

THE

Life and Remains

OF

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE

PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM OTTER, A. M.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR GEORGE COWIE AND CO.
IN THE POULTRY.

1825.

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THE LIFE

OF

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

CHAP. VI.

Petersburg—Moscow—The Don—Sea of Azov—Crimea—Constantinople—Mount Ida—Plain of Troy—Cyprus—Jerusalem—Cairo—Pyramids—Aboukir—Alexandria—Zia—Eleusis—Parnassus—Constantinople—Pass of the Balcan.

MR. CLARKE and Mr. Cripps entered Russia at the worst period of the Emperor Paul's tyrannical and fantastic government. Hence the vexatious regulations of which he complains so heavily.

To the Rev. Wm. Otter, Jesus College, Cambridge.

PETERSBURG, Jan. 31, 1800.

—“ We have been here five days. Our servants were taken from us, at the frontiers, and much difficulty had we with the Russian thieves as we came along. Long accustomed to Swedish honesty, it is difficult for us to assume, all at once,

a system of suspicion and caution: the consequence of this is, that they remove all the moveables in their way. I wish much to like the Russians; but those who govern them will take care I never shall. This place, were it not for its magnificence, would be insufferable. We silently mourn when we remember Sweden. As for our harps, there are no trees to hang them upon; nevertheless, we sit down by the waters of Babylon, and weep. They open all the letters, and therefore there is something for them to chew upon. More I dare not add; perhaps your experience will supply the rest.

“My astonishment was great at finding Mr. Ellis here: do you not remember my going from College to his seat in Hertfordshire, when poor W. Beadon, and Stracey, accompanied me as far as Barkway? Sir Charles* is a father to us all, and Ellis a brother. We have dined with somebody every day, and are engaged for a week to come. They also promise us balls and masquerades. I thought to study hard; but my wishes are vain—or else, I have Pallas, and Le Clerc, and Buxbaum, with a host of botanists around me. I dined this day with a gentleman from Astrachan, where we intend to go if possible. They all urge us to it;

* Now Lord Whitworth; at that time the English Ambassador.

and it is said to be very practicable. We have a magnificent suit of apartments at the Hotel de Grodno; which are to be open once a week to the scavans, if the police permit. I found in Sir Charles's house, the very officer who was your fellow passenger in the packet, when we sailed from Yarmouth: do you not remember the young officer, from Neufchatel, who set Malthus a laughing, by coming up one day on the deck singing, with his mouth and night-cap all one side? We met him afterward in Hamburgh. A most remarkable plant has been sent to Copenhagen, or rather three plants, all of different classes, genera, &c., proceeding by three different stems from the same root. Let me say five words of botany, that dear science! I won't keep you long in agony.

I found in Norway a species of the *Stellaria*, I believe the *Stellaria Arenaria*, which possessed a character something of this kind. The plant itself was of the *Decandria Trigynia*, but near its root was a most remarkable florescence exhibited among the foliage; which fell together, like the turning of a cabbage; and, on separating the leaves, it betrayed a perfect flower of the *Tetrandria Monogynia*.

“Perhaps on the very spot where you collected the *Pyrola Uniflora*, in Norway, I obtained its seed. What a beautiful flower! and how interesting for us! I gathered it, and gave it you on the Hunne-

berg mountain—on the day and hour of our separation. Will it grow in Jesus College garden? Cripps would be a botanist, if he had a better tutor—set him to hunt for a flower, and he is sure to find it; you cannot offer him better sport. He would have made a fine greyhound to Linnæus.

“I held forth in the schools at Abo; determined to astonish their weak minds, I attacked the most established truths, and they were dumb. ‘Alas!’ said I, ‘you are as reeds in the breath of opinion—It blows, and you bend with trembling. Linnæus told you—‘*Naturalia tarifariam seu in tria regna naturæ dividuntur: Lapideum, Vegetabile, and Animale;*’ and then you bawl out ‘*recte statuit Linnæus,*’ taking his creed in part. When he affirms ‘*Natura modificat Terras in Vegetabilia, Vegetabilia in Animalia, vix contra; utraque resolvit iterum in Terras,*’ what becomes of the division? The universe is one; and the soul of matter is itself material. What Linnæus applied to plants, applies to all—light is the soul of plants, and it is the soul of universal nature, and its base is oxygen. To prove this, we can shew the absorption and deposition of oxygen by means of light. Motion is generated by the affinity of substances; and as all substances have their greatest affinity for light, without light there could be no motion. At the moment of creation, ere motion was communicated to matter, it is said, ‘dark-

ness was upon the face of the deep.' 'Let there be *light!* said the Deity, and *motion* was instantly communicated!

"What was the fate of all this farrago? you exclaim! Why, in a twinkling I had a train of pupils to the new philosophy.—'Novelty,' said I, 'it possesses not. It is the theory of Moses—to your Bibles go for information.' The dispute ran high and I left it to subside; fearful lest by throwing too much *light* upon the *matter*, the *motion* would be too much for me."

To his Mother.

PETERSBURG, Feb. 24, 1800.

"I know not how it happens, but in this journey I hardly ever receive any news from home. Sure it is easy to take up a pen for a minute, when it is considered what value we place upon a few words. Cripps gets letters, almost every post; and in those I sometimes hear that all is well at Uckfield. I would give fifty guineas, for as many words in thy hand-writing, best of parents! even at this moment. But when I see letter after letter come to Cripps, and not one word to me, I think it very hard. Think how I am employed from morning to night, and often night and day—

scarcely ever experiencing one moment of repose—and yet I write; which I assure you is not easy when every instant has its important occupation. If I write letters, my journal suffers; and often I have time and strength for neither.

“I know it will please you to learn that we are both in perfect health. I have not been better for the last twelvemonth. You have proof of this whenever you find I can sit down to write, in fair characters, a long letter about nothing.

“We have this day twenty-six degrees of cold, which is beyond what people in England are able to imagine. It is equal to forty-five degrees and a half, below freezing, of Fahrenheit, as we estimate it from the scale of Celsius. In Petersburg, not a house is without a thermometer, and advertisements appear regularly in the papers, stating that if the cold is below seventeen, there will be no opera, which is the case this evening. Yet it is the most charming weather possible. There is no humidity in the atmosphere, which makes the severest season more tolerable than an English winter. Cripps and I walked to-day, and basked in the sunshine, while the Russians, as they passed in sledges, with their long beards, had their eyebrows, eye-lashes, and hairy chins, covered with icicles. The English bear cold better than the natives. Even I have exposed my face to the air, when the driver of my sledge, behind me, has had

his face frozen, and covered with livid spots, which we remove by rubbing the skin with snow. I have had my face only once frozen, a small spot in my left cheek. Mr. Cripps often gets a spot or two, and his servant John had all one side of his face, and part of his nose, congealed. No injury ensues if you rub it with snow; and we laugh at one another, when these strange marks appear; which make you look as if you had stuck wafers on your face.—

“Will you know what a kibitki is, with which you may travel all over Russia, at the rate of one hundred English miles a day? It is such a pretty looking affair as this.

(Here he gives a sketch of a kibitki with his pen.)

“Should you like to travel in a kibitki? Because if you come here, it is done in a moment. You have only to sit still in your carriage, whenever one of the royal family passes, instead of getting out and pulling off your pelisse, cloak, great coat, gloves, hat, &c. and you are bundled into a kibitki, and sent to Siberia, with your nose slit. All letters are opened; and if my beautiful drawing was seen by a police officer, I should visit the mines of Tobolski, with expedition and economy. I think, therefore, it will be as well to wait till our ambassador sends a courier to England, before I dismiss my letter.

“The statue of Peter the Great is a very fine statue; but an equestrian figure, which is colossal, upon a mountain, which is in miniature, is an absurdity in proportion, equally offensive to taste and reason. The carnival began, I believe, yesterday. We have balls, masquerades, races, and amuse ourselves with sliding down a slope of ice, of about the height of Uckfield church steeple, which is a favourite pastime here. The court go first, and after the court the nobles, and after the nobles, the foreigners of distinction; after the foreigners, the merchants with their wives and daughters, and then come the *bourgeois*. —

“Did you ever know that my father’s letters on the Spanish nation were translated into German? How it would have pleased him! A copy of them, in the German language, is in the public library of the University of Abo, in Finland. —

“This is the most expensive place I ever was in. Nobody is of consequence here, but in proportion to the money he can spend. The nobles, ambassadors, and even the English merchants, keep open tables, at all which a stranger is expected to dine. No invitation is sent. You inform the upper servant, or *maître d’hotel*, in the morning, and present yourself, without ceremony, at the hour of dinner. What I now tell you is a fact, incredible as it may appear—*fifty pounds* are often paid for a dish of fish. Our ambassador has given twenty. And

this fish, called sterlet, is not better than a turbot, nor so good—only it comes from the Volga, a long way off, and is difficult to procure. At the same table we see, veal from Archangel, mutton from Siberia, sterlet from the Volga, apples from Astrachan, grapes from Persia, porter and strong beer from London, wines from France, Spain, Italy, &c. strawberries from Lapland; in short, the whole world is ransacked to supply their sumptuous banquets.

“We shall go to Moscow as soon as possible: the principal part of the nobles are there; and we are told we are to witness still greater doings when we arrive: from Moscow to Vienna.”

To the Rev. Wm. Otter, Jesus College; Cambridge.

“PETERSBURG, March 5th, 1800.

—“The plates for the first part of Vol. II. of Pallas’s *Flora Russica*, are finished; but the typographical and descriptive part is not yet arrived from Germany. It will be published in the spring. The author of the *Flora Petropolitana* assures me, it will all be completed gradually. I have purchased the two first. They are already scarce and expensive. I shall not buy duplicates for you; because you will always use mine, and I know you will be angry, if the number of our

acquisitions should be diminished by superfluous profusion in any one. But you must write me word to Vienna, if you bought the Flora Danica; because I am commissioned to inquire if you possess it.

“Did you procure the *Gentiana Glauca* in Norway? We found it near Roraas, and on the mountains above Tronheim. Dr. Muller of Christiania wanted to persuade me that it was the *Gentiana Campestris*. It is lovely beyond description. Scarcely peeping above the earth, as blue as the voluptuous eyes of May. I send it to you.

(Here he gives a painted representation of the flower.)

“I now recollect, that the plant I once brought for Newton, from the highest of the Swiss Alps, and which I found blooming on the snow, was the *Gentiana Nivalis*; perhaps the most elegant of all the family. This last I will give you seed of. What an acquisition I have just made here! many hundred seeds of Siberian, Russian, and Kam-schatkan plants. I will pledge myself to bring home all the plants in the Flora Russica, Flora Lapponica, Flora Helvetica, and Flora Germanica. You must supply what is wanting to complete the Flora Swessica. We had last night the good fortune to procure a copy of Gmelin's Flora Siberica;

but it is not quite complete. Why does Linnæus pretend that the *Cratægus Aria* is peculiar to Sweden? It is found here, and, according to Pallas, also in England, under the name of the Cumberland Hawthorn. I saw this morning a collection of botany amounting to eight thousand plants. The owner will not sell it. But Dr. Muller of Christiania would sell his collection of Mineralogy, for 1200*l.*, and perhaps for 1000*l.* Certainly there is no other equal to it in Europe. A subscription at one guinea per head would obtain it for our University, but alas! they would sooner spend, individually, twenty times that sum, to ride in a stage coach to and from London, than, collectively, a single sous for the advancement of science. I should not wonder if the inspectors of the Petersburg post-office, profiting by the information this letter may afford, when they open it, were hereafter the cause of its being brought to a Russian academy.

“To other matters haste we now. The masquerades here are very grand. The Empress, with all the court, and two thousand persons, attended on Sunday evening. But the masquerade began in the morning at ten o'clock. We had another last night: Cripps appeared in five different characters in the course of the evening. Your friend Mrs. G. was most brilliant—crimson and gold. We are often invited there, but we do not go as we visit

the opposite party. — I went with them last night to the masquerade, and Miss G. wore my hat and feather.

“The carnival is now over. It is the holiday of the year. The astonishing procession of sledges to the ice mountains, is a proof that the population of this place is greater than they pretend. It would make you tremble to join the Russians in their favourite amusement. The height of these mountains is as great as the tower of Jesus chapel. A fellow places himself on a small sledge, and takes you in his lap; then leaning backwards with his hands on the ice, which act as rudders, you are committed to the winds, and down you go, like lightning; acquiring a velocity which carries you for half a mile on the plain surface of the Neva below, till you reach an opposite mountain and descend as before.

“I get no letters from England. In mercy, write a few lines, *à la poste restante, à Vienne*. We go to Moscow in ten days, and from thence to Siberia. In this last assertion, I speak in hope. It must depend on the state of the snow. If we cannot sledge it, we shall hardly have time. What would I not give to complete my plan; to follow the waters of the Volga to the Caspian; to cross the Caucasus, and seize old Achmet by the beard, in the walls of his seraglio. As for the eastern provinces of this mighty empire, if a man does not

spend a couple of years previous to his expedition in serious appropriate study, his researches would avail little. What do we know of those northern tribes, the Samoyedes; the Jakoutes; the Tchutshkis; the Koriaks; or the Kamschatkans? Most of them I believe are Fins; but what a world of science ought a man to possess, who shall attempt to investigate the history of Siberian Tartary?—of the Cossacks?—the Calmucs?—and the Tungusians? And to travel without rendering some illustration of a dark subject, is like a tasteless sot in a Dutchman's garden; wandering in a labyrinth, for the sake of losing his way. I don't know what Pallas may do; but at present he seems to have thickened the waters of science, by stirring up the mud, to shew that something is at the bottom. Botany, attended with less difficulty, and greater satisfaction, invites for a small portion of the year; and Mineralogy might supply the rest. One incitement to Botany, when it is pursued upon an extensive, general, and philosophical scale, is, that it makes us acquainted with the productions of climates and countries removed from our notice in the observation of those which are before us.—How remarkable are the characteristic changes in the *Betula*! In every degree of latitude, advancing to the pole, proportionably diminishing. I found the *Betula Nana* on the frontiers of Lapland,

not larger than the palm of my hand; and a species of the *Salix* the size of one's thumb-nail.

“By the first ship that sails for England, I shall send the *Rubus Arcticus*. It will be conveyed to the Botanic gardener at Cambridge. Make him take care of it for me, and tell him, if it be alive when he receives it, he must place it in the earth, and cover it entirely, till the beginning of June. Then he must take off the cover all at once, and leave it exposed. This is the only method which has been found that will ensure its bearing flowers and fruit, so far to the south. It was recommended to me by Professor Afzelius, of Upsal. The plant will be sent in a pot. At this moment its roots are with me in moss, frozen as hard as iron; and they have been in that state these last three months. The cold here is now severe. We have it, daily, from eighteen to twenty-five degrees of Celsius, below 0. Yet the sky is serene, and without a cloud. Next Monday, a party of ladies come to spend the evening in our apartments, which are handsome and spacious, in the Hotel de Grodno. We have prepared for them a Russian concert, consisting of thirty-seven performers upon horns, some of which only play one note.”

To the Rev. Robert Malthus.

“PETERSBURG, March 12th, 1800.

“Your interesting letter, dated November 25th, only reached me last Sunday. Captain Popham, the messenger, is ill at Umea, in Ostero Bothnia. He has been obliged to go all round by Tornea, owing to the state of the ice between Grislehamn and Abo; I had great risk for my life in that passage. A courier goes to London to-morrow; so that I shall be able to lay aside the order of Mum! which prevails here in its utmost force, and write freely. I have had a padlock on my lips the whole winter, with these initials upon it, P. P. It is impossible to say what will be the end of things here; or whether the Emperor is more of a madman, a fool, a knave, or a tyrant. If I were to relate the ravings, the follies, the villanies, the cruelties, of that detestable beast, I should never reach the end of my letter. Certainly things cannot long go on as they do now. The other day the soldiers, by his order, cudgelled a gentleman in the streets, because the cock of his hat was not in a line with his nose. He has sent the Prince de Condé's army to the right about; which is hushed up, and it is to appear that they are ceded to Britain. He refuses passports even to ambassadors for their couriers. One is not safe a mo-

ment. It is not enough to act by rule, you must regulate your features to the whims of a police-officer. If you frown in the streets, you will be taken up.

“E. is delighted and vain in the present you have sent him. Sir Charles C., Lady H., &c. &c. are all quarrelling who shall read it first. I had been holding forth about it, long before it arrived; and E. is much flattered that he received it.—

“I will answer all your queries. As to our disappointment at Tronheim, it was heightened in finding that a letter from us, from Stockholm to you, was lying at the post-office, when you were there, and you did not receive it. It contained matters and information that would have interested you. Among others it made known to you the arrival of Lord Grenville’s letters, which at that time would have given you satisfaction.—

“Cripps now pants for a dip in the Caspian. Joking aside, I cannot say too much in his praise; he thinks no exertion too great, if it contribute to improve my health, and make me happy. This is a selfish eulogium, but it must go for gratitude. He begs I will tell you, that he has too much lead for a tourist; but nevertheless, has seen the phenomenon, and explored the mountains of Lapland

“I will answer your inquiries respecting the ‘Maison des Enfans trouvés,’ in my next. I am at present much occupied with Botany, though it is

not the season. I shall bring home plants, which never were seen by any eyes but those of the person who gave them to me. They are from the remotest deserts of Kamschatka. My own Lapland collection will be interesting.

“We go to Moscow in a few days. We have now the finest weather imaginable: neither wind nor clouds. And people say, ‘What a warm day this is!’ when we have nine degrees of cold of Celsius. But it must be added, we have had thirty; and Cripps drove me across the sea, when it was at twenty-seven, and our faces were full of spots, as fast as we rubbed them out. It is disagreeable weather here, if we do not have at least five degrees of cold; otherwise it snows. The sky at this instant is of the finest blue, without a cloud. The cold is much less felt than in England, being always dry. Ladies drive in sledges, without caps, powdered and curled and plumed, as for the court. The Emperor is now planting trees in the perspective. What next? Mr. Pug! Yesterday a carriage and four drove out of a yard, in the Million, and did not see the Emperor on horseback, who had just passed, but turned suddenly, and drove on. The Emperor sent back afterward his police-officers, and directed them to a wrong house. It was a merchant’s, who never drove with four horses, neither had any such ever been in his yard. Nevertheless his coachman and footman were

ordered to be taken up, and sent to prison. The merchant protests against this flagrant injustice, and is answered, that if it was not his carriage he must find out whose it was: the servants meantime are detained in prison, for no crime whatever. Adieu!"

To his Mother.

"PETERSBURG, March 29th, 1800.

— "We are in daily expectation of leaving Petersburg. Particular circumstances, which I cannot now tell you, prevent our seeing the Hermitage, and the Houghton collection. We have waited week after week, on that account; and at last, I believe, must give it up. We set out for Moscow, either the 31st of this month, or April the 1st. If it is the latter, I can assure you, we shewed ourselves more of *April fools* in coming, than we shall do in going. Mum!

"We shall stay three weeks or a month at Moscow. About the first of May we go to Vienna, by the way of Kiow, passing the Ukraine, and through that part of Russia which once belonged to Turkey. Arriving at Lemberg, we shall bear towards the south-west, and crossing the Carpathian mountains, traverse Hungary, to Presburg, and thence leave it for Vienna. This journey will

employ us three weeks. We shall end the month of June at Vienna. From Vienna we go to Dresden, and Berlin, and thence to Hamburg; where I hope to arrive, time enough to see you before the middle of, or, at farthest, the end of August. This plan is determined, and you may depend upon our adhering to it. We shall not go into Italy, for I perceive it will detain us too long; and if Cripps does not particularly wish it, there is nothing in Italy, which will be new to me.

“I am in perfect health. The time we have spent here, quietly, has reposed and tranquillized both mind and body; and I am armed to encounter new exertions, with health and strength. Excepting the pictures at the Hermitage, I have seen every thing in Petersburg. Arthur Paget is sent Ambassador to Naples. Think what an advantage it would have been to me, if I had gone there, with such a friend at the head of affairs.—

“I cannot resist sending my sister some seed in a small packet, which she will laugh at, but she knows not how much I value it. I cannot get home in time to sow it; but she must get it sown with great care, in the garden, or in pots. It is the scarcest plant in the world. I found it in Lapland—a sort of pink, and its name, according to Linnæus, the *Dianthus Superbus*.—I believe it must be sown the day it arrives. It is found in the forests and meadows of Lapland, and two

hundred miles within the arctic circle. You will observe, therefore, a plant which has been accustomed to the frigid zone, wants very little nursing at Uckfield.

“I have been introduced to the Abbé Edgeworth (who attended the King of France in his last moments) by the Ambassador from Louis the Eighteenth. Dumourier is also here: I have dined in his company several times. When I get home I will shew you profiles of both of them.—

“We had yesterday a degree of cold, which will make you shiver to read. What think you of twenty degrees below freezing, on the 28th of March? Every thing is still buried in snow. We drive always in sledges, and are to go to Moscow in the same way. The streets, the tops of houses, and every object that one sees, are covered with snow, which almost blinds one with a constant glare, as it never thaws, not even for a moment.”

To the Rev. William Otter.

“Moscow, April, 25th, 1800.

——“You are eager to learn something of this singular city; and I feel happy in giving you that knowledge; because, from our long intimacy, I can make objects familiar to your eyes, which another person might not render visible.

There is nothing more extraordinary in this country than the transition of the seasons. We have no spring. Winter vanished, and summer is! This is not the work of a week, or a day, but of one instant; and the manner of it exceeds belief. We came from Petersburg to this place, *en traineau*. The next day, the snow was gone. April the 8th, at noon, the snow beat in at our carriage windows. The same evening, arriving at Moscow, we had difficulty in being dragged through the mud to our inn. The next morning, the streets were bare, all carriages on wheels, the windows thrown open, the balconies filled with spectators, and for several days past, the streets have been dusty, and we have, in the shade, twenty-three degrees of heat of Celsius' thermometer.

“Fortune loves chance, and by one of those chances, we arrived here at the season of the whole year in which Moscow is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in every thing extraordinary—in disappointing your expectations, and in surpassing them—exciting wonder and derision—pleasure and regret. We are now in the midst of the Pâques; which is here celebrated with a pomp and festivity, unknown to the rest of Europe. The most splendid pageants of Rome, do not equal the grandeur and costliness of the church ceremonies; neither can Venice, in the midst of her carnival, rival in debauchery, and parade,

and licentiousness, and relaxation, what is now passing in Moscow.

“I want to conduct you with me to the gates of the town, and thence through the streets. You see its numerous spires glittering with gold, amidst domes, and painted palaces, in the midst of an open plain, for several versts before you reach it. Having passed the gates, you look about, and wonder what is become of the town, or where you are, and are ready to ask, ‘When shall we get to Moscow?’ They will tell you, ‘This is Moscow!’ and you see nothing but wide and scattered suburbs, huts, and pig-styes, and brick-walls, and churches, and dunghills, and timber-yards, and warehouses, and the refuse of materials sufficient to supply an empire, with miserable towns and miserable villages. One might imagine that every town of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow. You see deputies from all countries holding congress. Timber huts from the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, plastered palaces from Stockholm and Copenhagen (not white-washed since their arrival), painted walls from the Tirol, mosques from Constantinople, Tartar temples, pagodas, and pavilions from Peking, cabarets from Spain, dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France, ruins and fragments of architecture from Rome, terraces from Naples, and warehouses from Wapping.

“Then you hear accounts of its immense population; and wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you would think you could walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that unable to squeeze a passage through it you ask, ‘What has convened such a multitude?’ and are told ‘It is always so!’ Such a variety of dresses—Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Muscovites, English, French, Italians, Germans, Poles, &c.

“We are in a Russian inn. The next room to ours is filled by the ambassadors from Persia. Beyond these lodge a party of Kirghicians, a people yet unknown. Beyond those, a party of Bucharians, and all of them are ambassadors, sent from their respective districts, to treat of commerce, peace, and war, at Petersburg. The Kirghicians and Bucharians I keep at arm’s length; but our good old friend the Persian visits us, and we visit him. His name is Orazai, and I am so great a favourite with him, that he admits me to be present at his devotions, and I see him stand for hours on a carpet, with his face to Mecca, in silent meditation. It is then, he says, he holds intellectual converse with Mahomet. Yesterday he gave me a pair of Persian slippers as a memorial; and I gave him a knife to shave his head with.

“We went at midnight to the cathedral to be present at the ceremony of the resurrection. About two o’clock in the morning the Archbishop, and all his bishops and priests, in habits of embroidered satin, covered with gold and silver, and precious stones, bear their consecrated candles to look in the holy sepulchre, and finding that Jesus was risen, announce to the people with a loud voice, ‘Xpucmocb, bockpecb?’ that is to say, ‘Christ is risen!’ and at the delivery of those important words, the signal is given, for eating flesh, feasting, drinking, and dancing. To be drunk the whole of Easter week, is as much a religious observance, as to abstain from flesh in Lent, and the Russians are very punctual in religious observances.

“Of course, you saw at Petersburg the Russian priests, in their long black beards, and with their hair flowing in long ringlets, without powder, or quite in straight locks, over their rich robes and shoulders. No figure can be more respectable than a Russian priest. I look at them, and fancy I behold Moses or Aaron, or one of the high-priests of old, holy men, standing by the tabernacle of the congregation, in fine raiments, the workmanship of ‘Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah.’

“I send you the portrait of the Archbishop of Moscow, well aware, at the same time, that the

resemblance will not inspire in your mind the reverence I entertain for the original.

(Here he gives his portrait.)

“The ‘Club des Nobles’ permit us to have tickets for their balls and masquerades, which many travellers have found it difficult to obtain, because the laws of their society exclude all persons who are by birth plebeian.

“I wish I could give you any account of their balls, which might enable you to form an idea of their great magnificence. I assure you, I have seen nothing to equal it in Europe. The beauty of the women of Moscow, is beyond all imagination. To adorn this beauty, no expense is spared. The dresses of both men and women are to the highest degree sumptuous. A whole fortune is here seen lavished upon a single dress. And then so much taste is used in the display of it, that I would have the women of Paris come to Moscow, to see their own fashions exhibited to the greatest advantage. A person who is not richly dressed, is hardly thought fit to go into company, and we are obliged to appear in full uniform from morning to night. We must therefore set up a new suit at Constantinople.

“Apropos! I have not told you our plans for the rest of our tour. We have made every prepa-

ration to go to Turkey, by the way of the Black Sea. I think we shall not go to Astrachan, though much recommended to us, because the passage from thence to the Black Sea, over Mount Caucasus, is difficult, and requires time. But we shall go two days' journey from Moscow, and embark on the Dnieper, passing through Kiow to Cherson, and Oczacow; from thence to Perecop, and through the Crimea to Sebastopole, where Professor Pallas resides, and to whom we have a letter. From thence we cross the Black Sea to Constantinople; and from thence, through Bulgaria, by Belgrade, and through Hungary to Vienna. This we shall certainly attempt to do; the only alteration may be in the beginning of the journey, as many wish to persuade us to go down the Don, to the capital of the Don Cossacks, and from thence to Taganrok, on the sea of Azov, before we begin the tour of the Crimea, and this last is perhaps the most probable. At all events the Black Sea, the Crimea, and Constantinople, are our objects now.

“Davy lamented that I should waste the moments of enterprise, among the forests of Lapland; little thinking I should travel by the Aurora Borealis to the plains of Troy. But as its beams electric have shone so bright, I may find my way there, before the darkness of death intercepts my view. He wished me to see Greece; how sur-

prised he will be to receive a letter dated from Athens, from a man who set out for the Arctic circle. It is a pantomime prank, in a man who one minute flies out at the sky-light, and the next pops his head through the trap-door of the cellar.

“The Persian Ambassador gives me a cordial invitation to the town of Terki, on the western shore of the Caspian. He writes me notes in Persian, and sends his Cossack interpreter to translate them for me. Some of my visiting cards, engraved in Bond-street will be found in his palace in Persia. What a transition! ‘Not at all!’ says he, ‘we could be there in a few days.’ Heavens! what a fever he puts me in, when he talks of such a journey, as we do of going from Cambridge to Carlisle! The rest of the globe is but a desert. Africa! America! what are they? Asia, excepting China, is a monotonous waste. The vast regions of east and west Tartary, will not recompense the difficulty of exploring them. As for the north of Asia, the Kamschatkans, the Samoides, the Ostiaks, are mere Laplanders, which, once seen, are known for ever. But let us not leave an acre of Europe untraversed. It is an easy work, and its completion will make us acquainted with almost all the productions of the earth. By going from North Cape to the mouth of the Persian Gulf, we become acquainted with all climates, frigid, temperate, and torrid. Plants in similar

latitudes are the same; and there is little of the animal, or mineral kingdom, which such an expedition would not offer to our eyes. We should see all that is instructive, and worth research. The rest remains for generations who may appear when the memory of European nations is swept away. For how small a portion of the globe is yet civilized; if any part of it can be said to be truly so!"

To his Mother.

“Moscow, May 24th, 1800.

“I received about a fortnight ago letters from my sister and brother; precious and welcome messengers, though filled with the most dreadful alarms, respecting the health of my beloved mother. Your hand-writing I have not seen so long, that painful presages seem to tell me, I shall never see it again. Write to me, my mother, if it is but half a line, and tell me, without disguise, how you feel yourself to be.

“The history of all your London excursions, of your new fish-ponds and promenades, of your papered parlour, and hermitages, is all a romance to me—a pantomime, in which with a whew! all the scenery changes.

“In this country I hardly know what I dare write. We have been detained here almost as

prisoners of war, and though we leave this place in two or three days, you would hardly suppose we should have gone to Constantinople. The fact is, we follow the advice of our excellent ambassador, Lord Whitworth.—As the distance is much the same from Moscow to Constantinople, or from Moscow to Vienna, we go first to Constantinople, having with us letters to all the great people there, and then we return through Hungary to Vienna. My mother, who knows what I suffered by the loss of my journey to Egypt, will partake with me, in the joy and satisfaction I must feel in the prospect of visiting, and with so much ease, the plains of Troy.

“Our return to England will not be retarded. We shall get home in the summer. Indeed it is absolutely necessary we should be in the North of Europe, to be ready for the Hamburgh passage before the Elbe is frozen.

“In the Crimea we shall see Professor Pallas, so well known for his travels in Siberia, and Captain Billings, who discovered a great part of the north-west coast of America. For an account of this astonishing city, I must refer you to my journal. It is impossible to begin such subjects upon a sheet of letter paper. Cripps has been very much noticed both in Petersburg and Moscow. The grandeur and extravagance of the nobles and

inhabitants exceed all I have seen before. Nothing is thought elegant or genteel here, but in proportion to the money it has cost. We are obliged to be in full dress from morning till night, and even our uniforms would not be allowed to admit us into company, if we were not travellers. You would see here a nobleman on horseback, among a thousand others, whose saddle cloth is covered with diamonds, and his saddle of the richest embroidery: his stirrups of solid gold, set with diamonds and large pearls. A merchant's wife has sometimes six and seven thousand pounds sterling of pearls and diamonds on her head and in her dress. In a common fair, among the mob, you will see the wife of a shopkeeper with lace, such as our Royal Family may wear on a birth-day. At the 'Club des Nobles,' where only persons of noble birth are admitted, the number present, the first night we were there, amounted to two thousand; whose dresses were all according to the description I have given. They suffer us to enter as 'Milords Anglois,' a name always given to Englishmen abroad.

"We are both in very good health, and only beseech you all, whatever length of time may elapse without your hearing from us, never to think it a reason for anxiety or alarm. Letters, especially here, are often intercepted or lost. Through

the countries where we now go, there can be no post; therefore it is not possible you should hear from us soon."

To the Rev. William Otter.

"TULA, June 2d, 1800.

"Now is the time to write to you, though my journal lies neglected, and even my mother expects a letter from me, and many things besides. But I know you will send my letter to her, and then it will do as well; for I have much to say to you.

"We have left Moscow at last, and are upon our sublime expedition; which, to tell you the truth, I feared we should never undertake; for reasons I dare not now give, but you will guess. Even when I wrote my last to you, it was a kind of melancholy satisfaction to tell you, that it would not be our fault if we did not go. We had resolved on the plan. It is now begun; and all looks fair and bright before us. My health is good; and our friends have supplied us with a trunkfull of letters to Governors, and Khans, and Cossacks, and Tartars. Do for God's sake imagine what I must feel in the prospect of treading the Plains of Troy! Tears of joy stream from my eyes while I write; and to crown all, it is no mad scheme of mine which I have persuaded Cripps to take. He de-

terminated upon it, in consequence of the advice of Lord Whitworth. The servant who accompanied poor Tweddel upon the same expedition, goes with us; and I entertain sanguine hopes of being able to recover several manuscripts and drawings belonging to him, which were scattered upon his death. This servant is a Turk; who, besides his native tongue, speaks Russian, Sclavonic, Greek, Italian, French, and has a smattering of German.

“Now pray attend to my plan, because I should be unhappy, if you thought I could have done better; and I assure you, it is not the result of a moment’s thought, but has been changed half a dozen times.

“I at first wished to see Casan, and a little of Siberia; but after our residence in Moscow, finding that every thing for at least 3,000 wersts eastward, was merely Russian, without even a change of costume or language, through a flat, uninteresting country, I gave up my journey to Siberia. Motteux, nevertheless, is gone to Tobolsky; the same who was in Lapland and Norway.

“Now, we intend to leave the common track to the Crimea; because I hate wearing other people’s shoes, and it has been made by Lady Craven and others. Our journey will be from this place to Waranetz; and from thence we cross the great deserts, inhabited in parts by wandering Kalmucks, till we reach the country of the Don Cos-

sacks. When we arrive at the most eastern inclination of the Don, we shall cross over to Zaritzin, on the mighty Volga, and perhaps visit Astrachan, on the Caspian Sea, though there is nothing very interesting there. It is a people of yesterday—English merchants, Italians, Russians, and Cossacks. Then we regain the Don, and sail down that river to Tscherchaski, the capital of the Cossacks of the Don, to whose protection we are recommended by letters from high and mighty Cossacks in Moscow. Then we visit Circassia, and other parts of Asia; perhaps collecting plants on Mount Caucasus. Then we go to Taganrok, on the sea of Azov, where Peter the First wished to found the capital of Russia before he built Petersburg; and to the town of Azov; and somewhere in this neighbourhood I hope to find some traces of the ancient Tanau. Then we traverse the Crimea; having letters to Pallas and others. Then Cherson, Oczacow, and Constantinople; and I need not tell you where we shall go, when we get there. One thing is certain, that we shall not go to Athens; and strange as this may appear, I think you will agree with me, that enough have been there; at least of such travellers as we are: for to visit Athens to any purpose, there should be another Tweddel, with draughtsmen, and modellers, and so on; and to visit merely Athens, without the rest of Greece, would be acting like

man, who came to Moscow to see the great bell, satisfied his curiosity, and returned immediately. As the situation of the plain of Troy will be so near us, we shall certainly go there, and then return through Bessarabia and Hungary to Vienna; visiting Belgrade and many other interesting places. We hope to reach England before the passage from Hamburg is frozen up.

“Our collection of the minerals of Siberia, is very valuable. We have about eight hundred specimens. For botany, we are just beginning the year. This day we found a plant, which I believe was never described: and when you see what Linnæus said of Muscovy in his *Bibliotheca Botanica*, it will appear probable.

To the same.

“WORONETZ, June 9, 1800.

“What would I now give to have you near me, to point with your finger, and say which way we should go, or to go with us! You would find me here under the greatest uncertainty, every road is so interesting, that I know not which way to turn. I came here in hopes of water carriage to Tscherschaski, though I knew it would require more time, on the fine river Don, the ancient Tanais, now possessed by Calmuc Tartars, and the Don Cos-

sacks. But it is one thousand miles by water to the Palus Mæotis, and only five hundred by land. Add to this, a little reported danger from the deserts, as well as the river, and a necessity of providing arms; but, as I have always found such accounts mere bugbears, I suppose they are without foundation. Our carriage wants a little saving by water, if we can manage it. Now you see, if we had gone to Kiow, we should have seen curious catacombs, which are nothing new, malgré their antiquity; but we could have sailed by water to Cherson and Oczacow, down the Dnieper. What is there to be seen there? All the world knows! Then to have gone by Perecop, through the isthmus to Sebastopole; all that is very fine; because it is pretty to enter a peninsula by its isthmus. But then it is very little farther, to go by the capital of the Don Cossacks, to Taganrok, Azov, Kaffa, and the capital of the Crimea to Sebastopole. From Tscherchaski, the first of these, we can visit part of Circassia, and perhaps mount Caucasus. If we go by water, we can cross over, from the Don, to Zaritzin, on the Volga; and visit Astrachan. Taganrok is where Peter I. wished to establish the capital of the Russian empire. At this place, Woronetz, he launched his first ship of war, when he intended to be master of the Black Sea: and his house, and his machinery, are still preserved. Here are also the tombs of ancient Tartars, and we

sleep on a living sepulchre of their conquerors—a party of jolly Russians, with their heads shaved, imprisoned in dens, below our bed-rooms, for murder, theft, and other amusements—so that nightly, as I press my pillow, the clanking of chains, and the horrid laughter of mad misery, gives me a gentle hint to feel for others what they seem to regard with apathy themselves. Azov, in Asia, was once of great importance. I hope to find, in its neighbourhood, something of the ancient Tanais; but, to tell you the truth, I might have been better equipped for such a journey; having neither books, nor maps; and trusting to a very addled and empty brain, for all that is to guide us. After Azov, we shall travel, if we take this route, along the north-west coast of the Palus Mæotis, till we enter the Crimea; and this will not be by the isthmus, but by a passage you will find more apropos. We then go to Kaffa, the ancient Theodosia; from thence to Karas-ou-bazar, capital of the Crimea, with a letter of recommendation to the governor, from the prime minister in Petersburg. Then to Sebastopole, with a letter to Pallas. Thus you see, we shall lose Cherson, and Oczacow; because from Sebastopole, we sail for Constantinople, but I know not how to estimate a loss, which seems to me a gain. Tweddel, as his servant informs us, opened some tombs in the neighbourhood of Nikolai, beyond Cherson and Oczacow; and found

there Greek vases, which he never after suffered to be out of his reach. What a loss was this man! I am sure from what I hear of him, and the manner in which he passed his time, that he made discoveries of the utmost importance to history, which are lost for ever. We like very much his servant, and he gives us daily anecdotes of his late master; which are not merely amusing, but instructive. What Tweddel did in such a journey, others may rationally wish to do. How few such men exist among us! enlightened by science, and flushed by enterprise; scaling the precipices of knowledge and glory. To travel with one of his disposition and talents, I would black his shoes in the morning, and fry his fish at night, contented only to tread in his footsteps, and profit by his information.

“Shall we ever cease talking when we meet? What have I not to ask of you, respecting the nations which surround me! These wonderful Tartars! who are they? and where did they start from?—a race of wild bipeds, overthrowing empires and establishments, planting a Calmuc upon the throne of China, and the schools of Athens in Samarcand! They come riding on their dromedaries through the south of Russia; and if you ask them a question, respecting their great Tamerlane, they stare in your face, and pass on.

“Cripps found a plant in a wood the day before yesterday, the most beautiful I ever saw. We

have disputed about it. He will insist, that he found it for you in Denmark, and that you called it the *Myosotis Lappula*. But it is not of that class. It is *Hexandria Monogynia*, fol. alternis amplexicaulibus; caule tereti, pedunculis axillaribus multifloris; and, therefore, can be no other than *Convallaria multiflora*. If the flowers, starting from the foot stalk, between the leaf and the stem, had been solitary, and the stem a little more compressed, I should have called it *Convallaria Polygonatum*; but never *Myosotis Lappula*; therefore, it must be some mistake of his. I will shew it you, well preserved, when I get home.

“All that we now feel anxious about, is the time we have to spare. Were it not for the uncertainty of the passage by Hamburg, it should go hard with us, but we would visit the capital of Persia, Ispahan. As it is, we must be contented to place our feet in Asia, and return. We shall certainly visit the Plains of Troy, get a view of Mount Athos, perhaps visit Tenedos, and return through Belgrade, by the Danube, to Vienna. We are now full of the idea of sailing down the Don, with Europe on our right hand, and Asia on our left. Whatever route we finally decide upon, you will know by the next letter, as it must be dated from some place more decisive, in that respect, than the town of Woronetz.

“We are drinking the wine of the Don, and

making very copious libations to the health of every timber of Jesus College. Cripps promises to send some to Jesus Combination Room; if we can prevail on the Cossacks to sell it, and send it to Constantinople. But they make little more than they consume themselves, and are not willing to part with it. I can assure you it laughs Burgundy to scorn.

“Let my mother know that you have heard from me. I shall write to Uckfield immediately; but my letters there, are hardly ever answered. And, in this respect, I have no reason to be very grateful to you, for I cannot get a line. Pray do not forget to remember me to Mr. Tyrwhit, and include Cripps in the same memento. Tell me in a letter to Vienna, ‘aux soins de Messrs. Fries and Co.’ what we can bring him home, that will give him any pleasure. You know already how much we both esteem that man. He always calls my father to my mind. As for Malthus, tell him he is not worth writing to; he is wrapped up in other matters, and obliterating all the traces of his pilgrimage. Will he be ready to start again next spring? Ask him that! I put him to the test! He has a great deal ‘trop de plomb, pour un tourist.’

“A poor woman was taken out of the river this evening, who had been bathing, and fell beyond her depth. She had never sunk, and was not motionless, when they laid her on the shore. Yet

not a single Russian, for any price, would assist in restoring her to life. A police officer took down the circumstances of her catastrophe in writing, and she was left to expire upon the sand; surrounded by hundreds of spectators.

“We are now in the latitude of London; and behold every where English plants. What a change, from the gelid regions we have inhabited! The heat is here so great, that I think it must be cooler in England. The thermometer of Celsius, this day, at noon, a northern aspect, in the shade, ran to twenty-nine degrees above freezing. This equals twenty-four of Reaumur, and as we have not Fahrenheit’s scale, you may estimate it yourself.

“June 10th.—We have decided at last, and shall go by land. I find vessels are sometimes three months in passing down the Don; whereas the journey by land may be performed in four days. But we went so far as to hire boats, and made every preparation; having decided for water two hours ago.

“This place becomes a very large town, and increases daily. I wish I could send you a view of it. When we arrive at Tscherchaski, I shall take a walk into Asia; and the moment I set my foot there, I shall endeavour to amass for you, the choicest blossoms of Circassia; that is to say, those which are portable. Good bye! my dear

friend! I cannot add a word more, for my mind is on fire with enterprise; and as oriental, and as extravagant in its ideas, as the Tales of the Genii! Now for an explosion!

ODE TO ENTERPRISE.

I.

On lofty mountains roaming,
 O'er bleak perennial snow,
 Where cataracts are foaming,
 And raging north-winds blow;
 Where hungry wolves are prowling,
 And famish'd eagles cry;
 Where tempests loud are howling,
 And lowering vapours fly:

II.

There, at the peep of morning,
 Bedeck'd with dewy tears,
 Wild weeds her brows adorning,
 Bold ENTERPRISE appears:
 While keen-eye'd EXPECTATION
 Still points to objects new,
 See panting EMULATION,
 Her fleeting steps pursue!

III.

List, list, celestial virgin!
 And, oh! the vow record!
 From groveling cares emerging,
 I pledge this solemn word:—
 By deserts, fields, or fountains,
 While health, while life remains,
 O'er *Lapland's* icy mountains,
 O'er *Afric's* burning plains;

IV.

Or, 'midst the darksome wonders
Which earth's vast caves conceal,
Where subterraneous thunders
The miner's path reveal ;
Where, bright in matchless lustre,
The lithal flowers* unfold,
And midst the beauteous cluster,
Beams efflorescent gold ;

V.

In ev'ry varied station,
Whate'er my fate may be,
My hope, my exultation,
Is still, to follow thee !—
When age, with sic ness blended,
Shall check the gay career,
And death, though long suspended,
Begins to hover near—

VI.

Then oft, in visions fleeting,
May thy fair form be nigh,
And still thy votary greeting
Receive his parting sigh :
And tell a joyful story,
Of some new world to come,
Where kindred souls, in glory,
May call the wanderer home."

* " *Crystals*, the blossoms of the *mineral* world ; disclosing the nature and properties of *stones*, as those of *vegetables* are made known by their flowers."

To the same.

“TAGANROK, on the Sea of Azov,
June 31, 1800.

“Who would have thought, that on the very day twelvemonth, in which we were bathing in the Wener Lake, one of us would bathe in the ancient Tanais? On that very day I entered Tscherschaski, the capital of the Cossacks of the Don, and threw myself into the river to solemnize the anniversary. There, swimming between Europe and Asia, I thought of you, of Uckfield, of England, of all that is dear. What a tract have we traversed, in a single year! the whole extent of Europe, from its remotest angle at the pole, to the burning deserts of the Calmucs and Cossacks; from the Icy Sea to the Palus Mæotis! and the whole diameter of the Russian empire, from the frontiers of Finland, and the Baltic, to its utmost limits in the south.

“What have we been taught by all this? One important fact—that there does not exist in Europe, a settled *savage* people. It is ignorance to talk of dangers from this or that nation; all Europe is civilized, that is to say, humane. I do not include the Nogaik Tartar, whom we have here, nor the Calmuc, because they are wandering tribes like the Segankas or gipsies, and the roving Lap-

landers: yet even these are not less humane, though more wild, than our smugglers, or the Irish peasants.

I should like to know what would have been the result, if a party of Collegians, bound for Tscherchaski, had heard what they told us at Moscow, of the danger of traversing the deserts of the Don Cossacks. Post-masters, officers, nobles, persons pretending to possess accurate information, filled our ears with stuff. What do you think of Cripps, who could say to me, 'I præ, sequar!' Is he not a lad of enterprise, and fit to see *fenominons*? When we got among the Cossacks, and found them the best fellows upon earth; we asked, Where are the banditti? They referred us to the Calmucs. Presently, came along the Calmucs mounted on their camels, and again we asked, Where are the banditti? They referred us to the Nogaik Tartars. Now, we have visited them, and they answer the same questions, by a reference to the Circassians and the Kuban Tartars. As we are determined to hunt down all these bugbears, that future travellers may sleep in peace, and not move from place to place with armed convoys, as we have done, we shall again cross the sea of Azov, and travel through part of Asia to the south of the Crimea, and cross the Taman straits to Kaffa, the ancient Theodosia, visiting Kuban, the capital of the Zaporochi, on the river of that name, which falls from the

highest of the mountains of Caucasus, into the sea of Azov.

“Our European dresses are laid aside, and we have adapted ourselves, as much as we can, to the burning climate of these regions; for though in a latitude little south of Cornwall, the heat is intolerable; and the musquitoes almost as bad as in Lapland. I believe I must tell you a secret; that, with all my dashing and slashing, I fear this will be my last journey. My health has failed through the whole of it, and, *peu-à-peu*, I seem to be *going out* like a farthing candle, that has enlightened no one. The fire of enterprise burns within me, and keeps me moving; but my body is a wet and withered weed, that turns all its flame to smoke. It is with the greatest difficulty I can exert myself to write. Thank God, as yet I have no blank to lament. Plants, Minerals, Antiquities, Statistics, Geography, Customs, Insects, Animals, Climates; every thing I could observe and preserve I have done; but it is with labour and pain of body and mind. Without such a mild, active, and attentive companion as Cripps, I should never have persevered.

“My letter to my mother has been very short. As she knows I write to you, if they ask to see this, tear off, or blot out this part, and say it was on a subject of ancient history, not fit for them to see.

“Do tell Malthus, that we have now got more than one real porcupine. What will he say to hear that we travel in a carriage with two subterranean bears, that are as tame as our dog; and that eat any thing we give them—one of our loaves, or one of our shoes. It is really true! How I should like to see Malthus laugh when he hears this. They destroy as much of our linen as Mrs. Webb would do in a given time. But as they are animals totally unknown in Europe, not having ever been named or described by any naturalist, I hope I shall succeed in bringing a pair of them, male and female, to England. They grow to about the size of a large cat, or lap-dog. We lost one out of the boat the other day, in coming from Azov to this place. We sailed down the Don, with Europe on our right hand, and Asia on our left, to Azov, and from thence into the sea to this place.

“I must now tell you of a discovery I have made, which you will deem of more importance, and will amuse your sages at Cambridge. The city of Tanais never was stationed where Azov is. I have found the cause of the name Tanais, which the Greeks gave to the Don. In crossing the deserts I came to a river, which the inhabitants of the country called Danaets, and was surprised to find, that, with this suspicious appellation, it fell into the Don. Something was gained; but it falls into the Don at one hundred and forty versts

from its embouchure, therefore the Greeks owed nothing to it. But, behold! and remarkable to relate, in sailing down the Don, a northern division of it turning off into the sea of Azov, towards the coast of Nogaik Tartary, again bears the name of Danaets, and is called Dead Danaets, to distinguish it from the former part, which is called Northern Danaets. The people pretend that the waters of the Danaets here separate from the Don, and fall into the sea by themselves; whereas, in fact, it is only one of the mouths of the Don, but has been called Danaets from time immemorial.

“ Now it is all plain; for the Greeks navigating the sea of Azov from the Crimea, and according to the custom of those times, as well as the present day, keeping always close to the shore, passed along the coast of Nogaik Tartary, and arrived at the northern embouchure of the Don, which they found named Danaets. Of course, however far they proceeded up the river, they always gave it the same name, and it is not probable they went far up. But the Greeks, like almost all the nations of Europe, changing the D into T, which they ever did, obtained the name Tanaets, or Tanais, for I do not suppose the sailors of that day were more particular in their orthography than those of the present; especially in writing a mere sound, uttered by savages. It would puzzle at this moment an English captain, who heard the

Tartars, or Cossacks, name the river, to write down the word, and he might make it Danaets, Tanaets, or Tanais, just as he fancied it sounded. And from whom have we the pronunciation?—from Cossacks and Tartars! both of whom are new-comers into the country where the river is situated, and may have corrupted the purity of the word, making Danaets of Danais. It is worth remark that the modern Greeks have no such letter as D; they pronounce it *Th*, and call Delta, *Thelta*.

“Tanais, if ever it existed, must be discovered at the northern mouth of the Don, and not at Azov, where there is not the slightest indication of it. I go to-morrow to Sinofka, a village situated there, to see what farther may be made known.

“Cripps has been asleep these three hours. He begged I would say something of his remembrance to you. Good night! God bless you! I will write again from Constantinople, or the Crimea.”

To his Mother.

“TAGANROK, on the Sea of Azov,
June 31, 1800.

“In one of those burning nights, which this climate affords, and when time is more precious than you can imagine, I hasten to write a few lines

to you, to say we are in very excellent health, and though we have not arrived so soon as we intended in England, we are pressing forward with all speed. We pass from this place through part of Asia to the south of the Crimea, and from thence by Constantinople to Vienna. When you consider what we have done in one year, you will think I am inaccurate, if I promise to be with you in the autumn.

“Another motive for writing is, that I know you will be happy in my writing a letter to Otter, as I am now in the land of all sorts of antiquities. But I cannot fear you should think me deficient in my duty, or that I wrote to him when I ought to write to you. The fact is, my letter, and the only one I have to write, must necessarily be filled with subjects of ancient history and geography, which would fatigue more than amuse you, and if ever you are curious to see it, he will send it to you.

“July the 1st, 1800.—Contrary wind enables me to add a few words. I shall get a shawl or two at Constantinople, but what I wish most, is to get something for you, and I know you will not tell me what to bring.

“We are now on the sea of Azov, and have a fine prospect of it at this moment from our windows. I have made some curious discoveries, respecting the ancient geography of these countries,

which I cannot now relate. We collect every thing; Plants, Minerals, Antiquities, Insects, Animals, Customs, &c. We have two animals with us living, that are unknown in Europe. They are called subterranean bears.

“In this place we have eleven different nations. Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Cossacks, Calmucs, Tartars, French, Germans, Poles, Russians, Italians, besides us English, who complete the dozen. And they are all in their different dresses. What do you think of a Calmuc? This gentleman presented me yesterday their sacred pavilion of the written law. Look at him! and respect him! he is my particular friend.

(Here he gives a sketch of a Calmuc.)

“He has fish-bones in his ears, and is going to drink your health in brandy, which his wife made from mares'-milk; and to-morrow they mount their camels to take part of our baggage to Azov. I have put his country-seat at a distance, lest any of the ladies coming out from their toilet, should alarm you. His favourite horse died a few weeks ago of the botts; and as he now begins to be in a fragrant and yielding state, he invites us to dine upon one of his haunches. Really, my dear mother, you should come and pass a week in one of these fine open deserts, with the Calmucs. Their diet and mode of life would be so new and amusing to

you. And what is better than change of air and diet? To move from the South Downs, to the putrid marches of the Don, and from Sussex mutton to raw horse-flesh!

“We have now in one year traversed the whole of Europe, from the Icy to the Black Sea. Since we left Petersburg, we have crossed entirely the vast empire of all the Russias, from the Gulf of Finland to the sea of Azov, and rolled over two thousand of our English miles, without starting a bolt from the carriage. Huzza! my dear mother! look! look yonder! what a glorious sight!—the sea of Azov, and the fleets of Turkish merchants; the ships of Tarshish, and the Isles! The rich vineyards of the Crimea, the wide deserts of the Don, the long and loitering caravans, slowly moving in whirlwinds of dust, the ancient cities of Tanais and Theodosia, the camps of the Calmucs, and the tombs of the Tartars! Huzza! here we go again! The snow-clad mountains of Caucasus, the fair damsels of Circassia, the Armenian colonies, the roving Cossacks, the princes of Persia, and the ports of the Argonauts.

“These are fine things to see; but there is one thing more delightful to behold, which for a long time has not comforted my weary eyes; and that is, the nice, clever, neat, and interesting handwriting of my dear mother. At Vienna I shall see it, and not before. And that will be in the month

of August, or beginning of September. Keep writing to that place, 'aux soins de Messrs. Fries et Co.:' every line will be worth a million in my estimation, and I shall have such a comfortable packet to open, as I had at Christiania. Tell me every little trifling thing, when you brewed, and when you baked; how many cakes Mrs. Weller carried to the oven, and how many she brought back. Does my vine tree grow? Or is it dried up, and withered like grass?"——

To the Rev. William Otter.

“JENIKALE, in the Crimea, July 12, 1800.

“We have just crossed the Cimmerian Bosphorus, from Asia. Fortunately I met with a copy of Pliny, at Taganrok, which, though an enormous folio, is our guide through these interesting scenes; and I had it in my hand the whole way. We are knee-deep in antiquities, and have broken our shins over moralizing marbles, that have held converse only with toads and lizards for ages, till our arrival. I never was so charmed with any travels, as with these. Can Greece be more interesting, than countries, in which her earliest colonies laid the foundations we are ransacking? We are lodged in the house of a Spartan. His wife, a native of Paros, decks our table with roses and honey. The

waves of the Bosphorus beat against his balcony. At this instant, I have before my eyes, such a range of historic territory, as would draw tears down the cheeks of apathy. Do you not see the little fleet of the Argonauts, creeping along close to the shore? the crews in canoes, surveying the objects round with the mixture of exultation, wonder, and curiosity, which we now feel? Did they steer by the European or Asiatic side? Who can tell us that now? It is of some consequence, and would determine many points. I feel reason to hope that I shall clear up, at least, a page in the doubtful annals of the historian. But what historian will enable us to account for the prodigious ruins, with which these shores are covered? Temples and theatres, that received the vows, and shook with the plaudits, of a refined people, in ages, respecting which the Grecian annals are full of obscurity and fable. Whence flowed the wealth, and where are the quarries, that supplied marble palaces, in the midst of deserts, where nature has afforded no materials for the architect? The isle of Taman is of sand and clay; and yet the ruins of the city of Phanagoria are greater than those of Cuma. God help us! we run to Italy to see the works of yesterday, and if we visit Greece, it is thought we attain the fountain's head. Why have not enlightened travellers passed to these regions, where the earth is paved with inscribed marbles, where history

might be raised from her tomb, and where the Scythians, more barbarous than their Anthropophage forefathers, are burying the most precious records in the foundations of their fortresses? Would the Turks or Tartars were again masters of the land!

“I creep about like an owl in the sun, having no books: and were it not for Pliny, I should be quite blind. Oh that I had a few of those notes which lie useless, in my study. When I was going to Egypt and Greece with Lord Berwick, I collected all the information I could find, and it is now lying at College to light a pipe. How am I to determine the situation of Statoclia, or Cepi, of Hermonassa, or even Phanagoria, from Pliny? He does not even state on which side of the straits are the towns he mentions. These are all his words—*‘Oppida, in aditu Bosphori, primó Hermonassa, dein Cepi, mox Stratoclia, et Phanagoria, et pene desertum Apaturos; ultimoque in ostio Zimmerium quod antea Cerberion vocabatur.’*

“Phanagoria is pretty well determined; and that being known, throws light upon the rest; I found myself Apaturos. Zimmerium, he elsewhere says, is beyond the straits, and I believe, on the isle of Taman. The soldiers in working the fortress at Phanagoria, found a small silver coin, and they gave it to me. It has a bull, with these letters above it, the rest being lost—ΦΑΝΑ. On the other

side is a head, with a Phrygian bonnet. I copied some of the inscriptions on the marbles, and hope to bring home some of the marbles themselves, for our public library. Application is making for me to the governor of Crimea, to obtain a Greek tomb, of marble, which serves all this town as the basin of their public conduit, and the old women are meditating a punishment for me, in proposing to move off their washing-tub. It is such as Poussin and the most classic painters introduced in their pictures, with the simple, massive grandeur of the best ages of taste. It can be conveyed in a ship, though the weight is enormous; and what would be my satisfaction to see it obtain an asylum in our University, where, placed far from the reach of Scythians, or Tartars, it might inspire some enterprising mind to rescue from oblivion the rest of those inestimable relics, which are daily falling a sacrifice to time, and to ignorant barbarians.

“Since I wrote these last words, I have been called away by a message from the General of Engineers; and have the satisfaction to tell you, that no less than five marbles with inscriptions, &c. are now safe on board the *Madonna Turliani*, bound to Constantinople; from thence they will go to England, and to Cambridge. I hope soon to send another detachment after them. Of coins, I have obtained several, but as yet only one vase; and, though I suspected they might be found

here, I believe no antiquarian has yet thought he might refer his favourite oracles to so remote an origin.

“The southern coast of the Black Sea is one continued theatre of history. Ruins are seen the whole way from Constantinople to Trebisond, and even to Anapa. At Amasera they extend far into the sea, and columns which the waves have not had power to overthrow, are still regarded by the fishermen and mariners as works of magic. Here I converse with inhabitants from all the towns round the Euxine, and they are all of one story, respecting the important objects on its shores. Amasera is only three hundred miles from Constantinople, and there, at least, I hope to go. My dear fellow, I am so tired I can hardly see what I write, or else I have much to tell you. In my last letter I gasconaded a great deal about the refinement and civilization of Europe; but I have nothing of that character to give respecting modern Asia. That part of it we traversed was full of danger and *désagréments*. We were also eaten up by mosquitoes, and obliged to be escorted by an armed cavalry of Cossacks, amounting to six, eight, and sometimes ten horsemen, with lances, pistols, sabres, &c. We penetrated into Circassia; but it was under cover of the cannon of Ekaterine-dara. When we first arrived on the Kuban river, the Tchernomorski and the Circassians were at war,

but we had the pleasure to attend the embassy of the princes of Circassia, who came from the mountains of Caucasus, with their bows and arrows, in armour, to swear the oath of peace with the Cossacks of the Black Sea, before the Pacha of Anapa. The savages of Otaheite are not wilder, and they are less ferocious, than the Circassians. Their beauty is justly praised. We saw several hundred, and the women, who were prisoners in the Cossack army, are the most beautiful perhaps in the world; that you may judge of the men, I send you a portrait of a Circassian; in his tunic of black sheep's wool, which they all wear.

(Here he gives a portrait hastily sketched with his pen, adding the neighbouring mountains.)

“We had a fine view of the mountains of Caucasus, and travelled within a few miles of them for many days, along the river Kuban. Mount Kellebores is visible at the distance of three hundred versts; his summit is covered with eternal snow. They are inaccessible on account of the bogs which surround their bases.

“Look at them! and tell me whether you wish for a plant from the plains below. Such a one I can give you. Among the Circassians the labours of the plough become a warlike occupation, and the sower goes to cast his grain, attended by his sabre, his fusil, and a horse that may outstrip the

winds in their course. Circassian girls sold on the banks of the Kuban, when we were there, for twenty-five roubles a piece. Parents offer their own children for sale. They sew a girdle of sheep's hides round the waists of their female infants, which is worked upon the skin, and left there for years, to give them an elegant shape. Many of them are sent to the Turkish seraglios. A Turkish merchant buys them as so many calves for the market, boys and girls. If they had taken us, we should have been carried into Persia for sale, and perhaps the only method to see the interior of their country would be to go a voluntary prisoner. One of their princes was amused, because we took off our caps out of respect to the Pacha, in his tent, and laughed very loud while he mimicked our bows, to him, no doubt, very ridiculous. Upwards of fifty princes came to the Kuban to treat for peace with the Tchernomorski.

“Our character of Asia, from the part of it we traversed, may be given in few words—bad air, bad water, bad food, bad climate, bad people.

“I have collected insects merely that we may omit nothing which any of our friends in England may think we ought to have noticed. Our hands and heads are quite full, and that both one and the other may repose a little, I shall now wish you good night. Cripps is uneasy for fear I should forget to add his remembrance. God bless you.”

To his Mother.

“ACHMEDCHID, in the house of Professor Pallas,
in the Crimea. August 15th, 1800.

“Now, you are saying, ‘Well, at last, I have got a letter from Ned;’ and what will it contain? only that he and his companion are well; and is that worth writing about, to the distance of 3000 miles?

“You must have heard of the celebrated Professor Pallas, who travelled all over Siberia, even to Kamschatka, by order of the late Empress; one of the greatest of the sc̄avans of Europe, who has published so much, and so well. It is with him we now live, till the vessel is ready to sail for Constantinople; and how can I express his kindness to me? He has all the tenderness of a father for us both; every thing in his house he makes our own. He received me worn down with fatigue, and ill of a tertian fever. Mrs. Pallas nursed me, and he cured me, and then loaded me with all sorts of presents, books, drawings, insects, plants, minerals, &c. The advantage of conversing with such a man is worth the whole journey from England, not considering the excellent qualities of his heart. Here we are quite in an elegant English house; and if you knew the comfort of lying down in a clean bed, after passing months without taking off

one's clothes, in deserts and among savages, you would know the comfort we feel. The vessel is at Kosloff, distant forty miles, and when we leave the Crimea, Mr. and Mrs. Pallas, and their daughter, who has been married since we were in the house, to a general officer, go with us to Kosloff; and will dine with us on board, the day we sail. They prepare all our provisions for the voyage.

“The Governor-general of the Crimea, as well as his deputy-general, Bouritzi, and prince Viazemskoi, commandant of the garrison and troops at Achiar, have paid us the greatest attentions. We lament the necessity of expedition, or we should have liked very well to winter in the Crimea.

“We know nothing what you are all about at the other end of Europe; nor whether it is still war or peace. If it is peace, order my young vine to be trimmed and nailed over the kitchen window, and brew some strong beer, and tell Master Wood to use pump water; if it is war, inquire how poor old Truncheon does; and whether he has medicine enough to last till the French come and chop off his head; Dame Osborne, I suppose, continues the same dear, good creature, and never drinks; except ‘a drap a’ sumthin cumfitible, a’ Sundays.’

“If you do not hear from me for months together, you must not be uneasy. It is impossible to say when a letter may go; and if one happens to be

lost on the long journey, there's a gap, at once, of three months.

“I should think, if I can pitch upon a nice, snug Persian carpet at Constantinople, warm from the Bagdat looms, about two inches thick, it would look very well under your feet in the parlour at Uckfield. ‘Now, my dear Ned! don't go to bring home a thing big enough to cover all Uckfield.’

“We shall go straight home from Constantinople, which you will believe; because we can go no farther: the French being in Egypt, and rebellions and plagues in Asia Minor and Syria. As for Africa and the Cape of Good Hope, we have so many visits to pay, that our friends there must excuse our calling this time.

“I had like to have forgotten a principal thing. Perhaps by this time you have received a great case from London containing fruit in glass jars, &c. Whenever it arrives, pray take the greatest care of it. We sent it to you because we feared it would ferment and be spoiled. It contains two sorts of Lapland strawberries, boiled in sugar. But as they were done by different people, some contain more sugar than others; boil them all over again with fresh sugar, and do whatever you can to save them; but do not mix the two sorts together, nor the bad with the good. It is a fruit which was never seen in England. You will find

two small bottles containing the plant, and its fruit, in spirits of wine; let them be kept safe, as they are. I know you are famous in preserving such things, and therefore having great hopes from your care, we ordered them to be sent to you."

To the Rev. William Otter.

“ACHMEDCHID, capital of the Crimea,
August 27th, 1800.

“Now I am a little more upon my legs, and can write you a long letter full of interesting matter about this remarkable peninsula. I told you I arrived, like an owl in the sun, but growing accustomed to his beams, I blink less, and see more. I had no books, and trod classic ground, without knowing where I stood. You know I had a letter to Professor Pallas, the great luminary of the Scythians; and to his benevolence, I am indebted for every comfort I enjoy here, and perhaps for my life. In the midst of weakness and fatigue, I caught a vile tertian fever, the paroxysms of which were beyond my strength. He became more than a father to me; he received me into his house; became my physician, my friend, my instructor. He gave me health, amusement, repose. I am recovered, and, thank God, and my good Samaritan, for being able to enjoy leisure and study, among

scenes the most interesting I ever saw. At this distance from the walks of science, he finds it so interesting, to converse with men, who are fond of his pursuits; and has taken such an affection for me, that he gives me books, insects, plants, antiquities, drawings, and I believe would empty his library for me, if I were selfish enough to permit it.

“I made a tour from this place through the Minor Peninsula of Chersonesus; and afterward traversed the southern coast of the Crimea, on horseback. My raging fever accompanied me the whole way. It was on my return that I took possession of these delightful apartments, where my mornings are passed in study, and my evenings with the most polished and agreeable circle, in the whole Russian empire. His daughter has been married, since our return to a general officer. We accompanied her to church, and joined in celebrating the wedding. Cripps is in the full enjoyment of that eternal health, which never leaves him; and gets fat in the midst of gallantries, while I am dusting folios with the Professor.

“Now I will step behind the curtain, that you may have the theatre entirely to yourself, and stretch your legs at leisure among the rocks and ruins of this historic land, enjoying the fruits of many a painful pilgrimage.

“The tomb of Theagenes, among the ruins of the

city of Chersonesus, or Cherrsonesus, if you cavil with Strabo in your hand, was broken open, and ransacked by the Scythian troops, in seeking for building materials. I made the discovery by accident, seeing the marble that closed the mouth of the sepulchre among stones and mortar, destined for the repairs of the Greek church at Sebastopole. It is a beautiful bas-relief, representing a philosopher or historian, with a manuscript roll in his hand, and his wife by his side; in the finest drapery of the Grecian sculpture. It was sold to me for a trifle; but when the Scythian generals found I had obtained something which I valued, they again deprived me of it. I hoped to have placed it in the public library, with others, which I have sent before to Constantinople; all I can do now is to send the inscription. Here you have it, date and all:*

ΘΕΑΓΕΝΗΣΧΡΗΣΤΙΩΝΟΣ ΚΑΙ
 ΗΓΥΝΗΑΥΤΟΥ ΟΥΛΠΙΑ ΜΑ
 ΚΑΡΙΑΕΤΩΝΖΕΚΝΒΧΑΙΡΕ

“Theagenes the historian was of Rhegium, and flourished in the fifth century before Christ, which does not agree with the date; and, therefore I leave to the sages of the Cam, to determine what Theagenes this may be. I have been deprived of

* See Dr. Clarke's Travels, vol. i. p. 495.

other bas-reliefs, and inscriptions of more consequence, in the same way. What think you of an inscription made in the Crimea, in the time of Tiberius? beginning with these words—

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΟΝΤΟΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΤΙΒΕΡΙΟΥ

And now let the scene change—Whew!—away with inscriptions!

“The Crimea is almost untrodden ground for the antiquarian. History will gain force, as it becomes explored. Strabo is more exact, than Patterson’s Book of Roads. Modern geographers who would illustrate the ancients, have attempted it in their closets. Some errors, and some accuracy, distinguish them all. A map of the antiquities of the Crimea was much wanted, and, with infinite labour, I have completed such a work, correcting the errors of predecessors, admitting their facts, and adding what was new. Let others, who come after, render my labour superfluous.

“Pallas is gone, for a few days, to his vineyards at Sudak. When he returns, we shall go over the Minor Peninsula again together. I made several discoveries, which were unknown to him; and we go to work among the ruins together, groping for inscriptions and plants. The two last volumes of the Flora Russica, will be committed to my care. He cannot publish them in Russia. The drawings

are all finished, and the letter-press wants but little addition. The engraving only remains to be executed. I have many plants not in Linnæus, and some never described by any botanist. Add also, coins, manuscripts, insects, animals, drawings, and such other acquisitions as are necessary to illustrate the ancient or modern history of the Crimea. Cripps makes a very useful journal, and has collected plants with uncommon care. I do not think any have escaped him. I assure you, I never had such a traveller. You will see some day what he can do, when in search of *fenomenons*; nor do I believe you would change him for the best instructed companion with whom the University could supply you. This tribute is but due, for his long attentions and excellent conduct to me, and it is the more so in being strictly truth.

“The greatest mischief that geography could receive, originated in the ignorance and vanity of Potemkin, who in attempting to give the different places in the Crimea their original names, falsely christened half of them, and made a confusion which it is difficult to remove. The principal object should be to determine the site of Panto-capœum and Phanagoria. This, I hope, has been done by me; and to an intimate friend, I may make this avowal; because it never was done with any degree of accuracy before. Formalconi, Ode-rico, Count Potocki, have all rendered service to the

cause ; but they never quitted their arm-chairs ; and Potocki himself acknowledges, that an ignorant man may do more on the spot, than a man of letters in his closet. The fact is, we have no maps. Examine the best atlas :—open D’Anville, or Vaugonde—what a place they have made of Kuban, and the country of the Don Cossacks ; and what confusion and error prevail on the shores of the Palus Mæotis, and the Pontus Euxinus !

“The temple of Diana of the Tauride remains, at which Iphigenia was priestess. Take care how you approach it ! The goddess requires that her altars should be annually stained with the blood of a stranger. We found her shrine : and without claiming any relationship to the daughter of Agamemnon escaped full as well as Orestes and Pylades. It is not so easy to ascertain the situation of the old Chersonesus, which Strabo mentions as in ruins. The other city of the same name is so great in its remains, that the portals were standing when the Scythians first began their favourite work of destruction after the conquest of the Crimea. Achilleum is found ; Namp hæum, Athenaion, Parthenium,—the tombs and palace of the Bosphorian kings : the limits of their empire at different periods, with the situation of Myrmecium and Apaturus ; all of which are determined for the first time ; for, before, you might as well

have placed them in the Thames, as where they stood in the maps.

“We sail for Constantinople, in fourteen days. A Turkish Brigantine, commanded by Osman Kees, lies for us at Kosloff. The storms in the Black Sea have been incessant. We have such bad luck by water, that we dread the voyage; but the autumn is reckoned the most serene and favourable season. My whiskers already give me the look of a cat, as black as ink, and reaching from ear to ear. We shall be externally very genuine Turks in a short time, and the sun has qualified our skins for the true Mahometan tint. Perhaps I have already told you, I found a plant near the Don, a Campanula, with this remarkable distinction: the flowers of the Campanula were blue, with a calyx, but between every ramification and the stem there appeared a small white flower without a calyx; the flowers of the Campanula being Pentandria Trigynia, and the white flowers Tetrandia Digynia. Pallas said, he had never seen nor heard of such an instance before.

“Aug. 28, morning.—He is returned, at this moment, with his carriage laden with the riches of his vineyards, on the south coast of this peninsula. I have therefore no time to add more.”

To the same.

“ACHMEDCHID, capital of the Crimea,
September 25, 1800.

“Well, here I am, upon the eve of embarking for that long wished for spot, Constantinople! See how fair and plain I have written its name! you did not perhaps expect that you would receive another letter from the Tauride. We have lived two months with Professor Pallas, in his comfortable house, and delightful company. Do not think I lost my time: I left my studies but to hear the harp, when his fair daughter of an evening sang hallelujah. Now for the Euxine! All our things are on board; we wait only the captain's call. This is truly a holiday for me; and it is the first I have enjoyed since I left England. My work is done—my journal complete—my cases packed—my health restored. Many things will induce a remembrance of the Crimea, which I cannot now mention. It has been an interesting country to both of us.

“I made a second visit to the Minor Peninsula of Chersonesus, accompanied by Professor Pallas, Mr. Galera of Genoa, and Cripps. We ransacked for plants and ruins. Of the first we have some, never heard of in England, nor ever known to Europe. Of the last, we had also satiety. We discovered not only the old Chersonese of Strabo;

but the very temple of Diana, upon the promontory Parthenium.

“I have many papers of importance in my hands, and only tremble, fearing they may be lost on the Black Sea. If Cripps and the papers were safe, for my poor carcase, the dolphins may have it as soon as they please. The completing of the *Flora Russica* is entirely given to my care. The whole of Professor Pallas’s Herbarium is at my disposal, and the genus *Astragalus* alone is as large as the collection of botany, entire, of common individuals, and this I take with me to Constantinople. The next—follows next spring. The genera, *Pedicularis*, *Veronica*, *Lychnis*, *Pyrola*, &c. are all equally complete. It has resulted from the study, labours, and voyages of his life. You must not let my mother see this letter, because I have to tell you, that in case any accident happens in our passage across the Black Sea, I have instructed Pallas to write to Dr. Pearce, well knowing that you would not like to receive a letter with such news; when you hear we are safe at Constantinople, you may send her this, or any other letter of mine you think proper.

“For literary news, I can tell you, that Professor Pallas is finishing his last work of travels, part of which has appeared at Leipsic, and the rest will be published next summer; comprehending many interesting observations in the Crimea.

“What he has given to us, and in how many articles we are indebted to him for instruction, I cannot enumerate. Tournefort’s Travels, of such immense importance to a traveller in Greece, he has placed in our trunk. I have also a present from him to Sir Joseph Banks. He has furnished us with seeds of plants collected in Siberia, Persia, Thibet, Kamschatka, the American isles and continent, &c. &c.

“Poor Tweddel lived here, as we have done, and profited by the same advantages. I have seen his letters, and some of his drawings. At Constantinople I hope to recover some of his manuscripts and papers. The artist who worked for him, is very well known to our servant Antonio, a Turk, who lived with him till within a month of his death. Antonio speaks about eleven languages; so you may imagine how serviceable he is, and will be, to us: at present, he cannot utter a syllable of English, which is still an advantage.

“If you wish, in few words, to have an idea of the Crimea,—it is a sterile plain from Perecop till you come near the south coast, which consists of a barrier of high limestone mountains. The towns of Karasu, Basar, Achmedchid, Bachiserai, and Ahtiar, form a line on the outside of them to the north. It is remarkable that a country containing so many interesting and even important objects should be so little known, and so rarely

visited. There does not exist even a tolerable map of it.

“The Minor Peninsula of Chersonese, comprehended within the isthmus, formed by the harbour of Balaclava, or Portus Symbolorum, and that of the Clenus, is full of antiquities. The most remarkable are, the grottoes of Jukerman, the ruins of the new and old Chersonese, founded by the Heracleotes, the temple of Diana, the wall across the isthmus, with the various fortresses and tumuli of the Chersonesians.

“Of new plants I can now only send you a few names. *Centaurea Myriocephala*, *Melica Villosa*, *Salvia Hablixiana*, *Robinia Jubata*, *Rosa Pygmæa*.

“The climate of the Crimea is as much impregnated with Malaria, as the foulest marshes of Italy. Every body suffers the intermitting fever. If you take milk, a tertian. If eggs, ditto. If butter, ditto. If you walk out in the evening, ditto. If you drink water after fruit, ditto, ditto, ditto.

“Pallas instructs us to look for the rarest and best plants, in sandy soil, on chalk hills, and in salt marsh. To dry specimens of the *Sedum*, or of *Aloes*, or any fleshy plants, steep them the first two or three days in brandy, and it succeeds to perfection. All Siberian, Lapland, and Arctic plants thrive best under bell glasses. Who could have suspected this? All aquatic plants may be raised in pots, containing a small quantity of

mould, and afterward filled up with water. The Dutch have done this.

“I wish to go from Astarabat on the southern coast of the Caspian, with the caravan, to Multan, by the north of Persia, and up the Indus to Cashmir. The man who shall do this, will make important discoveries. He would traverse the highest part of Asia, on those wholesome mountains, where the human race was first planted. He would discover the original customs and dialects of the first men. Animals, plants, and minerals, unknown to the whole world, would result from his researches. I will give up ten more years to this plan, if you will make a party. Government shall lend us a hand, and if they will not, I can scrape together enough to buy potatoes and tea. Health may fade, even life may expire; but science will be thankful for our labours, and the moral critic candidly acknowledges we have not idly wasted this portion of our days. Will you believe that at Samarcand, in the territory of the Bocharian Tartars, there is a library of many thousand manuscripts, in Hebrew, Armenian, Coptic, Parthic, Chaldean, and other languages? I have conversed with Cephalonian spies, sent by the British Company in India to treat with the Afghans, the conquerors of the north of that vast district, which seems almost unknown. Countries half as large as Europe, become the seat of war or peace.

Nations and empires are won or lost, and the refined part of the globe know nothing of it. Whatever we do, let us not sit still;—there's time enough for that, when we lose the use of our legs.

“ In the mean time, by way of a lounge, I have my eyes upon Anatolia. The cities of Amastris, Sinope, and Trebisonde, would afford some curious inscriptions. Now as I know you would be gratified in receiving a note from Professor Pallas, I leave him to add a few words in his hand-writing.

(The following is in Dr. Pallas's hand-writing.)

‘ Dr. Pallas is very sorry he had not the pleasure to see Mr. Otter in the Crimea along with Messrs. Clarke and Cripps; it would have been an additional good fortune to make the acquaintance of a gentleman, of whose parts he was told so much good.’

“ Tell Malthus we never neglect the thermometer. It has been observed without the exception of a single day since we parted from you. The greatest heat of the Crimea this year has been ninety-five of Fahrenheit's scale, or thirty-seven of our thermometer, which is on the scale of Celsiusus. The last winter, and the preceding one, in this country, were the severest they have ever felt. The thermometer fell to eighteen degrees below 0, of Reaumur's scale. Generally in the Crimea they

have not above seven degrees of cold; and even that is astonishing in such a latitude. They freeze their wine here, to extract the water, and obtain the quintessence. The Tartars have an opinion, that since the Russians came, they brought their winter with them.

“My next will certainly be from Constantinople, if we survive the passage. The only cause of fear originates in the ignorance the Turks have, of navigating their strange vessels, and the heavy load they give them.”

To his Mother.

“ODESSA, on the Black Sea, near the mouths
of the Danube. Oct. 30, 1800.

“At last I am enabled to write the true particulars of our situation in this execrable country; for as I shall not send this letter to England, till we are safe landed in Constantinople, it will not be subject to the inspection of a rascally Russian police, and, of course, a son may write to his parent, without being put in prison for his affection, or having his letter confiscated, for telling his situation. If you knew all we have suffered since we left the Swedish frontiers, you would not wonder in finding an oath in my letter; but perhaps feel disposed to add a good hearty one to mine. I

have travelled ten years, and seen every part of Europe, except Spain and Portugal, but never met such injustice, villany, thieving, insult, and barbarity, as in Russia: what, is the name of an Englishman, think you, a protection here? Is Lord Grenville's passport worth a rush? 'Free subjects of his Britannic Majesty, travelling under the protection of British laws.' Those are fine-sounding words, but have no meaning among the Scythians. We have been nothing better than prisoners of war in a country of savages, these last ten months. I suppose you know, that war was actually declared in Petersburg against the English. We were then in the Crimea. I knew not when to hope for an escape out of Russia. We have been trying to get to Constantinople ever since the month of June. At last, we have trumped up a sort of passport, which has duped the hogs about the ports of the Black Sea, and now wait only for a wind. In the mean time, I shall get this letter ready to go to England, on the moment of our arrival, and when you receive it, you may be convinced we are snug and safe out of the trap. Of all the traps set to catch mice, none ever equalled the trap which this country offers to travellers. If you hear any one talk of coming here, tell them to jump into Newgate sooner than attempt to visit Russia. Times are altered. Catherine is dead! The present emperor is both a fool and a madman, accord-

ing as he is in good or bad humour. But the envoys keep all this matter secret, and the Russians take care no Englishman shall tell tales, so long as he remains in the country. You heard of their turning us adrift, without servants, in a forest, without interpreters or guides. But that is nothing to what we have suffered since. Thank God, their game is near the end; and it will be our turn to play next. I cannot pretend to give you a catalogue of their pranks. The Russians treat travellers, as some children use flies; cut off their wings, and put them in a box, among spiders, to be hunted.

“When we came to Petersburg, Sir Charles Whitworth applied for our servants. Paul was in a passion; swore we should neither have our own servants nor any others. The merchants were all packing up to get out of the country—free British merchants! Paul swore not a man of them should stir. Petersburg soon became too hot for us. We were advised to make the best of our way to the southern frontiers, and cross into Turkey. Arrived in Moscow, Count Soltikow, the governor, refused to give us passports, either to go on or turn back. It was an even chance whether we should step into our carriage, or into a prison.—We looked at one another, patiently exclaiming, ‘Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Meshech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar.’

“At last, we reached the Crimea; having wandered a roundabout journey, among the mountains of Caucasus, quite into Circassia, to be as much forgotten, and out of the way as possible. No sooner landed in the Crimea, than our money failed, and we had not a sous left to buy bread. Our spirits seemed to rise in proportion to our difficulties, and when bread and money failed, we imitated the Russians, and knocking down the first old hen we saw, stewed her into broth, and swallowed her poor old bones upon the spot.

“Luckily, just at this critical season, we met with the best of friends, Professor Pallas, to whom the late empress had given an estate in the Crimea, and who received us into his house, and was in benevolence a father to us. With him we remained the last summer, till we had arranged matters so as to enable us to quit the empire, I hope for ever.

“We left him about three weeks since, loaded with every present he and his family could stow into our carriage or trunks. Do not console yourself with the idea of his being a Russian! He is a German by birth; but in all virtues of hospitality, humanity, and the whole chapter of what men should be, a Samaritan. I tumbled into a couple of fevers; first into a tertian, then into a quartan. Cripps also failed, and had a fever; but it was only for Pallas to snap his fingers, and break half a dozen bottles, in searching for our physic, and

we were well in a trice. I think I see him now, walking about with his Quassia and Quinquina. Mrs. Pallas used to say, his portrait should be taken, with a bottle of physic in one hand, and a box of pills in the other. I am sure, in whatever manner it is finished, it is a portrait you will admire, so I leave him just as he is.

“We were to have sailed from Kosloff, in the Crimea; but the vessel was overloaded, and we escaped, and came to Odessa, and now you are as wise as before. This accident gave us additional delay, and a journey of five hundred miles into the bargain. We had decided to go by land, and sent to Lord Elgin, at Constantinople, for an escort of Janissaries, to meet us at Bender on the frontiers, and conduct us clear of the rebel army of the Pacha Paswan D'Oglou, who is in full force among the mountains of Bessarabia. Meeting here with an imperial brigantine, laden with corn, and bound for the Porte, with the first wind, we shall leave the Janissaries to cool their heels at Bender, and sail with the captain, a Venetian, Francesco Bergamini.

“I live but in the hopes of finding some news of you, at Constantinople. ‘Of all places, my dear! who would think of going to Constantinople for news of me?’ These are the very words! I heard you say them to Anne, looking over your spectacles. God bless you! if I could but just kiss the

tip of your nose, I should expire in peace! 'What can he mean, Anne, by expiring?'

"I'll tell you! I'll pull off my coat, and waist-coat, and breeches, but not my drawers, nor my stockings, on account of the bugs; nor my jerkin, on account of the lice. Then I place myself in a horizontal position, as nearly as I can, upon a species of four-posted bier, such as they kill hogs upon in England, and after the accustomed signals of distress, commit myself nocturnally to that kind of torture, which the Russians call repose; and if this is not expiring, tell me what is?"

"The last intelligence I obtained from Uckfield—God knows how! but by one of the lucky chances which baffle mortal ken, followed me to Moscow, and arrived just as I was leaving the place. It was contained in a letter from Anne. Since that letter, all is dark and silent—a horrid intervention of non-consciousness, from which an enemy would wish to deliver me. It is true I told you to direct your letters to Vienna; but I have written one since, to beg for a line of light and information, to Constantinople. It is impossible to conjecture what the Russians may have done with that, or any other of my letters; or to what inexpressible purpose it may have been appropriated. If you have received it, I shall be comforted—if not, God help me!"

"You will have full time to write to me at Con-

stantinople, as, from the lateness of the season, we shall not leave that place till the spring. You wonder why we are not now in England, according to our plans and promises. You must come to Russia to learn the true cause of our delay; and when you have travelled through this empire, you will raise your eyes in astonishment, to find we are so much advanced in our journey.

“Your letters must be addressed, ‘aux soins de Messrs. Barbaud et Co. Constantinople.’ If it should happen, that we have left the place, proper directions will be given, that your letter may follow me. But as we are both eager to collect the plants of this country, on the opening of the spring, it is not probable that we shall have left Constantinople, till your letter arrives. Enclose in another cover, a letter of recommendation from Mr. Crawley to any house in Smyrna. I remember once he gave me a letter to a lady there; but as I did not go, the letter was returned.

“One night in the Crimea, a gentleman, a native of Smyrna, Colonel Durant, gave us lodgings in his house. What was my surprise, to find in him the cousin and namesake of Mr. Crawley. Ask Mr. Crawley, if he knows him. He served in the Russian army, under Prince Potemkin, and was in high favour with that Arch Scythian.

“Pray tell Otter and George Stracey, to write a letter to Constantinople to us. There is no kind-

ness which is felt more sensibly, than a letter from England, when one is so far removed. Tell my dear brother George, that I do not write to him, because I consider a letter sent to you, as common to the whole house. But I hope he will have the goodness to send me a few lines.

P. S. November the 2d. From the cabin of our ship, at night.—The favourable weather we enjoy upon these fearful waters, enables me to take up my pen, which I have seldom been able to do at sea. We are now in the midst of our voyage, and have been three days on board ; such delightful sailing, the ship hardly appears in motion, and yet with heavy lading she is now going at the rate of six knots an hour.

“We have just passed the mouths of the Danube, and the Isle of Serpents, on which once stood a temple of Achilles, so sacred, that the aisles of it were regularly visited at the setting sun by white swans, who came to sprinkle water on its altars with their dripping wings. White dolphins play around its shores.

“I had formed high ideas of the mouths of the Danube, and expected to see Neptune in all his pomp, greeting the arrival of the river nymphs. My gaudy pageant sunk into nothing! a flat muddy shore, with a wide bed of reeds! But the quantity of water which the Danube, in a very un-

genteel and underhand way, conveys into the Black Sea, is amazing. It covers the sea with a white colour for ten leagues, and creates a current which we profit by at this instant, and which is to continue to the canal of Constantinople. Within three leagues of the mouths of the river the water is fresh, and within one league it may be drunk by the crews of ships passing.

“Good night! I must now go and walk on the deck; for we have a full moon, and other ships being in company, render the scene too pleasing to be neglected by sitting here to describe it.

“P. S.—Novemb. 15th, 1800.—Still at sea. When I am able to give an account of our landing, I shall feel more comfortable than I do now.

“What we have seen and suffered, since I wrote the last paragraph, will please more round a fire, than in a letter. We had finished our voyage, having arrived off the mouth of the canal of Constantinople, on the morning of November the 5th. A calm prevented us from going in; but we had even the houses in view and thought to arrive before noon. A hurricane succeeded the calm, and we danced beyond description; being blown for nights and days, out of all calculation. At last we got into a little port in Turkey, and here we wait a favourable change. I have copied the log-book of the ship, that George may see what sort of busi-

ness a ship's crew has in a hurricane. We have now been sixteen days at sea, for a passage usually performed in four, and it is very uncertain when we may end our imprisonment. Once more, good night! The ship rolls too much to add more. Only be assured of this, when you get this letter, we shall be, please God, safe and well.

“ P. S.—Novem. 21st. Canal of Constantinople. —Rejoice with me, all of you! On this day we effected our escape from the Black Sea. We experienced another dreadful storm, and now lie snug within the canal.”

To the Rev. William Otter.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 24, 1800.

“ I could wish my head was in a better state to answer the long acceptable letter I have received. But the courier is going, and if I lose this opportunity, it may be some time before another occurs. Your letter is dated November the 3d; and it is the only one I have received from you, since you went to England. Indeed, I have had very few letters from any of my friends. If you send the books you have collected, respecting the Trojan controversy, they will be more acceptable than you can imagine. We have not here even pens or paper.

Constantinople with regard to literature is worse than Kuban Tartary.

“If you have seen my last letter to Uckfield, you will know what danger we escaped in leaving the Black Sea. Half the vessels that sailed in company with us, are lost in the passage from Odessa. I cannot now tell you the horror we endured. An extract from the ship’s log-book will better do this at a future period. But you will have some idea of it when I state, that we sailed in four days to the mouth of the canal of Constantinople, within sight of the light-house, and having carelessly lost the opportunity of getting in, were caught in a hurricane, which I believe has been more or less felt all over Europe, and contended during twenty-four days with the fury of a sea, in comparison of which, the Biscayan billows, and the roll of the Atlantic, might be deemed safety and repose. In reflecting upon those dangers, or in beholding them, my heart neither now, nor then, would have sunk so much, had it not been attended with a consciousness that Cripps, from the goodness of his heart, was brought into danger on my account. At the same time, he is himself a perfect stranger to fear of any kind, nor ever betrays the slightest alarm even when death stares him in the face.

“My mother will not be pleased to hear, that she may again direct letters to Constantinople.

We cannot stir from this place till we have an answer from England ; for by the mismanagement of Cripps's friends, we have not received a letter of credit he wrote for to enable us to return. You will, therefore, tell my friends to write to me, as before, and I hope to hear, above all, from you. God knows, when we may get home. The state of public affairs is very unpromising.

“ We are now all in consternation in consequence of an application made by Monsieur Jamana, the Russian minister here, demanding a positive declaration, from the Porte, either for peace or war with England. As things now appear, we may be all in the Seven Towers, in seven days, and give up our lodgings to the French prisoners there, while we occupy their quarters.

“ By the papers, I see that George has sailed, and I live in the hope to see him in the Archipelago. It is now near ten years since we met. An American frigate leaves this place on Saturday, and the Captain, with a letter from me to him, promises to hunt his ship, throughout the Mediterranean, and will probably find him in Malta.

“ Thank God we are at length free from Russia, though not clear of its influence ! Long before any embargo was laid on British property, we knew of a Russian frigate cruising in the Black Sea, with orders to capture any English vessel that might be found to have passed the canal. You

have no idea of the internal state of that country at this moment. The list of prohibitions and prescriptions is so voluminous, that a man has only sufficient leisure to sit at home and study them; for it is impossible to venture out without a trespass, and spies are at every corner. The works of Pallas being printed at Leipsic, were sent to him in proof sheets for correction. Even these were confiscated, and so there is an end of all Pallas's works. What genuine Scythians! While I was in Russia, I could not tell you what I shall now relate, and you will rejoice with me in the news. Pallas acted as a father to me."

To the same.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 20, 1801.

"My quartan fever with frequent return has prevented me lately, when I wished to tell you, with what impatience we wait your answer to our last. The books you mention, more precious than the gold of Ophir, never came. The Turkish fête of Ramadan is begun, and all the minarets in Constantinople are illuminated. I have seen every thing worth notice here; and wish to move, for change of air and scenery. Yesterday, the ceremony of celebrating the Queen's birth-day, drew all the English to the British palace. It was high

gala. Lord Elgin gave a magnificent ball and supper. Cripps, in full uniform, with plumes and whiskers, displayed the activity of a Scotch reel, to all the motly tribe of Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Arabs, French, Germans, Italians, Russians, Swedes, Prussians, and the rest of the list. We have here pretty girls, and balls without end. If you could peep in, you would see me shaking with ague, affecting youth and gaiety, whirling Lady Elgin in all the fury of 'Money Musk,' 'Drops of Brandy,' and 'Jenny dang the Weaver.' You know how fond I am of dancing; alas! in either shoe I feel the weight of those years, that have intervened between my dancing pumps, and my travelling hose. Now, some little skipper says—'You seem fatigued, Mr. Clarke!' How garrulous it would be to reply—'Once I knew not fatigue.' No, I take my hat silently and walk home, and then my mortification is complete, when some Euphrosyne exclaims, 'What, don't you dance after supper?'

"You will wish to know what my serious occupations are. It is not the season for plants; though some bloom here all the year through. I have collected many of the most interesting Greek medals; it is instructive to possess medals of the countries one has particularly visited or studied. An artist, who was celebrated in Rome, is forming drawings for me, of such things, as are most worth

notice in Greece, and even in Constantinople. As I have been admitted to places where never Frank before had placed his foot, I have endeavoured to gratify others. Of these are, the interior of the Seraglio, the Haram, or apartments, and palace of the Sultanas, &c.

“ I cannot promise much for my journal of Constantinople ; because I do not choose to copy what others have said before, and there is nothing to add to their labours. But it is pleasant to know that no such journal is wanting. Of all the cities in Europe, not excepting London, there is no one so well known by the works which have been written to describe it as Constantinople ; of this a remarkable proof occurs in Gibbon, who, without visiting it, wrote the best description extant, by the works which had previously appeared. In fact, all has been done. Its antiquities suffer no change, and Turkish manners and opinions, like Egyptian obelisks, stand through ages the same.

“ The late publication of Dallaway I would particularly recommend to you. It is in every respect the best topographical work I ever read, and I have given it fair trial, by examining the description with the objects described ; at the same time, written with such interesting brevity, that its perusal is never tiresome. Every syllable he says, whether on places or manners, is worth your notice. He gives you the clear and simple truth,

without *verbiage* or parade. The prints would disgrace Velzi's booth at Pot Fair. It is a pity they were admitted in a work of such character.

“ Now for the Troade, which seems to interest you so much; and, by the beard of Mahomet! I know not how 'twill end. Lord Elgin has lent me the publications you mention; I have read them with some attention, but not having been on the spot, have no opinion of my own to offer. Tweddel was decidedly against Bryant, and with the Trojans, which is intelligence of weight with you; and I have it from the authority of those who examined his papers. One point seems never to have been noticed by either party. Might not Homer, whose birth-place is so undecided, have passed his earliest years, so as to have the most accurate knowledge of that country, and to have accommodated a fiction to scenery with which he was familiar; as did Virgil and Ovid, respecting the Lake Avernus, and the Caves of Cuma; the promontory of Misenum, and the Gulf of Gaieta?

“ Thus his poems may accurately coincide with all the existing phenomena of the Troade, without granting the necessity of the existence of such a city. This is merely the idea of the moment, as I write. Very soon I will go, to make, at least, such inquiries as may satisfy your mind respecting the former; as for the latter, it may ever be a point beyond my power to decide. Respecting

the accurate agreement of the geography of Homer, with the present plain of Troy, we have few sceptics here. Those who know most of the matter, find it answer perfectly well. The antiquities which interest me most here, are the three brazen serpents, which supported the tripod of Xerxes, in the temple of Delphi. Gibbon says of it, 'The guardians of the most holy relics would rejoice if they were able to produce such a chain of evidence, as may be alleged on this occasion.' At the bottom of one of the obelisks in the Hippodrome, is also a bas-relief, representing that circus, as it was at the time those pillars were erected. As this has been hitherto disregarded, I shall have an accurate drawing made from it, which will tell more than a volume of description.

"I am in hourly expectation of hearing of my brother's arrival at Rhodes: 18,000 men are there in good health, and the rest daily expected. If he come, I shall prevail on him to take us to Egypt, to see the army make their *debut*. A great levy of horses and provisions is making here, and over Asia Minor. The English will find plenty of work, for the French are no fools, and their position is not a bad one."

To the Rev. William Otter.

“SOURCE of the SIMOIS, on Mount Ida,
below Gargarus. March 11, 1801.

“Judge of my rapture! Enabled to date a letter to you, at the very source of the Simois. You will read with pleasure, and I write with joy. Enterprise has subdued all! I have health in all its vigour. My ague I left at Constantinople. Here I sit with Cripps on a spot that never traveller witnessed since the first Christians made these wilds their refuge, surrounded by scenery more sublime than Salvator Rosa ever conceived or viewed. Yesterday my life, which always hangs by a thread, had nearly fallen on the peak of Gargarus. Deserted by all, even by my guides, and compelled from the great danger and horror of the scene to leave Cripps on its third summit, I climbed the glaciers, which cover the aerial top of Ida—drove Paris from his judgment-seat, and drank brandy with the Queen of Love, in view of Olympus. The hundred things I have to tell you will find vent, I hope when I get back to the base of the mountain: I now borrow our artist’s pencil, to write that the Source of the Simois, object of years of hope, is before my eyes!”

RHODES, April, 3, 1801.

“The base of the mountain, you see, has extended to Rhodes.* I was overcome with fatigue, which brought on my fever, and the long letter I intended to write, must dwindle to nothing. I am once more restored to health, and, having traced with a pen the lines I pencilled at the Source of the Simois, will endeavour to recollect some of the things I wished to tell you.

“We waited at Constantinople for news of you, till the plague drove us off; and the Captain Pacha having fitted up a corvette to take me to my brother, on the coast of Egypt, I hastened to join the British armament.

“I wish to tell you of my acquisitions in Constantinople, but they are all swallowed up in the riches of our Trojan expedition. One thing only I will mention, as it has been considered a very important and singular discovery. I slept not for many nights after I got possession of it. There are poor Turks in Constantinople whose business it is, to wash the mud of the common sewers of the city, and the sand of the shore. These people found a small onyx, with an antique intaglio, of most excellent workmanship, representing Æneas flying from the city, leading his boy by the hand, and bearing on his shoulders (whom do you suppose?)—not his father; for in that case, the subject might have been borrowed from Virgil or

Ovid, but—his wife, with the Penates in her lap; and so wonderfully wrought, that these three figures are brought into a gem of the smallest size, and wings are added to the feet of Æneas,

‘*Pedibus timor addidit alas!*’

to express by symbols the most explicit nature of the story, and the situation of the hero.

“ Thus, you see, it is proved that a tradition (founded neither on the works of Homer, nor the Greek historians; and perhaps unknown to Virgil and the Roman poets, who always borrowed their stories from such records as were afforded by the works of ancient artists) existed among the ancients in the remotest periods, respecting the war of Troy. The authenticity of this invaluable little relic, the light it throws on ancient history, its beauty, and the remarkable coincidence of the spot on which it was found, with the locality of the subject it illustrates, interested so much the late Swedish minister, Mr. Heidensham, and other antiquarians of the first talents in this part of the world, that I have given it a very considerable part of this letter; hoping it will not be indifferent to you. I will be guilty of no other ostentation respecting my Greek medals, than to add, if you can find in Comb’s Catalogue of Hunter’s coins, or Pinkerton, any medal described as unique, that medal I will shew you on my return.

“As for our expedition to the Plain of Troy, and the Source of the Simois, which you so much recommended to me, and in the course of which I used the greatest care and industry, I hope the result of it will entitle us to your approbation. I really know not how to express the pleasure and satisfaction it afforded me. Our success exceeded all that has hitherto attended our travels; and if, with the facts which I could offer, any doubt can remain respecting the authenticity of Homer's poems, or their application in the strictest sense to the geography of the country we traversed, a much worse principle than want of information must actuate the minds of those who affect scepticism with petulance, and maintain error with obstinacy. I suffered, at first, from the want of the books you promised me, and even for thinking of them I am thankful to you. By dint of severe application, I copied all that was necessary, from all that has been written, borrowing here and there, and at length I was armed as I could wish to be, in an undertaking recommended by you, and which I should never have had the courage to encounter, but at your instigation. You will always acquit me of prejudice, by the letter I sent to you on this subject after my arrival in Constantinople. It is no more than plain honesty to say, that whatever opinion a man may form in his

closet, on the side of old Jacob,* it will be annihilated by the evidence the country offers. In reading Chevalier and his followers, you would think they had been groping about in the dark, collecting with infinite care and difficulty, a small portion of very doubtful evidence. These are the first persons you would censure upon arriving in the plain of Troy.

“ It offers every fact you want ; there is nothing doubtful. No argument will stand an instant in opposition to the test of inquiry on the spot ; penetrating into the mountains behind the Acropolis, the proofs grow more numerous as you advance, till at length the discussion becomes absurd, and the nonsense of Bryantism so ridiculous, that his warmest partisans would be ashamed to acknowledge they had ever assented for an instant, to such contemptible blasphemy upon the most sacred records of history.

“ We set out upon this expedition with two of the first artists in Europe. Lusieri of Naples, whom you have heard me name ; and Preaux, who was brought from the Academy of Paris, by the Duc de Choiseul. By their means we obtained forty drawings of the most interesting parts of our journey, and enjoyed the society of men of genius and taste, more enthusiastic perhaps even than you

* Bryant.

could be, surrounded by such objects. We formed a troop of twelve horsemen, and spent fourteen days in the most incessant research, traversing the plain of Troy in all directions, measuring and making plans, and copying inscriptions, and drawing. Ten days more we remained at the Dardanelles, putting our materials in order, comparing, correcting, and sending messengers for what we left behind. The Pacha of the Dardanelles gave me the free command of his *chiaoux*, to bring away whatever we thought proper—so we have for the Public Library, pillars from the plain of Troy, whose inscriptions, of whatever date, will be sufficient to prove that the wisest and most refined nations of antiquity did not expect that a retired priest, in a remote island of the northern seas, would have the temerity to oppose his dreams to their testimony.

“You are eager for me to enter upon more important matter—to give you proof positive, and so forth. How am I to do all this now? I will tell you a few facts.

“1.—Lectum is the promontory of a chain of mountains of which Gargarus, now called Kasdaghi, is the summit.

“2.—The Simois rises from the western side of Gargarus (Kasdaghi), falling from Ida.

“3.—The sources of the Scamander have still the character of being one hot and the other cold.

Estimated by the thermometer, they are both hot, though the source, in one part, is more accessible than in the other.

“ 4.—Xerxes, marching from Antandros to Abydos, of necessity, had Gargarus on his left hand.

“ 5.—Gargarus overlooked the city and plains of Troy.

“ 6.—The distance from Buonarbachi to the Hellespont is seven miles and three-fourths.

“ 7.—The tomb of Ilus is close to the mound of the plain. The tomb of Myrinna I found also.

“ 8.—The walls of the lower city ran beneath the hill of wild fig-trees, so as to expose it to an enemy on that side.

“ 9.—The Acropolis is impregnable, but by stratagem. It is covered with ruins. The Grecian horse, thrown from its precipices, would have been dashed to atoms, and hurled into the Simois.

“ 10.—When the Simois is swollen by floods, it carries all before it.

“ 11.—The plain is sufficiently spacious for the events related by Homer. It is much larger than the plain of Marathon.

“ 12.—The soil is fertile in the highest degree.

“ 13.—The plants mentioned by Homer, are the plants peculiar to the Kirk Ghios, or Scamander.

“ 14.—Udjek Tepe, or the tomb of Æsytetes, lies in the road leading from New Ilium (Strabo) to Alexandria Troas. It is the only spot which a

spy sent from Troy could choose to survey unobserved the naval station of the Greeks. He could regain the city by speed: because his pursuers must cross the Scamander, and ascend a steep ridge to follow him.

“ 15.—From Gargarus to the point of Lectum, the mountains, gradually falling, form by their tops a series like a flight of steps. Thus Juno is made to land at Lectum, in order to ascend to Gargarus.

“ 16.—The temple of Jupiter the Deliverer, is on a platform below Gargarus. It seems to have furnished mineral baths for the cure of diseases.

“ 17.—The distance from Gargarus to Lectum is thirty miles.

“ 18.—The tomb of Hector has been opened; it is constructed of stones.

“ 19.—The ruins of the temple of Apollo Thymbrius, are like a forest of pillars. The place is now called Thymbreck. The mouth of the Simois is called Mander, or Menders.

“ 20.—The place to which Æneas retreated in the mountains is called Æné.

“ 21.—At the season of the year, in which we were there, the old channel of the Scamander is full, the whole way to the junction with the Simois.

“ 22.—Ulysses hid himself among the reeds and rushes, at the sources of the Scamander. At this day, he might repeat the stratagem, and lie safe from discovery, if a whole army were after him.

“23.—The plain of Troy has been thought a desert, without any traces of cities or ruins. It is a museum of antiquities; so many are not found in any part of Greece. I speak of the ruins at Thymbreck, at Tehiblack, at Calafat, at New Ilium, at the sources of the Scamander, at Buonarbachi, at Erkessi, at Sigeum, at Alexandria Troas. But travellers have been accustomed to pass a day in its examination, whereas a quarter of a year might be well spent in the employment. And what is the reason that among these ruins are always found the granite shafts of Doric pillars decomposed by time; which has taken place in no other ruins in the known world, and it is known that granite will resist the action of the atmosphere during a series of ages? Are we not to answer, that these pillars were works of a remoter date, brought from other ruins to serve in the construction of those edifices, from which they have a second and a third time fallen to decay.

“24.—The walls of the Acropolis of Troy still remain. It was called Priam's lofty citadel, and had the epithet of windy, from its situation. There is not a point of the compass from which a wind can blow, without whistling against its walls.

“25.—Tenedos is in view, both from the lower city and the Acropolis.

‘Est in conspectu Tenedos.’

“I will not proceed now, as the letter would have no end. But I will call your attention to one of the most remarkable facts that the subject can offer. It is said, the Trojans were encamped close to the tomb of Ilus, and the mound of the plain, and that in this encampment they were not in view of the naval station of the Greeks. If I find such a peculiar coincidence, as a plain, a mound, and a tomb, at a certain distance from the junction of two rivers, having now the character and the name assigned them formerly: if these are not in view of a camp stationed at this mound and tomb, what do I want more? The description answers to evidence existing and indisputable.

“But the word mound is remarkable, and one must see the mound of the plain to comprehend all its force and accuracy. In the plain of Troy, as flat as Romney marsh, rises a long mound of limestone, at one extremity of which is a tomb, and they form two such remarkable objects, that you would never name one without the other; but would say, ‘At the mound and the tomb,’ ‘at the tomb of Ilus,’ and ‘the mound of the plain.’

“And I will venture to say, the whole world does not offer another instance of a plain in which nature and art have combined to afford a mound and a tomb so situated. Because they are not common objects. The mound itself is a sort of *lusus naturæ*, and they both prove that Homer’s

description applies to them only, and his having detailed a feature so remarkable, proves that his picture is a portrait, and not a work of fancy.

“The medals found at the ruins of the temple of Jupiter the Deliverer, are the most ancient in the world. They answer to those placed among the Nummi Incerti of Hunter’s Museum. A dissertation upon them, has been written by the famous Eckel of Vienna.

“I have no time to give you an account of our voyage through the Archipelago. We visited the Isle of Cos, and I have reason to think the library of Patmos contains valuable manuscripts. I saw a curious one of the Odyssey, in the hands of a Greek, but he would not sell it.

“I am on the eve of sailing for Aboukir, which you know is taken. Perhaps they have not told you in England, that our victories have cost no less than one-fourth of the whole British army. We have lost five thousand men. Some of the wounded are brought here. Lieutenant Leicester and seventy soldiers were buried here yesterday evening. I have conversed with some of the soldiers, and they say, a spectacle more horrible than the landing of the troops was never seen. Unfavourable weather had kept the English ten days in sight before they could land. So the French had all the time they wished to make every preparation, and began to think the English

were making a feint. When the regiments attempted to land, the storm of shot, sand, &c. which fell upon them was so great, that they fell like locusts. The boats were filled with dead men and blood. The French cavalry charged even at the boats, riding into the sea, and cutting down our men, with their horses' heads in the very boats. Such bravery as was evinced by both sides, is without parallel. A party of only two hundred French cavalry had the astonishing audacity to charge the whole British army. They were every one cut to pieces. At length the 42d regiment formed on the shore, and instantly charged the enemy, running up the hill most gallantly. The French were then soon repulsed. The landing was badly managed. They did not get to shore till ten in the morning, instead of landing in the night. And in one action we had no artillery, when the French guns were mowing down our troops.

“The news of the capture of Alexandria is expected here every hour, which will finish the affair.”——

In consequence of the loss of a part of Mr. Clarke's correspondence, which ought to appear in this place, it has been thought necessary to give a short account of his proceedings, in the interval between his departure from Rhodes to his arrival

at Jerusalem. From Rhodes the travellers passed over to the Gulf of Glaucus (now Macri), on the coast of Asia Minor, where Mr. Clarke wrote to the author of this Memoir, an account (now lost) of the Ruins of Telmessus. Thence they sailed for Egypt, and joined the English fleet on the 16th of April, in Aboukir Bay, where he found his brother, Captain George Clarke, in the command of the Braakel. Under his guidance they landed to view the position of the English fleet, before Alexandria, and having afterward made a journey by land to Rosetta, they returned to the fleet for their baggage, and then took up their quarters in an agreeable house in Rosetta, which they hired for some time. After a stay of about a fortnight, however, in Rosetta, they were tempted by Capt. Russell, of the Ceres frigate, to embark with him for Cyprus. At this place, Mr. Clarke wrote a few lines to his mother, which will appear. On the 22d of June they returned to the Braakel, in Aboukir Bay (Captain Russell having died of a fever in the passage), and two days after they sailed with Captain Culverhouse, of the Romulus, for Acre, to which place the frigate had been ordered for a supply of bullocks, for the fleet. Here Mr. Clarke wrote another letter, no longer extant, to the same friend, containing many interesting particulars respecting Djezzar Pacha and his government; and thence, under the protection

of an escort from this extraordinary man, they travelled to Jerusalem, where the next letter is dated.

To his Mother.

“CYPRUS, June 7, 1801.

Ceres Frigate; Captain Russell.

“A few lines are better than none. George is at Rosetta, in Egypt; and we are rambling about this island. The map will shew you the distance of sea that separates us; but a frigate makes no more of walking over to Cyprus, than you do to go to Lidbetter’s for tape. In a few days I hope to be with him again. I came here by way of filling up the time which must elapse before the English have taken Cairo, and then return to George; who is in our comfortable house, looking out of the window, at his cutter, which lies in the Nile below. I hope to get a little Cyprus wine, to hoist it into his ship, and make caudle for Anne. We were offered this trip, and you will allow the temptation was great.

“The death of the Emperor Paul, saves me all my property in Russia; and, I assure you, I hung my head when I heard all our cases were confiscated.”

To the Rev. William Otter.

“JERUSALEM, July 10, 1801.
Convent of St. Salvador.

“The date!—the date’s the thing! You will thank me for a letter dated *Jerusalem*, more for that little local honour stuck in its front, than for all the fine composition and intelligence it may contain. I hardly yet feel the reality of my being here, and when I reflect, and look back on the many years in which I vainly hoped for this happiness; on the difficulties and dangers I have encountered to get here; on my fatigue, and fevers, and toil; I am ready to sink beneath the weight of an accomplishment, possessing so much influence on my life. For all my hopes centered there—all my plans—speculations—wishes—were concerned in travels; and without visiting Egypt, Syria, and Greece, my travels, however extensive, would have appeared to me to want that nucleus, which like the heart is necessary to give life and sensation to the body. If I could repose a little, I should now, I think, be found more quiet for my future life. A stillness must succeed to the gratification of desires which have so long irritated my mind and body. I have done my portion, and am satisfied. If I sit down in Old England’s meadows, I may hope to listen no more to schemes of enterprise, but leave it to younger and stronger men to

visit those regions, which I have no longer the wish, nor the power to explore.

“Do not fear that I shall give you a new edition of old Sandys, or Maundrell, or Rauwolff. I came not here in an age of credulity, though sufficiently an enthusiast. But what blind or wilful ignorance, has caused the Christians of this place, through several ages, to shew a spot as the house of Dives, and another of the Samaritan? converting the parables of our Saviour to realities, and giving the lie to the Gospels. It matters not—there are antiquities of the highest character around the city. We have been falsely taught to believe, that nothing was to be seen here but monks and monasteries, and relics, and pilgrims, and ignorance, and folly. It is not true! Jerusalem is of all the cities in the east, one of the most interesting, to which an historic traveller can resort for information. Leaving apart the common mummery which occupies its daily visitants; there is enough yet untouched and undescribed, to bring pilgrims of a very different description from the universities of Europe, to pursue the most important inquiries. If you find that what I shall write is new, and worthy your attention, it will prove what might be discovered here by men, having more time and better talents. To me it appears as though the eyes of former travellers had been entirely shut upon their coming here; or that they were so oc-

cupied by the monks and their stories, that they neglected to go out of the walls.

“To those interested in evangelical history, no spectacle can be more mortifying than Jerusalem in its present state. The mistaken zeal of early Christians in their attempts to preserve, has, for the most part, annihilated those testimonies, which might have remained at this day to establish the authenticity of the Gospel; and for which such expense and danger were encountered. Their labours are only calculated to excite regret, if not indignation; and, sighing over the havoc made by the pious hands of the crusaders, of the Empress Helena and Godfrey of Boulogne, you would lament that the Holy Land was ever rescued from the hands of Saracens, far less barbarous than their conquerors.

————— ‘Quanto præstantius esset

Numen aquæ viridi si margine clauderet undas

Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.’

“The absurdity of hewing the rocks of Mount Calvary into gilded chapels, and disguising the Holy Sepulchre by coverings of marble and painted domes, has so effectually removed or concealed all that might have borne witness to the history of the Crucifixion, that a visit to Jerusalem has often weakened, instead of fortifying the faith of pilgrims; many of whom have re-

turned worse Christians than they came. This may be the case with those, who seek for guidance in the works and relations of ignorant monks; but Jerusalem will be no source of incredulity to men, who with the Gospel in their hands, and a proper attention to history, tread over the ground, shutting their ears, and opening their eyes.

“More pleasing is the prospect from the summit of Mount Olivet, Mount Sion, or the insulated top of Thabor, in the plains of Esdraelon. Thence, all Judea is presented to your view; and such confirmation of the accuracy of the Scriptures, that the earliest records to which history can refer, appear the most authentic. The wild Arab, journeying with his immense family, with his camels, his oxen, his mules, and his asses, is still the picture of patriarchal manners. Customs that were thought peculiar to people who have disappeared in the lapse of ages, characterise, at this moment, the inhabitants of the same countries. Novelty, so adored in Europe, has few charms in Asia. The same habits are transmitted invariably from father to son. A thousand years may pass away, and future travellers find the descendants of Abraham watering their camels by the well of Nahor, while another Rebecca, with the daughters of the men of the city, come down, with pitchers on their shoulders, and draw water from the well;

wearing ear-rings of half a shekel weight, and bracelets ten shekels weight of gold. Visiting their tents, he will find a second Sarah, kneading three measures of fine meal, to make cakes upon the hearth, and to offer it for his refreshment beneath a tree, in the plain of Mamre; while Amraphel king of Shinar, Arioch king of Ellasar, Chedor-laomer king of Elam, and Tidal king of nations, are at war with Bera king of Sodom, and with Birsha king of Gomorrah, Shinab king of Admah, and Semeber king of Zeboim, and the king of Belar, which is Zoar. Such wars were raging as we passed from Jerusalem to Joppa; and we once saw a circle of such kings and princes, seated on the ground, holding council, whether we should be smitten, as were the Rephaims in Ashteroth Karnaim, and the Horites in Mount Seir.

“But the antiquities to which I particularly wish to call your attention, I found in descending from Mount Sion to the valley of Jehoshaphat. I forget, whether in my letter to you, describing the antiquities in the Gulf of Glaucus, I mentioned some remarkable sepulchres hewn in the rocks there, and which I said so exactly answered the description given of the tomb of Jesus Christ, that I was convinced could I visit Jerusalem, I should find similar antiquities there. Having visited the sepulchre, supposed to have been that of Christ, I was not satisfied with its appearance. It is now

so disguised with marble, that no one can judge from its appearance of its original state. I found no rock in which it seemed to have been hewn, but its sides were of that sort of marble called verd-antique; and all the rocks of Jerusalem are a very hard limestone. Add to this, it is only forty paces distant from the spot on which they pretend the cross stood; and almost on a level with it, both being beneath the roof of the same church. Finding it difficult to reconcile the topography of modern Jerusalem, and the situation of the places shewn there, with its ancient history, I began to extend my researches without the walls. Coming down from the gate of Mount Sion, I perceived the sides of the opposite hill perforated by sepulchres, exactly resembling those among the ruins of Telmessus, in the Gulf of Glaucus, and fulfilling my prediction most completely. One of these, facing Mount Sion, so exactly corresponds with the description of the sepulchre of our Saviour, that you would be at once disposed to pronounce the hill on which it has been cut, Mount Calvary, and this, or at least one of the other tombs, the precise place in which his body was laid. It is hewn in the rock. To look into it, it is necessary 'to stoop down.' (See St. John, chap. xx. 5.) The stone, which filled its mouth, was of such size, that it could only be rolled to its place, and when once

there, would have astonished any person to find it had been removed. (Mark, chap. xvi. 3.) It is natural to suppose, that a hill for the execution of malefactors, would be placed as this is, out of the walls of the city. But there is a stronger reason to suppose the body of Jesus was placed there, and that exactly upon this mount, and no other, Joseph of Arimathea, would construct his tomb. It is this—that from time immemorial, the Karæan Jews (a sect of all others, the most correct in the observance of ancient ceremonies, and whose traditions, extending to the remotest periods, are the least corrupted) have been accustomed to bring their dead for interment to this mount. They bury them there at this hour, but having no longer the power to execute such prodigious works of art, are contented to cover the bodies of their relations with more simple works. The present inhabitants of Jerusalem know nothing more of the place; and though one of the most wonderful works of art which can be found, despise it for two reasons:

“ 1st. — Because it has not been considered among the number of the holy places.

“ 2d.—Because it is the Jewish cemetery.

“ However, that it was once entitled to more respect, I shall prove, by giving you the Greek inscription which I found on this tomb, and on

others, cut above, below, or on one side of the mouths of the sepulchres, in large characters, on the face of the rock.

ΤΗC ΑΓΙΑC
C I Ω N

“I can easily imagine how much this inscription will interest you, by the emotions I felt in discovering it. You will perceive the Sigma, is not written according to the old Greek character, σ ; but as in the lower ages, C. I have been much accustomed to antiquities, and I know that these sepulchres are coeval with the Crucifixion; and perhaps many of them prior to it. Some of them have inscriptions in Hebrew of greater length, and others in a character which is perhaps unknown. I leave you to make more of it than I could do. I can only observe, that the most ancient method of writing the Greek Omicron was by a square, thus, \square , as all ancient characters were angular, before mankind had learned the more difficult method of tracing curvilineals. ϕ is, I believe, the Greek Φ , and the Π is evident of itself.

47↑7-----

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0970070007°00

“The two strongest arguments to prove that the sepulchre of Christ was one of these, is, that Joseph of Arimathea, being a Jew, must necessarily have constructed his tomb in the Jewish cemetery; and secondly, to prove that this was the place of burial of the ancient Jews, it is sufficient to have shewn, that the Karæan, a sect the most obstinate in adhering to ancient customs, have, beyond memory, buried their dead there. It is on the south side of the city, facing Mount Sion.

“These discussions are no otherwise of moment, than as they serve to shew, that the writers of the Gospels, in the most minute circumstances, respecting the manners of the age whose events they celebrate, have been entirely exact. It is for the same reason, that I beheld with very great satis-

faction, from our windows in Nazareth, two women grinding at the mill, exactly as mentioned by our Saviour; and the machine they used for this purpose, is the most ancient mill of which we have any knowledge; it is the same as the *quern* of the Scottish Highlands. I have seen it also in Lapland, and in the Isle of Cyprus—countries sufficiently in their primeval state, to afford the first view of those arts which are called forth by the necessities of life.

“The Druses are a people inhabiting Mount Lebanon, with whom our patron and preserver, the Pacha of Acre, is at war. We were escorted by his guards from Mount Carmel, over all Galilee, to Nazareth and Jerusalem; and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Arabs established on Mount Thabor. I had an opportunity to converse with some of the Druses, near the Lake of Genesareth. They are the most extraordinary people on earth; singular in the simplicity of their lives, by their strict integrity and virtue. They will only eat what they earn by their own labour, and preserve at this moment the superstitions brought by the Israelites out of Egypt. What will your surprise be to learn, that every Thursday they elevate the molten calf, before which they prostrate themselves, and having paid their adoration, each man selects among the women present the wife he likes the best, with whom the cere-

mony ends. The calf is of gold, silver, or bronze. This is exactly that worship, at which Moses was so incensed, in descending from Mount Sinai. The cow was the Venus of the Egyptians, and of course the calf, a personification of animal desire, or Cupid, before which the sacrifices so offensive to Moses were held. For it is related, that they set up a molten calf, which Aaron had made from the golden ear-rings of the Israelite women; before which similar sacrifices were made. And certainly the Druses on Mount Lebanon are a detachment of the posterity of those Israelites, who are so often represented in Scripture, as deserters from the true faith, falling back into the old superstitions and pagan worship of the country from whence they came. I could not visit Mount Lebanon; but I took every method necessary to ascertain the truth of this relation; and I send it to you as one of the highest antiquities, and most curious relics of remote ages, which has yet been found upon earth.

“From the mountains near Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, with the river Jordan, appeared as if I could walk down to it in two hours. It is a most extraordinary place. I shall shew you, I hope, some of its productions. The plants were almost all withered, and the heat of the sun so great, that it threw me into one of my fevers—which alarmed us, as the plague raged both in Nazareth

and Bethlehem, and it began with such symptoms as are usually deemed pestilential. I have recovered in this convent, among the fattest friars who ever fed on the milk and honey of Canaan. You will imagine what sufferings accompany travels in such climates, where one looks in vain for shade; where the wind is hotter than the sun's rays; and where Fahrenheit's thermometer, not being exposed to either, rises to 105. Lord Keith told me, that in the tents of the English, near Cairo, it had risen to 120. An umbrella is but a mockery of woe, for the reflected heat from the ground is full as insupportable, as the direct rays of the sun.

“Besides the antiquities I have mentioned to you, on the south side of the city, Jerusalem is entirely surrounded with others, which bear no features to indicate in what age, or by whom they were left. They are for the most part of the same character; and consist of subterranean excavations, of a magnitude and beauty, without parallel. They are not like the catacombs at Naples or Rome, though the greatest part of them appear sepulchral. In riding without the walls of the city, sometimes a small aperture like the mouth of a well, at others, the whole side of a rock, cut like a quarry, with wide openings, beautifully sculptured and adorned with columns, lead to numberless chambers of different dimensions, all hewn in the solid rock, where

you may wander as in a labyrinth, and find no end to your research. The most considerable of them are the only ones to which the inhabitants have given even a name; and they are, the Sepulchre of the Virgin Mary, and all her family, of the Saints Joachim, Anne, and Joseph; and some prodigious excavations, on the north side of Jerusalem, called the Sepulchres of its ancient kings. I can form no conjecture respecting their origin, but have found them all over the Holy Land, as well as on the coast of Asia Minor. Even on the summit of the Mount of Olives are some of these subterranean works; and one there, in particular, is deserving of notice, as it differs from all the rest in being lined with a very hard antique stucco, similar to some subterranean works which I found on the Isle of Bequieres, in the bay of Aboukir, on the coast of Egypt. It is also of a very remarkable form; being a cone, or funnel, whose vertex rising to the surface of the summit of the mountain, affords a small opening to admit light, as well as the only entrance; below this hole, the sides of the cone extend to such a width and depth, that I could not determine the immense size of the cavern they contained.

“I cannot conclude this letter, already swelled to a volume (which convinces me of the impossibility of writing half I wish to add), without mentioning our travels in Galilee, by much the most

pleasing part of our journey. I know of no travellers who have visited that portion of the Holy Land, as it lies out of the usual pilgrimage of persons bound merely to Jerusalem. Our plan was to pursue the history of Jesus Christ, from his nativity to his death ; following his footsteps, with the Gospel in our hands, and reading at every spot mentioned in it, the passage which had rendered it sacred. For this purpose we went first to Nazareth from thence into Galilee, visiting Cana, the Lake of Gennesareth, and even the borders of the Desert, to which he retired in his earliest years. Galilee affords the highest satisfaction, because its objects are among the features of nature, and are not liable to receive injury from the barbarous zeal of the monks. The scenery there is very grand. The Lake of Gennesareth, or Sea of Tiberias, is more beautiful than the Lake of Locarno, which it resembles ; at the same time, it has that grandeur which is ever found where water of such extent is surrounded by high mountains ; and hardly yields the palm to the Lake of Geneva. I had the happiness of swimming in its crystal waters ; buoyed above its waves by all those emotions, which local enthusiasm, when called forth by piety as well as memory, in scenery so dignified, cannot fail to excite.

“ Returning from Galilee we took a road by Mount Thabor ; passing through the country, in

which his disciples are said to have plucked the ears of corn on the sabbath-day, and came again to Cana and to Nazareth. At Cana we saw, still in use, those 'stone water-pots,' which are described (John, chap. ii. v. 6.) as containing 'two or three firkins a-piece.' We then crossed the beautiful plain of Erzelon, or Esdraelon, more fertile than the richest gardens; in the midst of which Mount Thabor rises insulated to a great height, of a conic form, and offers a retreat to the wildest bands of Arab robbers. The cavalry of the Pacha of Acre were encamped in this plain, and they received us into their tents, feeding us after the eastern custom, all out of one dish, seated on the ground, and teaching us to eat pilau and sour milk with our fingers. They afterward escorted us to a fortress in the mountains, under the government of the Pacha of Damascus, our train consisting of thirty-three armed men on horseback; while our Arabs kept skirmishing, practising all those feats of horsemanship, for which they are so celebrated; firing their pieces, and engaging in sham fights round us, that the distant enemy might not count our numbers, nor be able to survey our strength.

"Some of the princes of the robbers, Arab chiefs, such as were of old time shepherd kings, came down from the mountains, to enter into a league with the general of the cavalry in the plain, and dined by our side, beneath the same tent; but

would not eat out of the same dish. The Arabs then encamped had already taken from some of the neighbouring tribes 20,000 oxen, 12,000 camels, 10,000 sheep, 8,000 asses; besides horses, prisoners, arms, &c. One hundred of the oxen have been given to the captain of our frigate, Captain Culverhouse of the *Romulus*, to take back to the fleet at Aboukir.

“The whole country is a continued succession of hills and plains. The former are cultivated to their tops, with uncommon industry, and covered with olive and fig-trees. The plains produce the richest harvests, except in the perturbed dominions of the Pacha of Acre. Nazareth alone seems to preserve its old character of wretchedness and sterility. The hills around being a bleak incorrigible rock; and its inhabitants in the greatest poverty; so that one would still exclaim, ‘Can any thing good come out of Nazareth?’ Of the Holy Land, in general, the valley watered by the Jordan, and the rich plains of Canaan, it is still but truth to style it, ‘a land flowing with milk and honey.’ The eye ranges over an extent of corn, wine, oil, rice, tobacco, figs, melons, and whatever the earth can yield, to fill the granaries of men, or gratify their palates. Among these are seen swarms of partridges, wild deer, wild boars, which hardly move at your approach; while the stately camel, moving with dignified step, in the long ca-

ravans, bearing wealth and power, lifts his tall head above the harvest, and seems with his eye to command immeasurable distance.—Such is the Holy Land, or rather such the only account I can now give you. Since I wrote last to you, I have visited Cyprus, being conveyed there in the Ceres frigate, Captain Russell. I have no time now to enter upon the subject of that island. I had hardly been two days back to the fleet, when the Captain of the Romulus offered us a passage to Acre. These are favourable moments for travellers in the Levant, when frigates are daily sailing in all directions, and the English name is so much respected. I can tell you nothing of affairs in Egypt till I get back; but believe things are much as they were when I sent you my last letter. Cripps unites in remembrance. God bless you.

“I must beg of you to let my mother see this letter, and also G. Stracey, if you have an opportunity, as you will see the impossibility of writing to all friends, in the midst of such fatigue and occupation.”

To his Mother.

“JERUSALEM, July 10, 1801.

“You who know what my disappointment was, some years ago, when Lord Berwick altered his intention of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land,

will be able to judge of my transports in arriving here. It has proved one of the happiest journeys of my life. We have travelled over all Galilee, and in Judea, and are finally come to join in thanksgiving, and in prayer, on that spot whence all the blessings of religion were derived. Here, on this holy ground, we call to mind the dangers from which we have been preserved, and the friends from whom we are separated; and cold must be that piety which, so incited, neglects a vow of gratitude for the one, and a zealous supplication for the other. My letters to you necessarily demand other intelligence than the story of our travels; even Jerusalem, interesting as it is, in its antiquities and local celebrity, will not call for your attention, so much as the welfare of your children, and the news of their destiny. It is for this reason, I have written to Otter what most interested me; and I hasten in this letter, to include what will be of more importance to you.

“I have much to say, particularly on the subject of our dear George; respecting whose health I have the happiest accounts to give. He is, what I never before saw him, all health, activity, spirit, industry, gaiety, strength, prudence. But we had an awful business. The rheumatism was cured; but one of those disorders from which few escape in this country, brought him to an alarming crisis.

He came on board his ship from Rosetta, with such a dreadful bowel complaint, the consequence of the climate, and of the medicines he had been forced to use, that we thought we should have lost him. Great care, and his *iron constitution*, with God's blessing, have saved him, and he has risen from his illness entirely a new man. All his complaints are gone; he is getting fat, and is gone to Marseilles to carry home the French prisoners, and to complete all, by breathing the fine air of that place. He is altered in every thing—even in his sentiments; and considers what has past for a long time back, so much like a dream, that he does not remember many circumstances.

“Aboukir Bay, August 6th.—You will never understand my letters, if I do not tell you they are all patch-work. I add a line when I can. I was called off after the first paragraph at Jerusalem, and the rest is added since.

“I got back to the fleet just time enough to see George before he sailed for Marseilles. We had a happy evening together, and then the French prisoners swarmed in, and filled the Braakel, like a bee-hive. He has a General, with his wife and child, in his cabin. We sailed with him half a day, till we were out of sight of the fleet. He had not a moment to himself, but was quite happy in all

the bustle, and in getting to sea, having the chief command of eleven ships in company with him. He charged me to write to you.

“We are now on board the *Ceres*, Captain Russell. We went to Acre in the *Romulus*: Captain Larmour, of the *Diadem*, brought us from the *Braakel*, back to the fleet.

“I hope now in little more than a fortnight, to give you account of our progress towards Uckfield. You have never given me your sentiments on the request I made to you respecting my marriage; and you need not be alarmed, for I am more than indifferent how it ends. I shall pass that way in returning, and before that your letter must arrive.

“And now I have to tell you, that when we have seen the Pyramids, which is what we are now upon—All is done! Then we will have no more vagaries, nor excursions: but we shall proceed in a straight line home; before this month ends, we shall, I hope, be advanced on our journey to England; and you know with what velocity we travel when once we set out in right lines. Whether I come home double or single, a *Darby* or a *solitaire*, you will find me in one respect the same,

“Your ever dutiful Son.”

To the Rev. William Otter.

“ Au Quartier General du Caire, le 20 Thermidor,
l’an premier de la Consternation Française !

“ Your last letter, dated March 21st, was as grateful as you could wish it to be; and though you say nothing material has happened, and that you have nothing to communicate but tittle tattle, you have lived enough abroad to feel the necessity of such communication. A letter from England is to us the object of long, and often vain hope, and whatever it may be, never arrives without the warmest welcome. Among so many of you, who sit at ease by your tables, we know that a letter might now and then be written. When we undertake to write, we have to persevere against fatigue, and the want of the commonest materials. No stationers expose their wares in the dusty lanes of Cairo. At this moment, half naked, and melting to the very bones, with one hand I drive away clouds of flies, and stinging insects, while the other labours for you.

“ The letter you say Malthus sent, never came; nor have I heard any thing of the books on the Troade.

“ You ask for a little political information, I thought I had satiated your *Combination appetites* in a former volume. Were you here, you would soon cry, ‘ Ohe jam satis est !’ and rejoice to join

the few parties we have to discuss matters of more lasting interest. But as it is otherwise, I will enact the gazetteer, to as much purpose as the intelligence I have to communicate will allow. I was at Jerusalem when Cairo surrendered; therefore could not witness the tears of the abandoned sultanas, nor state their destiny to you.— At present people are staring at each other in astonishment, at the terms which were granted to the French, who marched away more like victors than vanquished. They left nothing moveable behind them, except the unfortunate and beautiful girls, whom they had ravished from the harems of the murdered beys; and whom, in the true spirit of French gallantry, they deserted when no longer necessary; giving them over to the rude, though perhaps more humane, embraces of the soldiers and sailors in the British camp.—

“I cannot give you any idea when Alexandria may fall; perhaps to-morrow; perhaps a month hence. An immense force is before it, and it has been long blockaded. But that madman, Menou, is there, and who knows what he will endure, or do. An aide-de-camp came from him the other day to Lord Keith, when I was sitting with his Lordship and General Hutchinson, in the cabin of the *Foudroyant*. He stayed all night, and returned by daylight, but nothing of moment transpired. It is known that they are in the greatest extremity.

They have rice in abundance ; but neither wine, oil, butter, nor bread : and a Frenchman cannot live on boiled rice. Add to this, their want of water, and its bad quality. The Indian army here has orders to march, and the Albanese troops of the Vizier's army are sent for, who are generally used in storming ; so that we expect an assault to be made. If the place is attacked, we have an offer to go on board Sir Sidney Smith's ship, to witness the storm. I believe I told you, my brother is gone to Marseilles with the liberated French. He convoys nine cartels, frigates and transports. I went to sea with him, and meeting the *Diadem*, Captain Larmour, returned to the fleet. The Prince of Wales has written to Lord Keith, to desire he may be placed in a more active ship. He has on board five hundred and sixty French troops, with about fifty officers, and General le Grange, with his Georgian damsel, occupies a part of his cabin. About fourteen thousand persons, French and refugees, are sent to France, from Cairo.

“ We have now a house in Cairo. The inundation of the Nile has taken place, and the canal was opened with great rejoicings a few days ago. We are entirely occupied in parties of pleasure ; going about in our barge as at Venice. Every body is our friend. The commanders of the army and the navy seem to strive who shall shew us the most attention, or contribute most to forward our

plans. Colonel Stewart lends us horses and dragoons to visit the pyramids. Colonel Holloway, commandant of Cairo, does the same for the ruins on this side the river; and offers to get any thing away for me, which I may find. General Baird invited us to his sumptuous entertainments in the Indian camp. They are on the Isle of Rouda. The Reis Effendi, the Vizier, the Capudan Pacha, Lord Keith, General Hutchinson, Sir Sidney Smith, Colonel Paget, and most of the Captains of the fleet, have been eager to do us all the service in their power. It makes our stay here so pleasing, that you will not wonder it has been prolonged.

“The Indian army under General Baird forms one of the finest military sights in this country. Their establishment is quite in the style of oriental splendour. I know not how it will answer to mix them with the other English troops; as their pay is so much higher. Even the subalterns repose on sofas, beneath fine tents, drinking Madeira and English beer; while the richest of the troops from England sleep on the sand, and have none of those luxuries. Their voyage down the Nile was charming. They came, some of them, from the cataracts; and all of them visited the temples of Dendera, &c.; teaching those dastard savages, who have so often insulted and reviled travellers, to bow down, and tremble at the British standard, and to respect its name. They have with them

persons of almost every caste in India. And it is a fact which will interest, if not astonish you, that upon my asking General Baird, whether the system adopted by Monsieur de Guignes was true, respecting the analogy between the Egyptians and the Chinese?—he replied, that some seapoys of the Brahmin caste, entering the Temple of Isis, acknowledged their god Vishnu among the mutilated idols; and would have destroyed the Arabs, for the injuries which these sacred symbols had sustained. No fact has occurred this century more worthy the attention of the historian. I am perfectly of opinion that the Chinese are an Egyptian colony, and that part of India was peopled in the same way. Therefore, their pretensions to antiquity are rightly founded; and we are not to wonder that the two first dynasties of the Chinese annals, are precisely the same with those of the kings of Thebes. If you were here, we should both be ruined; we should instantly proceed through Upper Egypt to India. I am half afraid to hint at such a project, for you will take the alarm, and suppose me already gone there. Never was there such an opportunity! Posts of British troops, at different distances, occupy the whole extent of the Nile, from hence to the cataracts. Ships from Bombay, floating palaces, are waiting to waft any traveller to the Ganges. I have been pressed much to go, and have been promised a passage home in

a frigate, by the Cape of Good Hope. At the same time, vessels are sailing to all parts of the Red Sea and Mediterranean, and we receive daily invitations to distant shores. Will you not give me then your approbation, if, having a friend who would go the world over with me, and better health than I have yet enjoyed, I listen to the dictates of duty and prudence, and determine to proceed from hence straight to Old England; to convey him safe to the arms of his longing parents, and to check rather than encourage that passion for enterprise, which perhaps I have noticed with too much satisfaction. If I ever desired to visit Upper Egypt; if, when difficulty and danger awaited the undertaking, I would have sacrificed every interest and every tie, to tread that historic soil, what must I now feel in turning back, when my foot, as it were, rests upon the threshold of a building, which contains the long-sought talisman. If I were free from my present engagement, and master of my own actions, I should deem it a disgrace; now it becomes a duty. While I have life, I would proceed; and grow grey in the pursuit of knowledge, leaving you to smile at the inconsistency with which, in my letter from Jerusalem, I told you I had done enough, when I am now raving to do more.

“I hope I have made every inquiry that you would have dictated about Bruce, the Abyssinian

traveller. There is no doubt, as to his having visited that country. The Imperial consul here knew and travelled with him. It is not long since a man died in Cairo, who accompanied him from that country; and used to confirm all that Bruce had written, by his relation. The officers from India affirm, that, in all the countries which they visited, they found Bruce a most faithful writer; and General Baird adds, that his latitudes of places in the Red Sea, are the only observations to be depended upon; and that they were of great use to the fleet. I believe his work will rise in estimation, in proportion as the memory of the man is obliterated.

“To-morrow we are going, under an escort of Janissaries, to Heliopolis. I neglect my journal in deference to the French sçavans; in the hope that nothing has escaped their active research. All Europe looks to them for abundance of discovery and refutation of error. By what we learn here, there is reason to fear the usual result *de l'accouchement des montagnes*. They seem like *chevaux de ménage*, to have kicked up a great deal of dust, without gaining any ground.

“I understand that ——— is at Malta, on his way to England. Hamilton, Lord Elgin's secretary, who was always our good friend, is here, as agent for the Ambassador. ———'s long search after the original manuscript of the Arabian Nights,

was made in vain. And it would not surprise me if he was gone home on that account a sceptic to its existence. The French sçavans searched for it all the time they spent in this country: and an Arab student from Vienna has orders to find it if possible. What will you say, if after all these staunch pointers have ranged the stubble, such a pug-dog as I should start the game, and bear it home to my masters? Toe-ho! you exclaim, and level your piece—bang!!!—we have it, snug—the whole work complete—all that has, and that has not been translated. ‘One Thousand and One Nights;’ or, as it is nominated in Arabic, ‘Elf Leela, O Leela.’ So you may tell your Arabic professors to prepare—it is no less than four large volumes in quarto. I had searched for it all over Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine; and at last found, I believe, the only copy, among the persons who prepare and bind the copies of the Koran in this immense city.

“I regret more than I can express, the inattention I have paid to Arabic. Had I known how much time I should pass among the Arabs, I might have made great proficiency in a language which I foresee will soon be foremost in classical studies. The authors, whose works may be deemed of importance in Arabic and Persian, are more numerous than Volney, and other writers, would have us suppose. Those languages are now

taught to Philologists in Vienna, as the first necessary in their education, and will soon be prevalent in Europe.

“ I wish I had time to say a few words on the antiquities I have seen. The Pyramids far, very far, surpass all I had imagined. They are every where in view, and form such features in the landscape here, as no design, engraving, or description, has yet represented. At the distance from which we now view them, they appear close to the eye. Without hyperbole they are immense mountains; and when clouds cast shadows over their white sides, they are seen passing as upon the summits of the Alps. We have procured and opened the embalmed bodies of the Ibis, those birds held sacred by the Egyptians. They seem to me to be storks; the same you saw held in such veneration in Denmark, and which, more or less, have been objects of religious respect in all ages, and in all countries.

“ I do not agree with Volney on the subject of the plague; which in Egypt, I have no doubt, is indigenous. It originates in the stagnant waters left by the Nile; and all stagnant waters in hot climates produce disorders which have more or less resemblance to it. Is not this fact sufficient to prove that it rises in Egypt: viz. that when the inundation is great the plague ensues; when it is small, the plague fails? Without intercourse with

Egypt, they have no plague in Constantinople. Its progress is from the south.

“Tell Malthus, I will never write to him, till he has epistolised me. Neither will I give either of you credit for letters which do not arrive. You are both shamefully in my debt, and will run up bills beyond what you will pay, if I do not have recourse to violent measures. If they have not heard lately from me at Uckfield, I shall be obliged to you, to communicate any letters, or any part of their contents, which you may think proper, to my mother and sister; both of whom, please God, I hope now soon to see. I am looking forward to the moment of our meeting, which, if possible, will be before the ice sets in between Hamburgh and Yarmouth; or else, as soon as the Elbe opens in the spring. Strange matrimonial events may hasten or protract the day. Should I be silly enough to bring home a *rib*, it may be in the spring.

“If you have not heard of the surrender of Alexandria before this letter arrives, you may expect some very important intelligence from this country every day. At present, a report prevails, and is much credited, though I believe it originates in the Jacobin party in Egypt, that the French, with a very large force, are at sea; and will certainly attempt a landing. Our forces are very much concentrated near Alexandria; and

perhaps the country is a little too much left open towards Damietta and the east. The inhabitants of this place are in the greatest alarm in the fear of the English quitting Egypt, in which case most horrible massacre and plunder would certainly ensue from the Turks. They are ripe for insult and mischief; and in great chagrin that they were not permitted to sack Cairo. They rob wherever they can; and, the other day, shot a Frank, as he was sitting in his balcony, who now lies wounded in the room below ours. They wished to bastinado Cripps and me, because we would not descend from our balcony as the aga of the Janissaries passed by on horseback.

“Think how rejoiced we were in the change which has taken place in Russia. We know something of the present emperor. All our treasures of Siberian minerals we thought were lost for ever. But now we hear the embargo is taken off. Professor Pallas will repair his lost vigour, ‘and breathe and walk again’ amidst the fields of science he had abandoned. All Russia will rejoice—from the forts of Kamschatka to the forests of Poland. I hope my next will be dated nearer to England. Medals are exceedingly scarce here. I have only a few of the Ptolemies. Indeed, nothing abounds except dust, mosquitoes, bugs, and lice.”

To the Rev. George Stracey.

“Pinnacle of the Pyramid of CHEOPS; being the highest and largest of those of Djiza.—August 22, 1801; Ten o’Clock A. M. Thermometer of Celsius, estimated in the shade, 29 degrees above 0.

“Dear Stracey.—Here I am! looking down upon the Delta, and the—I know not what—pyramids, plains, canals, camps, boats, palm-trees, mosques, minarets. How my brain swims, and my heart distends! Alas! the giddiness of the one, almost prohibits my fulfilling the dictates of the other.

“You will easily imagine I have now attained the pinnacle of my wishes. In communicating to you the success which has accompanied my labours, they are fully accomplished. It is a promise I have long made you, that if ever I attained this eminence, and placed my feet upon this august eternal pile, I would hail you even on the spot.

“How we shall ramble and chatter when we meet. No street in London will be wide enough for our discussions. We * * *

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“Well, what do you think of our journey? The territory we have traversed comprehends so large

a portion of the globe, that if we would visit the cataracts, which are within a few days of us, and which we are much pressed to do, we should have encountered the climates of the frigid, temperate, and torrid zones, and breathed every species of atmosphere, which hangs about the earth. We have been eastward as far as the longitude of Madagascar, and southward to the deserts of Saguâra. Our travels, since we parted, comprehend $38\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of latitude, and not less than 50 of longitude, a square upon the sphere so extensive, that if we were to sail home hence by the straits of Gibraltar we should not transgress its limits.

“Political intelligence you have from other quarters, therefore I cannot spare a line for it.”

“ABOUKIR BAY, Sept. 8, 1801.

“We returned to this place yesterday from Rosetta. The English troops enter Alexandria tomorrow, and we accompany them.

“In our voyage down the Nile, I had the satisfaction to discover the ruins of the city of Sais, in the Delta; which I have not yet heard the French mention. The accuracy of D’Anville guided me to the spot, and I have brought thence many curious antiquities.

“I have conversed with inhabitants of Abyssinia, who confirm all that Bruce has said in his

travels. Indeed, you would be astonished at his accuracy.

“ But what will be your pleasure to hear, that after all the researches of the French to find the original MSS. of the Arabian Nights, and also the futile inquiries of ———, and the German orientalists, I procured it in Cairo, in four volumes quarto. Mr. Hammer, the celebrated oriental scholar will go to England, as he says, on purpose to translate it, and I have given him letters to Otter, &c. I have not an instant more.

“ Your sincere friend.”

To the Rev. Robt. Tyrwhit.

“ Pinnacle of the Pyramid of CHEOPS; being the highest and largest of those of Djiza.— August 22, 1801; Ten o’Clock A. M. Thermometer of Celsius, estimated in the shade, 29 degrees above 0.

“ If you find my pen wandering, or my paper blotted, you will not complain, when you perceive the giddy height on which I now stand. I have often wished to write to you; but the letters of a mere traveller are too frivolous to compensate even the tax they bear at such remote distances. To convince you, however, that a step to the clouds has not obliterated the remembrance of a duty I

feel owing to you; the few minutes I have to spare here, are at your service.

“ We have many thanks to render to the French for their labours in the plains below. They have left memorials among the Pyramids, which our army will not remove. The small Pyramid is more than half open, and the Sphinx, so long veiled in heaps of sand, at length exposes to common eyes her leonine posteriors.

“ The Pyramids of Saccara, in Upper Egypt, at this moment in view, will be the *ne plus ultra* of our travels. As soon as we have seen them, and examined the catacombs containing the mummies, we shall turn our faces in good earnest towards Cambridge; where we hope to meet you in health and spirits.

I reserve for moments of more tranquillity the conclusion of this letter. Many voices call me off to assist in determining, what perhaps will baffle our calculation, namely the long disputed height of this Pyramid.

“ GRAND CAIRO, September 1, 1801.

“ Vain are my wishes to write as I would wish. All is bustle and confusion. Alexandria has capitulated, and we are obliged to hasten our departure from this place, that we may make our entrance into that city with the English troops. The French are allowed ten days to settle their affairs, when

they will take their final leave of Egypt. The brother of General Hutchinson arrived here with this intelligence from the army, which he carries to the Vizier. We had heard a flying report before from some Turkish soldiers. It is said, Menou was so unexpectedly daunted by the entrance of the English ships into port, that he affected not to give credit to the news, and when they told him the English were actually there, he replied, 'It is impossible!'

"The English have used such expedition, that six regiments embarked, as soon as the treaty was signed, leaving Egypt even before the French. They are gone to Sicily, or Portugal; but it is believed to Sicily, to which place, it is said, our whole force will now be directed. General Baird remains with the Indian army to garrison Egypt.

"We have collected many things here. Among others, some Coptic and Abyssinian manuscripts.

"I have had opportunity to converse with an inhabitant of Abyssinia; the result of which conversation proves beyond doubt, that Bruce's writings are not only correct as to the observance of truth, but that few travellers have written with more veracity than he has done. This subject I will reserve for a winter's evening.

To R. Malthus, Esq.

“ABOUKIR BAY, September 9, 1801.

——“To-morrow, two hours before daylight, we boat it as far as the camp, and then boot it to Alexandria (quel superbe jeu de mots!), to make the grand entry with the army into the city. The English are to relieve the French guard at all the posts; and Cripps and I intend to relieve some of the French tenanting lodgings within the walls, by seizing the quarters they evacuate.

“Have the goodness to let Otter see my letter, to save me the time necessary for writing two. Do me the favour, to consider me as returning home! It is a kindness I have not yet been able to shew myself. Our ultimatum may be fixed at the Catacombs of Saccara, in Upper Egypt. We feel the attraction of Alma Mater, bringing us back like comets, in a very eccentric ellipse, to gather new force from the sun; and dart off again.

“How glad I should be, if I could tease and torment you with new systems, and the reveries of my night cap. I left some sc̄avans at Cairo in high discussion upon a theory born in Cyprus, matured in Palestine, and turned loose in Egypt; respecting the formation of atmosphere, by a process natural to the earth. I am ready to keep an act against you all, that the atmosphere was not

coeval with the creation of the globe, but a necessary consequence. And to put no bounds to my vanity and temerity, I engage to prove, that Light is the fluid matter of Heat in its quiescent state. To compress it in as few words as possible, that light is caloric; prevailing, but not pervading. At present, I merely confide this fact, with true parental fondness, to your care; lest hereafter any cuckolding philosopher, in these days of crim. con. should pretend to father my bantling.

“Brown the Ammonian, is bound upon a second expedition to the Oasis. He has been seen at Rhodes, and is daily expected here. There is reason to suspect from what is said here, that the Arabs cheated him; and that he never reached that country in his first journey.

“The Oasis Minor is as easily visited from Cairo, as Edinburgh from Cambridge. It is only five days’ ride from Faioum, on the Lake Mæris. Alas! when talking of such things, I could wish you to consider me in any light but that of returning. There are three Oases, instead of two. That sought after by Brown, is fifteen days’ journey, in the desert, westward of Alexandria.

“You are to give full credit to Bruce. We put him to a severer trial than travellers in such remote countries have experienced. General Baird brought his work from India, and I opened it in the presence of a native of Abyssinia and several English,

for two days successively; examining the Abyssinian on all points. He knew the plants, and named them from the plates alone, and in all things strictly confirmed what Bruce had written. All the French travellers in Upper Egypt give praise and credit to his work; as do the captains of the ships in the Red Sea, and the officers of the Indian army, who were as far up the Nile as the Cataracts. Indeed it is a most valuable acquisition. He is not only accurate in general facts, but in all the minute circumstances deduced from them.

“I shall bring home the ‘Decade Egyptienne,’ the ‘Courier de l’Egypte,’ with most of the papers published by the French in Cairo. They will be very amusing, if they do not more highly interest you. If you have not yet seen the ‘Memoirs of the National Institute at Paris,’ endeavour to get them. The work is in five volumes, quarto; but contains much curious and new research, mingled with the usual frivolity and petitesse of the French. We have taken it here in the French prizes, and perhaps I shall be able to procure a copy. It has already been lent to me by a gentleman of Smyrna.

“We go to Athens from Alexandria, and from Athens to Constantinople. I hope to be in England in the winter. Egypt is to be garrisoned by the Indian army under General Baird. Never was there a moment so advantageous for visiting this country: formerly it was at the hazard of life to

venture, after a few plants, a mile from the coast. Now all is open and safe.

“A new expedition is on foot, and it is said, to Corfu. Many of the ships are already ordered there with troops. To-morrow all Egypt will be in the hands of the English. The Grand Vizier is with his army, and Colonel Holloway, at Caire. We were twice presented to him, and received the embroidered handkerchief usually given on such occasions.”

To the Rev. William Otter.

“ALEXANDRIA, September 14th, 1801.

“As I have sent a long letter to Malthus, which you will see, it is not necessary to write much now. We are here in the hands of the French. I thought the English would have entered days ago; but the tri-colour is still flying, and will continue so for a short time. Two regiments will march out, to embark at Aboukir, after midnight, and the rest will follow as fast as the vessels can be got ready for them. Great dispute has arisen between Generals Hutchinson and Menou, about the antiquities and collections of Natural History made by the corps of scavans. Menou has threatened him with all the effects of his fury; says he will publish him as a thief to all Europe, and finally that he will fight him on his return.

“I was at Cairo when the capitulation began. There I learned from the Imperial consul, that the famous inscription which is to explain the Hieroglyphics, was still at Alexandria. I then intended to write to General Hutchinson and Lord Keith on that subject, to beg it might be obtained for the University of Cambridge, or the British Museum, as I know full well, we have better Orientalists than the French, and a knowledge of eastern languages may be necessary in some degree towards the development of these inscriptions. News arrived in the instant of the cessation of hostilities, and I set out in haste to Alexandria. When I arrived in the British camp, General Hutchinson informed me, that he had already stipulated for the stone in question; and asked me, whether I thought the other literary treasures were sufficiently national, to be included in his demands. You may be sure I urged all the arguments I could muster to justify the proceeding; and it is clear that they are not private property. General Hutchinson sent me in to Menou, and charged me to discover what national property of that kind was in the hands of the French. Hamilton, Lord Elgin’s secretary, had gone in the same morning, about an hour before, with Colonel Turner of the Antiquarian Society, about the Hieroglyphic Table. I shewed my pass at the gates, and was admitted. The streets and public places were filled with the French

troops, in desperate bad humour. Our proposals were made known, and backed with a menace from the British General, that he would break the capitulation, if the proposals were not acceded to. The whole corps of sc̄avans and engineers beset Menou, and the poor old fellow, what with us, and them, was completely hunted. We have been now at this work, since Thursday the 11th, and I believe have succeeded. We found much more in their possession than was represented or imagined. Pointers would not range better for game, than we have done for Statues, Sarcophagi, Maps, MSS., Drawings, Plans, Charts, Botany, Stuffed Birds, Animals, Dried Fishes, &c. Savigny, who has been years in forming the beautiful collection of Natural History for the Republic, and which is the first thing of the kind in the world, is in despair. Therefore, we represented it to General Hutchinson, that it would be the best plan to send him to England also, as the most proper person to take care of the collection, and to publish its description, if necessary. This is now agreed to by all parties. The other morning I attended the Corps of Engineers in their meeting room; and being reproached with the conduct of the English in seizing the curiosities, I replied, that they must recollect, it is exactly the part they acted at Rome; and as for Mr. Savigny, is it a hardship for a traveller, and a man of genius, to have an opportunity of visiting

England to so much advantage? They said, perhaps the going to England would be felt as a palliation, if they had not been four years absent from France. Except ourselves, hardly an Englishman has been suffered yet to enter the town; but it is completely surrounded by the British troops, and Admiral Bickerton is in the old port. The French and English sentinels are so near, they can converse with each other.

“In the mean time, the suffering inhabitants are impatient for the entry of our troops. They have been starving; and, even now, while I write, horse-flesh (would you believe it!) sells for two hundred and fifty medinas the rotoli (near a guinea a pound). With the greatest difficulty I obtained some sheep from the camp, and distributed them among the greatest sufferers. We had nothing to do, but to look at the hieroglyphics and other antiquities, with stomachs as empty and craving as the best conditioned philosophers; no indigestions to cloud our intellects—all light, clear, and incorporeal faculties! If I should hint, that Cripps and I in fond remembrance represented occasionally to our imagination a College dinner, do not tell tales! The Turks during the siege died of hunger, forty and fifty in a day. Provisions were not only at high prices, but could not be bought. Wealthy families saw death staring them in the face, and wished to die to end their miseries sooner. Among

these was the family of the Imperial consul. A calf's head sold for six guineas—a small pullet fifteen shillings—a single egg seven-pence half-penny—and this, in a country where the price of eggs is one dollar, or four and six-pence per thousand, at Damietta, and other places. The English will not suffer provisions to be brought in, till the French are gone.

“The moment this business is ended, I shall embark for Athens, in our way to Constantinople, and to England. Lord Keith goes upon the new expedition; which is said to be destined for Corfu. Admiral Bickerton remains to command the vessels on the coast, &c. General Baird, with the Indian army, will garrison Egypt. Mr. Hammer, known all over the Levant for his skill in the oriental tongues, came with us from Cairo. He is gone to England with his friend Sir Sidney Smith. I gave him a few lines to you, written at a moment's notice; and also a letter to Lady Uxbridge. — will be frightened out of his wits, not only because Hammer knows his ignorance of Arabic; but because England will find in Hammer one of the greatest scholars in Turkish, Arab, Persian, &c., which they have yet seen. One object of his journey to England is to translate the manuscript found at Cairo, of the Arabian nights, not one quarter of which is yet known to us.”

To the same.

“ISLE of ZIA, off Cape Sunium,
October 25, 1801.

“While Antoine is cutting up an old goat, to fry some chops in an earthen pan, for Cripps’s breakfast, I will make a sketch of the luxuries we enjoy in Greece. It may cool your ardour for exploring these seas; for when I think of the enthusiasm with which I once planned such a voyage, it seems as a dream that vanished with the moments of repose. Danger, fatigue, disease, filth, treachery, thirst, hunger, storms, rocks, assassins, these are the realities! Will you believe, that even I have repented the undertaking? You once said all my letters begin with disasters. How can it be otherwise? I must shew things as they are. In my fourth decade, I no longer scatter roses among thorns.

“I call you to witness—was I always at sea a coward? Now the very sight of it sickens me to the heart. It has handled me so roughly, that I shall never face it like a man again. Coming from Egypt, we tasted a tempest in a Turkish sixty-four; and since were blown upon some rocks on the south of Naxos, to amuse ourselves with drying our rags, naked, upon a desert. But suppose it all goes well, and you have fine weather, and so on. Lice all over your body; lice in your head;

fleas, bugs, cock-roaches, rats, disputing even to your teeth, for a crust of mouldy biscuit full of maggots. What's the matter now? 'Sir, we are becalmed!' Well, what of that? 'The pirates have lighted their signals, within two miles of us, if a breeze does not spring up, we are lost!' A breeze comes! it gathers force—it blows fresh—it whistles—it roars—darkness all around—away goes the fore-sheet—the sea covers us—again a calm—again the pirates—Mercy! mercy!

“Lord Keith left Egypt before we did; but the Capudan Pacha sent us, in a Turkish sixty-four, to Rhodes and to Cos. At Cos, we hired a Cassiot boat, for four hundred and fifty piastres per month, open, and built like a bean-shell. A pretty vessel, you will say, after the picture I have given you, to navigate these seas, in such a season. But Athens!—Could we return without seeing Attica? You would have rigged one of Halliday's canoes, sooner than have been guilty of such neglect. If it had not been for Cripps, I should have turned back from Patmos. *J'ai le cœur gâté; de sorte qu'il n'existe plus; ainsi ce que je ferai, je ne puis m'empêcher de faire.*

“Do you remember the little boat, in which, many years ago, we embarked from Lynn, to fish in the Roads; and night coming on, we all crept into a place where they kept their nets! Exactly such a vessel is now under our command; in which

I squat at this instant, and scribble to you upon my knees—the heavens our canopy, and the sea our couch. Cripps is Capitano—I am Noster Uomo, as the Italians call the boatswain, in a dirty night-cap—and Antoine is Scrivano, without being able to write or read.

“To-morrow we cross over to a village, distant only twelve miles from this port, from whence it is only a journey of ten hours to Athens. When we arrive there, I will finish this letter. Our plan is to see Athens and Corinth, and then to cross the seas again to Smyrna; from whence we go by land to Constantinople. I dread the voyage; but when I consider that Ulysses escaped in a boat of this kind, after so many tempests, in the same seas, and that Columbus sailed to America, in another not much larger, I gather a little courage; but these are all consolations while I sit in port—when Neptune rages, I shall squeak again. If Cripps were safely restored to his parents, I certainly should be very indifferent as to the rest.

“I have obtained treasures since I last wrote to you, in the way of medals and manuscripts; but particularly of the latter. Our deeds with the monks of Patmos, we will talk more of, when we meet. It is enough to say, that I rescued from the rats and the worms in the library of the convent, many valuable works. I have a Greek MS. on vellum, of an author, I believe, unknown; a Greek

lexicon, of great antiquity; bearing the title of the 'Lexicon of Saint Cyril, of Alexandria,' written in the same characters as the work. Saint Cyril was Bishop of Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the Second, successor of Arcadius; and distinguished himself by his persecution of the Jews in that city, in the year 415. In the year 431, he presided in the Council of Ephesus, against the Nestorians. Arcadius founded the library and convent of Patmos; and as Saint Cyril had great influence at the court of his successor Theodosius, his lexicon might have been presented, among other gifts which the library received from Constantinople at that time. If so, the Patmos lexicon is 1386 years old, at least; and, therefore, very good authority in establishing the purity of the Greek language: Wheler, in his travels, mentions having seen such a lexicon, in the library of a convent, at Mount Pentelique, with which I hope to compare the Patmos lexicon, in a few days; as since Wheler's time, no travellers have been to interrupt the slumbers of the monks there, or to open their manuscripts. There is one thing to be observed; if the word Ἅγιος is to be translated *saint*, Cyril could not obtain that epithet till long after his death. But, I believe, it was usual to distinguish eminent prelates and pious men, by that epithet, in all writings; not with the interpretation of *saint*, but *holy*, as ἅγιον ξύλον, the *holy cross*."

“ATHENS, October 31, 1801.

“We have been here three days. We sailed into the port of the Piræus after sunset, on the 28th. The little voyage from Cape Sunium to Athens is one of the most interesting I ever made. The height of the mountains brings the most distant objects into the view, and you are surrounded by beauty and grandeur. The sailors and pilots still give to every thing its ancient name, with only a little difference in the pronounciation: they shew you, as you sail along, Ægina, and Salamis, Mount Hymettus, and Athens, and Megara, and the mountains of Corinth. The picture is the same as it was in the earliest ages of Greece. The Acropolis rises to view, as if it was in its most perfect state: the temples and buildings seem entire—for the eye, in the Saronic Gulf, does not distinguish the injuries which the buildings have suffered; and nature, of course, is the same now, as she was in the days of Themistocles. I cannot tell you what sensations I felt—the successions were so rapid—I knew not whether to laugh or to cry—sometimes I did both.

“Our happiness is complete. We have forgotten all our disasters, and I have half a mind to blot out all I have written in the first part of this letter. We are in the most comfortable house imaginable, with a good widow and her daughter. You do not know Lusieri. He was my friend in Italy many

years ago. Think what a joy to find him here, presiding over the troop of artists, architects, sculptors, and excavators, that Lord Elgin has sent here to work for him. He is the most celebrated artist at present in the world. Pericles would have deified him. He attends us every where, and Pausanias himself would not have made a better Cicerone.

“Athens exceeds all that has ever been written or painted from it. I know not how to give an idea of it; because having never seen any thing like it, I must become more familiar with so much majesty before I can describe it. I am no longer to lament the voyage I lost with Lord Berwick; because it is exactly that which a man should see *last* in his travels. It is even with joy that I consider it as perhaps the end of all my admiration. We are lucky in the time of our being here. The popularity of the English name gives us access to many things, which strangers before were prohibited visiting; and the great excavations which are going on, discover daily some hidden treasures. Rome is almost as insignificant in comparison with Athens, as London with Rome; and one regrets the consciousness that no probable union of circumstances will ever again carry the effects of human labour to the degree of perfection they attained here.

“In all this satisfaction I must lament the plan

pursued by the agents of Lord Elgin in this place. Under pretence of rescuing the arts from the hands of the Turks, they are pulling down temples that have withstood the injuries of time and war and barbarism for ages, to adorn a miserable Scotch villa.* The fine bas-reliefs of the Parthenon are embarking for Constantinople, and Minerva blushes for the asylum to which her altars are to be conveyed. We have already changed the plan of our return, and as soon as we have visited Corinth, Sicyon, Argos, Megara, and Eleusis, we shall set out by land for Thessalonica. In our route we shall pass by Marathon, Thebes, and the Straits of Thermopylæ, through all the north of Greece and Thessaly, into Macedonia; by which means we hope to reach Constantinople sooner, and as we shall traverse a country that travellers have rarely explored, we may find something yet unnoticed to give a relish to the journey. Lusieri is just returned from an excursion into Arcadia; which he describes as exactly in its ancient pastoral state; the paradise of Greece, and full of the richest sources of painting and poetry. 'Scenes,' he says,

* It is pleasing to reflect, that one ground of Dr. Clarke's lamentation has proved to be erroneous; and whatever difference of opinion may still exist with respect to the propriety of the spoliation here deprecated, there are few, we believe, who are not disposed to rejoice, that the fruits of it are now permanently deposited in the British Museum.

‘in which he could forget his own country, and the whole world.’ The account he gives of it, makes us wish to visit it; but, in this manner, when should we see England again? Let the pipe of the shepherd gladden the valleys of Arcadia, as we draw nearer to more welcome vibrations. The twang of a college-bell, would, at present, sound sweeter in my ears than the song of the sirens.

‘Ah! why did fate his steps decoy
 In stormy paths to roam,
 Remote from all congenial joy?
 Oh take the wanderer home!’

“We have paid a visit to poor Tweddel’s grave. He is buried in the middle of the temple of Theseus; and as nothing but a heap of earth covers him, we are endeavouring to protect his remains by a more decent and worthy sepulchre. We shall cause his body to be laid deeper than it now is, and place over it a simple, but massive covering of Parian marble, with an inscription, containing merely his name, age, and country. I will write to you again, as soon as we arrive in Constantinople.”

To the same.

“SUMMIT of PARNASSUS, December 15, 1801.

“It is necessary to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever imagined—

all I ever saw! Asia, Egypt—the Isles—Italy—the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins! Awful in its mountains!—captivating in its vales—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it—no pen can describe it—no pencil can portray it!

“I know not when we shall get to Constantinople. We are as yet only three days distant from Athens; and here we sit on the top of Parnassus, in a little sty, full of smoke, after wandering for a fortnight in Attica, Bœotia, and Phocis. We have been in every spot celebrated in ancient story—in fields of slaughter, and in groves of song. I shall grow old in telling you the wonders of this country. Marathon, Thebes, Plataea, Leuctra, Thespia, Mount Helicon, the Grove of the Muses, the Cave of Trophonius, Cheronea, Orchomene, Delphi, the Castalian fountain—Parnassus—we have paid our vows in all! But what is most remarkable, in Greece there is hardly a spot, which hath been peculiarly dignified, that is not also adorned by the most singular beauties of nature. Independent of its history, each particular object is interesting. Attached to that enthusiasm, which imagination, or memory, excites in its full force, it becomes a scene of adoration.

“We came to-day from Delphi. To-morrow we descend towards the Straits of Thermopylæ, and hasten forward to the vale of Tempe, and to

Olympus. We have toiled incessantly, and I hope not in vain; for we have made many discoveries, that have escaped less industrious travellers. Of these, it is impossible to tell now. I have much to say to you, in little space, and with little time, in great fatigue, and with an unpleasant consciousness of not having written to Uckfield, since I left Egypt.

“Our journey to the Morea answered all our expectations. This has surpassed them. We have no longer any complaints to make. We ride on fine horses, in the finest country in the world, and with weather such as you would be proud of in summer.

“But what will you say to the acquisitions I have made for the University of Cambridge: the tomb of Euclid, and the colossal statue of the Eleusinian Ceres, from her temple in Eleusis, the known work of Phidias, and the gift of Pericles? We have freighted a ship from Athens, with antiquities; but it would fill a volume to tell you the difficulties I had to encounter. Lord Elgin had all his agents and artists in Athens, to pull down the temples, for materials to adorn a Scotch villa. Acquisitions for others were even prohibited; and I had to fight through the intrigues of a herd of rascally Greeks, the obstacles arising from a thousand causes, from expense, from bad air, from want of every necessary ma-

chinery, and last, and greatest, from *consular* chicanery, and *diplomatic* jealousy. But they are bound for England, and I breathe freely.

“First of all, I have to thank Cripps, without whom I could have done nothing. And the expense of conveying to England the enormous statue of Ceres, after I had obtained it, he has taken upon himself, by his own desire. The tomb of Euclid (you will hardly credit it) I bought of a consul, from under the very nose of the ambassador’s chaplain, and his host of Gothic plunderers.

“The removal of the statue of Ceres has been attempted by the French, upon a former occasion, without success. The Eleusinians also relate, that once being brought to the shore, she returned back to her station, by a miraculous flight, like the virgin of Loretto. — had, for once in his life, a flash of taste, and wrote to the ambassador to remove it, as I have since learned, but they gave it up in despair. At last come two *demi-semi-travellers*, from Jesus College, Cambridge, and whip it off in a trice. I’ll tell you how it was done.

“After we returned from the Morea, I found the goddess in a dunghill buried to her ears. The Eleusinian peasants, at the very mention of moving it, regarded me as one who would bring the moon from her orbit. *What would become of their corn*, they said, *if the old lady with her basket was removed?* I went to Athens, and made application to the Pacha,

aiding my request by letting an English telescope glide between his fingers. The business was done; the telescope, and the popularity of the English name at present in Turkey, determined the affair; and leaving Mr. Cripps in Athens, I set out for Eleusis, attended by a Turkish officer, the *Chogodar* of the Pacha. But how to move a statue, weighing sundry tons, without any wheeled machine, ropes, levers, or mechanical aid?—I made a triangle of wood, so—

(*Here he gives a description of the machine:*)

on which I laid the goddess, with her breasts upwards, and by means of cords made of twisted herbs, brought from Athens, and about sixty peasants, she vaulted into the Acropolis of Eleusis, and from thence to the sea-side, and at length into our little *Cassiot* vessel; moving the space of a mile, almost as fast as a snail.

“Behold the goddess then bound for England, and touching at the Piræus, to take leave of the Athenians.

“The statue of Ceres is entire to the waist, being originally, as it is now, a bust; but of such enormous size, that I know not where the University will place it. On her head is a coronet, or basket, adorned with all the symbols of her mysteries. Her hair is bound with fillets, and her breasts are crossed with bands, supporting in front the mask, described by

D'Hancarville and Montfaucon as found on the Greek vases.

“The tomb of Euclid consists of a single column of marble, exactly answering the description given by Pausanias of the tomb of Epaminondas, at Mantinea, in Arcadia. It contains a bas-relief, representing Euclid in the long robe, which the Greeks in their sculpture particularly adopt to distinguish the philosopher, with his scroll in his hand; and above, this inscription:—

ΕΥΚΛΙΔΑΣ ΕΥΚΛΙΔΟΥ
ΕΡΜΙΟΝΕΥΣ

“It is more interesting in shewing that he was a native of the town of Hermione, in the Morea; and may account for his having founded the school of Megara. But here you have the start of me, for I know nothing of his life, and am only occupied in thinking how interesting such an antiquity must be for the University of Cambridge, where the name of Euclid is so particularly revered. We have many things besides: the statue of Pan, that was in the grotto of that deity in the Acropolis, at Athens; part of a bas-relief from the Parthenon, the work of Phidias; a whole column of verd antique, from the temple of Minerva Polias; and many other bas-reliefs, inscriptions, &c. I have collected above a thousand Greek medals, bronze,

silver, and gold; of plants I will not now speak. The manuscripts I have already made you acquainted with. Our minerals we completed in Constantinople, and have hardly found any since.

“In the Morea I obtained several Greek vases, which will be a discovery highly gratifying to Sir W. Hamilton, who had before great reason to believe that these vases were found in Greece, by a specimen brought from the isle of Milo, by Messrs. Berners and Tilson. I have enclosed for you and your friends, two or three crocuses, which I plucked in the plain of Marathon, for the express purpose of sending you, in a letter, to England. At Delphos we found several inscriptions, which I believe have not been known to travelle Orchomene many more, and very interesting.

“We have hardly a rag to our backs, and know not how we shall make our wardrobe hold out to Constantinople. Clean shirts upon Sundays, like the Russians, and coats out at elbows. As for Antoine, he is dressed in the blankets of the Albanians, and perhaps, the best off of all; your Macedonian raiment laughs at a modern frock. Cripps has let his beard grow these six months. I want no such marks of *sanctitude*. Certainly, you would not recognise either of us. We have just heard the news of a general peace, so we shall abbreviate our journey, by a cut through France, and a visit to Paris.

“I know you will pay heavily for this letter, and that is perfectly indifferent to me. If you will make me write, you should be taxed to help government to patch up accounts at the end of the war. The tomb of the Athenians still remains in the plain of Marathon, as well as those of the Thebans at Cheronea. (We found the tomb of Hesiod, at Orchomene, and of the Spartans, in the defile of Thermopylæ. This note I have added since.) The little dog you left with me, is with us still. But I lost the most beautiful animal in Thebes; a dog like a lion, that I had brought from the temple of Esculapius, in Epidauria, in the Morea. He was my companion by day, and our guard by night. The thievish Thebans decoyed him, and I saw him no more. I cannot see to write more. Our little cabin is filled with smoke, and my eyes stream with tears of acknowledgment for a fire so near the seat of Apollo. Parnassus affords us sensations at our fingers' ends, to which we have long been strangers. Adieu! God bless you! Cripps sends many earnest wishes for a speedy meeting.”

“LARISSA, in THESSALY, Dec. 22, 1801.

“Olympus in view, and so covered with snow, that I fear we shall not be able to gain the summit. The Peneus roars under our windows, swelled with the late rains, and as muddy as the Nile.

Things are not so much changed in Greece as is believed. The names of places remain. It is our manner of pronunciation that makes the modern appellations new. Traditions remain worth notice. A peasant told me this day, that the first voyage attempted by sea, was made from Allos, a little port in the plain of Crocius. What a curious relic of the Argonautic expedition from Thessaly! They also boast of having been the first people who tamed and mounted horses. We did not find the hellebore upon Mount Cæta, nor can conceive what Tournefort means by his manna tree, in the isle of Syra. To-morrow we go through the vale of Tempe, pronounced *Temba*, by the moderns. The Anacharsis map of the defile of Thermopylæ is not worth a *sous*. That of Plataea is worse. I found the tomb of the Spartans, as I can prove to your satisfaction; and what gratifies me much, I discovered the ruins of the city of Tithorea, hitherto unknown, and found inscriptions to prove the truth of the discovery. I obtained some good medals here."

To his Mother.

"SUMMIT OF PARNASSUS, in ice and snow,
Dec. 16, 1801.

"I am well aware what a length of time it is since I wrote last, for in my voyage from

Egypt, I had no opportunity to send a letter to England ; and look what paper I now use. The pleasure of dating a letter to you, on the very pinnacle of Parnassus, induces me to venture a few lines by a doubtful road, though I must add, that nothing but the date was written there. I am now at Salonichi, the ancient Thessalonica, in Macedonia, still on my road to Constantinople ; having travelled over all Greece and Thessaly, and have only to say we are both well, for I have no pleasure in writing, until I can get news from Uckfield, and know how you all are ; which I hope to receive upon my arrival at Constantinople, within twenty days from this time, and it is now the 30th of December.

“ I wrote a long letter to Otter, which I am sure he will shew you, though it contains nothing that will be interesting to you, as it is all about antiquities, and such sort of trumpery.

“ The news of the peace has just reached us, and we shall by that means be able to shorten our road home, and go through France.

“ After I arrive at Constantinople, the intercourse between us will continue with less interruption, and we shall often hear from each other, though I hope I do not deceive you or myself in saying that we shall soon be in England. We are pursuing now *a direct road home*, and there will be nothing to call us to the right or the left ; no more Parnassian

hills, Arcadian vales, or plains renowned in song. We shall pass the stupid marshes of the Danube, and the fields of France, like the flash of a meteor. Do you recollect the letter you once received, which began at Naples, and ended within forty miles of Uckfield?—such a letter I hope soon to send you.

“I have had no return of my fever since I left Jerusalem. It took leave of me upon my arrival in the convent of the Holy Sepulchre.

“Mount Olympus is in full view before us, from this place. They shew here the stone pulpit in which St. Paul preached when he visited Thessalonica.”

To the Rev. George Stracey.

“THESSALONICA, Dec. 30, 1801.

“Dear Stracey,—What a length of time, and I have only received one letter from you! I know not your address, therefore, am forced to send this under cover to ———, and even his I have forgotten, so it will be directed to his brother.

“We have travelled over all Syria, Egypt, Greece, Thessaly, &c., and are now in Macedonia, on our way to Constantinople. It would be absurd to give you our travels in detail here, and even impossible.

“When I have time to write to you, I am too fatigued; and when I am not fatigued, I have not time. And this you will readily imagine is the usual event of travel. I have often wished to make you acquainted with the important acquisitions we have made. From the monastery of the Apocalypse in the isle of Patmos, I procured some Greek manuscripts; one of which appears a work of Socrates, or of his disciples, that has not yet been known. I have also obtained in Egypt, a complete copy, in Arabic, and I believe the only one known of the ‘Elf Leela, O Leela;’ or, ‘Thousand and One Nights.’ You know the translation we have from the French, does not contain one fourth of the original work. It is in four volumes quarto. Mr. Hammer, who went with Sir Sydney Smith to England, has promised, and, indeed, desired to translate it for the public.

“I have a Greek manuscript of St. Cyril of Alexandria, and several Greek works in manuscript on music and poetry.

“The number of cases I have sent to England amounts to seventy-six. They are all well filled. I have above one thousand Greek medals, in gold, silver, and bronze; above six thousand foreign plants; a very large collection of minerals, made in all the different regions of our travels; a great number of insects, &c. Drawings, maps, charts, plans, inscriptions, are among the rest.

“ I hope it will not be long ere we meet, as we go from Constantinople to Vienna, and thence through France, by the way of Paris to London.”

To the Rev. William Otter.

“ CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 15, 1802.

“ We came by land from Athens, a route hitherto unpractised by literary travellers. The long dreary tract of Thrace made us often sigh for the shores of the Bosphorus, though we now more eagerly long for the banks of the Danube. We expect every day to begin our journey over Mount Hæmus to Hungary, and have already heard that the troops of Ali Pacha have retired towards Jassy; but Lord Elgin thinks it better we should wait till the hordes which have long infested the road have disappeared; and profit by the opening of spring, which takes place here in the beginning of March to set out for Vienna and Paris. The disorders will hardly be greater than those between this place and Salonichi; we passed one night upon the ashes of a town newly burned, and at that moment in the hands of the rebels.

“ We are now in the midst of the balls and masquerades of the Carnival, as you may recollect we were at the same period last year. Cripps, the Pro-

teus of the festivity, assumes as many shapes and dresses, as there are partners for him in the dance.

“I cannot imagine to whom it is I am indebted for the paragraph in the papers. It first appeared in the Frankfort Gazette, dated Paris. Since, it has been transported, with various modifications, to other places, and lastly I find it in the *True Briton*. Sometimes my name is written *Clark*, and others *Klarke*. I have no other objection to such newspaper celebrity, than that I am always lugged in at the tail of Mr. Hammer, which makes me believe that —, whom he accompanied home, has made use of my name, that it might not appear a puff solely for Hammer, and so be attributed to him. I gave Hammer a letter, written in great haste, at Rosetta, to you, just as he left us, to join Sir Sidney, and hope you will do him the honours, at Cambridge. He is the greatest Arab scholar we have. As for my *confirming his observations on the plain of Troy*, it is rather a sweeping puff, for he has no observations on that subject but those I gave him, and I believe never was there. They allow him also credit for having discovered the MSS. of the Arabian Nights, which is a discovery he was never able to make; nor would he believe I had done it, till he saw the work in my hands, and has promised to translate it. He wrote to me from Malta to renew his offers, and begged I would send the MSS. to England. The paragraph in the *True Briton* must have been inserted by him-

self, as it is not English, but evidently the composition of a foreigner.

“Well, our long journey is drawing to a conclusion! You will find it has wrought greater changes in me, than you will imagine. Whether for the better or worse, you must judge. For these last eleven years, let me ask you, where have I once been *still*? It is time the *moving* principle should cease. A man in his fourth decade, has lost much of that restlessness which perpetually attaches him to external objects, and begins to look within himself, to see how the list of his impertinences will sum up at last. Sometimes transitory sparks, the volatile indications of expiring fire, stimulate for a moment a disposition to counteract the *vis inertie*; but they vanish, and the residuum consists of those decomposed principles which baffle human synthesis.

“In examining the extent of our travels by Mercator’s chart, I find they comprehend no less than 45 degrees of east longitude, from the meridian of Greenwich to that of Cape St. Mary, in the isle of Madagascar, and 38°. 30. of North latitude. We have visited three of the four quarters; Europe, Asia, and Africa; and certainly in Asia, the tract we passed over comprehends no small field of inquiry. The globe offers very little variety of climate, to which we have not been exposed, and in the examination of its productions, we have the satisfaction to hope, that you will neither reproach us with idle-

ness nor neglect. In the journey home, we expect to lounge a little, as the objects it will present, demand neither painful nor laborious research. I will now tell you what plan I have chalked out for that journey. The intelligence I have collected respecting the plain of Troy, will be interesting to you ; I am assured it will be interesting to others : be that as it may, I shall not bring to England an indigested mass, because I do not think its atmosphere will be favourable to its future solution. For this reason, I shall occupy myself in the road, at *caravanserais*, and in dull post-houses, in putting together a confirmation of what others have discovered in the plain of Troy, and a series of arguments upon the truth of the story of the war ; because I think the identity of the place, cannot continue an object of dispute ; *malgré* the insane reveries of Bryant. Some new discoveries, of course, I hope to offer ; and among these, the mound of the plain, with the tombs of Ilus, and of Myrinna ; New Ilium ; the real character and topography of Gargarus ; the source of the Simois ; and the characteristic phenomena of the sources of the Scamander ; the temple of *Jupiter Liberator* ; antiquities, inscriptions, and some remarkable collateral evidences respecting the event of the war of Troy, considered abstractedly, with respect to Homer.

“First, I have to thank you and Malthus beyond all measure, for the books you sent me. They were

not given to me till my return here, long after my visit to Troy, but they are *welcome*. ‘C’est l’embarras de *richesse*,’ as Morritt says, in his List of Believers, for I have such an anecdote for you. It is now two days since our ambassador sent for me into his bed-room, and after a long preamble, told me that if any thing he could do to forward my inquiries respecting the plain of Troy would be of use to my work, he begged I would name it; that he would send artists, or engineers, expressly to the Dardanelles, to take any drawings, or make any observations I might require. As we had never before experienced other than obstacles from that quarter, I stared, and felt uneasy how to reply; at length I told him, that if such written notes or queries would *serve to guide him* in visiting that country, as he required of me, for my use and advantage, I would put together a series, from which he might derive what amusement he pleased. However, he still acted the Mæcenas; and, I suppose, expected a full eulogium from this rebellious pen. I have it ready: at least, these words contain the whole acknowledgment.

‘Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.’

“The letter from Malthus I found here, with the books, after my arrival from Egypt and Greece. It had been here almost a year. This will account for my not having answered it, which I shall now do. Morier is a very good fellow, and was always

sincere and friendly to us. I suppose you have seen his pamphlet on the campaign with the Vizier's army. We play at chess together, till we greet the rising sun; as you and I, in other days, did at backgammon. Hunt is in the Archipelago, and Hamilton at Thebes, in Upper Egypt. Carlyle long ago gone to England.

The liberating of the Maltese slaves, some of whom had been forty years in chains, is a forlorn hope of the Capudan Pacha's, to do away the evil impression made by the murder of the Beys. It was patched up between — and him. I was at the palace when these poor men came to thank the English nation. It was an affecting sight. Many will return to their relations, after being thought dead for several years. At present the English have a presumed popularity with the Turks, but this you may depend upon, from the moment the French ambassador arrives at Constantinople, adieu to all union between England and the Porte. Our merchants are well aware of this.

“We continue our ride towards Vienna, on horses. Perhaps we may get a carriage at Bucharest; if not, it will be a famous exertion of equestrianism, from Athens to Vienna.

“Are you not impatient to see the figure of the Eleusinian Ceres? It was shipped the other day at Smyrna, before a great concourse of people. If I had not used precaution, diplomatic intrigue would

have deprived me of the honour of sending this figure to Cambridge. Our ambassador has more than once expressed his chagrin, at our having, as he says, plucked the jewel from his crown."

To the Rev. Robt. Malthus.

“CONSTANTINOPLE, March 16, 1802.

“I have two letters of yours to answer, and what will you say, when I assure you they are the only productions of your pen I have received since I came from Petersburg. The first of these arrived with the packet of pamphlets on the Troade. It bears date March the 1st, 1801. Your second letter is dated December 25; I received it a few days after the other. An illness, the effect of the climate, which brought me to extreme danger, and from which I am not yet sufficiently recovered to leave the house, prevented my answering both.

“I have just ended a long letter to Pallas, and I gave him your queries respecting the peculiar checks to population among the Nomades. Pallas is getting old, but his faculties are in their full force, and he is the most communicative sçavant I ever saw. He is troubled with a gay wife. We lived the summer in his house, and there was hardly a day that he did not instruct me in some new fact, or give me original papers, maps, and drawings. We left our carriage

with his wife (as for him, and it will afford you a trait of the good man), he would accept of no recompense, nor any other memorial than my old round hat, which I had worn the whole journey from Cambridge; because, he said, 'As I lounge in my vineyards at Sudâk, it will fill my head with English ideas; and perhaps impregnate my brain with the enterprise which spurred its owner from the frontiers of Finmark, to the mountains of Caucasus.' I can give you no idea of their hospitality; it was a continued feast, intellectual as well as sensual. When we left them, they provided us with beds of fine red leather, sheets, provisions, and a new collection of comforts and necessaries for the voyage.

"The manuscript you mention is indeed a great acquisition. Hammer had promised to translate it. It is in four volumes, or cases, in quarto, and the Arabic, in translation, generally augments to double its original bulk; as no other can render the extraordinary conciseness and masculine brevity which characterizes that language. Viewing the mass of science it contains, its importance as an avenue to all the oriental languages, among which it appears as a venerable tree overshadowed by the multitude of its branches, it is to be lamented, that in our schools and universities, it has not been rendered an essential part of education.

"But I have such a collection of interesting manu-

scripts, that their mere names cannot be indifferent to you.—

“In Greek, I have the Works of Plato; the Lexicon of St. Cyril; a volume of Greek Poems; and two works on Ancient Music.

“In Arabic, the ‘Arabian Nights,’ or ‘Elf Leela, O Leela; the ‘Delail il Hairat;’ the ‘Insarf,’ or Arab Grammar; the ‘Koran;’ Arabic Poetry; and the famous Astronomical work of ‘Olug Beg.’ Also the History of Nouredin, Prince of Aleppo, during the Crusades; and Salaheddin, or Saladin, by Schehabeddin; a most valuable MS. in 4to.

“In Persian, the whole of the Works of Saadi, the Persian Milton; containing, besides his Gulestan, or Garden of Roses, many works never translated; the Persian Prosody; the Persian Martial; from which it seems some of the Epigrams in the Latin Poet were derived; the works of Bidfai, or Pilpay; containing the Fables and Apologues known afterward to the Greeks under the name of Æsop; the ‘Chosen History of Mohammed Kaveeni,’ from the creation, to the time of the caliphs and scheiks; Tales, Poems, &c.

“In Turkish, the Marvels of the Creation, a copy of which is in our Public Library, at Cambridge, as one of the most rare and ancient productions of oriental literature. I believe the Cambridge copy is in Arabic. Mine contains the course of the Nile from its sources, which the author places, with

Ptolemy, in Africa, in the Lunar Mountains. The Rury Nameh, or Equinoctial Tables. Sentences of the Mohammedan Law; religious works, &c.

“In Coptic, a copy of the Four Gospels, as preached by the earliest propagators of Christianity in Egypt; and some other MSS. the list of which is not now by me.

“In Abyssinian, a copy of the Gospels, brought from thence by one of their bishops, a Negro, to Grand Cairo, with other MSS.

“In Hebrew, a beautiful and useful MS. if I may not be allowed to say important. It is a copy, in folio, on vellum, of the Bible of the Karæan Jews, a sect become extremely rare; and established, under the protection of the late Empress of Russia, on a high rock, in the Crimea. You know they differ from the other Jews, in the superior purity of their traditions and annals, and in having kept their copy of the Bible, from the books of Joshua, free from the interpolations and corrections of their Rabbis. Pallas succeeded in getting it for me, after I had left it in despair.

“I have also a Greek copy of the Gospels, of the highest antiquity, on vellum, a MS. brought from Greece to the Crimea, at the first introduction of Christianity there.

“It is vain for me to attempt to tell you now the rest of our acquisitions. What will be your surprise, when I state the number of cases that belong to me

only, at seventy-six? It is enough to alarm me as I write. Those of Cripps are equally numerous; and I may with confidence hope for your approbation of our labours, when I shall prove to you, that during the time we have been absent, we have sent home more literary treasures, than any travellers, employed by kings and governments, and assisted by all the power and riches of their patrons, have yet done. Such parties were also more numerous than ours, and by employing more time in their researches, endured less fatigue, were exposed to less danger, and enjoyed better health. Do not accuse me of self-encomium. I write it as a confession to a friend, who, if I die, may know what we have been doing, and render justice to the virtues and enterprise of my excellent companion, in praise of whom I can never say enough. These cases contain minerals, plants, manuscripts, books, medals, inscriptions, vases, marbles, and other antiquities; maps, plans, pictures, seeds, models, costumes, and utensils; and in every article, there are some discoveries, which are yet new to the world; particularly among the minerals and plants. We regret the time we now pass here, though we are seldom a day unemployed. The perturbed state of the Turkish empire, between this place and Vienna, detains us. I wish I had gone with my brother to Marseilles. One day we hear that the road is open, the next, that the

couriers have been stripped and robbed by the rebel Pachas. Turkey is at its last gasp, and waits only for some potent state to put an end to its insignificance. Long after the invasion of Egypt by the French, the Kislak Agha, or chief of the black eunuchs, was the only one who had courage enough to make known the event to the Grand Signor; upon which the Sultan's mother accosted him in this gracious manner; 'You black devil! if ever you interrupt my son's peace, by ill news, I'll have you instantly strangled!'

"We go from Vienna to Paris, and have already written to Otter to join us. Perhaps you will make one of the party; it would be pleasant for the tesserrarchy to return together, as they sallied forth. Our Gallic effusions would flow less embarrassed by Anglicisms, than when we opened the campaign in the Bury coach; and I, who landed upon the Continent on stilts, may walk the Palais Royal on the tip-toe of ease and curiosity.

"Mr. Streatton has not succeeded in his mission to Egypt. It ended by a complete misunderstanding among the Beys, Turks, and English. It is said here, by those who pretend to be in the secret, that all this was premeditated on our side, and that the civil war has been, and will be, fomented, to afford us a pretext for holding the country. If so, the Russians will soon give the Grand Signor a visit of

protection and plunder. Britannia plucks the white hairs, and Scythia the black, and the poor old dotard is left bald between them.

“Can any thing be more astonishing than the history of this war? Posterity will scarcely believe what they read. Would you not have sent any man to Bedlam a few years ago, who should have ventured to predict, that the last battle, and the most sanguinary, of this long contest, would be fought on a desert in Africa; or that England could have made such a monstrous exertion of her strength, as to send armies from the mother country, and from India, to meet in Egypt against the French?”

“Large flakes of snow are now falling, and the houses of this city are covered with snow. You see how much deceived a man may be who estimates climates by latitude. At the Dardanelles I might at this day gather anemones, and enjoy the warm beams of the sun. Naples, in the same latitude, is now in summer heat. The extraordinary vicissitudes of climate here result from its situation at the mouth of the Bosphorus, which I can only compare to being placed in a passage with all its doors open, or at the nose of a pair of forge bellows. East or west winds are here never mentioned; they are not known. It is always *tramontana*, or *vento de fore*; a name they give the south wind. If you could look out of my window, you might fancy yourself at Petersburg. And this, too, in the middle of March, when even in

Finland some appearance of spring is seen. We have regularly estimated the thermometer from the day we left you, and can present you with many curious observations on the temperature of elevated regions, estimated on the summits of Gargarus, Parnassus, Helicon, Mount Hymettus, &c., and of the degrees of heat at the base and summits of the Pyramids, at the same hour. Cripps claims the chief merit of punctuality and accuracy in this respect. I began this letter on the 16th; I end it on the 18th, exactly at mid-day, and therefore will add, that the thermometer of Celsius is at this moment 3 degrees above 0, the freezing point, which equals 37 degrees of Fahrenheit. Perhaps before night a variation will take place of 10 degrees of heat, and to-morrow we may be all sitting with the windows open; which is enough to kill a horse, if he be of English breed, and accustomed to beef and beer. Those who diet, evade more easily the disastrous consequences of a check to perspiration. The Turk has his head wrapped in a thousand folds, and lives upon pure element and rice. All weather is alike to him. Direct your next to Vienna, 'aux soins de Messrs. Fries and Co.' Adieu! We are informed the treaty goes on at Amiens; all is kept secret here respecting the peace.

“You strongly recommended a visit to Athens; we anticipated your good wishes, and were there before we received them. Our journey from thence,

by land, was full of information, until we entered Thrace, and then the plains of Royston would have been more interesting, because more fertile, nearer home, and free from banditti. The boasted vale of Tempe, is a defile; it is something like Matlock, but wilder; more savage than Salvator Rosa, and with nothing of Claude. I cannot tell why the ancients made such a fuss about it; perhaps because half of them never saw it, and took its character from hearsay; the other half, like mankind every where, stupidly admiring what is said to be admirable. It is like a crack in a great wall, at the bottom of which is a river, sometimes inundated, sometimes dry. The passage narrow, the sides craggy, bare, lofty, and perpendicular. Its whole length not above a mile.

“I am sorry to find you confess your breach of duty, in not having written a book. But you have been engaged in the press, because I heard at the palace that you had published a new edition of your Population; and moreover, I was there assured, so long ago as last year, that you had written a work on the Scarcity of Corn. How does this accord with your declaration? Perhaps it is a pamphlet, and therefore, strictly speaking, not ‘a book.’

“March 25.—I have opened my letter again to add, that yesterday I made an acquisition of Greek manuscripts that will surprise you, and which you

must include in the first article of my list. They consist of no less than fifteen volumes, and are as follows:—1. Commentaries, by St. Chrysostom. 2. Lives of the Saints. 3. Life of St. Joasaf. 4. Different Copies of the Gospels. 5. Acts of the Apostles and Epistles. 6. Ancient Homilies, &c. They are all on vellum, and the character is very ancient. I have also a printed copy of Homer, as it was first imitated from the manuscript, but know not the date.

“The news of the road to Vienna gets worse and worse. Lord Elgin’s courier has been murdered by the Turks. I know not which way we shall go; perhaps by sea to Italy.”

To the Rev. William Otter.

“MOUNT HÆMUS, Pass of the Balcan,
April 10th, 1802.

“I am just descended from the tip-top of an Arab stallion, on which I have been riding in grinning agony for eight hours, over the summit of the highest mountain in Thrace, and no great height after all. If I was nearer England I would bring home my horse, which is much more beautiful than any description of Hæmus, notwithstanding the hordes of banditti in its defiles.

“Well! at last we have left Constantinople.

The Sublime Porte, in the sublimity of its policy, sends an ambassador extra, and plenipo, to Paris. Lord Elgin applied to the Reis Effendi, to include us in his suite, as the sons of princes of the Djiours, or Infidels, and we have now been ten days in a continual procession of a hundred horsemen, prancing with lofty plumes on our heads, and superb hussar uniforms, covered with gold lace, to sustain, as directed, the gasconading appellation of Beys-Adeys. The windows of Pera were filled with all the pretty girls to see us pass out to join the embassy, which left the city in great pomp. The whole road was filled with horsemen. The ambassador in a green turban, and embroidered scarlet pelisse, with the richest coverings to his horse. Prince Morosi, a Greek, his secretary, on a managed Arabian, in satin and embroidered robes, his horse adorned with cloth of gold, and stirrups of the same, burnished. Then followed dragomen, bearing in rich port-feuilles the letters of credence, officers of state, and bearers of utensils, bottles of lavation, incense ewers, pipes, and coffee-pots.

Malgré a few square inches of leather which I have lost by all this parade, our journey has been more pleasant than any equestrian jaunt we have yet had in Turkey. The ambassador, a little Turk in a bundle of fur, takes charge of all our necessities. His Tartars prepare us nightly a house for

our repose, and every morning as I make him the Saban Seirola Effendi! he inquires whether the Mussulmans have done their duty. Who could have imagined on seeing this train leave Constantinople, that it was intended to preserve the same external pageantry all through Bulgaria, Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary, Germany, and France?

“The English Tartar of the mission, with eleven persons, was murdered a few weeks ago in this defile, by the robbers. Their horses returned after three days to the khan whence they started, which gave the first intelligence of their loss. In the party were three merchants, travelling to Constantinople.

“I hope you will receive news of our arrival in Vienna, almost as soon as this letter. We are compelled by the disordered state of the country, notwithstanding our escort, which is to be increased to six hundred men, if the danger becomes more imminent, to make a circuit by Bucharest (and perhaps we may go, first, even to Silistria), Hermanstadt, and through the whole of Hungary. If we can visit the mines, we shall not regret this delay.

“Plants are just beginning to bloom. We collect all we see. The *chasse de medailles* is at an end. Botany will therefore meet with more attention. The only curious antiquity in this coun-

try is the language, which I do not understand. It so much resembles the Malo-Russian, that Antoine converses with the natives.

“I have the happiness to tell you, that the enormous statue of Ceres is on board the *Princessa*, Captain Lee, bound from Smyrna for England. I dreaded the voyage it made from Athens.

“Now, I must tell you, what surprising success I have had in the *chasse de manuscrits*. You will find in my last letter to Malthus, a catalogue of them; but since I wrote to him, on the very eve of my departure from Constantinople, an acquaintance with a Greek Prince, a man of letters, who became my friend, and was interested in my labours, opened the way to perhaps almost all that remains of Greek literature, in manuscript, in the Turkish empire. Prince Alexander Bano Hantzeri is his name, of the remnant of those noble Greeks left in Constantinople when it was taken by the Turks. He procured for me fifteen volumes of Greek manuscripts; a copy in folio, on vellum, perfect, of the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, who was converted by St. Paul, at Athens; a work on Natural History, never published; the Dialogues of Theodore of Syracuse, Poems; beautiful copies of the Gospels, none of which, in any instance, contain the Apocalypse. He has moreover promised to add fifteen more, and to procure besides, MSS. from Mount Athos, whence I hope

to obtain a copy of Homer, and one of Demosthenes. My beautiful copy of Plato is gone home.

“The little Essay on the Troade goes on, increasing as I advance, though with pigmy strides, something like the pace of our plenipo. He will stop a day at Shumbe, for the *Courban Beiram*, or sacrifice of the lamb; a great ceremony with the Turks.

“Cripps is as happy and as busy as usual, now writing in half a dozen blank books by my side, while we squat together like two tailors, on the earth, chairs being unknown in this country. I hope you will find in him a better scholar, though not a better man, than when you left him. He is become a good mineralogist, and practically, a good botanist; has acquired an extensive knowledge of nations, and will certainly never regret either the time, or the expense, he employed in his travels.

CHAP. VII.

Vienna—Paris—His return to England—Residence at Cambridge—Bust of Ceres—Tomb of Alexander—His marriage—Lectures in Mineralogy—Made Professor of Mineralogy.

THE tour, which had already continued three years, was now drawing to a close. On arriving in Germany, Mr. Clarke considered himself on beaten ground, and excepting a long letter from Hungary to his biographer unfortunately lost, containing an account of the Hungarian and Transylvanian mines, the latter of which they visited in company with the archdukes Antoine and Renier, nothing beyond a few short notices of his intended route homewards was afterward received by his friends. From these, however, it appears, that he arrived at Vienna the latter end of May, when he received the mournful intelligence of his mother's death, the grief for which kept him almost secluded in that capital for several weeks. During the latter part of his stay, however, he attended the Lectures of the Abbé Gall, on Phrenology, with which he was at the time greatly captivated, and visited all the most celebrated institutions and collections of the city, under the guidance of

his friend, Mr. Hammer, the distinguished oriental scholar already mentioned, whom he had met at Cairo; by whose assistance he was also enabled to make some considerable additions to his minerals and manuscripts. From Vienna he set out for Paris in the beginning of July, and in consequence of a previous arrangement, which the short peace of Amiens afforded an opportunity of carrying into effect, the author of this Memoir left England about the same time to meet him. By the mistake of a banker at Paris, the proposed meeting was prevented until the beginning of September; and when at last it did take place, the appearance of Mr. Clarke was calculated to detract greatly from the pleasure which his friend had anticipated. His health was evidently broken by the fatigue and sickness he had encountered in his journey, and his spirits were at times exceedingly depressed by the loss of his mother. It seemed, for the moment, that every tie which bound him to his native land was weak in comparison of that which had just been broken; and his heart, instead of dilating as it was wont to do, at the prospect of the British shore after a long absence, shrunk fearfully within him at the thought of revisiting a country where he had no longer a home to receive him, nor a mother to welcome him. Of his singular affection for his mother no one who has read his letters will need to be reminded; but it is an act

of justice on the part of one who knew her well to state, that her excellent and amiable qualities amply merited all the kindness and attention with which it was repaid. It was not natural, however, that this state of depression, either mental or corporeal, should continue long. The comparative ease, and regular living which he enjoyed at Paris, soon restored him in a great measure to his former health and appearance, while the number and variety of interesting objects at that time assembled at Paris, with the delight of meeting again some of his early friends, and the society of the most eminent literary men of that capital, soon dispersed the gloom which hung upon his mind. Amongst the latter were the Abbé Haüy, Mr. Faujat de St. Fond, Lecturers in the Jardin des Plantes, General le Grange, General Andreossi, and several other members of the Institute, to whom he had been known in Egypt. With all of these, the quickness of his understanding and manners, and the eagerness of his philosophical inquiries, heightened exceedingly the interest in his character, which the report of his travels had begun. They formed occasionally part of an agreeable and instructive society, English and French, which met at supper almost every night at his hotel; and as some of them were men of eminence under the consulate, and cordially disposed to use their influence in his behalf, many

private collections in Paris, as well as other objects of great interest, not usually shewn to strangers, were open both to himself and his friends. By the Abbé Haüy in particular, to whom he attached himself as a pupil and a friend, he was treated in return with a degree of confidence and kindness, which was not less instructive than it was gratifying to him. Besides the advantages he derived from the public Lectures of this Professor, in the Botanic Garden, which he regularly attended, he was indebted to him for much private information upon the theory of crystals, a difficult and interesting branch of mineralogy, which owed much of its development to the Abbé, and with which Mr. Clarke then for the first time became acquainted. Nor did this friendship, or the benefits Mr. Clarke derived from it, end here. It was supported by frequent communications till the Abbé's death, as well as by many reciprocal attentions to each other's friends—and the readiness of the Abbé to attend to his old pupil's queries after he became professor, was productive of many curious discussions, which are still preserved in a mass of mineralogical papers, collected and arranged by Dr. Clarke himself. Amongst these occupations and pursuits, Mr. Clarke lingered till late in the autumn at Paris; detained there, however, not more by the interest he took in them, than by the indescribable dread of returning to

England, which again revived as the time approached; at last, however, in the beginning of October, the party set out for England together, and Mr. Clarke having restored his fellow-traveller (Mr. Cripps) into the hands of his friends, in Sussex, who received him as one risen from the dead; and having made a painful pilgrimage to his mother's house, at Uckfield, where not a trace of his family remained (for his sister was married and settled in another county), prepared to take up his residence at Cambridge before the division of the term.

Thus ended a journey, which, whether we consider the extent and variety of the countries traversed, with their singular political relations and situations at the time, the treasures of every kind that were collected, or the celebrity acquired, may perhaps be deemed as remarkable as any which modern times, pregnant as they have been with instances of this kind of merit, can boast. It is to his own elaborate work, indeed, for which the results of his maturer labours were naturally reserved, and on which his reputation with posterity must ultimately rest, that the reader ought to be referred for the proofs of this assertion; but as this is not accessible to all, his biographer is unwilling to dismiss so important a period of his life, without calling the attention of the reader to the character of those resources and attainments

which were displayed in it. Of his general qualifications as a traveller, it may be said, that they were at this time of a much higher cast, than when he made his first journey to the continent. Without having abated a single tittle of his unconquerable spirit, he had gained much on the side of judgment and experience; while his later studies, particularly those at Cambridge, had enlarged the sphere of his observation, and added considerably to the strength, as well as to the variety of his remarks. To affirm, indeed, that his knowledge was now at its height, or in any respect comparable to what he afterward attained, would be injurious to his reputation, and unjust to the memory of a life, of which, from this date, every year abounded more and more in labours than that which had preceded it; but, to say the least, it was even then more than sufficient for all the purposes of inquiry and research; and all his other qualities, with the exception of his health, which time would not have improved, were in their full vigour and perfection. Of the buoyancy and elasticity of his mind under difficulties and dangers, of the exertion, industry, and zeal, displayed by him under every circumstance of the journey, it is difficult to speak too highly; and in the sagacity and quickness with which he discovered objects most worthy of attention, even in those departments of literature with which he was less conversant, and the inge-

nuity and perseverance he displayed, for the acquirement of such as could be acquired with honour, he was superior to every traveller of his day. Considering, indeed, how few and scanty were the means placed at his disposal, how little aid he derived from diplomatic influence or authority, or from any public men, or body of men, how frequently he had to struggle, even at the most critical moments of his researches, with fatigue, sickness, and privations, his acquisitions in the various departments of antiquity, art, and science, must be considered as marvellous. He had dispatched to England more than seventy cases of his own before he left Constantinople, while his companion had upwards of eighty, obtained under his advice and influence. In this manner the whole of his liberal income from Mr. Cripps was expended; and, when that failed, that he might not interrupt the career of his acquirements, he sold his Italian collection, to supply fresh resources; prompted, not by a sordid spirit of traffic, as his whole life evinces, but by a genuine love of science, which was his ruling passion, and a patriotic desire of adding to the literary riches of his country. Even in botany, of which he was ignorant as a science, it is surprising how much he did in this journey, towards extending the knowledge and enriching the collections of his countrymen. Besides the plants which he collected in

every country where he trod, amongst which were many new species, he brought to England two entire Herbariums from the two extremities of Europe—one from Lapland, and the other from the Crimea.

That he had faults at this time, that his conclusions were often too sweeping and too hasty, and that his feelings were sometimes suffered to take too free a course, even in matters which were more immediately within the province of reason, it would be equally vain and uncandid to deny. But these faults appear but rarely, while the general accuracy of his remarks is daily confirmed by unquestionable authority—by the reports of travellers who have visited the same countries since, by the numerous extracts from his pages in works of argument as well as taste, by the growing weight, attached to his authority since his death, and finally (if his biographer may be permitted to suggest it) by that more accurate examination of the papers connected with this tour, which his present mournful duty has imposed upon him; amongst which there appear so many full and well-assorted documents, obtained from the most authentic sources; so many references to local authorities, to the habitats of plants, to the situation and distribution of minerals, and to catalogues of books and natural history; as to make it manifest, that whatever may be the value of the

inferences and illustrations, which his own learning and the communications of his friends have since added to his travels, their chief merit and interest must be traced to the wide scope of his own observations, the extent and industry of his inquiries, and the fidelity with which the results of them were recorded at the time.

The documents which follow, though subsequent in point of time, will serve to throw light upon these observations; the first a kind and playful note to Mr. Cripps, noticing some results of their botanical researches; the second a letter to Mr. H. D. Whittington, containing a set of rules for travellers, evidently founded upon his own practice, and shewing what it was.

To John Marten Cripps, Esq.

Original discoverer of the Convolvulus of Ineada, &c. &c. Gothic Cottage, Wimbledon Common, Surrey.

HARLTON.—

“I have the satisfaction to inform you, that the list of new discovered species found by us in Greece, already amounts, according to Lambert’s list, to sixty. As I am referred to in naming them, I have insisted upon tacking your name to one of them, a tall robust shrub; a new species of convol-

vulus. This I have inserted in my travels under the name of *Convolvulus Cripsii*. Lambert had already given mine to a little veronica not bigger than your thumb—*Veronica Clarkiana*. I wrote to say, they should be engraved together in the same plate, for they grow together in Turkey. He objects to this, as the veronica, he says, will look like a speck, beneath the broad foliage of the tall *convolvulus*. I have, however, sent to say, this is my wish, that it may be an emblem of the journey undertaken under your auspices, and that I may be seen to blossom beneath your sheltering branches. You must have a drawing made by Sowerby, and coloured, of the CONVOLVULUS CRIPSII, for your drawing-room, and put the little veronica into a tooth-pick case.”

To H. D. Whittington, Esq.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

“When I recollect that about this time you were to be at Petersburg, I regret that I have delayed writing so long; but I had no letters to offer you for Russia, as you must be well convinced; nor shall I trouble you with a visit from the police, by adding my name to this; so you must guess who I am, for I am aware (as of a certainty) that this letter will be read by the virtuous

agents of the Russian government, before you will be permitted to see a line of it.

“ Things remain as you left them ; now and then a gownsman is smuggled into the other world and his death attributed to any other cause than to the fever. Two men of Magdalen College have deceased, and the physicians swear they died of the *aurora borealis*. Fiott, after his long travels, has been here, and gave me a most interesting account of his route. He actually entered the tombs of the Macedonian kings at Edessa, now called Vodina, near Thessalonica ; make these sepulchres, therefore, a main point, for Fiott wrote no account of them. Be pleased also to remember that you are never to conceive that you have added enough to your journal ; never at liberty to go to sleep, because you are fatigued, until you have filled up all the blanks in it ; never to go to the bottom of a mountain without also visiting its top ; never to omit visiting mines where there are any ; never to listen to stories of banditti ; nor in any instance to be frightened by bugbears. Remember the arragonite of the grotto of Antiparos, in stalactites, radiated from their centres ; also the famous bas-relief which is in the castle of Cos, facing the sea, and of course the manuscripts of Patmos. Do not load yourself with brass medals, but get all the fine silver and gold medals that come in your way, at the rate of the value of double

their weight. Live, as much as you can, after the manner of the people of the country where you happen to be. Endeavour to get specimens of the famous tree-pink (*Dianthus Arboreus*) from Scyros, and send some of the seed of it to me as fresh as it can be conveyed: if kept until you return, the seed will not grow. Turn all marbles which you find lying flat on the soil. Visit all the goldsmiths or silversmiths. Take a fac-simile of the inscription in Tempe. Ascertain the heights of Parnassus, Hymettus, and the European Olympus. Dig near the temple of Bacchus, at Naxos. Have with you a boat-compass and a telescope, in Greece. Any thing may be done by bribing the local aghas.

“Burckhardt is at Grand Cairo, and Gell at Naples.

“If Guaringhi the artist be yet living in Petersburg, remember me to him; the same also to Bush the gardener, at Tsarsko-Selo.

“All here unite in every good wish and kind remembrance for you, not only of this season, but of all ‘times, tides, and ends.’ Χαίρε.”

The narrative left Mr. Clarke preparing for his permanent residence in Jesus College, from which there was no longer any thing to divert him: it

was, in fact, his only home; but had this been otherwise, Cambridge would undoubtedly have now been the residence of his choice. With the progress of his travels his ardour for science had increased, and that which was before the prevalent, had now become the habitual principle of his mind. Hence it came to pass, that while the glimpse he had before enjoyed of the literary advantages of an academic life, had remained fresh and vivid in his mind, the little rubs and vexations he had experienced there were forgotten. Besides, he could not but feel that the character in which he was about to appear in the University, was widely different from that which he had sustained before. In every part of England, his reputation as a traveller had preceded him; but in Cambridge in particular, where his letters had been frequently read and canvassed, and the nature and extent of his enterprises had been better known, the estimate of his talents had risen very considerably, and a favourable reception was secured for him with those persons on whose good opinion he was disposed to place the highest value. Here, therefore, in the latter end of November, 1802, he commenced a residence, which, under various circumstances, was continued almost without interruption for nearly twenty years, till the period of his death: during which long time, his attachment to the place seemed to increase with every year that

passed over him, nor did there exist within its precincts a man more anxious for its welfare and reputation, more attached to its distinguished members individually and collectively, more desirous of encouraging every species of honourable talent, and every branch of useful information, more prodigal of his own exertions, or more disposed to honour those of others.

For some time he took no college office, nor was such an employment essential to, or even compatible with his views, for Mr. Cripps still continued with him as his pupil, and the engagements arising out of his travels, were quite sufficient to occupy all the time he had to spare: amongst these his first care was to collect and examine the various cases and packages which had been awaiting their arrival at the different custom-houses of the country; and considering the remoteness of the places from which they had most of them been dispatched, and the variety of conveyances to which they had been intrusted, it was matter of just congratulation, that so little either of loss or injury had been sustained. One accident indeed had occurred which had nearly been of the most serious importance. The ship *Princessa*, principally freighted with their most valuable acquisitions from Greece, was cast ashore during their absence, upon the coast of Sussex, near Beachy Head, and not far from the estate of Mr. Cripps,

where his father was then residing. This gentleman having heard of the accident, and knowing that there were several packages on board for his son, hastened immediately to the spot, and by his timely interference and care, secured such articles as had received no injury, and saved from farther damage those which had suffered from the wet. Amongst the former was the celebrated bust of Ceres, and other valuable marbles; amongst the latter, the beautiful manuscript of the Arabian Nights,* which had cost them so much time and

* It is a curious fact, that Mr. Hammer, who was commissioned by the Austrian government to purchase antiquities in Egypt, and who was Dr. Clarke's competitor for this manuscript, at Cairo, and afterward for the fragment of a statue amongst the ruins of Sais, in which he conceived himself to have been outmanœuvred by Dr. Clarke, says in a letter to him afterward, of the manuscript, without knowing its fate—"I told you I ought to have had it, and it will never favour with you;" meaning, that it would never prosper with him. This gentleman, a linguist of the highest merit, was recommended by Dr. Clarke to the author of this Memoir, at Cambridge, in Dec. 1800, during his own absence. Of the Saitic statue (now in the Public Library) he then said nothing, though he afterward complained in the Vienna Gazette, of Dr. Clarke's mode of acquiring it; but much amusement was afforded by his account of the keenness and adroitness of our traveller in pursuit of the MS. Arabian Nights, at Cairo. It happened that Mr. Pitt was at this time upon a sort of canvassing visit in the University, and saw Mr. Hammer; he heard of him first at a supper at Jesus Lodge, where in the company

pains to obtain at Cairo, and which, though sent back to Constantinople for the purpose of being restored, was never afterward of any value. Besides this, several cases of drawings and plants, were broken up in the confusion, and their contents dispersed; and though Mr. Cripps continued to receive information respecting some of the articles at Newhaven, for several years, he never could trace them to their possessors.

Of all these treasures, the first place in Dr. Clarke's mind was given to the Ceres; and this, not only on account of the high distinction to which the statue was destined in the University, but for the rank he assigned to it, amongst the monuments of the purest age of Grecian sculpture, and the many classical associations connected with its history. By the liberality of the government it was allowed to be taken out of the custom-house, duty free; and when at last a place had been assigned to it, by the University autho-

of some young travellers, particularly Mr. Malthus, &c. he was induced to unbend in a very easy conversation respecting Sir Sidney Smith, the massacre at Jaffa, the Pacha of Acre, Clarke, Carlisle, &c. The next day, he desired to be introduced to Mr. Hammer at the commemoration dinner at Trinity, and continued with him his inquiries about Sir Sidney Smith; Mr. Pitt spoke highly at the supper of Carlisle's translations from the Arabic, the poetry of which he thought beautiful, and some of them he seemed to know by heart.

rities in conjunction with the donors, and the proper preparations had been made for its reception, it was securely placed upon its pedestal, with all due form and honours, in the most conspicuous part of the vestibule of the Public Library, on the 1st of July, 1803; and the names of Dr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps were, by the desire of the University, inscribed upon the base. This event was a source of great gratification to Mr. Clarke—it was the triumph of an honourable wish, which having been conceived at the moment of its successful departure from Eleusis, had been fondly cherished by him ever since, and was now accomplished in a manner the most agreeable to him. Indeed it was a subject of fair congratulation, both to himself and Mr. Cripps, that this celebrated monument, whose removal had been attempted in vain by one of the most powerful ambassadors at Constantinople, and which was guarded no less by the superstition of the neighbouring inhabitants, than by the natural obstacles of its own weight and magnitude, should have been transported in safety to the University by the exertions and address of two of its private members. The public appearance of the statue was quickly followed by a tract from his pen, which naturally grew out of the transaction, and was indeed important to the illustration of it. In this little work, which is entitled, ‘Testimonies of different Authors, respecting

the Colossal Statue of Ceres,' the monument in question is clearly proved to be the very individual bust, described as lying at Eleusis, by Wheler and Spon, Pococke, Chandler, &c. and considered generally as the representation of the goddess. A learned distinction is also drawn between the ornaments and costume of the Canephoræ and Cistophori, and those of the Eleusinian goddess, with which they had been confounded; and a short account is added, of the manner in which the property of the travellers in the statue had been acquired, and the means by which its removal to a vessel in the Piræus had been effected. The pamphlet was published in the summer of 1803, and is thus noticed in a letter to his biographer, the closing lines of which cannot fail of raising many pleasing recollections in the minds of those who were acquainted with Dr. Clarke's College rooms and their ornaments.

To the Rev. William Otter.

“JESUS COLLEGE, July 10th, 1803.

“The Ceres is more and more admired; as for our master, he pulls off his gown and dances round it. The vice-chancellor sent for me, and communicated the thanks of the University, and desired them to be sent in due form to Cripps, and added,

that the University insisted on our names being cut on the pedestal. My little pamphlet is not to be distributed gratis: the good Tyrwhit hit upon a plan, of which I envy him the proposal. The price is to be low, but the amount of it is to go to the poor man who fell from the scaffold and broke his ribs. This will bring twenty-five pounds to a day labourer, at one lump, and as the pamphlet will always sell, as long as lions prowl about the statue, it will be a little fund for his family.

“I fear I shall never have courage to quit the quiet of this place for Brighton. We have such serene evenings, and green walks, even Tyrwhit is now seen, basking on our grass plot, and ——— keeps the Gyps in fine order. We are only three in the whole college. It is like a sweet calm, in a good port, after a storm, and my days fly like gentle breezes, swift, but silent; whispering as they pass, repose and peace!

“We dine at four, and still have time for a walk afterward. I cannot afford such a lounge in the morning, but read and scribble till I get fined for being too late in hall. At breakfast I should sigh, if I were not in my fourth decade, old and callous; when the thought comes across me that Otter will not call. I have nobody to shew my nonsense to now; and, what is worse, I have not had a single letter. Pshaw! this last sentence smells of the sizing bill, which is now lying before me; potatoes,

beef, and broth! I should not have written it before they closed the shutters, and bolted out the breezes. May God bless thee! Here's your health ———!!

“ And oft, as from the mountain's brow you bend,
 Where northern moors, in solitude extend :
 Where scarce a hut, through all the dreary waste,
 Invites brave Blue Beard to his night's repast ;
 Say, will your thoughts to Rhadegunda roam,
 And view the wand'rer in his peaceful home ?
 While fancy waking, paints the well-known scene,
 The walls monastic, and the college green,
 The chamber hung with painting's deathless dyes,
 Where breathing canvass bids old Shakspeare rise,*
 Where Edwin's soul in rapture seems to soar,
 The peasants smoking at the cottage door,
 The tints which Venice from a Titian drew,
 De Heem's warm touch, and Herman's silver hue,
 Loda's pale phantom, on the stormy heath,
 Thy shipwreck, Vandervelde ! and gulf of death ;

* This picture had for a while a singular celebrity. In the term before he made his journey to the North, he found it in a shoemaker's shop, covered with filth, and bought it for a guinea, and in the course of cleaning it he discovered, or fancied he discovered, the features of Shakspeare in the subject, and the initials of Mark Garrard in the corner of the canvass. Under this impression, he got leave to exhibit it in the Public Library, and invited the University and the neighbourhood to examine it as an original portrait of the bard. Nor will those who remember the fact, easily forget the numbers which the exhibition collected.

Or when contrasted, 'midst serener skies,
 The gallant vessel, calm at anchor lies ;
 Sebastian Bourdon's sweet maternal smile,
 Bercham's still flocks, and Steenwycke's hallowed pile !

“ Oh, 'tis wonderful what effect a glass of college ale has upon a college muse !”

His return to college after the vacation in this year, was marked by many circumstances calculated to gratify his ambition, and to reward his labours. The statue of Ceres had succeeded not only in exciting a high degree of interest amongst the members of the University, and its casual visitors, but had attracted to Cambridge several men of letters and artists, who came there solely for the purpose of studying it, or of making designs from it. Amongst these may be mentioned particularly Mr. Flaxman, who afterward made a drawing of the complete figure, according to his own conception of it, which was engraved by Tomkins, for a subsequent work. But this was only a prelude to those more honourable and more appropriate marks of approbation which the University had in store for them. In his opening speech to the senate, the vice-chancellor, Dr. Davy, of Caius College, paid a handsome compliment to the merits of the travellers, and dwelt upon the credit which had accrued to

the University from their labours and public spirit; and before the winter had expired, a grace was passed unanimously in the senate, for conferring the degree of LL.D. upon Dr. Clarke, and that of M.A. upon Mr. Cripps; and to mark with more distinction the sense of the University, in conferring these honours, a second grace was subsequently carried, to defray the whole expense of Dr. Clarke's degree from the University chest.

From these academic honours and occupations his attention was for a while diverted to cares less peaceful, though happily of a not less innocuous kind, in which he was also destined to act a conspicuous part. The close of the year 1803 was rendered remarkable by the patriotic spirit displayed by the nation at large, under the threat of a French invasion, and particularly by the eagerness with which men of all ranks and professions, amongst the well-born and the well-educated, hastened to prepare themselves by military exercises, for participating in the defence of the country. In these exercises, however alien from their usual avocations, the two Universities were by no means backward to partake. At Cambridge, four companies were enrolled, including gownsmen of every rank and degree, and almost of every age; and as Mr. Clarke was always foremost in every plan which was calculated to rouse the energies, either mental or physical, of the University, he

was exceedingly useful in the formation of the corps, and was eventually appointed to one of the companies in it.

The spirit displayed upon this occasion is a curious feature in the history of the times, and his own description of the drill, in a letter to Dr. Satterthwaite, will perhaps not be thought uninteresting.

To Dr. Satterthwaite.

“JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
November, 15, 1803.

“Dear Sat.—I have had so much to say, and so much to thank you for, that I thought it quite necessary to sit down in form and write on a folio. But in this way a letter is postponed from day to day, and never written. So, therefore, take me as I am; just come from practising the light infantry manœuvres, over all the hedges and ditches, towards Madingly; wet, muddy, and oozing at every pore. My brother has been here, and passed some time with me. Malthus left me this morning; but still new lions pour in—*n'importe!* The Bursar talks of building a new Combination Room; and certainly we must have a new table in the hall—we have not room even for the members of the college, and still less for lions, who always occupy considerable space.

“I thank you for the handsome manner in which

you have complied with all my requests respecting the Plumbago Mine; for the case you have sent; and the answers you have given to all my queries. For it was of importance that you should not only go up the level, but absolutely ascend the shaft, however fatiguing it might be; and although my questions might not all appear of importance, I shall convince you when we meet that they were essential.

“At present nothing is talked of in Cambridge, but the drill—who shoulders best; and who trod down Beverley’s heels in close marching. Yesterday we had a sort of sham fight, on Parkhurst, and they all allow we do better than the Town Volunteers. Colonel Hare came to see us, and said we were the finest body of men he ever saw; and that he would rather command the University corps, than any regiment in England. Certainly our grenadier company attracts the notice of all the ladies. Among them you will see O—— and C——, in smart light infantry jackets, with black stocks, looking as fierce as Mars. We paraded through the streets, from Clare Hall to Parkhurst Piece, with a full band of music. The corps is intended as a nursery of corps, to supply the nation with officers and drill serjeants. We are all officers in turn. At present the corps consists of four companies of thirty men in each, commanded by Captain Bircham as

general, and by Thackery, myself, Johnson, and Dr. Sill, with covering serjeants who succeed to our posts, when we fall into the ranks; in the order you see here :

Woodhouse, Covering Serjeant.	First Division, Grenadiers.	Lord Palmerston, Covering Serjeant.	Second Division.	Fiott, Covering Serjeant.	Third Division.	Bishop, Covering Serjeant.	Fourth Division, Grenadiers.
	—		—		—		—
	Thackery.		E.D.Clarke.		Johnson.		Dr. Sill.

Captain Bircham.

“Now you may review us yourself; and imagine we are giving the general salute, with the band playing ‘God save the King,’ or the ‘Cambridge University March.’ Don’t you remember the Swedish air, ‘On lofty Mountains roaming?’ You did not like the words should be made a *sing song*; so I have adapted new words more appropriate; and I enclose them as they were sung at the concert here, a few nights ago. I have also enclosed the answer of the heads to the plan I laid before them for drilling the laymen members. You have little conception in your peaceful retreat, what high words, and hot water, has attended the formation of this University corps; nor of the open and insidious attacks it has received from avowed enemies, and pretended, lukewarm friends. They voted us 200*l.* from the University chest lately, towards defraying the expenses of the drill. I could have wished the

corps had thanked them for this handsome offer, and declined accepting it; but there are some among us on whom the expense of arms, accoutrements, and uniform, might fall too heavy. But what will your surprise be, when I tell you, that the first person who put down his name for a musket, under a plea of poverty, was the son of a nobleman! I hope he will not engrave his name on the stock.

“The Combination is now too numerously attended to be comfortable; but the greatest harmony prevails, and we live like one great family. I believe so large a circle with so much unanimity would not be found elsewhere. I have not heard a single expression of ill will, either openly or ambiguously, since we met. We have entirely abolished sizing parties; which you will feel the advantage of in a very high degree. There is a Combination Room every night. If a man has no other engagement, he is sure of finding a comfortable rubber, and a party of friends; and if he does not like cards, there are newspapers and reviews for his amusement. At supper we order what we please; except on a Monday, *the gala night*; as commemorating the old Club—on that night, we have a supper prepared, and all make a point of attending.

“Young Wilkins is returned from Greece, and is going to publish his drawings of ‘Ruins in Sicily,’

by way of supplement to ‘Stuart’s Athens.’ Miss Wilkins has just finished a most magnificent drawing, representing the Ceres entirely restored to all her original majesty, as seated in her temple at Eleusis. I intend to engrave it in the next edition of the *Testimonies*; which will appear with the *Testimonies respecting the Tomb of Alexander*, and both form one volume.

“There is nothing I dislike so much as that letters, containing *mere gossip*, should lie about, or become *placards*; therefore, I earnestly beg you will burn this. At the same time, it will be particularly necessary for you to make no other copy of the following poem, than what the tablets of your memory may contain. It is the most beautiful thing I ever heard. I give it you from memory myself. My brother is publishing a new edition of the *Shipwreck*, and he applied to Bowles for a few lines to add to the Life of Falconer. Bowles read his letter as he was lounging on the platform at Portsmouth, looking out to the Isle of Wight; and going to his room, added this exquisite sonnet to his answer:—

ON FALCONER, AUTHOR OF ‘THE SHIPWRECK;’
LOST AFTERWARD IN THE AURORA.

What pale and bleeding youth,—while the fell blast
Howls o’er the wreck, and fainter sinks the cry
Of struggling wretches, ere o’erwhelmed, they die—
Yet floats upborne upon the driving mast?

Oh, poor Arion! has thy sweetest strain,
 That charm'd old ocean's wildest solitude,
 At this dread hour, his waves' dark might subdued?
 Let Sea Maids thy reclining head sustain;
 And wipe the blood and briny drops that soil
 Thy locks, and give once more thy wretched shell
 To ring with melody! oh, fruitless toil!
 Hark! o'er thy head again the tempest swell!
 Hark! hark! again the storm's black dæmons yell!
 More loud! the bellowing deep reclaims his spoil—
 PEACE! and may weeping Sea Maids ring thy knell!"

Having now sufficiently provided for the security and credit of the statues and marbles more immediately under his control, the next object connected with his travels to which he directed the public attention, was the celebrated Sarcophagus, now in the British Museum, captured from the French at Alexandria. It is well known how instrumental Dr. Clarke had been in discovering this noble monument of Egyptian art, when it had been clandestinely embarked for France, on board a hospital ship, in the port of Alexandria, and in rescuing it from the hands of General Menou, and the French Institute, who clung to it with a degree of obstinacy almost incredible: and it was very natural that the interest he had taken in it in Egypt should revive with its arrival in England; especially as the origin of the monument soon became the subject of much speculation and perplexity amongst the learned, and Dr. Clarke con-

ceived himself to be possessed of evidence calculated to throw light upon it. Under this impression, he drew up, in 1805, a Dissertation on the Sarcophagus in the British Museum, brought from Alexandria. It was inscribed to Lord Hutchinson, under whose authority he had acted in Alexandria, and the main object of it was to vindicate the pretensions of the monument to the title of the tomb of Alexander. To this hypothesis he had been first led by the name it bore (the tomb of Iscander) amongst the most ancient race of the neighbouring inhabitants, coupled with the extreme veneration felt for it as such by the Turks and other persons of every description in the city of which this hero was the founder; and having been afterward partially confirmed in his opinion by the reports he found in the works of early travellers, as well as by the conversation of learned men on the continent, and at last more decidedly by an accurate examination of such classical authors as had treated of the subject of Alexander's death and burial, he collected his proofs and arguments in a manuscript, which, after being handed about among his friends, in 1804, was by their advice published in the following year, under the title already mentioned. The work had been placed in the hands of Lord Hutchinson, with a view to its being printed by the Antiquarian Society, but was afterward withdrawn at the suggestion of his

friends, who thought it would appear more expeditiously, as well as advantageously, from the University press, the managers of which undertook to print it.

“ It was ornamented with an accurate coloured engraving of the tomb, from a drawing by Alexander, and accompanied with several appendices, in one of which was inserted a learned and ingenious illustration by Dr. Parr, of a Greek inscription found among the ruins of Tithorea by the author; and being the first book in which the name of Edward Clarke had appeared in the title page (all his former publications having been anonymous), it was otherwise got up with great care, and at no inconsiderable cost. But this over-nursing was in one respect injurious to it. The subject, though excellent for a pamphlet, was neither popular nor comprehensive enough for the expensive form in which it was thus obliged to appear (the price was eighteen shillings), and the introduction of such topics as the ruins of Sais and Tithorea, however interesting in themselves, was so far injudicious, that it injured the unity of the piece, and added to the expense without furnishing any ground for the argument: thus, notwithstanding the advantages under which it came out, the Work was by no means lucrative, either to himself or his publisher, Mr. Mawman, in whose hands a large number of copies remained for many years. To the author,

however, it was productive of essential advantage in many ways. By the few who read it, it was, for the most part, well received and highly estimated; amongst whom are mentioned by himself, Porson, Parr, Dr. Zouch, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Henley (Principal of Hertford College), Dr. Knox (his early tutor), Mr. Tyrwhit, Mr. Matthias, &c.; all of whom gave their countenance and approbation, and some their assistance or advice in the work. It was the means, also, of making him more favourably and more intimately known to other men of learning and genius, whose friendship he never lost. Above all, it gave him confidence in his own powers, and enabled him to stand upon much higher ground, when soon afterward he had to treat with the booksellers for his travels. Nor can it be denied, that his position was maintained with great ingenuity: by many learned persons, the proofs were considered conclusive, as their letters shew; others, more reserved, readily expressed their surprise that such a mass of evidence existed; and all were disposed to allow, that a vague and obscure tradition had been elevated in his hands to the rank of a learned and probable conjecture. Of the congratulatory letters addressed to him upon the occasion of this Work, one only will be given. It is from Dr. Knox, and has been selected not less for the good feeling displayed in it, than because it was particularly gratifying to Dr. Clarke himself.

“TUNBRIDGE, March 28th, 1805.

“Accept my sincere acknowledgments for your valuable present, rendered still more valuable by your kind remembrance of me. It is indeed highly gratifying to me, to see one of my scholars advancing in fame as you do; and not forgetting the guide of his boyish studies. It is one of the sweetest rewards of my laborious profession to see eminent scholars shining in the world, and acknowledging that they owe something of their lustre to him who assisted them in the elements of literature. I congratulate you on your success, and say, ‘Macte, puer, sic itur ad astra.’

“I am highly pleased with your very curious book: it displays great ingenuity, and must command the attention and respect of all lovers of classical antiquity. I do admire that ardour of mind which overcomes all obstacles, in pursuit of its favourite and laudable objects; I well remember the symptoms of it when you were at school; it constitutes what I call literary heroism.

“I shall make it my business, when in London, to inspect the Sarcophagus; I shall touch it with a kind of awe; by your assistance, I shall be an elegant spectator of it.

“My family all unite in best respects to you, with dear Sir,

“Your much obliged,

and faithful humble servant,

“V. KNOX.”

Some objections to the hypothesis had been started in the Monthly Magazine, before the publication of the Work, which were answered by Dr. Henley, in an Appendix to it; and others appeared afterwards in the Literary Journal, to which Dr. Clarke replied himself in a letter to the Trustees of the British Museum. This again gave occasion to several communications with Professor Porson* and Dr. Parr, upon the critical meaning of several Greek words which had been introduced into it; and also with Dr. Henley, upon the sacred writings of the Egyptians, in all of which he took great interest; and it will convey some notion of the extraordinary activity of his mind at this period, to add, that in the very midst of this controversy (Easter, 1805) he composed and sent to press a treatise on Mineralogy, principally intended for students, of which the following notice is given in

* Where the chain of his evidence becomes defective after the destruction of heathen temples and monuments, in consequence of the establishment of Christianity by imperial authority, the Professor's reading furnished him with a seasonable argument; Herodian mentions Soros, and St. Austin tells us, a sarcophagus is what all the Greeks called soros: so Caracalla lays his mantle *τη σορω*, or upon the sarcophagus. In confirmation of this, is an inscription copied by Dr. Clarke at Alexandria Troas, of the time of Alexander, as Porson judged from the lettering, in which the sarcophagus is called soros:—

“Aurelius Soter constructed this soros (sarcophagus) for himself.”

a letter to Dr. Henley:—"I have already sent another work to the press, very different in its nature, which will be mere play to me this Easter vacation. It is 'an easy and simple method of arranging the substances of the mineral kingdom;' by which I hope to make mineralogists, as fast as Bolton makes buttons. The introduction only is addressed to persons rather above the class of students, and is intended to develop the theory of elementary principles, the cause and origin of the fluid matter of heat, the formation of atmosphere, &c. &c. It is a portable volume, small and pleasant for travellers."

The work was never published, and its existence is scarcely known to any of his friends, but one or two copies were found amongst his papers, and a slight view of it is sufficient to shew, that it must have cost him considerable time and labour, at the moment his hands appeared to be full of other things. But this was not all; not many months before, he had been appointed to the office of Senior Tutor of Jesus College, in the room of the author of this Memoir, who had vacated it by marriage, and thus a new class of occupations and engagements was thrown upon his shoulders, of the greater part of which he had no previous knowledge or experience, and of some (business and accounts) a great horror; and when to all this, it is added, that he had taken another pupil in the room of Mr. Cripps, and that his time was liable

to be broken in upon by innumerable strangers of all descriptions, foreigners and natives, who pressed upon him with letters of recommendation, and always went away delighted, it will create no surprise to learn, that the number and variety of his engagements during this year furnished matter of wonder, and sometimes of amusement, to his friends. Notwithstanding all these distractions, by which his time was frittered away, the College, with the assistance of his experienced friend and coadjutor, Mr. Caldwell, went on prosperously in his hands, till he was happily relieved from it by his marriage, in the spring of 1806: upon which occasion, the noblemen and fellow-commoners of the College, presented to him, through the hands of the Marquis of Sligo, a piece of plate, accompanied by a handsome letter, expressing their sense of his kindness and attention in his office, and their regret for his loss.

The lady who was the object of his choice, was Angelica Rush, the fifth daughter of Sir William Rush, of Wimbledon, and the cousin of his pupil, Mr. Rush, of Elsenham. It was, strictly speaking, a match of affection on both sides, and throughout the whole progress of it, was marked with a more than usual portion of those anxieties and fears which are apt to accompany such arrangements, although happily exempt in the sequel from the disappointments and inconveniences

which sometimes follow them. At first, indeed, the connexion was thought very flattering; the lady was beautiful and accomplished, her father a man of large fortune, and Mr. Cripps, Dr. Clarke's pupil, was about to marry the third sister. But when the circumstances and dispositions of the parties had been fairly considered, in relation to each other, the aspect under which it appeared to his friends, was very different. A wide disparity of years (Dr. Clarke's age was double that of the lady), a real difference of habits, a presumed discrepancy of taste, and, worst of all, a very narrow income, were the prominent features of the case, as they presented themselves uniformly to those whom he consulted; and making every fair allowance for the chances of life, and for that powerful stimulus to exertion which the wisdom of Providence has happily annexed to a prolific marriage, it was impossible for them to regard the match, or to represent it to himself in any other light than as a most imprudent one; insomuch that, notwithstanding the powerful influence by which he was impelled (for it was not likely that a passion which is apt to animate even the cold and sluggish, should burn with an ordinary flame in a heart so susceptible as his), there were moments in which he himself was so strongly touched with the thought of involving in unknown difficulties a person to whom he was so much attached, as to

undergo the most painful struggles; during which, many letters tinged with his romantic spirit, and marked with his peculiar mode of expression, but always generous and honourable, were written by him to his biographer.

From the moment, however, that he was convinced of the lady's firmness, he looked no farther back, but giving himself up entirely to the stream of his affection, and relying upon his own exertions in some shape or other, for a better provision, if it should be needed, he pressed on his marriage with all the dispatch imaginable; and as no difficulties were now thrown in the way by her parents, they were married on the 25th of March, 1806. The ceremony was performed in London, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the events which preceded and followed it, amply justified the confidence he had placed in his own good fortune. During the short administration of the Whigs, he had been a candidate for the Professorship of Modern History, in which he did not succeed; but before the day appointed for the marriage arrived, the vicarage of Harlton, belonging to Jesus College, became vacant, and after some weeks of anxiety, during which his seniors were deliberating, the option at last came down to him; and having already determined to enter into holy orders, he was ordained by his old friend, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, in December, 1805,

and immediately instituted to the living. But this was only a part of his good fortune. Not more than three years after his marriage, the rectory of Yeldham, in Essex, in the gift of Sir Wm. Rush, and tenable with Harlton, unexpectedly became vacant, and was presented to him. Thus he became possessed of a considerable income from church preferment, not any part of which he had calculated upon when he determined upon his marriage. "As to the living of Yeldham," he says, "I never knew of its existence until it came. I was like a man gaping in a hailstorm, and 'a pearl of great price' fell into my mouth, to my utter astonishment." In all other respects, the consequences of this union proved directly the reverse of what the calmer heads of his friends had anticipated from it. Before many months had elapsed, it was obvious that the character and disposition of Mrs. Clarke were precisely such as those who loved him best would have chosen for him, and that the habits of life she was forming were in perfect conformity with his own wishes, and suitable to the new fortunes and circumstances in which her marriage had placed her. So far from being desirous of public admiration, she was more attached to domestic privacy than himself; all her employments and all her pleasures were sought for and found at home; nor did she seem to have an expectation, or even a wish of any kind, beyond

the sphere of her husband's fortune, or the circle of his employments, while the taste which was gradually displayed by her, first in the comforts and ornaments of his house, then in the embellishments of his work, and finally through the whole range of his intellectual pleasures, gave a charm to her character in his eyes, which was perpetually varied and renewing, and appeared perhaps more delightful to him, because it was discovered and elicited by himself. Nor did the benignant influence of this union rest here; he was indebted to it for a better frame of mind, and a greater steadiness and consistency in his pursuits. In the whole character of the lady, there was a quietness and repose admirably calculated to soften that turbulence of spirit, which was at once the charm and the danger of his own, and which literary fame often stimulates, but rarely satisfies; while the suggestions of her plain and unaffected sense, openly but seasonably delivered, often called him back to calmer and juster views of things, and made him question the results to which his own sensibility was leading him. On the other hand, in the desire he felt of adding to the comfort and of providing for the necessities of his family, he had a strong and unfailing motive for his literary labours, which now began to wear a new and an additional value in his eyes; and there is the strongest reason to believe, that without this sti-

mulus, his great work, the Travels, the fruit of so much painful labour, would never have been finished, and scarcely perhaps have been begun; not that his literary ardour would have been less, but it would have been more excursive and more ambitious of new paths, and, at all events, more philosophical and experimental. But, after all, the great beauty of the union was, that to the quiet habits of domestic life it induced, so favourable to the reception of Christian truth, and to the formation of Christian virtue, concurrent with the serious nature of the office he had undertaken, he was indebted for a more earnest application of the Scriptures to his own mind than had hitherto been remarked in him. Many proofs of this may be drawn from various parts of his works and life; but the most striking will be found under the pressure of the afflictions which clouded his latter days.

The report of his marriage was hailed by a distinguished classical friend, with the following complimentary verses :

E. D. CLARKE, LL.D.

Daphnidi suo Doctissimo Dilectissimo

Desiderio tam Cari Capitis

Graviter Commota

GRANTA

Lugubrem Hunc Cantum.

Ah fugis? aut nostrum frustra petis advena lucum?

(Six Granta infidum Daphnida fida vocat :)

Quis color hic croceus? nostræ contrarius urbi
 Tene adeo spretâ Pallade jactat Hymen?
 Nec te noster amor, promissæ aut cura salutis,
 Nec confecta gravi vulnere Granta movet?
 Non sancta inspirat tales Rhadegunda* furores,
 Et monet insolito Gallus † ab ore sono.

Præ veneris campo num Grantæ flumina sordent?

Anne tuo frustra est munere dives ager?

Aspice virgineo demessa ut pollice sarta

Luget Eleusinio littore rapta Ceres!

Quin Pellœa suo stupet umbra emota sepulchro:

Fallor, an et nobis altera Thais adest?

Moribus, ingenio, famâ dotabere virgo,

Et novus Angelicâ luce Medorus erit. 1805.

Immediately after this event, he went to reside in Cambridge, where he hired a small house in St. Andrew's Street, and as his living of Harlton was only seven miles from the University, he constantly performed the duties himself.

* Abbatisa Monast. Jes.

† Episcopus Alcock fundator Jes. Coll. Cant.

CHAP. VIII.

His Lectures on Mineralogy—Sale of Manuscripts—Of Medals—Removal to Trumpington—Publication of the first volume of his Travels—Other Engagements—Plan for the farther prosecution of his Travels—Return to residence at Cambridge.

THE course of Dr. Clarke's life now turns from this happy union to a department of his labours, which was always uppermost in his own thoughts, and, next to his Travels, obtained for him his highest distinction, as a literary man: viz. his Lectures on Mineralogy. The history of these Lectures belongs properly to this period of his life, for they commenced not long after his marriage, and were, in truth, one of the resources upon which he always seemed to rely, when the difficulties of a family were pressed upon him by his friends; but as they had been a favourite object of his speculations for many years, and were now only accidentally connected with this event, it will be necessary to trace them somewhat nearer to their source. It is well known to all his friends, that whatever temporary interest his works already published had excited in his mind, they were only the result of so much

time and labour reluctantly withdrawn from mineralogy. During the whole course of his journey, this science, and the objects connected with it, obtained every where the greatest share of his attention, and had been cultivated by him with the greatest success; to which several circumstances had contributed. Low at that time, as was this branch of literature in our Universities, it had risen under a variety of encouragement and patronage—the result of policy as well as taste—to a high degree of importance in every public establishment of education on the Continent; and, as Mr. Clarke brought letters of recommendation to the most eminent professors wherever he went (an advantage which his own spirit always contributed to improve), he was in all places cheerfully admitted to a participation of all the local discoveries or improvements, and supplied with specimens of all such minerals as they respectively produced. But this was not all; the course of his travels often led him to remote districts, particularly in the eastern and southern parts of Russia, not accessible to the ordinary mineralogist; and as he spared neither pains nor money in his researches, besides a very ample store of minerals more or less known, he brought to England several rare and valuable specimens, which were for some time almost peculiar to his collection: and it may be affirmed generally, that of all the fruits of his

travels, his acquisitions in this department were infinitely the most precious in his eyes. To bring forward, therefore, this collection before the public eye, and with more advantage than his own limited apartments would permit, to communicate to others the lights which he himself had obtained and to disseminate throughout the University a portion of that flame which burnt within himself, were, from the first, wants infinitely more pressing in his mind, than the hope of reputation or advantage from any other quarter; and as the only obvious means of embracing at once these objects was the delivery of Lectures under the patronage of the University, it was to the attainment of this, that his best efforts, from a very early period after his return, were uniformly directed. But the task was by no means an easy one. The subject was little known, and less studied, and by no means popular in the University; nor was there any room suited to the purpose, but what was either preoccupied or appropriated; and, besides, there was an apprehension of the Lectures interfering with the Woodwardian professorship, at that time occupied by a gentleman for whom Dr. Clarke had justly a very high respect. By degrees, however, all these difficulties gave way. Every facility was afforded by the University to the plan; Dr. Martin, the Botanical Professor, gave up his room in the Botanic Garden, which his age and infirmities

prevented him from using himself ; and the Woodwardian Professor, whose proper department was Geology, so far from considering these Lectures as an interference with himself, kindly concurred in every measure which was required for their establishment. In short, as soon as he could enter upon it, Dr. Clarke had the happiness to find, that the field was open to him without either opposition or ill-will, and the fiat of the Vice-chancellor followed almost as a matter of course. Having therefore finished his preparations, which were both expensive and laborious, and which had been suspended during some months previous to his marriage ; and having published a new synopsis of the mineral kingdom, and an extensive syllabus, he at last announced a day for the opening of his Lectures, the 17th of March, 1807. What his sensations were at the approach of the moment, which was to be the crisis of his fate, will be best known from the extract of his letters to Mr. Cripps.

“Feb. 12, 1807.

“I send you the Cambridge paper; you will see the two advertisements. On Tuesday, 17th, at a quarter after twelve, imagine me in a grand room, before all the University, tutors and all!—all my minerals around me, and models of crystals.”

“Feb. 18, 1807.

“I have only time to say, I never came off with such flying colours in my life. I quitted my papers and spoke extempore. There was not room for them all to sit. Above two hundred persons were in the room. I worked myself into a passion with the subject, and so all my terror vanished. I wish you could have seen the table covered with beautiful models for the Lecture.

“Fancy me in the midst of my pupils, as Häüy used to be, coming from Lectures. I have now my Lecture board covered with names on all sides.”

The success which the first Lectures obtained, and the interest which they continued to inspire, are too fresh in the memory of his friends to require any observation or testimony from his biographer: suffice it to say, that in the course of the following year, his reputation as a mineralogist, in the University, was so far established, as to encourage his friends in the hope of obtaining for him the establishment of a new professorship in the University in his name. This measure met at first with some opposition, and having been prematurely pressed, had in the first instance failed; but in the latter end of 1808, the second year of his Lectures, the sense of the University having been previously

tried, a grace to that effect was brought up to the senate by the Proctor, the Rev. G. D'Oyly (now Dr. D'Oyly, Rector of Lambeth, &c.) and carried almost unanimously. Writing to a friend, he says,

“Dec. 1, 1808.

“D'Oyly has proved himself a noble support; you cannot conceive how much interest he takes on my account. He has been all over the University, and he says, they are unanimous to a man, in their desire to see me upheld in this place. Next Thursday week, he goes up with the grace to the senate, to found a professorship in my name. After what happened last time, I will promise nothing; but there is every appearance of the most triumphant and popular success.”

“Dec. 15, 1808.

“I have only time to say, it has been carried triumphantly, and I am Professor of Mineralogy.

“When the voting began in the senate, there was not a single negative in the black hood house, and in the white hood house the votes were thirty-eight to seven.”

Thus were his most sanguine wishes crowned with success, and thus were his spirit and perseverance rewarded with one of the rarest and

highest honours which the University could bestow. How well he merited the distinction, will appear hereafter.

In this year he preached two sermons, at St. Mary's, with great reputation and success; the first upon the prejudices of the Jews, the second upon the prejudices of the Gentiles, in the reception of the Gospel.

The next important concern in which he engaged, was the disposal of the manuscripts he had collected in his travels. It appears from his letters, that the acquisition of these treasures had always been regarded by him with extraordinary pleasure, although it was difficult to form any probable estimate of their worth before their arrival in England; but having freely submitted them shortly after his return to the inspection of the most eminent scholars connected with the University, he had soon still stronger reason to congratulate himself upon his success. Amongst them the Patmos Plato was soon distinguished by the sagacity of Professor Porson. Others of the manuscripts passed through his hands, and received occasionally the benefit of his remarks, but to this he attached himself in a particular manner, attracted not more by the characters of beauty, clearness, and almost unrivalled antiquity, which constituted its saleable value, than by the ample field afforded by the notes and quotations in the

margin for the exercise of his acuteness in conjectural criticism, in which he was so incomparably eminent. From the moment this treasure was confided to his care, it scarcely ever was suffered to be out of his hands; wherever he went, he carried it about with him, and it remained in his possession till he died. It was also a strong bond of union between Dr. Clarke and himself, and the first occasion of that intimacy, which was afterward continued with so much pleasure to both; and as every thing which relates to this extraordinary man, is interesting, the reader will not be displeased to find here, two letters connected with this subject, though anterior to the present period of the history; the first from Dr. Clarke to the Rev. George Browne, of Trinity College, describing the impressions left upon his mind by his first interview with this great scholar; the second from the Professor himself, containing his earliest report of the manuscript.

“JESUS COLLEGE, Cambridge, Jan. 8, 1802.

“And truly, as touching Porson, all the accounts I have heard of this wonderful man, for so many years, have not raised my expectations high enough, to see him without astonishment.

Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλωσσῆς μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέειν αὐδή.

“So rare is it to find among men, the highest

attainments in ancient literature, joined to a love of the poetry of yesterday, the most refined genius, and almost supernatural intellect. I had seen him at my rooms in the morning, and we bore off together to Trinity, the Plato and Aulus Gellius. In the evening he came, already primed, but did not miss fire. He was great indeed, narrating, reciting; sometimes full of fun and laughing; at others weeping bitterly at the sufferings of friends that flourished near two thousand years ago, but with whom he seemed as well acquainted, and as familiar, as if they had smoked a pipe with him the preceding evening. At about three in the morning, a curtain seemed all at once to fall over his mind—ale, wine, and smoke, had extinguished the intellectual flame, and he remained from that moment until he left me, like the beam of some great building on fire, whose flames the engines have put out, black and reeking.

“ Porson is all rapture and joy about the Plato; he says Greek MSS. are old, even down to the year 1400; as the Greek language experienced a revival in latter ages. Latin MSS. have no antiquity after the eighth century. The Plato, said he, may be considered as equivalent to the combined authorities of any two known MSS. It is a monument of literature! There’s for you! Townley’s Homer he considers as one hundred years later than the Plato. He found the Postscript perfect,

and had no objection to make to the inserted letters. The work '*de Animalium Proprietate*,' is extracted from the works of Ælian and Aristotle."

"Dec. 18, 1802.

"I am much obliged to you for your very important and interesting information, of which I hope to avail myself in a few days. The MSS. must at any rate be extremely curious, and being so old (November A. C. 896) may perhaps be the source from which all our present copies are derived. It is only six years younger than the oldest Greek MS. that Montfaucon had seen, with an express date. (*Palæographia*, p. 42.) But Dorville (on Chariton, p. 49, 50.) had in his possession a MS. of Euclid, written in the preceding year (Sept. A. C. 889), written by Stephen Clerk (any ancestor of Mr. Clarke's?), and purchased by Arethas of Patræ for four (read fourteen) nummi. In the second line of the specimen you sent me, the reading is *Ἀρέθαι διακόνωι πατρει*, i. e. the MS. was written by John the calligraph, for the use of the deacon Arethas, a native of Patræ, and cost thirteen Byzantine nummi, about eight guineas of our money; a specimen of the MS. dated A. C. 890, you may see, No. 3, of the plate opposite to p. 270, of the *Palæographia*. I shall add no more, as you may find Dorville's Chariton and Montfaucon's *Palæo-*

graphia, both in our and the public libraries. Tell Hole, that I have got the third and fourth volumes of Schweighæuser's Athenæus (Lib. iv—vi. of text, iii. iv. of notes), which I will bring down with me if he wants them. I have, I believe, nothing to add, but that I am with due respects to all friends, dear Sir,

“Your obliged, humble servant,

“RICHARD PORSON.”

“No. 5, Essex Court, Temple,
Or rather, No. 15, Charter-House Square.”

Others of the MSS. were placed in the hands of Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury, Dr. Maltby, and Dr. C. Burney; and several copies of the Gospels were examined and collated by the Dean of Ely (Dr. Pearce), and Mr. Hollingworth.

In this manner the MSS. were distributed till the autumn of 1807, when Dr. Clarke having become better acquainted with their value, as well from the report of these gentlemen as from his own examination, his next care was to see them placed together in some secure and honourable repository, where they might always be accessible to the learned, and would be estimated as they deserved; and although he was compelled in this arrangement to consider what was due to his family, yet the way in which he set about it, evidently

shewed the liberal and patriotic views always prevalent in his mind. His first wish naturally rested upon his own University; but he had been early taught to believe that the public authorities there had no fund applicable to such a purpose. He next turned his thoughts to the British Museum, and, as it is said, was actually upon the steps of that building with the view of proposing his collection to one of the Curators, when he was accidentally accosted by a Professor of the sister University, who suggested to him the idea, which he readily seized, of offering it to the Bodleian Library. However this may be, certain it is, that the proposal was made in form to the Bodleian by Dr. Kett in the spring of 1808; and the Curators having immediately expressed their readiness to treat, a correspondence, which yet remains, commenced between Dr. Parsons of Baliol, then vice-chancellor, and Dr. Clarke himself; which notwithstanding some trifling delays, chiefly caused by the want of knowledge of business on the part of the latter, was happily brought to a conclusion in November of the same year, to the satisfaction of all the parties. The first offer included his early editions of printed books, which were afterward at the request of the Curators withdrawn. The price was 1000*l*. Dr. Clarke seems to have signified a wish in the first instance, that the Curators should themselves put a value upon the MSS.

after having received a catalogue and inspected them, but this they naturally declined, and proposed a reference to Mr. Porson, which was probably prevented by the Professor's state of health, for he died in September of this year: and in the end Dr. Clarke undertook the task himself. The particulars of his valuation are amongst his papers, and the first articles shall be extracted to shew the fair, moderate, and unaffected manner in which he conducted it.

“ Dr. Clarke, by and with the advice of friends, does most respectfully submit the following answer to the Curators of the Bodleian Library.

“ 1. That the value of the Patmos Plato, may easily be estimated, from the price set upon it by Mr. Paine, bookseller, of London, from the recent sale of Mr. Cripps's copy of the Orators, which, although without date, and evidently not older than the thirteenth century, sold for three hundred and fifty-five guineas, and also from the expense and difficulty of acquiring it; and that its value be fixed at four hundred and fifty pounds. Vell. folio.

“ 2. The small volume from Patmos, of the works of Gregory Nazianzenus, being, according to Professor Porson, in a character almost as old as the Plato, and moreover, containing marginal notes of importance, is, notwithstanding, without