggerated one. There appears nothing like a gentlemanly humanity in the higher officers: the two successive captains, Oakum and Whiffle,‡ are alike odious characters, though in different ways. The arrangements for the health of the seamen and troops are of the most irrational kind.

* A mean writer named Andrew Henderson, who published a scurrilous pamphlet against Smollett.

† 'The name of Smollett, cut by himself in the timber of the *Cumberland*, was shewn long after as a memorial of his service.'—*Anderson.*

‡ It has been stated that the contemptible character of Whiffle images forth Lord Harry Pawlett, commander of the *Harfleur*, who died in 1794, the last Duke of Bolton.—*Notes and Queries*, Sept. 6, 1862. It appears that this scion of an ancient family was on one occasion tried by a court-martial for some misdemeanour.—Banks's *Extinct Baronage*, iii. 94.

Against the Oakums and Whiffles one may recall with pleasure the conduct of Lord Aubrey Beauclerk of the *Prince Frederick*, who, having both legs shot off at the cannonade of Bocca Chica, refused to go below, or to have any surgical care bestowed upon him, preferring to meet his inevitable death on the deck, while ordering his men to fight their ship to the last.

The surgeons are treated by their superiors as if they were no better than scullion-boys. One of these gentlemen and an officer fight with their fists on deck. The admiral allows his men to perish of bilious fever in great multitudes, rather than ask any assistance in their behalf from the commander of the land-forces. It almost seems incredible that there should have been such a fatal want of good regulation for this expedition, one of the noblest that ever left the shores of England. Smollett, however, deliberately repeated his observations on this subject in a history of the expedition which he wrote some years afterwards.

Smollett longed to quit a service so degrading and so disgusting, although his doing so could not fail to be reprobated by his relations. He took this step while the fleet lay in the West Indies.*

* 'Died (in June 1810) at Queensferry in Scotland, aged 90, Mr M'Callum, surgeon. The early part of his life was spent in the service of his country. At the unsuccessful attack on Carthagena in 1741, he was landed to do duty as an assistant-surgeon to the troops, along with the celebrated Dr Smollett, then also an assistant naval surgeon, of whom he always spoke in terms of high esteem.'—*Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1810.

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN THE WEST INDIES—MEDICAL PRACTICE IN LONDON—MARRIAGE—'RODERICK RANDOM.'

WE know extremely little of the West India part of Smollett's life; indeed, it has hitherto been all but a blank in his biography. In Jamaica he could be at no loss for friends, for the intimate commercial connection between Glasgow and these colonies insured that some of the associates of his youth should be settled there. We can almost for certain indicate one of these in Mr Thomas Bontein (son of a Stirlingshire gentleman, and second-cousin to Smollett*), who was now established in the island of Jamaica. It was through some such connection that the young surgeon became acquainted with a pretty Creole named Ann Lascelles, who had the expectation of inheriting 'a comfortable, though moderate estate in the island.'† The uncertainty of this prospect, the youth of the parties, and Smollett's want of position for gaining a livelihood were unfavourable to a matrimonial union; but the pair, nevertheless, ere long, in London, took that serious step. In the spring of 1744, he was in London, attempting to commence practice as a surgeon, though as yet without the advantage of a degree.

He himself gives us a peep into his circumstances at this time by a letter he addressed—May 22, 1744—to a Glasgow friend named Barclay, regarding a mutual college acquaintance

* A map of Jamaica was published in January 1753, by Archibald Bontein, 'his Majesty's Chief Engineer for the island during the late war.'

† Miss Lascelles's property consisted of certain houses in Kingston and a few lots of the neighbouring land, yielding in all about £300 'currency' *per annum*. In 1756, Smollett is found giving orders to 'Tom Bontein' 'to sell our negroes in the West Indies.'

of the name of Ritchie, who had recently died. After some rather extravagant lamentations over Ritchie, he says: 'As for the particulars you expect from me, you must wait until I shall be better informed myself; for, to tell you an extraordinary truth, I do not know as yet whether you had better congratulate or condole with me. I wish I was near you, that I might pour forth my heart before you, and make you judge of its dictates, and the several steps I have lately taken; in which case I am confident you and all honest men would acquit my principles, however my prudentials might be condemned. However, I have moved into the house where the late John Douglas, surgeon, died, and you may henceforth direct for Mr Smollett, surgeon, in Downing Street, West[minster].' Then, casting aside both his grief for Ritchie and anxieties about his own future, he adds a gay postscript, that Willie Wood is just now drinking a glass with him, and desires to have his compliments presented to Miss Becky Bogle.

We thus learn that in May 1744 Smollett had set up as a surgeon in a house in Downing Street, which had lately been inhabited by another person of the same profession. For a stranger of twenty-three, without connection or patronage, to obtain quickly a lucrative medical practice in London is well known as something almost beyond hope. How, meanwhile, was Smollett to live, how pay the rent of that house in Downing Street, and other unavoidable expenses? He felt the stirrings of literary talent and ambition within him. Shall he ask the Muse's aid to avert starvation and a jail? The plan has at least the advantage of being an industry which he can practise without necessarily leading the public to think that he is failing as a professional man, and consequently not worthy of confidence in that character. But for a literary career, as has been remarked, it was then understood and generally believed that a patron was necessary. He had tried to obtain the smiles of Mr Lyttelton, the patron of Thomson and many others; but he had not succeeded; as a necessary consequence of which fact, Mr Lyttelton was a prig and a pretender. Nowhere around him, in

that age of corruption, when every legislator bribed his electors, and every minister bribed his legislators, and no man of influence could be approached without fees to his servants and secretary—and which was an age of great general prosperity for England nevertheless—could poor Smollett see a chance of securing the needful upholding. He was thoroughly soured with things in general, and beginning to be a misanthrope to all who were better off than himself. At the same time, there was his special country of Scotland ravaged, trodden down, and insulted by the powers engaged in suppressing the unhappy rebellion raised by a small portion of her population. In the West Highlands was fire and spoliation. At Carlisle, at Kennington Common, and on Tower Hill, the blood of honest, though mistaken Scotsmen was flowing as in the shambles. The young surgeon of Downing Street, though brought up as a Whig, could not but sympathise with a national fate which stood in such analogy to his own.

To express his general difficulty in the matter of subsistence from his pen, he composed a satirical poem, entitled *Advice*, which came out as a shilling pamphlet during the very month (August 1746) which saw Kilmarnock and Balmerino beheaded. Here, and in a soon-after published sequel, entitled *Reproof*, he falls foul of poor Sir John Cope, rails at the ministry, glances severely at certain eminent persons suspected of particularly naughty habits, and finds the whole world such a scene of meanness and vice, that no honest bard could have a chance in it. Of course, in these productions he was guilty of the usual crimes of the satirist, partiality and exaggeration, and, by raising enemies instead of friends, was precisely insuring the continuance of that unprosperity from which he was eager to be emancipated. His friends pointed out the dangers of his course. He was pulling down ladders which a little more patience and some adroit management might make available for the rise he panted for. The feelings of the hour were too keen to allow such counsels to be heard; nor was it ever otherwise with him as long as he lived; nor ever will it be otherwise with such

susceptibilities as his. As if to defy Powers that might have otherwise been propitious, he now issued his well-known ode on the Culloden barbarities—entitled

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,
Lie slaughtered on their native ground:
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoking ruins sunk they lie
The monuments of cruelty!

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,
Still shone with undiminished blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke;
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes, no gay delight,
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baleful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretched beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

It has been reported on respectable authority,* that he composed this poem one evening in a tavern, while a few of his friends were engaged in playing at cards in the same room. The story goes thus: One of the company, observing his earnestness, and supposing he was writing verses, asked him if it was not so. He accordingly read them the first sketch of his *Tears of Scotland*, consisting of only six stanzas. The keenness of the sentiment struck them as calculated to give offence in influential quarters, and they remonstrated with him on the imprudence he was committing. He turned from them with an indignant air, and, sitting down again, subjoined another stanza:

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;

* That of Mr Graham of Gartmore, a friend of Smollett, who received the anecdote from one of the gentlemen present (probably Mr Bontein). See Richardson's *Maid of Lochlin*, 1801, p. 122. The circumstances are given in a slightly different manner by Dr Moore. It may be very reasonably conjectured that the author had thought over the subject, and mentally put at least part of the poem into shape, before the tavern scene. *The Groans of Scotland* is the name of a brochure published in July 1746. *Gent. Mag.* of that date. Was this Smollett's poem?

And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn.'

Such was Smollett, generously impulsive, ever reckless of the dictates of caution till it was too late, reminding us much of another Scotsman soon after to come into existence on the banks of the Doon, who candidly confessed that the dictates of the heart always preceded with him the counsels of the head. Untypical Scotsmen, in English consideration, were these two eminent literary celebrities produced by our country in the eighteenth century, if Englishmen are to persist in associating the name of Scotsman with all that is cool and considerate—diverted, as we think, by mere external manner, from an appreciation of those actual fervours of the Scottish national genius which Buchanan long ago pronounced upon.*

The coffee-house in that age was an institution of some importance to a gentleman at large in London. Such a person, after devoting the morning perhaps to the levee of some great man, went in a sedan to his coffee-house about noon, saw company there for an hour, 'all the best company;' then took a turn in St James's Park, unless the weather prevented, in which case he remained 'talking politics' in the coffee-house till two, the hour for dinner. The *Cocoa-tree* and *White's* in St James's, the *Smyrna*, *Mrs Rochford's*, and the *British*, all of them close to each other, were the chief haunts of that nature in 1724. The *British*, being kept by a Scotchwoman—a sister, by the way, of Douglas bishop of Salisbury, and 'a person of excellent manners and abilities'†—was remarked to be the favourite of the Scottish nation:‡ hence, doubtless Smollett's attachment to it. The ordinary for dinner was in Suffolk Street; the theatres to be afterwards resorted to, were not far off—in

* 'Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum.'

† Brougham's *Men of Letters of the Reign of George III.*

‡ [Macky's] *Journey through England*, 2 vols. 4th ed. 1724.

the Haymarket (the opera), Covent Garden, and Lincoln's Inn Fields—after which entertainment, there was a resort to a different set of coffee-houses, *Tom's* and *Will's*, in Great Russell Street, 'where there was playing at picket and the best conversation till midnight.' Such was the kind of life into which Smollett now launched, and of which he has himself given us glimpses in his *Roderick Random*. To return to Alexander Carlyle—One Robert Smith, 'a man of superior understanding, and of a most gentlemanly address,' commonly called the *Duke of Roxburghe's Smith;* a young Scot named John Blair, 'a lively agreeable fellow, and one of the most friendly men in the world,' subsequently a prebendary of Westminster, and noted as author of a set of Chronological Tables; Captain Lyon, another Scotsman of good connection, were the chief figures of a little set who associated with the future novelist at the British Coffee-house. Carlyle, taken amongst them by Lyon, who was his relation, was introduced to Smollett, and he tells us—'we four' (that is, Smith, Blair, Smollett, and Carlyle) 'with one or two more, frequently resorted to a small tavern in the corner of Cockspur Street at the Golden Ball, where we had a frugal supper and a little punch, as the finances of none of the company were in very good order. But we had rich enough conversation on literary subjects, which was *enlivened by Smollett's agreeable stories, which he told with peculiar grace.*' So we see, at five and twenty, while still a noteless adventurer in the modern Babylon, he was remarked by a shrewd observer for those gifts of the *conteur* which afterwards gave him fame.

Carlyle relates that, on the evening when the news of the battle of Culloden reached London,* he was at either Forrest's or the British Coffee-house, along with Smith, Smollett, and John Stuart, son of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (who was then in the Tower, on suspicion of having favoured Prince Charles's entrance into that city in the preceding year). Young Stuart betrayed the vexation of a Jacobite with the event; but

* April 23d, a week after the battle.

Smollett, who, though of Tory predilections, was not a partisan of the house of Stuart, is not spoken of as manifesting any particular feeling on the occasion. Carlyle implies that it was the butcheries reported as following on Culloden which roused him to the indignation he expresses in the *Tears of Scotland.* However this may be, they left the house together about nine o'clock, and found the town in a perfect uproar of joy. Smollett, who 'lived at Mayfair'—he must have already left Downing Street—acted as conductor. 'The mob,' says Carlyle, 'were so riotous, and the squibs and crackers so incessant, that we were glad to go into a narrow entry to put our wigs in our pockets, and to take our swords from our belts and walk with them in our hands, as everybody then wore swords; and after cautioning me against speaking a word, lest the mob should discover my country and become insolent, "for John Bull," says he, "is as haughty and valiant to-night as he was abject and cowardly on the Black Wednesday, when the Highlanders were at Derby." After we got to the head of the Haymarket, through incessant fire, the Doctor led me by narrow lanes, where we met nobody but a few boys at a pitiful bonfire, who very civilly asked us for sixpence, which I gave them. I saw not Smollett for some time after, when he shewed me the manuscript of his *Tears of Scotland,* which was published not long after, and had such a run of approbation.'*

The matrimonial life of Smollett commenced in 1747, when he was twenty-six years of age. Whether he had wedded Miss Lascelles in the West Indies three or four years previously, or accomplished his union with her now, cannot be determined. It is tolerably certain that only now did the pair commence living as man and wife in London. A little daughter blessed their union, probably next year; and they are not known to have ever had any more children. We hear nothing of any advance in practice, though it is certain that for several years longer Smollett remained in hopes of professional success.

* *Autobiography of Alexander Carlyle,* p. 190.

How, meanwhile, is the household of the young surgeon to be supported? Poetical satires in shilling brochures evidently will not do much. Still satire he feels to be his great faculty—it may take other and more profitable forms—it may be conveyed, for instance, in a prose fiction. Le Sage had shewn him the way in his *Gil Blas*. It had been exemplified long before by the Spanish novelists. He—the young Scotch surgeon—degree-less, practice-less—would write a book of adventures, in which he would 'represent modest merit struggling with every difficulty to which a friendless orphan is exposed from his own want of experience, as well as from the selfishness, envy, malice, and base indifference of mankind.' He would raise a generous indignation in the reader's breast, 'against the sordid and vicious disposition of the world.' His own actual history, which had certainly not been without its ups and downs, its lights and shades, would supply him with a groundwork. The various individuals with whom he had been associated, would furnish characters to animate the scene, though with certain disguisings and alterations, that the satire might not have too much of a personal character. All through the year 1747, he must have been engaged in working out this plan; and in January of 1748 the result appeared in *The Adventures of Roderick Random*, published in two pocket volumes at six shillings, by Osborne of Gray's Inn Lane—the identical bookseller whom Johnson had some time before knocked down for being 'impertinent' to him. The book met with instant success. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu thought it must be by Fielding, then the greatest composer of fiction in England. Smollett, who made no attempt to conceal the authorship, beyond withholding his name from the title-page, sprang immediately into repute as a man of letters. He also profited somewhat in money by the adventure. But, of course, the authorship of even a successful novel was not favourable to those professional prospects on which a more steady income was contingent.

Reviewed in our day, when we have so many superior models for that kind of production, *Roderick Random* cannot be set

forward as a work of high excellence. While the nearly contemporary novel of Fielding gives a complete and masterly *epopee*—a mystery about the hero to be cleared up, a love affair started at the beginning and happily settled at last, the whole a complication of moral difficulties successfully met and overcome—Smollett's tale consists of a series of unconnected adventures, and only brings the hero into a love affair towards the conclusion. The story is nevertheless splendidly entertaining—nobody ever grew tired over it. Its movements are all rapid and surprising. It is impossible to resist the broad farce of many of the scenes in which the hero and his friend Strap are engaged, or the comicality of such originals as Weazel and Morgan. If there is any portion that can be called disagreeable, and which one could consequently wish abridged, it is that in which the characters of the naval captains are described. If there is any decided moral offence given—apart from the coarseness characteristic of the age—it is in the development of the hero's own character; a person eager to be regarded as a gentleman unworthily depressed below his proper level, yet who shews remarkably few positive merits entitling him to a better fate—on the contrary, a parasitical tendency warranting one much worse; who is continually inveighing against the general baseness of mankind as the cause of his low fortunes, while he has hardly a word of apology for actions on his own part—a system of fortune-hunting, for example—that make him only fit to be classed with the worst of his species. Even this drawback, however, is wonderfully redeemed by its being the means of bringing out the self-sacrificing devotion of the companion Strap. Here lies the finest point in the book. It has even a historical value. Let it be observed, Strap is, from the first rencontre at Newcastle, the equal of Random in fortune. He remembers, however, that in their school-days, he, the child of a village tradesman, had to regard Random as a scion of the gentry. The national habit of mind asserts itself in their new circumstances, and even when he is furnishing the means of supporting Random as a gentleman, it never occurs to him that

he should consider himself as otherwise than the natural slave of his protegé, or feel the slightest resentment at his fits of ill-temper. When we connect the perfect simplicity of the barber's character, his humble origin, position, and prospects, with his possession of a classical education, making him intellectually to some extent a fit companion for a gentleman, we must admit that we have, in Hugh Strap, a specimen of the Scotch nation, such as has not existed in later times, and which may never be seen again. The interest felt in Strap has led to various speculations with regard to some possible original for the character; but on this point there exists such obscurity that I am inclined to regard the barber as almost, if not quite, a creation of the author out of the general characteristics of his humbler countrymen.* Side by side with Strap, as a picture of humble disinterestedness, is the charming portrait of Lieutenant Bowling, for whom, however, as far as I am aware, no prototype in real life has ever been hinted at.

In *Roderick Random*, Smollett gave an account of a depressed poet and scholar named Mr Melopoyn, whom he represents as having terminated in a jail a long series of misfortunes and

* Faulkner, in his *History of Chelsea*, represents one Lewis, a bookbinder, who died at that village in 1785, as Smollett's *Strap*. Lewis was certainly a visiting friend of Smollett at Chelsea; but there appears no reason to suppose that they were in any way connected at an earlier period. In a newspaper of 1809 appears the following paragraph: 'On Sunday was interred in the burial-ground of St Martin's-in-the-Fields the remains of Hew Hewson, who died at the age of 85. . . . . He had passed more than forty years in the parish of St Martin's, and kept a hairdresser's shop, being no less a personage than the identical *Hugh Strap*, whom Dr Smollett rendered so conspicuously interesting in his *Life and Adventures of Roderick Random*. He spoke with pleasure of the time he passed in the service of the Doctor; and it was his pride, as well as boast, to say that he had been educated at the same seminary with so distinguished a character. His shop was hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his acquaintance the several scenes in *Roderick Random* pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in the Doctor's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The Doctor's meeting him at a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London,

disappointments. In the difficulties which this personage had experienced of getting his tragedy brought forward upon the stage, our author evidently referred to his own with the *Regicide.* Having now received some decided encouragement as an author, he took the resolution to print this precious example of early genius, and shame the fools. The public received the gift in 1749, and remained remarkably quiet under it. The preface which Smollett attached to it is a painful specimen of his irritability, detailing the bandyings which the manuscript had undergone between patronising noblemen and reluctant managers, and between himself and these titled patrons, he everywhere appearing as the ill-used son of genius; while to others it is plain that these patrons and managers, from good-nature, really took some trouble with the play, but in the main found it of a material which forbade their being of effective service to the author. Smollett failed to see the false position in which an author stands when he reclaims against the decision of even a single reader.* Had he been wise, he would have left to some friend to complain for him of the neglect which his tragedy had experienced.

In this same year came to London another Scotch youth, equally provided with a five-act tragedy in his portmanteau—for,

and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend, were all of that description.'

Notwithstanding the circumstantiality of this paragraph, there is reason to believe that not Hew Hewson, but one Duncan Niven, was the original—as far as there was any—of Strap. Niven, under the misprint of Rivers, has a place in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1771, with the addition—'the person, it is said, from whom Dr Smollett took his character of Strap in *Roderick Random.*' A literary friend, who stands towards Niven in the relation of great-grand-nephew, says he was a wig-maker in Glasgow—deacon of the corporation of barbers there in 1747–55–58, and a bailie of the city in 1763, as he also appears to have been at his death in 1771. The tradition in the family is, that Smollett became acquainted with Niven at Glasgow College, and was assisted by him with money at his departure for the south. One Hutchinson, a barber at Dunbar, had also some pretensions to be regarded as Smollett's Strap.

* 'The public seemed to take part with the managers.'—*Carlyle.*

as some one has remarked, this seems as a sort of five-barred gate which every young genius's Pegasus must leap ere he can get well into the field of letters. In plain terms, John Home, a young Scotch clergyman, an intimate friend of Alexander Carlyle, and really a person endued with much of the warm temperament of the poet—amiable withal, and generally loved—thought proper to bring to London a tragedy on the story of the patriot king Agis, hoping to get it represented on the stage. He enjoyed on this occasion the society of Smollett—probably on the introduction of Carlyle—but the two could only condole with each other on the cruelty of managers, for Garrick refused to have anything to do with *Agis*. One has some sympathy with Home on his disappointment, for all that he did was to go to Shakspeare's bust in Westminster Abbey, and write as follows:

'Image of Shakspeare! To this place I come,
To ease my bursting bosom at thy tomb;
For neither Greek nor Roman poet fired
My fancy first, thee chiefly I admired;
And day and night revolving still thy page,
I hoped, like thee, to shake the British stage;
But cold neglect is now my only meed,
And heavy falls it on so proud a head.
If powers above now listen to thy lyre,
Charm them to grant indulgent my desire;
Let petrifaction stop the falling tear,
And fix my form for ever marble here!'*

* Mackenzie's *Life of John Home*, 8vo, p. 35.

CHAPTER V.

'PEREGRINE PICKLE.'

WHILE waiting for practice, Smollett, prompted by success and necessity, planned a second novel; and wishing, for the benefit of this work, to extend his views of life, he made a journey to Paris, where he had for his chief friend and guide a young Scotch medical student named Moore, whose acquaintance he had very naturally made some time before, as this youth had succeeded him as an apprentice to Mr Gordon at Glasgow. The two young men went together to see Versailles, St Cloud, and other places of interest, and were companions in several social scenes. Mr Moore afterwards remembered with much feeling a rencontre they had had with a group of fellow-Scotsmen, living as exiles from their country, in consequence of their concern in the recent rebellion. One of these gentlemen, Mr Hunter of Burnside in Forfarshire (the family still exists), affected Smollett extremely by telling how, when resident at Boulogne, he and his companions in misfortune had been accustomed every day to walk down to the beach, 'in order to indulge their longing eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion which they must never more approach.' In the novel now projected, Smollett made this the subject of a touching description (chapter xxxvi.).

At Paris, our novelist encountered some other persons, of whom he made use in the same way, but as subjects for merriment. Chief of these was a young London physician, travelling like himself for pleasure and observation. Sprung from humble parentage in the north of England, Mark Akenside had with some difficulty acquired a medical education, and was now trying to get into practice in the metropolis, being mainly supported in the mean time by a wealthy gentleman named

Dyson. He had some years before published his *Pleasures of Imagination*, a poem which, after more than a century, has not lost its fame. He was of an ardent temperament, fond of the ancient Greek literature, and still more in love with Greek republicanism. There was a *verve* in the soul of Akenside which broke through the stiff literary diction of the eighteenth century—as, for example, where he expostulates with a clergyman who had preached against glory—a burst of feeling, by the way, which Dugald Stewart used to recite to his class with unction never to be forgotten by the auditors:

'Come then tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal Glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways,
No such law to me was given.
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me,
Faring like my friends before me,
Nor a holier place desire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre!'

The man who could write thus ought to have been taken to the bosom of Smollett. But Akenside, who had been for some years at the Edinburgh University, let forth some disparaging remarks on Scotland; and Smollett had the usual sensitiveness of a Scotsman of that age regarding his country. It was also a peculiarity of Akenside, that he affected to judge of everything he saw by an Athenian standard; and Smollett had not scholarship to follow him. His hatred for all modern political institutions grated harshly on the mind of Smollett, who, in his politics,

was very much what would now be called a Conservative. Accordingly, a prejudice arose in the mind of the author of *Roderick Random* against a virtuous and estimable man, with whom, as a brother-poet, and a brother-struggler in an arduous professional walk, he ought rather to have sympathised. In company with Akenside, there was a painter, whose name has not been preserved, but who was as full of conceit as the poet, only coupled with gross ignorance and presumption. Smollett studied both their characters, with a view to making them of some service in the novel he had now in hand.

This novel came out in spring 1751, under the name of the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, in four volumes.* It represented a young man of much the same character as Roderick Random, passing through a series of scenes and transactions, not much to his credit, but yet exhibiting always a certain generosity of disposition which saved his libertinism from being disgusting. It introduced some nautical characters of an original and humorous kind, which at once took a fixed place in the imagination of English readers. It contained several most amusing scenes, composed from the author's observations on Akenside and the conceited artist at Paris; one, in particular, most notable, representing a feast after the manner of the ancients, instituted by the pedantic physician; certainly nothing in English literature contains more of what is laughable, and it may fairly be said that Smollett has in that chapter ascended to the level of Cervantes. The great drawback of the work is the loose life of the hero, and the coarseness of language in which most of the characters indulge. In the first edition, there were many passages positively licentious, which the author thought proper to erase or modify afterwards; but even after this revision, the tale remains, in our age, unfitted as a whole for the reading of

* 'London, printed for the Author, and sold by D. Wilson, at Plato's Head, near Round Court in the Strand, 1751.' The 7th edition was published in 1784, with the names of Strahan, Rivingtons, Baldwin, &c., on the title-page, and adorned with copper-plates from drawings by Stothard.

females and of young persons generally. One unfortunate blemish consists in the introduction of a *Memoir of a Woman of Quality*, a recital which could not now shew face in any decent company. It was the actual autobiography of a Lady Vane, a beautiful but reckless creature, whose gallantries had for some years scandalised even the gay world. She had formed the wish to explain her faulty life to the public, and is understood to have given Smollett a sum of money for the opportunity he afforded her to do so through the medium of *Peregrine Pickle*. Her story is, after all, chiefly a detail of the troubles she underwent in baffling the efforts of her husband to win her back to his home. Owing to the keen though temporary interest felt about her, the memoir is understood to have assisted in procuring a large sale for *Peregrine Pickle*.*

This novel has no more of a regular structure or *epopee* than *Roderick Random*—it is, like its predecessor, a series of adventures, ending with the marriage and settlement in life of a not very respectable hero. It has, however, all the entertaining qualities of *Roderick Random*, and somewhat more, introducing characters, situations, and points of humour which no reader, however disposed to condemn the general tone of the book, can

* Frances Hawes was married first to Lord William Hamilton; afterwards, in 1735, while still no more than twenty, to Viscount Vane of the Irish peerage. So early as January 1737, his lordship had occasion to publish an advertisement for the recovery of his wife, who had eloped from him and gone into concealment. She was described by him as tall, well shaped, with light-brown hair, fair complexioned, her upper teeth somewhat irregular, her dress a red damask French sacque. The number of her lovers was much greater in reality than as represented in the novel. A curious circumstance connected with her ladyship I can relate on good authority. About 1775, a young divinity student, named Thomas Stuart, while attending the Edinburgh University, was selected by Principal Robertson to go and take charge of the education of a boy named Hawes, who lived with his mother in a villa near Bath. It was set forth to him that, besides a handsome salary, he might, in the event of giving satisfaction, hope for promotion in the English Church, as the lady had influence with the Earl of Bute. He was pleased with the situation, and only remarked with some surprise that of Mrs Hawes's many visitors few were ladies. At length, as they were one day passing along a

view with gravity. The attractions of *Peregrine Pickle* mainly centre round two points—the so-called 'Garrison,' with its inhabitants, Trunnion, Hatchway, and Pipes; and the exquisitely burlesque scenes afforded by the Physician and Painter in their sojourn at Paris. Or, if a third centre exists, it may be said to reside in the chapters in which the hero forms the acquaintance of Cadwallader Crabtree.

COMMODORE TRUNNION'S RIDE TO CHURCH.

[Commodore Trunnion is a retired naval officer, residing with his lieutenant, Mr Hatchway, and his old boatswain, Tom Pipes, in a villa which he has surrounded with a fosse and wall, and furnished with artillery, as a kind of fortress. He has a contempt for the fair sex, but nevertheless, by a series of stratagems, is at length forced into a union with Mrs Grizzel Pickle. The manner of his proceeding to church to be married, and his temporary failure in that design, are thus described.]

The fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the county; and on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway,

public walk in Bath, the young tutor heard the crowd repeating the name of Lady Vane, mingled with expressions of reprobation, and the truth instantly flashed upon him. He had inadvertently gone into the service of the lady of quality whose memoirs had been published upwards of twenty years before by Smollett. He wrote to Principal Robertson, to explain the necessity he was under of resigning his post. When he communicated his resolution to the lady, she changed colour, but did not upbraid him. Charles Fox was present, conversing gaily, on the evening when he departed from Lady Vane's house by a passing stage-coach. The lady at parting put a ring upon his finger, and whispered in his ear, 'Had these wan cheeks been twenty years younger, your Scotch pride might have been vanquished.' He became minister of Newburgh in Fife, and passed through a blameless life.*

Lady Vane died in 1788, when she must have been about seventy-three years of age.

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* This anecdote of Lady Vane was communicated to the author by his friend, the late Rev. John Anderson, minister of Newburgh, who was nephew to Mr Stuart.

resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage, then, he set out from the garrison for the church, after having despatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding further in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other, like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr Trunnion replied: 'Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back and tell those who sent you that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that, as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway.' —'Lord, sir!' said the valet, 'what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church-porch in less than a quarter of an hour.'—'What! right in the wind's eye?' answered the commander; 'ahey! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And

as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate.' The courier, finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion; some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this: the commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of 'What cheer? ho!' The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance, as he passed, replied with a faltering voice: 'O d..... you! you are safe at an anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored.' Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but

resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view, he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude, he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host; far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on in honour of his nuptials his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol rammed in a case covered with a bear-skin. The loss of his tie-periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lanthorn jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag

followed; and therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he in a few minutes outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a wagoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who at his landing on the other side gave some tokens of sensation, by hollowing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom, finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of this first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat Cognac, which it really was! and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd; while some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant;* and at length one of the gentlemen, accosting him

very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked if he had not dropped his companion by the way. 'Why, look ye, brother,' replied the commodore, 'mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A.M. with fair weather, and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony: but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these sons of bitches of horses, which I had bought but two days before (for my own part I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quicksands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie-periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank God! am got into smooth water and safe riding: but if ever I venture my carcass upon such a harum-scarum blood of a bitch again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion, d..... my eyes!'

CADWALLADER CRABTREE.

[Pickle is pursuing his mirth-seeking career at Bath, when—]

Being at the house of a certain lady, on a visiting-day, he was struck with the appearance of an old man, who no sooner entered the room than the mistress of the house very kindly desired one of the wits present to roast the old put. This petit maitre, proud of the employment, went up to the senior, who had something extremely peculiar and significant in his countenance, and saluting him with divers fashionable congés, accosted him in these words: 'Your servant, you old rascal. I hope to have the honour of seeing you hanged. I vow to Gad! you look extremely shocking, with these gummy eyes, lanthorn jaws, and toothless chaps. What! you squint at the ladies, you old rotten medlar? Yes, yes, we understand your ogling; but you must content yourself with a cook-maid, sink me! I see you want to sit. These withered shanks of yours tremble under their burden: but you must have a little patience, old Hirco; indeed you must.'

The company was so tickled with this address, which was delivered

with much grimace and gesticulation, that they burst out into a loud fit of laughter, which they fathered upon a monkey that was chained in the room; and when the peal was over, the wit renewed his attack in these words: 'I suppose you are fool enough to think this mirth was occasioned by Pug: ay, there he is; you had best survey him; he is of your own family, switch me: but the laugh was at your expense; and you ought to thank heaven for making you so ridiculous.' While he uttered these ingenious ejaculations, the old gentleman bowed alternately to him and the monkey, that seemed to grin and chatter in imitation of the beau, and with an arch solemnity of visage, pronounced: 'Gentlemen, as I have not the honour to understand your compliments, they will be much better bestowed on each other.' So saying, he seated himself, and had the satisfaction to see the laugh returned upon the aggressor, who remained confounded and abashed, and in a few minutes left the room, muttering, as he retired, 'The old fellow grows scurrilous, stap my breath.'

While Peregrine wondered in silence at this extraordinary scene, the lady of the house perceiving his surprise, gave him to understand that the ancient visitant was utterly bereft of the sense of hearing; that his name was Cadwallader Crabtree: his disposition altogether misanthropical; and that he was admitted into company on account of the entertainment he afforded by his sarcastic observations, and the pleasant mistakes to which he was subject from his infirmity. Nor did our hero wait a long time for an illustration of this odd character. Every sentence he spoke was replete with gall; nor did his satire consist in general reflections, but in a series of remarks, which had been made through the medium of a most whimsical peculiarity of opinion.

Among those who were present at this assembly was a young officer, who having by dint of interest obtained a seat in the lower house, thought it incumbent upon him to talk of affairs of state; and accordingly regaled the company with an account of a secret expedition which the French were busied in preparing; assuring them, that he had it from the mouth of the minister, to whom it had been transmitted by one of his agents abroad. In descanting upon the particulars of the armament, he observed, that they had twenty ships of the line, ready manned and victualled at Brest, which were destined for Toulon, where they would be joined by as many more; and from thence proceed to the execution of their scheme, which he imparted as a secret not fit to be divulged.

This piece of intelligence being communicated to all the company except Mr Crabtree, who suffered by his loss of hearing, that cynic was soon after accosted by a lady, who, by means of an artificial alphabet, formed by a certain conjunction and disposition of the fingers, asked if he had heard any extraordinary news of late? Cadwallader, with his usual complaisance, replied, that he supposed she took him for a courier or spy, by teasing him eternally with that question. He then expatiated upon the foolish curiosity of mankind, which, he said, must either proceed from idleness or want of ideas; and repeated almost *verbatim* the officer's information, as a vague ridiculous report invented by some ignorant coxcomb, who wanted to give himself airs of importance, and believed only by those who were utterly unacquainted with the politics and strength of the French nation.

In confirmation of what he had advanced, he endeavoured to demonstrate how impossible it must be for that people to fit out even the third part of such a navy, so soon after the losses they had sustained during the war; and confirmed his proof by asserting, that, to his certain knowledge, the harbours of Brest and Toulon could not at that time produce a squadron of eight ships of the line.

The member, who was an utter stranger to this misanthrope, hearing his own asseverations treated with such contempt, glowed with confusion and resentment, and raising his voice, began to defend his own veracity with great eagerness and trepidation, mingling with his arguments many blustering invectives against the insolence and ill-manners of his supposed contradicter, who sat with the most mortifying composure of countenance, till the officer's patience was quite exhausted; and then, to the manifest increase of his vexation, he was informed, that his antagonist was so deaf, that in all probability the last trumpet would make no impression upon him, without a previous renovation of his organs.

[Pickle cultivates the acquaintance of the misanthrope, and learns his history; after which recital, the old man adds that, by his feigned deafness, he not only contrives with impunity to chastise various follies, but acquires a wonderful amount of knowledge of secret transactions that could not otherwise be revealed to him. This puts Pickle upon a plan for gratifying his own love of what the author calls 'practical satire.']

Pickle was seized with a strange whim, and when he communicated the conceit to Cadwallader, it in a moment acquired his approbation. This notion he imparted in a proposal to subject

the town to their ridicule, by giving responses in the character of a professed conjuror, to be personated by the old misanthrope, whose aspect was extremely well calculated for the purpose. The plan was immediately adjusted in all its parts; an apartment hired in a house accommodated with a public stair, so that people might have free ingress and egress, without being exposed to observation; and this tenement being furnished with the apparatus of a magician, such as globes, telescopes, a magic-lantern, a skeleton, a dried monkey, together with the skins of an alligator, otter, and snake, the conjuror himself took possession of his castle, after having distributed printed advertisements containing the particulars of his undertaking.

These bills soon operated according to the wish of the projectors. As the price of the oracle was fixed at half-a-guinea, the public naturally concluded that the author was no common fortune-teller; and the very next day, Peregrine found some ladies of his quality acquaintance infected with the desire of making an experiment upon the skill of this new conjuror, who pretended to be just arrived from the Mogul's empire, where he had learned the art from a Brahman philosopher. Our young gentleman affected to talk of the pretensions of this sage with ridicule and contempt, and with seeming reluctance undertook to attend them to his apartment, observing that it would be a very easy matter to detect the fellow's ignorance, and no more than common justice to chastise him for his presumption. Though he could easily perceive a great fund of credulity in the company, they affected to espouse his opinion, and, under the notion of a frolic, agreed that one particular lady should endeavour to baffle his art, by appearing before him in the dress of her woman, who should at the same time personate her mistress, and be treated as such by our adventurer, who promised to squire them to the place. These measures being concerted, and the appointment fixed for the next audience-day, Peregrine furnished his friend with the necessary information; and when the hour of assignation arrived, conducted his charge to this oraculous seer.

They were admitted by our hero's valet-de-chambre, whose visage, being naturally meagre and swarthy, was adorned with artificial whiskers, so that he became the Persian dress which he wore, and seemed a very proper master of the ceremonies to an oriental necromancer. Having crossed his arms upon his breast, with an inclination of the head, he stalked in solemn silence before them into the penetralia of the temple, where they found the conjuror

sitting at a table, provided with pen, ink, and paper, divers books and mathematical instruments, and a long white wand lying across the whole. He was habited in a black gown and fur-cap: his countenance, over and above a double proportion of philosophic gravity, which he had assumed for the occasion, was improved by a thick beard, white as snow, that reached to his middle, and upon each shoulder sat a prodigious large black cat which had been tutored for the purpose.

Such a figure, which would have startled Peregrine himself, had not he been concerned in the mystery, could not fail to make an impression upon those whom he accompanied. The fictitious chambermaid, in spite of all her natural pertness and vivacity, changed colour when she entered the room, while the pretended lady, whose intellects were not quite so enlightened, began to tremble in every joint, and ejaculate petitions to heaven for her safety. Their conductor advancing to the table, presented his offering, and, pointing to the maid, told him that lady desired to know what would be her destiny in point of marriage. The philosopher, without lifting up his eyes to view the person in whose behalf he was consulted, turned his ear to one of the sable familiars that purred upon his shoulder, and taking up the pen, wrote upon a detached slip of paper these words, which Peregrine, at the desire of the ladies, repeated aloud: 'Her destiny will, in a great measure, depend upon what happened to her about nine o'clock in the morning on the third day of last December.'

This sentence was no sooner pronounced, than the counterfeit lady screamed, and ran out into the antechamber, exclaiming: 'Mercy upon us! Sure he is the devil incarnate!' Her mistress, who followed her with great consternation, insisted upon knowing the transaction to which the response alluded; and Mrs Abigail, after some recollection, gave her to understand that she had an admirer, who, on that very hour and day mentioned by the cunning man, had addressed himself to her in a serious proposal of marriage. This explanation, however, was more ingenious than candid; for the admirer was no other than the identical Mr Pickle himself, who, in his previous information communicated to his associate, had given an account of this assignation, with which he had been favoured by the damsel in question.

Our hero, seeing his company very much affected with this circumstance of the wizard's art, which had almost frighted both mistress and maid into hysteric fits, pretended to laugh them out

of their fears, by observing that there was nothing extraordinary in this instance of his knowledge, which might have been acquired by some of those secret emissaries whom such impostors are obliged to employ for intelligence, or imparted by the lover himself, who had, perhaps, come to consult him about the success of his amour. Encouraged by this observation, or rather prompted by an insatiable curiosity, which was proof against all sorts of apprehension, the disguised lady returned to the magician's own apartment, and assuming the air of a pert chambermaid: 'Mr Conjuror,' said she, 'now you have satisfied my mistress, will you be so good as to tell me if ever I shall be married?' The sage, without the least hesitation, favoured her with an answer in the following words: 'You cannot be married before you are a widow; and whether or not that will ever be the case, is a question which my art cannot resolve, because my foreknowledge exceeds not the term of thirty years.'

This reply, which at once cut her off from the pleasing prospect of seeing herself independent in the enjoyment of youth and fortune, in a moment clouded her aspect; all her good-humour was overcast, and she went away, without further inquiry, muttering in the rancour of her chagrin, that he was a silly impertinent fellow and a mere quack in his profession. Notwithstanding the prejudice of this resentment, her conviction soon recurred; and when the report of his answers was made to those confederates by whom she had been deputed to make trial of his skill, they were universally persuaded that his art was altogether supernatural, though each affected to treat it with contempt, resolving, in her own breast, to have recourse to him in private.

[After a great number of consultations by ladies, all involving more or less scandalous particulars, to the infinite enjoyment of Pickle and his associate, the narrative proceeds.]

Among those who appeared at his grate, he perceived a certain clergyman, whom he had long known an humble attendant on the great, and with some the reputed minister of their pleasures: this Levite had disguised himself in a greatcoat, boots, and dress quite foreign to the habit worn by those of his function; and being admitted, attempted to impose himself as a country squire upon the conjuror, who, calling him by his name, desired him to sit down. This reception corresponding with the report he had heard touching our magician's art, the doctor said he would lay aside all dissimulation. After having professed an implicit belief that his supernatural

knowledge did not proceed from any communication with evil spirits, but was the immediate gift of heaven, he declared the intention of his coming was to inquire into the health of a good friend and brother of his, who possessed a certain living in the country, which he named; and as he was old and infirm, to know what space of time was allotted to him in this frail state of mortality, that he might have the melancholy satisfaction of attending him in his last moments, and assisting him in his preparations for eternity.

The conjuror, who at once perceived the purport of this question, after a solemn pause, during which he seemed absorbed in contemplation, delivered this response to his consulter: 'Though I foresee some occurrences, I do not pretend to be omniscient. I know not to what age that clergyman's life will extend, but so far I can penetrate into the womb of time as to discern that the incumbent will survive his intended successor.' This dreadful sentence in a moment banished the blood from the face of the appalled consulter, who, hearing his own doom pronounced, began to tremble in every joint; he lifted up his eyes in the agony of fear, and saying: 'The will of God be done,' withdrew in silent despondence, his teeth chattering with terror and dismay.

This client was succeeded by an old man about the age of seventy-five, who, being resolved to purchase a lease, desired to be determined in the term of years by the necromancer's advice, observing, that as he had no children of his own body, and had no regard for his heirs at law, the purchase would be made with a view to his own convenience only; and therefore, considering his age, he himself hesitated in the period of the lease, between thirty and threescore years.

The conjuror, upon due deliberation, advised him to double the last specified term, because he distinguished in his features something portending extreme old age and second childhood, and he ought to provide for that state of incapacity, which otherwise would be attended with infinite misery and affliction. The superannuated wretch, thunderstruck with this prediction, held up his hands, and in the first transports of his apprehension, exclaimed: 'Lord have mercy upon me! I have not wherewithal to purchase such a long lease, and I have long outlived all my friends; what then must become of me, sinner that I am, one hundred and twenty years hence!' Cadwallader—who enjoyed his terror—under pretence of alleviating his concern, told him that what he had prognosticated did not deprive him of the means which he and every person had in

their power to curtail a life of misfortune; and the old gentleman went away, seemingly comforted with the assurance that it would always be in his power to employ a halter for his own deliverance.

Soon after the retreat of this elder, the magician was visited by one of those worthies known among the Romans by the appellation of *Heredipetes*, who had amassed a large fortune by close attention to the immediate wants and weakness of raw unexperienced heirs. This honourable usurer had sold an annuity upon the life of a young spendthrift, being thereto induced by the affirmation of his physician, who had assured him his patient's constitution was so rotten that he could not live one year to an end; he had, nevertheless, made shift to weather eighteen months, and now seemed more vigorous and healthy than he had ever been known, for he was supposed to have nourished a hereditary gout from his cradle. Alarmed at this alteration, the seller came to consult Cadwallader, not only about the life of the annuitant, but also concerning the state of his health at the time of his purchasing the annuity, purposing to sue the physician for false intelligence should the conjuror declare that the young man was sound when the doctor pronounced him diseased. But this was a piece of satisfaction he did not obtain from the misanthrope, who, in order to punish his sordid disposition, gave him to understand that the physician had told him the truth, and nothing but the truth: and that the young gentleman was in a fair way of attaining a comfortable old age. 'That is to say,' cried the client, in the impatience of his mortification at this answer, 'bating accidents; for, thank God, the annuitant does not lead the most regular life; besides, I am credibly informed he is choleric and rash; so that he may be concerned in a duel: then there are such things as riots in the street, in which a rake's skull may be casually cracked; he may be overturned in a coach, overset in the river, thrown from a vicious horse, overtaken with a cold, endangered by a surfeit; but what I place my chief confidence in is a hearty gout, a distemper which hath been fatal to his whole family. Not but that the issue of all these things is uncertain; and expedients might be found, which would more effectually answer the purpose. I know they have arts in India, by which a man can secure his own interest, in the salutation of a friendly shake by the hand; and I don't doubt that you, who have lived in that country, are master of the secret. To be sure, if you was inclined to communicate such a nostrum, there are abundance of people who would purchase it at a very high price.'

Cadwallader understood this insinuation, and was tempted to amuse him in such a manner as would tend to his disgrace and confusion; but, considering that the case was of too criminal a nature to be tampered with, he withstood his desire of punishing this rapacious cormorant any other way than by telling him, he would not impart the secret for his whole fortune ten times doubled; so that the usurer retired, very much dissatisfied with the issue of his consultation.

The next person who presented himself at this altar of intelligence was an author, who recommended himself to a gratis advice, by observing that a prophet and poet were known by the same appellation among the ancients; and that, at this day, both the one and the other spoke by inspiration. The conjuror refused to own this affinity, which, he said, formerly subsisted, because both species of the *Vates* were the children of fiction; but as he himself did not fall under that predicament, he begged leave to disown all connection with the family of the poets; and the poor author would have been dismissed without his errand, though he offered to leave an ode as security for the magician's fee, to be paid from the profits of his first third night, had not Cadwallader's curiosity prompted him to know the subject of this gentleman's inquiry. He therefore told him, that in consideration of his genius, he would for once satisfy him without a fee; and desired him to specify the doubts in which he wished to be resolved.

The son of Parnassus, glad of this condescension, for which he thanked the necromancer, gave him to understand that he had some time before presented a play in manuscript to a certain great man, at the head of taste, who had not only read and approved the performance, but also undertaken to introduce and support it on the stage; that he (the author) was assured by this patron that the play was already (in consequence of his recommendation) accepted by one of the managers, who had faithfully promised to bring it to light; but that when he waited on this same manager, to know when he intended to put his production in rehearsal, the man declared he had never seen or heard of the piece: 'Now, Mr Conjuror,' said he, 'I want to know whether or not my play has been presented, and if I have any sort of chance of seeing it acted this winter.'

Cadwallader, who had, in his younger days, sported among the theatrical muses, began to lose his temper at this question, which recalled the remembrance of his own disappointments; and despatched the author with an abrupt answer, importing that the

affairs of the stage were altogether without the sphere of his divination, being entirely regulated by the demons of dissimulation, ignorance, and caprice.

It would be an endless task to recount every individual response which our magician delivered in the course of his conjuration. He was consulted in all cases of law, physic, and trade, over and above the ordinary subjects of love and marriage; his advice and assistance were solicited by sharpers, who desired to possess an infallible method of cheating unperceived; by fortune-hunters, who wanted to make prize of widows and heiresses; by coxcombs, who longed for the death of their fathers; by merchants, who had insured above value, and thirsted after the news of a wreck; by underwriters, who prayed for the gift of prescience, that they might venture money upon such ships only as should perform the voyage in safety; by Jews, who wanted to foresee the fluctuations of stock; by usurers, who advance money upon undecided causes; by clients, who were dubious of the honesty of their counsel: in short, all matters of uncertain issue were appealed to this tribunal; and, in point of calculation, *De Moivre* was utterly neglected. By these means, the whole variety of characters undisguised passed as it were in review before the confederates, who, by divers ingenious contrivances, punished the most flagrant offenders with as much severity as the nature of their plan would allow.

THE DINNER AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENTS.

——In a word, our young gentleman, by his insinuating behaviour, acquired the full confidence of the doctor, who invited him to an entertainment which he intended to prepare in the manner of the ancients. Pickle, struck with this idea, eagerly embraced the proposal, which he honoured with many encomiums, as a plan in all respects worthy of his genius and apprehension; and the day was appointed at some distance of time, that the treater might have leisure to compose certain pickles and confections which were not to be found among the culinary preparations of these degenerate days.

With a view of rendering the physician's taste more conspicuous, and extracting from it the more diversion, Peregrine proposed that some foreigners should partake of the banquet; and, the task being left to his care and discretion, he actually bespoke the company of a French marquis, an Italian count, and a German baron, whom he

knew to be egregious coxcombs, and therefore more likely to enhance the joy of the entertainment.

Accordingly, the hour being arrived, he conducted them to the hotel where the physician lodged, after having regaled their expectations with an elegant meal in the genuine old Roman taste; and they were received by Mr Pallet, who did the honours of the house, while his friend superintended the cook below. By this communicative painter, the guests understood that the doctor had met with numerous difficulties in the execution of his design; that no fewer than five cooks had been dismissed, because they could not prevail upon their own consciences to obey his directions in things that were contrary to the present practice of their art; and that, although he had at last engaged a person, by an extraordinary premium, to comply with his orders, the fellow was so astonished, mortified, and incensed at the commands he had received, that his hair stood on end, and he begged on his knees to be released from the agreement he had made: but, finding that his employer insisted upon the performance of his contract, and threatened to introduce him to the commissaire, if he should flinch from the bargain, he had, in the discharge of his office, wept, sung, cursed, and capered for two whole hours without intermission.

While the company listened to this odd information, by which they were prepossessed with strange notions of the dinner, their ears were invaded by a piteous voice that exclaimed in French: 'For the love of God! dear sir! for the passion of Jesus Christ! spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!' Their ears still vibrated with the sound, when the doctor entering, was by Peregrine made acquainted with the strangers, to whom he, in the transports of his wrath, could not help complaining of the want of complaisance he had found in the Parisian vulgar, by which his plan had been almost entirely ruined and set aside. The French marquis, who thought the honour of his nation was concerned at this declaration, professed his sorrow for what had happened, so contrary to the established character of the people, and undertook to see the delinquents severely punished, provided he could be informed of their names or places of abode. The mutual compliments that passed on this occasion were scarce finished, when a servant coming into the room, announced dinner; and the entertainer led the way into another apartment, where they found a long table, or rather two boards joined together, and furnished with a variety of dishes, the steams of which had such evident effect upon the nerves of the company, that

the marquis made frightful grimaces, under pretence of taking snuff; the Italian's eyes watered, the German's visage underwent several distortions of features; our hero found means to exclude the odour from his sense of smelling, by breathing only through his mouth; and the poor painter running into another room, plugged his nostrils with tobacco. The doctor himself, who was the only person then present whose organs were not discomposed, pointing to a couple of couches placed on each side of the table, told his guests that he was sorry he could not procure the exact *triclinia* of the ancients, which were somewhat different from these conveniences, and desired they would have the goodness to repose themselves without ceremony, each in his respective couchette, while he and his friend Mr Pallet would place themselves upright at the ends, that they might have the pleasure of serving those that lay along. This disposition, of which the strangers had no previous idea, disconcerted and perplexed them in a most ridiculous manner; the marquis and baron stood bowing to each other, on pretence of disputing the lower seat, but in reality with a view of profiting by the example of one another, for neither of them understood the manner in which they were to loll; and Peregrine, who enjoyed their confusion, handed the count to the other side, where, with the most mischievous politeness, he insisted upon his taking possession of the upper place.

In this disagreeable and ludicrous suspense, they continued acting a pantomime of gesticulations, until the doctor earnestly entreated them to waive all compliment and form, lest the dinner should be spoiled before the ceremonial could be adjusted. Thus conjured, Peregrine took the lower couch on the left-hand side, laying himself gently down, with his face towards the table. The marquis, in imitation of this pattern—though he would have much rather fasted three days than run the risk of discomposing his dress by such an attitude—stretched himself upon the opposite place, reclining upon his elbow in a most painful and awkward situation, with his head raised above the end of the couch, that the economy of his hair might not suffer by the projection of his body. The Italian, being a thin limber creature, planted himself next to Pickle, without sustaining any misfortune, but that of his stocking being torn by a ragged nail of the seat, as he raised his legs on a level with the rest of his limbs. But the baron, who was neither so wieldy nor supple in his joints as his companions, flounced himself down with such precipitation, that his feet, suddenly tilting up, came in furious contact with the head of the marquis, and demolished every curl in a twinkling,

while his own skull, at the same instant, descended upon the side of his couch with such violence, that his periwig was struck off, and the whole room filled with pulvilio.

The drollery of distress that attended this disaster entirely vanquished the affected gravity of our young gentleman, who was obliged to suppress his laughter by cramming his handkerchief in his mouth; for the bareheaded German asking pardon with such ridiculous confusion, and the marquis admitted his apology with such rueful complaisance, as were sufficient to awake the mirth of a quietist.

This misfortune being repaired as well as the circumstances of the occasion would permit, and every one settled according to the arrangement already described, the doctor graciously undertook to give some account of the dishes as they occurred, that the company might be directed in their choice; and with an air of infinite satisfaction thus began: 'This here, gentlemen, is a boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil! I wish, for your sakes, gentlemen, it was one of the geese of Ferrara, so much celebrated among the ancients for the magnitude of their livers, one of which is said to have weighed upwards of two pounds; with this food, exquisite as it was, did the tyrant Heliogabalus regale his hounds. But I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the soup, which I hear is so necessary an article at all tables in France. At each end there are dishes of the salacacabia of the Romans; one is made of parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pine-tops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen livers; the other is much the same as the soup-maigre of this country. Then there is a loin of veal boiled with fennel and caraway-seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hachis of the lights, liver, and blood of an hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons. Monsieur le Baron, shall I help you to a plate of this soup?' The German, who did not at all disapprove of the ingredients, assented to the proposal, and seemed to relish the composition; while the marquis being asked by the painter which of the *silly-kickabys* he chose, was in consequence of his desire accommodated with a portion of the soup-maigre; and the count, in lieu of spoon-meat, of which he said he was no great admirer, supplied himself with a pigeon, therein conforming to the choice of our young gentleman, whose example he determined to follow through the whole course of the entertainment.

The Frenchman, having swallowed the first spoonful, made a full pause, his throat swelled, as if an egg had stuck in his gullet, his

eyes rolled, and his mouth underwent a series of involuntary contractions and dilatations. Pallet, who looked steadfastly at this connoisseur, with a view of consulting his taste, before he himself would venture upon the soup, began to be disturbed at these emotions, and observed with some concern, that the poor gentleman seemed to be going into a fit; when Peregrine assured him that these were symptoms of ecstasy, and for further confirmation, asked the marquis how he found the soup. It was with infinite difficulty that his complaisance could so far master his disgust, as to enable him to answer: 'Altogether excellent, upon my honour!' And the painter, being certified of his approbation, lifted the spoon to his mouth without scruple; but far from justifying the eulogium of his taster, when this precious composition diffused itself upon his palate, he seemed to be deprived of all sense and motion, and sat like the leaden statue of some river-god, with the liquor flowing out at both sides of his mouth.

The doctor, alarmed at this indecent phenomenon, earnestly inquired into the cause of it; and when Pallet recovered his recollection, and swore that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone than such an infernal mess as that which he had tasted; the physician, in his own vindication, assured the company, that, except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal ammoniac instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured; and appealed to the marquis, whether such a succedaneum was not an improvement on the whole. The unfortunate petit-maitre, driven to the extremity of his condescension, acknowledged it to be a masterly refinement; and deeming himself obliged, in point of honour, to evince his sentiments by his practice, forced a few more mouthfuls of this disagreeable potion down his throat, till his stomach was so much offended, that he was compelled to start up of a sudden; and, in the hurry of his elevation, overturned his plate into the bosom of the baron. The emergency of his occasions would not permit him to stay and make apologies for this abrupt behaviour; so that he flew into another apartment, where Pickle found him puking, and crossing himself with great devotion; and a chair, at his desire being brought to the door, he slipt into it more dead than alive, conjuring his friend Pickle to make his peace with the company, and in particular excuse him to the baron, on account of the violent fit of illness with which he had been seized. It was not without reason that he employed a mediator; for when our hero returned to the dining-room, the

German got up, and was under the hands of his own lackey, who wiped the grease from a rich embroidered waistcoat, while he, almost frantic with his misfortune, stamped upon the ground, and in High Dutch cursed the unlucky banquet, and the impertinent entertainer, who all this time, with great deliberation, consoled him for the disaster, by assuring him that the damage might be repaired with some oil of turpentine and a hot iron. Peregrine, who could scarce refrain from laughing in his face, appeased his indignation, by telling him how much the whole company, and especially the marquis, was mortified at the accident; and the unhappy sala-cacabia being removed, the places were filled with two pies, one of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, which the doctor had substituted in the room of toasted poppy-seed, formerly eaten with honey, as a dessert; and the other composed of a hock of pork baked in honey.

Pallet, hearing the first of these dishes described, lifted up his hands and eyes, and with signs of loathing and amazement pronounced: 'A pie made of dormice and syrup of poppies; Lord in heaven! what beastly fellows those Romans were!' His friend checked him for his irreverent exclamation with a severe look, and recommended the veal, of which he himself cheerfully ate, with such encomiums to the company, that the baron resolved to imitate his example, after having called for a bumper of Burgundy, which the physician, for his sake, wished to have been the true wine of Falernum. The painter, seeing nothing else upon the table which he would venture to touch, made a merit of necessity, and had recourse to the veal also; although he could not help saying that he would not give one slice of the roast beef of Old England for all the dainties of a Roman emperor's table. But all the doctor's invitations and assurances could not prevail upon his guests to honour the hachis and the goose; and that course was succeeded by another, in which he told them were divers of those dishes, which among the ancients had obtained the appellation of *politeles*, or magnificent. 'That which smokes in the middle,' said he, 'is a sow's stomach, filled with a composition of minced pork, hog's brains, eggs, pepper, cloves, garlic, anise-seed, rue, ginger, oil, wine, and pickle. On the right-hand side are the teats and belly of a sow, just farrowed, fried with sweet wine, oil, flour, lovage, and pepper. On the left is a fricassee of snails, fed, or rather purged, with milk. At that end next Mr Pallet are fritters of pompions, lovage, origanum, and oil; and here are a couple of pullets, roasted and stuffed in the manner of Apicius.'

The painter, who had by wry faces testified his abhorrence of the sow's stomach, which he compared to a bagpipe, and the snails which had undergone purgation, no sooner heard him mention the roasted pullets, than he eagerly solicited a wing of the fowl; upon which the doctor desired he would take the trouble of cutting them up, and accordingly sent them round, while Mr Pallet tucked the table-cloth under his chin, and brandished his knife and fork with singular address; but scarce were they set down before him, when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he called aloud, in a manifest disorder: 'Zounds! this is the essence of a whole bed of garlic!' That he might not, however, disappoint or disgrace the entertainer, he applied his instruments to one of the birds; and when he opened up the cavity, was assaulted by such an irruption of intolerable smells, that, without staying to disengage himself from the cloth, he sprung away, with an exclamation of 'Lord Jesus!' and involved the whole table in havoc, ruin, and confusion.

Before Pickle could accomplish his escape, he was sauced with a syrup of the dormouse-pie, which went to pieces in the general wreck; and as for the Italian count, he was overwhelmed by the sow's stomach, which, bursting in the fall, discharged its contents upon his leg and thigh, and scalded him so miserably, that he shrieked with anguish, and grinned with a most ghastly and horrible aspect.

The baron, who sat secure without the vortex of this tumult, was not at all displeased at seeing his companions involved in such a calamity as that which he had already shared; but the doctor was confounded with shame and vexation. After having prescribed an application of oil to the count's leg, he expressed his sorrow for the misadventure, which he openly ascribed to want of taste and prudence in the painter, who did not think proper to return and make an apology in person; and protested that there was nothing in the fowls which could give offence to a sensible nose, the stuffing being a mixture of pepper, lovage, and assafœtida, and the sauce consisting of wine and herring-pickle, which he had used instead of the celebrated garum of the Romans; that famous pickle having been prepared sometimes of the scombri, which were a sort of tunny fish, and sometimes of the silurus, or shad fish; nay, he observed that there was a third kind, called garum hæmation, made of the guts, gills, and blood of the thynnus.

The physician, finding it would be impracticable to re-establish the order of the banquet, by presenting again the dishes which had

been discomposed, ordered everything to be removed, a clean cloth to be laid, and the dessert to be brought in.

Meanwhile, he regretted his incapacity to give them a specimen of the alieus, or fish meals of the ancients, such as the jus diabaton, the conger-eel, which, in Galen's opinion, is hard of digestion, the cornuta or gurnard, described by Pliny in his *Natural History*, who says the horns of many of them were a foot and a half in length; the mullet and lamprey, that were in the highest estimation of old, of which last Julius Cæsar borrowed six thousand for one triumphal supper. He observed that the manner of dressing them was described by Horace, in the account he gives of the entertainment to which Mæcenas was invited by the epicure Nasiedenus:

Affertur squillas inter Murena natantes, &c.

And told them, that they were commonly eaten with the thus syriacum, a certain anodyne and astringent seed, which qualified the purgative nature of the fish. Finally, this learned physician gave them to understand, that though this was reckoned a luxurious dish in the zenith of the Roman taste, it was by no means comparable, in point of expense, to some preparations in vogue about the time of that absurd voluptuary Heliogabalus, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess.

By this time the dessert appeared, and the company were not a little rejoiced to see plain olives in salt and water: but what the master of the feast valued himself upon, was a sort of jelly, which he affirmed to be preferable to the hypotrimma of Hesychius, being a mixture of vinegar, pickle, and honey, boiled to a proper consistence, and candied assafœtida, which he asserted, in contradiction to Aumelbergius and Lister, was no other than the laser syriacum, so precious as to be sold among the ancients to the weight of a silver penny. The gentlemen took his word for the excellency of this gum, but contented themselves with the olives, which gave such an agreeable relish to the wine, that they seemed very well disposed to console themselves for the disgraces they had endured; and Pickle, unwilling to lose the least circumstance of entertainment that could be enjoyed in their company, went in quest of the painter, who remained in his penitentials in another apartment, and could not be persuaded to re-enter the banqueting-room, until Peregrine undertook to procure his pardon from those whom he had injured. Having assured him of this indulgence, our young gentleman led him in like a criminal, bowing on all hands with an air of humility and contrition;

and particularly addressing himself to the count, to whom he swore in English, as God was his Saviour, he had no intent to affront man, woman, or child; but was fain to make the best of his way, that he might not give the honourable company cause of offence, by obeying the dictates of nature in their presence.

When Pickle interpreted this apology to the Italian, Pallet was forgiven in very polite terms, and even received into favour by his friend the doctor, in consequence of our hero's intercession: so that all the guests forgot their chagrin, and paid their respects so piously to the bottle, that in a short time the champaign produced very evident effects in the behaviour of all present.

Though *Peregrine Pickle* is not in any degree what its predecessor is, an autobiography of the author, we yet see, in the propensity of the hero to 'practical satire,' a reflection of Smollett's character. He was now, merely, 'the laddie with the stane in his pouch' grown up. Still was it the prevalent tendency of his nature to delight in hits at affectation, folly, and selfishness; still did he delight, above all things, in raising the hearty laugh, hearing it go round, and joining in it himself. And, of course, where this propensity is indulged in without control, even by such essentially generous and upright natures as his, there will be instances of injustice, as we see to have been especially the case in the deportraiture of the physician. In spite of this and other drawbacks, it must be admitted that, in the small class of purely humorous works which our literature presents, very few are entitled to rank above *Peregrine Pickle*. From end to end it coruscates with drolleries. One must also admit its remarkable originality. It stands independent of Rabelais, of Cervantes, of Butler, of Swift; the humours are all Smollett's own; one could not come casually in contact with any of them, without instantly recognising it as Smollett's. Not less true is it—and there could not be a better test of originality—that in *Peregrine Pickle* we find the germs of the ideas of other fictionists. Trunnion's 'garrison' is slavishly copied by Sterne in the castle of Uncle Toby. Cowper's ride of John Gilpin is a metrical reproduction of the old commodore's ride to church. The misanthrope who practises satire

under cover of a feigned deafness, reappears in the Sir Mungo Malagrowther of Scott.* You find the *disjecta membra* of Pickle floating all through the tide of subsequent fictitious literature.

It is at the same time not unworthy of note that Smollett did not purely excogitate all these rich humours. The conjuring project executed by Crabtree in concert with Peregrine, is obviously suggested by a well-known anecdote in the life of the Earl of Rochester. Of the dinner after the manner of the ancients, you find the germs in a tract of Dr William King, including his mock-heroic poem, *The Art of Cookery*, with letters to Dr Lister on his so-called translation of Apicius Cœlius *Concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients*.†

'As Matthæus Sylvaticus,' says King, 'composed the Pandects of Physic, and Justinian those of Law, so Apicius has composed the Pandects of his art. . . . . The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a *Salacacaby*. Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried pennyroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey, vinegar, oil, and wine; put them in a cacabulum [with] three crusts of Pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, pine-kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small; pour a soup over it. . . . . The most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter—the dormouse; Apicius found an odd fate for these poor creatures; some to be boned, others to be put whole with odd ingredients into hog's guts, and so boiled for sausages. . . . . This dormouse, according to the author, did not drink in three years' time; but whether other dormice do so I cannot tell, because Bambouselbergius's Treatise "of Fattening Dormice" is lost,' &c.

* Commodore Trunnion's dying remark about his wife: 'Though she goes a little crank and humorsome, by being overflowed by Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me,' was perhaps in the mind of Byron when he wrote, in *Don Juan*—

'Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers.'

† This tract is reprinted in the 3d volume of Dr King's works, 1776. Dr Martin Lister was a semicoxcombical naturalist of the reign of Charles II., and actually the author of a book entitled *De Cochleis, &c.* London: 1685.

CHAPTER VI.

PROFESSIONAL HOPES ABANDONED—SETTLES AS A LITERARY WORKER AT CHELSEA—'COUNT FATHOM'—ACTION AGAINST SMOLLETT FOR ASSAULT—MONETARY DIFFICULTIES—TRANSLATION OF 'DON QUIXOTE.'

THOUGH he had been compelled to have recourse to his pen for bread, Smollett continued to be anxious for professional advancement; and in June 1750, he is found to have obtained the degree of M.D. from the Marischal College, Aberdeen.* It is hardly necessary to remark that a medical degree of Aberdeen did not, in those days, require a preliminary examination. With such *prestige* as the title of 'Doctor' gave him, he made an attempt to commence practice at Bath, and (1752) published *An Essay on the External Use of Water*,† which, however, could scarcely be calculated to favour his views, as far as that locality was concerned, since it endeavoured to prove that pure water, both for warm and cold bathing, was equally efficacious with mineral waters, except in certain cases where the vapour-bath is requisite.‡ Smollett seems, as a medical man, to have approached the character of the rational

* This fact was ascertained by Sir Walter Scott, and was first noticed in a note to his memoir of Smollett, Prose Works, iii. 135.

† Cooper, London, 1752.

‡ 'This publication originated in a dispute then subsisting between Mr Cleland, a surgeon in Bath, and the opponents of that gentleman's plan for remedying certain inconveniences relating to the baths of that place. Smollett engaged in it, as was his wont, with some warmth, in vindication of Mr Cleland, which does not seem the remotest design of his performance; but it contains sufficient proofs of his reading and reflection. In his method of using the waters at Bath, he advances several hypothetical objections against the supposed virtues of the mineral principles in hot springs, which he thinks have often, in the case of patients by bathing, usurped the reputation which was really due to the simple element.'—ANDERSON.

hydropathist of our time. He was, as such, before his age; but it is easy to believe there were other causes of failure. With a handsome exterior, and engaging manners for general society, our comic novelist lacked the smooth, meek address which enables a physician to gain the confidence and favour of the valetudinary, especially those of the gentler sex. Where it was necessary to humour caprice and allay unnecessary fears, he was more apt to indulge in that satiric vein which was at once his strength and his weakness. The very fame of his talents in another walk could not but prove somewhat of a disqualification for success in this. He soon found that,

Monmouth House, the Residence of Smollett at Chelsea.

whether in London or at Bath, he was like the horse which starved while the grass grew. Necessity drove him back to his desk, and, yielding to what seemed his manifest destiny, he from this time became simply a man of letters by profession.

For such a life, a quiet and somewhat retired residence was best, provided only that it should not be much out of the way

of his patrons, the booksellers. At Chelsea, which was then a pleasant village, three miles from London, he found the suitable kind of retreat for himself, his wife, and little daughter. The house which he (at least finally) occupied was one called Monmouth House in Lawrence Street, a detached villa, with a garden extending behind it, which had been occupied in Queen Anne's time by a Scottish lady of melancholy history, Duchess of Buccleuch by birthright, and Duchess of Monmouth by her alliance with the hapless son of Charles II. Of this house we shall have occasion to quote Smollett's own description from *Humphry Clinker*.

Smollett's next literary work was the novel entitled the *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, which was published in February 1753, in two volumes. It is a book which one could wish he had never written. The hero is a greater libertine than Pickle, without a spark of generosity to relieve the character; he is also a gambler and a swindler. No one can now read this novel without disgust. It seems strange that Smollett should have thought that any good end could be served by detailing the life of such a scoundrel. He—possibly with unconscious hypocrisy—tries to prove that, by shewing the failure of Fathom's plan of life and his penitence at its close, the morals of the reader would be fortified; but we demur in the first place to the naturalness of such a reformation, and in the second we do not see that the corrupting and debasing effect of such a narrative can be obviated by what is called drawing a moral at the end. The tale has its merits nevertheless. The account of Fathom's danger in the cottage of a sanguinary robber, in the Black Forest, is the prototype of hundreds of such tales, and really an effective piece of writing.

The dedication of Count Fathom is to 'Dr .....,' meaning (it is understood) himself—an idea of a very original kind; and here he gives us the conception he entertained of his own character. 'Know, I despise your pride, while I honour your integrity, and applaud your taste while I am shocked at your

ostentation. I have known you trifling, superficial, and obstinate in dispute; meanly jealous, and awkwardly reserved; rash and haughty in your resentments, and coarse and lowly in your connections. Yet, I own certain good qualities, which overbalance these defects; [which are] chiefly the excesses of a sanguine disposition and looseness of thought, impatient of caution or control.' He takes occasion in this address to mention an anecdote of the author of *The Seasons*. Towards the close of his life, Thomson became convinced of the want of deserving on the part of certain false Mæcenases whom he had praised in dedications, and he formed the intention of retracting all these in a clause of his will—which, however, he was prevented from writing by his unexpected and premature death.*

In the month which saw *Count Fathom* presented to the world, its author had an unpleasant affair on his hands. Amongst the host of depressed and not always worthy people whom he succoured with his purse, was a man named Peter Gordon, who, after receiving numberless marks of Smollett's kindness, walked into the verge of the King's Bench Prison, in order to cancel his obligations. Smollett, fired by this evasion, and further provoked by insolent messages, inflicted a personal chastisement on Gordon—a most indiscreet act, from which he could expect nothing but trouble to follow. Gordon was so far supported on this occasion as to be able to bring an action in the Court of King's Bench against Smollett, and he had for his counsel Mr Hume Campbell, an eminent barrister and member of parliament, twin-brother to Pope's Earl of Marchmont. It might have been expected of a Scotsman of that rank, even when acting as an adverse counsel, that he would shew some tenderness towards a countryman of such distinguished talents. But it was not to be so. Mr Hume Campbell took full advantage of his position to hold up Smollett to infamy, representing him as a cowardly and barbarous ruffian, who had assaulted a

* These dedications were actually omitted in the collected edition of Thomson's works.

peaceable gentleman in the dark, with an intent to murder him. The sensitive novelist writhed under this privileged insolence, which was but little softened by the verdict which the jury gave in his favour; and he wrote a letter to Hume Campbell, calling him to account for the language he had used; but we do not know that it was ever delivered. Smollett here indignantly asserted the slightness of the correction he had bestowed on Gordon; and demanded from Hume Campbell the reparation due to an injured gentleman. It is an eloquent remonstrance,* albeit we must admit how completely the eloquence was thrown away. Unfortunately, even with a verdict in his favour, Smollett was considerably a loser by this suit, and he was left by it in embarrassments which saddened him for the remainder of the year.

This unfortunate condition appears in a letter which he addressed to a Dr Macaulay—probably a relation, as his paternal grandmother was of that name—on the 27th of May 1753; in which, admitting a former loan of fifteen pounds, he asks a further supply of money to the extent of fifty guineas, in anticipation of a like sum which would speedily be due to him on account of a business now in hand.† He here adverts to having lately lost £180 by a bankruptcy; he had lost money and valuable time by the Gordon lawsuit. He had also been 'obliged to pay the costs and damages of that scoundrel Groom [Gordon?], according to the compromise made in court.' A large sum ('above £1000') was due from Mrs Smollett's West India

* This letter was printed from the original in the *European Magazine* for March 1784.

† There is extant a letter of Smollett to Mr Richard Oswald, February 11, 1752, in which he describes the difficulties he is under through failure of West India remittances. A Mrs Leaver, who seems to have been his wife's mother, had given him £200 some time before, and he was deterred from asking more, as she was ignorant and narrow-minded, and might form judgments of him which would break up the peace of his family. He concludes by asking Mr Oswald for an advance of £100, wherewith to satisfy his more pressing creditors. [This letter was sold by Willis and Sotheran, December 1856. My knowledge of it is derived from their catalogue.]

property, and Mr Bontein had promised a remittance, which was expected by the next Kingston ship; but meanwhile the need for immediate funds was urgent. If Dr Macaulay could oblige him, he would willingly pay interest on the money. At the same time he apologised for the trouble he was giving, and could not help despising himself for 'being obliged to run the risk of cooling that friendship which had already interested itself so warmly in my behalf.' The letter altogether is the exponent of a painful crisis in its writer's affairs. So pressing had been his needs, that a note of a month's date for fifty guineas, which he had lately been allowed to draw upon Provost Drummond, for trouble he was taking in the preparation of 'his brother's work,' had to be immediately discounted at a rate equal to 60 per cent.; that is, we may presume, he had 'cashed' the note at a sacrifice of £2, 12s. 6d.

The embarrassment lasted all through this year and the next, for there is a second letter of Smollett to Dr Macaulay, of date December 11, 1754,* in which he reveals that there had been a failure of remittances from Jamaica, and his need for money was now extreme. He was even in 'very great straits for present subsistence.' 'I have done nothing all last summer,' he says, 'but worked upon *Don Quixote*, for which I was paid five years ago.' He had some time before written for assistance to his brother-in-law Telfer in Scotland; but no answer had been as yet returned. In these circumstances he entreats Macaulay to consider how his case might be altered or improved. As a completion to his present troubles, he had last night been robbed of his watch and money in the 'stage-coach between Chelsea and London.' We shall presently see that these

* These letters were printed in the *Scots Magazine*, May 1804, from the originals 'in possession of a gentleman in Edinburgh.'

In one of the editions of Smollett's works, where the letters are reprinted, there is a note stating that Dr Macaulay was 'of Poland Street, and afterwards of Jermyn Street, London.' The work of the brother of Provost Drummond is stated in the same edition to have been *Travels in Germany, Italy*, &c. printed in one volume, folio, 1754.

wretched difficulties about small sums of money did not now cease to torment our unfortunate author. The second of these letters enables us to understand what Smollett was doing during the year 1754. Five years before, he had been engaged by a bookseller to produce a new translation of *Don Quixote*, the trader probably conceiving that so humorous a narrator as the author of *Roderick Random* would be sure to convey somewhat more of the drollery of the original than any other person. It was of little account to such a judge that Smollett was up till this time unacquainted with Spanish; that, let him learn it however well by grammar and dictionary, he must still be unable to appreciate much of the popular colloquial language in which Cervantes so largely indulges; and that among the existing translations, there was one by Jervis, remarkable for the fidelity with which it rendered the quaint and metaphorical phrases and proverbs of the original, and which in scarcely any respect could that of Smollett be expected to excel. A prospectus was forthwith issued, announcing Smollett's version, to be published at two guineas, and conveying a short specimen of his translation.

Smollett's proposals became the subject of a brochure, in the form of *A Letter from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend in Town* (London, 1755), wherein the writer, in a fair spirit of criticism, canvasses his pretensions, and shews how defective was his knowledge of the Spanish language, in comparison with that of Jervis. *Duelos y quebrantes*, which Smollett renders as 'gripes and grumblings,' on a witty presumption that it was a dish composed of vegetables of flatulent tendency, this writer shews from the Milan *Spanish Dictionary* to be an omelet formed of eggs and the brains of beasts. Smollett's explanation of the term *Rozinante*, a beast that was formerly a horse, this writer scoffs at; the real basis of the name being Rozzino, a hack: the knight's famed steed had formerly been simply a hack roadster. He likewise remarks the ignorance shewn in retaining in an English translation the Spanish forms of such names as Antæus, Renaud de Montauban, &c. instead of the original,

with which English readers are sufficiently acquainted, and to which there could be no conceivable objection.

Whatever weight might be attachable to these objections, Smollett's translation,* which was published in March 1755, met a favourable reception from the public. It is scarcely necessary to say that it has ever since been the reigning English version of Cervantes's immortal tale. There may be some such misapprehensions of the sense of obscure expressions as were pointed out by the 'Gentleman in the Country;' but certainly Smollett entered keenly into the humour of his author, and in general reported it successfully; and in no other translation will there be found so many happy adaptations of difficult passages to an English sense.

* Two volumes 4to, Rivington. Price £2, 10s.

CHAPTER VII.

VISIT TO SCOTLAND (1755)—EDITS THE 'CRITICAL REVIEW'—'HISTORY OF ENGLAND'—'THE REPRISAL.'

SMOLLETT was now thirty-four years of age. He had not been in Scotland, and had not seen any of his near relations, since he was eighteen. Having nevertheless a full share of those feelings regarding country and kin for which Scotsmen are said to be remarkable, he longed to see them both again. In the summer of 1755, he was able to make a journey to the north. By this time, his sister's husband, Mr Alexander Telfer, had been enabled to purchase the small estate of Scotston in the upper part of Peeblesshire,* and he now resided there, with his wife and young children. Mrs Archibald Smollett, the novelist's mother, continued to be a member of this prosperous family, as she had been ever since the marriage of her daughter sixteen years before. Her quick wit and energy had doubtless helped Mrs Telfer considerably in the upbringing of her young brood during these years. We must now imagine her in her accustomed parlour seat, when the arrival of a gentleman-stranger is announced. Mrs Telfer sees him first, greets him as her long-absent brother Tobias, and quickly introduces him to the parlour, where the old lady is seated; working (no Scotsman can doubt) at her stocking. He proves to be a tall, handsome, but grave-looking man, and the old lady is informed that he is from the West Indies, where he had been intimately acquainted with her son. She brightens up at this intelligence, and casts a wild eager look towards the stranger. He tries to fix his features in a sort of frown, the better to prevent recognition;

* Mr Telfer purchased Scotston in 1749 for £2062, 6s. 8d.—*History of Peeblesshire.*

but it is no easy matter before those eager eyes. He relaxes into a smile, and it is all over. The old lady sprung from her chair, and threw herself into his arms, crying: 'My son, my son! I have found you at last!' 'If you had continued to *gloom*,' she told him, 'you might have imposed upon me for some time longer; but your old roguish smile betrayed you at once.' *

Smollett on this occasion visited various parts of Scotland, including the city of Glasgow, 'where,' says his friend Moore, 'I had the pleasure of spending two very agreeable days with him and some of his old companions.' We may hope that amongst these was Deacon Niven, the now prosperous wig-maker and corporation dignitary, who had in younger and poorer days given of his scanty means to assist Smollett in his first migration from Glasgow to London, if he did not indeed accompany him and serve him on his journey, as Strap did Roderick Random.†

At this time, the great business of periodical criticism was in England concentrated in a work entitled *The Monthly Review*, which had been published for some years by a bookseller named Griffiths, in St Paul's Churchyard. A large part of the work was prepared by a wretched scholar whom the publisher kept at bed and board in a garret of his warehouse, and over whose tastes and judgment he himself held supreme control, excepting only in as far as *Mrs* Griffiths divided the empire with her husband. About the time now under our notice, the post of this beast of burden was filled by an uncouth-looking young Irish medical student, who some years after emerged into fame as Dr Oliver Goldsmith. The work produced in this manner affected a popular line of politics, which, of course, helped to raise a party against it. There was also at this time in London a printer named Hamilton, a native of the north side of the Tweed, which he had been obliged to leave about twenty years

* The particulars of this pleasant rencontre were communicated to Dr Moore by Lieutenant-colonel Smollett, grandson of Mrs Telfer.

† See *ante*, p. 53, *note*.

before, in consequence of his young blood having led him to take part in executing Lynch-law upon the notorious Captain Porteous. He had been foreman in the printing-office of Mr William Strahan, but latterly had set up on his own account, and was likely to be a prosperous man.* It occurred to Mr Hamilton that there was an opportunity of starting a successful rival to *The Monthly Review*—a more dignified and scholarly work, one which would lean to a more aristocratic line of politics—what the *Quarterly* afterwards was in relation to the *Edinburgh;* and he took Smollett into counsel as his prime literary associate in the affair. The consequence was that, in February 1756, there appeared the first number of THE CRITICAL REVIEW, *or the Annals of Literature*†—stated on the title (with perhaps a glance at Mr Griffiths's system) to be 'by *a Society of* GENTLEMEN.' In simple fact, it was under the conduct of Dr Smollett, and continued to be so for several years. Not a well-chosen business for such a man, as, however well qualified for it by his talents, scholarship, and literary experience, he sadly lacked the calmness of temper either to conduct it inoffensively, or to bear well the rejoinders which exasperated authorship was sure to bring upon him. The work, nevertheless, was, during Smollett's reign, creditably written, and not more severe in its general tone than might have been expected from a man essentially generous, as well as high-minded. The distinction it aimed at in contrast with the *Monthly*, is quietly hinted at in an amusing way in a note at the end of the second number, addressed to a correspondent. This gentleman is called upon to correct the notion under which he lies, that the writer of a certain article in the

* Hamilton is described by Alexander Chalmers as 'a man of well-known liberality both of mind and purse.' Chatterton, a little while before his death, solicited money of Mr Hamilton, and 'received it, with an assurance that he should have more if he wanted it.'—Chalmers's *British Poets*, xv. 375.

† Published by 'R. Baldwin at *the Rose* in Paternoster Row,' which happens to be the house from which this memoir of the editor of the *Critical Review* is issued.

first number was 'Mr Baldwin's author;' the fact being that 'Mr Baldwin was no more than the said critic's publisher.' How grimly would Mr and Mrs Griffiths take this in their back-parlour at the Churchyard!

All through the first year of the *Critical Review*, Smollett was engaged in another literary adventure, in some respects the most remarkable he ever undertook. Up to this time, there was no History of England excepting the cumbrous and unattractive works of Rapin, Echard, Oldmixon, Kennett, and Carte. David Hume's first brace of volumes, issued in 1754, was the only portion of the history which could be considered as written in conformity with modern taste. A bookseller, seeing how well Hume's work had been received, bethought him that a complete narration of English history in a moderate compass, written by an author of established reputation, would probably prove a good speculation. He easily induced Smollett to undertake the authorship, for Smollett was eager to work for the means of subsistence. The work was to be published in three volumes quarto, at three guineas to subscribers; and so favourably did the public receive the announcement, that the publisher is said to have received a thousand pounds from a brother-in-trade, to transfer his bargain. Smollett set about his task, not in the spirit of a historian of our day, anxious to get light from recondite sources, but as a mere *conteur* or narrator, whose main duty was to write what would form agreeable reading for the multitude. Even on this plan, he found occasion, as he somewhere tells us, to consult above three hundred volumes for information; nevertheless, by December 1757, he had finished his task in *four volumes* quarto, a fourth having been found necessary to take in the whole narration down to 1748, though given to subscribers gratuitously. The time actually bestowed on this large compilation is asserted, on good authority, to have been only fourteen months; and it certainly was all comprised within the two years 1756 and 1757, during which the author had the *Critical Review*, if not other tasks, upon his hands. What must now add to our wonder and pity regarding

the work is the knowledge we have of the pecuniary embarrassments which were torturing the poor author all the time. When he sat down to his task, he was, to use his own phrase, 'harassed by duns.' In April 1756, he was under threat of immediate arrest. In summer, he lost two months through vexatious proceedings connected with a promissory-note which he had given for the relief of a friend.* Apart from all such collateral difficulties, the task was one to which the whole range of our literary history does not furnish a parallel. When Smollett addressed himself to it, he abandoned all habits of healthful recreation, and confined himself almost constantly to his desk.† How a man of medical education should have allowed himself so outrageously to violate the laws of nature is inexplicable, unless we assume that the need for the copy-money was so pressing or so tempting as to admit of no choice. The two years thus spent by our author brought on chest disease and a scorbutic affection; and thenceforth, he never more enjoyed good health. The *History of England* probably took twenty years from his life, and made the last fourteen a time of greater or less trouble. It was a terrible sacrifice to make for a few hundred pounds.

Smollett confesses that, in commencing this history, he had a warm side to those principles in which he had been educated—meaning the principles of the Revolution—but as he went on, he found the Whig ministers such a set of 'sordid knaves,' that he was constrained to somewhat change his tone. It may be suspected that he had never been more than what would now be called a Conservative Whig, and had really little sentiment to change. Certes, however, he gave such a mild view of the delicts of King James II. and so cold an approval of the character and doings of William of Orange, as excited remark; and Sir Robert Walpole was thought to fare particularly ill at his hands. He dedicated the work to Mr Pitt, then

* Letters of Smollett to Dr Macaulay. Edition of works, 1820.

† We learn this from a Latin account of his case drawn up by himself at Montpellier in 1763, for the opinion of a physician in that city.—*Travels.*

entering upon his short, brilliant career as a minister—telling him that, in so doing without previously asking permission, he had no motive beyond admiration of his shining talents, his patriotism, and the courage with which he asserted British liberty. Pitt sent him a civil letter regarding the book.*

We learn accidentally that Smollett did not direct or edit the *Review* with such immediate care as to be cognizant of every article before it appeared. The *Douglas* of his friend John Home, while the general heart of Scotland beat high in admiration of it, was criticised in the *Review* with what the world would now call simple justice. Smollett apologised for this to Dr Moore, by stating that he had not seen the article any sooner than the public. Another Scotch production of much more doubtful merit, the *Epigoniad* of Professor Wilkie, was roughly handled, and for this Smollett afterwards expressed a similar regret.† Finding in the *Review* a somewhat overcritical paper on *Clarissa Harlow*, he immediately wrote to Richardson a letter of apology, so kind, that the latter, entirely mollified, returned him cordial thanks.‡ It would almost be necessary to consider his editorship as shared by others, were it only to justify him regarding several articles in which works of his own are spoken of. When we find his account of the *Expedition to Carthagena* described as 'extremely well written,' and see it asserted regarding his play of the *Reprisal*, that its author is allowed by

* 'SIR—After a long disability from the gout in my right arm, I have a particular satisfaction in making this first use of my pen to return you my best acknowledgments for the obliging favour you was so good to send me, and to express the sense I have of that undeserved opinion of me which you have ventured to tell the world you are pleased to entertain. One of the first and most agreeable occupations of my summer's leisure will be the perusal of your volumes; a work which, I doubt not, will fully answer, with all good judges, the great expectations which the known talents of the writer have so justly raised. I am, with great regard, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, W. PITT.

'WHITEHALL, *May* 15, 1757.'

† Moore, page 188.

‡ The answer is printed in the *European Magazine* for March 1804.

'those who have real taste' to be 'a master of invention,' and 'happily just in drawing characters;' when we light upon a paper on his *Complete History*, in which his plan is said to be 'happily, faithfully, and judiciously executed,' we feel that the looser his connection with the work can be supposed to be, the better. It fully appears, nevertheless, that when any severe criticism appeared, the recalcitrant author never failed to lay his woes at the door of Dr Smollett.

A now forgotten celebrity of that age was Dr James Grainger, who had been an army surgeon, but was afterwards pleased to devote himself to poetry. His verse was of that kind which fills the latter volumes of the large collections of Anderson and Chalmers—now horrible alike to gods, men, and booksellers. A translation of *Tibullus* from his pen appeared in 1758, and it was treated of rather tartly in the *Critical Review* for December of that year. Smollett had been personally on good terms with Grainger, and had entertained him in his house at Chelsea; but no recollection of roast beef and punch could soften to an author such sneers as those with which he was here saluted. There could scarcely be a doubt of the presence of Smollett's hand in this instance. 'He [Grainger] has obliged us with a vast congeries of notes, grammatical, critical, and explanatory, great part of which he has borrowed from Brockhusius, the Dutch editor of *Tibullus*. Indeed, the sluices of annotation have been opened so successfully in the Batavian taste, that *Tibullus* is floated round with criticism, and stands *à l'abris*, like a fort in the Low Countries, when its *environs* are laid under water.' *There*, of course, stands the author of *Peregrine Pickle* beyond possibility of mistake. Grainger, having no doubts on the subject, issued a pamphlet of defence, in which he made direct attacks upon Smollett, manifesting a deplorable lack of both wit and good-temper. What was worse, Smollett immediately rejoined in the *Review*. He was here doubly severe upon the unhappy Grainger—but perhaps the reader has heard enough of this author, who went to the grave not long after, and whose works have followed him.

We obtain an ample account of the literary associations into which his editorship of the *Review* and his own good-nature brought Smollett at the best period of his Chelsea life, from his own pen, in the subsequently published novel of *Humphry Clinker*. He there makes Jerry Melford describe a visit he paid to the novelist's house, in company with a poor poet named Dick Ivy.

He [Smollett] lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer. He has fixed on the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received, in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand on their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

At two in the afternoon, I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table; and I question if the whole world could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterward confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though, as Ivy told me, the first was noted for having a seaman's eye when a bailiff was in the wind, and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted on sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden; and when a dish of cauliflower was set on the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting: yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and

had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction: when spoken to, he always answered from the purpose: sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath; sometimes he burst out a-laughing; then he folded his arms, and sighed; and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

At first, I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me, aloud, that I had nothing to fear. 'The gentleman,' said he, 'is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified: if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy.' ''Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever,' observed a person in a tarnished laced coat—'aff-ffected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit, w-with nine-nine-teen out of t-twenty.' 'And affected stuttering for humour,' replied our landlord, 'though, God knows, there is no affinity between them.' It seems this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain-speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius; and that imperfection which he had first counterfeited was now become so habitual, that he could not lay it aside.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S....., because he looked and talked, and ate and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S....., at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person; that, if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to the press; but that, if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S..... replied, that he looked on Wyvil's panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil, having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S..... by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing: then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S.....'s conduct on this occasion that reconciled

him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know on what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand, that most of them were, or had been, understrappers or journeymen to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of bookmaking; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects, were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel.

We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry. Some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but, in the meantime, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potato. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but, finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of 'your lordship' with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant

garreteer as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel; and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of 'my lord,' and the upper part of the table at the potato ordinary in Shoe Lane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled *The Balance of the English Poets*, a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegances of the English language. The sage who laboured under the ἀγροφοβία, or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life; and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice-pudding he had ever eaten.

The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term-time, with a tipstaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high-life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr S..... gave a short separate audience to every individual, in a small, remote filbert walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without farther ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same clan, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason that this midwife of the muses used exercise a-horseback, for he was too fat to walk afoot; and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale on his unwieldy size and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance, in presuming to joke on a man so much richer than himself, told him, he was not so

unwieldy but that he could move the Marshalsea Court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily come and settle accounts with him respecting the expense of publishing his last ode to the King of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the Methodist. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good-humour, saying, he expected in a post or two, from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the meantime, he proposed that Mr Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drunk at Ashley's in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself on his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge; and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of Captain Pistol in the play.

Everything being adjusted, they started together with great impetuosity; and, in the second round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, 'larding the lean earth as he puffed along.' Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory farther, but, in a twinkling, disappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane that had communication with the high-road. The spectators immediately began to halloo: 'Stole away!' and Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn running into his foot, sent him hopping back into the garden, roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to surgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming: 'Sure the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!' Our landlord having reconnoitred the shoes he had left, which indeed hardly deserved that name—'Pray,' said he, 'Mr Birkin, wa'n't your boots made of calfskin?' 'Calfskin or cowskin,' replied the other, 'I 'll find a slip of sheepskin that will do his business. I lost twenty pounds by his farce, which you persuaded me to buy. I am out of pocket five pounds by this d.....d ode; and now this pair of boots, bran new, cost me thirty shillings, as per receipt. But this affair of the boots is felony, transportation. I 'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, Mr S..... I will be revenged, even though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction.'

Mr S..... said nothing at present, but accommodated him with a pair of shoes; then ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort

him with a glass of rum-punch, which seemed in a great measure to cool the rage of his indignation. 'After all,' said our landlord, 'this is no more than a humbug in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet when considered as an effort of invention. Tim being, I suppose, out of credit with the cordwainer, fell on this ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes, knowing that Mr Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke on a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised on all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my pony for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature, that, in the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-stealing; and, even when my resentment had in some measure subsided, as he industriously avoided me, I vowed I would take satisfaction on his ribs with the first opportunity. One day, seeing him at some distance in the street, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the shadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me soon enough to make his escape; but, in the very instant I had lifted up the instrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphosed into a miserable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long stick from post to post, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs instead of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked at having so narrowly escaped the concern and disgrace that would have attended such a misapplication of vengeance; but, next day, Tim prevailed on a friend of mine to come and solicit my forgiveness, and offer his note, payable in six weeks, for the price of the pony. This gentleman gave me to understand that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who, having seen me advancing, and guessing my intent, had immediately converted himself into the object aforesaid. I was so diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion, that I agreed to pardon his offence, refusing his note, however, that I might keep a prosecution for felony hanging over his head, as a security for his future good-behaviour; but Timothy would by no means trust himself in my hands till the note was accepted. Then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and imposed in such a manner on my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the bastinado. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went thither, and immediately recollecting the figure I had passed in the street, accosted him by his own name, to the unspeakable astonishment of the footman.'

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but asked if any of the company could tell where Mr Cropdale lodged, that he might send him a proposal about restitution, before the boots should be made away with. 'I would willingly give him a pair of new shoes,' said he, 'and half a guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove, and I sha'n't be able to get the fellows of them till the good weather for riding is over.' The stuttering wit declared that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept was the place of his lodgings; but he believed that, during the heats of summer he commonly took his repose on a bulk, or under the portico of St Martin's church. 'Plague on him!' cried the bookseller, 'he might as well have taken my whip and spurs. In that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil, of course.'

After coffee I took my leave of Mr S....., with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied with respect to the nature of this connection between a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect: 'One would imagine S..... had some view to his own interest in giving countenance and assistance to those people, whom he knows to be bad men as well as bad writers; but, if he has any such view he will find himself disappointed; for if he is so vain as to imagine he can make them subservient to his schemes of profit or ambition, they are cunning enough to make him their property in the meantime. There is not one of the company you have seen to-day, myself excepted, who does not owe him particular obligations. One of them he bailed out of a sponging-house, and afterward paid the debt; another he translated into his family, and clothed, when he was turned out half-naked from jail, in consequence of an act for the relief of insolvent debtors; a third, who was reduced to a woollen night-cap, and lived on sheep's trotters, up three pair of stairs backward, in Butcher Row,* he took into present pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman, without having the fear of sheriff's officers before his eyes. Those who are in distress he supplies with money when he has it, and with his credit

* A series of mean buildings which formerly occupied a space in the Strand, to the north of St Clement's Danes church.

when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers, to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table, which, though plain, is plentiful, and to his good offices, as far as they will go; and, when they see occasion, they make use of his name with the most petulant familiarity; nay, they do not even scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain. The Scotchman you saw at dinner once personated him at an alehouse in West Smithfield, and, in the character of S....., had his head broken by a cow-keeper for having spoken disrespectfully of the Christian religion; but he took the law of him in his own person, and the assailant was fain to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action.'

I observed that all this appearance of liberality on the side of Mr S..... was easily accounted for, on the supposition that they flattered him in private, and engaged his adversaries in public; and yet I was astonished, when I recollected that I had often seen this writer virulently abused in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not a pen was drawn in his defence. 'But you will be more astonished,' said he, 'when I assure you those very guests whom you saw at his table to-day were the authors of great part of that abuse; and he himself is well aware of their particular favours, for they are all eager to detect and betray one another.' 'But this is doing the devil's work for nothing,' cried I; 'what should induce them to revile their benefactor without provocation?' 'Envy,' answered Dick, 'is the general incitement; but they are galled by an additional scourge of provocation. S..... directs a literary journal, in which their productions are necessarily brought to trial; and though many of them have been treated with such lenity and favour as they little deserved, yet the slightest censure, such as perhaps could not be avoided, with any pretensions to candour and impartiality, has rankled in the hearts of those authors to such a degree, that they have taken immediate vengeance on the critic, in anonymous libels, letters, and lampoons. Indeed, all the writers of the age, good, bad, and indifferent, from the moment he assumed this office, became his enemies, either professed or *in petto*, except those of his friends who knew they had nothing to fear from his strictures; and he must be a wiser man than I who can tell what advantage or satisfaction he derives from having brought such a nest of hornets about his ears.'

I owned that was a point which might deserve consideration; but

still I expressed a desire to know his real motives for continuing his friendship to a set of rascals equally ungrateful and insignificant. He said he did not pretend to assign any reasonable motive; that, if the truth must be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a most incorrigible fool; that though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered strangely in the distribution of his favours, which were generally bestowed on the most undeserving of those who had recourse to his assistance; that, indeed, this preference was not so much owing to a want of discernment as to want of resolution; for he had not fortitude enough to resist the importunity even of the most worthless; and, as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it so easily; that his pride was gratified in seeing himself courted by such a number of literary dependants; that, probably, he delighted in hearing them expose and traduce one another; and finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the transactions of Grub Street, which he had some thoughts of compiling for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help suspecting, from Dick's discourse, that he had some particular grudge against S....., on whose conduct he had put the worst construction it would bear; and, by dint of cross-examination, I found he was not at all satisfied with the character which had been given in the *Review* of his last performance, though it had been treated civilly, in consequence of the author's application to the critic. By all accounts, S..... is not without weakness and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilised; nor do I find that there is anything overbearing or implacable in his disposition.

One of the minor tasks of the two busy years, 1756 and 1757, was the production of a farce of sea-life, entitled the *Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England.* Though as poor a specimen of comedy as the *Regicide* was of tragedy, it was brought upon the stage by Garrick, and received so well by the audience as to realise some profit for the author. In accepting the piece, Garrick magnanimously overlooked all that Smollett had ever said or written in his disparagement; moreover, when the author had his usual benefit-night, Garrick very kindly lent his personal aid, playing the character of Lusignan in the play of *Zara*, which preceded the farce. When, moreover, the clerk of the theatre deducted £80 for the expenses, the manager took the oppor-

tunity of writing a kind letter to Smollett, enclosing a draft for as much money as reduced the charge to £60, which he represented as the proper sum where an original play was concerned. Smollett felt duly touched by the manager's generosity, and in his answer, after protesting that, during the late negotiation for the bringing on of the piece, he had never dropped a word of disrespect regarding Mr Garrick, as had been alleged, he added: 'I must own you have acted in this affair of the farce with that candour, openness, and cordiality which even mortify my pride, while they lay me under the most sensible obligation; and I shall not rest satisfied until I have an opportunity to convince Mr Garrick that my gratitude is at least as warm as any other of my passions.' He soon after took occasion, in the *Critical Review*, to pass a high eulogium on the great actor. This little affair is creditable to both Garrick and Smollett, but at the same time a little humiliating to the latter. The manager had seen that Smollett's former vituperations proceeded merely from mortified self-love or vanity. He was more willing to convince Smollett of his injustice than to take vengeance for it. His triumph over both himself and the irritable author was complete.

A feeling which reigned high in the bosom of Smollett at this time was indignation at that contemptible position into which England had been brought by her failures at sea under an imbecile ministry. He was eagerly desirous of rousing the spirit of the nation to the necessity of fresh exertion for the recovery of lost glory, and accordingly wrote as follows in the prologue to his play:

> 'What heart will fail to glow, what eye to brighten,
> When Britain's wrath aroused begins to lighten?
> Her thunders roll—her fearless sons advance,
> And her red ensigns wave o'er the pale flowers of France.
>
> Such game our fathers played in days of yore,
> When Edward's banners fanned the Gallic shore,
> When Howard's arm Eliza's vengeance hurled,
> And Drake diffused her name throughout the world.

Still shall that godlike flame your bosoms fire,
The generous son shall emulate the sire;
Her ancient splendour England shall maintain,
O'er distant realms extend her genial reign,
And rise, the unrivalled empress of the main!'

There is here something of the ring of the metal which constituted the subsequently written *Ode to Independence.*

The *Reprisal* represents an English pleasure-party as taken by a French vessel in the Channel, when the two countries were on the eve of a war, and as being afterwards rescued. The latter incident is the only one actually introduced. The only 'point' in the whole play that could have in any degree amused the audience, was that, in a procession of French sailors bearing the spoils of the English yacht, there was included 'an English buttock of beef on the shoulders of four meagre Frenchmen.' There being, however, among the French officers an Irishman and a Scotsman, exiles for political reasons from their respective countries, the author had an opportunity of making some merriment out of these two nationalities. Lieutenant Oclabber is the typical blundering honest Milesian of the stage. In the Scotch ensign, Mr Maclaymore, we see more originality. He is pedantic, precise, and argumentative, mingling good principle and kindliness with caution and over-devotion to the economy of things. There is in him much of the future Lieutenant Lismahago—of Bailie Jarvie, too, and Dugald Dalgetty, and half a score of Scott's characters. One must read these forgotten works of Smollett to become fully aware of the degree in which his illustrious successor was indebted to him. It is also worthy of notice that, in Marryat's clever tale of *The Three Cutters*, the *Reprisal* of Smollett appears in what might be called a developed state. The narrative of the modern writer is immeasurably superior to the play of his predecessor; but the germ of the story is furnished in this single comedy of Smollett.

CHAPTER VIII.

'UNIVERSAL HISTORY'—SMOLLETT PROSECUTED BY ADMIRAL KNOWLES, AND IMPRISONED IN THE KING'S BENCH—THE 'BRITISH MAGAZINE'—'SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES.'

THROUGHOUT the years 1758–59–60, Smollett was partially occupied with a huge compilation of *Universal History*, which some booksellers and printers, including Samuel Richardson, had projected, and which became a rather indigestible mass to the public. He had here for one of his collaborateurs the industrious Dr John Campbell, who had written so many books that he had forgotten some of them; others were workmen of less skill. It seems to have been the duty of Smollett not merely to write certain parts himself, but to dress up and perfect the inferior work of other men, as far as that was possible. It was wretched drudgery, paid at the meanest rate, and the soul of Smollett revolted from it. He made the resolution never again to connect himself with undertakings from which so little of either honour or profit was to be derived.*

In September 1758, Smollett wrote to his friend Moore, now settled in practice at Glasgow, that he had been called upon to revise his history for a new impression. He performed this duty with a care in the inverse ratio of that which he had employed in the first composition, for he himself tells us that he spent 'the best part of a year' in the task. The new edition was published in weekly numbers in 8vo, embellished with (for that time) tolerably well-executed portraits of the principal persons, of which two or three were done by Strange, 'who,' Walpole bitterly remarks, 'could not refuse his admirable graver to the Jacobite cause.' From the mode of publication, the

* A series of letters addressed on this subject to Mr Richardson was printed in the 1820 edition of Anderson's *Smollett*.

decorations, and the substantial merits of the work, a sale to the then extraordinary amount of eleven thousand was attained. The author had now also to report to Moore that a French gentleman of talent and erudition had undertaken to translate the work into his native language. These were pleasant particulars; but the letter adverted to others which shewed how far from happy was the life of a Critical Reviewer. For this work he had not written much of late—he was sick of both praise and blame on account of it, and wished to God that his circumstances would allow him to consign his pen to oblivion.*

To explain this extreme bitterness—in the preceding May, the *Critical Review* had contained an article of less than a page, upon a pamphlet just issued by Admiral Charles Knowles, for the purpose of defending himself from an imputed blame by a recent court of inquiry on the subject of the failure of the expedition to Rochefort, on the French coast. The expedition had failed, partly because, as its chiefs represented, there was not deep enough water to allow the ships to come sufficiently near shore. The effectiveness of the defence of Admiral Knowles in a particular manner depended on the truth of his allegation that, at three-quarters of a mile from Fort Fouras on the shore, the water was only seven feet deep, and even a bomb-ketch had stuck in the mud. All that the *Critical Review* said on this point was to this purport: The channel of the Charente river might have been, for anything that appeared, within that space. 'In the name of heaven! why was this space left untried? If the persons employed on this service were afraid of approaching the fort nearer in the day, they might, with great safety, have executed the design in the night. They might have foreseen their omission in this particular would leave the most material point undecided, and consequently subject them to doubts, suspicion, and censure.'† For nothing worse than this, which would now pass unnoticed through fifty papers in a morning—

* Moore's *Life of Smollett*, p. 163. † *Critical Review*, v. 439.

Admiral Knowles raised an action for defamation against the publisher of the *Review*, very much to the annoyance of Smollett.

The obscure terms in which the council of inquiry afterwards alluded to the report of Knowles regarding the impossibility of getting near Fort Fouras, tend to raise a belief that he was in fault in this affair, although Smollett, on the other hand, may have taken up the case on wrong grounds. However this may be—perhaps all the more because he was a subject of just popular reproach—Knowles persevered in the resolution to prosecute his critic. We shall presently see how unpleasantly this affair ended for Smollett.

Amongst the men who occasionally came to see Smollett at his Chelsea villa was John Wilkes, as yet but a life-enjoying man about town, but known to have aspirations for the political distinction which he subsequently attained. The conversational and social qualities of Wilkes are well known to have been attractive, and it is not therefore wonderful that Smollett formed a strong attachment to him. By and by (1758), he obtained a seat in parliament, and became, of course, a person of some influence. Wilkes and Dr Samuel Johnson were already somewhat divided from each other, in consequence of a *jeu-d'esprit* which the former had published in reference to a remark in Johnson's Dictionary, that 'H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable [of a word].' 'The author of this observation,' said Wilkes, 'must be a man of quick appre-hension, &c.' An occasion arrived, however, for obliterating this division, and it came through the medium of Smollett, in consequence of circumstances which will be found explained in the following letter of the novelist to the member for Aylesbury:

'CHELSEA, *March* 16, 1759.

'DEAR SIR—I am again your petitioner in behalf of that CHAM of Literature, Samuel Johnson. His black servant, Francis Barber, has been pressed on board the *Star* frigate, Captain Angel; and our lexicographer is in great distress. He says the boy is a sickly lad,

of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for His Majesty's service. You know what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you; and I dare say you will desire no other opportunity of resenting it, than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand that I would make application to my friend Wilkes, who, perhaps, by his interest with Mr Hay and Mr Elliot,* might be able to procure the discharge of his lacquey. It would be superfluous to say more on the subject, which I leave to your own consideration; but I cannot let slip this opportunity of declaring that I am, with the most inviolable esteem and attachment, dear sir, your affectionate, obliged, humble servant, T. SMOLLETT.'

It would appear that Wilkes succeeded in effecting the liberation of Francis Barber, and wrote handsomely to Smollett on the subject. The latter was thus encouraged to ask a second favour of Wilkes in the following terms:

'CHELSEA, *March* 24, 1759.

'DEAR SIR—*Ecce iterum Crispinus!* Your generosity with respect to Johnson shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to find myself comprehended in your league offensive and defensive; nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you, that Admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the *Critical Review* of last May, and commenced a prosecution against the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we shall infallibly be exposed to a considerable expense; and therefore I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some gentlemen, who are my friends, have undertaken to find out and talk with those who are supposed to have influence with the said admiral: may I beg the same favour of you? The trial will come on in the beginning of May; and if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend to kick up a dust and die hard. In a word, if that foolish admiral has any respect to his own character, he will be quiet, rather than provoke further the resentment of, dear sir, your very obliged humble servant, T. SMOLLETT.'

* Lords of the Admiralty.

The trial and its result are thus reported by Dr Moore: 'When the cause came to be heard in the Court of King's Bench, it was stated by the admiral's counsel, that it was not with a view to punish a wretched printer that his client had raised the suit, but to discover who had written the offensive article; that when he should come to the knowledge of the author, if he proved to be a gentleman, another kind of satisfaction would be demanded of him. Dr Smollett no sooner heard this, than he declared himself the writer of the article in question, and gave the admiral to understand that he was ready to give him the satisfaction to which his counsel alluded. This declaration, however, had no other effect than that of becoming the foundation of a new prosecution against the doctor himself, in consequence of which he was fined in £100, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench Prison.' * How Admiral Knowles reconciled his conduct on this occasion with that observance of truth and honour which is deemed necessary in an English gentleman, we are nowhere informed.

The King's Bench Prison has been described by Smollett as situated in St George's Fields, about a mile from the end of Westminster Bridge, and as resembling a little town of one street, surrounded by a high wall, in which was enclosed a garden or piece of open ground, to afford air and exercise to the inmates. 'Except the entrance,' says he, 'where a turnkey keeps watch and ward, there is nothing in the place that looks like a jail, or bears the least colour of restraint.' He speaks of it as containing shops and a tap-house, and as constantly resounding with mirth and jollity. Lodged here in a convenient apartment, visited by sympathising friends (we find that Garrick was of the number), and with plenty of new and peculiar characters to observe in the throng of his fellow-prisoners, it could not be said that Smollett's was a very penitential position. Even that notorious peculiarity of all imprisonment, that it leaves the mind

* Moore's *Life of Smollett*, page 151.

free, was in Smollett's favour. He could practice his profession as well here as in the bowers of Chelsea.

During the latter months of 1759, while Smollett was in the King's Bench Prison, John Newbery, bookseller at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard, was planning a sixpenny monthly magazine, to be started with the coming year. He was an honest fellow, of some sense and ability, and his feelings with regard to literary men were as humane as those of his neighbour Griffiths were the reverse. He was, indeed, that very John Newbery whom Goldsmith introduces personally in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, as the publisher of the history of Mr Thomas Trip, the friend of children, and the friend of the whole human race. He had lately, in a manner, rescued Goldsmith from the bondage of the Griffiths warehouse garret, and he had secured the prospective services of this ingenious, but as yet unknown person, for the intended new magazine. As an editor for that publication, Newbery engaged the imprisoned Smollett, and with his name on the title, and under protection of a royal patent, which was obtained through the interest which Smollett had established with Mr Pitt by the late dedication,* it made its first appearance before the public in January 1760. This *British Magazine*—for so it was entitled—presented in its successive numbers the detached chapters of a new novel by Smollett as its grand attraction. This was *The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, a kind of English *Don Quixote*, and altogether, as we must admit, a sorry specimen of the genius of its author. Sir Launcelot is an accomplished English gentleman, who has been disappointed in love, and who consequently betakes himself in armour to the road, attended by a sort of squire, with the design of redressing any wrongs which may fall in his way. The incongruity of such an enthusiast with the ways and laws of England in the middle of the eighteenth century, is felt to be fatal to the work, which, notwithstanding a few droll scenes, and some characters of an original kind, has long ceased to be read, even

* Walpole's *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II.*

by those who cherish a love of Smollett and his writings. The book is, nevertheless, a remarkable one in our literary history, as foreshadowing a mode of publishing fiction which has since been largely adopted, and with very peculiar results.

It is interesting to trace any connection there was between two men whose genius and worth so much distinguished them from the host of their literary contemporaries as Smollett and Goldsmith. It appears that when the latter was still an obscure and struggling man, housed in his well-known poor lodging in Green-Arbour Court, the editor of the *Critical Review* found him out, and offered him employment as a writer for that work. Goldsmith was now the most important associate in the business of the *British Magazine*, to which he contributed many of those Essays which are yet a part of standard English literature. He appreciated the talents, learning, and goodness of Smollett, and beheld him in a superior light to that furnished by the works he was executing for the booksellers. In the *Citizen of the World*, he makes Lien Chi Altangi remark of the English, that they have 'many poets in disguise among them; men furnished with that strength of soul, sublimity of sentiment, and grandeur of expression which constitutes the character. . . . Their Johnsons and Smolletts are truly poets, though, for aught I know, they never made a single verse in their whole lives.' The justice of this judgment was certainly proved in Smollett's case by his *Ode to Leven Water* and his *Ode to Independence;* but one must feel a little surprise that Goldsmith did not know that his illustrious new friend of Bolt Court had a dozen years before produced *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, not to speak of *London* and *Irene.*

Passing out of liberty into confinement could no more than passing across seas change the mind of Smollett. It is a tradition in his family that he found in the King's Bench the once noted Italian vocalist, Tenducci, a victim to some little debts which it was beyond his power to pay. Smollett was so much touched by the difficulties of this poor foreigner, that out of his own slender resources he discharged Tenducci's debts, and so set him at liberty. The sweet singer was afterwards on

several occasions in Edinburgh, where meeting in society a lady who, he was told, was a near relation of Smollett, he passionately prostrated himself at her feet, and addressed her in an effusion of gratitude towards the name of the novelist, which was rather more embarrassing than pleasing.*

After completing his term of imprisonment, Smollett resumed his laborious habits at Chelsea, and soon appeared before the world as editor of a translation of the works of Voltaire in twenty-one volumes, of which, however, but a small part was executed by himself. He also undertook a *Continuation of the Complete History of England*, of which the first volume in 8vo, starting from the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was published in October 1761, other three volumes from his pen following in order, so as to bring down the narrative to 1762. A fifth volume, with Smollett's name upon the title, but understood to have been written by Guthrie,† and carrying on the narrative to the passing of the Regency Bill in 1765, was published in that year. The continuation is generally marked by the same easy, flowing style as the Complete History, and was perhaps as good and serviceable a view of recent events as could, in the circumstances, have been composed. By the entire work, according to Alexander Chalmers, our author is 'said to have cleared £2000,' which would barely give one hundred and twenty-five pounds for each volume in octavo. For such remuneration was it that Smollett bartered away his brains, throwing his health and life into the bargain. The Continuation betrayed the great change which had taken place in the author's political views, in consequence of the way his mind had been affected by the ministerial convulsions at the beginning of the reign of George III.

It may here be noted, that the second edition of the Complete History in octavo was finished in 1768, harmonising in size with

* This anecdote was communicated by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whose mother was probably the lady referred to.

† Alexander Chalmers's Life of Smollett, prefixed to Smollett's poems, *British Poets*, xv. 548.

the Continuation, and making in all sixteen volumes. The work, if it did not range high in the pantheon of histories, took at least a tolerable place in the English book-market. It is understood to have been a remarkably profitable book to its publishers. Hume, while entertaining a personal kindness for his countryman Smollett, estimated his history at its proper level, as only a clever but superficial review of its subject. On the loftier success attained by Robertson's *History of Scotland*, 1759, David wrote to him ironically: 'Here I sat under the historical summit of Parnassus, immediately under Dr Smollett, and you have the impudence to squeeze yourself past me, and place yourself directly under his feet.'* It has nevertheless been the fate of Hume, for a century, to be republished in constant connection with Smollett; that is to say, to the eight volumes of Hume, bringing the history down to the Revolution, there are always appended five, embracing the narrative of Smollett from 1689 to 1760. The remainder of the latter work has, however, been long left a prey to dumb forgetfulness.

* Brougham's Life of Robertson (*Men of Letters of the Reign of George III.*).

CHAPTER IX.

POLITICAL PARTISANSHIP—'THE BRITON'—DEATH OF SMOLLETT'S DAUGHTER—BROKEN HEALTH—CONTINENTAL TRAVELS AND RESIDENCE—RETURNS TO ENGLAND (1765) IN IMPROVED HEALTH.

THE accession of the young king found Mr Pitt in the midst of that career of conquest over the House of Bourbon in America and India, which made the populace so madly in love with him. The sovereign, however, was desirous of taking into his own hands some of that power which had long been wielded by the great Whig nobles, and he therefore seized an early opportunity of introducing into the ministry his mother's and his own favourite, the Earl of Bute. The other symptoms which soon appeared of his anxiety to surround himself with councillors and officers specially devoted to himself, and ready to be guided by his will, raised a storm of popular obloquy against him, which found vent through various journals. John Wilkes had asked to be appointed ambassador to Constantinople, but had been disappointed. He now took an active part in exciting and aggravating the popular clamours. It was but too easy to do so with regard to the Earl of Bute, for, this noble being a Scotsman, it was only necessary to appeal to the old English prejudices against that nation, in order to exasperate the populace against both him and the sovereign whom he was supposed in a special manner to advise. In spite of this clamour, the king, in May 1762, raised Bute to the head of the Treasury, while the people's favourite, Pitt, retired upon a pension for two lives, and a peerage for his wife. The rage and rancour of the opposition journals then reached a point unattained before, and his lordship's country fell under

such hatred, that it was uncomfortable for a Scotsman to mingle in general society in any part of England. It was in these circumstances thought necessary to meet the enemy with his own weapons, and in the search for suitable writers the Hermit of Chelsea was soon lighted upon. Him we have seen already as the friend of Wilkes. He had sought little favours from the member for Aylesbury, and had thankfully received them. So lately as March 28, having received from Wilkes a copy of an anonymous political pamphlet which he had recently published, Smollett wrote, expressing for the author 'the warmest regard, affection, and attachment;' and adding: 'When I differ from you in any point of opinion, I shall always do it with diffidence and deference.'* Smollett was probably not then led to suppose that Wilkes busied himself in raising wrath against Bute and Scotland; but before many weeks elapsed, he had come to know or believe that such was the case, and that a paper called the *Monitor* was his organ. The feelings of a Scotsman of those days regarding his country were as irritable as the English vituperations against Scotland were unreasonable. Smollett, as we learn from his friend Moore, was full of the liveliest sensibility on this subject. Prepared by Conservative inclinations, but immediately prompted by 'resentment of his country's fate'—bristling, indeed, with the very same outraged feelings which had wrung the *Tears of Scotland* from his heart in 1746—he undertook to conduct a weekly political paper for the defence of the Bute administration. It was styled the *Briton*, and issuing from the printing-office of J. Coote in Paternoster Row, which bore the sign of the King's Arms, assumed that respected emblem as an ornament.† Wilkes was too careless and good-natured to fall out with a friend for a mere difference of sentiment on public affairs; and it is said that, on his first hearing that Smollett's pen was engaged for the Ministry,

* *Life and Correspondence of Wilkes*, i. 50. The pamphlet was entitled *Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain.*

† The *Briton* was in small folio, costing twopence-halfpenny each number of four leaves. The first number appeared on the 29th of May 1762.

he pointedly remarked: 'It would seem that Bute, after distributing all the places under government for his adherents, is determined to monopolise the *wit* also.' But when was hostile pamphleteering found compatible with private friendship? The dignified and scholarly rebukes administered to the popular party in the first two numbers of the *Briton*, were too much to be patiently endured on that side. Before a third number appeared, Mr Wilkes started a direct opposition, under the title of the *North Briton*. It was very unfortunate; but here were the two bosom-friends of March transformed in June, by the demon of party politics, into raging enemies. On the ensuing New-year's Day, Smollett is writing of Wilkes in these terms: 'I would ask if common honesty can reside in the breast which is consecrated to falsehood and dissimulation?—if one virtue of humanity can warm the breast that swells with perfidy, with hatred, with unprovoked revenge?—or if the duties of a good citizen can ever be performed by the hired voluntary instrument of sedition? No; such a caitiff should not escape unpunished: he does not deserve to enjoy the protection of the law; he does not deserve to breathe the free air of heaven, but ought to be exiled from every civilised society.' Mr Almon, Wilkes's friend and editor, deems this a proof that Smollett had 'abandoned every honourable principle.' But—

> '—— constancy lives in realms above, . . .
> And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness on the brain.'

Mr Almon must have been a very poor observer of human nature if he had not witnessed the transformations which anger works in men, independently of all the restraints which are expected from gratitude and generosity. The truth is, Smollett's part of this conflict was more free from inferior motive than that of Wilkes. If there is such a thing as sincerity on earth, he was sincere in believing George III. an upright ruler, studious of the good of his country, and John, Earl of Bute, a respectable and patriotic minister. He never received any direct remuneration for his services to the administration.

While Home was pensioned for his *Douglas*, the author who had delighted the nation with *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* remained dependent on his daily writings for his daily bread. In surrendering his admiration of and love for Wilkes, he probably underwent more suffering than he inflicted. It was a sacrifice which he felt to be demanded of him by the greater love he bore to his country and to other men. The whole affair is, however, to be much regretted. The year he gave to the publication of the *Briton* was the worst spent in his life, and he afterwards repented of it bitterly. Among the weapons employed

A Patriot worried.

against him was the pencil of the caricaturist. It is generally understood that in the burlesque here copied from a contemporary print, the author of *Roderick Random* was represented as one of the two dogs worrying Wilkes, the other being Johnson. In another production of the same sort, representing Bute as a Highlander on a stage, offering money-bags to a crowd, Smollett is understood to be introduced as the attendant mountebank, though certainly the face contains no resemblance to him.

The reader must by this time have acquired a tolerably clear conception of the character of Smollett. While upright, manly,

and generous, he yielded to the dominion of an irritable pride and self-love that deprived him in a great measure of the credit of those noble qualities. His very rectitude and benevolence were so intolerant of everything of an opposite nature, that they brought him as many enemies as friends. Most unluckily for one who was a master of satire, and fond of using the weapon, he was sensitive to the rebuke and satire of others to a pitiable degree. Even the most trivial things of a physically offensive character, which most people contrive to bear with patience, or to pass over with a smile, sent a thrill of anguish through the nervous system of Smollett, producing such splenetic outbursts as surprised and distressed his friends. It seemed by a most perverse decree that such a man was drawn into a profession which, more than almost any other, exposes its members to frequent laying bare of the nerves. There was but one relief in the case of poor Smollett, that he was so alive to the ludicrous. A droll occurrence or recital, or a happy joke, made him laugh heartily in the midst of his gloomiest hypochondria.

The exasperating party strife of 1762 added to the usual vexations attending his position as an author, and more particularly as a reviewer, left Smollett at the beginning of the ensuing year in a state of wretchedness which little fitted him to meet a home grief. It so chanced, however, that his sole daughter—named Elizabeth—was carried off at this crisis by consumption, when she was just about to reach the age of womanhood.* His wife and he felt the blow so keenly, that the accustomed scene of their life became insufferable to them. 'Traduced by malice,' he says, 'persecuted by faction, abandoned by false patrons, and overwhelmed by the sense of a domestic calamity which it was not in the power of fortune to repair'—suffering, moreover, under ailments for which his own climate seemed unsuitable—he resolved to withdraw for some time to the continent. His wife and he took with them two young ladies who had been committed

* In the parochial register of St Luke's, Chelsea, the burial of Elizabeth Smollett is noted under April 11, 1763.

to their care, and a man-servant who had been with them for a dozen years, and refused on this occasion to part with them. Departing from England in June 1763, they lingered at Boulogne for some weeks, that Smollett might have the benefit of sea-bathing, and early in October they proceeded to Paris. Already, an extreme susceptibility to colds, which had beset him in England, was gone; he could walk about in the open air with his hat under his arm. After a very short stay in the capital, the party set out in a hired carriage for Lyon; thence they journeyed to Montpellier, and so on to Nice, which they reached at the beginning of December. Everywhere on this journey, as we learn from Smollett's own statements, he had altercations and quarrels with landlords and postmasters. He could not submit to be imposed upon with the proper placidity. He would appeal about the price of dinners to local magistrates, till he found that these were less authoritative persons than the landlords, and then he had to content himself with chronicling the imposition for a display before his countrymen. It becomes evident, from the account he gives of his travels, what a tendency there was about him to feel as the ill-used party. At the same time, he makes many just and acute remarks about the condition of the country he passed through, and shews learning regarding any antiquities that came under his notice. It appears that the expenses of such a party as his between Calais and Nice reached the large sum of a hundred and twenty pounds. The odd twenty, or little more, would now suffice.

Taking a set of apartments in the house of a gentleman named Corvesi, and having bought furniture for them, he might be said to settle down in Nice. The autumn of 1764 was, nevertheless, employed by him in an excursion by Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, to Rome, whence he returned to Nice. On the objects of eternal interest which met his view in this excursion, his observations are of various character. Of learning to illustrate them there is no lack; but on matters of taste, one often has occasion to remark the eccentricity of his opinions. For example, he could not see the beauty of the Venus de

Medicis. Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' he thought ruined by the multitude of figures. 'A mere mob,' he calls it. He was unimpressed by the Pantheon. I do not feel sure that it was wholly because of the uneasiness of his own sensations, that he misjudged these fine works so abominably—although a great wit has declared such to be the case. 'The learned Smelfungus,' said Sterne, in allusion to Smollett, 'travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on; but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discoloured or distorted. He wrote an account of them; but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings. I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon; he was just coming out of it. "'Tis nothing but a huge cockpit," said he.* "I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus de Medicis," replied I; for, in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess, and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.† I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he spoke of moving accidents by flood and field, and of the cannibals that each other eat; the Anthropophagi. He had been flayed alive and bedevilled, and used worse than St Bartholomew at every stage he had come at. "I'll tell it," cried Smelfungus, "to the world!"‡ "You had better tell it," said I, "to your physician."'§ We every day hear men of reputed intelligence avowing opinions

* 'I was much disappointed at sight of the Pantheon, which, after all that has been said of it, looks like a huge cockpit, open at top.'—*Travels through France and Italy*, Letter xxxi.

† 'I cannot help thinking that there is no beauty in the features of Venus, and that the attitude is awkward and out of character.'—*Ibid.*, Let. xxviii.

‡ 'Thus have I given you a circumstantial detail of my Italian expedition, during which I was exposed to a great number of hardships, which I thought my weakened constitution could not have borne, as well as to violent fits of passion . . . . . insomuch that I may say I was for two months continually agitated either in mind or body, and very often both at the same time.'—*Ibid.*, Let. xxxv.

§ *Sentimental Journey.*

as heterodox as those of Smollett; and on points of taste, a strong statute declares there is no disputing. It cannot be doubted, however, that the irritation continually expressed by our author in regard to beds, dinners, dirt, and vermin—his frequent canings of hostlers and postillions, and the sad and useless appeals to magistrates for redress of hotel bills—were more a matter for medical treatment than for the gratification of the public. And yet, most unexpectedly, we have Smollett's own authority for his having thriven by this journey. Before commencing it, from utter relaxation of the fibres, he was 'as subject to colds as a delicate woman new delivered.' Throughout its course, he stood and walked in rain, heated himself with exercise, and attended midnight masses in cathedrals with impunity. And in the spring of 1765, he was able to leave Nice comparatively in good health and spirits. Returning slowly through Provence, and tarrying a while at Boulogne, it was not till after midsummer that he was again in London, having spent fully two years on the continent. He soon after published his *Travels through France and Italy*, in two volumes; which, notwithstanding the blemishes alluded to, was felt by the public to contain enough of the Smollett cleverness, learning, and humour, to be a readable and agreeable book.

CHAPTER X.

SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND—BAD HEALTH—BATH—'ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM.'

DURING the winter 1765–6, Smollett was principally engaged in preparing his Travels for the press. It was with renewed hope following on renewed health, that he prepared to resume the weighty literary tasks which for a dozen years had enabled him to support the Chelsea household. Sad to say, this winter saw his health once more break down, making relaxation of all severe exertion an imperative necessity. He became subject to severe rheumatic pains, and an ulcer broke out on his right forearm, physically disqualifying him for writing. In April 1766, the mental power itself in some measure gave way, and he fell into that strange dead-alive state which is expressed by the term *coma vigil*, a result of nervous disorder and extreme suffering. In these circumstances, probably in consequence of some kindly signals held out by his relations in Scotland, he resolved on trying the effect of a visit to his native air.

His sister, Mrs Telfer, now a widow, lived at this time in Edinburgh, with her son, a fine young man lately introduced into the army, and also her aged, but still lively and intelligent mother. To their *floor* or *flat* at the head of St John Street, in the Canongate, came in June the sickly, but still handsome and dignified man, whom for many years they had heard of only as one winning mortal trouble with immortal fame in the south. Thither came with him his still pretty Narcissa, now little more than a nurse to a peevish invalid. It was of course a most joyful meeting on all sides. Mrs Telfer was a clever and spirited woman, worthy to be the sister of Smollett, with a great

deal of racy Scotch humour in her composition.* Her son was the more endeared to his distinguished uncle, that there had been a certain understanding in the family that he should marry the pretty cousin now lying low by the bank of the Thames at Chelsea—the subject of a ceaseless mourning to her now solitary parents. David Hume was at this time residing in London, deep in the mad quarrel which Rousseau sought to establish with him. Adam Smith was at Paris, discussing questions in political economy with Turgot. John Home, as for years past, was in attendance on his patron, Lord Bute. But there were, in and about Edinburgh, Robertson, Blair, Fergusson, and others of that remarkable fraternity of thinkers and writers which lent such a lustre to the Scottish capital in the early years of George III. Had Smollett been in good health and spirits, he must have greatly enjoyed this society, as well as that of his estimable relatives, including his cousin, Commissary Smollett, who was professionally resident in Edinburgh. As it was, he could dip but sparingly into any society. We know, however, of several visits which he paid on this occasion. One was to the house of Samuel Mitchelson, writer to the Signet, where occurred the haggis scene described in *Humphry Clinker*. Another was to the residence of an old friend, Commissioner Cardonnel, at Musselburgh, where he had the further satisfaction of renewing acquaintance with Carlyle, now minister of the parish. It seems unlikely that an invalid like Smollett could himself take part in any large parties or assemblies in Edinburgh; but he may be presumed, from what he says in *Clinker*, to have attended the Leith races and the St Cecilia (amateur) concerts. He shews in the same work an acquaintance with

* 'She was very fond of cards—ill-natured looking, with a high nose—but not of a bad temper. A lady, a near relation of mine, was in her house one evening, when one of the Edinburgh bailies, who was a tallow-chandler, paid her a visit. She said: "Come awa, bailie, and take a trick at the cards." "Troth, madam, I ha'e nae siller." "Then, let us play for a pound of candles."'—*MS. Notes furnished to the author in* 1824 *by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.*

the shows, circumstances, and figures of what used to be the very greatest piece of gaiety in Scotland—a Hunters' Ball at Holyrood; that is, a ball given by the society of Hunters, who were simply the principal nobles and gentry of Scotland. He has specified a particular 'beauty' of this assemblage, 'the charming Miss R.....n.' This was a glance at a family affair then pending. The young lady was Eleonora Renton, daughter of John Renton of Lammerton, and one of whose sisters was at this time affianced to young Telfer. These were beauties by a sort of hereditary right, for their mother, Lady Susan Renton, was one of the numerous fair daughters of Alexander and Susanna, Earl and Countess of Eglintoun—a troop of divinities, the turning out of whom in their chairs from a close in the High Street, where their father's mansion was, to a neighbouring assembly-room in *another close*, had thirty years before been one of the most attractive and exciting scenes known in the northern capital. Eleonora married Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, and became the mother of a well-known Scottish antiquary, much in the friendship of Sir Walter Scott. The lady lived to send old-world reminiscences to the present writer, and died so lately as 1836, thus surviving the Hunters' Ball of *Humphry Clinker* for full seventy years. After spending a few of the summer weeks in Edinburgh, Smollett journeyed to Glasgow with his sister and nephew, and there found a home with his friend Dr John Moore, who was now settled in practice in the western city. Here he revived the scenes of early days, renewed acquaintance with old associates, made some new ones, including the mathematician Robert Simson, and was only prevented from thoroughly enjoying himself by the wretched state of his health. Mrs Moore treated him with the homely hearty kindness which I could almost describe as peculiar to a Scotch matron of the old times, if I did not shrink from comparisons disadvantageous either to great bodies of people or to distinct epochs. He felt it deeply, and afterwards thanked her for it most kindly, apologising to her at the same time for his peevishness while under her roof, and telling her she had seen nothing of him but 'the wrong side

of the tapestry.' Moore, in adverting to this visit of his old friend, says: 'I had never before seen Smollett but in the bloom of health, of a vigorous make, an elegant form, and agreeable countenance, and was much affected at the dismal alteration which had now taken place in his face and person: it brought to my remembrance his own description of Peregrine when visited in prison by his friend Gauntlet, who, from "a florid, sprightly, gay, elevated youth, found him metamorphosed into a wan, dejected, meagre spectre, the hollow-eyed representative of distemper."'

From Glasgow, still accompanied by his sister, and now also by his friend Moore, he proceeded on a visit to his cousin James Smollett, at Cameron on Loch Lomond side. The commissary was a considerably older man than the novelist.* He lived here in good style as a country gentleman, associating with the Colquhouns, Macfarlanes, Bonteins, and other old gentry of the district. The scenery was of that exquisite beauty which all the world now acknowledges; the commissary was hospitable and friendly; and to Smollett the place would naturally have an extrinsic interest, inasmuch as he was presumptively its heir—a consideration only saddened by the reflection that he had but a poor chance of surviving to enjoy the heritage, and had no child to receive it from him in succession. The pleasant season,

* Captain Topham describes the court in which one of Smollett's uncles and his now existing cousin sat as judges:

'The Commissary Court is situated in a place called the Parliament Close—a little room of about ten feet square. You ascend to it by a narrow, dismal, winding staircase, where you are in danger of falling every step you take. . . . . The king . . . . appoints the four judges who preside there. Their powers are very extensive. . . . . All those ladies who want husbands [have claims for declaration of marriage], and who can no longer do without them, set forth their necessities in the prettiest manner possible, and are relieved. All those ladies, too, who are tired of the husbands they have already got, and are very desirous of getting quit of them in a decent manner, mention their wants, and are relieved likewise. . . . . They also fulfil and interpret the last wills and testaments of the dead. . . . . The judges are paid their salaries from the causes which come under their hands.'—*Letters from Edinburgh*, 1776.

the fine scenery hallowed by recollections of his boyish years, and the cheerful feeling which naturally arises in a well-appointed country-house full of good society, all conspired to soothe the quivering nerves of Smollett, and he did reach such a condition of temporary serenity as enabled him to string his long-dead harp anew, and pour forth the charming *Ode to Leven Water*.

On the supposition that *Humphry Clinker* is a veritable memoir of this visit to Scotland, we should be enabled to say that Smollett made an excursion into Western Argyleshire and the islands of Isla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill, and tarried at various castles of the West-Highland sub-chieftains and gentry. On this point, however, we must leave the reader to read our extracts from the novel, and conjecture for himself.

Smollett's last novel, published some years later—the *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*—was regarded by his relations as only a history, fictitiously coloured, of his northern tour in search of health, and his residence successively in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Looking back from his Tuscan retreat in 1770 to this last visit he was ever to pay to his native country, he—notwithstanding all present pains and troubles—seems to have revelled in the pleasing scenes of his early days which that visit had opened up to him, and in the recollection of the many kind and worthy people, old friends and others, whom it had enabled him to meet. He put himself in the foreground as the chief of the group of characters; he was Matthew Bramble of Brambleton Hall, a Welsh country gentleman, externally peevish through gout and rheumatism, but in reality lovable for his kindness of heart. To this venerable bachelor he sticks on a maiden sister, Tabitha, starched, penurious, mean, and constantly angling for admirers; together with a nephew, Jerry Melford, just escaped from Jesus College, Oxford, and a niece, Lydia, seventeen, pretty, and foolishly in love with an unknown young adventurer. To this group, as it journeys to London, there is added a chance-adopted postilion, Humphry Clinker, who becomes a servant to the squire, and ultimately proves to be his son. When the party turns northward, it receives another addition in a most

extraordinary original, Lieutenant Lismahago, a stiff-necked, pedantic example of the novelist's countrymen, who finally becomes the prize of the man-hunting Tabitha. The letters of Bramble, Melford, Lydia, Tabitha, and her maid Winifred Jenkins, to their respective correspondents, are the means of carrying on the narrative.

BATH IN 1766.

Lydia Melford. Bath is to me a new world—all is gaiety, good-humour, and diversion. The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage; and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round* from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city waits in our own lodgings: we have music in the pump-room every morning, cotillons every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a week, and concerts every other night, besides private assemblies and parties without number. As soon as we were settled in lodgings, we were visited by the master of the ceremonies, a pretty little gentleman, so sweet, so fine, so civil and polite, that in our country he might pass for the Prince of Wales; then he talks so charmingly, both in verse and prose, that you would be delighted to hear him discourse; for you must know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the stage.* He did us the favour to dine with us by my uncle's invitation; and next day squired my aunt and me to every part of Bath, which, to be sure, is an earthly paradise. The square, the circus, and the parades put you in mind of the sumptuous palaces represented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, such as Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, Bladud's Row, and twenty other rows, look like so many enchanted castles raised on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning we go in dishabille to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welsh fair; and there you see the highest quality and the lowest tradesfolks jostling each other without ceremony—hail fellow! well met! The noise of the music playing in

* This was Samuel Derrick, an Irish comedian and *littérateur*, of somewhat eccentric habits, who succeeded Nash as master of the ceremonies at Bath in 1761. He wrote a number of books, of little note or merit, and died in March 1769, at the age of about forty-five, in rather necessitous circumstances. Johnson told Boswell that he might well have been introduced to him by Derrick, as had been proposed; 'I had,' said he, 'a kindness for Derrick.'

the gallery, the heat and flavour of such a crowd, and the hum and buzz of their conversation gave me the headache and vertigo the first day; but afterward all these things became familiar, and even agreeable. Right under the pump-room windows is the king's bath—a huge cistern, where you see the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the sweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the steam that surrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dress, or to all these causes together, they look so flushed and so frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way. My aunt, who says every person of fashion should make her appearance in the bath as well as in the abbey church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons to suit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yesterday morning in the water. But, really, her eyes were so red that they made mine water as I viewed her from the pump-room; and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what between her wan complexion and her fear, she looked like the ghost of some pale maiden who had drowned herself for love. When she came out of the bath, she took asafœtida drops, and was fluttered all day; so that we could hardly keep her from going into hysterics: but her mistress says it will do her good; and poor Win courtesies, with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content myself with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning.

The pumper, with his wife and servant, attend within a bar; and the glasses of different sizes stand ranged in order before them, so you have nothing to do but to point at that which you choose, and it is filled immediately, hot and sparkling from the pump. It is the only hot water I could ever drink without being sick. Far from having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taste, grateful to the stomach, and reviving to the spirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs. My uncle began with it the other day; but he made wry faces in drinking, and I am afraid he will leave it off. The first day we came to Bath he fell into a violent passion, beat two blackmoors, and I was afraid he would have fought with their master; but the stranger proved a peaceable man. To be sure, the gout had got into his head, as my aunt observed: but I believe his passion drove it away, for he has been remarkably well ever since. It is a thousand pities he should ever be troubled with that ugly distemper; for, when he is free from pain, he is the best-tempered man on earth; so gentle, so generous, so charitable, that

everybody loves him; and so good to me in particular, that I shall never be able to shew the deep sense I have of his tenderness and affection.

Hard by the pump-room is a coffee-house for the ladies; but my aunt says young girls are not admitted, inasmuch as the conversation turns on politics, scandal, philosophy, and other subjects above our capacity: but we are allowed to accompany them to the booksellers' shops, which are charming places of resort, where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers for so small a subscription as a crown a quarter; and in these offices of intelligence (as my brother calls them) all the reports of the day, and all the private transactions of the bath, are first entered and discussed. From the bookseller's shop we make a tour through the milliners and toymen; and commonly stop at Mr Gill's, the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small basin of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other side of the water, opposite to the grove, to which the company cross over in a boat. It is called Spring Gardens, a sweet retreat laid out in walks and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long room for breakfasting and dancing. As the situation is low and damp, and the season has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't suffer me to go thither, lest I should catch cold: but my aunt says it is all a vulgar prejudice; and, to be sure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place without seeming to be the worse for it. They say dancing at Spring Gardens, when the air is moist, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for the rheumatism. I have been twice at the play, where, notwithstanding the excellence of the performers, the gaiety of the company, and the decorations of the theatre, which are very fine, I could not help reflecting with a sigh on our poor, homely representations at Gloucester. But this in confidence to my dear Willis. You know my heart, and will excuse its weakness.

After all, the great scenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening. They are spacious, lofty, and, when lighted up, appear very striking. They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together, just as they are disposed. Twice a week there is a ball, the expense of which is defrayed by a voluntary subscription among the gentlemen; and every subscriber has three tickets. I was there Friday last with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a

subscriber; and Sir Ulic Mackilligut recommended his nephew, Captain O'Donagha, to me as a partner; but Jery excused himself by saying I had got the headache, and, indeed, it was really so, though I can't imagine how he knew it.

EDINBURGH IN 1766.

Bramble. In the neighbourhood of Haddington there is a gentleman's house, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is said to have expended forty thousand pounds:* but I cannot say I was much pleased with either the architecture or the situation, though it has in front a pastoral stream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable manner. I intended to pay my respects to Lord Elibank,† whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian, but was gone to the north on a visit. You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and universal intelligence, over and above the entertainment arising from the originality of his character. At Musselburgh, however, I had the good-fortune to drink tea with my old friend, Mr Cardonnel;‡ and at his house I met with Dr C[arlyle], the parson of the parish, whose humour and conversation inflamed me with a desire of being better acquainted with his person. I am not at all surprised that these Scots make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but five miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the sea-shore, on a firm bottom of smooth sand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat. Edinburgh from this avenue is not seen to much advantage. We had only an imperfect view of the castle and upper parts of the town, which varied incessantly according to the inflections of the road, and exhibited

* Amisfield House, a very elegant mansion in the Grecian style, built by the Honourable Francis Charteris, with money he had inherited from his relative, the famous Colonel Charteris. This gentleman became Earl of Wemyss in 1787, and died in 1808.

† Patrick, the *clever* Lord Elibank; regarding whom, see Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides.* His country-house was Ballencrieff, Haddingtonshire.

‡ 'At the west end of the High Street [of Musselburgh] a house is still pointed out, which figures in *Humphry Clinker* as that in which Dr Smollett was received by Commissioner Cardonnel.'—Paterson's *History of Musselburgh*, 1857, p. 157.

the appearance of detached spires and turrets belonging to some magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holyrood House stands on the left as you enter the Canongate. This is a street continued from hence to the gate called the Netherbow, which is now taken away; so that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill, on which the castle stands in a most imperial situation. Considering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houses on each side, this would be undoubtedly one of the noblest streets in Europe, if an ugly mass of mean buildings, called the Luckenbooths, had not thrust itself, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle Row in Holborn.* The city stands on two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well pass for the capital of a moderate kingdom. It is full of people; and continually resounds with the noise of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of provisions. The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the sea affords plenty of good fish; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in sufficient quantity to answer all the purposes of cleanliness and convenience; articles in which, it must be allowed, our fellow-subjects are a little defective. The water is brought in leaden pipes, from a mountain in the neighbourhood to a cistern on the Castle-hill, from whence it is distributed to public conduits in different parts of the city: from these it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight pair of stairs, for the use of particular families. Every story is a complete house, occupied by a separate family; and the stair, being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition: a man must tread with great circumspection to get safe housed with unpolluted shoes. Nothing can form a stronger contrast than the difference between the outside and inside of the door: for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were resolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no stranger to their method of discharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the custom is in Spain, Portugal, and some parts of France and Italy: a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithstanding all the care that is taken by their scavengers to remove this nuisance

* The last relics of this middle row were removed in 1817.

every morning by break of day, enough still remains to offend the eyes, as well as the other organs, of those whom use has not hardened against all delicacy of sensation.

The inhabitants seem insensible to these impressions, and are apt to imagine the disgust that we avow is little better than affectation; but they ought to have some compassion for strangers, who have not been used to this kind of sufferance, and consider whether it may not be worth while to take some pains to vindicate themselves from the reproach that on this account they bear among their neighbours. . . . In all parts of the world we see the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and sagacity. All the people of business at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be seen standing in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open street, at a place where formerly stood a market-cross, which, by the by, was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, still to be seen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood. I say the people stand in the open street from the force of custom, rather than move a few yards to an exchange, that stands empty on one side, or to the Parliament Close on the other, which is a noble square, adorned with a fine equestrian statue of King Charles II. The company thus assembled are entertained with a variety of tunes, played on a set of bells, fixed in a steeple hard by. As these bells are well toned, and the musician, who has a salary from the city for playing on them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very striking to the ears of a stranger. The public inns at Edinburgh are still worse than those of London; but, by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the house of a widow gentlewoman of the name of Lockhart; and here I shall stay until I have seen everything that is remarkable in and about this capital.

Melford. The people here are so social and attentive in their civilities to strangers, that I am insensibly sucked into the channel of their manners and customs, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine. That difference, however, which struck me very much at my first arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman. It is a sort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable simplicity. You cannot imagine how we have been caressed and feasted in the good town of Edinburgh, of which we have become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the special favour of the magistracy.

I had a whimsical commission from Bath to a citizen of this metropolis. Quin, understanding our intention to visit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and desired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr R[obert] C[ullen], a lawyer of this city.* I charged myself with the commission, and taking the guinea, 'You see,' said I, 'I have pocketed your bounty.' 'Yes,' replied Quin laughing, 'and a headache into the bargain, if you drink fair.' I made use of this introduction to Mr C....., who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myself extremely happy, and did Mr C..... and Quin all the justice in my power: but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compassion on my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not. Quin was mistaken, however, as to the headache: the claret was too good to treat me so roughly.

While Mr Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at visits by the Scotch ladies, who are the best and kindest creatures on earth, I pass my time among the bucks of Edinburgh, who, with a great share of spirit and vivacity, have a certain shrewdness and self-command that is not often found among their neighbours in the heyday of youth and exultation. Not a hint escapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual of the company; and national reflections are never heard. In this particular, I must own, we are both unjust and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real esteem for the natives of South Britain, and never mention our country but with expressions of regard. Nevertheless, they are far from being servile imitators of our modes and fashionable vices. All their customs and regulations of public and private economy, of business and diversion, are in their own style. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dress and manner,

* Robert Cullen, ultimately a judge under the name of Lord Cullen, was the son of the celebrated Dr Cullen, but went off into a totally different line of character from his father, being remarkable not merely as a bon-vivant, as indicated in Mr Melford's letter, but for his extraordinary powers of imitation, which enabled him to assume the voice, manner, and ideas of any person he knew, with a perfection that, behind a screen, would have imposed upon the nearest relatives of the individual imitated.

Lord Cullen died in 1810.

their music, and even their cookery. Our squire declares that he knows not another people on earth so strongly marked with a national character. Now we are on the article of cookery, I must own some of their dishes are savoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to relish their singed sheep's head and haggis, which were provided at our request one day at Mr Mitchelson's, where we dined. The first put me in mind of the history of Congo, in which I read of negroes' heads sold publicly in the markets; the last, being a mess of minced lights, livers, suet, oatmeal, onions, and pepper, enclosed in a sheep's stomach, had a very sudden effect on mine, and the delicate Mrs Tabby changed colour; when the cause of our disgust was instantaneously removed at the nod of our entertainer.* The Scotch in general are attached to this composition with a sort of national fondness, as well as to their oatmeal bread; which is presented at every table in thin triangular cakes, baked on a plate of iron, called a girdle; and these many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten bread, which they have here in perfection. You know we used to vex poor Murray of Baliol College, by asking if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland! Sure enough I have seen turnips make their appearance, not as a dessert, but by way of a *hors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radishes are served up between more substantial dishes in France and Italy; but it must be observed, that the turnips of this country are as much superior in sweetness, delicacy, and flavour, to those of England, as a musk-melon is to the stock of a common cabbage. They are small and conical, of a yellowish colour, with a very thin skin; and, over and above their agreeable taste, are valuable for their antiscorbutic quality. As to the fruit now in season, such as cherries, gooseberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of some gentlemen who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes; nay, I have seen a very fine show of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reason to be surprised at these particulars, when we consider how little difference there is, in fact, between this climate and that of London.

* This haggis scene is understood to have been described from real occurrences during Smollett's last visit to Edinburgh. The host on the occasion was Mr Samuel Mitchelson, writer to the Signet, Carrubber's Close, High Street, who died at his house of Blandfield, near Edinburgh, 21st June 1788.

All the diversions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a small compass. Here is a well-conducted concert, in which several gentlemen perform on different instruments. The Scots are all musicians. Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman whose compositions are universally admired.* Our company of actors is very tolerable, and a subscription is now on foot for building a new theatre; but their assemblies please me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the Hunters' ball, where I was really astonished to see such a number of fine women. The English who have never crossed the Tweed, imagine erroneously that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for personal attractions; but I can declare, with a safe conscience, I never saw so many handsome females together as were assembled on this occasion. At the Leith races, the best company comes hither from the remoter provinces; so that I suppose we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated, as it were, into one focus; which was indeed so vehement that my heart could hardly resist its power. Between friends, it has sustained some damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miss R[enton], whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball. . . . .

I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any races in England, as appeared on the course of Leith. Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf, in which they use a curious kind of bats tipped with horn, and small elastic balls of leather, stuffed with feathers, rather less than tennis-balls, but of a much harder consistence. These they strike with such force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible distance. Of this diversion the Scots are so fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks, from the senator of justice to the lowest tradesman, mingled together, in their shirts, and following the balls with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of four-score. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without

* At this time, and for some years later, an association of gentlemen-amateurs held weekly concerts in St Cecilia's Hall, Cowgate—an apartment remarkably well adapted for music; and no amusement was in greater vogue. The nobleman whose compositions are so flatteringly alluded to, was Alexander, Earl of Kelly.

having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air from the sea, must, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.*

The Leith races gave occasion to another entertainment of a very singular nature. There is at Edinburgh a society or corporation of errand-boys called cawdies, who ply in the streets at night with paper lanterns, and are very serviceable in carrying messages. These fellows, though shabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their address, are wonderfully acute, and so noted for fidelity, that there is no instance of a cawdy's having betrayed his trust. Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but also every stranger, by the time he has been four-and-twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no transaction, even the most private, can escape their notice. They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of business. Had I occasion for any service of this nature, my own man, Archy M'Alpine, is as well qualified as e'er a cawdy in Edinburgh; and I am much mistaken if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they resolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was re-enforced by an assurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleasure would grace the entertainment with their company. I received a card on this occasion, and went thither with half-a-dozen of my acquaintance. In a large hall, the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company seated themselves, to the number of about four-score, lords and lairds and other gentlemen, courtesans and cawdies, mingled together, as the slaves and their masters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. The toastmaster, who sat at the upper end, was one cawdy Fraser, a veteran pimp, distinguished for his humour and sagacity,

* Leith Links had long been a favourite place for the practice of this game proper to Scotland. Charles I. and his son James, Duke of York, are understood to have each in his time played here at golf. For some years, the green having been smoothed for the general use of the inhabitants, the playing of the game on Leith Links has been given up.

well known and much respected in his profession by all the guests, male and female, that were here assembled. He had bespoke the dinner and the wine: he had taken care that all his brethren should appear in decent apparel and clean linen; and he himself wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the festival. I assure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and seasoned with a thousand sallies, that promoted a general spirit of mirth and good-humour. After the dessert, Mr Fraser proposed the following toasts, which I don't pretend to explain: 'The best in Christendom'—'Gibb's contract'—'The beggar's benison'—'King and kirk'—'Great Britain and Ireland.' Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me: 'Mester Malford,' said he, 'may a' unkindness cease between John Bull and his sister Moggy.' The next person he singled out was a nobleman who had been long abroad. 'Ma lord,' cried Fraser, 'here is a bumper to a' those noblemen who have virtue enough to spend their rents in their ain countray.' He afterward addressed himself to a member of parliament in these words: 'Mester ....., I'm sure ye'll ha' nae objection to my drinking, "Disgrace and dool to ilka Scot that sells his conscience and his vote."' He discharged a third sarcasm at a person very gaily dressed, who had risen from small beginnings, and made a considerable fortune at play. Filling his glass, and calling him by name: 'Lang life,' said he, 'to the wylie loon that gangs afield with a toom poke at his lunzie, and comes hame with a sackful o' siller.' All these toasts being received with loud bursts of applause, Mr Fraser called for pint glasses, and filled his own to the brim: then standing up, and all his brethren following his example: 'Ma lords and gentlemen,' cried he, 'here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeserved honour you have done your poor errand-boys this day.' So saying, he and they drank off their glasses in a trice, and quitting their seats, took their station each behind one of the other guests, exclaiming: 'Noo we're your honours' cawdies again.'

The nobleman who had borne the first brunt of Mr Fraser's satire, objected to his abdication. He said, as the company were assembled by invitation from the cawdies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expense. 'By no means, my lord,' cried Fraser; 'I wad na be guilty of sic presumption for the wide warld. I never affronted a gentleman since I was born; and sure, at this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to sic an honourable convention.' 'Well,' said his lordship, 'as you have expended some wit, you have a right to save your money. You have given me good counsel, and I take

it in good part. As you have voluntarily quitted your seat, I will take your place, with the leave of the good company, and think myself happy to be hailed "Father of the feast."' He was forthwith elected into the chair, and complimented in a bumper on his new character.*

The claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glasses seemed to dance on the table; and this, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for music. At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment: at midnight we went to supper; but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings; and, no doubt, his lordship had a swinging bill to discharge.

In short, I have lived so riotously for some weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the score of my constitution, and very seriously observes that all his own infirmities are owing to such excesses indulged in his youth. Mrs Tabitha says it would be more for the advantage of my soul as well as body, if, instead of frequenting these scenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr Moffat and her to hear a sermon of the Rev. Mr M'Corkendale. Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpine, when he happens to be overtaken (which is oftener the case than I could wish), reads me a long lecture on temperance and sobriety; and is so very wise and sententious, that, if I could provide him with a professor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and service together; for I was tutor-sick at *alma mater*.

GLASGOW AND THE WEST OF SCOTLAND IN 1766.

Melford. Glasgow is the pride of Scotland, and indeed it might very well pass for an elegant and flourishing city in any part of Christendom. There we had the good-fortune to be received into the house of Mr Moore, an eminent surgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of our friends at Edinburgh; and truly he could not have done us more essential service. Mr Moore is a

* Melford's description of the cawdy festival is too vivid not to be from the life. The indecorum of some of its features gives it a cast as remote from the present age as if it had been a transaction of the country and era of Juvenal. Topham, in his *Letters from Edinburgh*, 1774–5, speaks of this extinct fraternity in the same terms with the author of *Humphry Clinker*.

merry, facetious companion, sensible and shrewd, with a considerable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well-bred, kind, and obliging.* Kindness, which I take to be the essence of good-nature and humanity, is the distinguishing characteristic of the Scottish ladies in their own country. Our landlord shewed us everything, and introduced us to all the world at Glasgow, where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the freedom of the town. Considering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diversions. Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in spirit and expense; and I was soon convinced that all the female beauties of Scotland were not assembled at the Hunters' ball in Edinburgh.† The town of Glasgow flourishes in learning as well as in commerce. Here is a university, with professors in all the different branches of science, liberally endowed and judiciously chosen. It was vacation-time when I passed, so that I could not entirely satisfy my curiosity; but their mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in some respects. The students are not left to the private instruction of tutors, but taught in public schools or classes, each science by its particular professor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glasgow. He not only visited all the manufactures of the place, but made excursions all round, to Hamilton, Paisley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was anything remarkable to be seen in art or nature..... At length we set out for the banks of Loch Lomond, passing through

* The well-known Dr John Moore, author of *Zeluco*, and father of the lamented Sir John Moore, had been, like Smollett, the apprentice of Dr John Gordon in Glasgow, and subsequently was his partner in business. Removing afterwards to London, he died there in 1802. It was rather remarkable that two of the chief British novelists of the last century should have been reared by a Glasgow apothecary. A most intimate friendship subsisted between Smollett and Moore so long as both were in life.

† From the time of Smollett's apprenticeship at Glasgow, *circa* 1738, the town had increased largely in wealth and population, and with the fruits of industry had come a more liberal system of manners and ideas. 'A new style was introduced in building, in living, in dress, and in furniture; the conveniences, the elegances of life began to be studied; wheel-carriages were set up; public places of entertainment were frequented; an assembly-room and playhouse were built by subscription. The *clergy declaimed against this change*, but were carelessly listened to, or little regarded.'—Gibson's *History of Glasgow* (1777), p. 115.

the little borough of Dumbarton, or, as my uncle will have it, Dunbritton, where there is a castle more curious than anything of the kind I had ever seen. It is honoured with a particular description by the elegant Buchanan, as an *arx inexpugnabilis;* and, indeed, it must have been impregnable by the ancient manner of besieging. It is a rock of considerable extent, rising with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven, perpendicular and inaccessible on all sides except in one place, where the entrance is fortified; and there is no rising-ground in the neighbourhood from whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery. From Dumbarton, the West Highlands appear in the form of huge dusky mountains piled one over another; but this prospect is not at all surprising to a native of Glamorgan. We have fixed our head-quarters at Cameron,* a very neat country-house belonging to Commissary Smollett, where we found every sort of accommodation we could desire. It is situated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, close by the side of Loch Lomond, which is a surprising body of pure transparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, six or seven miles broad, and four-and-twenty miles in length, displaying above twenty green islands covered with wood, some of them cultivated for corn, and many of them stocked with red deer. They belong to different gentlemen, whose seats are scattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I have left the women at Cameron, as Mrs Tabitha would by no means trust herself on the water; and to come hither, it was necessary to cross a small inlet of the sea† in an open ferry-boat. This country appears more and more wild and savage the further we advance; and the people are as different from the Lowland Scots, in their looks, garb, and language, as the mountaineers of Brecknock are from the inhabitants of Herefordshire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a cheerupping cup they go to the public-house, called the change-house, and call for a chopin of twopenny, which is a thin yesty beverage made of malt, not quite so

* Cameron House is still the seat of the family, being now the property of Alexander Smollett of Bonhill, Esq., some time M.P. for the county of Dumbarton. It was not, however, built for the family, but purchased by Commissary Smollett. It is understood to have been originally built by the too well-known Colonel Charteris.

† Loch Fyne.

strong as the table-beer of England. This is brought in a pewter stoup, shaped like a skittle; from whence it is emptied into a quaigh —that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, such as box and ebony, cut into little staves, joined alternately, and secured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles. It holds about a gill, is sometimes tipped around the mouth with silver, and has a plate of the same metal at the bottom, with the landlord's cipher engraved. The Highlanders, on the contrary, despise this liquor, and regale themselves with whisky, a malt spirit as strong as Geneva, which they swallow in great quantities, without any signs of inebriation. They are used to it from their cradle, and find it an excellent preservative against the winter cold, which must be extreme on these mountains. I am told that it is given with great success to infants, as a cordial, in the confluent small-pox, when the eruption seems to flag, and the symptoms grow unfavourable. The Highlanders are used to eat much more animal food than falls to the share of their neighbours in the low country. They delight in hunting; have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of sheep, goats, and black-cattle, running wild, which they scruple not to kill as venison, without being at much pains to ascertain the property.

Inverary is but a poor town, though it stands immediately under the protection of the Duke of Argyll, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peasants live in wretched cabins, and seem very poor; but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and so loving to strangers, that a man runs some risk of his life from their hospitality. It must be observed, that the poor Highlanders are now seen to disadvantage. They have been not only disarmed by act of parliament, but also deprived of their ancient garb, which was both graceful and convenient; and, what is a greater hardship still, they are compelled to wear breeches—a restraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience: indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper places, but on poles or long staves over their shoulders. They are even debarred the use of their striped stuff called tartan, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocades, and tissues of Europe and Asia. They now lounge along in loose greatcoats, of coarse russet, equally mean and cumbersome; and betray manifest marks of dejection. Certain it is, the government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national spirit. We have had princely sport in hunting the stag on these mountains: these are the lonely hills of

Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the same pastime. I feel an enthusiastic pleasure when I survey the brown heath that Ossian was wont to tread, and hear the wind whistle through the bending grass. When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the suspended harp of that divine bard, and listen in hopes of hearing the aërial sound of his respected spirit. The poems of Ossian are in every mouth. A famous antiquarian of this country, the Laird of M'Farlane, at whose house we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelic,* which has a great affinity to the Welsh, not only in the general sound, but also in a great number of radical words; and I make no doubt but that they are both sprung from the same origin. I was not a little surprised, when asking a Highlander one day if he knew where we should find any game, he replied: 'Hu niel Sassenagh;' which signifies, 'No English'—the very same answer I should have received from a Welshman, and almost in the same words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the low country but Sassenagh, or Saxons; a strong presumption that the Lowland Scots and English are derived from the same stock. The peasants of these hills strongly resemble those of Wales in their looks, their manners, and habitations; everything I see, and hear, and feel, seems Welsh. The mountains, vales, and streams, the air and climate, the beef, mutton, and game, are all Welsh. It must be owned, however, that this people are better provided than we are in some articles; they have plenty of red-deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this season of the year; their sea teems with amazing quantities of the finest fish in the world; and they find means to procure very good claret at a very small expense.

Our landlord is a man of consequence in this part of the country; a cadet from the family of Argyll, and hereditary captain of one of his castles. His name, in plain English, is Dougal Campbell; but as there is a great number of the same appellation, they are distinguished, like the Welsh, by patronymics; and as I have known an ancient Briton called Madoc ap-Morgan, ap-Jenkin, ap-Jones, our Highland chief designs himself Dou'l MacAmish, mac-'oul vich Hian, signifying, Dougal, the son of James, the son of Dougal, the son of John. He has travelled in the course of his education, and is disposed to make certain alterations in his domestic economy;

* Not all, we undertake to say, Mr Melford; but doubtless the rudiments of many.

but he finds it impossible to abolish the ancient customs of the family, some of which are ludicrous enough. His piper, for example, who is an hereditary officer of the household, will not part with the least particle of his privileges. He has a right to wear the kilt, or ancient Highland dress, with the purse, pistol, and dirk; a broad yellow riband, fixed to the chanter-pipe, is thrown over his shoulder, and trails along the ground while he performs the functions of his minstrelsy; and this, I suppose, is analogous to the pennon, or flag, which was formerly carried before every knight in battle. He plays before the laird every Sunday in his way to the kirk, which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan; and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock, in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a solemn pace, attended by the laird's kinsmen, who seem much delighted with the music. In this exercise he indulges them with a number of pibrochs or airs, suited to the different passions which he would either excite or assuage.

Mr Campbell himself, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the sound of the Highland bagpipe, which sings in the nose with a most alarming twang, and, indeed, is quite intolerable to ears of common sensibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall; he therefore begged the piper would have some mercy on him, and dispense with this part of the morning service. A consultation of the clan being held on this occasion, it was unanimously agreed that the laird's request could not be granted, without a dangerous encroachment on the customs of the family. The piper declared he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his ancestors; nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all others. There was no remedy; Mr Campbell, being obliged to acquiesce, is fain to stop his ears with cotton, to fortify his head with three or four night-caps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of his habitation, in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance. When the music ceases, he produces himself at an open window that looks into the courtyard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vassals and dependants, who worship his first appearance by uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the most humble prostration. As all these people have something to communicate in the way of proposal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and, following him in his walks, are favoured each with a short audience in his turn. Two days ago he despatched above a hundred

different solicitors, in walking with us to the house of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's housekeeping is equally rough and hospitable, and savours much of the simplicity of ancient times. The great hall, paved with flat stones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and serves not only for a dining-room, but also for a bedchamber to gentlemen dependants and hangers-on of the family. At night half-a-dozen occasional beds are ranged on each side along the wall. These are made of fresh heath, pulled up by the roots, and disposed in such a manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie without any other covering than the plaid. My uncle and I were indulged with separate chambers and down beds, which we begged to exchange for a layer of heath ; and, indeed, I never slept so much to my satisfaction. It was not only soft and elastic, but the plant being in flower, diffused an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreshing and restorative.

Yesterday we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grandmother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourselves in the midst of fifty people, who were regaled with a sumptuous feast, accompanied by the music of a dozen pipers. In short, this meeting had all the air of a grand festival ; and the guests did such honour to their entertainment, that many of them could not stand when they were reminded of the business on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horse, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment, a church at the distance of two long miles from the castle. On our arrival, however, we found we had committed a small oversight in leaving the corpse behind ;* so that we were obliged to wheel about, and met the old gentlewoman halfway, carried on poles by the nearest relations of her family, and attended by the coronach, composed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their breasts, and howled most hideously. At the grave, the orator, or senachie, pronounced the panegyric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the coronach. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibroch all the time, and all the company standing uncovered. The ceremony was closed with the discharge of pistols ; then we returned to the castle, resumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a sober person in the family, the females excepted. The squire and I were

* It is *historical* that such an incident occurred at the funeral of Mrs Forbes of Culloden, mother of the Lord President. It is said to have likewise happened at the obsequies of Mrs Hume of Billie, in Berwickshire, in 1755.

with some difficulty permitted to retire with our landlord in the evening; but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat, and afterward seemed to think it a disparagement to his family, that not above a hundred gallons of whisky had been drunk on such a solemn occasion. This morning we got up by four, to hunt the roebuck, and in half an hour found breakfast ready served in the hall. The hunters consisted of Sir George Colquhoun and me, as strangers, my uncle not choosing to be of the party; of the 'laird in person, the laird's brother, the laird's brother's son, the laird's sister's son, the laird's father's brother's son,' and all their foster-brothers, who are counted part of the family: but we were attended by an infinite number of gillies, or ragged Highlanders, without shoes or stockings.

The following articles formed our morning's repast: One kit of boiled eggs; a second full of butter; a third full of cream; an entire cheese, made of goats' milk; a large earthen potful of honey; the best part of a ham; a cold venison pasty; a bushel of oatmeal, made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a small wheaten loaf in the middle for the strangers; a large stone bottleful of whisky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream-kit, with curious wooden bickers, to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits were drunk out of a silver quaigh, and the ale out of horns. Great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general; one of them, in particular, ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left on the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was presented by way of dessert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chase over the mountains after a roebuck, which we killed, and I got home time enough to drink tea with Mrs Campbell and our squire.

Bramble. I am so far happy as to have seen Glasgow, which, to the best of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettiest towns in Europe; and, without all doubt, it is one of the most flourishing in great Britain. In short, it is a perfect bee-hive in point of industry. It stands partly on a gentle declivity; but the greatest part of it is in a plain watered by the river Clyde. The streets are straight, open, airy, and well paved; and the houses lofty and well built of hewn stone. At the upper end of the town there is a venerable cathedral, that may be compared with York Minster or Westminster; and, about the middle of the descent from this to the cross is the College, a respectable pile of building, with all manner of

accommodation for the professors and students, including an elegant library, and an observatory well provided with astronomical instruments. The number of inhabitants is said to amount to thirty thousand; and marks of opulence and independence appear in every quarter of this commercial city, which, however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackish—an imperfection the less excusable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and springs above the cathedral sufficient to fill a large reservoir with excellent water, which might be thence distributed to all the different parts of the city. It is of more consequence to consult the health of the inhabitants in this article, than to employ so much attention in beautifying their town with new streets, squares, and churches. Another defect, not so easily remedied, is the shallowness of the river, which will not float vessels of any burden within ten or twelve miles of the city; so that the merchants are obliged to load and unload their ships at Greenock and Port-Glasgow, situated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the firth, where it is about two miles broad.*

The people of Glasgow have a noble spirit of enterprise. Mr Moore, a surgeon, to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr Cochrane, who may be styled one of the sages of this kingdom. He was first magistrate at the time of the last rebellion. I sat as member when he was examined in the House of Commons; on which occasion Mr P[elham?] observed he had never heard such a sensible evidence given at that bar.† I was also

* The shallowness of the river has within the last thirty years been remedied by a laborious mechanical process, and very large vessels can now reach the city.

† Mr Andrew Cochrane, a prominent merchant of Glasgow, and provost of the city in 1745, had the unpleasant duty of raising £5000 amongst his fellow-citizens, and gathering from them a vast store of clothing, to buy off the vengeance of the Highland army, when it came there, December 1745, on its return from England. With the aid of the Duke of Argyll, and the favour of Mr Pelham, Cochrane afterwards succeeded in wringing £10,000 from the government, in compensation for the losses of the city on that occasion. He died, full of years and honours, in 1777. *The Cochrane Correspondence*, a quarto printed in 1836 by Mr James Smith of Jordanhill, gives an ample account of all these matters, and fully justifies the encomium passed upon the worthy provost by Smollett.

introduced to Dr John Gordon, a patriot of a truly Roman spirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city workhouse, infirmary, and other works of public utility. Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a statue at the public expense. I moreover conversed with one Mr G[lassford], whom I take to be one of the greatest merchants in Europe. In the last war, he is said to have had at one time five-and-twenty ships, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million sterling a year.* The last war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glasgow. The merchants, considering that their ships bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, pursued a track very little frequented by privateers, resolved to insure one another, and saved a very considerable sum by this resolution, as few or none of their ships were taken. You must know I have a sort of national attachment to this part of Scotland. The great church, dedicated to St Mungo, the river Clyde, and other particulars that smack of our Welsh language and customs, contribute to flatter me with the notion that these people are the descendants of the Britons, who once possessed this country. Without all question, this was a Cumbrian kingdom; its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dunbritton), which still exists as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glasgow. The same neighbourhood gave birth to St Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, at a place where there is still a church and village which retain his name. Hard by are some vestiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine, from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with castles, to restrain the incursions of the Scots or Caledonians, who inhabited the West Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall the merchants of Glasgow have determined to make a navigable canal between the two firths, which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in transporting merchandise from one side of the island to the other.

* Mr John Glassford is universally admitted to have been a sort of merchant-prince; he is commemorated in Glasgow in the name of one of its principal thoroughfares, Glassford Street. He was an enlightened and liberal-minded man, a generous patron of the arts, and a promoter of all good public objects. In 1767, he purchased the estate of Dugalstone in Dumbartonshire, which would make him a neighbour of Smollett's cousin, 'Bonhill.' Mr Glassford died in 1783.

From Glasgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful stream, adorned on both sides with villas, towns, and villages. Here is no want of groves, and meadows, and cornfields interspersed; but on this side of Glasgow there is little other grain than oats and barley: the first are much better, the last much worse, than those of the same species in England. I wonder there is so little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almost any soil; and it is still more surprising that the cultivation of potatoes should be so much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to supply them with bread through the winter. On the other side of the river are the towns of Paisley and Renfrew. The first, from an inconsiderable village, is become one of the most flourishing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen, cambric, flowered lawn, and silk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monastery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paisley*. The old abbey still remains, converted into a dwelling-house belonging to the Earl of Dundonald. Renfrew is a pretty town on the banks of the Clyde, capital of the shire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of baron to the king's eldest son, which is still assumed by the Prince of Wales.

The Clyde we left a little on our left hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an estuary or firth, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this spot stands the castle formerly called Alcluyd, washed by these two rivers on all sides, except a narrow isthmus, which at every spring-tide is overflowed. The whole is a great curiosity, from the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its situation. We now crossed the Water of Leven, which, though nothing near so considerable as the Clyde, is much more transparent, pastoral, and delightful. This charming stream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a track of four miles pursues its winding course, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the firth at Dunbritton. A very little above its source, on the lake, stands the house of Cameron, belonging to Mr Smollett, so embosomed in an oak wood that we did not see it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have seen the Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva; and, on my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all—a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant islands that seem to float on its surface, affording the most enchanting objects of repose to the excursive view. Nor are the banks destitute of beauties, which even partake of the sublime. On

this side they display a sweet variety of woodland, cornfields, and pasture, with several agreeable villas, emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at some distance, the prospect terminates in huge mountains covered with heath, which, being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Everything here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is justly styled the Arcadia of Scotland; and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in everything but climate: I am sure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water. What say you to a natural basin of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in some places seven miles broad, and in many above a hundred fathoms deep, having four-and-twenty habitable islands, some of them stocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immense quantities of delicious fish, salmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans—the last a delicate kind of freshwater herring peculiar to this lake; and, finally, communicating with the sea, by sending off the Leven, through which all those species, except the powan, make their exit and entrance occasionally?

Enclosed I send you the copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at least picturesque and accurately descriptive, if it has no other merit. There is an idea of truth in an agreeable landscape taken from nature, which pleases me more than the gayest fiction which the most luxuriant fancy can display.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white round polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;

The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.*

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gayly green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrowned with toil,
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

If I were disposed to be critical, I should say this house of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches on one side to within six or seven yards of the window. It might have been placed on a higher site, which would have afforded a more extensive prospect and a drier atmosphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the present proprietor, who purchased it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family-house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantation that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven, so that the scene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man-of-war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr Anson, being conducted to this glen, exclaimed: 'Juan Fernandez!'

Indeed, this country would be a perfect paradise if it was not, like Wales, cursed with a weeping climate, owing to the same causes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a westerly situation, exposed to the vapours of the Atlantic Ocean. This air, however, notwithstanding its humidity, is so healthy, that the natives are scarce ever visited by any other disease than the small-pox, and certain cutaneous evils, which are the effects of dirty living, the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom.

* The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.—*Author.*

Here are a great many living monuments of longevity, and, among the rest, a person whom I treat with singular respect as a venerable Druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or sickness, among oaks of his own planting. He was once proprietor of these lands; but, being of a projecting spirit, some of his schemes miscarried, and he was obliged to part with his possession, which hath shifted hands two or three times since that period; but every succeeding proprietor hath done everything in his power to make his old age easy and comfortable. He has a sufficiency to procure the necessaries of life; and he and his old woman reside in a small convenient farmhouse, having a little garden, which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace, and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoy the perfection of content. Mr Smollett calls him the admiral, because he insists on steering his pleasure-boat on the lake; and he spends most of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were still his own property. I asked him the other day if he was never sick, and he answered, yes; he had a slight fever the year before the Union. If he was not deaf, I should take much pleasure in his conversation; for he is very intelligent, and his memory is surprisingly retentive. These are the happy effects of temperance, exercise, and good-nature. Notwithstanding all his innocence, however, he was the cause of great perturbation to my man Clinker, whose natural superstition has been much injured by the histories of witches, fairies, ghosts, and goblins which he has heard in this country. On the evening after our arrival, Humphry strolled into the wood in the course of his meditation, and all at once the admiral stood before him, under the shadow of a spreading oak. Though the fellow is far from being timorous in cases that are not supposed preternatural, he could not stand the sight of this apparition, but ran into the kitchen, with his hair standing on end, staring wildly, and deprived of utterance. Mrs Jenkins, seeing him in this condition, screamed aloud: 'Lord have mercy on us, he has seen something!' Mrs Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole house in confusion. When he was recruited with a dram, I desired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation; and, with some reluctance, he owned he had seen a spirit, in the shape of an old man, with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night-gown. He was undeceived by the admiral in person, who, coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real flesh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottish paradise? We make

free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent—his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy, and his cellar, which are all well stored. We have delicious salmon, pike, trout, perch, par, &c. at the door, for the taking. The Firth of Clyde, on the other side of the hill, supplies us with mullet, red and gray, cod, mackerel, whiting, and a variety of sea-fish, including the finest herrings I ever tasted. We have sweet juicy beef and tolerable veal, with delicate bread, from the little town of Dunbritton; and plenty of partridge, grouse, heath-cock, and other game in presents.

We have been visited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houses, not barely with hospitality, but with such marks of cordial affection as one would wish to find among near relations after an absence of many years.

I told you, in my last, I had projected an excursion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed, under the auspices of Sir George Colquhoun,* a colonel in the Dutch service, who offered himself as our conductor on this occasion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inspection of Lady H..... C.....,† we set out on horseback for Inverary, the county town of Argyle, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greatest genealogist I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities of Scotland.‡

The Duke of Argyll has an old castle at Inverary, where he resides when he is in Scotland; and hard by is the shell of a noble Gothic palace built by the last duke, which, when finished, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inverary, it is a place of very little importance.

This country is amazingly wild, especially towards the mountains, which are heaped on the backs of one another, making a most

* More exactly, Sir George Colquhoun of Tilliquhoun, a lieutenant-colonel in the Dutch service. He considered himself as the heir-male of the first holder of the baronetcy of the Colquhouns of Luss, which he therefore assumed. His line is now extinct.

† Probably Lady Helen Colquhoun, wife of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart. a near neighbour of the Smolletts at Cameron.

‡ Walter Macfarlane of that Ilk, chief of the clan Macfarlane, then resided at Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, an easy stage from Cameron. This gentleman was really a remarkable collector of family history and local antiquities, as is testified by his papers in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. He died at his house in the Canongate, Edinburgh, June 5, 1767. The family no longer enjoys its ancient possessions on Loch Long.

stupendous appearance of savage nature, with hardly any signs of cultivation or even of population. All is sublimity, silence, and solitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are sheltered from the cold and storms of winter; but there is a margin of plain ground spread along the sea-side, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of husbandry; and this I take to be one of the most agreeable tracts of the whole island: the sea not only keeps it warm, and supplies it with fish, but affords one of the most ravishing prospects in the whole world; I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Western Islands, to the number of three hundred, scattered as far as the eye can reach, in the most agreeable confusion. As the soil and climate of the Highlands are but ill adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themselves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black-cattle, which turn to good account. Those animals run wild all the winter, without any shelter or subsistence but what they can find among the heath. When the snow lies so deep and hard that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the grass, they make a diurnal progress, guided by a sure instinct, to the sea-side at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow on the beach.

Perhaps this branch of husbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal causes of that idleness and want of industry which distinguish these mountaineers in their own country. When they come forth into the world they become as diligent and alert as any people on earth. They are undoubtedly a very distinct species from their fellow-subjects of the Lowlands, against whom they indulge an ancient spirit of animosity; and this difference is very discernible even among persons of family and education. The Lowlanders are generally cool and circumspect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious; but this violence of their passions serves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to strangers, which is truly enthusiastic.

We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inverary, to the house of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we stayed a few days, and were feasted in such a manner, that I began to dread the consequence to my constitution.*

* The castle where the Clinker party found so much that was characteristic of old Highland life, answers in some respects to Craignish, the seat of Campbell of Jura, situated on a peninsula of Nether Lorn, about twenty miles from Inverary, and near the ferry to the north point of the island just

Notwithstanding the solitude that prevails among these mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed that the Duke of Argyll can assemble five thousand men in arms, of his own clan and surname, which is Campbell; and there is besides a tribe of the same appellation, whose chief is the Earl of Breadalbane. The M'Donalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike: the Camerons, M'Leods, Frasers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Phersons, M'Intoshes, are powerful clans; so that if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the isles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thousand fighting-men, capable of undertaking the most dangerous enterprise. We have lived to see four thousand of them, without discipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confusion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops, accustomed to service. They penetrated into the centre of England; and afterward marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the use or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces sword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When disciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent soldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved on springs. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exercises that require agility; they are incredibly abstemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue; and so steeled against the weather, that, in travelling, even when the ground is covered with snow, they never look for a house, or any other shelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themselves up, and go to sleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of soldiers, must be invincible, when the business is to perform quick marches in a difficult country, to strike sudden strokes, beat up the enemy's quarters, harass their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftainship of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence, operating at the extremity of the island, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be supposed to see and act with

mentioned. The 'Jura' of that day was Archibald Campbell, Esq. whose father had bought the fee-simple of the island. The striking feature of identity with the personage in the novel, is the fact that the Campbells of Jura were heritable keepers of the castle of Craignish, which was mainly a huge old tower, of the kind indicated in the narrative.

precision and vigour. In order to break the force of clanship, administration has always practised the political maxim, *Divide et impera.* The legislature hath not only disarmed these mountaineers, but also deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great measure to keep up their military spirit; and their slavish tenures are all dissolved by act of parliament; so that they are at present as free and independent of their chiefs as the law can make them; but the original attachment still remains, and is founded on something prior to the feudal system, about which the writers of this age have made such a pother, as if it were a new discovery, like the Copernican system. Every peculiarity of policy, custom, and even temperament, is effectually traced to this origin, as if the feudal constitution had not been common to almost all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to see the use of trunk-hose and buttered ale ascribed to the influence of the feudal system. The connection between the clans and their chiefs is, without all doubt, patriarchal; it is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cherished through a long succession of ages. The clan consider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themselves descended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration; while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chastising, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legislature would entirely destroy this connection, it must compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without success. In the reign of James VI. a battle was fought within a few short miles of this place, between two clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated: the laird of M'Gregor made such a barbarous use of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament; his lands were given to the family of Montrose, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed so far as to call themselves severally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the surnames of the families of Argyll, Montrose, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of those houses; but they still added M'Gregor to their new appellation; and as their chief was deprived of his estate, they robbed and plundered for his subsistence. Mr Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan, whose father was attainted for having been concerned in the last rebellion, returning from France, in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament passed at the beginning of the late war, paid a visit to his own country, and hired

a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's house, which had been burned to the ground. The clan, though ruined and scattered, no sooner heard of his arrival, than they flocked to him from all quarters to welcome his return, and in a few days stocked his farm with seven hundred black-cattle, which they had saved in the general wreck of their affairs: but their beloved chief, who was a promising youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The most effectual method I know to weaken, and at length destroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in such a manner as to give them a taste of property and independence. In vain the government grants them advantageous leases on the forfeited estates, if they have no property to prosecute the means of improvement. The sea is an inexhaustible fund of riches; but the fishery cannot be carried on without vessels, casks, salt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I conversed with a sensible man of this country, who, from a real spirit of patriotism, had set up a fishery on the coast, and a manufactory of coarse linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in such plenty, that he told me he had seen seven hundred taken on one line at one haul. It must be observed, however, that the line was of immense length, and had two thousand hooks, baited with mussels; but the fish were so superior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correspondent at Lisbon sold them immediately at his own price, although Lent was just over when they arrived, and the people might be supposed quite cloyed with this kind of diet. His linen manufacture was likewise in a prosperous way; when, the late war intervening, all his best hands were pressed into the service.

It cannot be expected that the gentlemen of this country should execute commercial schemes to render their vassals independent; nor, indeed, are such schemes suited to their way of life and inclination: but a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fishery established in this part of Scotland. Our people have a strange itch to colonise America, when the uncultivated parts of our own island might be settled to greater advantage.

After having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyle, we visited the adjacent islands of Isla, Jura, Mull, and Icolmkill. In the first we saw the remains of a castle, built in a lake, where M'Donald, lord or king of the isles, formerly resided. Jura is famous for having given birth to one M'Crain, who lived one hundred and

eighty years in one house, and died in the reign of Charles II.* Mull affords several bays, where there is safe anchorage; in one of which the *Florida*, a ship of the Spanish armada, was blown up by one of Mr Smollett's ancestors. About forty years ago, John, Duke of Argyll, is said to have consulted the Spanish registers, by which it appeared that this ship had the military chest on board. He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck, and they found the hull of the vessel still entire, but so covered with sand that they could not make their way between decks: however, they picked up several pieces of plate that were scattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine brass cannon.†

Icolmkill, or Iona, is a small island which St Columba chose for his habitation. It was respected for its sanctity, and college or seminary of ecclesiastics. Part of its church is still standing, with the tombs of several Scottish, Irish, and Danish sovereigns who were here interred. These islanders are very bold and dexterous watermen, consequently the better adapted to the fishery: in their manners they are less savage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent; and they speak the Erse or Gaelic in its greatest purity.

Having sent round our horses by land, we embarked in the district of Cowal for Greenock, which is a neat little town, on the other side of the firth, with a curious harbour, formed by three stone jetties carried out a good way into the sea. Newport Glasgow‡ is

* Martin, in his *Description of the Western Islands*, 1703, affirms the existence of this veteran: 'Several of the natives [of Jura] live to a great age. I was told that one of them, called Gillouir Mack Crain, lived to have kept one hundred and eighty Christmases in his own house; he died about fifty years ago, and there are several of his acquaintance living to this day, from whom I had this account.' Pennant, in his *Voyage to the Hebrides*, says: 'The account given by Martin of Gillour Mac-crain was confirmed to me. . . . [he] died in the reign of Charles I.'

† It rests on tradition alone that the *Florida* was blown up by one Smollett, the ancestor of the novelist. In 1665, a strenuous effort was made by Archibald, Earl of Argyll, to recover part of the wreck, and three guns, one of copper, one of brass, and one of iron, were fished up. In 1728, a similar attempt was made by one Captain Row, in respect to one of the Spanish vessels sunk off Barra, and two brass cannon were recovered. Perhaps the latter was the circumstance of which the writer of *Humphry Clinker* had heard, and to which he here refers. See *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, ii. 387; iii. 551.

‡ Now more commonly called Port-Glasgow.

such another place, about two miles higher up. Both have a face of business and plenty, and are supported entirely by the shipping of Glasgow, of which I counted sixty large vessels in these harbours. Taking boat again at Newport, we were in less than an hour landed on the other side, within two short miles of our head-quarters, where we found our women in good health and spirits. They had been, two days before, joined by Mr Smollett and his lady, to whom we have such obligation, as I cannot mention even to you without blushing.

AN INCIDENT AT LANARK.

Melford. We set out from Glasgow by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydesdale, in the neighbourhood of which the whole river Clyde, rushing down a steep rock, forms a very noble and stupendous cascade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a small borough, until the carriage, which had received some damage, should be repaired; and here we met with an incident which warmly interested the benevolent spirit of Mr Bramble. As we stood at the window of an inn that fronted the public prison, a person arrived on horseback, genteelly though plainly dressed, in a blue frock, with his own hair cut short, and a gold-laced hat on his head. Alighting, and giving his horse to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the street, and accosted him in these words: 'This is hard work for such an old man as you.' So saying, he took the instrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement. After a few strokes: 'Have you never a son,' said he, 'to ease you of this labour?' 'Yes, an' please your honour,' replied the senior, 'I have three hopeful lads; but, at present, they are out of the way.' 'Honour not me,' cried the stranger; 'it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs. Where are those sons you talk of?' The ancient pavier said his eldest son was a captain in the East Indies, and the youngest had lately enlisted as a soldier, in hopes of prospering like his brother. The gentleman, desiring to know what was become of the second, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken on him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the prison hard by.

The traveller made three quick steps towards the jail: then turning short: 'Tell me,' said he, 'has that unnatural captain sent you nothing to relieve your distresses?' 'Call him not unnatural,' replied the other: 'God's blessing be on him! He sent me a great deal of

money; but I made a bad use of it: I lost it by being security for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was stripped of all I had in the world besides.' At that instant, a young man, thrusting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the prison window, exclaimed: 'Father, father! if my brother William is in life, that's he.' 'I am, I am!' cried the stranger, clasping the old man in his arms, and shedding a flood of tears: 'I am your son Willy, sure enough!' Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderness, a decent old woman, bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried: 'Where is my bairn? Where is my dear Willy?' The captain no sooner beheld her than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can assure you, my uncle, who saw and heard everything that passed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition. He sobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hallooed, and finally ran down into the street. By this time the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were assembled at the door. Mr Bramble, nevertheless, pressed through the crowd, and entering the house: 'Captain,' said he, 'I beg the favour of your acquaintance. I would have travelled a hundred miles to see this affecting scene; and I shall think myself happy if you and your parents will dine with me at the public-house.' The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which he said he would accept with pleasure, but, in the meantime, he could not think of eating or drinking while his poor brother was in trouble. He forthwith deposited a sum equal to the debt in the hand of the magistrate, who ventured to set his brother at liberty without further process; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the crowd, the individuals of which shook their townsman by the hand, while he returned their caresses without the least sign of pride or affectation.

This honest favourite of fortune, whose name was Brown, told my uncle that he had been bred a weaver, and, about eighteen years ago, had, from a spirit of idleness and dissipation, enlisted as a soldier in the service of the East India Company; that in the course of duty he had the good-fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one step to another, till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaster to the regiment, in which capacities he had honestly amassed above twelve thousand pounds, and, at the peace, resigned his commission. He had sent several remittances to his father, who received the first only,

consisting of one hundred pounds; the second had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been consigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived, so that it still remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now presented the old man with fifty pounds for his present occasions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had deposited for his brother's release. He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he settled a perpetuity of four-score pounds on his parents, to be inherited by the other two sons after their decease. He promised to purchase a commission for his youngest brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to set up, to give employment and bread to the industrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his sister, who had married a farmer in low circumstances. Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feasted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was so charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times successively at dinner. He said he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in some measure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, selfishness, and ingratitude. For my part, I was as much pleased with the modesty as with the filial virtue of this honest soldier, who assumed no merit from his success, and said very little of his own transactions, though the answers he made to our inquiries were equally sensible and laconic. Mrs Tabitha behaved very graciously to him until she understood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a person of low estate, who had been his sweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver. Our aunt was no sooner made acquainted with this design, than she starched up her behaviour with a double proportion of reserve; and when the company broke up, she observed, with a toss of her nose, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, considering the lowness of his origin; but that Fortune, though she had mended his circumstances, was incapable to raise his ideas, which were still humble and plebeian.*

* The incident here described as occurring at Lanark was real in all particulars, excepting the name of the hero, which was not Brown, but White. White left three sons, all of whom rose high in the public service, and were well known in Ayrshire, the county where their father's property lay, about forty years ago.

Before the autumn came to a close, Smollett had returned into England and taken up his residence in Bath. Here, catching a cold, he had a return of his pectoral disorder, with 'an ugly cough and spitting,' accompanied by a low fever. The ulcer in his arm had now also become more than ever troublesome, putting on a cancerous appearance. Rheumatic pains invested him from head to heel. He could not sleep without an opiate, and he never went to rest without wishing that he might be dead before morning. By a consultation, however, with two Bath surgeons, Middleton and Sharp, he was put in the way of curing the ulcer and rheumatics, and for a time was left with no trouble beyond an asthma, which, after so much grievous affliction, he was happy to bear with. He wrote to Dr Moore in comparatively cheerful spirits, telling him that, if he had been as well in summer, he should have exquisitely enjoyed his expedition to Scotland, which, as it was, had produced to him 'nothing but misery and disquiet.' He was, indeed, now convinced that his brain had been in some measure affected, as 'a kind of coma vigil' had been upon him from April till November.

At Bath, Smollett found an old acquaintance and countryman towards whom he considered himself as having reasons for the greatest contempt and disgust. Mr C.....l had been 'fed by Smollett when he had not bread to eat or clothes to cover him.' Subsequently, in three years of office in India, he had acquired a fortune of forty thousand pounds. Before coming home, he had written to Smollett, promising to make him benefit largely by the means which had fallen to his share; yet, on actually returning, he treated Smollett, Hamilton, and others who had once been kind to him, with neglect.* Smollett found him acting the 'nabob' at Bath, giving lavish entertainments to the gay world, but entirely oblivious of old friendship; and his sensitive spirit writhed at a spectacle which at once wounded himself and disgraced human nature. It was not in Smollett to let this man

* These particulars are stated by Mr Alexander Chalmers (*English Poets*, xv. 550) from the conversation of Mr Hamilton.

pass in silent contempt, or to forget in the course of years the slights he had experienced at his hands. Smollett was a good hater, and, like many generous and benevolent people, he was not remarkable for a forgiving temper. In the novel which he wrote four years after, he introduced an episode describing himself as Mr Serle, a gentleman in depressed circumstances, and C.....l as one Paunceford, a minion of fortune: the passage is worth quoting, as being so characteristic of the subject of our memoir:

A MINION OF FORTUNE AT BATH.

Jerry Melford. Yesterday, one Paunceford gave tea on particular invitation. This man, after having been long buffeted by adversity, went abroad; and Fortune, resolved to make him amends for her former coyness, set him all at once up to the very ears in affluence. He has now emerged from obscurity, and blazes out in all the tinsel of the times. I don't find that he is charged with any practices that the law deems dishonest, or that his wealth has made him arrogant and inaccessible; on the contrary, he takes great pains to appear affable and gracious. But they say he is remarkable for shrinking from his former friendships, which were generally too plain and homespun to appear amid his present brilliant connections; and that he seems uneasy at sight of some old benefactors, whom a man of honour would take pleasure to acknowledge. Be that as it may, he had so effectually engaged the company at Bath, that when I went with my uncle to the coffee-house in the evening, there was not a soul in the room but one person, seemingly in years, who sat by the fire reading one of the papers. Mr Bramble, taking his station close by him: 'There is such a crowd and confusion of chairs in the passage to Simpson's,' said he, 'that we could hardly get along. I wish those minions of fortune would fall on more laudable ways of spending their money. I suppose, sir, you like this kind of entertainment as little as I do?' 'I can't say I have any great relish for such entertainments,' answered the other, without taking his eyes off the paper. 'Mr Serle,' resumed my uncle, 'I beg pardon for interrupting you; but I can't resist the curiosity I have to know if you received a card on this occasion.'

The man seemed surprised at this address, and made some pause, as doubtful what answer he should make. 'I know my curiosity is

impertinent,' added my uncle, 'but I have a particular reason for asking the favour.' 'If that be the case,' replied Mr Serle, 'I shall gratify you without hesitation, by owning that I have had no card. But give me leave, sir, to ask, in my turn, what reason you think I have to expect such an invitation from the gentleman who gives tea?' 'I have my own reasons,' cried Mr Bramble, with some emotion, 'and am convinced more than ever that this Paunceford is a contemptible fellow.' 'Sir,' said the other, laying down the paper, 'I have not the honour to know you; but your discourse is a little mysterious, and seems to require some explanation. The person you are pleased to treat so cavalierly is a gentleman of some consequence in the community; and, for aught you know, I may also have my particular reasons for defending his character.' 'If I were not convinced of the contrary,' observed the other, 'I should not have gone so far.' 'Let me tell you, sir,' said the stranger, raising his voice, 'you have gone too far in hazarding such reflections.'

Here he was interrupted by my uncle, who asked peevishly if he was Don Quixote enough, at this time of day, to throw down his gauntlet as champion for a man who had treated him with such ungrateful neglect. 'For my part,' added he, 'I shall never quarrel with you again on this subject: and what I have said now has been suggested as much by my regard for you as by my contempt of him.' Mr Serle, then pulling off his spectacles, eyed my uncle very earnestly, saying, in a mitigated tone: 'Surely I am much obliged—ah, Mr Bramble! I now recollect your features, though I have not seen you these many years.' 'We might have been less strangers to one another,' answered the squire, 'if our correspondence had not been interrupted, in consequence of a misunderstanding occasioned by this very ——; but no matter. Mr Serle, I esteem your character; and my friendship, such as it is, you may freely command.' 'The offer is too agreeable to be declined,' said he; 'I embrace it very cordially; and, as the first-fruits of it, request that you will change this subject, which, with me, is a matter of peculiar delicacy.'

My uncle owned he was in the right, and the discourse took a more general turn. Mr Serle passed the evening with us at our lodgings, and appeared to be intelligent and very entertaining; but his disposition was rather of a melancholy hue. My uncle says he is a man of uncommon parts and unquestioned probity; that his fortune, which was originally small, has been greatly hurt by a romantic spirit of generosity, which he has often displayed even at the expense of his discretion, in favour of worthless individuals:

that he had rescued Paunceford from the lowest distress, when he was a bankrupt both in means and reputation: that he had espoused his interests with a degree of enthusiasm, broke with several friends, and even drawn his sword against my uncle, who had particular reasons for questioning the moral character of the said Paunceford: that, without Serle's countenance and assistance, the other never could have embraced the opportunity which had raised him to this pinnacle of wealth: that Paunceford, in the first transports of his success, had written from abroad letters to different correspondents, owning his obligations to Mr Serle in the warmest terms of acknowledgment, and declaring he considered himself only as a factor for the occasions of his best friend: that, without doubt, he had made declarations of the same nature to his benefactor himself, though this last was always silent and reserved on the subject; but, for some years, those tropes and figures of rhetoric had been disused: that, on his return to England, he had been lavish in his caresses to Mr Serle, invited him to his house, and pressed him to make it his own: that he had overwhelmed him with general professions, and affected to express the warmest regard for him, in company of their common acquaintance; so that everybody believed his gratitude was as liberal as his fortune, and some went so far as to congratulate Mr Serle on both.

All this time Paunceford carefully and artfully avoided particular discussions with his old patron, who had too much spirit to drop the most distant hint of balancing the account of obligation: that, nevertheless, a man of his feelings could not but resent this shocking return for all his kindness; and therefore he withdrew himself from the connection without coming to the least explanation, or speaking a syllable on the subject to any living soul; so that now their correspondence is reduced to a slight salute with the hat, when they chance to meet in any public place—an accident that rarely happens, for their walks lie different ways. Mr Paunceford lives in a palace, feeds on dainties, is arrayed in sumptuous apparel, appears in all the pomp of equipage, and passes his time among the nobles of the land. Serle lodges in Stall Street, up two pair of stairs backwards, walks afoot in a Bath rug, eats for twelve shillings a week, and drinks water as a preservative against the gout and gravel. Mark the vicissitude: Paunceford once resided in a garret, where he subsisted on sheep's trotters and cowheel, from which commons he was translated to the table of Serle, that ever abounded with good cheer; until want of economy and retention reduced him

to a slender annuity in his decline of years, that scarce affords the bare necessaries of life. Paunceford, however, does him the honour to speak of him still with uncommon regard, and to declare what pleasure it would give him to contribute in any shape to his convenience: 'But, you know,' he never fails to add, 'he 's a shy kind of a man; and then such a perfect philosopher, that he looks on all superfluities with the most sovereign contempt.'

Having given you this sketch of Squire Paunceford, I need not make any comment on his character, but leave it at the mercy of your own reflection.

Nor did the virulence of Smollett stop here, for it cannot be doubted that the following antistrophe in his *Ode to Independence* refers to C.....l:

> 'In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
> With either India's glittering spoils opprest:
> So moves the sumpter-mule, in harnessed pride,
> That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
> For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
> And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
> Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
> And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
> Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
> And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
> In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
> Shook from the baneful pinions of Disgust.'

Notwithstanding the alleviation of his troubles by the Bath surgeons, the year 1767 passed without bringing anything from his pen. We find, however, that in the summer of this year, he was anxious to take up his residence permanently in a warmer climate, and it occurred to him that, if he could obtain the appointment of H.B.M.'s consul for either Nice or Leghorn, he might be able to live a few years longer, using his pen for a help to his little income. David Hume, who, as has been said, knew and respected the man, though he thought but slightingly of the historian, and who was at this time Under-secretary of State below Mr Conway, was applied to by Smollett for his interest with the minister for either of these situations. He replied (July 18, 1767), that he had had a consultation with

Lord Shelburne concerning Dr Smollett's affairs. 'He told me,' says Hume, 'that he had long been pre-engaged for the consulship of Nice to the Spanish ambassador, and could not possibly get free of that obligation. I then mentioned the consulship of Leghorn; but he said he was already engaged for that office to a friend of Mr Dunning, the lawyer.' Such was the only application ever made by Smollett for any state recognition of his merits, and such, notwithstanding the affecting circumstances in which the application was made, was the only response given to it. Lord Bute had had great power; he still had great influence. Smollett had served him in an honourable untrafficking spirit. Yet we never hear of the ex-minister having even attempted to befriend Smollett in this extremity. The truth is, literary men were in those days of no account with men of state: they formed no class, had no place of rendezvous, and, as Hume remarks, were 'sunk and forgotten in the general torrent of the world.' Smollett wanted the art of winning the favour of great men in a special degree, and was too independent in his judgments to establish claims upon a party. He said in 1763, 'I have neither pension nor place, nor am I of that disposition that can stoop to either. I have always piqued myself upon my independency, and, I trust in God, I shall preserve it to my dying day.'* Had he abstained from this overture regarding a consulship, he might have really been able to say at his last moment, that he had never sought, as we know for certain he never obtained, any favour that a representative of the public had it in his power to bestow.

While Smollett retained his former sentiments regarding the demagogue Wilkes, he had learned—how far by disappointment in the matter of the consulship I cannot tell—to look with equal feelings of indifference, not unmingled with contempt, upon nearly all the prominent figures in the great political game. The whole series of public affairs from 1754 seemed to his splenetic mind to constitute a scene weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable—

* Letter to a gentleman of New Jersey, May 8, 1763, printed in *European Magazine*, April 1804.

as, in one point of view, it perhaps really did. He was thus led to bestow such intervals of strength as his ailments left him, in penning a political allegory, called *The Adventures of an Atom*, which, however, did not see the light till 1769, by which time he had finally quitted the shores of Britain. In this fiction, Great Britain was *Japan*, France was *China*, Germany was *Tartary*, and America *Fatsissio;* under the name of *Fika-faka* appeared the semi-burlesque minister Newcastle; under that of *Taycho* (not Jowler, as Sir Walter Scott has stated) was designed Orator Pitt. The king (George II.) was described as constantly kicking his ministers; they as constantly kissing him, though not on the customary part of his person. The influence which the royal anxiety about Hanover exercised over British measures was broadly caricatured. Pitt, whom the author had once flattered in a dedication, was now shown up as a roaring, bellowing demagogue, who only '*happened*, generally, to be on the right side.' All his brilliant victories in the Seven Years' War were here proved to have equally resulted from good-fortune. The book is, to us of a century later, not generally speaking a happy one; and yet it contains passages, chiefly of a digressive character, written with a large share of the spirit of Random and Pickle. In the biography of Smollett it is curious as shewing the extent and intensity of some of his prejudices and the virulence of some of his feelings. Bute (*Yak-strot**) was now, though 'honest at bottom,' 'proud, reserved, vain, and affected,' an amateur maker of gimcracks, and a pretender to taste in the fine arts. The Duke of Cumberland, here called *Fatsman*, was ironically complimented on restoring the affections of the Scotch Highlanders after their rebellion, by the mercy and kindness he extended to them. On the atom being transferred to the lungs of *Muraclami*—the Chief-justice Mansfield—it found him in possession of a brain wonderfully compact and well filled, but a heart which was a mere 'membraneous sac or hollow viscus, cold and callous, the abode of sneaking caution, servile flattery, griping avarice, creeping malice, and treacherous

* Jack Stuart.

deceit.'* His lordship, we may remember, was chief-justice of the court of King's Bench at the time of Smollett's trial for defaming Admiral Knowles. Nor was there wanting a direct reference to this redoubted person. *Seluon* (Knowles reversed, with the *k* dropped) was said, by his discovery of the shallowness of the water before *Sa-rouf* (Fouras), to have 'proved two surprising paradoxes; first, that the Chinese junks (French ships) draw little or no water, otherwise they could not have arrived at the town where they were laid up; secondly, that the fort Sa-rouf was raised in a spot where it neither could offend nor be offended.' *Manet mente altâ repostum judicium Paridis*, we can well see. One fling at Yak-strot is amusing. It is insinuated that, on attaining power, he was determined to be a Mæcenas, and seek out merit in whatever obscurity it was to be found. 'All his researches, however, proved so unsuccessful, that not above four or five men of genius could be found in the whole empire of Japan, and these were gratified with pensions of about one hundred obans each. One was a secularised bonze from *Ximo*† [John Home], another a malcontent poet of *Niphon*‡ [Samuel Johnson], a third a reformed comedian of *Xicoco* § [Thomas Sheridan], a fourth an empiric who had outlived his practice . . . . . , and a fifth, a decayed apothecary, who was bard, quack, author, chemist, philosopher, and simpler, by profession [Shebbeare].' Another of the minister's acts of patronage was to make a man who could not read librarian to His Majesty. And then, with significant redundancy, our author adds, in a distinct small paragraph—

'These were all the men of superlative genius that Yak-strot could find at this period in the empire of Japan.'

* In contrast with the portraiture by Smollett, it is worth while to recall the remark of Richard Cumberland, who knew him, on his 'happy and engaging art of putting the company in good-humour with themselves;' and Brougham's testimony to his lordship's 'cheerful spirits and mild temper, his love of harmless pleasantry, and his power of contributing to it by a refined and classic wit,' rendering him 'fascinating beyond almost all other men of his time.'

† Scotland. ‡ England. § Ireland.

CHAPTER XI.

MELANCHOLY DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND—RESIDENCE IN NORTHERN ITALY—'ADVENTURES OF HUMPHRY CLINKER.'

In the summer of 1768, Smollett, unconsulated, dependent solely on such little income as his wife's property and his own pen afforded, was obliged to resort to a foreign residence. Having occasion to introduce a friend to David Hume, by letter dated London, August 31, 1768, he said: 'I am sorry I cannot have the pleasure of taking leave of you in person, before I go into perpetual exile:' adding after his signature—

> 'Nos patriam fugimus; tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ,
> Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.'

It touched the good-nature of Hume, who again expressed his regret about the indifference of ministers towards literature, but strongly hinted how glad he would be to make substantial manifestation of his own friendly regard. Any social relation there was between Hume and Smollett was, on the whole, honourable to both, and is now pleasant to contemplate.

It is to be presumed that the author of *Roderick Random* soon after took what he too truly foreboded was a final leave of his native island. He established himself, with his wife and two other ladies, first at the baths of Lucca, where he was employed on certain drudgeries for the work called *The Universal History;* afterwards in the Casa Lenzi, on the Ponte Grande of Pisa; and he appears to have got through the winter comparatively well, as he wrote in spring that his health was improved, and he had been able in some degree to enjoy society, particularly specifying that of the Pisa professors. This letter was addressed to a

literary compatriot and friend, once in the enjoyment of a poetical reputation, but now considerably left aside from memory, a warm-hearted and worthy man, however, and who would have done anything in his power for Smollett—Dr John Armstrong, author of *The Art of Preserving Health.* Smollett and Armstrong belonged to a convivial club which used to meet at a tavern called the Two Arms, and their friendship had thus been pretty well cemented: common sentiments on politics further strengthened it. Great was the joy of Armstrong when he heard that Smollett's health was improved, though it was, he said, only what he had expected, for he had unbroken confidence in the 'vigorous stamina' of his friend's constitution. Great also must have been the joy of Smollett, when informed that Armstrong was contemplating a journey into Italy, and a visit to him at his retreat in Pisa. This visit actually took place in the summer of 1770, by which time, however, Smollett had removed to the neighbourhood of Leghorn.

It was here—in a village called Monte Novo, on the side of a mountain overhanging the sea—'a romantic and salutary abode,' Scott calls it—that our author wrote what the same writer justly describes as 'the last, and, like music, "sweetest in the close," the most pleasing of his compositions,' *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker.* This is a composition the more interesting to us as produced amidst the pain and weakness which immediately preceded the decease of its author, for that these were the circumstances is sufficiently evidenced by an expression of the widow two years after, when informed that the bankruptcy of the publisher, Johnson, threatened a loss of remuneration due for the work: 'It galls me to the soul,' says she, 'when I think how much that poor dear man suffered while he wrote that novel, and that all his pains and part of his life was to be expended to serve such an unworthy and dishonoured wretch.' The novel was published in 1771, the year of the death of the author, and its reception was more enthusiastic than what had hailed any of his earlier works. The peevish but generous Bramble, in whom he drew his own character, the vivacious Jerry Melford, the

oddities Tabitha and Lismahago, all became cherished daguerreotypes in the public mind. The descriptions of life at Bath, in London, and in Edinburgh, were all appreciated for their fidelity. It was remarked, indeed, that as the party proceeds northward, there is always a less and less splenetic view of things in general, until at Glasgow, the scene of the author's youth, they become positively amiable. Such remarks, however, were no true drawbacks from the general feeling of gratification which the work excited.

It is to be admitted that the idea of making a family tell a story by each writing letters to his or her particular friends, was taken from the *New Bath Guide* of Anstey, published a few years before; but it is equally evident that *Clinker*, in its turn, has supplied hints and materials for subsequent writers. The preliminary letter of Dustwich is the basis of the humour which Scott afterwards gathered round Jedediah Clishbotham and Dr Dryasdust. The whole case of Lydia Melford and Wilson is repeated in the clandestine loves of Julia Mannering and Brown: even the manner of presenting the latter through the medium of epistles from the heroine to a female friend, is borrowed from *Clinker*. Scott loved Smollett, and could not help copying him.

LIEUTENANT LISMAHAGO.

Jerry Melford. [At Durham] we were joined by another character, which promised something extraordinary. A tall, meagre figure, answering, with his horse, the description of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while my aunt and Liddy stood at a window in the dining-room. He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been scarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal; and he had holster-caps and housing of the same stuff and same antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to dismount with the most graceful air he could assume; but the hostler neglecting to hold the stirrup when he wheeled off his right foot, and stood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the saddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and, his hat

and periwig falling off, displayed a headpiece of various colours, patched and plastered in a woful condition. The ladies at the window above shrieked with affright, on the supposition that the stranger had received some notable damage in his fall; but the greatest injury he had sustained arose from the dishonour of his descent, aggravated by the disgrace of exposing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a scald head or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and, snatching one of his pistols, threatened to put the hostler to death, when another squall from the women checked his resentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kissed the butt-end of his pistol, which he replaced, adjusted his wig in great confusion, and led his horse into the stable. By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the strange figure that presented itself to my view. He would have measured above six feet in height had he stood upright; but he stooped very much, was very narrow in the shoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were cased in black spatterdashes. As for his thighs, they were long and slender, like those of a grasshopper; his face was at least half a yard in length, brown and shrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little gray eyes of the greenish hue, a large hook nose, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furnished with teeth, and a high narrow forehead well furrowed with wrinkles. His horse was exactly in the style of its rider; a resurrection of dry bones, which, as we afterward learned, he valued exceedingly, as the only present he had ever received in his life.

Having seen this favourite steed properly accommodated in the stable, he sent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permission to thank them in person for the marks of concern they had shewn at his disaster in the courtyard. As the squire said they could not decently decline his visit, he was shewn upstairs, and paid his respects in the Scotch dialect with much formality. 'Ladies,' said he, 'perhaps you may be scandaleezed at the appearance my heed made when it was uncovered by accident: but, I can assure you, the condition you saw it in is neither the effects of disease nor drunkenness; but an honest scar received in the service of my country.' He then gave us to understand, that, having been wounded at Ticonderoga in America, a party of Indians rifled him, scalped him, broke his skull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the

field of battle; but that, being afterward found with signs of life, he had been cured in the French hospital, though the loss of substance could not be repaired; so that the skull was left naked in several places, and these he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Englishman is sooner taken than that of compassion. We were immediately interested in behalf of this veteran. Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation when we learned that, in the course of two sanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enslaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant. My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed: 'I vow to God, sir, your case is a reproach to the service. The injustice you have met with is so flagrant'—— 'I must crave your pardon, sir,' cried the other, interrupting him; 'I complain of no injustice. I purchased an ensigncy thirty years ago; and, in the course of service, rose to be a lieutenant, according to my seniority.' 'But in such a length of time,' resumed the squire, 'you must have seen a great many young officers put over your head.' 'Nevertheless,' said he, 'I have no cause to murmur. They bought their preferment with their money. I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune; but nobody was to blame.' 'What! no friend to advance a sum of money?' said Mr Bramble. 'Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchase of a company,' answered the other; 'but that loan must have been refunded; and I did not choose to encumber myself with a debt of a thousand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten shillings a day.' 'So you have spent the best part of your life,' cried Mr Bramble, 'your youth, your blood, and your constitution, amid the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardships of war, for the consideration of three or four shillings a day—a consideration'—— 'Sir,' replied the Scot with great warmth, 'you are the man that does me injustice, if you say or think I have been actuated by any such paltry consideration. I am a gentleman; and entered the service as other gentlemen do, with such hopes and sentiments as honourable ambition inspires. If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, so neither do I think myself unfortunate. I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean shirt, a mutton-chop, and a truss of straw; and, when I die, I shall leave effects sufficient to defray the expense of my burial.'

My uncle assured him he had no intention to give him the least

offence by the observations he had made; but, on the contrary, spoke from a sentiment of friendly regard to his interest. The lieutenant thanked him with a stiffness of civility which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for, whatsoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted dissatisfaction. In short, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm that this Caledonian is a self-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and disputatious. He has had the benefit of a school education; seems to have read a good number of books; his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to speak several different languages; but he is so addicted to wrangling that he will cavil at the clearest truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions. Whether his address and qualifications are really of that stamp which is agreeable to the taste of our aunt, Mrs Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to shoot at every sort of game, certain it is, she has begun to practise on the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company at supper. . . . .

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggerel rhymes in abuse of the Scotch nation; and what surprised me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination. Curious to hear what Lismahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows of the parlour where we sat. He read it with the most starched composure; and when I asked his opinion of the poetry—'It is vara terse and vara poignant,' said he; 'but with the help of a wat dishclout, it might be rendered more clear and parspicuous. I marvel much that some modern wit has not published a collection of these essays, under the title of the *Glazier's Triumph over Sawney the Scot.* I'm persuaded it would be a vara agreeable offering to the patriots of London and Westminster.' When I expressed some surprise that the natives of Scotland who travel this way had not broken all the windows on the road—'With submission,' replied the lieutenant, 'that were but shallow policy: it would only serve to make the satire more cutting and severe; and I think it is much better to let it stand in the window than have it presented in the reckoning.'

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation: he said the scribblers of such infamous stuff deserved to be scourged at the cart's tail for disgracing their country with such monuments of malice and stupidity. 'These vermin,' said he, 'do not consider

that they are affording their fellow-subjects, whom they abuse, continued matter for self-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the most manly vengeance that can be taken for such low, illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philosophic forbearance of the Scots as much as I despise the insolence of those wretched libellers, which is akin to the arrogance of the village cock, who never crows but on his own dunghill.' The captain, with an affectation of candour, observed, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every soil; that, in supposing those were the sentiments of the English in general, he should pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of consequence enough to attract the envy of such a flourishing and powerful people.

Mrs Tabby broke forth again in praise of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the soil which produced every virtue under heaven. When Lismahago took his leave for the night, she asked her brother if the captain was not the prettiest gentleman he had ever seen, and whether there was not something wonderfully engaging in his aspect. Mr Bramble having eyed her for some time in silence: 'Sister,' said he, 'the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honest man and a good officer; he has a considerable share of understanding, and a title to more encouragement than he seems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a safe conscience, affirm that he is the prettiest gentleman I ever saw, neither can I discern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding.'

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myself with this North Briton, who is really a curiosity; but he has been very shy of my conversation ever since I laughed at his asserting that the English tongue was spoken with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double squeeze of souring in his aspect: 'If the old definition be true,' said he, 'that risibility is the distinguishing characteristic of a rational creature, the English are the most distinguished for rationality of any people I ever knew.' I owned that the English were easily struck with anything that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow that, because they were more given to laughter, they had more rationality than their neighbours; I said such an inference would be an injury to the Scotch, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally supposed little subject to the impressions of humour.

The captain answered that this supposition must have been deduced either from their conversation or their compositions, of

which the English could not possibly judge with precision, as they did not understand the dialect used by the Scots in common discourse, as well as in their works of humour. When I desired to know what those works of humour were, he mentioned a considerable number of pieces, which, he insisted, were equal, in point of humour, to anything extant in any language, dead or living. He in particular recommended a collection of detached poems, in two small volumes, entitled *The Evergreen*, and the works of Allan Ramsay, which I intend to provide myself with at Edinburgh. He observed, that a North Briton is seen to a disadvantage in an English company, because he speaks in a dialect that they can't relish, and in a phraseology which they don't understand. He therefore finds himself under a restraint, which is a great enemy to wit and humour. These are faculties which never appear in full lustre but when the mind is perfectly at ease, and, as an excellent writer says, enjoys her elbow-room.

He proceeded to explain his assertion that the English language was spoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London. He said, what we generally called the Scottish dialect was, in fact, true genuine old English, with a mixture of some French terms and idioms adopted in a long intercourse between the French and Scotch nations; that the modern English, from affectation and false refinement, have weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural sounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and disusing many words and terms of great significance. In consequence of these innovations, the works of our best poets, such as Chaucer, Spenser, and even Shakspeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South Britain; whereas the Scots, who retain the ancient language, understand them without the help of a glossary. 'For instance,' said he, 'how have your commentators been puzzled by the following expression in the *Tempest*: "He's gentle, and not fearful;" as if it were a paralogism to say, that being "gentle," he must of course be "courageous;" but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning of that word, was "noble, high-minded;" and to this day, a Scotswoman in the situation of the young lady in the *Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms: Don't provoke him; for, being gentle, that is, "high-spirited," he won't tamely bear an insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza of his *Fairy Queen*, says,

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plain;"

which knight, far from being tame and fearful, was so stout that

"Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."'

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by false refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in signification, are pronounced exactly in the same manner—wright, write, right, rite; but among the Scotch, these words are as different in pronunciation as they are in meaning and orthography; and this is the case with many others which he mentioned by way of illustration. He moreover took notice that we had (for what reason he could never learn) altered the sound of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almost impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Besides, the vowels were no longer simple sounds in the mouth of an Englishman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed that we mumbled our speech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pause or distinction, in such a manner that a foreigner, though he understood English tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourse to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had said in his own language.*

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle. He said the same observation would hold in all languages; that a Swiss talking French was more easily understood than a Parisian by a foreigner who had not made himself master of the language; because every language had its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the music, than to learn the words only; and yet nobody would deny that the one was imperfect without the other; he therefore apprehended that the Scotchman and the Swiss were better understood by learners, because they spoke the words only without the music, which they could not rehearse. One would imagine this check might have damped the North Briton; but it served only to agitate his humour for disputation. He said, if every nation had its own recitative or music, the Scots had theirs; and the Scotchman

* The germ of Lismahago's defence of his country and countrymen is to be found in one of the numbers of *The Briton*, the political paper edited by Smollett.

who had not yet acquired the cadence of the English, would naturally use his own in speaking their language; therefore, if he were better understood than the native, his recitative must be more intelligible than that of the English; of consequence, the dialect of the Scots had an advantage over that of their fellow-subjects, and this was another strong presumption that the modern English had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was by this time become so polemical, that every time he opened his mouth, out flew a paradox, which he maintained with all the enthusiasm of altercation; but all his paradoxes savoured strong of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a blessing to a nation; and that oatmeal was preferable to wheat flour.

A DISPUTATIOUS SCOTCHMAN.

Bramble. Lismahago is more paradoxical than ever. The late gulp he had of his native air seems to have blown fresh spirits into all his polemical faculties. I congratulated him the other day on the present flourishing state of his country, observing that the Scots were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty, and expressing my satisfaction at the happy effects of the Union, so conspicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and manners. The lieutenant, screwing up his features into a look of dissent and disgust, commented on my remarks to this effect: 'Those who reproach a nation for its poverty, when it is not owing to the profligacy or vice of the people, deserve no answer. The Lacedæmonians were poorer than the Scots when they took the lead among all the free states of Greece, and were esteemed above them all for their valour and their virtue. The most respectable heroes of ancient Rome, such as Fabricius, Cincinnatus, and Regulus, were poorer than the poorest freeholder in Scotland; and there are, at this day, individuals in North Britain, one of whom can produce more gold and silver than the whole republic of Rome could raise at those times when their public virtue shone with unrivalled lustre; and poverty was so far from being a reproach, that it added fresh laurels to her fame, because it indicated a noble contempt of wealth, which was proof against all the arts of corruption. If poverty be a subject for reproach, it follows that wealth is the object of esteem and veneration. In that case, there are Jews and others in Amsterdam and London, enriched by usury, peculation,

and different species of fraud and extortion, who are more estimable than the most virtuous and illustrious members of the community; an absurdity which no man in his senses will offer to maintain. Riches are certainly no proof of merit; nay, they are often, if not most commonly, acquired by persons of sordid minds and mean talents: nor do they give any intrinsic worth to the possessor; but, on the contrary, tend to pervert his understanding, and render his morals more depraved. But, granting that poverty were really matter of reproach, it cannot be justly imputed to Scotland. No country is poor that can supply its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and even afford articles for exportation. Scotland is rich in natural advantages: it produces every species of provision in abundance, vast herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, with a great number of horses; prodigious quantities of wool and flax, with plenty of copse-wood, and in some parts large forests of timber. The earth is still more rich below than above the surface. It yields inexhaustible stores of coal, freestone, marble, lead, iron, copper, and silver, with some gold. The sea abounds with excellent fish, and salt to cure them for exportation; and there are creeks and harbours round the whole kingdom for the convenience and security of navigation. The face of the country displays a surprising number of cities, towns, villas, and villages, swarming with people; and there seems to be no want of art, industry, government, and police. Such a kingdom never can be called poor, in any sense of the word, though there may be many others more powerful and opulent. But the proper use of those advantages, and the present prosperity of the Scots, you seem to derive from the union of the two kingdoms.'

I said, I supposed he would not deny that the appearance of the country was much mended; that the people lived better, had more trade, and a greater quantity of money circulating, since the Union than before. 'I may safely admit these premises,' answered the lieutenant, 'without subscribing to your inference. The difference you mention I should take to be the natural progress of improvement. Since that period, other nations, such as the Swedes, the Danes, and, in particular, the French, have greatly increased in commerce, without any such cause assigned. Before the Union there was a remarkable spirit of trade among the Scots, as appeared in the case of their Darien Company, in which they had embarked no less than four hundred thousand pounds sterling; and in the flourishing state of the maritime towns in Fife and on the eastern coast, enriched by their trade with France, which failed in conse-

quence of the Union. The only solid commercial advantage reaped from that measure was the privilege of trading to the English plantations; yet, excepting Glasgow and Dumfries, I don't know any other Scotch towns concerned in that traffic. In other respects I conceive the Scots were losers by the Union. They lost the independence of their state, the greatest prop of national spirit; they lost their parliament; and their courts of justice were subjected to the revision and supremacy of an English tribunal.'

'Softly, captain,' cried I; 'you cannot be said to have lost your own parliament while you are represented in that of Great Britain.' 'True,' said he, with a sarcastic grin, 'in debates of national competition, the sixteen peers and forty-five commoners of Scotland must make a formidable figure in the scale against the whole English legislature.' 'Be that as it may,' I observed, 'while I had the honour to sit in the Lower House, the Scots members had always the majority on their side.' 'I understand you, sir,' said he; 'they generally side with the majority; so much the worse for their constituents. But even this evil is not the worst they have sustained by the Union. Their trade has been saddled with grievous impositions, and every article of living severely taxed, to pay the interest of enormous debts contracted by the English, in support of measures and connections in which the Scots had no interest nor concern.' I begged he would at least allow that, by the Union, the Scots were admitted to all the privileges and immunities of English subjects; by which means multitudes of them were provided for in the army or navy, and got fortunes in different parts of England and its dominions. 'All these,' said he, 'become English subjects to all intents and purposes, and are in a great measure lost to their mother-country. The spirit of rambling and adventure has been always peculiar to the natives of Scotland. If they had not met with encouragement in England, they would have served and settled, as formerly, in other countries, such as Muscovy, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany, France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all which nations their descendants continue to flourish even at this day.'

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed: 'For God's sake, what has England got by this Union, which you say has been so productive of misfortune to the Scots?' 'Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the Union,' said Lismahago in a solemn tone; 'first and foremost, the settlement of the Protestant succession, a point which the English ministry drove with such eagerness, that no stone was left unturned to cajole

and bribe a few leading men to cram the Union down the throats of the Scottish nation, who were surprisingly averse to the expedient. They gained by it a considerable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the sea on all sides of the island, thereby shutting up all back-doors against the enterprises of their enemies. They got an accession of above a million of useful subjects, constituting a never-failing nursery of seamen, soldiers, labourers, and mechanics; a most valuable acquisition to a trading country, exposed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of settlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the course of seven years, during the last war, Scotland furnished the English army and navy with seventy thousand men, over and above those who migrated to their colonies, or mingled with them at home in the civil departments of life. This was a very considerable and seasonable supply to a nation whose people had been for many years decreasing in number, and whose lands and manufactures were actually suffering for want of hands. I need not remind you of the hackneyed maxim, that to a nation in such circumstances a supply of industrious people is a supply of wealth, nor repeat an observation which is now received as an eternal truth, even among the English themselves, that the Scots who settle in South Britain are remarkably sober, orderly, and industrious.'

I allowed the truth of this remark, adding, that by their industry, economy, and circumspection, many of them in England, as well as in her colonies, amassed large fortunes, with which they returned to their own country, and this was so much lost to South Britain. 'Give me leave, sir,' said he, 'to assure you, that in your fact you are mistaken, and in your deduction erroneous. Not one in two hundred that leave Scotland ever returns to settle in his own country; and the few that do return carry thither nothing that can possibly diminish the stock of South Britain, for none of their treasure stagnates in Scotland. There is a continual circulation, like that of the blood in the human body, and England is the heart, to which all the streams which it distributes are refunded and returned; nay, in consequence of that luxury, which our connection with England hath greatly encouraged, if not introduced, all the produce of our lands and all the profits of our trade are engrossed by the natives of South Britain; for you will find that the exchange between the two kingdoms is always against Scotland, and that she retains neither gold nor silver sufficient for her own circulation. The Scots, not content with their own manufactures and produce,

which would very well answer all necessary occasions, seem to vie with each other in purchasing superfluities from England, such as broadcloth, velvets, stuffs, silks, lace, furs, jewels, furniture of all sorts, sugar, rum, tea, chocolate, and coffee; in a word, not only every mode of the most extravagant luxury, but even many articles of convenience, which they might find as good, and much cheaper, in their own country. For all these particulars England, I conceive, may touch about one million sterling a year. I don't pretend to make an exact calculation—perhaps it may be something less, and perhaps a great deal more. The annual revenue arising from all the private estates of Scotland cannot fall short of a million sterling; and I should imagine their trade will amount to as much more. I know the linen manufacture alone returns near half a million, exclusive of the home consumption of that article. If, therefore, North Britain pays a balance of a million annually to England, I insist on it, that country is more valuable to her, in the way of commerce, than any colony in her possession, over and above the other advantages which I have specified; therefore, they are no friends either to England or to truth, who affect to depreciate the northern part of the United Kingdom.'

I must own I was at first a little nettled to find myself schooled in so many particulars. Though I did not receive all his assertions as gospel, I was not prepared to refute them; and I cannot help now acquiescing in his remarks so far as to think that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this side of the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error. After some recollection—'Well, captain,' said I, 'you have argued stoutly for the importance of your own country: for my part, I have such a regard for our fellow-subjects of North Britain, that I should be glad to see the day when your peasants can afford to give all their oats to their cattle, hogs, and poultry, and indulge themselves with good wheaten loaves, instead of such poor, unpalatable, and inflammatory diet.' Here again I brought myself into a *premunire* with the disputatious Caledonian. He said he hoped he should never see the common people lifted out of that sphere for which they were intended by nature and the course of things; that they might have some reason to complain of their bread if it were mixed, like that of Norway, with sawdust and fish-bones; but that oatmeal was, he apprehended, as nourishing and salutary as wheat-flour, and the Scots in general thought it at least as savoury. He affirmed that a mouse (which, in the article of self-preservation, might be supposed to act from

infallible instinct) would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience; for, in a place where there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed on the latter till all the oats were consumed. For their nutritive quality he appealed to the hale, robust constitutions of the people who lived chiefly on oatmeal: and instead of being inflammatory, he asserted that it was cooling, subacid, balsamic, and mucilaginous; inasmuch that, in all inflammatory distempers, recourse was had to water gruel, and flummery made of oatmeal.*

'At least,' said I, 'give me leave to wish them such a degree of commerce as may enable them to follow their own inclinations.' 'Heaven forbid!' cried this philosopher. 'Woe be to that nation where the multitude are at liberty to follow their own inclinations! Commerce is undoubtedly a blessing while restrained within its proper channels; but a glut of wealth brings along with it a glut of evils: it brings false taste, false appetite, false wants, profusion, venality, contempt of order, engendering a spirit of licentiousness, insolence, and faction, that keeps the community in continual ferment, and in time destroys all the distinctions of civil society, so that universal anarchy and uproar must ensue. Will any sensible man affirm that the national advantages of opulence are to be sought on these terms? No, sure; but I am one of those who think that, by proper regulations, commerce may produce every national benefit without the alloy of such concomitant evils.'

HUMOURS OF SIR THOMAS BULFORD.

Melford. I believe there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors. We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him,

* Lismahago's views regarding oatmeal have been, to a considerable extent, confirmed by the *dictum* of modern organic chemistry. It is a fact hardly known in England, and which will probably be heard of with surprise, if not incredulity, that, so late as the Commonwealth, oats were the food of the English peasantry as well as of English horses. This fully appears from the writings of Gervase Markham. Very probably Samuel Johnson's father was brought up upon oatmeal.

is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be ever so caustic or refractory. Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant. We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord, by Lady Bulford, who sang and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing. This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed: '*O cara!* what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pergolesi and your Corelli?' At the same time he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand. He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore. Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet: he was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour which were occasionally tried on strangers. Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy: sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had studied Burn * with uncommon application; but he studied nothing so much as the art of living (that is, eating) well. This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success in the course of this evening: but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw between a young hound and an old hedgehog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but, as

* Burn's *Justice of Peace.*

often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion. The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroken.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked on the justice, who ate a most unconscionable supper, and, among other things, a large plate of boiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which, in some constitutions, had a poisonous effect. Mr Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner? He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but, as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague-water, which the justice drank off immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shewn to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was awaked with a dismal cry of 'Fire!' and, starting up, ran to the window in my shirt. The night was dark and stormy; and a number of people, half dressed, ran backwards and forwards through the courtyard, with links and lanterns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation. Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran downstairs, and, on inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay. By this time the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the second story, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room door was locked on the outside. The servants called to him that the house had been robbed; that, without doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the staircase was in flames. In this dilemma, the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance. At length the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted. Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earnestly to descend. There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who

forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted night-cap fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and haunches exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance when illuminated by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent. All the company stood round the ladder except the knight, who sat in his chair, exclaiming from time to time: 'Lord have mercy on us!—save the gentleman's life—mind your footing, dear captain!—softly!—stand fast!—clasp the ladder with both hands there!—well done, my dear boy!—O, bravo!—an old soldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcase—warm the bed in the green room—give me your hand, dear captain—I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound, with all my heart.' Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorata, who, snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under their arms, and a female conducted him to the green room, still accompanied by Mrs Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed. During this whole transaction he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceeding grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy-chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and, bursting into a long and loud laugh—'Mat,' cried he, 'crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha! Such a *camisicata*, *scagliata*, *beffata!* *O che roba!* O what a subject! O what a *caricatura!* O for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken! Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted—what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows! what lights and shadows! what a group below! what expression above! what an aspect! Did you mind the aspect? Ha, ha, ha! and the limbs, and the muscles—every toe denoted terror! ha, ha, ha! Then the blanket! O what *costume!* St Andrew! St Lazarus! St Barsabas! ha, ha, ha!' 'After all, then,' cried Mr Bramble, very gravely, 'this was no more than a false alarm? We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our

senses, for the joke's sake!' 'Ay, and such a joke!' cried our landlord—'such a farce! such a *dénouement!* such a *catastrophe!*'

'Have a little patience,' replied our squire; 'we are not yet come to the *catastrophe;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce. The captain is one of those saturnine subjects who have no idea of humour. He never laughs in his own person; nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expense. Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience.' ''Sdeath!' cried the knight, 'I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father; and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century.' Here Mrs Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared she did not see that Mr Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid he would very soon find he had mistaken his man. The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying that he must be a Goth and a barbarian if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture on his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of the face, and a leer on the other.*

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green room, and used such arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he seemed to be quite appeased. He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company. Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waistcoat-pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull,† a

* Sir Thomas's *coup de maître* had a precedent in a well-known anecdote of Gray the poet, who, having furnished a window of his apartment in St Peter's College, Cambridge, with an apparatus for exit in case of fire, was soon after alarmed by a cry of fire got up in the staircase in the middle of the night, and made a descent of some thirty feet by a rope, under much the same circumstances as Lismahago, and, doubtless, equally to the enjoyment of the wicked authors of the jest.

† A Scotch *snuff-mull* (properly mill) is now simply a snuff-box of ram's horn with a wooden lid. Originally, it included an apparatus for pounding down leaf-tobacco into snuff; hence the name.

very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said: 'Here is a small mistake.' 'No mistake at all,' cried the baronet; 'a fair exchange is no robbery. Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial.' 'Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'the mull is much at your service, but this machine ' can by no means retain. It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour. Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myself disposed to be brought on the stage again: I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand.' So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect, he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet, hearing Frogmore mentioned—'Odso!' cried he, 'I had forgotten the justice. Prithee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel.' Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would shew the captain that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the further end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes Mr Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way. 'Jesu! neighbour Frogmore,' exclaimed the baronet, 'what is the matter? you look as if you was not a man for this world. Set him down softly on the couch—poor gentleman! Lord have mercy on us! What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated?' 'Oh, Sir Thomas!' cried the justice, 'I doubt it is all over with me: those mushrooms I ate at your table have done my business—ah! oh! hey!' 'Now, the Lord forbid!' said the other: 'what, man! have a good heart. How does thy stomach feel? ha!'

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his night-gown discovered that his waistcoat would not meet on his belly by five good inches at least. 'Heaven protect us all!' cried Sir Thomas, 'what a melancholy spectacle! Never did I see a man so suddenly swelled but when he was either just dead or just dying. Doctor, canst thou do nothing for this poor object?' 'I don't think the case is quite desperate,' said the surgeon, 'but I would advise Mr Frogmore

to settle his affairs with all expedition: the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyster and an emetic draught.' The justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency: 'Lord, have mercy on us! Christ, have mercy on us!' Then he begged the surgeon, in the name of God, to despatch. 'As for my worldly affairs,' said he, 'they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs; but my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul?—miserable sinner that I am!' 'Nay, prithee, my dear boy, compose thyself,' resumed the knight; 'consider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canst not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy conscience, or the devil's in't.' 'Name not the devil,' exclaimed the terrified Frogmore; 'I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of. Ah, friend, I have been sly—sly—d.....d sly! Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity.' He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to assist him with their prayers. He added: 'Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and God forgive you, Sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table.'

He was no sooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering that, while he slept, his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon, and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken overnight, under the denomination of plague-water. She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life: the knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. On inquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course. A clyster was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas's nurse, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of squills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul. The knight and I, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore . . . .

crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case; and the vicar answered in a solemn, snuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put to bed again. He declared that much of the *virus* was discharged; and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with tears of joy in his eyes, protesting that, if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hands he squeezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted on our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark. In the meantime, Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden to see a fish-pond, just finished, which Mr Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement. In this situation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when, the door flying open with a violent shock, Lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming: 'A mad dog! a mad dog!' and throwing up the window-sash, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and, forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of instinctive impulse. He not only bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl: 'Lord have mercy on us! pray take care of the gentleman!—for God's sake mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcase—warm the bed in the green room!'

Lady Bulford was thunderstruck at this phenomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word. Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return, and his good-humour to revive. As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression of countenance, but fixed his eye

in particular on Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff; and when he took it in silence—'Sir Thomas Bulford,' said he, 'I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin.' 'Give me thy hand,' cried the baronet: 'thou hast indeed paid me "scot and lot;" and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable.' So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expense; but Lady Bulford looked very grave, and, in all probability, thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary; but, according to the proverb, 'he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers.'

Smollett lived but to hear the first uncertain reports of the applause which crowned his last novel. Amongst the last glimpses we get of him is one afforded by a letter he wrote in January 1771 to his nephew Alexander Telfer of Scotston. It speaks of an earthquake which had alarmed the inhabitants of Leghorn, most of whom fled in alarm to the country and the ships. 'I could hardly,' says he, 'keep my own family within doors; but, for my own part, I thought it was better to run some small risk of being smothered quietly in my own warm bed, than expose myself to certain death from the damps of a dark winter night while the cold was excessive.' On the same date he wrote to his friend, the illustrious surgeon, John Hunter: 'With respect to myself, I have nothing to say but that, if I can prevail upon my wife to execute my last will, you shall receive my poor carcase in a box after I am dead, to be placed among your rarities. I am already so dry and emaciated, that I may pass for an Egyptian mummy, without any other preparation than some pitch and painted linen.'* This was a condition which could not last long. Smollett breathed his last on the 16th or 17th of September† 1771, at the age of fifty-one.

* These last two letters are printed in the *Scots Magazine* for May 1805.

† The 21st of October is usually given as the day on which Smollett died. The *Scots Magazine* for October gives the 17th of September as the date, and

In such melancholy circumstances passed away the spirit of the great comic novelist of the eighteenth century—as clearly a victim to the exigencies of a literary life as if he had been starved to death in a garret. 'Come of Scotland's gentle blood,' like his follower Scott; like him, too, tinged with aristocratic feeling, and animated by a spirit of independence; he had gone through the same sad overwork for the means of being clear of indebtedness, and it had come to the same sad end in ruined health and a premature grave. Poor Smollett! how ill do these details of poverty, and hard work, and disease, pain, and death, comport with the merriment which your Strap, your Trunnion, and your Lismahago have excited, and, for aught we see, must ever excite! How strange to reflect that some of your last and best humours were pressed forth amidst the anguish and decay of ebbing life! Must it always be so with the genius which gives us of its bright treasures so abundantly? Must society always appear as ingrates to those who so much entertain and ornament it?

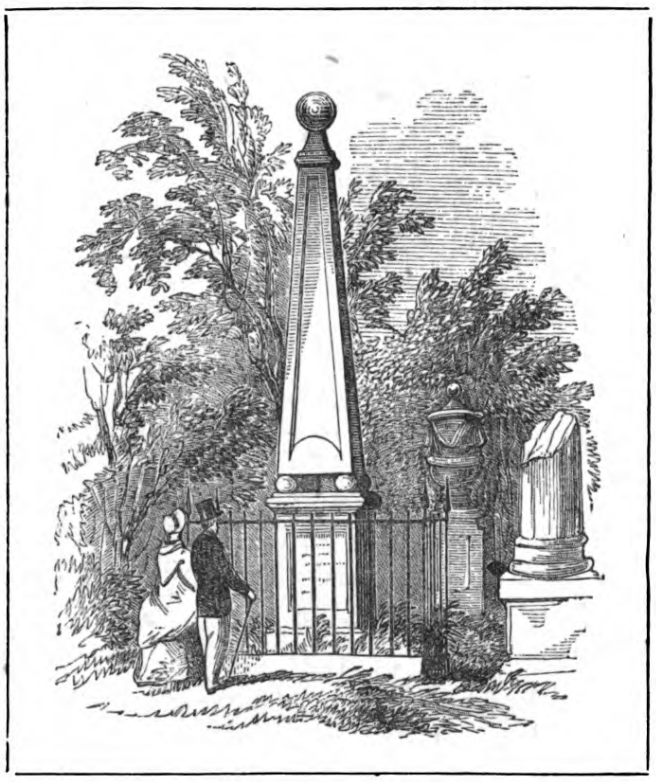
The reader is already aware that Smollett was originally a handsome, robust man, of engaging manners, and a great favourite with those who knew him well, but at the same time deficient in the patience and toleration which are required of the man of the world. With a heart alive to all generous sympathies, and a hand open as day to melting charity, with lofty principles of rectitude such as we all delight to honour, he was at the same time satirical, irritable, and vindictive—the last, we must claim, not to a great extent: a constitution which made it impossible, of course, that he should pass very smoothly or agreeably through life. Accordingly, we have to bewail, regarding this brilliant man, that he spent the years of his literary glory in continual exasperation of spirit, arising from the anger and malice of his many enemies. He had entirely missed that better philosophy which was exemplified so well by his

it must have been true as to the month, for had the 21st of October been the day, the intelligence could not have reached Scotland in time for insertion in that number.

successor, the Author of *Waverley*, to take the rubs of literary life meekly, to return no wounds, to let the gadflies of spite and jealousy hum and buzz themselves to sleep; in short, to try to live down difficulties by simply endeavouring on all occasions to do one's best, and be content when it is done. The fault was a great one; but in the language of one of his friends—

'—— bitter has the expiation been.' *

He was buried in what may now be called the old English cemetery at Leghorn, for, from being overcrowded, it has been



Tomb of Smollett, in the Old English Cemetery, Leghorn.

for some years abandoned in favour of a new one; a beautiful spot shaded by acacia-trees, and filled with elegant monuments,

* 'Oh, rake not up the ashes of our fathers,
Implacable resentment was their crime,
And bitter has the expiation been.'
HOME'S *Douglas.*

many of them the tributes of affection sent by relatives from distant countries. Over the grave of the novelist is a monument surrounded by flowering plants, and bearing this inscription :

'MEMORIÆ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT,
QUI LIBURNI ANIMUM EFFLAVIT.
16 SEPTEMBER 1773,
QUIDAM EX SUIS VALDE AMICIS
HUNC TUMULUM FIGERUNT.'

They had consecrated it on what they assumed to be the second anniversary of his decease.*

For one who had been at some difficulty for bread in his lifetime, there was a rather plentiful supply of the scriptural substitute after his death. His cousin the Commissary, now drawing near the end of his own life, felt affected by the early death of one whom he had contemplated as his heir, and who had illustrated the family name in the eyes of the world. He proceeded to erect a handsome Tuscan column in a field near the novelist's birthplace, and when Johnson and Boswell became his guests in October 1773, on their return from the Hebrides, they found him bemusing himself over a Latin inscription for it, which had been composed jointly by two of the most noted scholars of that day in Scotland, Professor George Stewart and Mr Ramsay of Ochtertyre. This inscription, with some touches from the hand of Johnson, was put upon the monument afterwards.

* The preceding portraiture of the tomb of Smollett is engraved from a sketch done on the spot by the late Mr Fairholt, and which he presented to me a short while before his lamented and too early death.

'Siste viator !
Si lepores ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus,
Immorare paulum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M.D.
Viri virtutibus hisce
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
Haud mediocriter ornati :
Qui in literis variis versatus,
Postquam felicitate sibi propria
Sese posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus
Anno ætatis 51.
Eheu ! quam procul a patria !
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet sepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patrueli suo,
Cui in decursu lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu ! inane monumentum,
In ipsis Leviniæ ripis,
Quas versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratus
Primis infans vagitibus personuit,
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLETT de Bonhill.
Abi et reminiscere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, prospectum esse ;
Aliis enim, si modo digni sint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium !'

The commissary, whom Boswell speaks of as 'a man of considerable learning, with abundance of animal spirits,' died at a good age in 1775, leaving his landed property of above a thousand a year, and other property to about an equal amount, to the only surviving grandchild of Sir James Smollett, Mrs Telfer, senior, of Scotston. It was to this handsome independency that the novelist was expected to have succeeded, in the

event of his surviving his cousin, and as he would have done if his life could have been prolonged by four years. The lady took the name of Smollett, and at her decease in 1788, she was succeeded by her son Alexander, now also called Smollett. In the course of a few years after her accession, the estates must have undergone a great rise of value, in consequence of the establishment of calico-printing and bleaching-works upon them, giving rise to two populous villages, one named Alexandria from her son, the other Renton from her daughter-in-law. The latter is a town of about two thousand inhabitants, covering the fields which Archibald Smollet tilled at the time of his famous son's birth—while, unfortunately, the house of Dalquhurn, amidst these sweeping changes, has disappeared.*

The widow of Smollett continued for many years to live at Leghorn, generally under considerable difficulties, in consequence of the unproductiveness of her West India property, and the very little there was to be obtained from the miserable resources left to her by her husband. If she had not, indeed, found shelter and relief in the house of an old merchant named Renner, who had a great regard for her husband, this poor lady —the Narcissa of Random—for anything that appears, would have been homeless and in positive want. I possess a letter written by her from Leghorn, May 28, 1773, apparently to Mr Hamilton, the proprietor of the *Critical Review* (being without the address), and requesting of him a hundred pounds without delay, to meet urgent wants. It painfully expresses the troubles which beset her in her widowed and exiled condition. Ten years passed, and in a letter addressed by her to a gentleman at

* Alexander Smollett of Bonhill, nephew of the novelist, was succeeded, at his death in 1799, by his son Alexander, lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Regiment of Foot-guards, and M.P. for Dumbartonshire, who, a few months after, fell at the battle of Alkmar, in Holland, the first officer killed in the Helder expedition. The estates then came into the possession of another son of the first Alexander, named John, who died in 1842, a rear-admiral of the British navy. John was succeeded by his son, the present Alexander Smollett of Bonhill, at one time M.P. for Dumbartonshire.

Bath, September 23, 1783,* she has only a tale of woe to tell. Apparently, now, all income from her West India property had failed. She is so absorbed in grief, from the dismal prospect of a necessitous old age, that she is incapable of the least application. But for the kind friends who gave her shelter at Leghorn, she would have been left desolate in a foreign country. She alludes, however, to slight benefactions derived from other merchants there, and from some good ladies at Bath, probably old acquaintances. A few months after this date, some friends of her late husband, headed by Mr Graham of Gartmore, made an appeal to the Scottish public in her behalf. It was proposed that there should be a performance in the Edinburgh Theatre-Royal for her benefit. The affair was managed with all the delicacy possible in the circumstances, but yet without any attempt to conceal for whose benefit the play was designed. From a copy of a letter addressed on the occasion by Mr Graham to James Cummyng, the antiquary, I learn that Mrs Smollett considered herself as for the present wholly dependent on Mr Renner. 'His humanity to her has been uniform, noble, and disinterested; but he is now upwards of seventy years of age; and his death, which, in the course of nature, cannot be far distant, holds out a melancholy prospect to the lady, *as his bounty for some time past has been her only support.*' Where was Mrs Smollett of Bonhill, or her son, all this time? Fortunately, however, there are always some good souls in the world to make up, by their abundant generosity, for the shortcomings of others. Here was a theatrical manager giving his house and company for a night—here was Mr Houston Stewart Nicholson, a gentleman-amateur,† to take the part of Pierre in *Venice Preserved.* Here was 'Gartmore,' an amateur poet of no mean note, composing for it a prologue, which the favourite actor Woods, the friend in succession of Fergusson and Burns, was to pronounce. The effort was attended with success, for, in a house

* Printed in *European Magazine* for November 1803.

† Father of Admiral Houston Stewart, and of the Dowager-duchess of Somerset.

calculated at ordinary prices to 'hold' only a hundred and forty pounds, there was an audience which afforded not less than three hundred. This, however, is the last glimpse we get of Mrs Smollett. Even the date of her death is unknown.

Two years after the death of Smollett there appeared at Glasgow a small quarto brochure containing his *Ode to Independence*, together with some critical, but chiefly panegyrical remarks, from the pen of his friend, Professor Richardson. This piece, from the allusions in some passages, may be assumed to have been written about the time the author was taking his final leave of England. It breathes the real spirit of Smollett, and was justified by the practice of his life, for no one can say that the humble request for a consulship to help in sustaining the last years of a dying author was any deduction from the independence he had ever shewn, even while he was establishing positive claims on ministerial patronage. The burst of feeling in the first stanza, and the vigorous image it presents of one following an independent course under difficulties, have stamped it on the minds of Englishmen with a depth and permanency scarcely enjoyed by any other stanza in the whole range of English verse. Less impressive, but not less pleasing, is the picture of the life desired by the poet in the concluding antistrophe. The whole of the sentiments are noble and inspiring. It may surely be permitted to one of the poet's countrymen to point to this ode, and the life of its author, as no insignificant *per contra* to the contemporary satiric picture of Macsycophant in Macklin's celebrated comedy. Smollett's tragic life and unprostituted pen; Burns writing 'A man 's a man for a' that,' while living honestly on seventy pounds a year; and Scott spending himself one year for three in hard work to clear off his debts—are three not unpleasant images for Scotland to contemplate in the literary history of a century.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Armed with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied,
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquished were baptised with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stained with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage passed that way,
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appeared:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopped, he gazed, his bosom glowed,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage Fate allowed,
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;
The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourished bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her grave.
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities reared, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sat
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine;

And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnished vice and vanity combined,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow:
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppressed,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring:
Disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I 'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, study shall with solitude recline,
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless poverty shall guard the door,
And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

APPENDIX.

I. A MEMOIR BY SIR JAMES SMOLLETT,

GRANDFATHER OF THE NOVELIST TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

[*From the original MS. in possession of the present representative of the family.*]

BONHILL, 16*th Sept.* 1708.

MEMORIAL of certain passages of the Lord's Signal Mercies to me, notwithstanding of Manifold Sins and Provocations upon my pairt, which are hereunto subjoined for my excitement to holy and spiritual duties, and to the redeeming of misspent time by serious repentance and amendment of life, which I do earnestly pray may attain the wished-for effect.

I was conceived and born in sin and brought forth in iniquity, descended of a sinful generation, who had corrupted their ways, and therefore God, in his righteous judgment, had near cut off the remembrance of it from the earth, none being extant but myself alone of my name to have the hope of any posterity. In the space of eight or ten days after I came into the world, my mother was removed out of it, and then I was left ane puir infant to the care of Providence. My father, having no more children, and being, at the time of my birth, a young

vigorous man, did tell me often since my riper years, that he was content to be free of that clog and burden which the care and sustenance of me would necessarily bring upon him. However, matters were otherways ordered, and I, in my infant state, was sent to Kilmund, a place in Cowal, and committed to the charge of ane Hieland nurse, by whom I was keepit till I was four years old. About the end of which time, it runs in my memory like a dream, that, having wandered one day with some other little children [to] the top of ane hill above Kilmund, it being the time of ane great *speat*, I fell in a water, where I was in great danger of perishing, had I not been specially reserved. About the end of the four years, my father, being married to a person of a very narrow and malevolent temper by whom he had no children, sent for me, and brought me to Dunbarton, where I was put to schools, at which I profited above many of my companions, but was all the time keept in great hardship by the penurious inclinations of my stepmother, who scarce allowed me the necessaries of life; and my father being seldom at home, both in respect of the small satisfaction he had in his wife and of the public employments he had calling him abroad, so that I was in a destitute condition, having few or none to take notice of me, yet all was supplied by Divine and merciful Providence. It happened that my proficiency was so good at the school, that betwixt the age of twelve and thirteen I was fit for the college, and my father, then finding that he had no other hope of succession, did have me under more consideration, and increased in concern about me, and he carried me to Glasgow, where, for the first two years, I was lodged with very hard and penurious people. I was thought sufficiently capable of studies; but being very young, happening with idle comrades, I did quite neglect my book, and addicted myself to the billiards and other plays of that kind, whereby my time was much, if not altogether misspent. I came always home in time of vacance, where, having no one to direct me, I passed these seasons much in idleness, and what I read [I] did not understand. The third and fourth year of the college, I was put in better company, but was still biassed with love to plays and diversions, so that in the course of these four years I atteined to a small improvement; yet when I was graduate, invocations being then usual, I was, by favour of the masters, placed among the throng of the students, there being, as I remember, only six or seven of thirty-eight or thereby posted before me. This gave me some encouragement, and

satisfied my father, though indeed there was no ground either for one or other.

After I had passed some time at Dunbarton, I was desired to consider what means of livelihood I was to follow, for at this time my father's misfortunes were appearing by [his] being involved in the public, and the Lord's withdrawing success to his endeavours. For mony good reasons, which I think fit to pass in silence, it pleased the Lord to incline me to seek his direction. At length, it was resolved I should be taken to Edinburgh, and be made a prentice to ane writer to the Signet. I came to Edinburgh towards the end of the year '65, and I was bound to Walter Ewing, writer, who at that time had lost much of his business for not taking the Declaration; yet I was so unadvisedly fond of him as our countryman,* that I was positive to go to no other. My father boordit me in a private house at fifty merks the quarter; but in that house the diet was mean; so, after the first quarter, I resolved to give over the boording and take myself to my own shifts, in which I succeeded so well that I put near the half of the fifty merks to the fore, which indeed put me to the extremest frugality, whereof the particulars were but nauseous to repeat. Yet I was sensible in my after-life it did me good, according to that old saying: 'Quo semel est imbuta,' &c. Meantime, the lightness and vanity of youth made me scatter with one hand what I gathered with the other, for all I could save from my belly and scrape together of drink-money, by ane most assiduous and diligent attendance, I bestowed upon clothes. Yea, I came to that unaccountable persuasion, that I could not be happy without fine apparel, and no satisfaction or pleasure did appear equal to that of carrying home such clothes as no other in the place had, and to this I attained as well as soared, for I was admired on that account; and many thought I was playing the bankrupt, because by piecemeal my father's circumstances still waxed worse, and the employment I had under Walter Ewing, who had so little to himself, could not admit of my prodigal habit. However, I squattered through all these difficulties, and retained this habit of gorgeous apparel all the time of my abode in Edinburgh, without contracting any sensible burden.

At length, my father's circumstances calling for present help, and diligence being raised against him, he then told [me] I

* As being a native of the same district.—*C.*

behooved to marry and bring in such portion as would support us; otherwise present ruin would inevitably follow; and he advised me where money was to be had. And indeed I was prevailed being still under greater esteem than I deserve. I could never apply my mind to a burgess marriage, as not satisfied with the manner of their education, and so uncertain of their after-deportment. However, after much solicitation to marriage, and removing some impediments, and particularly the procuring a discharge from the Earl of Glencairn, [who] had my father under diligence for near thretty or forty thousand merks upon the account of that unhappy usury, in which prosecution the good people of Dunbarton (whose memory is now almost rased) did blow the coal, and with the greatest industry and malice did stir up Glencairn to the most rigid methods, I saw then I had some hope, and set my thoughts upon the person I married afterwards. . . . . I bless God for the comfort I had in that bargain, though, at the same time, by instigation of a stepmother, great injustice was acted in my wife's provision, for which I have observed the family of whom she descended has not prospered the better. Our hardships after the marriage were not small, having the charge of the old people and their servants, as also of our own family, which it pleased God to increase in a short time after. The greatest trouble the implacableness of temper which fell out, was most ; and I, judging it a duty I per to take care of my father and his wife, did by God's strength bear with their infirmities the best I could, and did all the duties I was capable of. Albeit the time of their life was more afflicting to my dear wife and myself than is proper here to mention; yet we were carried herein by the Lord's assistance, and has the satisfaction to see all accommodations performed to them, baith in their life and at their death.

It was admired by not a few persons, that I, who was bred at Edinburgh, and favoured by the general opinion of having some capacity for business, should have stayed so long at Dunbarton, and lost my time; but my affection to my father did prevail on me to wait upon him for a considerable time in managing some affairs, and it is neither safe nor easy to pairt with men after they are made known to their clients' business. It is truly more than probable I would have continued the rest of my time at Dunbarton, where I spent the marrow of it; but Providence ordered it otherwise upon the following emergence. The

time that my father and I lived together at Dunbarton, he was appointed depute in the regality of Lennox by Ardencaple, my father-in-law, who was heritable bailie of that jurisdiction, and Ardencaple, not being free to comply with public oaths, was looked upon as disaffected, and particular suspicion was taken how that jurisdiction was managed, and more particularly as to those people then called fanatics. To destroy them was the work of [that] government, being pushed on by the bishops, and they by the curates, whose great business was to inform against dissenters; and it was observed particularly of Mr M'Kechnie, that his ordinary [practice] was to go to the Bishop of Glasgow each Mononday, to give account of those who made conscience of serving God, as they thought (and so do I), in his own way. Immediately, orders were sent to the inferior judge—namely, to my father—to prosecute them with all rigour under the hiest pains. I do thoroughly think my father, in his own opinion, was no favourer of these courses; but yet, as he often told me, to save the poor people under Ardencaple's jurisdiction, he made great show of zeal against them, and never failed to fine as oft and as deep as the law appointed and the curate desired, and I did behind the curtain all that was in my power to save these poor people; and the curates smelled this, inasmuch that they were generally my enemies, and laid the whole blame on me that conventicles were not suppressed. Likeas, after my father's death, there passed ane Indulgence by K. James, and I was a little forward to have the benefit thereof to Dunbarton, wherein I appeared with some forwardness, for which, and as a ringleader of conventicles, I was taken before the Privy Council. But I leave these passages, and come to observe, that upon these and many other [grounds] I was very unfavourable and odious to that Episcopal party, so that whenever James came to the throne, and arbitrary power was set up, and when he tore all the privileges of his subjects, and particularly the election of magistrates, there was a set despatched to Dunbarton, who were patterns of wickedness and oppression; and they, instigated by others, whom I shall not mention, made me uneasy and unsafe to live at Dunbarton, so that in the end of the year '87, I went to Edinburgh, and took my eldest son with me, and the month of January or February thereafter, I sent for my wife and the rest of my family, proposing to myself only to live in some quarter [in] peace and safety, and to get my children educate; and then my good friends at Dunbarton had the ball at their foot.

I had not lived long at Edinburgh till the happy Revolution came about; and in the meantime, albeit I had little or no hopes to win my bread at Edinburgh, yet I chanced to be employed by Greenock and several other persons, which and I was as careful as possible to serve them duly and honestly. At the Revolution, the commissioners of towns were chosen by poll, and I was , when the community of Dunbarton did almost, if not unanimously, chuse me. I had reluctancy to accept the commission, because the great end of that convention was to forfault King James. I wanted freedom to do it, because, though I was convinced he had done many things against law, yet the puir child his son —if he was really such—was innocent, and it were hard to do anything [that] could reach the son for the father's fault. However, I was forced to accept the commission; and when this question about the forfaulting came to be touched, I could not go in [to] it; so that thereby I was exposed to the wrath of several people. But afterwards, when the crown was settled, I was weel satisfied, and went into all measures wherein my conscience allowed me for establishing the government both in church and state. Towards the end of Melville's parliament, I was made ane commissar of Edinburgh, which, though it was ane advancement in point of honour, yet it was none of interest, for, after I was put in that station, I could not act in a lower sphere by which I had much more advantage. My wife being a most vertuous, sober woman, we lived in great peace and love, and also very frugally, save what was bestowed upon the education of our children, whilk was not little, all my four sons being keipit the whole course of the College of Edinburgh, and for the most pairt governors attending them, as Mr Gartshore at Carmichael was keepit for observeing Tobias, and Mr John Errol for the rest. My eldest son did not profit at the college, but being led away with bad [companions], did drink in such vicious habits, that they were grievous to his mother and me. We thought the best expedient was to marry him, whilk was done, and how he managed with the whole tract of his life is so weel known, that I need not insert it; only my outward fortune was much lessened by his ways, and the sum of what was so exhausted will be seen elsewhere. However, it pleased the Almighty God, of his infinite mercy, to grant the desire of my heart and soul, for many prayers put up to the throne in behalf of the youth to bring him to a great sense and ane assurance

of God's favour. For all these his mercies, to his name be glory!

My wife died in '98, and left me four sons and two dochters. Most pairt thereof being young, I kept them in family with me until the lads passed their course in the College of Edinburgh, and thereafter I sent the three younger sons to Holland, whereof two to study law, the third to be a merchant. The two, namely James and George, students of law, were entered advocate. The third [Archibald] did not agree with that country, and contracted ane ague, and was obliged to return home before he was recovered, and has never yet got his full health. The burden of these three, with the charge I was put to by the mismanagement of my eldest son, amounted to a very considerable soum, whereby my estate was much lessened. However, it pleased God that so much was reserved as made a competent maintenance, which I reckon as a great blessing. After my wife's death, I fell in a business which was profitable to me, and whereby I sustained my family, and put money to the fore; and being a widow[er] for the space of near thretten years, and finding myself becoming old and more infirm than formerly, I thought upon a second marriage, and accordingly perfyted the samen in June 1709. The design of my marriage being not to advance my fortune, but to guide what I had, and to have the company of ane honest, vertuous, and religious person to take care of me, which, blessed be God, I am accordingly trysted with to mind the end.

There are some things that have happened in my life which have given occasion to individuals to reproach me, which I have thought duty to insert in this memorial, and are as follows: The first is of my bearing office in the town of Dunbarton, and that I have mismanaged and misspent the common revenues thereof, which is a most gross and calumnious mistake, as will appear by the council-books and records of that town, wherein most of my actions in that post are particularly set down, and will sufficiently vindicate me of all these wicked aspersions; and I bless God I have no challenge in my own mind that way; but I desire to be thankful that I have always endeavoured to do good to that place. I remember of one particular management that has been spoken of to my prejudice, which is my having [been] ane active hand to transact with the town of Glasgow for the duties of foreign ships coming to Clyde; as to which I desire it may be considered, that betwix the sixty and

sixty-six year of God, there was a mutual process betwix the towns of Glasgow and Dunbarton about that business, by the expense whereof Dunbarton contracted a great burden, and in the end lost the law, as appears by a solemn decision of the Lords, which is marked in the Lord Stairs's decisions, whereby all the vessels belonging to the town of Glasgow are made free of anchorage, weighage, and all other duties whatsoever, and only reserving to Dunbarton their pretensions against stranger or foreign ships. This sentence was much grudgit by the burgh of Dunbarton, but could not be repaired. However, after my coming to have ane interest, I did frequently threaten to raise a reduction, and to insist in it, although we had neither money nor moyen [influence] to manage it, and, before, I told the people of Glasgow that they could never expect us to be cordial in their interest until some redress was made; and I may without vanity say, that my influence, upon several accounts needless to be named here, has prevailed to cause them settle, which in my opinion was most profitable for Dunbarton, especially considering that the foreign ships seldom came, and generally when they came were personated by Glasgow merchants who fraughted them, in which case nothing was to be expected. Meantime, for one action, I caused search the council-books for many years backward, to see what the amount of the said dues might have been, and it was found that the charge of looking over them did far surmount the whole dues received, and that the whole effect of that negotiation was to be ane handle to some people to impose unwarrantable expense upon the burgh, and frequently to expose the magistrates to the danger of riots committed by them in these expeditions; so that in conscience and duty I laid hold upon the occasion of transacting that business. I know likewise it is said that I was bribed in that matter, which is like to the rest of their malice. I do acknowledge that for consulting of lawyers, and drawing the papers, which were both long and devious [?], and getting the same all ratified, first in the Convention of Burghs, and next in the Parliament—I say, for all this I got payment from the town of Glasgow; and as I remember what I got was fifty guineas at most, and I suppose no man will think that ane exorbitant price for so much expense and pains as that business behoved necessarily to cost. If there be a crime to have made Glasgow pay the charge, and make Dunbarton free, I leave it to any indifferent person to judge.

The next malversation that has come to my ears, was the persuading the town to dispose some muir-lands to Kilmaronock —the particulars whereof are: When I was first provost of Dunbarton, I was credibly informed that the late and first Earl of Dundonald had set out to tenants some muir-lands belonging to the town which were in the earl's neighbourhood. Upon which I moved ane perambulation of the town's marches, and the time prefixed happened to coincide with the same time wherein the earl's party were measuring the very same lands which belonged to the town. Upon our appearance and setting march-stones, and keeping ane court upon that ground, the earl's party and servants removed by our interruption, and went to the earl and made grievous complaint of me as the only instrument of that disappointment which he has met with, and that he was pleased ofttimes to term ane heinous riot. However, I suffered all that clamour and odium, because I had ane just cause, and feared not all the menace and threatenings I met with (which were not a few). However, the earl died shortly thereafter, and the town continued their right as formerly. Some four or five years afterwards, at which time I was dwelling at Edinburgh, and had no part or office in Dunbarton, but happening, as was usual, to make a short visit in time of vacance, I do remember that at one of these seasons, Nicol Bontein of Ardoch, who was then in great friendship with Kilmaronock and his lady, was sent by them with a message to me, that if I would use my endeavours with the magistrates of Dunbarton for the time to receive Kilmaronock as their vassal in these controverted lands for the payment of some small feu-duty, with the obligation of thirlage and other accustomed claims, it would be a favour never to be forgotten by that family, and it would likewise be a kindness done to the burgh, and would settle all differences betwixt them and that considerable family, especially considering that the town had no advantage by that piece of ground, and therefore it was better to have ane vassal of their own in it than to subject themselves to ane lawsuit, whereof the event would be uncertain, [and] still the prejudice would be retained. Upon consideration of this, I was prevailed with to interpose any little influence I had, and the magistrates did accordingly grant ane charter, and I was at the pains to get the samin ratified by the general Convention of Burghs; for all which the return given me by Kilmaronock was his perpetrating of all the malicious actions he could invent against me, and he

nor no other dare say that ever I had price or reward for my pains and endeavours to accommodate him. However, that he is the most ingrate man in the world is so notour, that I need not insist upon it. I pray God to forgive [him], and I heartily do it; only let this serve as a caution to all I wiss weel [to]—viz., never to have dealing with him or any man of his temper. As to my other management of that burgh, whether at home or abroad, I am conscious to myself that when it was in my power, I did them all the service I was capable of, and so am the less concerned what reflections may be cast upon me by invidious and wicked persons, for I am hopeful that no good or honest man will venture to do it. I desire not by this to sound my own praise, nor to vindicate myself in every circumstance, for I confess I am liable to the same frailties and infirmities with other mortals, only I do insest what I know was matter of fact, and whoever sall be at the trouble to trace my actions in that capacity, may be referred to the council-books, as I have before hinted.

It would take up much time to mention here what occurred in the other periods of my life, and so I forbear it. Only there is one thing which concerns me in my acting in a public capacity which I cannot omit, and it is as follows:

I have told before the scruples I had anent the forfaulting of King James, and my reasons for them, and it may perhaps be observed that I was inconsistent with myself afterwards by going into the oath of [abjuration], renouncing him who is named his son, and commonly called the Pretender, as to which I do acknowledge the same to be inconsistent. I truly had the same scruples against the latter that I had against the former, for which reason truly I declined, though ane chosen member, to go up to the first British parliament after the Union, and sheltered myself under the notion of being obliged to attend the Equivalent, whereof I was a member; and I made my interest with my colleagues in that commission, who were most pairt members of that parliament, to excuse me at London, as being necessarily keepit at home to supply their absence, which they did accordingly; and about the same time I settled all my affairs with a full purpose to lay down all public employment; and it is known to a certain friend that, in view thereof, I made some transactions very much to my prejudice to be free of all public appearance, and so not to be under the necessity of any new oaths. But ane very singular and remarkable

providence happening, which was the invasion of this kingdom by ane French force, all or most pairt of the invaders being popish, which, if they had prevailed, the government of church and state was in imminent danger of being overturned, I did then conclude with myself, that as ane Christian and Protestant, I was obliged to renounce all persons who were affected that way, and who by open violence could shake, if not altogether ruin, what was most of all things—at least, should be dearest to us; and I do attest the Almighty God and searcher of all hearts, that this was my motive, and no earthly consideration whatsomever. Wherefore, at our last parliament of Scotland, which was called the Union Parliament, I was chosen a member of the British parliament, and being desired, yea, importuned, to attend that parliament, I had no freedom to do it, because I understood that the great business to be agitated therein was to make laws for abjuring the Pretender, and for ratifying of all that had been done in the Scotch parliament, which I could not go in with, being always of opinion that it was hard to impose oaths upon people who had not freedom to take them.

MEMORANDA FROM PAPERS IN CAMERON HOUSE.

Title of knight conferred on James Smollett by his Majesty in 1698.

Tobias Smollett [son of Sir James] appointed sheriff-depute of Dumbartonshire by the Duke of Lennox and Richmond, July 5, 1699.

James Smollett appointed depute-clerk of Admiralty by John Cunningham of Enterkin in 1676.

Sir James Smollett commissioned as deputy-lieutenant [of Dumbartonshire?] by the Duke of Montrose in November 1717.

April 1735. Scheme of Captain James Smollett's yearly income and expenditure:

Liferent to old Lady Bonhill.....	£44	8	10
" Mrs Bethune.....	33	6	8
To Arch. Smollett's two younger children until they are 12 years old.....	22	4	5

II. PROPHETIC VIEWS ATTRIBUTED TO SMOLLETT.

In a brochure published in London in 1795, under the title of *A Dissertation on the Existence, Nature, and Extent of the Prophetic Powers in the Human Mind*, and which, though in a vulgar form, exhibits scholarly qualities in the author, quotations from the *Citizen of the World*, Dr Priestley's *Fast Sermon*, &c. are given; after which comes what follows:

'Dr Smollett.

'*The following prophetic passages are extracted from a letter sent by the late Dr Smollett, a few months before his death, to the Rev. Dr ..... of ....., Northumberland, who has politely intrusted the original to the editor.*

'As the sentiments of dying men, particularly dying authors, have been sometimes looked upon as prophetic, you will be inclined, perhaps, to pay the greater regard to the following political speculations; and in all human probability they are the last of any kind which you will ever receive from me; for I feel the chill hand of death gradually stealing on me, as those calamities are stealing upon our European states which I foresee, but shall never live to experience. But I am perfectly resigned, and nearly wearied to death, with a life that, both in its private and public condition, is the sordid slave of interest, prejudice, and folly. The first troubles that are likely to ensue will proceed, I think, from that overgrown and useless system of colonisation with which several nations—particularly our own—have burdened themselves. But although the inhabitants of that immense and unwieldy empire of Spain in South America, are sufficiently disaffected and disposed to revolt, they are there so fast bound by the chains of despotism, superstition, and indolence, that it is not probable they will take the lead, or attempt anything for their emancipation from the cruel yoke under which they groan, until either by the special favour of Heaven they shall become enlightened, or shall be acted upon by some considerable external force; in which case the empire of Spain in those parts would pass away like a shadow. Of all the kingdoms of Europe,

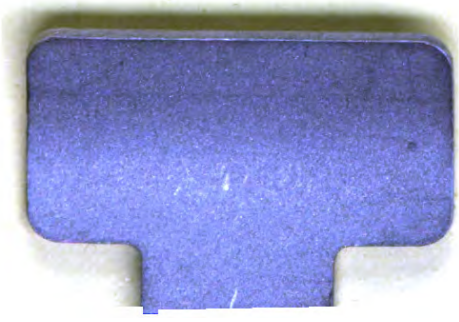
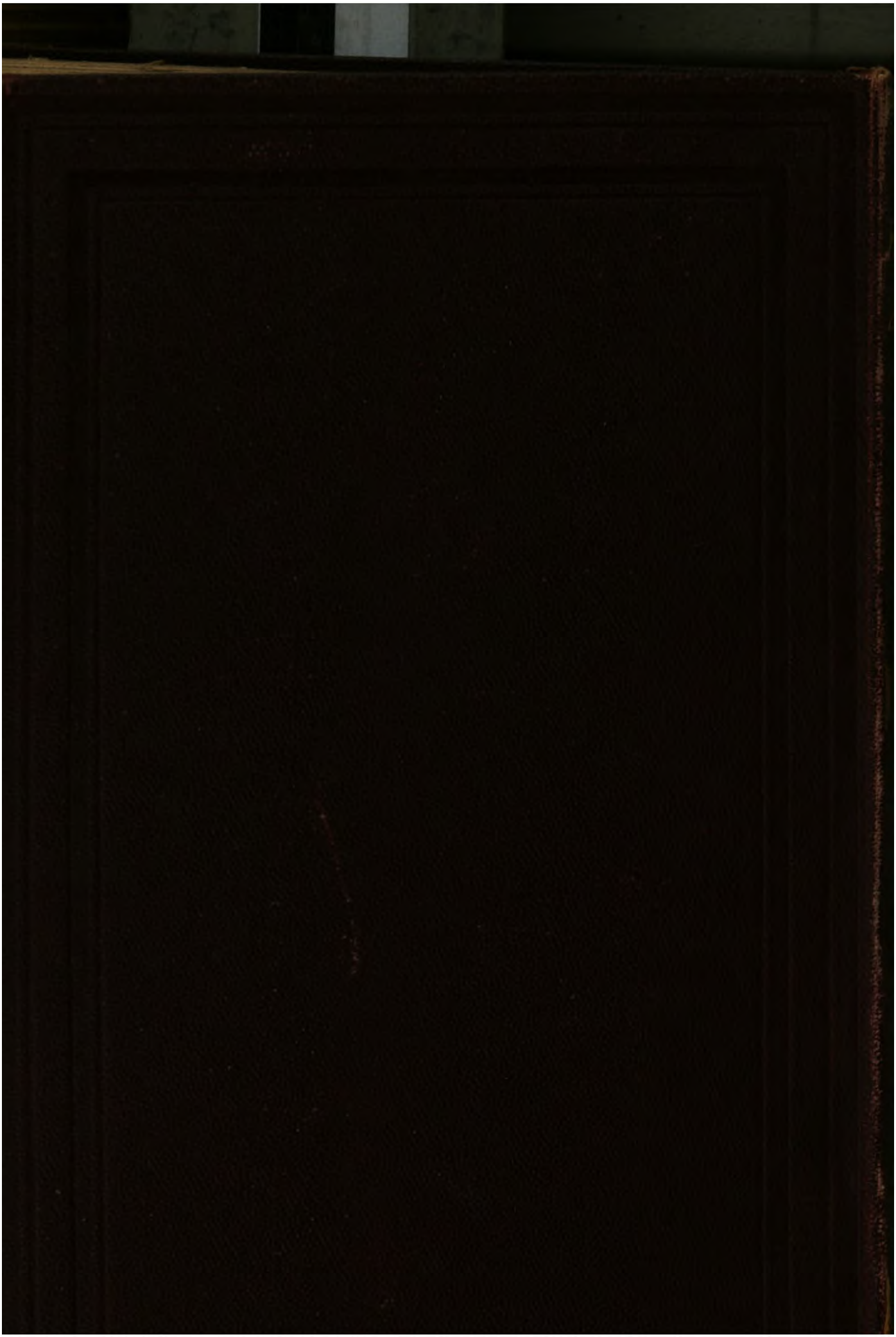
I think our own stands in the greatest danger respecting her colonies, and in the least with regard to her affairs at home. At home you have a few radically discontented men, with a vast and undoubted majority who are inviolably attached to the present establishment. In our American colonies, we may almost say they are republican to a man; that nothing but the tie of interest and the want of power to stand alone, has hitherto preserved them in their allegiance to the crown of Great Britain, which (you may rely upon it) they will embrace the first opportunity entirely to shake off. Nor would such an event, in my ideas, be at all disadvantageous to the parent state, or to the colonies themselves, provided it were possible it could happen without loss or bloodshed, which, I fear, the stock of wisdom and moderation, on either side, can afford us no certain assurance of. To turn our eyes towards our West India Islands, I think the prospect looks still more gloomy and alarming. It has ever excited my astonishment, that nobody, either in England or those islands, should entertain the least dread or forecast of the dangerous consequences of introducing such an immense multitude of African slaves into them, or the smallest compunction for the enormous wickedness of the act, exaggerated as it is in a thousand degrees by being perpetrated by men whose nation sets so high a value upon their own liberty, and who pretend to such an aversion from deeds of cruelty. If we have no apprehensions of the vengeance of divine justice, for the countless and horrid barbarities which are constantly exercised on the miserable slaves of those colonies, still common sense ought to teach us there is a point beyond which human affairs cannot go; that it is not possible that such numbers, who possess every day they live the power of their own freedom, will suffer such extremities for ever; that the blow must come at some period or other, which may be this year as well as the next, and that when it does come, it brings with it desolation not to be withstood, and death in every shape. That a revolt of the slaves must happen before many years, I will venture to predict; and if it should happen on one island, to whatever European nation it belongs, the West India Isles will never after be in a state of safety. To return to our own continent, France appears to me to be the first probable theatre of any material change. The present fashion of handling abstract questions of religion and government, so eagerly adopted of late by a great number of people of consideration in that country, is,

no doubt, the high-road to truth and justice; but unfortunately for mankind, it must necessarily run through the confines of bloodshed and desolation. Amongst all the best informed people of that country, with whom I have had an opportunity of conversing, there seems to exist an enthusiastic passion for the discovery of moral truth, and a most ardent zeal for its propagation. And in this laudable frame of mind seems particularly included a commiseration for the sufferings of the lower classes of mankind, and a desire to relieve them from the shackles in which they have been so long bound by religious and political frauds. If we consider the weakness, profligacy, and abandoned debauchery of the French court, the poverty, misery, and discontent of the lower classes, and the violent desire of change glowing and burning in the breasts of those who are the most able, and indeed the only people in whose power it is to bring that change about, we need not hesitate to assert that some great revolution must ensue, in the course of a few years, in the government, religion, and manners of the people of that country. Indeed, from the best general view which I am able to form of the internal political state of the kingdom of France, I cannot bring myself to believe that the present despotic system can, at any rate, continue more than twenty years longer. If religion has invented and nourished those frauds upon which the despotism of France was founded, and the belief of that religion is now almost obliterated from all ranks, what is in future to support such a government, when the general interest seems loudly to demand its demolition? That the change, come when it will, must be thorough, violent, and bloody, we may fairly prognosticate, both from the known character of those who are likely to have the chief hand in the reformation, and from that of the common people of France, whom their whole history proves to be the most sanguinary, unprincipled, and barbarous of any populace in Europe. Were it possible for me to live to witness it, I should by no means wonder to see the principles of Republicanism predominant for a while in France, for it is the property of extremes to meet; and our abstract rights naturally lead to that form of government, and it is not the season to moderate abstraction during the fury and concussion of political earthquakes.

'When a revolution upon such grounds shall happen in France, the flame of war will be universally lighted up throughout Europe, either from the inhabitants of other countries

instantaneously catching the contagion, or from the apprehensions of their respective governments. But whenever the great mass of mankind shall become enlightened, it will be as vain as perilous for governments to attempt to combat principles, which can only be effected with success during the reign of ignorance and superstition. I see it in the clearest light, that the people of France, Germany, and Italy (but more especially the *last*) are about to become weary of the impositions of religion and the galling fetters of slavery. And I behold a new order of people about to arise in Europe, which shall give laws to lawgivers, discharges to priests, and lessons to kings.

'As for our own country, ...'

THE END.

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